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THE DUNGEONEER



the Lab' Oratory

THE DUNGEONEER

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January-February, 1979

Vol. III No. 1, Issue 9

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[Please note: the following regular columns do not appear in this issue due to the special dungeon by Paul Jaquays which we have included: Words & Whips, Under Toe—Current Happenings, Torchlight, the Mini-dungeon, help! and Our Magical Staff. Many items have been received for review purposes and will be reviewed in our The Die is Cast column in the next couple of issues.—Ed.]	

ADVERTISERS:

Fantac Games	19
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ART CREDITS:

Paul Jaquays front and back covers and pp 16-19, 23, 32, 33, 36, 37, 41, 49; Aaron Arocho pp 25-29, 32-33; GIL pp 18, 20, 31; Robert Bingham pp 44; Lynn Bledsaw pp 10; Pixie Bledsaw pp 13; Beth Stocker pp 16; Cheryl England pp 34.

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Well, it hardly seems possible, in some ways, that it has happened so fast, and yet it seems like it has been forever, in other ways, since the last issue. There are many obvious changes I need to comment about. First, you will notice that we have switched to an 8½ x 11 format. We just couldn't stay small and provide all the goodies we wanted to, for you, and which most of you have said you wanted us to do, too. Second, we are on newsprint (internally). While this may be a detraction, to some of you, it was an absolute necessity, financially, if we are to even attempt to put out the magazine at the current subscription rates and give you as much material, etc. within as possible. We have not given up on 50 # stock, but rather than having an immediate increase in price, again, we are going to hold off until we have finalized our plans and expansion as much as possible before determining a new price (probably not until the end of this year) when we will consider going back to the finer paper.

I said we. That is because the Judges Guild is now the publisher of the magazine. I am remaining on as editor, though, and Paul Jaquays, Aaron Arocho, Bryan Hinnen, Art Flores, GIL, Jim Ward, Bill Seligman, Bill Paley and all the other fine 'regular' writers and artists will be with us, as always. Further, we hope that many of you who have not contributed before will consider contributing now—especially since we now reimburse you for your articles and artwork (see publisher's statement on page 2). This is still a fanzine and we cannot do it without your material and help and suggestions.

You may have noticed (humbly he hints) the color covers. Actually, we had planned to have 16 pages of color for this issue. Kodak, however, had other plans, it appears. For several months we have been trying to obtain the equipment we need to make our color separations for the printer, but as of this writing, we have been unable to get the info or goods from the local supplier or other sources. Don't give up the ship, though, we're still pushing hard for it. The lack of this ability has required other changes of plans for this issue, too. The new format Monster Matrix, covering most available FRP systems (as in issue 8) had to be put off. We intend to feature this matrix with as many monsters as possible, but with a minimum of 1 'featured' monster each issue. Unfortunately, we, also, planned a full-color—double page—center spread to go along with the 'Monster-of-the-Month', in each issue. Rather than spoiling the effect of the beautiful, full-color artwork by Paul

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

The **Dungeoneer** is published bi-monthly by The Judges Guild, 1165 N. University, Decatur, IL, 62526. It is owned and edited by Chuck Anshell, 286 E. Stuart, Decatur, IL, 62526. New subscriptions in the USA and Canada are 1 year (6 issues) \$9; 2 years (12 issues) \$17 and 3 years (18 issues) \$24. Renewal subscriptions are 1 year \$8, 2 years \$15 and 3 years \$22. CANADIAN subscribers should add \$4.50 (air mail) or \$3.80 (third class) per year per subscription. FOREIGN subscriptions should add \$14.50 (air) or \$5.20 (surface) per year per sub. **The Dungeoneer—The Adventuressome Compendium of Issues 1-6** is a compilation of those issues and is available from The Judges Guild for \$2.50 (USA and Canada) or \$4.80 (Foreign). Issues 7 and 8 will be available as **The Dungeoneer—The Continued Compendium** in the future. It will be \$2.00. Inquire concerning availability of single issues of 7 and 8 until that time. No single issues of 1-6 are available. Prices for the Compendiums do not include postage. No Foreign Cash or Checks Accepted. All Foreign orders should have payment made by money order in US Currency. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH THROUGH THE MAIL. The Judges Guild also accepts subscriptions to its **Judges Guild Journal** which includes an installment with each bi-monthly issue. It is published on alternate months with **The Dungeoneer** by The Judges Guild, 1165 N. University, Decatur, IL, 62526. It is owned by them and is edited by Chuck Anshell. Its subscription rates are as follows: New Subscribers: 1 year (6 issues) \$12, 2 years (12 issues) \$24, 3 years (18 issues) \$33; Renewal subscriptions: 1 year \$11, 2 years \$20, 3 years \$29. CANADIAN AND FOREIGN subscribers add postage as above, per year per sub. ALL CHECKS AND MONEY-ORDERS should be made out to: The Judges Guild. Which subscriptions you are ordering should be clearly stated. Send all orders to: The Judges Guild, 1165 N. University, Decatur, IL, 62526.

The **Dungeoneer** is available in the UK through its sole distributor, Games Workshop, 1 Dalling Road, Hammersmith, London, W6, ENGLAND. It is available in Germany through its sole distributor: Ingo Baschek, D-4660 Gelsen Kirchen Buer, Arenfelesstrasse 12, WEST GERMANY. It is available in CANADA through its distributor: FANDOM II, 360 Bell St., Apt. 604, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 5E8, CANADA.

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submission. Payments are made according to the following schedule: Unsolicited copy which is published: 30¢ per column-inch. Solicited, serialized material: 40¢ per column-inch. Solicited copy, other than serials: 50¢ per column-inch. Artwork, whether solicited or unsolicited, but which is used: Charcoals, full-tone (not color) or other types of work which must be half-tone screened: Small (½ page or less) \$5 or a series of 6 small for \$4 each., Large (over ½ page) \$10 or a series of 6 for \$9 each. Inked-line Drawings or Airbrush works: Small \$6 or series of 6 for \$5 each, Large \$12 or a series of 6 for \$10 each. FULL COLOR FULL PAGE (7.5" x 10" or larger)(for cover or internal) \$20 or a series of 6 for \$15 each. SOLICITED (Only), FULL PAGE, FULL COLOR COVER (8½" x 11" or larger) price will be set when we contact you. Artwork becomes property of tD or tJGJ unless prior arrangements are made. Copy and art NOT USED will not be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelop is included. Payment will be made at the time of publication although we will advise you whether or not we intend to publish as soon as possible after receipt of material.

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Eighth page	\$ 24	\$ 22	\$ 20
Per column-inch	\$ 8	\$ 7	\$ 6
Fan's " "	\$ 4	\$ 3	\$ 2

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by J. Mark Hendricks and Paul Jaquays

The tall, lanky form of the bard rose shakily, followed by the pale hobbit. The pair watched the young magician and Thëoran the barbarian enter the perimeter of the flickering torchlight, rounding the motionless statue. Röhcyll, the mage, now stood before them clothed quite differently from when they had last seen him. Regally caparisoned in a velvet tunic, embroidered in gold and set with gems, everything about him bespoke of finery. Indeed, he seemed more princely than wizardly. Even the lumbering barbarian had traded his ratty loin-cloth for a handsome tunic and baldric. Lute raised a slightly shaking hand in greeting.

"I thought the cavalry would never come," he said weakly.

The barbarian scowled at both Lute and Ralph, not angrily, but with a confused, yet reprimanding glare.

"Thou shouldst not meddle in things ye know not of."

"Peace, Thëoran," spoke Röhcyll softly. "They are adventurous and could not know. I, myself, did not know the golem existed until moments ago," he said, eyeing the stone figure discontentedly. "Had not Valmous ingrained those words into my head, we might all be mangled corpses. There is little else to be said. We must all be more judicious in our exploration ventures in the future. If so, perhaps we may avoid situations like this one. I do not know if Valmous left any more . . . uh . . . guardians about, so please do be careful. I can, however, tell you this, I believe the golem will attack all who approach up the stairs. This is the direct route to his last master's chambers, study and laboratory. Until I find the pass-key to allow you all past our granite friend here, do not use this stairway. If you venture higher up than this second story, you do so on your own peril."

Lute and Ralph eyed each other nervously, simultaneously reading the other's mind—"By the gods of Garth, there's not a dragon treasure rich enough to make me go up those stairs!" Then, as they turned back to Röhcyll, Lute spoke up.

"I think we shall forgo any more unwarranted, uh, exploration, right, Ralph?" He poked his elbow into the hobbit's ribs.

"Oh, right you are, without a doubt," said the hobbit nodding vigorously. This last brush with death had been too close for either one. Their vague folk-lore image of a golem and its capabilities now loomed in front of them in a, literally, concrete form. For all concerned the golem was an object of awe, respect and fear; for all except, perhaps, the youthful mage. Röhcyll tossed his hand aside lightly, passing over the issue.

"Now, friends, if you will follow Thëoran, he will get you a change of clothes, a hot bath and sleeping quarters." As the three went off to find the baths and clean apparel, Röhcyll stood staring thoughtfully at the stone goliath, ignoring what Thëoran was saying as the trio departed.

"Follow me, great adventurers," he rumbled. "Mysterious tubs of hot water await your probing." Behind them, the trio heard a few mumbled words and the familiar lumbering tread of the stone giant as it creaked into its place of watch. Once Lute and Ralph began to soak their tired bodies in the steamy, hot water, all thoughts of the hard riding, the desperate fighting and the scared running from the past months left their minds. At last they began to relax from the tense anxiety that had accumulated within them since they had teamed up with Röhcyll.

"Had I known such a life as this awaited us I would have attached myself with a wizard long ago," chuckled Lute as he dried off and slipped into a blue silk tunic.

"Not all the gold embroidered tunics in the King's palace would convince me to stay with a magic-user longer than necessary," Ralph scoffed back. "You know what they say about wizards! They're . . ."

"I know, I know. Too many have been the times when you have quoted that to me, fuzz-foot! The young mage has treated us regally in the last few hours since our arrival. At least you could speak a little kinder of him hair-toe."

"I said nothing of him. Only wizards in general. Röhcyll has treated us princely. But that doesn't improve my opinion of mages. Perhaps we should be all the more careful, who knows what he should ask us to do next!" replied Ralph sharply.

"Shhh . . . not so loud. That barbarian is just outside. Thëoran is a noble fighting man, but I sense a certain density between his ears, if you follow the track."

After having dressed and eaten, Thëoran escorted Ralph and Lute to their quarters where they found great feather beds in readiness.

"Our young magician friend has outdone himself this time, eh, Ralph," said Lute as he nudged the halfling. "Look, a fireplace, tapestries, silver lava bowls and the beds!" Lute lay back on one of the two beds. "Oh, my little friend, never let it be said that the guests of Röhcyll the Mage do not enjoy his hospitality."

"You still haven't changed my mind," said Ralph.

"Oh, I shall sleep good tonight," said Lute, ignoring the hobbit's last remark.

"You stay here tonight, I stay in next room,"

3 Thëoran broke in dryly. "I get you tomorrow morning.

Master sleeps across the hall." He closed the door and retired to his own room.

All the while Röhcyll had been tending to affairs of his own. After pondering the golem for quite some time he decided to venture back upstairs from where he and Théoran had come from for the timely encounter on the stair. He and Théoran had gone up a secret stair to the baths on the third floor. Strictly habit had dictated their course or else they would have encountered the golem before the bard and the halfling. Now, not wanting to disturb the stone goliath from his enchanted slumber, Röhcyll decided to use the same stair as before. Quickly mounting the concealed stairway, he proceeded to the third floor and from there he ascended the main stairway past the Library and sleeping quarters of the fourth floor, and continued to the laboratory on the fifth level.

As he entered the large room an eerie, phosphorescent glow began to illuminate the lab with varying degrees of greenish-yellow light. Naturally, the further away from the source of the light, the darker were the shades of green and yellow. The light itself came from the spiral staircase near the back of the room, and continued to get brighter with each moment that Röhcyll stayed in the room. That had been the design of Valmous. Whenever someone entered the room, the stair, by way of a permanently cast illumination spell, began to glow until the entire room was properly lighted. Soon the light reached this level and held steady. Röhcyll looked about him and everything seemed to be in order; the beakers, phials, tubes, jars, books and instruments for working. All were in their proper place. Slowly, meticulously, Röhcyll took inventory of what was on hand. Mummy dust, dragon, hydra and wyvern teeth, manticores spikes, gryphon claws and lammasu hair; "Well, well, still as complete a stock as when I was last here," he thought. "I doubt that I shall be lacking for much, for awhile, anyways."

It goes without saying that besides the unusual or rare item, all of the main wizardly staples were about. Röhcyll continued his look around. He smiled, obviously quite pleased with his newly acquired inheritance. He decided it was time to move on to other things of far greater importance. He went to the podium in the center of the room and began to leaf through the large, ancient book on it. "I must find the pass spell for the golem or we'll all be detouring around it the rest of the time we're here," he muttered to himself.

As he expected, the pass-key spell had been written in towards the back of the book. One of Valmous' last entries. It had to be, for the ink had shown none of the aging process as much as the rest of the spells which had preceded it. The last few spells were, strangely enough, also about as recent. In fact, the hand that had written the last six or seven spells was not at all like that which had written the rest of the book. Röhcyll paused a moment to study the spells. The difference was there, but, perhaps, not as much as he had originally imagined. He flipped the pages to the

back of the book and to the pass-key spell. He read it over a few times, muttering the directions to himself. Had anyone been with him they would have seen a faint smile break across his face. "A simple spell, indeed," his expression seemed to say.

Suddenly a shrill screech shattered the silence of the laboratory. Röhcyll turned with a start to face the noise. Nothing unusual struck his eye, and that is why he had not noticed it before. Set upon one of the working tables, looking very ordinary and surrounded with bottles, tubes and jars, was a velvet shrouded box. Sometimes it is that when you are familiar with a room you can become so familiar with it that you no longer really see it. The mind receives the impression, but the details do not register. Consequently, any changes that do not stand out will seldom be noticed, and that is exactly why Röhcyll had not seen the box before. It, simply, looked as if it belonged.

Slowly Röhcyll stepped toward the oblong box. It stood a foot and a half high, about two feet wide and three feet long. He pulled off the covering to be met with another screech. Röhcyll stared in amazement. A Draconette! And a Silver one, at that. For there inside the box-shaped cage lay a curled-up, miniature dragon. It stared up at Röhcyll, who began to quickly look around for something to feed it. He spotted a few bones in one corner of the cage.

"Ah ha . . . my master fed you his lab mice. So they were good for something after all," he said with a chuckle. "So be it. One lab mouse coming right up." Röhcyll walked over to another cage and came back holding a mouse. "Here," he said, dropping it through the top bars. Before the mouse could run out the side of the cage, it was caught. Röhcyll put the shroud back on the cage and walked off towards the podium.

"Now I'll have to train him," he thought. "Here one day and already there is more work than four can do in a month." Röhcyll heaved a sigh and shook his head. "What next?" he thought as he pulled back the podium's top, revealing a secret hole in the shaft. A rolled and sealed scroll had been placed in it. "This should be a list of my inheritance," said he, smilingly. He broke the seal and pulled the scroll open. In the same hand which had written the last of the spells in the book were these two lines:

"Ascend the staircase to the tower
And know your worth within the hour."

Röhcyll stared at the words for a moment and then pocketed the scroll. He walked over to the staircase and as he climbed, the phosphorescent light climbed with him, always ahead by seven or eight steps, until he reached the top, a full 50 feet above the laboratory. The tower room was not large, perhaps eight feet across, circular and surrounded by a small outside porch. The room boasted four windows, each facing a major point on the compass, a door to the outside and the staircase going down. There was, also, a small pedestal in the center. It stood about three feet in height and was inside the pentagram formed

with a silver star which was embossed into the floor. The pedestal itself appeared to be made of marble and had the glyphs of many magical beasts carved upon it. On top of the pedestal sat a gold circlet with four sturdy legs. Resting in the circlet was a crystal sphere. Other than for these items, the room was bare. There were no tapestries, no carvings, nothing. Nothing but musty, dry blocks and the old wood and iron door. Röhcyll thought for a moment and then stepped up to the crystal sphere. Slowly waving his hands in various distorted configurations over the sphere, he began to mutter to himself:

“Etāy excōmtāb. I’zt lōc-mōnūmb. E’gō ētūm wāhtūm. Nūmēnos Valmous extērios. Eūrā^{yskō!}”

With his last word he raised his hands and arms in a ‘V’ shape over his head. Below him, the silver star shot up non-consuming flames, the sphere misted from the inside and the light on the stairway dimmed. Röhcyll looked down into the sphere. There, as if coming from a distance and growing larger, loomed the face of his old mentor, Valmous. Their eyes met. Once the image ceased to enlarge the vision of the old mage spoke.

“Röhcyll, my son, by the time you hear this I shall have gone hence many changing of the moons. I could not leave my gifts to you in an open place because of the risk. You will find a newly fashioned wizard’s staff. There is, also, a book with the staff’s powers enumerated in it. I have fashioned a robe for you. I call it ‘Robe of Wonderment’. Its abilities are covered in the book, too. There is, also, a chest of various items, some magical, some not, all valuable. Naturally the keep, everything in it, beneath it and all you can gaze upon around it are yours. I trust you will have found the spell for the golem. The draconette answers to the name ‘C’hrysholofax’ and learns fast, languages included.” At this last comment, Valmous seemed to smile a self assured smile that would drive anyone but Röhcyll to old age with worry. “I hope you find him useful. The gifts that I give you are to be found in the crypts. Seek the vault of the ‘Shadow Mage’ and beware! The looking will not be easy nor will it be quick. Not all gifts are free and such as are not you will have to win for yourself. I looked into the sphere before my departure and sensed the coming of evil. By the time you begin your search there might be . . . shall we say, uninvited guests below. Take care, my son. I would that it might be otherwise, that I should have given them to you, but my time has come and I am called forth. I knew not how long, if ever, you would be ‘til your return and I would not have those items in the hands of another, perhaps evil, wizard. Be on your guard. Remember what I have taught you, magic is not all and a head well used is better than anything. The task awaiting you is no small thing. I pray your intelligence, training and ability are equal to it. Good-bye. Perhaps the Ancient Ones shall allow us to, one day, see each other again.”

As Röhcyll looked into the face of his mentor it almost seemed as if the old wizard’s eyes were growing

moist at this parting. “I shall not wish you an easy road, for that would not build character and would leave you less than a man,” Valmous continued. “Nor shall I wish for you an overly hard road, for that has been known to break a man’s spirit. Instead, I wish for you the courage and strength to take whatever you encounter on your life’s journey and mold it to your best advantage. Fare thee well, upon your road.” Slowly the image faded within the crystal sphere, the silver star’s flames died and Röhcyll wept.

After standing in the tower for some time, Röhcyll descended to Valmous’ old room and dropped himself on the old man’s bed. It did not take him long to attain sleep.

The night of rest was too short, but tired as he was, Röhcyll forced himself out of bed and down the stairs to the ground floor. Going to the banquet hall he wolfed down a large breakfast after which he went back up to the wash tubs and splashed his face, arms and upper body. Having eaten and washed, he slipped up to his room and put on a dark tunic and robe. Once dressed he went and awoke his slumbering companions.

“Come, my friends, we have much to discuss and do today.”

“Do you mean we must leave this luxurious sleeping apparatus?” said Lute, downheartedly.

“Unfortunately, yes,” came the reply.

Röhcyll led the party down the main stairway. Almost immediately the others reacted. “By the Gods of Garth, I’ll not descend this . . . Oh, no! I’m not going this way again . . . Me not wish to fight great stone man,” they all said simultaneously.

“Fear not,” said Röhcyll, calmly, “I have the pass-key spell.” Hesitantly the three continued on with the young mage. As they neared the golem Röhcyll waved his hands across his eyes in a disjointed move and spoke, “Nil illuminum et quad vi Lute, Ralph, Thèoran, Röhcyll. Nee Icky Icky Pootang, libwong.” The stone giant did not move. As they passed the golem Röhcyll warned them, “Whenever you come this way, speak your name or the spell is voided. It matters not how loud you say it, just say it.”

“We are most grateful for your thoughtfulness,” said Lute. Röhcyll smiled and nodded.

As the four sat in the banquet room Röhcyll began to tell them the task that lay before them. Thèoran sat expressionless, looking at the youth between mouthfuls of cold turkey. Lute and Ralph, however, slowly dropped their countenances to a somber frown. As Röhcyll finished Raplf spoke up.

“You have treated us with kindness and generosity Röhcyll, and we did agree to help you get things in order once you took possession of your keep, but I must say this: the only thing I distrust more in this world than a magic-users are dead magic-users.” Lute nodded in agreement, “Isn’t there any way you could ‘poof’ down there and ‘poof’ back up after you got the stuff?” he asked hopefully. Röhcyll shook his head.

“Such is far beyond my power.”

continued on page 11



CHAPTER II



Willis and Chambers burst into the little room past the two close-set beams. In it, they found two Viet Cong--and a bound and gagged Caucasian. Both Green Berets switched to semiautomatic fire and aimed precisely.

Willis quickly squeezed off two shots. One little man had his back to the door, and was gathering up papers for burning. A lamp with an open flame burned on his table. The two bullets closely bracketed his spinal column going in, and exited through the center of the chest; their impact rolled him over the table and onto the floor.

Chambers fired four times in rapid succession. His target had the ends of a two-foot piece of wire wrapped around his hands, prepared to garrote the prisoner. The bullets walked their way up his body: lower left side of the rib cage, center chest, left side of throat, left side of forehead. He slammed into the earthen wall that was only six inches behind him, then wilted to the floor, gurgling bright blood and leaving dark smears on the wall.

Chambers rushed back out, on the off chance that Big Ben was still alive. He remembered hopelessly that the revolver had been aimed squarely at the big man's face from about five yards away.

He was surprised to hear that familiar voice, with a great degree of health and vigor, bellow, "Git thuh lead outtuh yo' ass, boy! Thuh Cong gonna stampede through heah in two minutes." There was Big Ben, waddling out through the door he'd demolished, to round up the milling herd of GI's.

"Hey, Ben!" Chambers shouted. "You okay?"

"Y'all sho' as heyull doan see no big ol' chocklit cake lyin' in thuh mud, do yoh Ralphie?" Benyon shouted back to him around the corner. He turned back to the GI's and thundered, as only a Master Sergeant can, "GIT THUH LEAD OUT! GIT THUH LEAD OUT! C'mon, boys, less git thuh heyall outtuh heah."

The herd began moving behind his leadership, first slowly, then with increasing speed. Benyon stepped into the first alcove on the right and counted heads as they went by. He spotted the man at the end of the line, Specialist-Six David Christopher, lugging a heavy field radio. "C'mon, Chris, move yer ass!"

The GI's stepped carefully over the riddled corpses and severed limbs littering the corridor, then hesitated when they reached the second heavy door. This bunched up more GI's behind them, pressuring them into peering cautiously past the door, then stepping through and moving on.

Benyon stopped the radioman. "Chris, yo' thuh rankin' man heah 'sides us Berets. Git these guys haulin' ass outtuh heah while we slow down thuh pursuit. Ah doan think they's any Cong 'tween heah an' a tunnel entrance 'bout fahve hunnert yahds ahaid. Git movin'." "Roger," Christopher replied and sprinted off.

The enemy resistance in this sector was finished. Three Green Berets had utilized tremendous skill, training and experience and awesome firepower to massacre twenty-three Viet Cong and set a prisoner free--but they had to get away.

The sound of chattering M-16's and the thunder of the rocket grenade would travel far down the silent tunnels, to the ears of hordes of Viet Cong. Even now, they were on their way to check out the disturbance. The Green Berets had to work quickly.

Chambers wrapped the ends of a two-foot wire around his hands and began making sure the crumpled little black heaps were dead. As he went along he took their personal effects.

Big Ben helped the prisoner get ready to move out, freeing him from the wires that bound him to a chair. The man's gear, from M-16 to skivvies, had been stashed by the Cong in a padlocked chest, but Big Ben's .45, used as a hammer, shattered the lock. As the prisoner silently got outfitted, Big Ben picked up and reloaded the M-16, then picked up the papers that one of the little men had been gathering.

Willis slung up his M-16 and started to work. He got out several small cubes of claylike stuff, unwrapping paper into his pockets. He mounded each of the cubes on some open spot, usually on one of the passage's wooden beams. Taking out a canister of small metal fragments, he pressed handfuls of them into the mounds of clay. He then carefully pushed a little metal rod into each mound, with the tiny spike on each one pressed into the clay. Working in the direction that the others were leaving in, Willis then attached a length of wire to a ring on each of the little gadgets, and the wire was stretched and looped in an aimless web of patterns: wrapped around an AK-97 here (for he knew the Cong would pick up this modern weapon), tied to a corpse's arm there.

The entire performance, which seemed like the games of madmen, was done in less than a minute and in near silence.

Big Ben helped the prisoner, whose gear surprisingly showed him to be a Green Beret, hobble off down the corridor. Chambers, waiting for Willis, whispered, "Hurry up!"

Exercising the utmost caution to avoid disturbing his network of wires, Willis crept away. The two of them closed the heavy door behind them, and

a handy two-by-six, probably stolen from a nearby American Supply Depot, was swung down to bar the door. The two Berets sprinted off to join their comrades, and eventually the slap of Vibram soles against thin muddied away into the distance.

Barely a minute later, that sound was replaced by the patter of sandals rising from the opposite direction. Shouts of surprise, followed by barked orders, shattered the stillness. There was movement... then silence... then a horrified shout that was abruptly cut off by a deafening explosion, followed by grotesque screams of agony and curious flopping noises, interspersed by the cracking and splintering of wood yielding to increased weight. There were more explosions, and more screams...

...and the loud snap of a key timber, followed by a growing rumble even louder than the detonation, that gradually died away...

...and silence reigned again. Silence, broken only once by a groan from the door, strained between a two-by-six barring one side and tons of earth pressing on the other.

* * *

The freed prisoner was Corporal Morton Gavagan, a Green Beret and as Irish as they come. He had been a prisoner for about three weeks; the Cong caught him walking alone at night, and ever since then he had been awaiting shipment to a prison camp in North Vietnam.

"I'm as weak as three-two beer, guys, slow up the pace," Gavagan panted. He was white as a sheet and drenched with sweat. "Didn't ye hear the mighty earthquake ye stalwarts set off back yonder? I doubt if any o' the slant-eyed sons o' bitches will be after us from that direction."

Apparently, the Cong hadn't fed Gavagan very well. The four of them, Benyon, Chambers, Gavagan, and Willis, slowed to a walk. They were safe; there was no way the enemy could get at them, and the way out of the tunnels was only a few hundred feet ahead.

Gavagan was clearly getting a bad case of the staggers. "I must sit down an' breathe a bit... All the excitement, after three weeks o' bein' wrapped up like a flounder..."

"Keep it moving, Irish," Chambers muttered. "Couple more minutes an' you can be breathin' clean air on the surface."

Thirty seconds later, Gavagan dropped to his knees, his chest heaving "Can't move me legs no futher..."

"C'mon suckuh, iss raght ahaid," Big Ben griped. "Cain't be no mo' 'n a hunnert foot ahaid." Gavagan showed no signs of moving.

"Awright, awright," Chambers said. "I'll run up ahead an' tell Chris that we got a lazy Irishman on our hands that can't cut the mustard." He ran off into the darkness.

"Tell ye what, ye smart-ass Englishman," Gavagan sneered. "Ye just spend three weeks tied up

in a little black room with a can t' shit in an' nary a bite to eat, an' bad food at that. Then put up your dukes an' we'll see who can't cut the mustard!"

Willis now asked the Irishman, "Gavagan, is that you? Course, there could only be one of ya! Remember me?"

Gavagan wrapped an arm around Willis' shoulder, gave him a squeeze that would have been a lot harder, and slapped him on the back. "Willis me boy! An' how's yer ass been?"

"Hey Ben," Willis called. "This's the crazy red-headed Irishman I was tellin' ya about. The one I went through Special Forces training and jump school with."

"You thuh one?" Big Ben asked incredulously. "Sheet, man, y'all bettuh punch the suckuh out, way he been talkin' 'boutcha. Says y'all one helluva crazy dude."

"Aye, that I am. Crazy enough to pick 'im out as a buddy. Us crazy people gotta stick together." All three of them laughed.

They were interrupted by Chambers, who came sprinting back breathless. "Ben! Ben!"

The giant man stopped him. "Whaddisit, Ralphie?"

"Chris 'n th' rest 're lyin' in th' mud a little ways up th' tunnel. I didn't check, but I think they're all dead!"

This news was greeted with stunned silence. Big Ben held a thick finger to his lips, stood up, and started creeping down the corridor. Chambers and Willis followed. Gavagan, straining, used his M-16 as a crutch to push himself erect.

"Dammit, they were right here!" Chambers shouted as they neared the beckoning column of light that marked the entrance. The corridor was empty.

"Shut up, Ralphie!" Big Ben whispered. At last being careful and observant, he'd found a side entrance.

Bursting in low, M-16 leveled, thumb brushing the flashlight switch, Big Ben found a room. Inside, neatly lined up on the floor, were four field packs, four shoulder satchels, all U.S. Army issue and fully loaded. Centered above them was a crate that read, "Rocket grenades, 40mm, M-79, eighty."

"Waddaya think, Ben?" Willis asked.

"Ah dunno, Willie, but Ah think iss uh booby trap an' Ah ain't no dayum booby. Blow it up." They each pulled out a grenade.

Chambers, frustrated and puzzled, had crept on ahead. *By God, there had been eight corpses in the tunnel, he'd counted them. The closest one was carrying a field radio. What could happen to eight corpses in that short time? They sure as hell didn't get up and walk out by themselves,* he thought.

Gavagan watched as Chambers navigated the steps of the ladder in the dim light. The little guy was about halfway up, until only his legs were visible, and Gavagan figured his head and shoulders were out. And Chambers stopped moving, as suddenly as if he had been a robot and somebody had pulled his plug.

"My God," Chambers said. "My God!" he screamed, and came down the ladder in one big step. He hit the ground, stumbled, fell, scrambled desperately to his feet, and ran towards Gavagan, a look of stark horror paralyzing his face.

Willis and Big Ben came out of the room, grenades still in hand. "Whut's awl thuh ruckus?" Big Ben asked. Then he saw what direction Chambers had come from, and hustled for the ladder.

Chambers tripped and collapsed into a gibbering heap. "Goddamn," he sobbed as he rocked back and forth, covering his head. "Goddamn. . ."

Big Ben stuck head and shoulders out of the hole and looked. It was a nightmare.

Chapter III

Ah doan know wheah Ah am, Big Ben thought, but it sho's heyull ain' noplace Ah evuh bin buhfo'.

The tunnel, instead of opening into a jungle, or back alley, or rice paddy, or some refugee hut, came up in the most brilliant white sand. On left and right, about a mile away, were towering cliffs that spewed flames into the sky all along their sheer faces.

The heat hit him in the face like a club, and he knew it was at least a hundred and thirty out there. About this time of year in Vietnam the temperature rarely went above ninety, and there were no cliffs, much less mile-high ones that burned.

Standing right in front of him was a giant figure in a black robe. Its arms were bare, and were black; they weren't his own dark-chocolate, but blacker than the inside of the hole had been without the flashlight.

The thing was wearing a helmet and held a long sword made of the same material, some sort of metal that glittered and moved while standing still, swirling red blood, orange flame, black death. It had black wings, huge bats' wings half-folded behind it.

The sky was blood-red and brilliant. There was no sun.

Slowly, Big Ben crawled out of the hole. He was followed by the other three Green Berets, Gavagan finding some untapped reservoir of strength, all with an inner compulsion to come out and stare at this ebon behemoth. They sat down in the sand like two-year-olds at the feet of a day-care nurse.

For a long time, the four sat there as if waiting for the ultimate truth, the true meaning of life. And the behemoth stood.

When it finally spoke, it roared and bellowed with all the threat and fury of a thousand volcanoes; it rumbled like an earthquake, so much so that the ground shook. It thundered of hurricanes, and the four Green Berets sat at its feet, hypnotized by its raw power, each word branded on their minds.

"You are in a hell of your own design. Every rock, every grain of sand was put here by you, at some time or other in your mortal lives. No, you are not dead. For this canyon is not as lifeless as it seems. It is inhabited by figments of your own fertile imaginations, 8

horrible monsters, beast of prey. These you must defeat in combat with what you have at hand, including the supplies so thoughtfully provided for you below. (No need to worry, they are not the bait of a trap. They are there for your use.)"

"You may be asking, 'Why am I here?' The answer, my friends--and your actions have proven that you are truly my friends--is that you deserve to be here. You hunger for violence, brutality, blood, murder. You are evil, recognize evil, court evil, develop evil and make it work for you. You have sought training to allow you to draw strength from evil."

"And now evil has drawn its strength from you. The most deadly creatures on earth and off it are gathered here to destroy you. You must draw your strength from what little good is still left in you, and cross this canyon. If you move quickly, as I know you can, it will take you five days in your time."

"Each of you that lives to cross the canyon and escape, shall return to his mortal life with ample opportunity to make amends. For as you immortal accounts stand right now, none of you will ever see Heaven."

"Each of you that fails to reach the far end of the canyon and dies, will die in his mortal life also. And as I said before, your immortal souls are sufficiently blackened at this point so that, if you were to die right now, your souls would be damned forever. Draw your own conclusions."

"However, if you die here in the act of saving your comrades--if you forfeit you life so that others might live--there will be a state of affairs which would completely confuse mere mortals and is not really clear even to us. This state would be straightened out by an occurrence known as Divine Intervention, in which the accursed Holy Spirit shall intercede for your souls and yield a return to mortal life, cheating--as He always has--the Great Dark Lord, the One called Lucifer, the true God of mankind on Earth."

The behemoth was enveloped in a cloud of flames and smoke. The trance was broken, and four Berets stumbled to their feet. They did not remember the giant figure, but their challenge and the conditions were etched on their minds.

Out of the flames whirled one sheet of flame that landed before them and changed into a black, creeping thing, thick as molasses, that hissed and smoked as it flowed lazily across the sand towards them.

All of them knew better than to try and shoot the thing. They could easily outrun it, and it would probably absorb enough lead to weight it down for burial at sea.

"Ralphie! Git yo' ass down heah an' start grabbin' packs! Willie, you an' thuh Irish foam uh buckit brigade so's we kin git awl 'at gear outtuh thuh hole!"

Passed from hand to hand, the packs, satchels and crate were hauled out and laid on the sand, for out of the reach of the molasses-thing. Then the giant black hustled over to the hole and started pulling Green Berets out like apples out of a barrel.

continued on page 11



by Bill Paley

III

Lilly packed her knapsack quickly and buckled on her sword. She hefted her belongings over her shoulder and, quickly, strode to the town's corral. In the bright light of Sky King she had no difficulty in finding her mule. It nuzzled her, poking in her sack. "No, little one, no carrots tonight," she said, "and perhaps none ever again." She loaded the beast rapidly and led him out of the town, heading westward.

Though she marched before her mule with her head high, her throat was constricted and the light from Sky King glistened from the tears coursing down her cheeks. She walked on for a full day, considering her choices. She knew of two major cities within a few weeks travel and cities must have needs of a warrior. To the south, on the border of Dearthwood, lay the City-State of the Invincible Overlord, while to the north lay the dwarven realm of Thunderhold. In which could she find her place? The first realm of Man, the mortal creature, while the other was a land of smiths and armorers.

The day passed and evening fell. Lilly set up camp as the moon, Howla rose in the east. In its pale light she noted a castle a mile or so to the south of her bivouac. She supped lightly, and hobbling her mule, she set off to investigate.

She approached cautiously and found that the structure was indeed occupied, for there were men patrolling the walls. The castle seemed well-kept and the the men appeared to be well-armed so Lilly realized that the master of the place must be wealthy. "It is just a place of Men and I need money. Perhaps a raid is in order," she thought.

"I am an elvish warrior maid and I am in need of a place to sleep this night. I have wandered west from Elf-burn and west I'll go come morning. Open the gate, I beg of you."

In reply, a small postern gate, nearby, popped open and the leering face of a footman could be seen. "Come inside, pretty one," he said. "I've just the place for ye to lay yer weary bones."

Lilly approached the opening and saluted. The Man showed surprise at her arms and armor but said nothing. He bowed her into the castle and fastened the gate behind her. The trooper led Lilly through the castle into a small barracks. Half the bunks were empty, the other half occupied by drunkenly snoring men. "This bunk'll be fine for ye," grinned the man. "The duty officer'll relieve me by and by." He gave her an oily grin and a wink and marched back to his post.

Lilly reconnoitered the room. A dozen men, including one wearing a gold medallion, lay snoring, fitfully. There was, also, a chest under the medalled man's bed. Working quietly, eleven strong raps with theommel of her sword left only the medalled soldier to contend with, though asleep. On closer examination she found that the chain holding the medallion also held a key. As the man seemed deep in slumber, she decided to try lifting the chain off his head without waking him or knocking him unconscious.

The chain slipped off easily, sliding out from under the pillow. Suddenly the trooper rolled over in his sleep and was slapped right on the nose by the key. He snorted and sat bolt upright on the bed. Seeing the slim elf, he grinned evilly and reached for her.

Lilly grabbed for the soldier's belt, hanging at the foot of the bed, and swung. The resulting slap rocked the man and he growled in pain as the belt wrapped around his neck. Lilly grasped the free end and tugged with all her might. The man rapidly turned a Jeep shade of purple and gurgled in alarm, struggling to free his throat. Finally he sagged, but Lilly waited a moment to be sure that he would rise no more. When her heart stopped pounding, Lilly pulled the small chest free and slipped the key into the lock.

It opened easily to reveal a variety of coins, gold, silver and copper, a few gems, a small piece of parchment and a rug. "A rug?" she thought, "Who needs a rug?" The parchment she unfolded to find that it contained a few repetitions of a 'Protect from Magic' spell. "Useful," she thought as she stowed it in her pouch. She took a few gold coins and the Gems, too. Lastly, she removed the key from the chain and dropped the medallion next to her breast, under her chainmail shirt. "Now to escape."

Easing her way out of the barracks room, Lilly carefully retraced the steps she and the guard had taken when he had brought her in. Other than the measured steps of the guards on the wall, there was no sound in the castle except the soft chinking of her own chainmail as she slunk to the door. As she approached it, she saw the soldier who had let her in climbing down the ladder from his post. "I'm doomed," she thought, with no place near enough to hide, and she grasped her sword.

"Ello, me lass. Couldn't sleep?"

Thinking quickly, she blurted, "I had need to relieve myself but the latrine was occupied by one of your comrades. I thought, perhaps, I could visit behind a bush outside the walls?"

Chuckling merrily, the guard agreed but insisted on 'standing guard' over her—"Ye never know when an Orc might slip up a'hind ye an slit yer throat." He

fumbled with the door and waved her out, but, just as he was about to follow, a voice called from inside the castle.

"Merdonnet!"

Lilly's heart leaped in her throat as she prepared to draw her weapon.

"Yes, sir!"

"What in Noll's blazes do you think you're doing? This isn't your off-duty period, you simpering dolt! Back to your post immediately and consider yourself on report!"

Cursing under his breath, the soldier whispered to her, "I'll be leavin' the gate unlocked for ye," and swiftly disappeared.

Breathing, deeply, the elvish lass slipped hurriedly out of sight, racing back to her own encampment. She quickly loaded her protesting mule.

"If I continue westward, they'll find me for I erred and spoke my intentions. East is Elf-burn where I may be forced to stand judgement, while southward is the dread Dearthwood. North, then. It is north through the mountains to Thunderhold."

As she mounted her mule she could hear behind her the sounds of alarm. She knew that, soon, riders on horseback would come to chase her down. She urged her mule to its swiftest pace and, protesting each foot of the way, it began trotting north into the highlands. Soon she came upon the banks of the river Severn, but the waters were unfordable so she followed the bank west and north.

At one point, near noon the next day, she climbed a lone tree and gazed back along her trail. She was shocked to see a force of horsemen with glittering arms and armor far behind, but following her trail. She clamored back down the tree and urged yet more speed out of her poor, bedraggled mule. Finally, she reached head waters of the river, far up on a long valley between several mountains. Evening was falling as she took refuge in a large boulder field, and she swiftly set up a camouflaged camp. She fed her mule but ate nothing herself, keeping her weapons close at hand.

Evening became night and Howla and Vanis had both risen when Lilly heard the snorting of several horses just outside the area of the boulder field. She strung her bow and waited. When they were close enough for her to hear the men's curses she prepared to stand and fight, then, suddenly she heard a roaring—and the terrified screams of men!

Flames rent the night and the beat of great wings flattened Lilly's camouflage on top of the frightened lass, plunging her into unconsciousness.

IV

Sombo was certain that the warrior he had sent against Gor would be stopped before he could carry out the death-order given. He knew he would have to reach the Wind-god Hills by morning or he would be run down by barbarian warbands. He walked quickly, with-

out stopping for rest, until he was well within the hills. Finding a hollow surrounded by brush, he collapsed into deep sleep. When he awoke it was already noon and the sun beat down on his face, forcing him to shade his eyes as he peered through the underbrush looking for signs of pursuit. When he was sure he was safe he crawled out of his makeshift encampment and continued on his way, keeping to the high ground.

As night was falling and Howla's delicate shadings illuminated his path, Sombo reached the river High-course. Unfordable at that point, Sombo dove in and struck out for the other side. Though not powerful, he had a more than adequate stroke and soon found himself on the opposite shore. Once again he hid himself amongst the briars and fell asleep.

The next day, rested and fed, thanks to a bird's nest in among the briars, Sombo came down out of the hills to walk along the plains which rolled to the east. In his mind he made a decision: "The Invincible Overlord's City-State must have use for more magical arts. The barbarians there would, most likely, respect one of their number who could converse with master Mages. Yes! It is north and east I must go, across the Romillion Sea, to that City which lies along the Conqueror River."

With this thought, the youth continued his hike across-country. He easily evaded detection by skirting plowed fields. Two days later he found himself confronted by a jungle.

"There must be a fishing village on the other side, for I'm sure that the sea is near." So Sombo bravely thrashed his way to the depths of the undergrowth. He kept close to his track for some hours when, off to his left, he saw the glint of metal. Pausing to investigate, he found the skeletal remains of a humanoid being gnawed by five centipedes as long as his arm. Inside the ribcage was a small pile of coins.

After puzzling for a moment, he broke off a six-foot branch from a nearby tree and tried to swat the centipedes away. One he managed to split in two and killed it, but the others began to scabble towards him, chittering angrily. Instinctively he raised his hands, gestured and commanded, "Sleep, you fiendish spawn of ofal," and all motion ceased.

Sombo collected the coins into his pouch feeling as if he were a great and powerful mage of the highest power. He smiled and waved to the trees as he passed, acting as 'Sombo the Altanian, Magus Supreme of the Invincible Overlord's College of Magic' and he bowed to the leaves, applauding in the breeze, and, then, continued on his way.

It was only an hour later when he came, suddenly, upon a clearing with a citadel. As Sombo gazed upon it, he smiled, sucked in his breath and shouted, "I have come!" And he fell, senseless, to the ground.



LB

"Then we must find it ourselves," interjected the barbarian.

"We best get started," said Röhcyll and with that, he stood up from the table, followed by Thèoran. Ralph hesitated, looking at Lute. The hobbit's expression spoke for him: 'I told you he'd ask us to do something outlandish, didn't I', and Lute said nothing. Reluctantly the bard and halfling got up and joined Röhcyll and Thèoran in preparation. First, they gathered together enough food to last them for a few days and then they went back upstairs to assemble their other supplies and weapons. In a short while all four had geared and armed themselves and prepared to start. Proceeding back down the stairs to the ground floor, Röhcyll walked over to the fireplace and the other three followed.

"Get two torches ready," said Röhcyll. Thèoran obliged. Röhcyll reached up under the fireplace and hid something the others could not see. Suddenly the entire inner firebed and grate rose up into the chimney revealing a stairway down into darkness. Röhcyll took a torch.

"Give the other one to Lute. Lute, you'll take the back point, Ralph just in front of you and Theoran behind me. Thèoran and Ralph, you take out your arms. Lets go."

So the party proceeded down towards the crypts. The walk down was quite long, perhaps a hundred and fifty steps. Once at the bottom the group paired up. Thèoran at Röhcyll's side and Ralph next to Lute. Röhcyll took his torch and scorched an 'X' on the wall near where they came out. Lute and Ralph looked behind them towards the stairway. It wasn't there. All they could see was wall. Lute smiled weakly. Then the party began to walk down the corridor

looking at the names on the crypts they passed. No one made any unnecessary sound. Uncertainty of what they might encounter kept them alert and aware of all that happened about them. The hallway was approximately five feet wide, just enough room for two to walk abreast. The names of those in the crypts were, of course, meaningless to the party. They were looking for only one, but one amongst hundreds would be hard to find. After a short distance the corridor merged with a hallway, perpendicular to their current course. Still they neither heard nor saw anything out of the ordinary.

Röhcyll broke the silence. "Left or right?" he queried. "Right," said Lute, "I just flipped a copper to decide." "Right it is."

After following the hall to the right for about fifteen feet, it took a turn to the left. The party of adventurers continued on their way. Still no sounds, other than theirs, nor the name they searched for on any of the crypts. As they looked down the hallway they could see that it went straight for about 50 feet and then turned right again. They could, also, see that it joined another, wider hall, on the left, about half-way to the other end. Slowly, silently they crept up to the hallway on the left. Thèoran and Ralph edged up to the corner and listened. Nothing. Only the stillness of the dead around them could be sensed. Cautiously, Röhcyll and Lute joined the other two and then proceeded as before. They all turned left into the wider hallway. Theoran first. He gasped and slumped forward, pierced by four stubby-shafted arrows. The hall filled with the echoed din of a hundred yells, and then they were upon them.

Next issue: "The Crypt of the Shadow Mage"

A Private Hell from page 8

Each beret threw on a satchel, field pack, and auxiliary; Big Ben grabbed the crate full of rocket grenades, and they started off at the standard four-miles-per-hour pace, all knowing, as if by instinct, the right way to go.

On the march, the four Green Berets checked out their luggage. It contained food for a week, compasses, materials for drawing maps, a bedroll and shelter half for each man, and plentiful supplies of ammunition and demolition materials. There was a heavy-duty first aid kit in Gavagan's pack, as well as a medic's Red Cross armband. There was also, in little plastic bags, an assortment of roots, leaves and herbs labeled "GARLIC", "WOLVESBANE", "BELLADONNA", and other odds and ends that suggested a ruined Transylvanian castle

under a full moon.

Big Ben at last got tired of lugging around the rocket grenades. The Green Berets took twenty grenades each and buried the empty crate.

The foursome passed through a gradually changing landscape that eventually ran to tall sand dunes, deep troughs, and odd wind-sculpted rock formations. They kept perring around the dunes and boulders, and warily glancing over their shoulders occasionally. And their wariness was a good thing for, with a great gibbering cry, a hundred figures suddenly swooped upon them from all directions. They were about four and a half feet tall, filthy, with pale skin and greasy, stringy hair. They wore stinking rags bound about their loins, and bore spears and great flashing scimitars. There was a definitely simian look about them.



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by Charles R. Anshell, Editor

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**Sweat! Nose Wet? or No S
 ! Nose Wet? or No Sweat! N
 let? or No Sweat! Nose We**

by Randolph King

Traps don't have to be destructive, for example: Exit sign painting in a random direction, strange odors, button revealing a coke machine, jolly rogers, sign: "Big Brother is watching", blood stains, etc.

My latest evil quest: Character collects a large sack of gold and proceeds to thieves guild. Upon entering he displays the gold, drops 3 gold pieces onto the floor, returns remaining gold to pack, and attempts to leave!



COMPUTER SPACE GAMING

by Mark F. Goldberg

Back in the early 1960's, MIT made several television-like CRT terminals available for student usage of the school's computer, little knowing what would be born. Originally envisioned to permit the math and engineering students to do complex formulas, statistical surveys and such, there soon grew up a small but fanatical group who would monopolize the terminals during non-peak evening hours to "perfect" their project: "Space War"! Essentially it features a central "sun" around which orbit two Spaceships, who have both maneuver rockets and missiles and seek to destroy each other before gravity does. This game has undergone many permutations, to the point that it is now available on microcomputer systems and even in an arcade coin-operated version.

With the proliferation of computers, and in particular, their increasing availability to college (and now even high school) students, it's not surprising that TV's ultra-popular STAR TREK would spawn innumerable versions of CRT-based games. Most of these have a common theme, the player is the captain of a USS Enterprise-type starcruiser who must explore space, finding both starbases for repair and refueling and Klingon battlecruisers (sometimes in mass!) to destroy, with complications limited only by the quality of the computer equipment and its programmer.

In the early 1970's, the University of Illinois/Urbana-Campaign put its PLATO system into operation, and now it has terminals numbering in the hundreds all over the USA. Those with CRT access are continually adding and updating games to PLATO's game-library of over 150; ranging from simplistic mathematics-learning games, to massive 16+ player games whose object is to conquer a galactic sector for your race, plus various games on sports, racing, roleplaying-based, etc. So attractive have these become that virtually all schools have encountered problems with getting students to use the computers for something else besides games!

The increasingly cheaper and more sophisticated microcomputer systems have also spawned home-entertainment games utilizing the TV set as a CRT for "Pong", "Tank" vs "Tank". "Western Gunfight" and similar entertainment games in the beginnings of what promises to be a multi-billion dollar industry.

Space games also seem to date from the early 1960's, commencing with SF-fan Tulio Proni's WAR OF EMPIRES receiving national attention. Wargaming as a hobby, and boardgames in particular (as opposed to miniatures or chess, both with distinguished histories) had begun to be a small but growing hobby, but the subject areas invariably dealt with "battle recreations". The other few of a more speculative nature tended to be of the "generalist" type (IE TACTICS II) based upon

a specific historical era. In those early days, there was also a decided scarcity of opponents. Unless one was active in a local club and read various of the emerging professional and amateur wargame magazines, there could (and all too frequently were) many wargamers who lived in the same city for years and never knew each other existed! Like Science-fiction, wargaming also acquired "fanzines" and started conventions, and also started clubs. These either focused on certain games, or, more often, were loose networks of players who were seeking disintegrated, not the least of which is the reason that most of the available games took hours to play "face to face" and all too frequently years by mail—and many players simply stopped playing if they thought they were losing.

Tulio and friends had devised a game with a "boardgame" base but some interesting modifications, designed to appeal to conventional boardgamers and perhaps others by also using a futuristic SF scenario to explain all the unconventional happenings (—keeping in mind that it wasn't until the 1970's that any major game company seriously considered publishing an SF game!). WAR OF EMPIRES was specifically aimed at serious PBM play. Players would join either The League or The Empire. Tulio would draw a "space sector" specifically for each battle, and each player would be matched against a foe of "the other side" of approximately equal skill and experience to duel for control of this sector. The victor, depending upon the magnitude of his victory, would be able to modify the makeup of his fleet to enable him to employ specific strategies in future games. Unfortunately, just as things began to roll, Tulio found himself increasingly swamped with recordkeeping, more players, and a host of other activities that demanded his time. WOEmpires fell apart. One of the players decided it was worth keeping going and attempted to restart it with some modifications, except he too became much too busy and other games have since come along to occupy all of us, including his own game. (I speak, of course, of the venerable E. Gary Gygax and DUNGEON & DRAGONS!)

Subsequent SF games were soon to burst upon the wargaming scene for their moments of glory, and apparently all the two-player games were designed with at least an eye towards possible PBM play.

The two most popular gaming concepts are that of: 1) The Duel, and 2) The Empire ("mass duel"?). Chess, checkers, Risk, Monopoly, Diplomacy, etc. all have the same basic idea of expansion from a "base" area to conquer the "neutral" areas and/or opponent's bases. The space wargames were almost uniform in their adoption of this ideal, and even today there are at least a dozen space wargames of the "Man Conquers

the Galaxy theme.

Another trend had started in wargaming, that of limited information by one method or another. In most of the games, a player knows the location and strengths of not only all of his own units, but also that of the foe as well! (Unlike even modern warfare, in which you're lucky if you have a good idea of what your own troops are doing!) The idea of a "judge" or "Gamemaster" was appalled. He would know each player's forces and the layout of any "neutral" terrain and inform the players as they found out via their moves what they were encountering. This soon caught on as the most necessary part of the growing number of role-player PBM games. In these each player would send his moves to a GM, who would figure out all of the interactions and then mail back the turn results. The entire subgenre of PBM Diplomacy and Dippy-variants also arose.

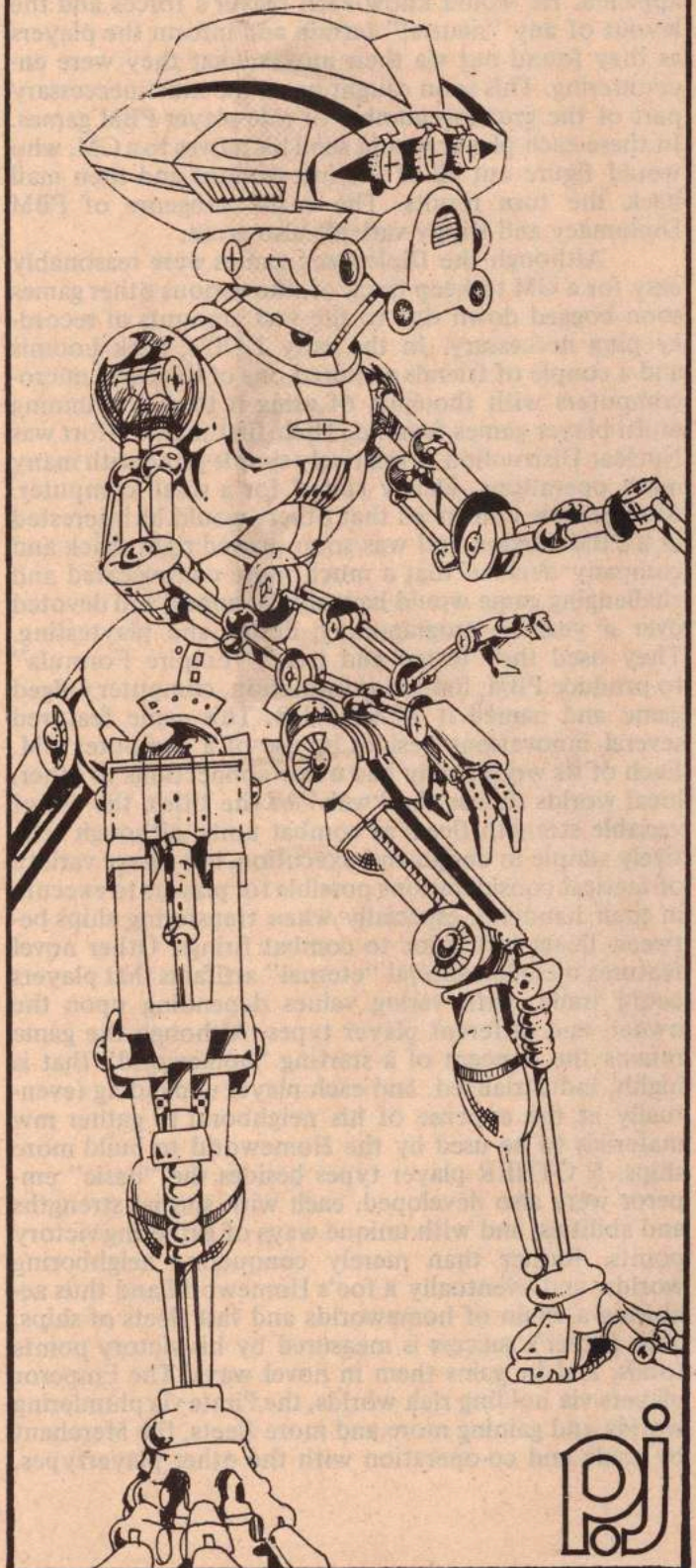
Although the Diplomacy games were reasonably easy for a GM to keep track of, the various other games soon bogged down due to the vast amounts of record-keeping necessary. In the early 1970's, Rick Loomis and a couple of friends acquired one of the early microcomputers with thoughts of using it to make running multi-player games feasible. Their first major effort was Nuclear Destruction, a relatively simple game with many math operations, ideally suited for a small computer. Rick became convinced that others would be interested in a PBM version and was soon proved right. Rick and company decided that a much more complicated and challenging game would have similar appeal and devoted over a year to programming, design and playtesting. They used the "tested and true" "Empire Formula" to produce PBM, limited information, computer judged game and named it STAR WEB. This game featured several innovations besides its use of a computer GM. Each of its worlds only had a few connections to other, local worlds (hence the "web" of the title), the use of variable strength fleets as combat units, although relatively simple in design and execution, left a large variety of tactical considerations possible for players to execute in their handling, especially when transferring ships between fleets just prior to combat firings. Other novel features included special "eternal" artifacts that players could trade, with varying values depending upon the owner; and different player types. Although the game retains the concept of a starting "homeworld" that is highly industrialized, and each player expanding (eventually at the expense of his neighbors) to gather raw materials to be used by the Homeworld to build more ships, 5 OTHER player types besides the "basic" emperor were also developed, each with special strengths and abilities, and with unique ways of gathering victory points. Rather than merely conquering neighboring worlds, and eventually a foe's Homeworld and thus acquiring a chain of homeworlds and vast fleets of ships, each player's success is measured by his victory points totals, and he gains them in novel ways. The Emperor players via holding rich worlds, the Pirate via plundering worlds and gaining more and more fleets, the Merchant by trade and co-operation with the other playertypes,

the Artifact Collector via negotiation and gaining Artifacts (although all can gain points via certain artifacts), and the Berserker via destroying people and worlds—the latter type being Fred Saberhagen's "berserker" killerbots. (Joining LENS MAN, YRTHRI, and STARSHIP TROOPER with game elements derived from a SF novel/series). With 10 to 15 players/game, diplomacy became the most crucial element, as various players would form tight alliances to accomplish a specific goal, and even loose alliances between various groups within the game would evolve to deal with a common foe. People in surprising numbers wanted to play in STAR WEB, and Rick's little company, Flying Buffalo Inc. really "took off". With hundreds of Nuc-Destruction players as well as over 200 STAR WEB games in operation, FBI had become a fulltime business for Rick and several friends, just as earlier innovative boardgames had made SPI into a mammoth company and roleplaying games similarly had made TSR into a stable viable company.

With a good microcomputer system costing less than a new Cadillac (or Impala for that matter), it was only a matter of time before others would also expand into an incredibly growing market. The most ambitious project was announced by METAGAMING (whose "microgames" concepts have made them into one of the top six wargaming companies) who is devoting tens of thousands of dollars to purchasing sophisticated computer equipment and designing an as yet unveiled multi-player, limited information game "Metastar-80". However, the first company to produce another PBM computer game came about somewhat by accident.

Jerry Ericksen, I, and Tom Carey were in various Star Web games and became allies and then friends. For convenience, Jerry would conduct most S'Web business via the phone, and since I had an evening job with amounts of available phone time, we'd occasionally spend an hour or more discussing many topics, and things we'd change or like to see in S'Web was one of our favorites, and, it turned out, a favorite of Jerry and Tom during THEIR long phone calls. When Jerry found out that his friend Robert Pellicore, a computer system analyst, was buying one of the better "hobbyist" microcomputer systems, CIA had produced its first game, PELLIC QUEST. Although similar in some respects to its inspiration, S'Web, it has certain other elements included in its design from the start to, hopefully, make it as desirable a game to play. The game is designed to be bloodier and offer each playertype several possible viable strategies, especially with the inclusion of ground troops, and a number of subtle other differences. Probably the single biggest difference is the inclusion of the Pellic systems of the game's name, for the fastest (and probably only sure) way to win is by acquiring uncontested ownership of these systems, where ever they might be hidden. PQ also has 6 playertypes: the familiar Emperor, the Brigand, the Trader (who is also a collector), and the Droyd with his killer robots are similar to their S'Web counterparts albeit with some significant differences as well. The Crusader

THE DROID



is anything BUT pacifistic—indeed, perhaps your best defence against a Droyd is to make friends with a Crusader to help you, and the sixth type, the Zente is completely new. Zente are an extra-galactic insectoid Warrior race with somewhat the same objectives as the Droyd, to replace humankind! PQ also has two completely new fleet-types (and more under consideration!) to expand your options. CIA also has several other games in various stages of development, as well as a dedicated interest in continuing to upgrade PQ. In January/79, CIA will be running at least one “playtest” game specifically to test a variety of the many suggestions CIA has recieved to improve PQ. Play balance is invariably a problem with these kinds of games. Additionally, players in particular situations (lots or little time, abjectly poor or able to travel access to a WATS line, etc) or with certain playertypes seem to do much better than with others. In short, giving all 6 types an “equal” chance of winning based solely on playerskill is still an arcane art in which a minute change might have little or vast effect depending upon the situation and players involved. CIA appears to be dedicated to giving its players the most possible for their non-significant amounts of money; an attitude that has been essential for every other budding PBM computer field is sufficiently expanding such that FBI and CIA products subgenre, and both companies expect years of growth ahead.

The Development Head of CIA would like to encourage interested persons to contact him with rules/changes/improvements that you would like to see, as they hope to publish the most interesting/requested within the pages of this very magazine in hopes of receiving player/reader feedback as to which YOU would like to see included in a game.

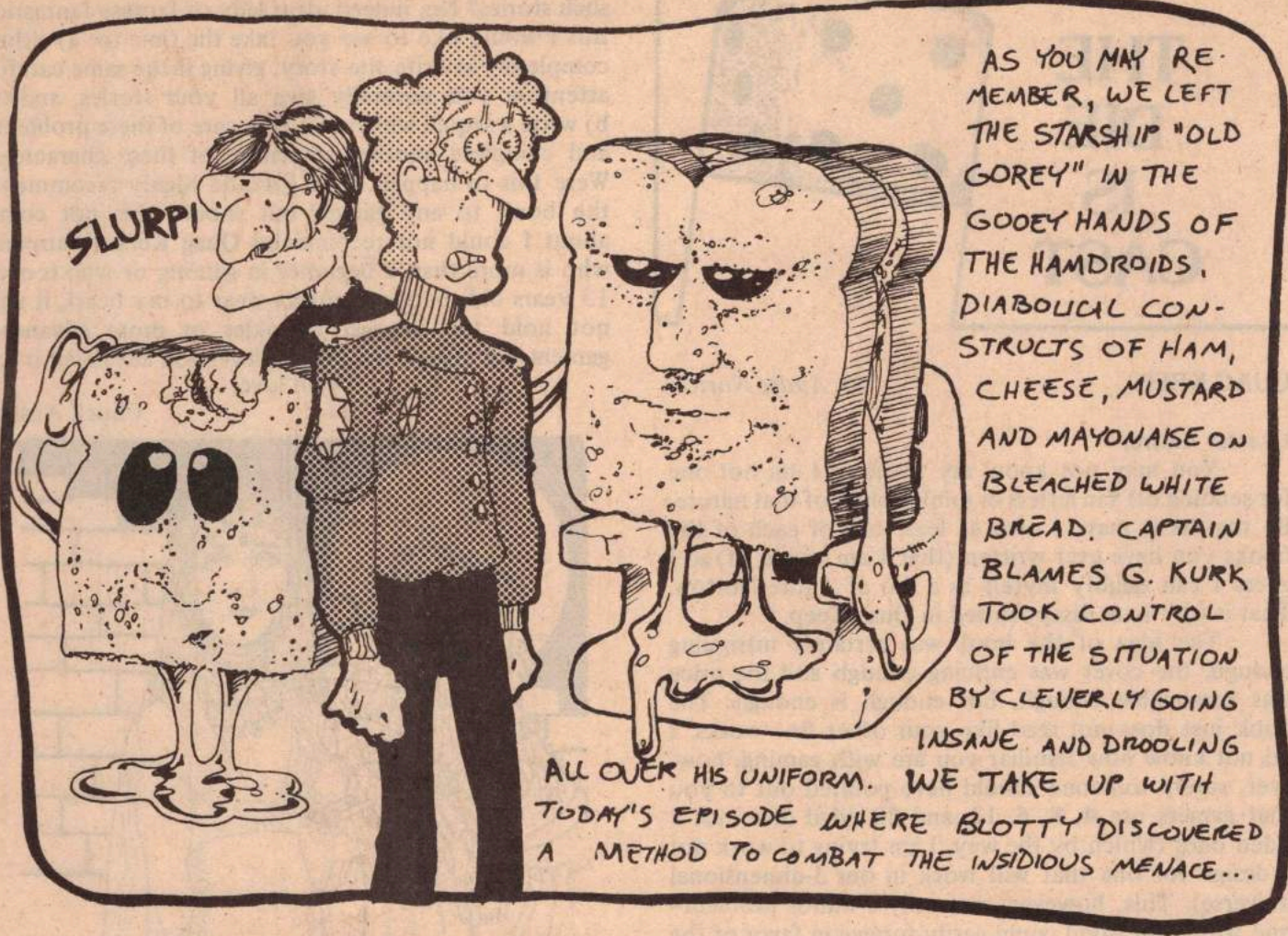
CIA is also interested in other computer game ideas which you might have, and would be most happy to arrange a cash and/or commission payment plan for those who have interesting games ready to run in BASIC, as well as game ideas you'd like to submit for development (for which you'll get at least a free position in the playtest game!). Ideally, games should occupy no more than 12 K of core and require less than 48 K or core (+floppy disk) to run. Those who wish more information should contact:

Flying Buffalo Inc.
Box 1467
Scottsdale, AZ 85252

Conflict Interaction Associates, Ltd.
Box 504
Prairie View, IL 60069

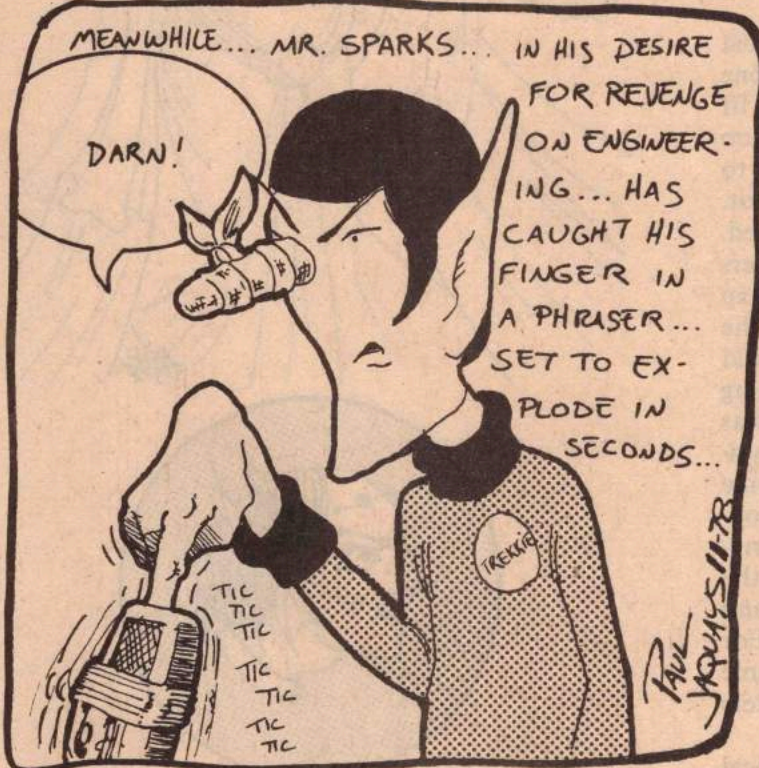


The Edge of the Galaxy



AS YOU MAY RE-
MEMBER, WE LEFT
THE STARSHIP "OLD
GOREY" IN THE
GOOEY HANDS OF
THE HANDROIDS,
DIABOLICAL CON-
STRUCTS OF HAM,
CHEESE, MUSTARD
AND MAYONAISE ON
BLEACHED WHITE
BREAD. CAPTAIN
BLAMES G. KURK
TOOK CONTROL
OF THE SITUATION
BY CLEVERLY GOING
INSANE AND DROOLING

ALL OVER HIS UNIFORM. WE TAKE UP WITH
TODAY'S EPISODE WHERE BLOTTY DISCOVERED
A METHOD TO COMBAT THE INSIDIOUS MENACE...

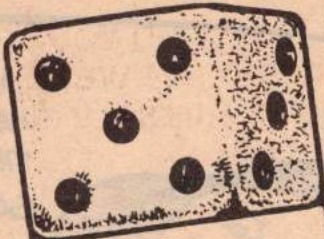


MEANWHILE... MR. SPARKS... IN HIS DESIRE
FOR REVENGE
ON ENGINEER-
ING... HAS
CAUGHT HIS
FINGER IN
A PHRUSER...
SET TO EX-
PLODE IN
SECONDS...

AND WHAT ABOUT THE CONEHEADS?



THE DIE IS CAST



QUAG KEEP

by Andre Norton

Dearest Andre,

You may not know my name as I am not one for sending off fan letters or joining clubs of that nature. Be that as it may, I own at least one of each of the books you have ever written (that I am aware of) so I guess I can qualify myself as a fan of Andre Norton. That is why I am disappointed in *Quag Keep*.

The idea of the book was certainly intriguing enough, the cover was enticing enough and the price was reasonable enough, but enough is enough. The book just does not read like your other fine works. I do not know how familiar you are with gaming, however, surely someone should have pointed out to you that gamers use 4, 8, 6, 12, and 20 sided dice, not 3 sided ones (which by the way, I am trying to work out a design for one that will work in our 3-dimensional universe). This, however, was only a minor problem—one which the mind could easily forgive in favor of the fantasy aspects of the story.

The major problem was that the entire book just didn't sound like Andre Norton but more like someone trying to do a poor imitation of you. You tried to fit too many characters and too much adventure into too few words. None of the characters were developed to the depth characteristic of your work, nor was the plot. Half the story was left totally untold and unexplained. What was happening to Martin and his fellow gamers while Milo was busy adventuring. Did he simply snap in and out of his reveries; did someone try to wrest the figure from his hot sweaty paws, even for a look; did he appear to go into a comatic state or did his gaming with Eckstern continue in fits and snatches? What was the connection between Milo and Martin. Was he physically transported to Greyhawk or was there only some sort of tenuous mental, emotional and/or psychic connection. If he was transported physically, didn't anyone notice his disappearance? What was the paper the group managed to grab from the referee's notes and why didn't it disappear with all of the other stuff? For that matter, just what was the motive behind the referee playing the game? Why were those particular characters brought into play? (I could go on and on.)

This kind of incompleteness just isn't typical

of you! Am I saying that you shouldn't write any more such stories? No, indeed, dear lady of fantasy fantastic! But I would like to see you take the time to: a) either completely rewrite the story, giving it the same careful attention you normally give all your stories, and/or b) write a sequel which will take care of these problems and complete another adventure of these characters. Were this to happen, then I would highly recommend the book to any gamer, but should this not come about I could not recommend *Quag Keep* to anyone who is more than a beginner in gaming or who is over 13 years old, because, author dear to my heart, it will not hold the interest of older or more advanced gamers, for that is the highest level you advanced it to.

With love,

Chuck Anshell





WHAT DO YOU MEAN "THE WEREBEAR IS WEARING ARMOR AND JUST THREW A FIREBALL FROM HIS STAFF?"

POOR ADVENTURER! He is totally confused. If he had read **SPACE MARINES** he would know the "werebear" is really a Blarad, an alien who stands about two and a quarter meters tall, masses about two hundred kilos and is as smart as a man. The hapless adventurer would also know his opponent's armor class is zero, normally has two twelve sided dice, and is carrying a scrambler. But our hero hasn't read **SPACE MARINES**, so it looks like its time for another raise dead spell. Too bad!



DON'T BE CAUGHT SHORT! What you don't know can prove fatal (to your character at least!) Order your copy of **SPACE MARINES** right away!

Gary Gygax said: "**SPACE MARINES** appears to be ideally suited for gamers who wish accuracy and detail - - - including anachronistic and fantasy period inclusion - - - in a fast-paced set of tactical science fiction miniature wargame rules."

Rob Kuntz says: ". . . will revolutionize the science fiction gaming world."

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ALSO AVAILABLE: **ORBIT WAR**, normally \$7.50, but for a limited time only \$5.00!

NEW!

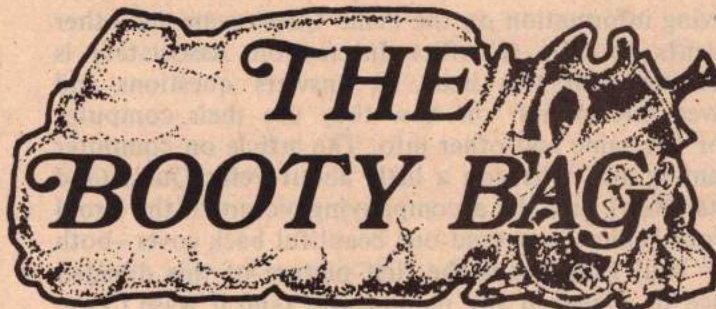
GIAC MY, an exciting game of small unit combat in Viet Nam, including rules for **TUNNEL WARFARE!** (Does the Cu Chi complex have orcs in it, or have you left Viet Nam?)

NJ residents please add 5% state sales tax.

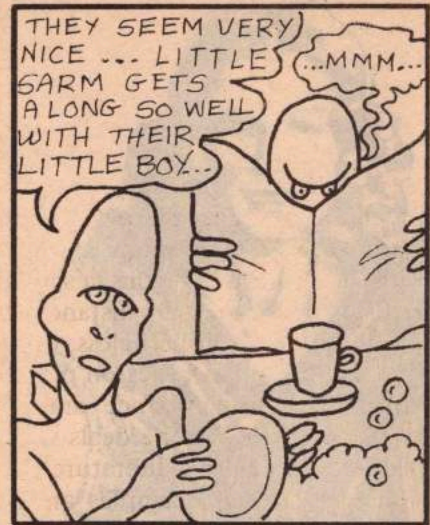
Dragon Crystal of Absorbion

This crystal appears to be a hand sized replica of a bronze dragon and is able to absorb spells cast at the being holding the device up to a certain point regardless of the level of the spell. There is a saturation point rolled by the judge with percental dice and when this level is reached the gem explodes as a 50th level fire ball. There is no way to tell when this point is reached.

continued on Page 37



LIFE IN MARS



The Lab'Oratory' from page 2

Jaquays by printing it in B&W, we decided to use only our old matrix format, and hold off on the color one for (hopefully) the next issue.

You will, also, notice several articles on space FRP games and other fantasy FRP games. Again, I wish to state that we are still maintaining our main thrust at D&D and BD&D and AD&D, but much information is applicable to many games and most FRPers play more than one type of FRP game, so we are expanding our horizons. One such addition is the new column 'CIA Report'. This new feature giving information on the Pellic Quest game and other events at CIA (Conflict Interaction Associates) is starting with this issue. It answers questions and gives information on how they use their computer for the game and other info. The article on computer gaming also tells you a little about Pellic Quest (and Star Web), and the accompanying picture of the Droid from Pellic Quest (and our beautiful back cover—both by Paul Jaquays) is the first picture of this dreaded race to appear in any publication! (and it wasn't easy gettin' through them Cylons to get to the Droids, either). Many other surprises await you inside and in

the issues to come. I hope that you will enjoy them as much as I have.

One more word about the color. There were, also, several other color pieces we had intended to use with this issue, illustrating the three serialized stories and the dungeon, etc., but we are holding them back until we can print them in color. We do intend to put them into a future issue (indicating where they were supposed to be) so you won't miss out on any of the goodies—believe me.

Regular readers will note the absence of our Under Toe—Current Happenings column from this issue. We will attempt to include some upcoming cons and such in any space we might have left after the last couple of articles are put in, but if not, do not fear, it will return with the next issue. This was due, in part, to our including MORKENDAINÉ in this issue. It is intended to whet your appetites for two new sets of Jaquays dungeons to be produced by Judges Guild. One set will be approved for AD&D. Morkendaine is just a small example of Paul's works, as regular readers will know. See ya next ish. Have fun and Good Luck..... Chuck Anshell, Editor

Untitled Article on Traveller
Dealing with the Concepts of Empires
by Marc W Miller

As you read through Traveller, and especially as you play through adventures in Traveller, the idea of some form of central governmental authority soon forms in the background. No society existing on the interstellar scale could really exist unless there were, somewhere, some type of interstellar body which exerted some force for order, however slightly. The question is, what exactly is the nature of interstellar government?

In Dungeons & Dragons, a similar concept exists, but it is really ignored, partly because technology is so low, and partly because the interstellar distances travelled are so relatively slight. There is simply little need to know who rules at the higher levels. Nonetheless, dungeon-masters must eventually face (if only by assumption) the problems of who bestows the noble titles on player-characters (and on local NCPs), of who rules this area or that, and to whom do local leaders owe allegiance, and of who mints the coinage that is found in so many lairs and dens. Of course, Empire of the Petal Throne deals with the problem head-on: there's an empire basic to the game that does all that.

The science-fiction literature is full of interstellar governments, ranging from commercial associations to full blown empires. Some examples are Niven & Pournelle's Co-Dominium, Asimov's Empire, Heinlein's Hegemony, Vance's Oikumene, Star Trek's Federation, Anderson's Empire, and Chandler's Rim World Confederacy. There are quite a few others. The question is, in Traveller, what type of government is most appropriate. There are three basic answers, all of which depend on the assumptions to be made. For convenience, I call them the federation, the empire, and the Imperium.

Remember that the most basic assumption of Traveller is that communication cannot exceed the speed of travel, thus making personal communication nearly as fast as message communication. Without this assumption, many of the tenets of Traveller fall by the wayside, and it becomes an entirely different game. Any interstellar government must be formulated with this assumption in mind.

Because communication is at the speed of travel, any interstellar governmental unit would have to devote some effort to having the fastest and best courier boats possible, specifically to carry messages and instructions between worlds, and to ferry government agents to areas of interest. Within the Traveller shipbuilding scheme, the fastest such courier boat would be a 200 ton jump-6 "pony express" ship costing around Cr 100,000,000. Regular runs by these ships could relay taped information (computer tapes, etc) with a delay of only about a week. The size of any governmental unit would be determined by the delay between issuance of an order, and receipt of the order at the fringes.

The Federation

The smallest of these governments is the Federation. It exists because it is small, and communication time allows either government from a central authority, or representative government. In any case, a federation which grows too large for fast communication soon fragments due to internal friction. Effectively, the size of such a federation would be limited to the radius of a single jump. With jump-6 capability, such a government would effectively fill a single sub-sector; at extreme size, it would slop over into an adjacent subsector, and number about 60 worlds.

If the highest tech level of the federation is sufficiently low (under tech level 10), it's possible that locally produced ships will not even be able to achieve jump-6, which would further restrict the maximum size of the federation, or make it dependent on imported ships (or drives) for communication.

A federation can be quite strong, by reason of its compactness, and because the central government can react rapidly anywhere within its borders. It can also enforce its laws rapidly and with approval at the highest levels. Among other things, the governmental composition of a federation will tend to be homogeneous: perhaps tending to level 6 (captive government), or level 8 (civil service bureaucracy).

A lesser form of the federation is the confederation. The control of the central government is less strict, allowing a size to a radius of perhaps twice-jump-6. Such a government might well extend its control across 4 sub-sectors.

The Empire

A central government does not necessarily have to be in constant, immediate communication with all of its component worlds. The Roman Empire functioned for centuries with a communication radius of two months (assuming lousy weather, and bad winds, a message from Rome to Armenia would get there in about 60 days). If most of the local responsibility of government is carried by local officials, and central authority is necessary only to rule on exceptional cases, a communication radius of up to three months is entirely reasonable. Such a central authority is an empire. It could encompass up to 9000 stars, perhaps with well-defined jump routes (especially those of jump-1 for free traders) binding the area together with trade. Local government may vary greatly (across the entire span of Traveller government types) as long as ultimate loyalty is given to the empire. An empire ultimately has great resources behind it, and can function to maintain its power against most threats, both from within and from

without.

Mercenary (Book 4 of Traveller, just published) is a booklet of rules set in an especially large empire. By assuming that the empire is not capable of responding to all violent situations, but will pit its high technology forces against any truly grave dangers, a situation arises where it is profitable for privately controlled forces to hire out for various tasks. The spectre of response from the empire keeps them small in size, and restrains their potential, while allowing a good living for the soldier of fortune.

Keep in mind that this type of empire (about 225 subsectors) is about at the limit of effective control by any central authority. With several assumptions (all two-dimensional, such as the galaxy is a disk, and each subsector has 40 stars), the area of the galaxy is about 80,000,000 square parsecs, and contains about 10 million subsectors. Its easy to see that there could well be a large number of empires, each just beyond reach of the next, and there would still be room for lots of independent systems on the fringes.

The Imperium

At the extreme end of the spectrum is what I term the Imperium; a truly vast empire with a size actually beyond effective communication. Spanning perhaps an eighth of the galaxy, it would be difficult for a single individual to even travel from one end of the Imperium to the other in a single lifetime. In such an empire, great authority would have to be granted to some individuals, and they would maintain the rule of the Imperium on a personal basis. Perhaps the Emperor would designate an agent and assign a task, such as defend the western reach from the petty empires encroaching. With the Imperial assignment, he would be granted nearly unlimited powers, perhaps even drug-induced longevity, as he pursued this particular goal.

Or, perhaps the Imperium will do very little, possibly only maintain the mail routes and encourage the extra-territoriality of starports in order to encourage trade and commerce. In fact, in one guise, the Imperium might well be called the Pan-Galactic Postal Union, with a delivery time, across the galaxy, of a single first class tape, of a little over 100 years.

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

by Paul Jaquays

[At the time of writing, this system has not been tested. I felt, however, that it had sufficient merit to be put before you and would appreciate rebuttals, changes or additions in the form of articles from you-Ed.]

Control Factor- 20-(Intelligence-spell level and Level) round down. Roll 2D6 to equal or better score.

Step 1-Loss of Control by 1-2 factors-Demon disappears. Take 1D4 Damage lose energy as if 2X spell power use.

Step 2-Loss of control by 3-4 factors-Demon botches spell. Take 1D4 Damage lose energy as 3 times spell power. Spell goes wrong (wrong target, wrong effect, wrong intensity).

Step 3-Loss of control by STR factors-spell backfires. Take 1D6 Damage lose energy as 4 times spell power. Caster recieves spell effects.

Step 4-Loss of control by 6-7 factors-spell backfires doubly. Take 1D6 Damage lose energy as 5 times spell power. Caster recieves double spell effect.

Step 5-Loss of control by 8+ factors-MU's soul is blasted. Saving throw against death-7 or better. +1 for above average constitution-energy loss as above. 15% chance Spirit Demon grabs for any others present also. Insanity-16 or better.

Energy-Above spell effects only if energy expenditure is sufficient. (Spell Level x Expenditure) + Modifiers= Energy. 1=1 point, 2=2 points, 3=3 points.

Energy Expense-Base-x1-30% chance success, x2-40%, x3-60%, x4-90%, x5-95%.

Standard MU recieves 3 Energy points per level advancement. Standard Cleric recieves 2 Energy points per level. All others recieve 1 energy point.

Requires a Verse:

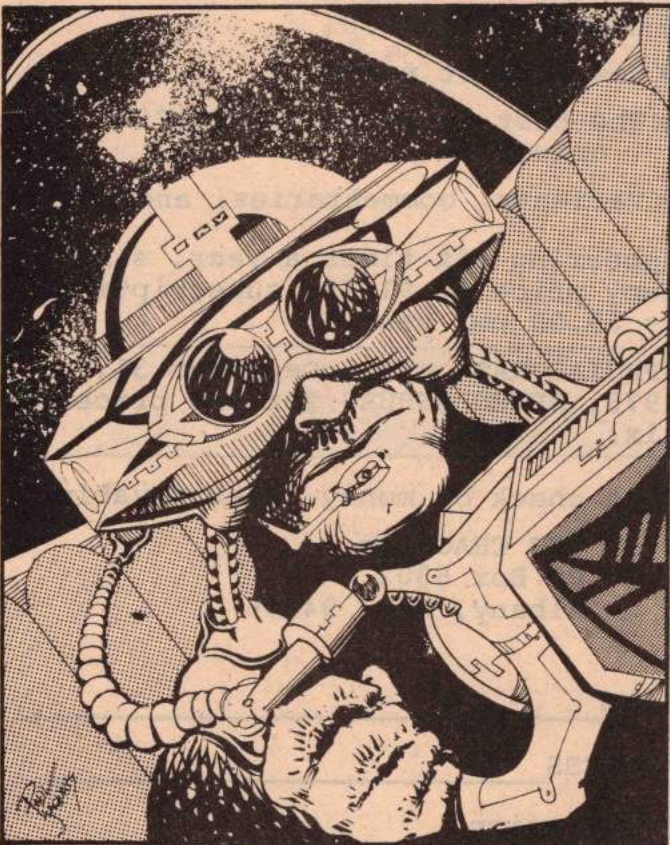
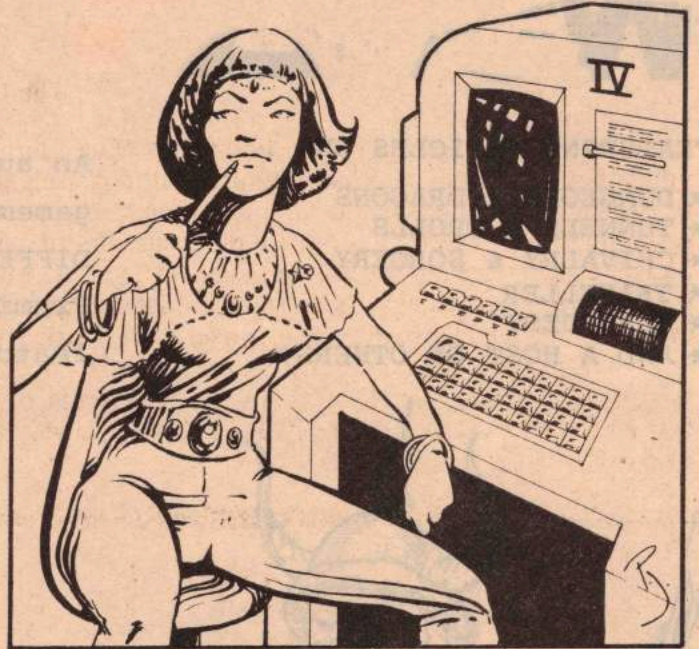
- * A minimum of 4 lines per spell level.
- * Verse must specify exactly what effects are to be.
- * Any poetic form may be used (couplets in spell move energy expense success downward by 10%. Rational: Demons Spirits hate crummy poetry. However, good poetry will add 10-20% in caster's favor and lower loss of control level by 1.)

Requires a Ceremony:

- * Ceremony takes 1 hour (6 turns) x level of spell. Additional 5% may be added to chance success per every 2 hours.
- * Ceremony must be described.

Energy expense is deducted equally from STR and Constitution. Any level bonuses are consumed first.

Points may be recovered at a rate of 4 points per day.



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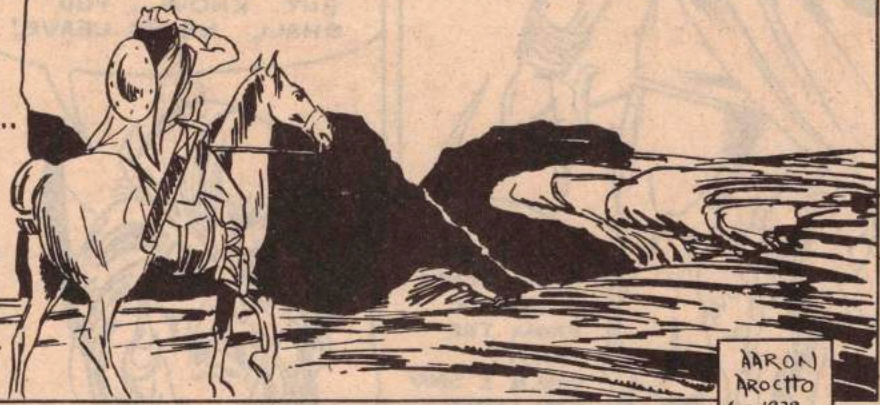
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EUCLIO, A WANDERER IN THE HILLS OF ZIZZARK,
HE IS A TRIBESMAN FROM THE EAST COUNTRY, HE COMES TRAVELING TO SEEK A FORTUNE IN LIFE.
BUT THE THING WHICH HE SEEKS DOES NOT REST IN LIFE... FOR AS HE ENTERS INTO THE VALLEY OF THE FOOTHILLS... HE SHALL FIND DEATH AWAITING, AND THEN SHALL HE FIND HIS FORTUNE. — IN — 'THE VALLEY OF BLACK DEATH!'



AARON
AROCCTO
6-1978

WHILE ATTOP A MESSA...

STEADY MY STEED,
THAT LIGHT IS BUT
A CAMP SIGHT.
THERE ARE OTHERS
HERE III THESE
MOUNTAINS!



AND BELOW IN THE VALLEY...

I HEAR A
STRANGE
BICKERING!



I SHALL
DO BEST IN
APPROACHING
WITH
CAUTION.

I WAS MISTAKEN
IN THINKING THERE
WOULD BE CAMPERS.
THERE STANDS A
WARLOCK RESIGHTING
SOMETHING IN A
LANGUAGE THAT
I'VE NEVER HEARD!



I MUST TRY
MY WAY CLOSER!

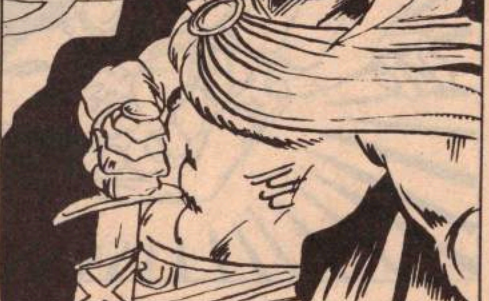


NO!
MY SHIELD
HAS SCRAPED
THE ROCKS..
AND I'M
SURE...

SHE HAS
HEARD!



WHO DARES TO
TRESSPASS...!?
ANSWER, WHO IS
THERE !?
SHOW THYSELF
'FORE I CAST
A HIX
UPON THEE!





IT IS BUT I...A WEARY TRAVELLER FROM THE EAST. WHEN I SAW YOUR LIGHT, I THOUGHT IT TO BE OTHER TRAVELLERS AND IT WOULD DO GOOD IN JOINING WITH THEIR COMPANY. BUT ALAS, I SAW YOU!



A LONE TRAVELLER, YOU WOULD HAVE DONE YOURSELF GOOD BY KEEPING AWAY! BUT KNOW... YOU SHALL NEVER LEAVE!



IB'KA TIR.. SULY TE DIH RA'!

O' STRONG SALTAN.. COME AND FEED!

EUCLIO BECOMES ENGLUFED IN A THICK MIST...



THAN FROM OUT OF THE CLOUD - A HAND SIZES HIM IN ITS GRASP.



LORD PRESERVE ME! IT IS A THREE EYED OGRE!

AND ITS MAW IS SLAVERING FOR MY BONES!



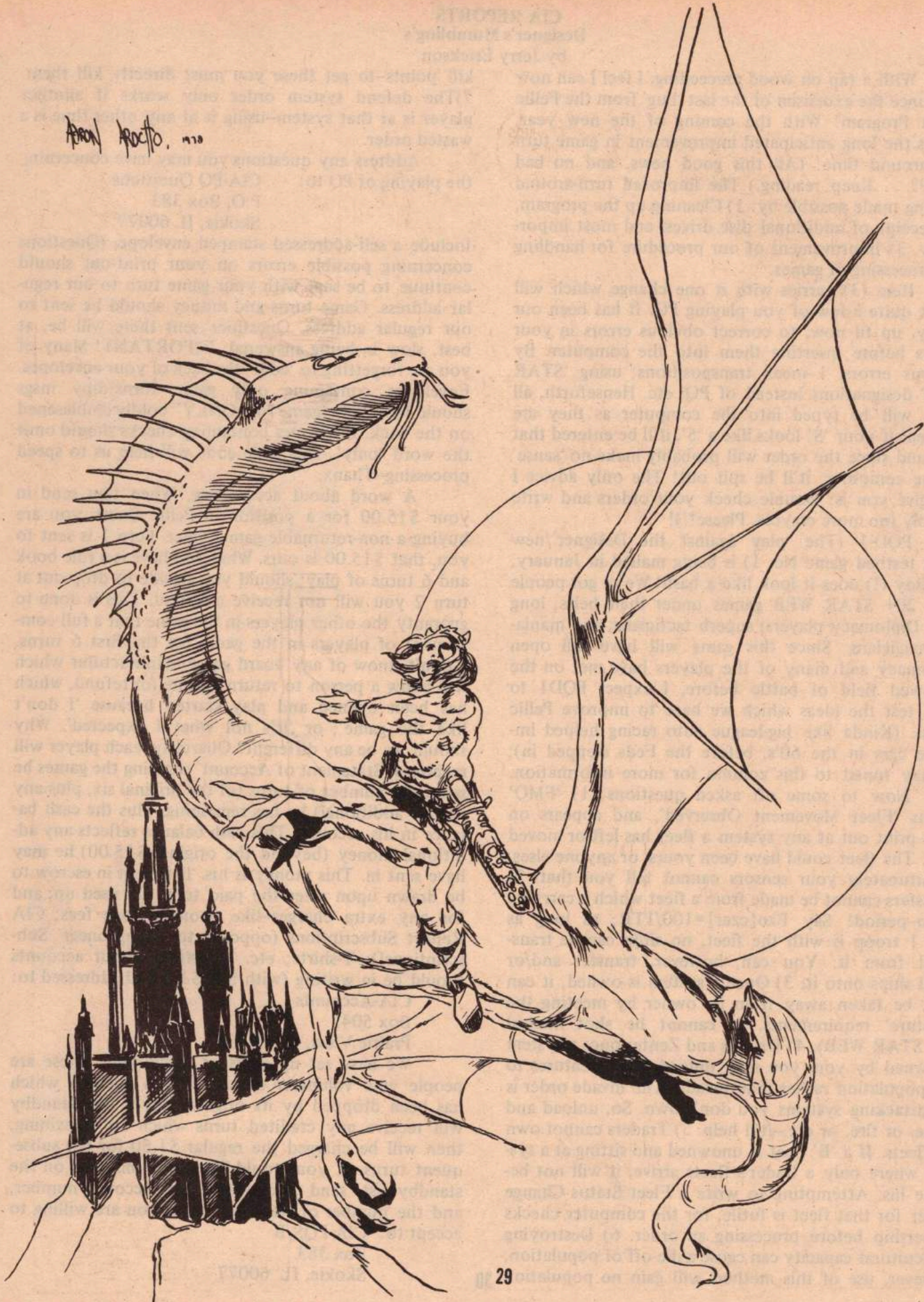
BUT WITH THE STRENGTH THAT I STILL HOLD AND IN AID WITH MY LONGBLADE.. I WILL ENDURE!





F
E
N
D

Arion Procto, 1970



CIA REPORTS
Designer's Mumbling's
by Jerry Erickson

With a rap on wood preceeding, I feel I can now announce the exorsisim of the last 'bug' from the Pellic Quest Program! With the coming of the new year, comes the long anticipated improvement in game turn turn-around time! (All this good news, and no bad news??. . . Keep reading.) The improved turn-around is being made possible by: 1) Cleaning up the program, 2) Receipt of additional disc drives, and most importantly, 3) Improvement of our procedure for handling the processing of games.

Item (3) carries with it one change which will affect quite a few of you playing PQ. It has been our policy, up til now, to correct obvious errors in your orders before inserting them into the computer. By obvious errors, I mean transpositions; using 'STAR WEB' designations instead of PQ; etc. Henseforth, all turns will be typed into the computer as they are written; if your 'S' looks like a '5', it'll be entered that way and since the order will probably make no 'sense' to the computer, it'll be spit out! The only advice I can give you is: Double check your orders and write legiably (no more crayola, Please!!)

PQD-1 (The 'play against the Designer'/new ideas testbed game No. 1) is being mailed in January, and Boy (!) does it look like a bash! We've got people with 20+ STAR WEB games under their belts; long time Diplomacy players; superb tacticians; and maniacal magicians. Since this game will have full open diplomacy and many of the players have met on the hallowed field of battle before, I expect PQD1 to fully test the ideas which we have to improve Pellic Quest. (Kinda like big-league auto racing helped improve cars in the 60's, before the Feds stepped in); so stay tuned to this column for more information.

Now to some oft asked questions: 1) 'FMO' means 'Fleet Movement Observed', and appears on your print out at any system a fleet has left or moved thru. The fleet could have been yours, or anyone elses; unfortunately your sensors cannot tell you that. 2) Transfers cannot be made from a fleet which is carrying cargo-period! Say Fzo[czar]=100/1TR; as long as that 1 troop is with the fleet, no ships can be transferred from it. You can, however, transfer and/or build ships onto it. 3) Once a system is owned, it can only be taken away from its owner by meeting the 'Capture' requirements. It cannot be shot neutral (ala STAR WEB). 4) Droyds and Zente: once a system is owned by you, you may **unload** your creatures to kill population rather than invade. The invade order is for attacking systems you don't own. So, unload and move, or fire, or etc.--it'll help. 5) Traders cannot own 'B' fleets. If a 'B' fleet is unowned and sitting at a system where only a trader's fleets arrive, it will not become his. Attempting to write a Fleet Status Change Order for that fleet is futile, for the computer checks ownership before processing an order. 6) Destroying Agricultural capacity can cause a die-off of population, however, use of this method will gain no population

kill points--to get these you must **directly** kill them. 7)The defend system order only works if another player is at that system--using it at any other time is a wasted order.

Address any questions you may have concerning the playing of PQ to: CIA-PQ Questions
P.O. Box 383
Skokie, IL 60077.

Include a self-addressed stamped envelope. (Questions concerning possible errors on your print-out should continue to be sent with your game turn to our regular address. Game turns and money should be sent to our regular address. Questions sent there will be, at best, slow in being answered. IMPORTANT! Many of you are forgetting to 'code' the back of your envelopes. Envelopes containing **only** game turns/dipy msgs should have "PQ-(game No.)ONLY" boldly emblased on the back. Envelopes containing checks should omit the word 'only'. This little code will help us to speed processing--Thanx.

A word about accounting. When you send in your \$15.00 for a position in Pellic Quest, you are buying a non-returnable game. Once Turn 1 is sent to you, that \$15.00 is ours. What you have is a rule book and 6 turns of play; should you decide to drop out at turn 2 you will **not** receive a refund. This is done to guaranty the other players in the game that a full compliment of players in the game for the first 6 turns. I don't know of any board game manufacturer which will allow a person to return a game for refund, which has been opened and play started because 'I don't like the game'; or 'It's not what I expected'. Why should we be any different? Quarterly, each player will receive a 'Statement of Account' showing the games he is in; the number of turns (of the original six, plus any earned additional) he has remaining, plus the cash balance in his account. This cash balance reflects any additional money (beyond the original \$15.00) he may have sent in. This money is his. It is kept in escrow to be drawn upon after the paid turns are used up; and for any extra charges--like phone-in turn fees; CIA Report Subscriptions (opposed to Dungeoneer Subscriptions!); T-shirts; etc. Questions about accounts should be in writing (with S.A.S.E.) and addressed to:

CIA-Accounts
Box 504
Prairie View, IL 60069

We have set up a list of 'stand-bys'. These are people who volunteer to take over a position which has been dropped by its original player. The standby will receive any credited turns which are remaining, then will be charged the regular \$1.50 for the subsequent turns. If you would like to be included on the standby list, send your name and Account number, and the number of stand by games you are willing to accept to: CIA-PQS/B

Box 383
Skokie, IL 60077

Lastly, news of other CIA games: Panzer Kommander! Pushed back many times while we exorcized PQ, is in the final stages of programing, so those of your who signed up for it can expect the Rulebook and your first turn sometime in February (we're shooting for an earlier date, but considering Murphy, we'll hedge to February.)

Ambush Islands!, our multi-player Navel game (Circa 1915) has been put on the back burner, with even a tentative completion date unavailable as yet. A.I. has been slowed because we've been given a verbal okey by Flying Buffalo's Rick Loomis to do a variant of his famous 'Nuclear Destruction' game! Following the pattern of PQ, our variant of ND, tentatively named 'Totalier Krieg!' (for want of a better name) will have expanded options and a somewhat revamped format.

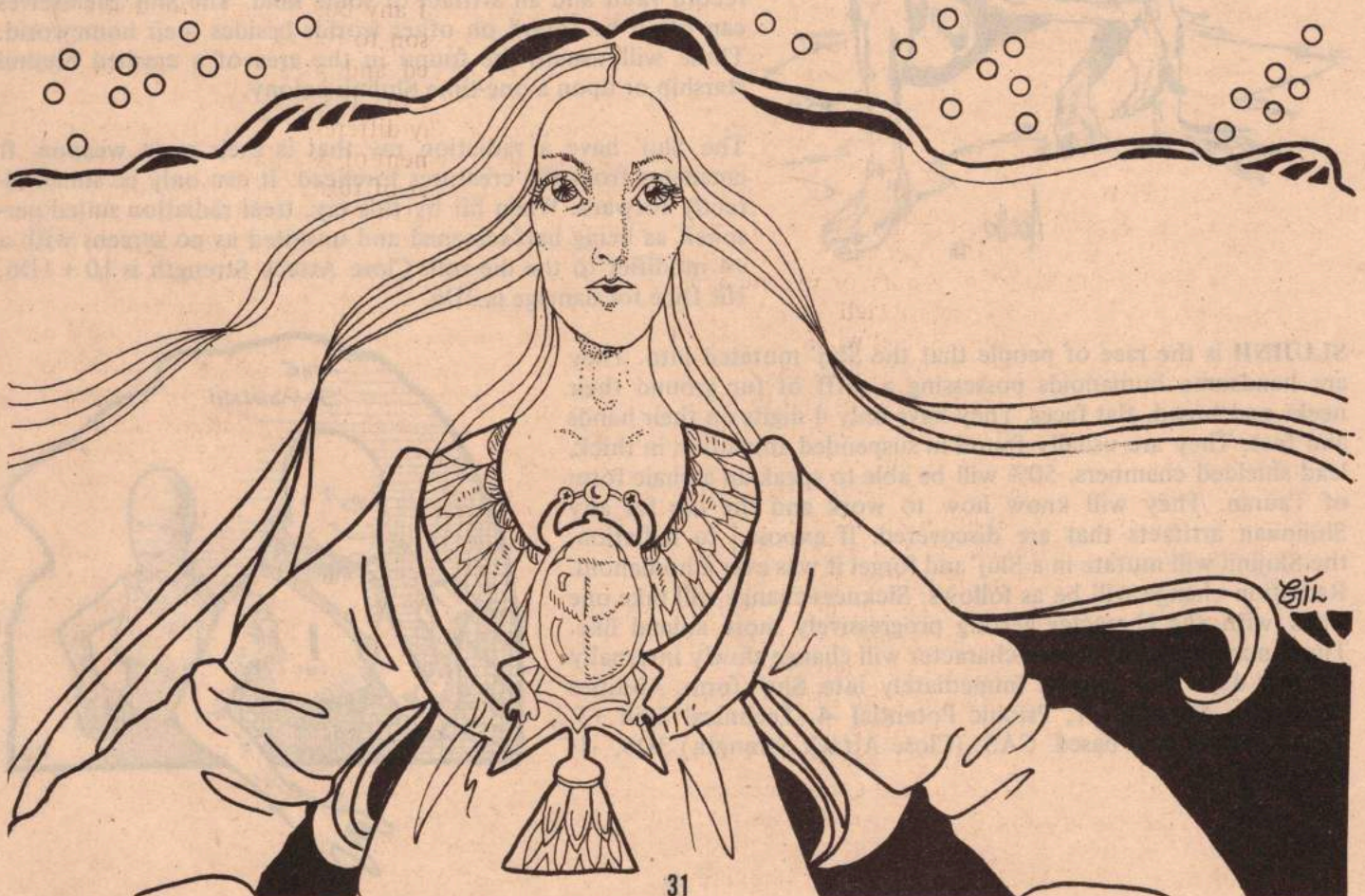
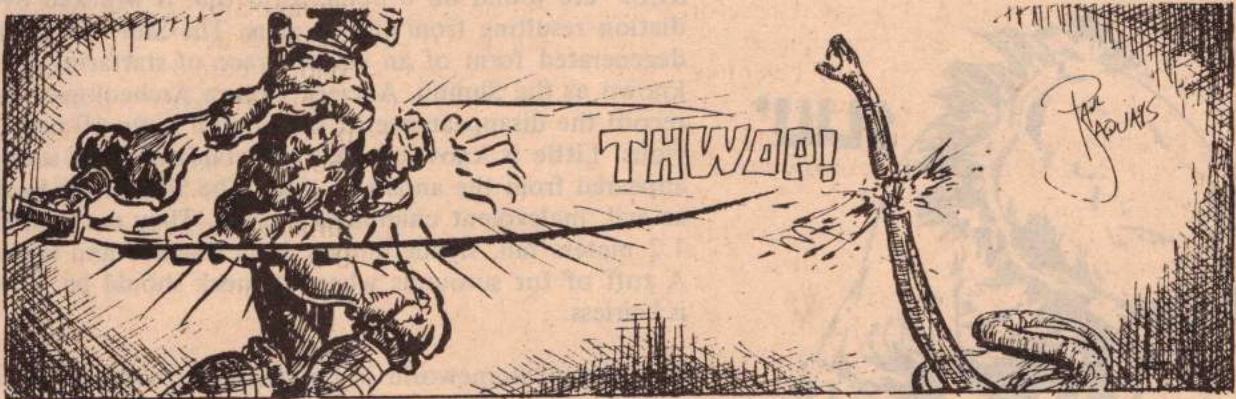
TK! will have open diplomacy and require a player to put together the right options in weaponry to survive. Of course, it is multi-player (8 looks about right), and will be designed like PQ, to be bloody. If you have any suggestions for this game, send them to:

CIA, T-K Design
Box 504
Prairie View IL 60069

I hope to be able to playtest in March, and go public in April.

If you have any ideas for other games, we will be happy to talk to you about them—write or call (312-362-7872, M-F 6-10 PM). Thanx for your interest. Til next time,

Jerry



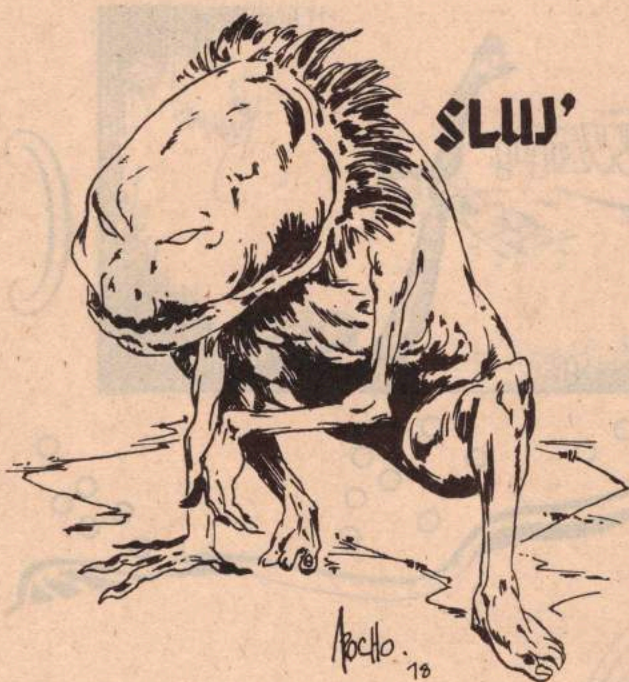
monster matrix



by Paul Jaquays

based on drawings by Aaron Arocho

The tow creatures listed here have been created for use in the science fiction role playing game STARSHIPS AND SPACEMEN, published by Fantasy Games Unlimited and written by Leonard H. Kanterman.

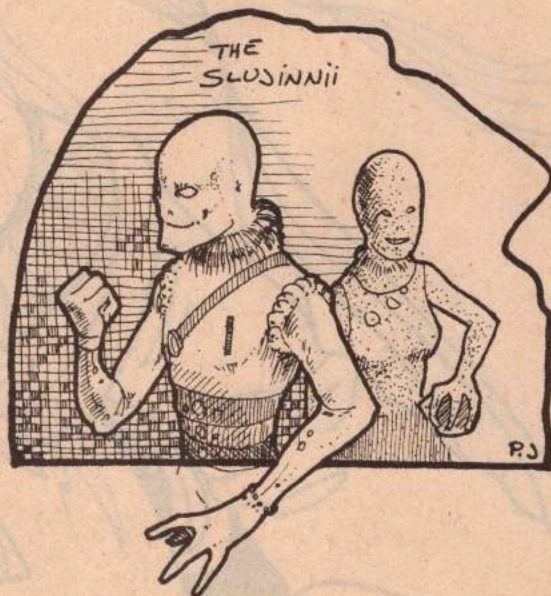


SLUJ' are found on a homeworld that is wracked by high radiation resulting from atomic wars. The Sluj' are the mutated, degenerated form of an ancient race of starfaring beings once known as the Slujinii. Ancient Tauran Archeological historians record the disappearance of the Slujinii some 10 centuries previous. Little is know of why this starfaring race suddenly disappeared from the annals of time. The Sluj' might be described as evil, malevolent chimpanzee types. They are approximately 1.2 meters tall, slenderlimbed, hunchbacked and large headed. A ruff of fur surrounds where its neck should be, otherwise it is hairless.

The Slujinii homeworld is known to harbor a great historical record vault and an artifact of some kind. The Sluj' themselves can often be found on other worlds besides their homeworld. These will usually be found in the area of a crashed Slujinii starship or upon a one-time Slujinii colony.

The Sluj' have a radiation ray that is their main weapon. It emanates from the creatures forehead. It can only be aimed directly forward. When hit by this ray, treat radiation suited personell as being half-screened and unsuited as no screens with a +4 modifier to the die roll. Close Attack Strength is 10 + 1D6. Hit Dice for damage is 2D6.

SLUJINII is the race of people that the Sluj' mutated into. They are handsome humanoids possessing a ruff of fur around their necks and broad, flat faces. They have only 4 digits on their hands and feet. They are usually found in suspended animation in thick, lead shielded chambers. 50% will be able to speak an archaic form of Tauran. They will know how to work and the use for any Slujinii artifacts that are discovered. If exposed to radiation, the Slujinii will mutate in a Sluj' and forget it was ever a humanoid. Radiation change will be as follows: Sickness-change will take one week with the character getting progressively more animal like. There may be a cure. Death-character will change slowly internally for one day, then mutate immediately into Sluj' form. Abilities variations: Strength -1, Psionic Potential -4, Technical Skill +3. Metabolism is iron based. CAS: (Close Attack Strength) 3D6, -1, Hits: 3D6.



SART'O



SART'O are found in mountainsous regions on arid-desert planets. They are a reptilian animal with a leathery hide. They have a copper based metabolism. They live off of energy. They will absorb all energy from sources within a 50 mile radius. In 5 rounds they will have drained the energy from most normal equipment. They will render ineffective the following equipment at the rates specified:

Communicator: immediately
Autoanalyzer: 1 round
Hand Laser: 2 rounds
Electro stun Gun: 2 rounds
Electronic Interference Devices: 2 rounds
ABC: 2 rounds
Cyborg: 2 rounds
MediKit: 3 rounds
Energy Screen: 3 rounds
Force Field Generator: 3 rounds
Sonar Generator: 3 rounds
Jet Pack: 3 rounds
Nerve Disruptor: 3 rounds
Robot Dog: 3 rounds
Work Robot: 3 rounds
Field Armor: 3 rounds
Android: 3 rounds
Laser Rifle: 4 rounds
Matter-AntiMatter Generator: 5 rounds

Combat Robot: 4 rounds

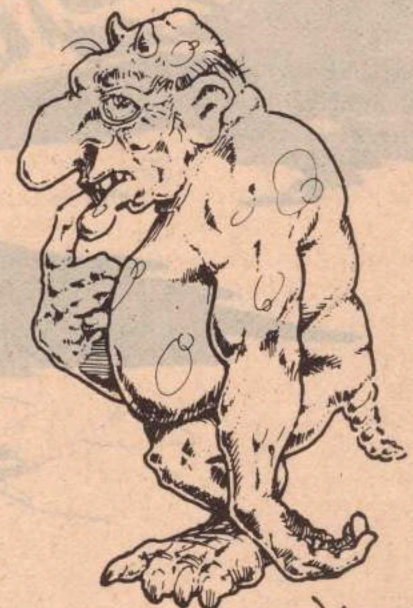
Computers: 1 round per level of computer. At each level, computer drops down to the ability of the next level below it. (More on computers in future article.)

Drained items will not function again until they are recharged.

If within 50 miles of a drive pod, they will absorb all the power in the pod and explode for 5 dice of damage to those within a 10 miles radius. The drive pod will also be drained until recharged, removing that much power from the ship.

Close Attack Strength: 30D6, Hits: 12 + 2D6. Size: 1m tall, 2m long. If the creature takes a hit from an energy weapon, instead of taking damage, it will absorb half the amount of hits given and add them to its hit points.

A RESTROOM? WHERE DID I SEE
A RESTROOM?





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STAR RANGER by Paul Jaquays (for Starships and Spacemen)

A Star Ranger is a space-going individual, paired off with a very powerful and intelligent ship. He is a sort of Galactic Peace Officer. His main function is protecting innocent or helpless sentient races from exploitation or extermination. This protection is not just from Videni or Zangids, but from Terrans and their allies, as well.

Star Rangers were created by an omnipotent being at some point in a particular race's development of space travel. They are selected somewhat randomly and may be of any race. Star Rangers do not age. While they may be of any race, they are usually Terran, Rigelian or Zangid.

A Star Ranger does not kill if it can be avoided. Often he will risk his own life, rather than take that of another. There are exceptions, however. If a planet or people can only be saved by their oppressor's demise, then that is the way it must be.

Although a Star Ranger's powers are not quite limitless, he and his ship are quite capable of handling a Terran Dreadnaught or its equivalent. With his special hand weapon, controlled by his will power, he has control over the elements, including fire, air, water and earth. With it he can cause a meteor storm, repulse enemies with high pressure air streams or water blasts, repressurize a space craft devoid of air or he can blaze away with fire from a sun . . . the possibilities are endless. Each use in this mode will use up the energy potential of the ship for that day by 10 units. The weapon may, also, be used as a laser pistol, rifle or as a stun gun or as a ship's laser bank.

The ship, itself, is sentient and a living, metal starship with a powerpile base of 500. It has many powers that its non-sentient 'brothers' do not possess. It can modify and reform its substance into anything or any type of ship, including a humanoid or a Terran Dreadnaught. The ship has its own personality, and, since Star Rangers are usually male, their ships are typically female. The Star Ranger and his ship are symbiotic. They are both telepathically and telempathically linked. Damage done to the ship will be felt by the Star Ranger, and vice versa. Because the ship has the power of molecular control, it can be considered as being, basically, energy and if it is threatened with destruction it will revert to an energy form to recoup its losses.

STATISTICS: Star Ranger
Close Attack Strength=30 Marksmanship=20 Intelligence=14+D6 Technical skill=20
Contact skill=20 Charisma=20 Psionic potential=3D6 modified by race Loyalty=20
IN SPACE: Power pile base equivalent is 100 units. Screen cost per day (full) is 10 (he is always half-shielded). In combat he fights as if having a fire control officer (+3). As a target, he is -3 to hit because of his small size. His handgun works as a laser bank. The Star Ranger needs no special suit, even in a hard vacuum.
GROUND WEAPONS: Stun gun; laser pistol=half damage against sentients; Laser rifle= 3-18 +6 against non-living or unintelligent.

MOLECULAR CONTROL: range 200m. May summon up to 2000kg of rock, 2000 liters of water, a wind of 160-200kmph or a blast of fire for 3-18 points of damage to all within a 100m range. His uniform protects him like field armor.


STATISTICS: Ship
Power Pile Base= 500 Ion torpedoes=12 9regenerated at 2/day) Sickbay capacity=2
Laser banks= 3 fires as if possessing a fire control officer Size: twice size of a shuttle craft
ENERGY COST TABLE: Galactic travel=5 EUs per warp factor on hyperdrive but turns are free. Intrasystem travel=5 EUs for any travel at nuclear drive per day. Entering a planet's orbit=2.5 EUs. Leaving orbit=2.5 EUs. Laser fire=5 EUs per bank. Tractor or Pressor beams=1 EU/20,000km. Screens(half)=10 EU/day, (full)=20 EU/day. Star Ranger's element control=10 EUs/use. Molecular control=10 EU (includes shapeshifting).

The ship's computer will answer from 2-12 questions.

Booty Bag from page 19

P.S.

The Baton of Crocking

 Background: From time to time in my world the Priest-mages of the Mad God of Change. The changes which the God causes are usually strange, occasionally embarrassing, and almost always weird. The powers which His priests are based on change, they make and use the Baton of Crocking for the amusement of their God.

A Baton is similar to a Rod but possessing 50 charges, and this Baton may be recharged only by the Priest-mages of the Mad God. This Baton functions in a manner similar to that of the Rod of Cancellation, contact with any magical item activating it but not causing its power to change the items' function unless the being holding it commands this to happen. The changes caused by this Baton vary by the alignment of the user; Lawfuls produce only humorous results, Neutrals produce humorous results usually but can cause serious results if desired, and Chaotics always produce serious results and can inflict upon themselves an occasional (10% chance) serious side effect.

The results produced by this Baton are also in the form of a crock, though occasionally merely changing the properties of an item without anyone noticing will prove to be sufficient. The humorous results shouldn't be too severe. The serious results should produce something along the lines of the crocks found in Greyhawk, though in the hands of a Chaotic it might produce a somewhat more dangerous (perhaps about as severe as some of the less deadly effects on Table III, page 52, Eldritch Wizardry). The side-effects on Chaotic should be about as severe or dangerous as the Swanson Disabilities Table or a mild form of Curse.

An item which has been effected by this type of Baton can be effected again. It is rare (about 5% of the time) for the item to become uncrocked with further exposures, though the severity of the crock can be altered more or less at will simply by having different alignments use the Baton on the item. Please note that at all times the form which the crocking takes is subject to the GM.

THE FANTASY ROLE-PLAYING PREVIOUS HISTORY SYSTEM

by Paul Jaquays

With appreciation to Dr. Dennis Garn and Merle Davenport

Most of the published previous history systems either make a character too skilled and rich or provide too sketchy a background to motivate character actions. Hopefully, the following system will alleviate that. "Aiiieee!" you scream when you scan the 31 odd charts involved. "What have I got myself into?" fear not faithful one. Unlike other systems, this one is organized. The number/letter system I have used, when combined with the following directions should de-confuse thing a bit.

OPERATIONS MANUAL: Procure the following. One each of 20 (10), 12, 8, 6, and 4 sided dice. A pencil or pen. Paper. The Fantasy Role-playing Previous History System. Time. Imagination.

Begin by taking an already rolled character (or you can roll one later) and starting at Chart 1: Birth Order. Then go onto chart 1A and then go onto Chart 2. Do not go to Chart 2A to Charts 2A through 2G unless indicated in your rolling. In fact, unless indicated, do not roll on any chart that has a letter following the number. Required charts are 1, 1A, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Various reasons and procedures will be explained and revealed to you as you go. Certain areas have been left vague and are up to the individual referee to fill in as he deems necessary. Things such as birth locations, and particulars on religions, kings, wizards, and countries are all individual to each campaign.

When you have finished rolling, you will have a skeletal outline of a characters' possibly jaded past. Put the outline in chronological order and play co-incidence to the hilt (it's more fun that way!) You would be amazed at how seemingly unrelated incidents can be made to interlock.

As to whether experience should be awarded to a character for this prior experience, I would say no. This is not designed to advance characters without playing, but to give them colorful (or not so colorful) past lives. Again, though, the decision is up to the individual ref.

DISCLAIMER AND PARTIAL RATIONALE: The tables herein are designed for as little sex bias as possible. Please excuse the occasional generic "him" or "his". Within reason, these charts can be used for any and all FRP games. If the use of Polygonal dice does not agree with a particular game system, use them any way. This system is to be used outside of the actual mechanics of a game. Also, this system relies on long, straight, even curves; not the bell curves produced by rolling multiples of D6's.

NOTES: D4: Four-sided die
D6: Six-sided die
D8: Eight sided die
D10: Ten-sided die (also twenty-sided die)
D12: Twelve-sided die
D20: Twenty-sided die

Chart 1: BIRTH ORDER

Roll once on a D10 (determine six and number of siblings below.)

- 1) First born
- 2) Second child
- 3) Second child
- 4) Third child
- 5) Third child
- 6) Fourth child
- 7) Fourth child
- 8) Fifth child
- 9) Sixth child
- 10) Seventh child

Chart 1A: DETERMINATION OF SEX AND NUMBER OF SIBLINGS

Number: Roll on a D10. Will not be less than character's birth rank.

Sex: For each sibling roll once on a D20. High roll: Male. Low roll: Female.

(Go to Chart 2 next)

Chart 2: FATHER'S OCCUPATION (ALSO: OCCUPATION CHART)

Roll once on a D20 on the following*:

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1) Vagabond/Beggar | 2) Farmer |
| 3) Tinker | 4) Miner |
| 5) Woodsman | 6) Sailor |
| 7) Soldier | 8) Fisherman |
| 9) Craftsman-roll once on Chart 2A: Crafts. | |
| 10) Sage/Slave | |
| 11) Government Official-roll once on Chart 2B: Government Officials. | |
| 12) Scribe | |
| 13) Slaver (If slave, substitute Bodyguard) | |
| 14) Adventurer-roll once on Chart 2C: Adventurers. | |
| 15) Actor/Prostitute | |
| 16) Animal Trainer/Interpreter | |
| 17) Physician/Engineer | |
| 18) Merchant-roll once on Chart 2D for type. Also, reroll one additional occupation. | |
| 19) Gentleman-Reroll two additional occupations. | |
| 20) Nobleman-Reroll three additional occupations. Plus, roll once on Chart 2E for title. | |

* Roll on Charts 2A-2G only if indicated.

(Go to Chart 3 next)

Chart 2A: CRAFTS*Roll once on a D20*

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1) Tailor | 11) Brewer/Baker |
| 2) Fletcher | 12) Mason |
| 3) Horseman | 13) Potter |
| 4) Carpenter | 14) Miller |
| 5) Bowyer | 15) Dyer |
| 6) Cartographer | 16) Shipwright |
| 7) Smith | 17) Jeweler |
| 8) Cobbler | 18) Artist/Sculpter |
| 9) Weaver | 19) Musician |
| 10) Armorer | 20) Banker |

Chart 2B: GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS*Roll once on a D10*

- 1) Tax Collector
- 2) Sheriff
- 3) Guardsman
- 4) Magistrate
- 5) Governor
- 6) Friend of Gov't. Official (reroll official)
- 7) Advisor to Governor/Mayor/King
- 8) Mayor
- 9) Prime Minister
- 10) Clerk

Chart 2C: ADVENTURERS*Roll once on a D10*

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 1) Fighter | 6) Druid |
| 2) Magic User | 7) Ranger |
| 3) Cleric | 8) Illusionist |
| 4) Thief | 9) Martial Arts Monk |
| 5) Bard | 10) Non Human Elf/Dwarf/Hobbit (reroll class) |

Chart 2D: MERCHANT TYPES*Roll once on D6.*

- 1) Shopkeeper-foodstuffs.
- 2) Shopkeeper-drygoods.
- 3) Innkeeper
- 4) Shopkeeper-exotic goods.
- 5) Local Trader
- 6) Long-distance/overseas trader

Chart 2E: TITLE OF NOBILITY*Roll once on a D20.*

- | |
|---|
| 1-10) Knight |
| 11-15) Baron |
| 16-17) Count (Earl) |
| 18) Marquis |
| 19) Duke |
| 20) Royalty reroll title and add 5 to roll. Also roll relation to the King on Chart 2F. |

Chart 2F: RELATION TO KING*Roll once on a D20.*

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1-10) Distant | 20) Immediate Family-roll position in Royal fam. on 2G. |
| 11-16) 3rd Cousin | |
| 17-18) 2nd Cousin | |
| 19) 1st Cousin | |

Chart 2G: POSITION IN ROYAL FAMILY*Roll once on a D20. (roll only if position not already known)**

- | |
|-----------------------------------|
| 1-10) 6-10th child* |
| 11-15) 5th child* |
| 16-17) 4th child* |
| 18) 3rd child* |
| 19) 2nd child* |
| 20) Heir Apparent/King (or Queen) |

* A roll of 7-10 on a D10 indicates an unrecognized bastard child.

Chart 3: OCCUPATION PERFORMANCE*Roll 1-4 times on a D20. This chart is an indication of how a character player or non-player, performed his job. If rolls are directly conflicting, like generous and stingy: reroll second roll until conflict is removed. Reroll a number indicates doubling of characteristic, such as very generous or extremely talented, etc.*

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1) Overbearing | 11) Hard Worker |
| 2) Well Liked | 12) Lazy |
| 3) Impatient | 13) Ambitious |
| 4) Others jealous of him | 14) Power-hungry |
| 5) Underhanded | 15) Fair |
| 6) Talented | 16) Rose to high position (Master) |
| 7) Generous | 17) Kept from advancement |
| 8) Inspired loyalty | 18) Organized/disorganized |
| 9) Stingy | 19) Never rose beyond apprentice |
| 10) Held position of Authority | 20) Yesman |

*Go to Chart 4 on next page.***Chart 4A: GUARDIANS***Roll once on a D20.*

- 1) Evil Stepmother
- 2) Raised by Magic User
- 3) Monastery/Nunnery
- 4) Craftsman-roll on Chart 2A.
- 5) Relative-roll on Chart 4E.
- 6) Apprenticed-roll on Chart 2.
- 7) Sold into slavery at birth.
- 8) Raised by orcs/goblins/hobgoblins.
- 9) Raised by wolves.
- 10) Raised by an adventurer-roll on Chart 2C.
- 11) Raised by dwarves/elves.
- 12) Raised by hobbits/gnomes.
- 13) Raised by random monster (within reason), roll on monster tables.
- 14) Raised by army.
- 15) Raised by brigands/bandits or pirates/buccaneers
- 16) Raised by gypsies
- 17) Raised by thieves
- 18) Adopted by nobleman(Chart 2E)/Other(Chart 4D)
- 19) Lived by wits...no guardian.
- 20) Raised by outcasts, ie. beggars, prostitutes, etc.

Chart 4: SIGNIFICANT EVENTS OF CHILDHOOD

Roll 1-4 times on a D20. This chart indicates several of the important events and happenings of a character's childhood from ages 1-12. Roll the age that each specific event on a D12.

A (*) indicates no age roll.

- 1) Loved by parents (guardian if indicated) (*).
 - 2) Unloved and unwanted by parents or guardian (roll age if 1 is also rolled.)
 - 3) Orphan: lived by wits/brought up by guardian-roll once on Chart 4A.
 - 4) Sold into slavery-go to Chart 4B.
 - 5) Family all killed by Other (Chart 4D)/Relative (Chart 4 E)/Disease. A high roll on a D20 indicates that 1-4 family members survive. Determine which members on Chart 4E.
 - 6) Caused death of Relative (Chart 4E)/Other (Chart 4D)-also roll once on Chart 4F for death situation.
 - 7) Only legitimate child in family (*).
 - 8) Bastard-raised by mother/raised by father's family /guardian (Chart 4A) (*).
 - 9) Learned father's occupation.
 - 10) Apprenticed to mentor to learn occupation-roll on Chart 2 for mentor's occupation.
 - 11) Father killed by Relative (Chart 4E)/Other (Chart 4D).
 - 12) Father/Mother/both outlawed criminals-roll crime on Chart 4G and then roll for a 100-1000 gold piece reward on a D10.
 - 13) Child Thief
 - 14) Had a religious experience-go to Chart 4H: Religious Experience.
 - 15) Jealous of siblings (*).
 - 16) Lived a nomadic life.
 - 17) Lived in city/countryside.
 - 18) Ran away from home (or church, or mentor, or guardian, etc.).
 - 19) Learned weapon usage.
 - 20) Learned to respect/disrespect authority.
- Roll on Charts 4A-4H only as indicated.

Chart 4A on prior page

Chart 4C: WOUNDS AND/OR MUTILATIONS

Roll once on a D10.

- 1) Loss of hand. High roll: right. Low: left.
- 2) Loss of eye. As above.
- 3) Loss of leg. As above. (pegleg at knee)
- 4) Many scars
- 5) Loss of tongue (mute).
- 6) Loss of ear. As per 1 above.
- 7) Loss of 1-5 fingers-roll hand.
- 8) Loss of nose
- 9) Scars on face.
- 10) Loss of genitals

Chart 4B: SLAVERY

Roll duration on a D12 for 1 to 12 years of captivity. Roll for the occurrence of 1-4 significant events on a D2. If applicable, roll age for each event. To determine age, choose a die that most accurately represents the duration enslaved and add the resulting score to the age at which character was enslaved.

(*) indicates no age roll.

Roll the sex of each individual owner on a D20. High roll indicates a male owner, low a female owner.

- 1) Escaped, wanted by owner. 100-1000 GP reward
- 2) Freed by owner.
- 3) Owner died. A high roll on a D20 indicates character resold. A low roll indicates character freed and 1-6 years subtracted from term of slavery.
- 4) Travelled widely with owner.
- 5) Learned more than one occupation-roll on Chart 2.
- 6) Sexually used by owner.
- 7) Led/participated in slave revolt. (High roll: successful. Low roll: unsuccessful. If successful, assume that owner was killed or wounded and that there is a reward of 200-2000 GP for your capture. If you led the revolt, double the reward. If the revolt was not a success, assume that you were tortured or mutilated. (Mutilation-go to Chart 4C.)
- 8) Held position of authority in occupation.
- 9) Favorite of owner.
- 10) Bought for breeding purposes. 1-4 children as per Chart 1A.
- 11) Bought own freedom.
- 12) Master of different race-elf/dwarf/hobbit/orc/random monster.
- 13) Resold several times. 1-4 times.
- 14) Freed by Church/Law.
- 15) Beaten by owner
- 16) Temple slave.
- 17) Suffered torture/mutilation-go to chart 4C
- 18) Branded while slave
- 19) Hated master (*)
- 20) Devoted to master (*)

NOTE: All slaves learn at least one occupation while enslaved if they don't already know one.

Chart 4D on next page

Chart 4E: RELATIVES

Roll once on a D10. To determine whether the relative is on the maternal or paternal side of the family, roll a 20-sided dice. A high roll indicates father's side, a low roll, mother's side.

* Roll sex as per Chart 1A for these relations.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|
| 1) Wife/Husband | 6) 1st Cousin* |
| 2) Son | 7) Distant Cousin* |
| 3) Daughter | 8) Uncle/Aunt |
| 4) Brother | 9) Parent-Mother/Father |
| 5) Sister | 10) Grandparent-Mother/Father |

Chart 4D: OTHERS

Roll once on a D20.

- 1) Government official-roll on Chart 2B.
- 2) Friend
- 3) Thieves
- 4) Magic User
- 5) Mentor
- 6) Nobleman-roll title on Chart 2E.
- 7) Invader
- 8) Non-human invader
- 9) Monster-roll on random monster tables.
- 10) Neighbor
- 11) Lover
- 12) Tradesman-roll occupation on Chart 2.
- 13) Non-human-elf/dwarf/hobbit
- 14) Highwayman
- 15) Adventurer-roll class on Chart 2C.
- 16) Comrade
- 17) Guardian-if not already indicated, roll on Chart 4A
- 18) Army Officer-roll rank on Chart 5B.
- 19) Wild Animal
- 20) More than one of above working together.
2-5 reroll.

CHART 4G: CRIMES

Roll once on a D20

- 1) Robbery
- 2) Pickpocketing
- 3) Heresy
- 4) Murder-go to chart 4F
- 5) Adultery
- 6) Insulting one of higher social standing
- 7) Trespassing
- 8) No crime at all
- 9) Witness
- 10) Treason
- 11) Failure to pay taxes/debts
- 12) Wrong place at wrong time
- 13) Losing side of political argument
- 14) Sacrilege
- 15) Unlawful sorcery (witchcraft)
- 16) Violation of curfew
- 17) Messenger of bad news
- 18) Stole food
- 19) Highwayman (brigand/bandit)/(pirate/buccaneer)
- 20) Harboring criminals



CHART 4F: DEATH SITUATIONS

Roll once on a D20. *=roll and additional D20. A roll of 1-8 indicates that the victim deserved to die and that you are held blameless in the eyes of the law. This does not, however, vindicate your character in the eyes of the victim's family or friends. They may still be out after your hide. A high roll on another D20 indicates that there is a private reward out for your death.

- 1) Work accident
- 2) Hunting accident
- 3) Premeditated murder
- 4) Fit of blind rage
- 5) Assassination
- 6) Negligence
- 7) Personal duel
- 8) Gang fight
- 9) Self defense
- 10) Disease carrier
- 11) Poisoning: accidental/purposeful
- 12) Turned over to government authorities
- 13) sold into slavery and died
- 14) Driven to suicide
- 15) Starvation
- 16) Went insane and died
- 17) Thrown into prison and died
- 18) Killed during commission of a crime-go to 4G
- 19) Drunken brawl
- 20) To save someone else:
relative (chart 4E)/other (chart 4D)

CHART 4H: RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

Roll 1-4 times on a D20. Assume that if more than one number comes up, the events happen within a 1-2 year period after initial experience. Events occur in the order they are rolled.

- 1) Join church
- 2) Hate the church
- 3) Vision of local god
- 4) Vision of powerful god
- 5) Vision of demon
- 6) Become devoted follower of a god
- 7) Believe self to be reincarnated saint/hero/villain
- 8) Make pilgrimage to holy shrine
- 9) Excommunicated for crime-go to 4G
- 10) Persecute the religious
- 11) Involved in Holy War- go to chart 5A
- 12) Religious, but hypocritical
- 13) Desecrate some temple
- 14) Become a fanatic
- 15) Persecuted for faith
- 16) Lose faith (roll age)
- 17) Make prophetic statements.
- 18) Become novitiate for priesthood
- 19) Religion is discredited
- 20) Started own cult

CHART 5: POSTCHILDHOOD SIGNIFICANT EVENT

Roll 1-4 events on a D20. These are events that occur, usually between the ages of 13-18, simultaneously with either prison, slavery or military service. Roll age for each event except where indicated by (*). For every 2 years the post-childhood period exceeds 18 years of age, roll a D20. A high roll indicates an additional event occurred during that period. Any term of slavery, imprisonment, or military service will cut short any other of the three at the age indicated for it to begin. Roll a D6 and add 12 to find age event begins. Unless otherwise indicated, a player will end the use of these charts at age 18. If not indicated in regular rolling, a character will have a chance for love affairs during these years. A high roll on a D20 indicates 1-2 love affairs during the 13-18 year-old period. For every 5-6 year period after 18, roll again for an additional 1-2 affairs. Roll on charts 5A-5I only if indicated.

- 1) Religious experience-use chart 4H
- 2) Responsible for death of relative (4E)/other(4D) roll death situation on 4F
- 3) Apprenticed to mentor- roll mentor occupation on chart 2.
- 4) Drafted/volunteered for military service-use 5A
- 5) I have love affair-use 5F
- 6) Learn occupation-use chart 2
- 7) Travel widely
- 8) Survive deadly disease
- 9) Live in city/countryside
- 10) Sold into slavery-use 4B
- 11) Caught and convicted of crime-roll crime on 4G and punishment on 5E
- 12) Outlawed-roll on 4G
- 13) Entire home village wiped out by disease/fire/invaders/other (use 4D)
- 14) Came into contact with non-human monster-roll a random monster
- 15) Take up good habits (5G)/bad habits (5H) (*)
- 16) Become friendly with race of elf/hobbit/dwarf/orc
- 17) Serve wealthy patron-roll on chart 5I
- 18) Become adventurer at early age 10-15
- 19) Save life of relative (4E)/other (4D)
- 20) Become famous for some deed you have done-number significant events and choose dice size that most accurately represents that number and then randomize until event is chosen.

CHART 5B: OFFICER'S RANK

Roll once on a D20 for each time indicated.

- | | | |
|--------|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1-5) | Decurion | Commander of 10 men |
| 6-9) | Sargeant | Commander of 50 men |
| 10-13) | Centurion | Commander of 100 men |
| 14-16) | Lieutenant | Commander of 500 men |
| 17-18) | Captain | Commander of 1000 men |
| 19) | Colonel | Commander of 2000 men |
| 20) | General | Commander of 4000+ men |
| - | Commander of the Army/Navy | |
| - | Commander of the Armed Forces | |
| - | King | |
| - | King of 2+ countries | |

CHART 5A: MILITARY SERVICE

Roll 1-4 times on a D20. Roll a term of 1-4 years. Every time that 1 comes up it indicates a promotion. Reroll rank on 5B. Minimum promotion is 1 rank. Ranks of Commander of the Army, Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, King and King of 2+ countries are available only through 1-step promotions. Reinlistment means rolling a new term of service which is an extension of the previous one. All earned rank is retained. If more than 1 term of military service is rolled on chart 5 then the second term will begin with the character at 1-2 ranks lower than he finished the previous term. Roll age except where indicated by (*). Roll for in whose service the character fought on 5D.

- 1) Become officer-roll on 5B
- 2) Demoted 1-4 ranks during service
- 3) Lone survivor of massacre of entire army
- 4) Captured by enemy and tortured
- 5) Deserted/traitor-price on head of 100-1000GP
- 6) Served as mercenary
- 7) Personally responsible for the deaths of many comrades-in-arms
- 8) Best friend killed at side
- 9) Prevented destruction of innocent villagers
- 10) Spent most of term in non-combat services
- 11) Was coward in battle
- 12) Decorated for heroism: if in the service of a King or Queen, character will be knighted. A roll of 8-10 on a D10 will indicate that a higher title has been given: Receiving character, though, must have attained rank of Lieutenant or better prior to this.
- 13) Learned use of exotic weaponry
- 14) Imprisoned for crime during service-use 4G & 5E
- 15) Led/part of successful mutiny-reward for you of 100-1000GP (double if you led)
- 16) One of few survivors of disease decimated army
- 17) Badly wounded/mutilated in battle-use 4C
- 18) Reinlisted in army-roll for second term
- 19) Learn occupation-roll on chart 2
- 20) In non-infantry branch of service-use 5C

CHART 5C: SPECIAL SERVICES

Roll once for each term of service on a D20

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| 1) Palace guard | 11) Navy |
| 2) Overseas service | 12) Marines |
| 3) City guard | 13) Special combat forces |
| 4) Temple guard | 14) War Machines |
| 5) Prison guard | 15) Archers |
| 6) Reserves | 16) Messengers |
| 7) Private bodyguard | 17) Attached to diplomatic missions of employer |
| 8) Engineer corps | 18) Caravan guard |
| 9) Scouts | 19) Border guard |
| 10) Cavalry | 20) Gatekeeper |

CHART 5D: IN THE SERVICE OF . . .*Roll once for each term of service on a D8*

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1) Nobleman-use 2E | 5) Wizard |
| 2) King | 6) Temple |
| 3) Queen | 7) Foreign power |
| 4) Defense of Town or Province | 8) Merchant Prince |

CHART 5E: PUNISHMENT FOR CRIMES*Roll 1-4 significant events for an imprisonment period of 1-10 years on a D20, Roll age as per slavery. See 4B*

- 1) Innocent of crime-unjustly convicted
- 2) Led/part of unsuccessful uprising +5 years prison
- 3) Served term in galleys
- 4) Served term in mines
- 5) Escaped- 100-1000GP reward for capture
- 6) Religious experience in prison-use 4H
- 7) Learn occupation-use chart 2
- 8) Serve duration of sentence in military-go to 5A
- 9) Sentence commuted to half time
- 10) King-frees all in prison-sentence at half time
- 11) Tortured
- 12) Led escape- 200-2000GP reward for your capture
- 13) Mutilated-use 4C
- 14) Escaped and caught +5 years to sentence
- 15) Whipped regularly
- 16) Survived disease
- 17) Learned thievery
- 18) Learned to disrespect authority
- 19) Picked up good habits (5G)/bad habits (5H)
- 20) Sold into slavery for term of prison sentence-4B

CHART 5F: LOVE AFFAIRS*Roll 1-4 times on a D20 for each separate love affair. If not indicated, a character has a 25% chance of having a child from the affair. Norm is 1-3 children.*

- 1) Unrequites love
- 2) Lover already married
- 3) Marry lover
- 4) Lover killed by relative (4E)/other (4D)
- 5) Lover a member of race: elf/dwarf/hobbit
- 6) Broke up, went different ways
- 7) Lover was exceptionally good looking
- 8) Lover carried off
- 9) Lover unfaithful
- 10) Lover of higher social status
- 11) Lover of lower social status/slave
- 12) Lover much older/younger
- 13) Lover sold into slavery
- 14) Lover ugly
- 15) Lover died of disease/accident
- 16) Married 1-6 years and divorced lover
- 17) Have 1-4 children by lover
- 18) Separated forcibly from lover
- 19) Responsible for death of lover-use chart 4F
- 20) Lover joins celibate in church

CHART 5G: GOOD HABITS*Roll 1-4 times on a D20*

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1) Cleanliness | 11) Defender of weak |
| 2) Benefactor to poor | 12) Loving |
| 3) Gentleman | 13) Respect for all religions |
| 4) Friend | 14) Self-confidence |
| 5) Teetotaler | 15) Industrious |
| 6) Religious | 16) Humility |
| 7) Sincere | 17) Negotiator |
| 8) Quiet | 18) Minds own business |
| 9) Honest in all things | 19) Punctual |
| 10) Smiling | 20) Tender |

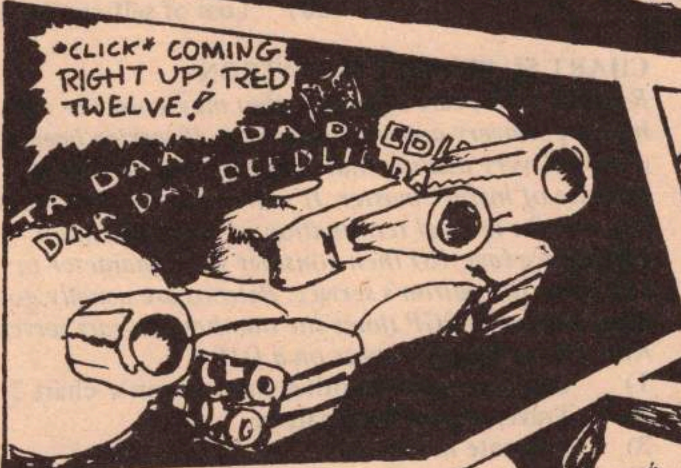
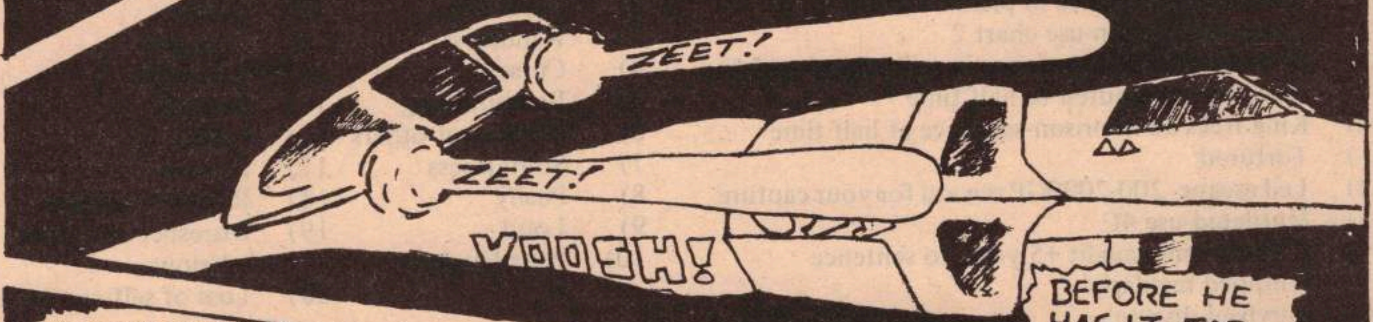
CHART 5H: BAD HABITS*Roll 1-4 times on a D20*

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1) Heavy drinker | 11) Picks fights (bully) |
| 2) Gambling | 12) Selfish |
| 3) Rancidness | 13) Braggart |
| 4) Curses | 14) Laziness |
| 5) Badmouthing | 15) Sadistic |
| 6) Distrust of others | 16) Greed |
| 7) Solitariness | 17) Bigotry |
| 8) Pushy | 18) Robbing helpless |
| 9) Loud | 19) Disrespect of other religions |
| 10) Poor Hygiene | 20) Loss of self-confidence |

CHART 5I. SERVICE OF PATRON*Roll for 1-10 years of service that may coincide with military, slavery and imprisonment. If service begins during slavery assume that character has become a favorite of his/her master. If patron service continues beyond the normal termination of post-childhood experience (age 18) then consider your character to still be in the patron's service. Patrons are usually good for a loan of 100GP times the number of years served.**Roll 1-4 significant events on a D10.*

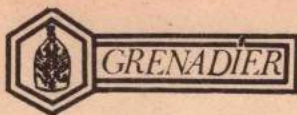
- 1) Learn occupation other than patron's -chart 2
 - 2) Travel widely with patron
 - 3) Relocate in new city
 - 4) Patron driven from home city by competitors
 - 5) Patron is of opposite sex
 - 6) As 5, but roll love affair with patron-chart 5F
 - 7) Patron dies while in service
 - 8) Patron negates any military service rolls while in his service
 - 9) Patron educates you-roll addition occupation on chart 2
 - 10) Rival of patron (roll chart 4D) is after your life
- While in the service of patron any rolls for enslavement will be negated. Rolls requiring imprisonment will have the sentence reduced by half due to patron's influence on courts. Patron will, also, influence promotions and decorations while in military. Add +1 to roll for promotion and +2 for bestowing of title on character for bravery in battle. Character will, also, automatically serve in a non-infantry service (chart 5C)

SPACE WARS



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ROBERT BINGHAM '78



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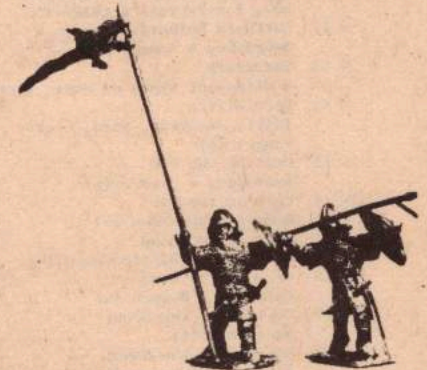
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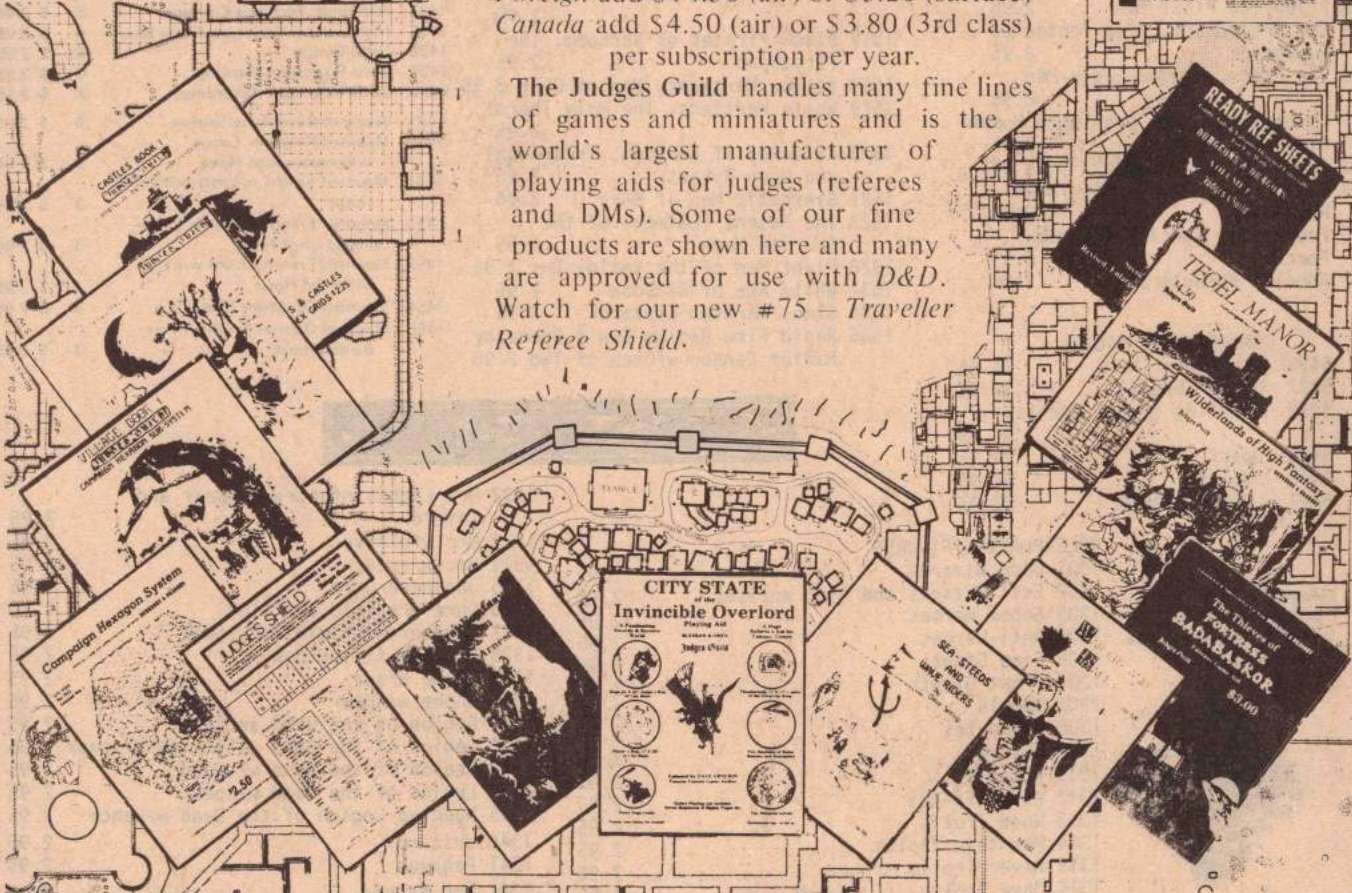
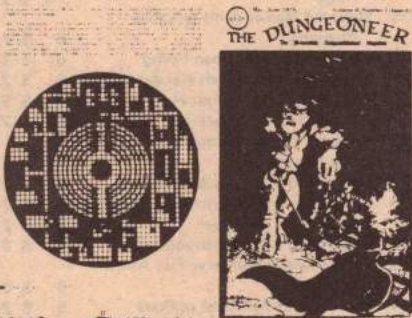
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SHADOW GIANTS

by Paul Jaquays

FREQUENCY: Very rare
APPEARING: 2-8
AC: 3
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 7
% IN LAIR: nil
TREASURE TYPE: nil
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 3-18
SPECIAL ATTACKS: nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below
INTELLIGENCE: Low to average
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic evil
SIZE: 10 ft.
PSIONIC ABILITY: nil
ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: nil

Shadow Giants are elemental on thropoid (human shaped) giants of living darkness. They are the warriors of the negative material plane. A shadow giant appears as a 10 ft. tall muscular silhouette of a man with hair that seems to crackle like black fire, armed with a massive black sword. Shadow Giants are quite mercenary and more than willing to serve on the positive material plane for pay. Shadow Giants will never have treasure on the positive plane since they send it all to their strongholds in their own dimension.

Use of a gate spell is needed to summon Shadow Giants.

Shadow Giants are immune to attacks by normal weaponry and require silver or +1 magic weapons to hit. It is further immune to all magic attacks except light. A 1st level light spell will do 1-10 points of Damage while a continual light spell will do 2-20 points of Damage (Saving throw applicable). Illusionist color spray will do 2-16 points of Damage. A darkness spell will regenerate 1-10 Hit points on the creature while a continual darkness will regenerate 3-30. Each giant may cast a continual darkness spell on himself once per day.

Monster Matrix



MORKENDAINÉ

A 1st and 2nd Level Adventure

Dungeon and Graphics

by

Paul Jaquays

[Readers please note: **MORKENDAINÉ** has been included in this issue as a special bonus! It is an example of a Top-of-the-line series of Jaquay's Dungeons which the Judges Guild will be producing. In fact, there will be *two* top-of-the-line series. One set of Jaquay's Dungeons which will be approved for use with AD&D and one set which will not have approval. **Morkendaine** is an example of a not-approved Dungeon. Both lines will be produced as retail products. Watch for **Dark Tower**: the first Jaquay's Dungeon approved for use with AD&D to be released soon.—Ed.]

Morkendaine: Several hundred years previous, the Paladin Morken Morkendaine constructed Morkendaine Manor on the site of a ruined Temple of the Lawful Good God Asura (Morkendaine was a Paladin of Asura). Over the years, his descendants (several Paladins) neglected the upkeep of the manor and were always away at tax time until the local Monarch confiscated the manor. By this time, most of the finery has been long gone and "Things" were starting to make homes in the manor and its extended cellar. A Mage, Hostephris, finally bought the decaying manor house and set about excavating its cellars further. His efforts produced the first level. Rumor has it that his excavations unearthed many lost rooms of the former Temple, and that Hostephris was magically transformed into a tree (No. 3) in the courtyard. Hostephris' son was a scum. He brought in goblins, ogres, gnolls and all sorts of degraded creatures, setting up a small underground fortress. Hostephris' Son came to an ill end when he was polymorphaed into a ceopard now called "Scratcher". Hostephris' Grandson Ctshotris, now calls the shots. He is as much a scum as his Father if not more so. Adventurers entering the Dungeon in force may find themselves up against an army of goblins, gnolls, ogres, and a dragon, not to mention several fighters and mages.

Explanation of Key:

Doon: Regular heavy wood bound with iron; opens in direction shown.

Stair: Goes up or down at a 45 degree angle.

Pit Trap: Area of "X" and depth as indicated.

SpearTrap: 1-3 spears fired off at a 7th Level Fighter capability.

Tree: Self-explanatory.

CrossBowTrap: 1 or as indicated, fired by a 6th Level Fighter.

Secret Door: Hidden Door.

Illusion Wall: Appears to be a real wall. Touch will indicate otherwise.

Drapery: Drapes hanging from ceiling to floor.

Teleport Door: See Level One Room "H" for explanation.

MORKENDAINÉ MANOR

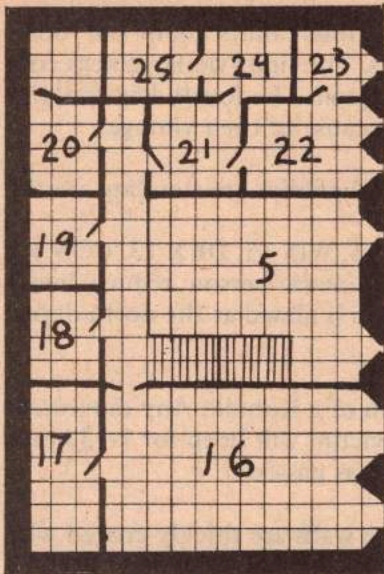
Ground Floor, Upper Floor, and Cellar Complex

- 1) A lair of 2 Black Bears: AC 7, HD 3+3, HTK 19, 14. This used to be a Temple or Family Shrine devoted to the God Asura. It is covered in ivy on the outside and constructed of white granite. It is still structurally intact, but is devoid of any furnishings. Interior walls appear to have had Gold plaques removed from them. On North wall is the Following: "In darkness deep lies Asura's Crown. Holy and bright, Evil flees from its light."
- 2) Former Stables. Roof has long ago fallen in. A pile of rubble fills north half of room. Almost invisible in the turf to the room's south, is the iron ring that will help open a trap door down to the cellar complex. The debris pile will contain 8 centipedes. If it is disturbed, they will rush out and attack. AC 9, HD ¼, HTK 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 2, 2 (See also 39 for more about Trap Door).
- 3) The old Oak Tree. Several heavy branches are in easy reach of the upper windows in the Ballroom (Room 16).
- 4) Pit Trap. Opens up into a 45 foot slide that deposits victims in Room 30 of the Cellar Complex. Characters must make a saving throw based on their dexterity by rolling under or equal to it on a D20. If not they take 1 point of damage. Trap opens on a 1-3 and will be detectable only to those with detect traps abilities. Trap will not open from below.
- 5) Entry Hall to Morkendaine Manor. A crumbly stone stair leads up the south wall and a large fireplace has a chimney that reaches to the roof unobstructed. Curled up beneath the stairs is a leopard: AC 6, Move 12, HD 3+2, HTK 14, Damage 1-3/1-3/1-6. If he scores hits with both fore claws, he gets two additional rear claws attacks at 1-4/1-4. Surprised only on 1.
- 6) Two 2nd Level Thieves. Dirk: TH 2, ALIGN CN, HD 2, HTK 15, AC 5, STR 17, INT 12, WIS 12, DEX 17, CHR 11, CON 16. Weapon: Longsword, Dart, Armor: padded. Has set of lock picks. Shifty (Female, Dirk's "Girl"): TH 2, ALIGN CN, HD 2, HTK 12, AC 7, STR 12, INT 14, WIS 9, DEX 15, CON 12, CHR 15. Weapon: Short sword, Dagger. She has a vial of 4D6 poison gas (treat as Circean Poison II, Dungeoneer No.2), and 2 10 GP Amethysts. Around them are 6 dead giant rats without a mark of violence on them. There is a slightly acrid scent to the air. Dirk is picking a lock on a chest while Shifty stands guard. Chest contains: A good hunting knife, 6 shirts, a pair of buckskin breeches, a hone, a bird call, and a pair of warm boots.
- 7) Old Dining Hall. A long chewed up oaken table stretches east to west. A pair of large fireplaces are in the north wall. Room is cobwebbed and filled with dust that has been stirred up recently. In the ashes of the left fireplace are 2 20 GP Silver Plates, a 50 GP Gold Goblet, and 2 10 GP Gold Spoons. Up the left chimney is a large spider: AC 8, HD 1+1, HTK 5, Damage 1 point plus poison.
- 8) The Kitchen. Several rust eaten iron kettles and many broken pieces of ceramic ware litter the floor. A circular stair goes to the upper floor and a visible trap door goes down to the cellar.
- 9- 5 Giant Rats, AC 7, HD ½, HTK 4, 2, 4, 2, 2, Damage 1-3. These two rooms were once a larder. On the north
10) wall of room 10 there is written in common: "3rd Keg".
- 11) Formerly servants quarters. The doors from room 8 and 5 into this area are bolted shut from inside to keep unwanted visitors out. The area now serves as lair for a band of less than prosperous bandits. There is a 60% chance during the day that all bandits will be in and a 30% chance during night, otherwise only 3-5 will be in. Lair of 5 Bandits: AC 6, HD 1, HTK 2, 3, 6, 6, 6, weapon: sword, 4 GP per man.
- 12) Lair of 5 Bandits: AC 6, HD 1, HTK 2, 5, 3, 4, 6, weapon: mace, sword, ax, 5 GP per man.
- 13) 5 Bandits: AC 6, HD 1, HTK 4, 6, 2, 3, 5, weapon: short sword, mace, long sword, morning star, ax, 4 GP per man.
- 14) Lair of Puisilnanimous Rex, Leader of the Bandit Band. He wears splint mail and shield and carries a broadsword. FTR 3, ALIGN N, AC 4, HD 3, HTK 22, STR 16, INT 14, WIS 14, DEX 13, CON 15, CHR 17. The room is nicely decorated, at least for a bandit with wall hangings, ornate lamps, and finely crafted furniture.

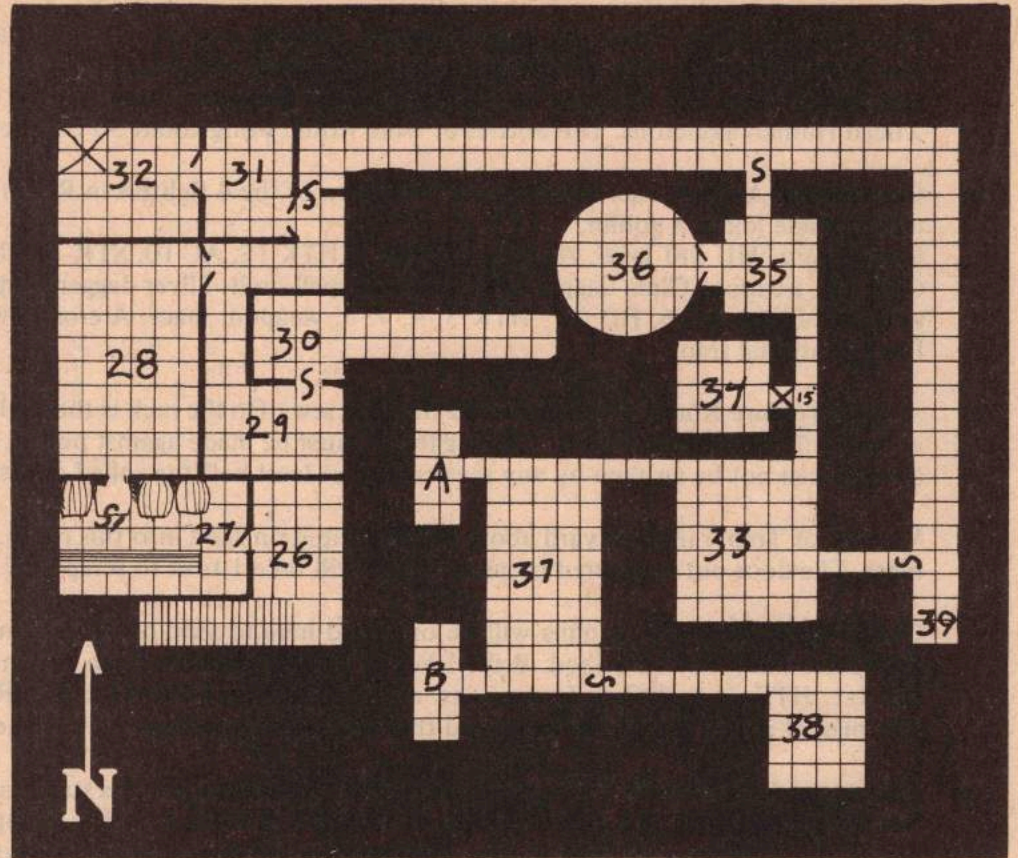
Chained to the wall is the daughter of a local rich merchant. She is well treated and in good health because Puisilnanimous is a nice guy, more of a Robin Hood of sorts. Laronne: HD 1, HTK 3, STR 8, INT 15, WIS 13, DEX 12, CON 7, CHR 13. In a locked box of steel is the following: 400 EP, 800 GP. Puisilnanimous knows how to get into the dungeon, but none of his men even know it exists.

- 15) 5 Bandits: AC 6, HD 1, HTK 2, 3, 4, 4, 6. Weapon: broadsword. 5 GP per man. Any time spent on upper level will guarantee an encounter with Kobolds.
- 16) Communal room of Dagger Claw Tribe of Kobolds. There is a 20% chance that the entire tribe of 80 Kobolds will be in here. This includes: 32 Males, 40 Females, 8 Young. Unless the young or eggs are threatened, Females will fight at -2 HP. Young do not fight. Any blow will kill them. Normally in here: 10 Female Kobolds, 2-5 Males, armed with short sword and spear, 1-4 young, and 4 wild boars. AC 7, HD 3+3, HTK 14, 26, 19, 22. Damage 3-12. The Male Kobolds will be riding the boars. Treasure: Each Male Kobold will have 15 CP. This room was formerly a Ballroom.
- 17) There is a circular stair in here leading down to Room 8. 2-5 guards will always be in here, armed with short swords and javelin. 10% chance that they will be entertaining themselves with 1-2 Females.
- 17A) Kobold Encounter:
 - 1) War Band, 2-8 Males.
 - 2) 2-8 Females
 - 3) Kobold Pup
 - 4) Large War Band, 5-20 Males and 1-2 boars.
 - 5) 1-4 Females and 1-2 Males.
 - 6) All eight Young.These may be encountered in any room in addition to its occupants on a D6 roll of 5-6.
- 18) 2-8 Females feeding Young and dressing several dismembered Rat carcasses.
- 19) Empty and cobweb filled. Once the door closes on this room, the occupants are teleported to Room 10 on Level 2 of the dungeon. The room does not work in reverse. All the furniture in the room is intact.
- 20) 3-10 Males will be in here planning (noisily) a raid down into the dungeon for the Greater Glory of the Dagger Claw Tribe. In the north room is the tribe's treasure of 3000 Silver Pieces which they will guard like Berserkers. A dragon skull hangs from the ceiling over the pile of silver. One of the leader types and 2 guards will be in here.
- 21) 2-8 Females will be in here squabbling and mending shields and harnesses.
- 22) Warriors Room. This is where the Males usually lair. 1-4 males will be in here.
- 23) This is the lair of the Kobold Tribal Leader, AC 7, HD ½, HTK 4, Damage 1-6. He is attended by two guards of like ability. They will be plotting a raid on the bandits below.
- 24) 1-4 Males will be copulating with a like number of Females.
- 25) Egg Room. 87 Eggs (about 90% fertile) lie about in the room. 1-8 Females will be with the eggs and tending the fire in the room. 1-2 Females will be incapacitated with egg laying.
- 26) A Druid and two friends are being threatened by 4 men in studded leather armor and shields with one sword, two maces, and spear. Druid is up against east wall.
Ullmir the Druid: DR 2nd level, ALIGN N, AC 6, HD 2, HTK 8, STR 12, INT 12, WIS 14, DEX 15, CON 12, CHR 17, armor: leather and shield, weapon: silver dagger, silver scimitar. Spells: speak with animals, detect snares and pits, charm person or mammal.
Artur of Kelt: FTR 1, ALIGN LG, AC 6, HD 1, HTK 8, STR 17, INT 14, WIS 13, DEX 11, CON 14, CHR 13. Armor: Ring mail and shield. Weapon: hand ax, dagger.
Grey Ghost the Wolf: AC 7, HD 2+2, HTK 9, Damage 2-5. Grey Ghost is Ullmir's Guardian. Artur is nephew of Ullmir and the illegitimate son of a deposed, minor Keltic King.
They are being attacked by three 2nd level Fighters and one 3 level Fighter. 2nd level Fighters: AC 6, HD 2, HTK 15 (spear), 13 (mace), 6 (mace). 3rd level Fighter: AC 6, HD 3, HTK 23 (long sword). They are guards in the employ of Lyshotris the Evil Theurgist, whom they have actually never seen (Level 1 + V). Ullmir and his companions seek to find the location of two Dryads in the dungeon.

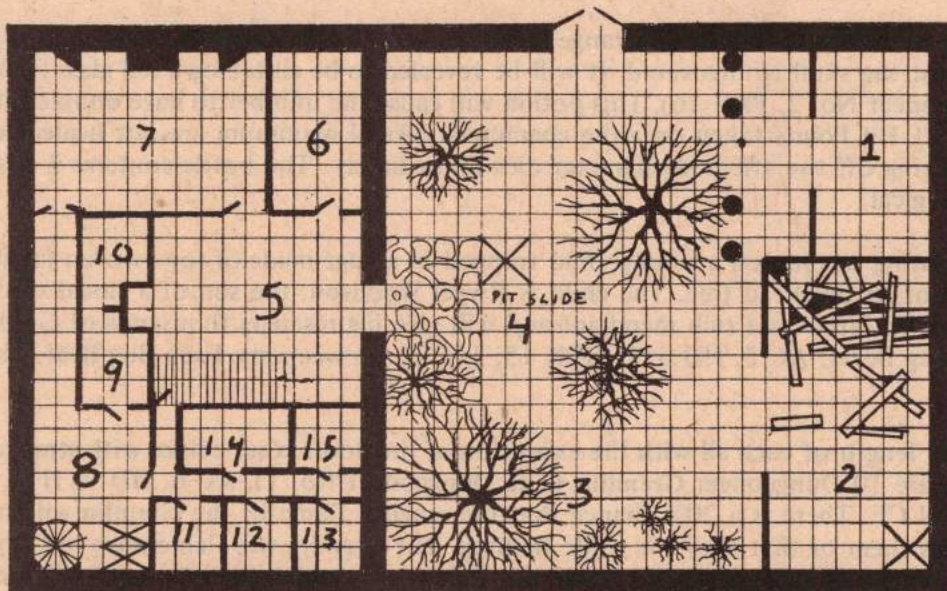
- 27) The old wine cellar. There are approximately 30 wine bottles still intact at various points about the room. The floor is littered with broken glass, ceramic shards and pieces of small kegs. The first two large kegs contain rancid beer. The 3rd large keg is empty and is the secret door into the dungeon. The fourth keg contains 2 dead Human Skeletons. The bottles of wine would bring about 50 GP each because of their vintage.
- 28) Raston-ven. A magic user is waiting for the return of the 4 fighters in Room 26. 4 goblins are standing around telling crude jokes in goblin.
Raston-ven: MU 3rd level, ALIGN LE, HD 3, HTK 18, AC 10, STR 14, INT 15, WIS 15, DEX 13, CON 17, CHR 14, weapon: Glass dagger with glassteel spell on it. Silver dagger. 9 spells: charm person, reduce, invisibility. Goblins: AC 6, HD 1-1, HTK 5, 4, 7, 3, weapon: mace. A crossbow trap is aimed at the north doors. Fires as normal trap.
- 29) A small Torture Room with a rack and thumbscrews. On the rack is the skeleton of a Kobold. Any movement in here will kick up sleep dust. A saving throw must be made against poison or victim will sleep for 1-12 hours (Victim can not be awoken by any means until at least half the rolled duration has passed).
- 30) Victims of Trap 4 in courtyard above are deposited on slide into this room. The walls are thickly coated with moss. The door out is covered by moss which will take 1 turn to scrape off.
- 31) Goblin guard post. Six goblins will be on guard here to fend off marauding Kobold War bands and keep out intruders. They can be bribed. Bribe level of 3 GP per goblin. Each goblin has 11 SP on him. Goblins: AC 6, HD 1-1, HTK 3, 1, 2, 7, 5, 6, weapons: maces. The door behind them to Room 32 is bolted. (-3 on opening) The biggest goblin knows the password that will tell the goblins on the other side to throw the bolt.
- 32) This is the Entry Room to the dungeon below. Four more goblins stand guard here. They too, can be bribed but their bribe level is 5 GP. Goblins: AC 6, HD 1-1, HTK 2, 5, 6, 6, weapons: maces. In the northwest corner of the room is a 10 foot square opening that will drop 20 feet to Room "A" of Level One. It is covered by a locked iron grill. One goblin has the keys. If attacked, his first action is to toss the keys into the grill. 10% chance that he will miss. The bars on the grill cross every 6 inches. The grill will lift as a gate if locked. A 30 foot rope ladder with wooden rungs is mounted to one edge of the opening.
- 33) The floor of this room is sunken and has 1-2 feet of water in its center. Lounging in this stagnant mess are 3 giant frogs: AC 7, HD 2, HTK 7, 8, 11, Damage 1-6. There is at least 5 feet of dry space on all side of the room. They will not attack the Dungeoneer Gremlins (The Dungeoneer No. 1) because the fire hurts their tongue.
- 34) This is an empty room. It has no door and is cold and damp. Iron rings are set into the stone of the walls. One on each of the north, west and south walls. A 15' deep pit trap is in the entrance (1 DG + 2 Damage).
- 35) The moss on this room's walls is inches deep. A strange lump against the north wall is a moss coated Human Skeleton. If more than just the skull is uncovered. It will be revealed to be clutching a red glass flask of potion of pain-ease. (Dungeoneer No. 2, Page 16). This potion will cause the imbiber to have double hit points for 5-11 Melee Rounds. If Hit Points taken over the characters normal maximum are not healed within 2 rounds of the potion wearing off the affected character dies immediately. The bottle contains 3 doses. The potion is chemical, not magical.
- 36) Three Bug Bears are preparing to dine on a young child trapped in a cage made of rope woven taughtly between the exposed roots of an overhead tree. The child is Rwgel Woodson, the son of a local woodsman. He will tell the story that his father is a rich merchant and will give his rescuers thousands of Gold Pieces. AC 10, HD ½, HTK 1. Bug Bears: AC 5, HD 3+1, HTK 15, 14, 15, no weapons. Each Bug Bear has 20 CP, 12 SP, 5 GP.
- 37) The Hall of Fire. The full length of each all with the exception of the doors is set ablaze with strange flame. Dancing about the room are 10 Dungeoneer Gremlins (The Dungeoneer No. 1), AC 6, HD ½, HTK 3, 1, 1, 4, 1, 3, 2, 1, 4, 3, ALIGN CE. There is a 20% chance that the magical flame of the Gremlin will meet any normal steel item that has them or that they hit while flaming. The Gremlin will flame once per day for 10 melee rounds doing 29 points of damage or 1-4 while not flaming. Bumping into the wall will ignite any flammables + 108 Damage. A) The lair of 5 of the Gremlins, from above. B) The lair of 5 more of the Gremlins, from above. A disordered pile of 120 10 lb. silver ingots (12000 SP) lie on the floor.



upper floor & cellar complex



- 38) Sealed in this room is a Gelatinous Cube: AC 8, HD 4, HTK 14. In the cube are: 13 CP, 10 SP, 7 EP, 2 GP, 2 PP, a 500 GP Emerald, a 100 GP Pearl, and a 100 GP Ruby.
- 39) 30 ft. above is a trap door that leads to Room 2 in the courtyard. A 2 ft. iron splice is thrust into the wall every 1½ ft. forming a ladder.



Morkendaine Manor: ground floor

MORKENDAIN

Level 1

- A) This room is empty and is reached via ladder from Room 32 of Cellar complex. Two stairs lead down from this room. However the openings to those stairs are not always clear. 1-10% chance both doors clear, 11-55% chance left door (east) blocked, and 56-100% chance right door (west) blocked. The doors will remain blocked or unblocked for not less than 6 full turns (not more than 6 either). The stairs go down at a 45 degree angle.
- B) A mist fills this room to the ceiling, visibility 5 ft. Dancing lights will appear in the fog, and characters will hear muffled voices and clinking armor and weapons (dancing light of audible glamer).
- C) Standing guard near east door are 6 invisible skeletons with broadsword and shield: AC 6, HD 1, HTK 3, 5, 7, 4, 5, 6. The creatures are also permanently silenced. The room is draped in tattered velvet curtains with ornamental decoration sewn into them. The stairs to the east descend down 10 ft. at a 45 degree angle.
- D) The doors to this room have Leomund's trap set on the door. The walls of this room are painted bright green. An old man with no hair or teeth sits on the floor in the SW corner and casts dice while mumbling. If approached, he will point at an individual and call out, "The dice tell all! I see it clearly. You will die most horribly with your life blood spilling out into uncaring dust." "You," he will point at another, "will not live to see another sunrise." "You will be mutilated by creatures most foul." ETC. This will continue until all adventurers have been indicated or he is shut up. Of course, it is a lot of bunk. However, if anyone believes it (worries about it, thinks the old man is prophesying, etc.), lower all his/her attack rolls by one point and saving throws by one point; until they indicate that they indeed believe it to be a lot of "hooley." Old Man: AC 10, HD 1, HTK 5. The stairs to the east goes down 10 ft. at a 45 degree angle.
- E) The door at the base of the stair from D is invisible. The room is lit by continual light. Against the east wall is an illusion (-4 saving throw) of a beautiful woman chained to the wall with a few pieces of discarded food and bone lying about. She will scream (audible clamor) and point at the south stair from which 4 armored Hobgoblins will appear to tramp up. If believed, they each have 6 HTK and will appear to take damage and die.
- F) In the center of the room is a 10 ft. diameter fire pit. The walls are draped in heavy sooty curtains. Sitting on the west side of the pit is an old, ugly woman. She is dressed in ratty rags and cackles a lot. Mortha: MU 4, ALIGN CN, AC 9, HD 4, HTK 11, STR 5, INT 12, WIS 12, DEX 15, CON 13, CHR 6. Spells: sleep, charm person, charm person, magic missile, invisibility, levitate. Around her neck is an invisible amulet of puncture proofness. It will stop all attacks by claws, daggers, swords, spears, etc., which will cause no damage. However, it has no effect on crushing weapons. If attacked, she will summon two Bug Bears: HD 3+1, HTK 21, 10, AC 5, armed with large scimitars. Mortha likes oddball types and if she takes a liking to someone (the odder the better, blaise characters won't even be considered) she will give them an incredibly grungy, almost diseased looking leather glove. This glove if worn will cause the wearer to dispel illusions in touch and become invisible to all creature affected by a protection from evil spell.
- G) 3 Goblins with short bows guard this room, AC 7, HD 1-1, HTK 4, 4, 4, weapon: short bow and short sword. In the corner is a large wooden box held tight by a wooden peg latch. Inside it are 10 centipedes: AC 9, HD ¼, HTK 1, 2, 1, 2, 2, 1, 1, 2, 1, 2. In the bottom of the box is a small silver chest (300 GP) containing a diamond brooch worth 800 GP. The chest has a secret hidden latch that will appear to be a trap.
- H) This room contains what has been dubbed a "Pop" door. It is a leleport door. It normally teleports persons to Room J. However, there is a 5% chance it will malfunction and send victims to Room JJ, or Level 2, Room 14, or Room T. The door is an apparently painted doorframe with magic runes inscribed on the paint. Inside the frame is a misty area similar to a druidical wall of fog. The door will stop all spells from going through as per a wall of force.
- I) This room contains the mechanism for firing the spear trap into the west hallway. About 10 spears will be in a pile near the machine.
- J) This room contains two "Pop" doors (see Room H for explanation). The west one leads to Room H. The east one has three buttons next to it, set one above the other. Pressing the top one will send the person to

Room K. Pressing the middle one will send victims to locked cell BB, the bottom button will deposit the un-
wary in Room JJ. Four Human Slaves are cleaning up the room, guarded by 2 Goblins: AC 6, HD 1-1, HTK 6, 6,
and a young Magic User named Shastrix: MU 2, ALIGN N, AC 10, HD 2, HTK 7, STR 11, INT 13, WIS 13,
DEX 12, CON 7, CHR 9, Spells: sleep, reduce. Slaves:(all) AC 10, HD 1, HTK 1, 3, 4, 6.

- K) A "Pop" door. It will unfailingly (well, 5% chance of error, see Room H), send persons to Room J. A Human guard in chainmail and shield stands guard here. Olaf the Wary: ALIGN N, AC 3, HD 2, HTK 15, STR 16, INT 10, WIS 10, DEX 16, CON 15, CHR 11, weapon: Mace. Iff attacked he will sommon 1-3 more fighters in two melee rounds. The room is lit by a torch on the wall.
- L) This is the residence of five men at arms in the pay of the little band of Magic Users that operates on this level. In here will be 2 off-duty Fighters in padding (AC 8). They will have weapons at their fingertips. Melgoromi the Cruel: FTR 3rd Level, ALIGN CE, AC 7, HD 3, HTK 23, Str 17, INT 12, WIS 12, DEX 10, CON 7, CHR 9, weapon: broadsword (Shield is handy. If not surprised, he will have it in hand before fighting). Hassim the Cursed: FTR 2nd Level, ALIGN CN, AC 8, HD 2, HTK 15, STR 14, INT 12, WIS 11, DEX 13, CON 15, CHR 14, weapon: light crossbow, hammer. There are 5 cots in here and 5 war chests, along with a small stove. In the war chests you will find clothes, weapon sharpening equipment, armor oil, personal items, 20 GP in each chest and 2 50 GP diamonds in Hassim's belt pouch.
- M) This room has a carpeted floor with wall hangings and paintings on the walls. It is lit by continual light. Various pieces of small statuart worth about 200 GP each (and weigh about 50 lbs. each) sit on small pedestles. There are 2-5 of them. They are either treasures of Morkendaine Manor or were extorted from the bandit Chief. Standing on either side of the door to "N" are 2 fighters in chain and shield. Rafer Wanderlust: FTR 1st Level, ALIGN N, AC 3, HD 1, HTK 10, STR 14, INT 12, WIS 10, DEX 15, CON 15, CHR 13, weapon: long sword, dagger. Whondo of the Woods: FTR 3rd Level, ALIGN N, AC 4, HD 3, HTK 19, STR 16, INT 10, WIS 9, DEX 14, CON 13, CHR 7, weapon: long sword, dagger. Each man has 10 GP in a belt pouch.
- N) This is the laboratory of Raston Vem (see Morkendaine Manor, Room 28). Also Shastrix (Room J) has a cot in here. The covered cadaver of a young woman lies on a table in the room's center. Carved on the wall are various magical runes and symblos. An open book lies on one table. It is full of dissection notes on Humans, Goblins, Kobolds, Orcs, and Bug Bears. Under a hidden tile in the floor (it is under a large water jar), is a secret nook in which Raston has hidden his magic books. Spells in book: Light, Dancing Lights, Sleep, Shield, Affect Normal Fires, Push, Reduce, Charm Person, Fools Gold, Darkness 15' radius, Knock, Leomund's Trap, Strength, Continual Light, Invisibility. The book is locked with a very complex lock (-20% picking), and has the spell Leomund's Trap cast upon it. In a hidden wall niche above Shastrix's cot is a box containing Shastrix's spell book, and 2 jeweled silver daggers worth 100 GP each. Spells: Sleep, Reduce, Shield, Shocking Grasp, Tenser's Floating Disc, Jump.
- O) This is Raston Vem's private quarters. The door is locked and has a heavy bolt thrown from the inside that is -3 to door opening. A semi-intelligent pet baboon guards the room. Baboon: AC 7, HD 1+1, HTK 5, the Baboon is invisible. The room is very well furnished from the mansion above. A large portrait of Mordekai Morkendaine is on the north wall. Behind it is a small door. Opening the door releases two crossbows in the ceiling that point straight down. The nature of the latch will prohibit long distance opening. Behind the door is a locked wooden box containing a 300 GP decorative case containing 4 daggers: 1 carven ceremonial dagger (100 GP), 2 silver Daggers, and a +1 Dagger. Also there is a potion of Longevity, 5 doses of minty yellow, bubbly liquid in a Mother of Pearl flask. Also a bottle containing 2 doses of poison, rancid green liquid in an opaque yellow glass bottle. Poison does 2D6 of Damage. Also in wood box is a bag containing 10 20 GP coin shaped pieces of carved ivory.
- P) Three sour looking Gnomes are in here, cursed to scrub the walls forever. They hate everything. 300 years of practice has given them incredible aim so they can hit anywhere in the room with a sponge. Their bucket is always filled with greasy, soapy water and a thrown sponge will teleport back into the bucket in a melee round. They can spit accurately for 20 ft. They regenerate like trolls. Between them, they wear 2 100 GP rings, a 500 GP Silver Belt, and a 300 GP Gold Helmet is in the water bucket. Gnomes: AC 8, HD 1, HTK 5, 5, 6.
- Q) In the center of the room a 2 dice (silver) on the first roll a bag of 50 GP will always appear. On the following roll check as indicated by dice.

- * 2 Use per day of random 1st Level spell up to IQ score.
- 3 All weapons on person becomes +1.
- ** 4 Polymorph to non-human monster (doubles: retain memory).
- 5 A bag containing 200 GP appears.
- * 6 Infravision granted (doubles: Ultravision).
- * 7 Complete Amnesia.
- * 8 All attack become -2 (doubles: Attack at -1).
- * 9 A 1000 GP Gem embeds in forehead (glows in dark).
- ** 10 Sex Change +4 Charisma (doubles: +5 Charisma).
- 11 Character dies of heart attack.
- 12 2000 GP Gem appears.

Every character may roll the dice, but once they stop rolling they will not work for that character again. The dice may not be removed from the room. If a duplication of any number is rolled by same character, no effect is taken and the dice will stop working.

- * Remove curse to reverse effects (Patriarch or higher).
- ** Remove curse and dispel magic by Highpriest 12th Level.

- R) Two greasy slob Ogres are in here. They have just thrashed the living daylights (and lifes) out of 4 Orcs who seem to have desired entrance into the room. 3 of the Orcs are strung up in Room S while the 4th is just starting to sizzle on a spit over a crackling fire. The room is very smelly and smoky. The Ogres are armed with huge mattocks. AC 5, HD 4+1, HTK 23, 24. In a large locked chest is: 100 CP, 900 EP, 300 GP. On each Ogre is 50 GP.
- S) This room contains 3 dead Orcs hanging from the ceiling. In the west end of the room is a Jaguar who is mauling part of a dead Orc. Jaguar: AC 6, HD 4+1, HTK 24, Damage 1-3/1-3/1-8. If two claw hits are scored 2 additional rear claw rakes will be made at 2-5.
- T) This is a room of invisibility and silence. Every item or character entering into here will become invisible until it leaves the room. The south end of the room is a "Pop" door (see Room H) that will randomly teleport victims to: 1-2, Level 1, Room H; 3-4, Level 1, Room J; 5, Level 1, Room JJ; 6, Level 2, Room 14.
- U) Four to eight Goblins will be standing guard here, looking for intruders or whatever. Goblins: AC 6, HD 1-1, HTK 6, 3, 3, 4, . . . 2, 6, 5, 5. Weapon: spear and short sword. Each Goblin has 5 GP.
- V1) This is Lyshotris the Theurgists Laboratory. In a locked iron cage is the bound and gagged daughter of a local very rich merchant. She is invisible so the cage appears empty. Under a secret trap door in the floor of the cage is a secret compartment containing a 1000 GP golden skull, a 500 GP Gold and Ruby Amulet, and a wand of detect magic. The wand is disguised to look like the rod in the center of a large scroll which contains: 8 crooked magic spells which when read will have 1-50% chance of affecting the caster instead, 51-80% chance of doing the reverse to the intended target or 80-00% both affect the caster and do the reverse to him. Spells: Shocking Grasp, Message, Sleep, Jump, Nystul's Magic Aura, Sleep, Read Magic, Wizard Lock. Under the compartment is another secret compartment that contains Lyshotris's Folio of Spells. Spells: Light, Spider Climb, Identify, Comprehend Languages, Sleep, Ventriloquism, Reduce, 2nd Level, Audible Glamour, Ray of Enfeeblement, Magic Mouth, Forget, Web, ESP, Knock, Invisibility. If any character attempt to open the cage door, a magic mouth will shout "Help, Help, Help, Guards come quickly, Help, Help, Help, to my aid Demons, to my aid sons of the Dragons. Help, Help, Help, Help, Help." Half way across the room is an invisible trip mine.
- V2) This is a sort of Throne room. The walls are covered by red velvet drapes worked in gold thread with images of Dragons. If one looks into room "T" from this room, one can see and hear everything and everyone in it, unless they are covered by normal invisibility of this room or silence (That is not of this room. However, the occupants of this room will be invisible and silent to anyone in Room "T").
- V3) The dwelling quarters of Lyshotris of Tazoria. Lyshotris: MU 4, ALIGN CE, HD 4, HTK 9, AC 10, STR 10, INT 14, WIS 12, DEX 12, CON 8, CHR 12, weapon: +2 Dagger. He is dressed in scarlet and gold robes. Spells: Web, Ray of Enfeeblement, Reduce, Reduce, Sleep. Location of Lyshotris at any given time:
- | | | | |
|----------------------|--------|-------------------|--------|
| Raston Vem's Lab (N) | 1-20% | His Quarters (V3) | 61-90% |
| His Lab (V1) | 21-50% | Dryad's Glade | 91-00% |
| Torture Room (DD) | 51-60% | | |

The room is warm and comfortable and lit by continual light coming off from glass balls sitting atop 3 500GP candelabras. There will always be 2-4 Goblins in here along with Lyshotris's pet Leopard "Scratcher". Goblins: AC 6, HD 1-1, HTK 2, 2, 4, 5, weapon: short sword. Each Goblin will have 5 GP. Leopard: AC 6, HD 3+2, HTK 13, 1-3/1-3/1-6, if two claws hit then Leopard will rake with rear claws for 1-/1-4. The Goblins will be playfully roughhousing and mock fighting with the Leopard (who loves the attention). Getting into Lyshotris's food supply and feeding the Leopard and themselves. However, the above only happens if Lyshotris is not in. If protecting Lyshotris, the Leopard will fight at +1.

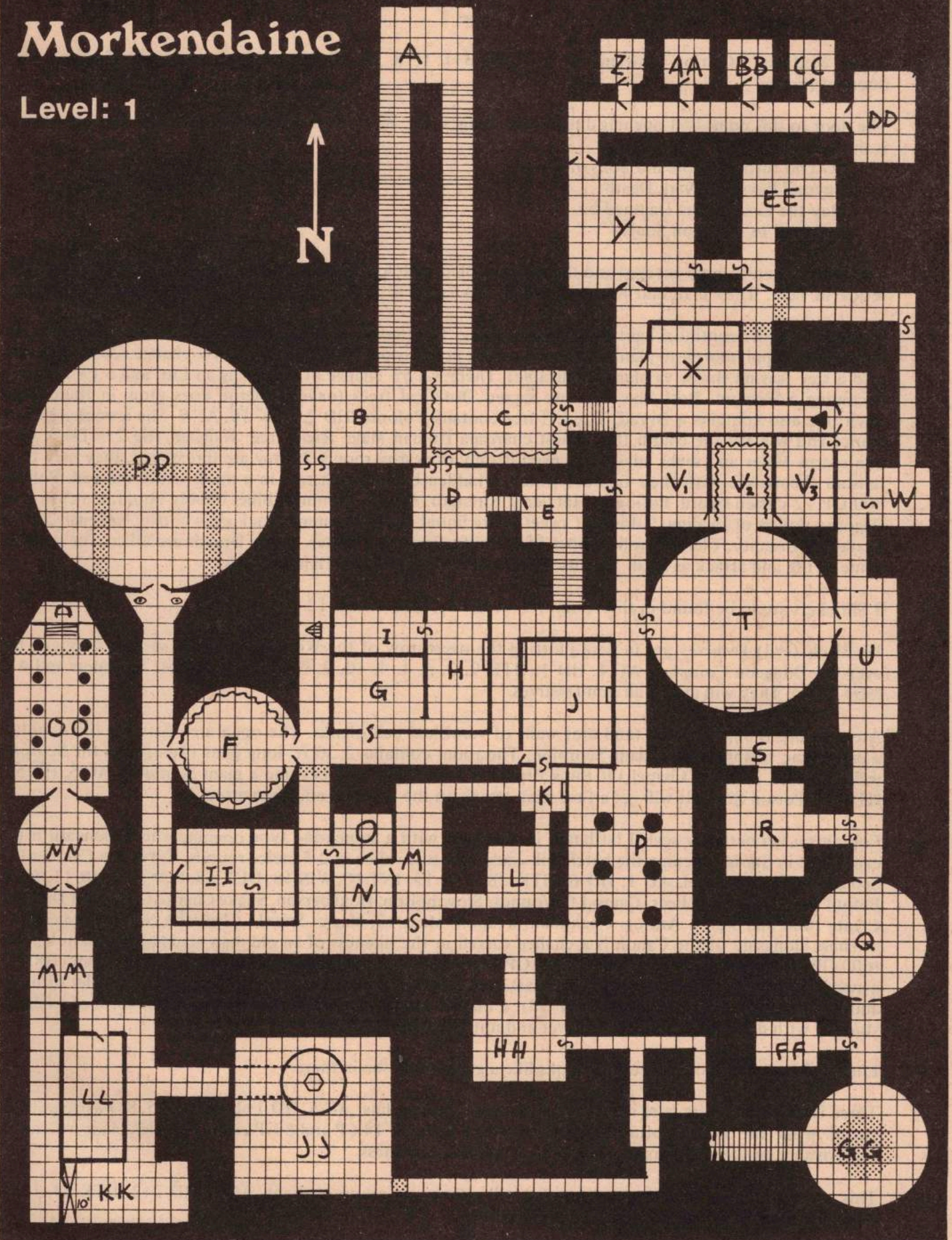
- W) Entombed here in is a Wight of one of the former occupants of Morkendaine Manor. Wight: AC 5 (Silver or magic to hit), HD 4+3, HTK 26. In a chest at the base of the pedesle upon which formerly the body lay is: 7000 CP, 3000 SP, a 500 GP Diamond, a 10 GP Garnet, a 10 GP Amethyst, a 10 GP Jade, a 10 GP Quartz, a 100 GP Ruby, a 50 GP Topaz, a 500 GP Emerald. These are in a small metal cube that can only be opened by a thief if he detects traps successfully. A sceptre of solid Jade and Gold (1305 GP) is inside the body of the Wight. A mithril and cut crystal Buckle (510 GP) is worn by the creature and an iron Helm rests on its head (360 GP). Hanging on the south wall, still sheathed is a +2 magic sword. ALIGN LG, IQ 4.
- X) 5 poisonous Snakes: AC 6, HD ½, HTK 2, 1, 3, 3, 1, poison 3D8 Damage. Snakes are in a chest against the east walls. The walls of this room are painted with forest scenes of Nymells and Dryads. Any male who sees the paintings must make a saving throw vs magic or he will be charmed for 1-4 melee rounds. If he later sees the dryads in Room 4 of Level 2 he will immediately fall in love with one or both of them.
- Y) 3 Ogres are prodding and tormenting a young man with long cruel Halberds. Man: Thongor the Bold: FTR 1, AC 10, HD 1, HTK 8, STR 14, INT 12, WIS 10, DEX 12, CON 14, CHR 16. He is a handsome lad, and was seeking to rescue the merchant's daughter from the clutches of the evil Lyshotris. Unfortunately he was captured and very soon will be the main course of these vile inhuman brutes. Vile inhuman Brutes: a.k.a, Ogres, AC 5, HD 4+1, HTK 20, 18, 27. Each Ogre has 70 GP on him. In a large covered, heavy, ceramic urn, are 2000 EP, 1000 SP, 3000 CP, and a 10 GP Agate, a 100 GP Tourmaline, and a 50 GP Garnet. The door into the cell block is made of iron bars and is locked. The biggest Ogre has the keys to that door and to the torture Room (DD) but not to the cells (in the possession of Lyshotris). A bubbling vat of brew is going in the NE corner. It contains a vile gruel used to feed the prisoners and the nonhuman guards. It will lower the constitution and strength of Humans who eat it at a rate of 1 point per week. This will be regained when a diet of good healthy food is administered. (The Goblins like the stuff, but then again how many people play Goblins?)
- Z) An empty cell. Floor is littered with skeletons of 3 Humans, a Goblin, and a Dwarf. Room stinks of death (the key to this room was accidentally lost for a couple years). Like the rest of the cells in this block, the inner door to the cell is wood with a space for the gruel dish to slip under. The outer door is of steel bars. The Ogres have the keys to these outer doors.
- AA) There are 5 prisoners in here:
- 1) Moana-Old Woman, 59 years, AC 10, HTK 1.
 - 2) Olgerdi-Old Woman, 63 years, AC 10, HTK 1.
 - 3) Minchen-Middle Aged Woman, 42 years, AC 10, HTK 2.
 - 4) Naschan-Middle Aged Woman, 39 years, AC 10, HTK 3.
 - 5) Evelon-Middle Aged Woman, 45 years, AC 10, HTK 4.
- They have been down here for 1-5 months (1, 2, 3 are very sick and near death with Grippe.)
- BB) There are 3 prisoners in here:
- 6) Olafen-92 years old-spry, healthy and incredibly annoying. Always tries to help and "knows everything", AC 10, HTK 4, No. 2 is his 4th wife.
 - 7) Wurpen Dulldrager-61 years old- is very sick, and morbid, AC 10, HTK 2.
 - 8) Thoray Snorsson-the brother of the captured merchant's daughter. STR 5, INT 15, WIS 10, DEX 4, CON 6, CHR 7, MU 3, HD 3, HTK 9, AC 13. He has been badly tortured. His face is haggard and disfigured, his hands and feet mangled, and he coughs deeply a lot. He was a companion of Thungor the Bold who was smart enough (at least for him) to "talk" without being tortured. Thoray had something to protect.

- CC) There are 2 prisoners in here:
- 9) Malla: STR 6, INT 14, WIS 11, DEX 13, CON 6, CHR 17, prisoner No. 4 is her Mother. She is a first level MU with a single spell: Jump. AC 10, HTK 4.
 - 10) Envine: STR 7, INT 10, WIS 14, DEX 14, CON 3, CHR 18. She was a courtesan in a captured caravan. Malla was a part of a group of adventurers. AC 10, HTK 4. The girls have been used by most of the Humans in the dungeon in the months they have been here. More often than not they recieved food other than the killer gruel.
- DD) The Torture Room: (Statistics for the vile machines herin were taken from "On the Rack" by Low Nisbet from **The Underworld Oracle** No. 5).
 The Rack: Every 6 turns on the rack will cause a loss of 4 constitution points up to a max of 5, after that dexterity is lost at the same rate.
 Iron Maiden: Coffin like device with spikes on the lid that closes with a ratchet device. Spikes are the longest at the feet and will deduct 1 point of mobile dexterity up to max of 5 for every turn. Then a further max of 5 points of manual dexterity may be lost, then the body spikes will start doing up to two points of strength in damage. Finally, facial spikes will reduce-charisma until it reaches 3 whereupon the character is blinded. Any further damage causes death.
 Recovery: It should be possible to recover to some degree from the effects of certain tortures under the care of a Beneficial Cleric. For example, strength and dexterity losses along with constitution could be halved by constant care. Charisma losses would be permanent.
 The torturer is a demented Human Dwarf who looks like he was test subject for his own devices. Durgan: FTR 2nd Level, ALIGN CE, HD 2, HTK 14, AC 6, STR 15, INT 12, WIS 14, DEX 16, CON 16, CHR 6, armor: padded, weapon: whip, Damage 1-4 (two attacks, 30% chance of disarming). He is assisted by two Gnolls (charmed) AC 5, HD 2, HTK 11, 9, weapons: battle ax. Durgan has a 500 GP glowing Gem (orange).
- EE) This room is occupied by 8 living ropes: AC 8, HD 1-1, HTK 1, 2, 4, 7, 1, 1, 1, 3. They will attack and bind victims. They will then try to decide what to do which may take 1-4 turns. At that point they will begin to constrict for 1-2 points of damage per round. Ropes may be broken free of as per a web spell.
- FF) 4 Zombies stand guard in here over a book of Clerical Spells. AC 8, HD 2, HTK 9, 10, 6, 10. Book: Detect Evil, Resist Cold, Command, Detect Magic. Any character killed in here will become a zombie and continue attack on intruders.
- GG) In the center of this room is a 20 ft. diameter column of darkness that stretches from floor to ceiling. A skeleton made of solid steel stands at each compass point around the column. Skeletons: AC 1, HD 2, HTK 10. They are impervious to missiles and edged weapons do 1/3 damage and will become -1 if they strike the skeletons. The skeletons will not attack unless the shadow column is passed into (these skeletons will not turn as undead). Inside the shadow column is a circular room 60 ft. diameter with a 20 ft. diameter shadow column at its center. The floor of this room is knee deep in mist. Surrounding the shadow column in the center of this room are two of the steel skeletons at each compass point. Again they will only attack if their shadow wall is passed. (A note right here: The eyes of each oskeleton seem to glow. In each socket is a 50 GP glowing Gem.) The inside of the 2nd shadow column is an 80 ft. diameter room. In the center of the room is a 3rd 20 ft. diameter shadow column. At each compass point are 4 of the steel skeletons. The inside of this column is a 100 ft. diameter circular room. At the center of the room is a 20 ft. tall Humanoid Creature of Solid Darkness with a Black Sword: HD 7, HTK 40, ALIGN LE, AC 3, Damage 3-18. Only hit be Silver or Magic weapons. Immune to all magical attacks except fire-half damage and light. A light spell will do 1-10 points of damage. If cast on it and a continual light will do 2-20 points of damage (no saving throw). Color spray will do 2-16 points of damage. Darkness Spell will regenerate 1-10 points, continual darkness will regenerate 3-30 points of damage. Flanking each Black Giant are two steel skeletons. Inside the column of light is a seemingly endless forest. But right in front of the viewers is a Golden Mausoleum. The shadow Monsters and Skeletons can not pass through the light. Inside the Mausoleum are two Crystal Coffins. In each one is a beautiful Elf, one Male, one Female. If the Coffin is opened the Elves will come to life and ignore adventurers and runoff into the forest. Any attake against one of the Elves will cause the attacker to rot away to a pile of moldy refuse. If either of the Elves is killed (AC 10, HTK 6), a random Party Member will polymorph into an Elf (Male or Female, depending on who is killed), and take the dead one's voice. If the Elves are freed, Adventurers will hear: "The Gods thank you Mortals for freeing the first born. You may return to your own time now, if you desire." If the Elves are not freed after 10 turns, the Adventurers will be returned to Room GG. Notes: The walls of any of the rooms except the forest may be passed back into. The Gods will reward those who free the "First Born" with 1000 Experience points.

- HH) Nine Giant Rats: AC 7, HD ½, HTK 1, 2, 2, 1, 2, 3, 1, 1, 4. The walls of the room are plastered over. Painted on those walls are egyptian style images. The scenes are burial scenes. 600 GP are in a pile of garbage that litters the floor.
- II) Chained in front of the secret door by tarnished (black) silver fetters is a werewolf in Human form. All he wears is a loincloth and he is shivering with cold (Poor Baby!). In Human Form: Pieter Lupe, ALIGN CG, HD 2, HTK 9, AC 9, STR 8, INT 10, WIS 16, DEX 15, CON 4, CHR 11. Lupe was a Cleric of Asura before the Lycanthropy hit him. He will be very thankful if freed and will show the location of the secret door into, and the treasure room behind it. If he becomes excited, He will shapechange and start attacking the nearest Human. Treasure Room: The ceiling in here is 60 ft. tall. In the upper reaches is a spider: AC 4, HD 4+4, HTK 31. It will randomly pick a character and drop on Him/Her from the ceiling. In the NE corner is a chest containing 11000 CP, 3000 SP. These two masses of coinage cover a +1 Flaming Scimitar, +2 against Trolls, +3 against undead. IQ 6, ALIGN N, and a potion of Diminuation, 7 doses of alcoholic green liquid in a red crystal decanter.
- JJ) This room contains what appears to be a 20 ft. diameter pool of water. It is in actuality, illusionary water (no magic saving throw). The "Pool" is a 20 ft. pit with a corridor going west out of it. A crossbow trap with two bolts being fired is aimed at the bottom of the pit from the west. Sitting at the edge of the pool is a beautiful woman wearing Egyptian style clothing. She will offer up a ladle of water out of the pool. It will contain a healing potion that will heal 2-7 points of damage. If taken from the room, she will turn to dust. She wears a 1000 GP jeweled necklace and a 500 GP scarab pin. If she is molested or the pool is attempted to be entered or the "Pop" doors are attempted, one fighting man will appear to match every hit die possessed by an adventuring group. Fighters: AC 7, HD 2, HTK 8, weapon: bronze sword. They are of a magical nature and protection from evil/good will work against them. If killed, each fighter becomes a magical scarab that will become a fighter when thrown to the ground (will serve thrower), works but once. "Pop" door leads to Level 2, Room 14.
- KK) This room is empty, but the floor is hidden by 2 ft. of mist. Mist will fill room and hall. Against the west end of the room is a 5 ft. wide pit, 10 ft. deep (hidden completely by fog on floor).
- LL) In a state of stasis is the Gnome Cleric Smedly. The words "wake up" will break the spell. Smedly: CL 4th Level, ALIGN LG, HD 4, HTK 30, STR 15, INT 10, WIS 17, DEX 16, CON 16, CHR 11, AC 6. Possessions: Holy water, Holy symbol, Incense, Silver mirror. Spells: Cure Light Wounds, Cure Light Wounds, Protect From Evil, Hold Person, Silence-15 ft. radius. Smedly does not know where he is. The last thing he remembers is walking out of the Temple of Tethtufa (his Goddess) in the Gnomnic Kingdom.
- MM) Room contains an 8 ft. tall statue of an old woman. HD 8, HTK 26, AC 4. She is painted very realistically and a magic mouth spell causes her to laugh maniacally. She is hasted and will attack once per round for 2-16 points of damage. Her eyes are 500 GP Sapphires that glow. Where she stands, there is a small, locked wooden box. Inside the box is a hermetically sealed, clear glass tube. Inside the tube is a 4D10 poison, 5 ft radius damage. Also a lightning bolt spell on a scroll.
- NN) Room of Blinding Light. Infravision will be rendered inoperative for 6 turns due to overload. The door to Room OO is Wizard locked.
- OO) Hall of the Skeleton King. Invisible along each wall are 5 skeletons (5 on each wall). The columns are carved with strange runes. An illusionary wall hides the end of the room. A 5 ft. pedestal contains the seated form of the Skeleton King, a 10 ft. tall Skeleton. Skeletons: AC 7, HD 1, HTK 4. Skeleton King: AC 5, HD 5, HTK 28, Damage 1-12. Turns as a wight. Flanking the Skeleton King are two skeletons in plate armor: AC 2, HD 1, HTK 8. On his head, the Skeleton King wears a massive crown of a solid carved Garnet, decorated with iron and an unknown alloy (10200 GP).
- PP) Lair of a young Black Dragon: HD 7, HTK 14, AC 3, does not speak or use magic. Guarding the doors to this room are 2 Ogres: AC 5, HD 4+1, HTK 23, 13, each one has 40 GP. The room itself appears to be walled in by the illusionary walls. About 10 Goblins are in here at weapon practice. Goblins: AC 6, HD 1-1, HTK 5, 4, 6, 3, 6, 5, 6, 3, 4, 6, weapons: short sword and spear. Each Goblin has 3 GP on him. Behind the walls is Lyshotris's pet Dragon, Aatchtoo-enohthree. Aatch. guards a treasure of a Ring of Weakness, a Scroll of Shocking Grasp spell, a potion of Hill Giant Strength, 3 doses of a minty, blue, bubbly liquid in a red lead flask. A Topaz studded Copper Hydra Mask (1500 GO), a large Platinum Box (5000 GP), a mithril Cloak (adds +2 to AC if worn, 7500 GP), a wooden shield studded with 200 Agates (4600 GP), a stone and mithril Urn (720 GP), a Silver Bracelet (900 GP), a Leather Amulet (700 GP), a Throne of Bronze and an unknown Alloy (weighs 300 lbs., 16000 GP).

Morkendaine

Level: 1



Level 2

- 1) Room contains 2 Carrion Crawlers: AC 3/7, HD 3+1, HTK 18, 10. North doors are made of brass, south doors of bronze.
- 2) The door to this point is -1 opening due to rusty hinges, etc. Written on the north side of the door in common is the following:
"Go no further Fools and Sons of Fools,
Beyond lies grim, Dark Death.
May the Gods of the Damned be
Prepared to steal you Souls!"
- 3) The floor in here is grass covered and the room is filled with low bushes. Ceiling is continual light. 4 Brownies reside in here. They maintain Room 4. AC 7, HD ½, HTK 3, 3, 3, 3, weapon: short sword (1-3 Damage).
- 4) Room is lit as per continual light from whole ceiling. The floor is of grass. The pool in between the two trees, is a potion of polymorph to plant (only works while in this room). Drinker will slowly change (20 to 60 turns), into a tree (saving throw vs magic applicable). There is a 5% chance of becoming an Ent, and a 1% chance of becoming a Wereent. Both the trees are sacred Druidical trees (oaks-mistletoe does grow in these trees). Each tree also contains a Dryad. The left tree contains Polonia: HD 2, HTK 10, AC 9. She is cooking for romance and will try the charm the highest charisma Human Male. Right tree: Nallena: HD 2, HTK 7, AC 9. She scorns Males and seeks adventure, even if only in nearby rooms. If they are threatened, they may try to ransom themselves with their treasure which is hidden behind each tree in a nook under the sod. Polonia: 600 GP, -2 cursed sword, Potion of Hill Giant Strength, 8 doses of minty, blue, bubbly liquid in a cut crystal flagon, a potion of Healing, 9 doses of sweet white liquid in a transparent, black glass bottle. Nallena: 200 GP, Scarab of Insanity, Cleric Scroll: Dispel Evil, Prufy Food and Water. If the Dryads are killed, the trees will come to life and attack as small Treants: HD 7, AC 2, HTK 36, 48, Damage 2-16.
- 5) 3 Shriekers are to be found in this room: AC 7, HD 3, HTK 14, 24, 12.
- 6) 10 Black (evil) Dwarves are in here plotting the overthrow of the Wizards up above so that they can take over the Dungeon Complex. AC 4, HD 1, HTK 9, 3, 4, 4, 4, 10, 9, 9, 10, 8, weapons: Hammers and Axes (50%/50%). They will attack all non-Dwarves.
- 7) Areas A and B appear to be (and are) walls of varnished oak planks. The open area between them contains a crystalline sculpture of a giant Scorpion. The room contains 2 20 ft. long pens (Temple of the Scorpion, well, more of a Prayer Chapel.). If the scorpion is touched, it will become a giant Scorpion: AC 3, HD 5+5, HTK 24, Poison Sting. It will get a first sting attack on the toucher, and then attack!
- 7A) Contains a hermetically sealed lid/hatch in the floor with a submarine type opening wheel. Beneath it is an evil Cleric in Stasis. Opening the hatch will cause him to awaken in 2-5 melee rounds. Cyrus the Canon of the Scorpion: CL 6th Level, AC 1, HD 6, HTK 28, STR 13, INT 10, WIS 18, DEX 18, CON 6, CHR 11. Spells: Befoul food and drink, Fear, Cause Lt. Wounds, Slow poison, Hold person, Snake Charm, Continual Darkness, Create food and water. Armor: Chainmail, weapon: Mace +2, Magic: Scroll Clerical + Neutralize poison. In a chest alongside of the Canon is a chalice carved in the likeness of an old man made of an unknown alloy (600 GP), a leather and mithril anklet (200 GP), solid Aquamarine earrings (100 GP), a mithril helm (100 GP), a sword sheath of copper, bronze clear glass, and unknown alloy and mithril (200 GP), a bracelet of bronze and wood studded with obsidian (600 GP), a buckle carved of a single large topaz, in the form of a Pegasus, studded with diamonds (600 GP), a silver and mithril shield (200 GP).
- 7B) Empty. Room is full of cobwebs. It looks like a ghost might be in there.
- 8) Three Hobgoblins are in here studying a high chair. Hobgoblins: AC 5, HD 1+1, HTK 8, 5, 8. Two have broadsword, while the 3rd will attack over them with a halberd. 14 CP and 6 GP each. The high chair will act as a clairvoyance to the first person who sits in it and also blindness.
- 9) This room contains 3 starving wolves who will attack any group on sight. AC 7, HD 2+2, HTK 14, 11, 11. Room smells of unwash animal and animal waste.

- 10) This is the room that receives teleportees from Room 19 on the upper level of Morkendaine Manor. It is otherwise empty.
- 11) Four Bug Bears are gambling for a gold cup carved like a gryphon (300 GP). AC 5, HD 3+1, HTK 18, 12, 10, 19. Each Bug Bear has 10 CP, 11 SP, 10 EP, 5 GP. The room is painted a faded blue with columns and pillars painted on. At the north end is a painting of a rich man. The eyes of the painting will follow movement in the room. Behind the painting is a mirror (plain every day mirror).
- 12) The floor of the short hall is covered with a worn purple carpet, worked in the pattern of Dark Blue Dragons, purple leaves and white gryphons. Side walls are of polished fruitwood, edged in walnut. Each 5 ft. section has a Coat of Arms on it. 1st (from west), a Golden Dragon in a blue scallop shell; 2nd, a white Gryphon on a yellow circle; 3rd, a Gold Lion on a red triangular field; 4th, a Black Demon on green pentagon; 5th, a green Cobra on a white skull, set in a black rectangular field, a white maiden with a sword in her hand on a light blue oval. On the north wall, in the 1st and 3rd plaques are secret crossbow portals, behind the 5th plaque is a crawl hole entry.
- 12A) Lair of 3 of 7 Gnolls who call the crawl space behind the wood walls, home. AC 5, HD 2, HTK 13, 8, 5, weapons: crossbow. The east end of the room is filled with junk: Two broken spears, a dented shield, 3 Human skeletons, 6 logs, decaying garbage, various boards, a helmet, a robe, 10 various flasks; 5-empty, 3-rancid wine, 1-stale water, 1-potion of Delusion (8 doses); a suit of plate mail, 6 rocks, a giant club, a rusty axe, four maces, a boot, a dead dog (half eaten), 6 busted swords, 2 good ones, a wand of trap Detection that looks like a broken off broom handle. Two cubes of stone 3" thick, 30" on a side, contain, in one, 2000 S., and the other, 2000 C. Each Gnoll has 7 EP and 5 GP on him. The largest Gnoll has 500 GP Gem.
- 12B) 4 more Gnolls: AC 5, HD 2, HTK 9, 10, 14, 12. Each Gnoll has 4 EP and 7 GP.
- 13) The walls, floor, and ceiling are covered with glazed ceramic tile. All over the room there is writing in the following languages:
 Orc:
 Kilroy was here.
 Life is a bowl of Pits.
 Nazgul are dead ringers.
 Frodo wore Jockey Shorts.
 Sauron uses Visine.
 Aragorn used to wear a buck mask and shoot silver bullets.
 Goblin:
 Thorin wore elevator shoes.
 All elves are Fairies.
 Gandalf uses Miss Clairol.
 Free the Mordor 9.
- 14) Sealed in crystal pillars are 6 fighting men in plate armor and bearing shields with a golden winged Serpent upon them. The "Pop" door will go to the Room JJ on Level One. The floor is of solid gold inlaid with white marble in small intricate patterns. To glance at them will cause uneasiness. To look for more than a few seconds causes dizziness. To stare, will cause insanity. The walls are of Black Marble inlaid with large crystal panes that will show strange visions and reflections.
- 15) Four DoppleGangers inhabit this room. HD 4, AC 5, HTK 17, 24, 23, 16. They are presently in the form of four Priests of Asura and will attempt to look like they are performing a ritual. If anyone cares to notice, they are all the same character. In a locked box with a spring loaded double Dagger Trap, is 1000 SP, and 1000 EP.
- 16) This room is 40 degrees hotter than the rest of the Dungeon. It is a hot house for gold, yellow, purple, and black Lotus.
 Y=Yellow (Gelber Parlyatum Loti), paralyze on touch (100 Blossoms).
 G=Gold (Gelder Restoriatum Loti), Healing (30 Blossoms, 1-3 per blossom).
 P=Purple (Violotum Somniferous Loti), Sleep dust (20 Blossoms, 1-8 turns).
 B=Black (Swartzium Morbelio Loti), Death dust (10 Blossoms, save against poison).

A Vorpal Bunny inhabits this room, sleeps under the gold Lotus. Disturbing it will arouse him. AC 0, HD 3, HTK (Dungeoneer No. 4), attacks as a Vorpal Blade. The secret door at the back, has a picture of Asura (a little bald Priest-like man) in a throne with his hand in a Bless position. It says in Lawful:

Welcome to the Throne Room of Asura the Beneficient
 I extend a hand to all who enter in Law's Name.
 To the good I extend a blessing
 My heart goes with all who love and serve me.
 To the wicked I thrust my sword.
 To the unruly and untrustworthy, I give a curse,
 My hand of faith is not on you, but my
 Edge of Wrath will seek you out. Evil and
 Chaos are unwelcome in my Redeeming Sight.

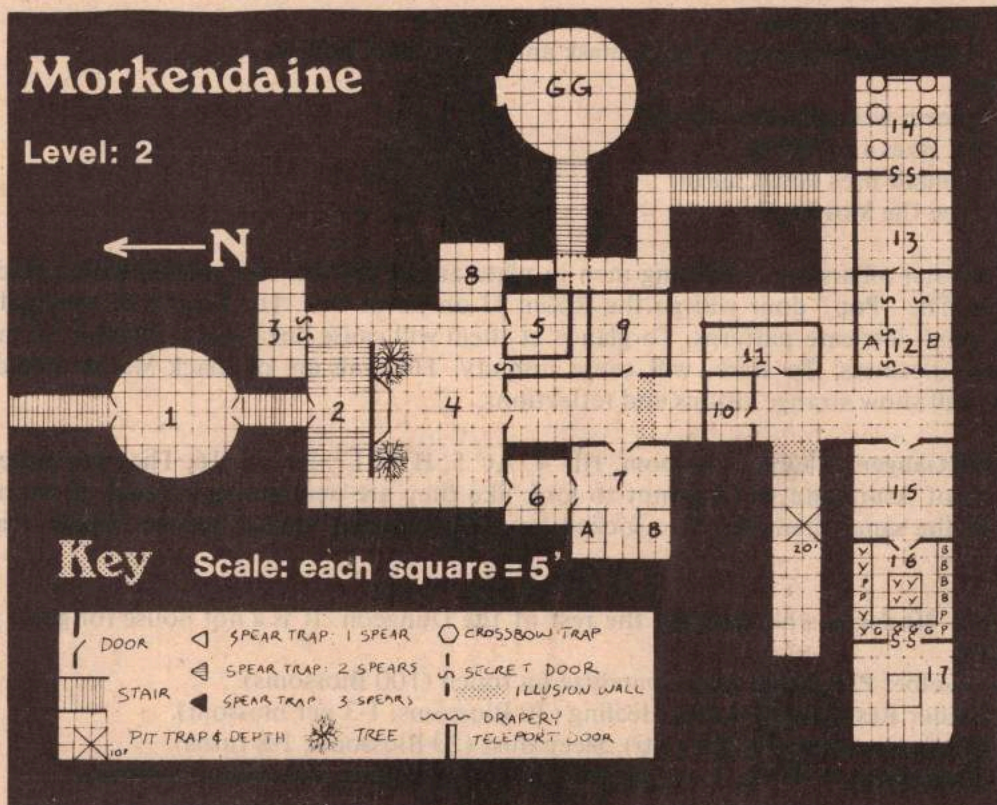
The door will open easily to Lawful Good. Chaotics opening it will receive a 1-10 Hit Point electric shock. Evils will receive a Death Ray (saving throw applicable).

- 17) Any evils entering the room will immediately be set upon by a disembodied Hand of Asura. 30 HP each, 3 attacks per round as 2nd Level Fighter. Pluses on sword, will equal pluses on opponents armor. Chaotics will be paralyzed for 1-4 days by touching any thing in the room besides the floor. This room is SOLID GOLD!!! EVERYTHING!!! There are 16 piles of gold dust in this room. Upon the breaking of the glass, these piles of dust turn into solid gold Skeletons. They will attack anyone but the one wearing the crown. Gold Skeletons: worth 1000 GP each once destroyed, AC 5, HD 1, HTK 6. There is a large 10' square pedestal 3 ft. high with a glass cover and a Gold Crown beneath it. In Lawful: "Break Glass in case of Evil"

The Golden Serpent Crown of Asura

- * Anti Magic Shell: dispels and summons creatures below 4th Level.
- * Detect Evil
- * Cure Light Wounds (twice per day, per level)
- * III N-Compels user on Holy Quest. First to Temple of Asura, then ?
- * IV B-Perm Law
- * IV D-Perm Good
- * At the end of Four Quests, user must discard his former occupation and become a Cleric of Asura. Only his fighting ability will be retained.

On Evil types the Crown becomes a 3 die poisonous Snake and kills the wearer. Killing the snake causes it to return to crown shape. Poison is 10D8 Damage.





Jaquays