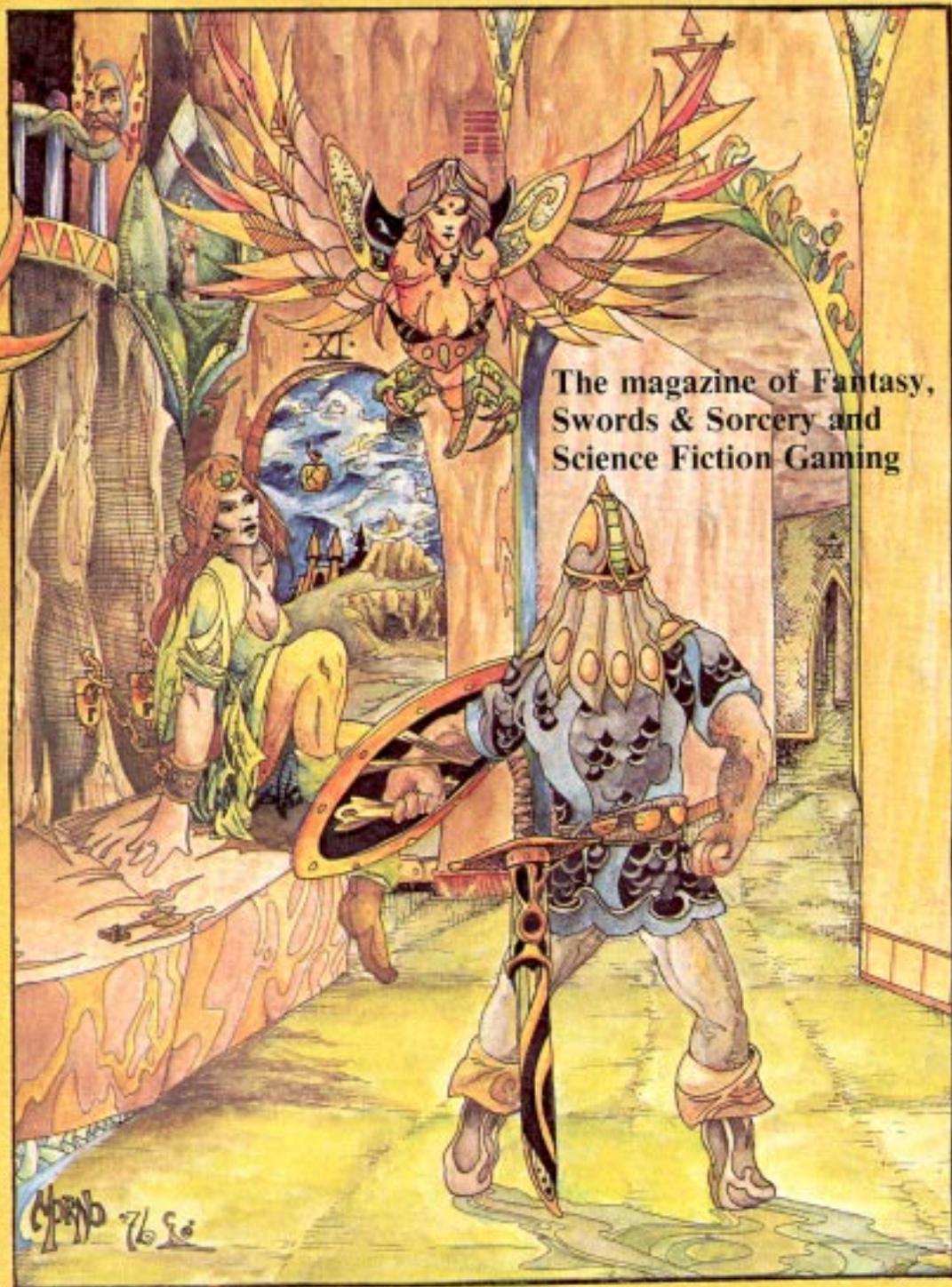


The Dragon

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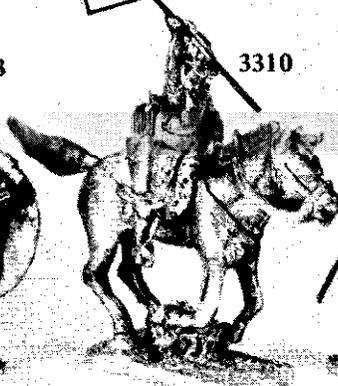
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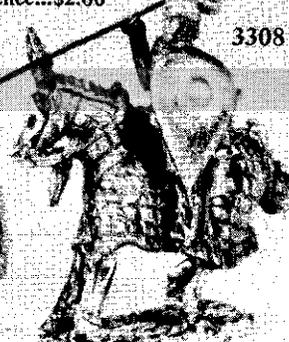
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It is a distinct pleasure to be writing this, the sixth installment of this column, to a readership that has grown fourfold in the past year. When we started this venture, there was no guarantee on this issue. The past year has seen us increase our publishing rate from bi-monthly to eight times yearly, and it need not stay at that rate forever.

These first six issues have been centered around two games, primarily, with a growing trend to get into other areas that will see increased growth in the next Volume. THE DRAGON owes its very existence to the revolutionary success of D&D, and all of the entire field that it opened up. EMPIRE OF THE PETAL THRONE is the most noteworthy of the "D&D-type/inspired" games that have followed, but the last year has seen a number of other good fantasy games come on the market. The next year will see more attention to the rest of our field, without giving up any of what we've provided in the past. The last DRAGON RUMBLES (Vol. 1, No. 5) outlined the new policies you can expect.

Clone Bank Alpha—
ALTER. BACKGROUND FOR M.A.4

Sea Trade in D&D 6

Legions of the Petal Throne Painting Guide8

The Forest of Flame —
AN ILLUSTRATED FANTASY TALE..12

Designer's Forum —
MA ADDITIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS15

From the Fantasy Forge — FIGURES REVIEWED .18-19

Gnome Cache — CH.6.....22

Optional Psionic Determination in D&D25

Morale in D&D 26

Featured Creature — DEATH ANGEL.....28 & 29

As readers of THE DRAGON, you are now being invited to determine the winners of the *Strategist's Club "Creativity in Wargaming" Awards for 1976.*

The format of the awards has been changed, to enable them to more accurately reflect the opinion of the hobby. To this end, the awards nominations have been determined by the TSR staff and members of the Strategist's Club. The highest rated nominees will be placed on a ballot, ballot positions determined at random, and that ballot will be printed in the next TD. You are invited to vote, ON POSTCARDS, for the nominees of your choice. The directions must be followed to the letter, or the ballot will hit the old round file. The awards will be presented at the Annual Strategist's Club Dinner. Watch for it next issue . . .

Also something to watch for in the next issue, or possibly the next one after that, is an art contest we will hold with all sorts of goodies for winners, not to mention fame and fortune.

Yet another possibility for an impending issue is a game designed by that renowned designing team of Omar and Irving, guaranteed to be exotic and involved, but rumored to give strange abilities of precognition to the players.

In any event, the next publishing year looks to be even better than our first. Hope you're here to see what I have in store . . .

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Timothy J. Kask
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053 RE-ESTABLISH SHIPLINK
    STATUS INTERFACE-
055 SCAN PROGRAM COMPLETE.
057 CALL SEQUENCE ALPHA-
059 INITIATE PROGRAM-
    CODE NAME 'CLONE BANK ALPHA'
061 RUN SEQUENCE ALPHA
063 ACTIVATE...
    
```

AN ALTERNATE BEGINNING SEQUENCE FOR METAMORPHOSIS: ALPHA

by Guy W. McLimore, Jr.

In a special hidden section of the lost starship *Warden*, an engineering robot discovers a minor cable break. Drawing a small torch from its built-in tool kit, the necessary repair is soon made. This circuitry interruption — which has remained undiscovered and untended for many, many years — is now closed, and a special computer signal sent long ago finally reaches its destination. Relays close, and a special computer unit is activated, setting into motion a special genetic laboratory.

Immediately, micro-miniature manipulators withdraw samples of human tissue from a freezer storage compartment. Unnoticed by the electronic controlling device is a cracked and damaged radioactive power capsule nearby which contaminates some of the withdrawn tissue cultures. The quick-frozen cells are moved to tanks of a special growth medium and are electrically stimulated. The cells begin to multiply, rapidly . . .

Weeks later, the tanks hold full-grown adult human bodies. Some appear normal; others have strange deformities and mutations induced by the unexpected dose of radiation. All are limp, unmoving, devoid of intelligence and identity.

Once again, micromanipulators move in, this time to attach wires and sensor strips to the foreheads of the newly-grown clones. In a matter of days, computer tapes full of general human knowledge and specific ship-related skills are played directly into the clones' brain synapses. But again old computer malfunctions and worn-out circuitry combine to leave large gaps in the intended programming of the new potential crew members. There will be unfortunate — perhaps eventually tragic — lapses in their "memories" of the ship and its functions.

Thankfully, the all important final tape does play into the heads of the clones, explaining their mission. That mission is of the utmost importance to the hundreds of thousands of people in the ship.

"Program codenamed *Clone Bank Alpha* is activated only in case of extreme danger or damage to the ship, causing breakdown of chain of command. Upon activation, tissue samples are processed into clones of ship's personnel, who are then programmed with the technical and general data necessary for operation of the ship. The clone bank computer terminals are to provide equipment and authorization to the clones, allowing them to reestablish chain of command and prevent disaster."

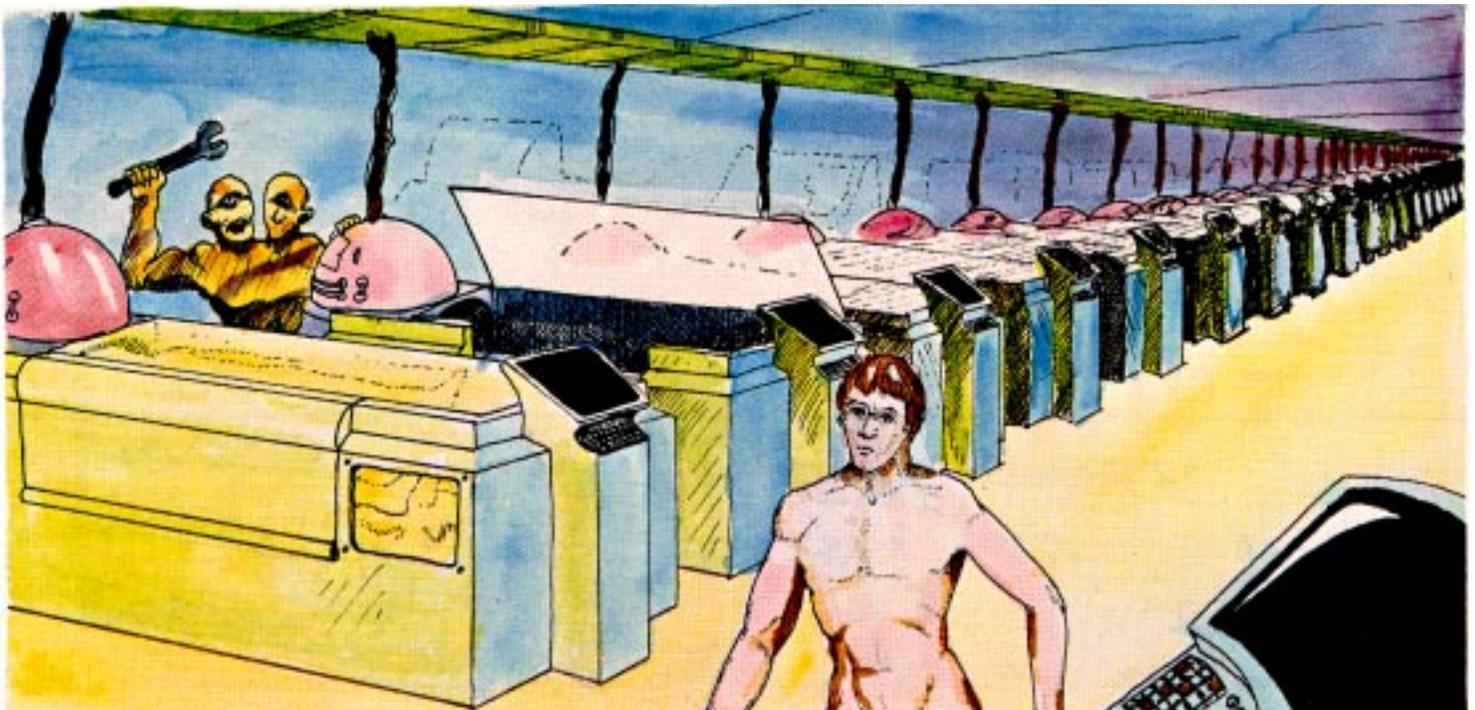
YOU are one of these clones — charged with the task of rescuing the starship from disaster. But computer malfunctions have left you without the special equipment and weapons you need to master the situation. What equipment you carry you must manufacture yourself from materials available in the clone bank complex. Some of your team are not even totally human, possessing strange mutant abilities and defects. Worst of all, there are large holes in your memories. The ship's equipment seems strange to you, and you are not sure how to operate. You remember almost nothing of the structure of the ship itself — not even where the clone bank you are in is located or how to find the important areas of the ship. The aged and broken-down computers in the clone bank complex yield no information of value.

Still, you and your party have a job to do. You must leave the clone bank, and wander the ship, gathering information, and putting what skills you have to work. But it may already be too late. The disaster that caused the loss of command in the ship was long ago, and what remains is strange, and savage, and often deadly. You are entering an unknown land. . .

This alternate scenario for beginning a game of *Metamorphosis: Alpha* has certain advantages over the idea of beginning as a barbarian from a shipboard tribe. Most notably, it eliminates the problem of so-called barbarians who own a copy of the rule book and know decidedly too much to be mere tribesmen.

CLONE BANK: DETERMINATION OF MUTATION STATUS

% Die Roll	Mutation Status
01-15:	MUTANT -1 mutation
16-25:	MUTANT -2 mutations & 1 defect
26-30:	MUTANT -3 mutations & 1 defect
31-35:	MUTANT -4 mutations & 2 defects
36-50:	LATENT MUTANT STOCK
51-00:	HUMAN



Physical mutations are numbered 1 through 30. Renumber mental mutations 31 through 67. Roll percentile dice for each indicated mutation on the table above. A roll of 68 through 00 is ignored. Physical defects are renumbered 1 through 12, and mental defects are renumbered 13 through 20. Roll a 20-sided die for determination of defects.

LATENT MUTANT STOCK

These are humans who have latent mutant abilities that may be brought out by radiation. Keep track of how many levels of radiation CUMULATIVE have been absorbed by any one latent mutant. This is the percentage chance that the accumulated radiation effect will bring out the latent mutations. Roll each time the character is affected by radiation and lives. If the latent mutations are brought out, roll on the following table:

% Die Roll	Effects
01-50:	1 mutation
51-75:	2 mutations & 1 defect
76-90:	3 mutations & 2 defects
91-00:	DEATH (lethal mutation)

PROGRAMMED SHIP SKILLS

% Die Roll	Number of skills
01-50:	1 minor skill
51-60:	1 major & 1 minor skill
61-75:	1 major & 2 minor skills
76-85:	2 major skills
86-90:	2 major & 1 minor skill
91-95:	2 major & 2 minor skills
96-99:	2 major & 3 minor skills
00:	ROLL SPECIAL SKILL (humans only)

MAJOR SKILLS (player's choice)

Ecology Maintenance Technician	Medical Officer
Astrogator	Power Room Technician
Computer Technician	Engine Maintenance Technician
Weapons Officer	Radiation Technician
Robotacist	Band Unit Maintenance Technician

MINOR SKILLS (player's choice)

- Food Service Technician
- Shuttlecraft Pilot
- Transport Technician
- Geneticist/Chemlife Technician
- Small Unit Repair Technician
- Recreation & Athletics Officer
- Survival Training Specialist
- Ship Superstructure Technician

SPECIAL SKILLS

- 01-15: Psionic Healer
- 16-30: Machine Talent
- 31-45: Immortal
- 46-60: Probability Shifter
- 61-75: Resurrection Talent
- 76-90: Mental Battery
- 91-00: Ability Duplicator

EXPLANATIONS OF SKILLS

- WEAPONS OFFICER: + 1 on rolls to hit with ship's weaponry
- MEDICAL OFFICER: Can heal 1 point of damage per man per day with minimum equipment
- RADIATION TECHNICIAN: Can identify radiation areas from condition of local plants, effects on animals and players, etc.
- BAND UNIT MAINTENANCE TECHNICIAN: Expert. with color band circuitry. Has possibility of bypassing

bandlocks (at referee's option)

- FOOD SERVICE TECHNICIAN: 25 per cent change to identify harmful substances
- SHUTTLECRAFT PILOT: Able to fly ship's shuttle vehicles
- TRANSPORT TECHNICIAN: Familiar with road systems, subshuttle tubes, anti-grav sled repair, etc.
- GENETICIST/CHEMLIFE TECHNICIAN: Conversant with both human genetics and android construction
- SMALL UNIT REPAIR TECHNICIAN: Able to repair minor damage to ship's equipment depending on complexity (referee's option)
- SURVIVAL TRAINING SPECIALIST: + 1 to hit with all weapons. 1-6 pts. damage hand-to-hand combat with humans and humanoids (Only one per party)
- SHIP SUPERSTRUCTURE TECHNICIAN: Familiar with hull construction, including methods of working with duralloy
- PSIONIC HEALER: Can heal 1-6 points of damage per person per day, or twice that (taking 1-6 pts. himself in the latter case)
- MACHINE TALENT: Possesses instinctive affinity with all machines.
- IMMORTAL: Totally immune to poison, radiation, and disease. Regenerates 5 hit points per day. Transfusion of blood into a non-immortal cures 2-40 hit points, and can be done once a month.
- PROBABILITY SHIFTER: Can influence a die roll by investing hit points (1 hit point = 1 percentage point; 5 hit points = 1 20-sided die point; 10 hit points = 1 6-sided die point). Use of this power, and direction and magnitude of influence, must be declared before rolling. This power can be used whenever the character affected by the roll is within 25 ft. of the person with the power.
- RESURRECTION TALENT: Can restore life by pouring own hit points into another's body. The amount of points invested becomes the maximum hit points for the resurrected person. This can be no more than the original number of hit points the dead character had. Each full day dead adds 10 percent to the number of points that must be invested. (Example: A man three days dead must have 39 points invested to gain 30.) Persons with bodies not intact or not recoverable cannot be resurrected, nor can persons already once resurrected by this method.
- MENTAL BATTERY: Can power any item within 20 feet with mental energy, with 5 percent chance (cumulative) of "burnout" each melee round. Powering an item takes no real concentration, but power ends if person with battery power is knocked unconscious or moved out of range.

BURNOUT CHART

- 01-50: Unable to use power for one day
- 51-75: Unconscious 1-20 min. plus 1 -day wait to use power again
- 76-85: Unconscious 1-6 hours plus 2-day wait to use power again
- 86-90: As 76-85 plus take 1-20 pts. damage
- 91-99: As 86-90 plus take additional 1-20 pts. damage
- 00: Death from energy burnout

- ABILITY DUPLICATOR: May duplicate any one single mutant ability (mental or physical) or one single human attribute (strength, constitution, dexterity, etc.) of any being within 100 yards. Roll for burnout as above each melee round but with 10 percent non-cumulative chance of burnout.

SEA TRADE IN D&D CAMPAIGNS

by Ronald C. Spencer, Jr.

The "Bardukian Campaign" currently being played by several members of the crew of the USS Benjamin Franklin (SSBN 640) has produced some interesting developments due to the varied areas of interest of the participants. What follows is a description of one of these developments and suggestions for incorporating them into your own campaign.

The question of sea trade is only touched upon lightly in *Dungeons and Dragons* and when one of the players in the Bardukian Campaign approached the dungeonmaster on the subject the immediate reaction was, "Good grief!" The whole thing seemed too complex to handle, since the player was interested in having a trading business running on the side, while he (a fighting man) trooped about the countryside slaying dragons.

After hashing over several possibilities, including setting up an entire economic grid for imports and exports, it was felt that this was going to produce too much paperwork for the D/M and too little sense of risk on the part of the player/merchant. What finally evolved was a compromise between the realism of an entire definition of the economic structure of three coastal countries and the playability of a more abstract system that reproduces the "feel" of the risky business of sea trade.

A brief description of the trade routes is in order here. Note that while the trading system was designed to fit the costal trade of the Bardukian Campaign, it is not difficult to adapt to any campaign that has a coast and coastal cities.

In the Bardukian Campaign there are three countries bordering the Western Sea, Dromir, Barduk and Chu'unar. Dromir is the northernmost, with its ports sometimes ice-bound in the winter; Barduk lies in a more temperate zone and finally, Chu'unar to the south. All trading and sailing is coastal in nature, with ships rarely venturing more than fifty miles from land. There are nine ports along the coast, the distance between the northernmost and southernmost being about 2500 miles. The main trade route extends in a line from the northernmost port to the southernmost port, linking all ports between.

The trading system below gives the player/merchant the opportunity to take risks in hope of greater reward and also recreates the feeling of insecurity present at seeing your heavily-laden large merchant sail away, not knowing just how long it will be gone, or if it will return at all. When a player/merchant decides to accompany the vessel on its voyage the "Wilderness Adventure" rules of *Dungeons & Dragons* are used. The rules presented below are intended to cover a trade business carried on in the absence of the player/merchant under whatever orders he gives to his ship captain.

SEA TRADE

1. **Assumptions** — No specific cargo is required; rather, it is assumed that a cargo can be purchased in any port and that it will be saleable in any other port. The maximum cargo capacity of a small merchant is 10,000 G.P. in value; that of a large merchant, 50,000 G.P. It is not necessary that the maximum be carried if the player/merchant decides otherwise.

2. **Fees and Taxes** — There is a pilot fee for all ports except the merchant's home port. This fee is 500 G.P. for a small merchant and 2500 G.P. for a large merchant. All countries have a 5% import tax, based on the sale value of the cargo-in the receiving port.

3. **Profit/Loss** — the amount of profit or loss taken on the trip is determined by the number of ports bypassed and a die roll. The more ports bypassed, the greater the possible profit (or loss!) and the greater the chance of the vessel being lost due to storms, pirates, sea monsters, etc.

4. **Procedure** — The player/merchant "purchases" a cargo with his on-hand funds and writes a set of sailing orders for the captain. These should specify what ports to stop at, what profit margin to accept, how much cargo to buy, and possibly a maximum time to be gone. All this is delivered to the D/M who will then determine the actual results of the



journey according to the "sailing orders" given him. Note that the player/merchant will have no knowledge of the results until the ship returns or word reaches him of its loss. One important item is that the player/merchant is not required to sell a cargo at a loss. If he so states in his sailing orders, a port where a loss would be incurred can be departed and sale attempted at another port. Note that if this option is chosen, the port departed *counts as a port bypassed*. If no specific directions are given to the captain, the cargo will be sold at whatever profit/loss determined from the Profit/Loss Table.

5. **Profit/Loss Determination** — Given the sailing orders, the D/M then rolls the percentile dice, cross-references with the appropriate "Ports Bypassed" column, and determines the amount of the sale. Appropriate deductions are made for the pilot fee, taxes, and possibly cost of a new cargo, and the profit/loss for the port call determined. The D/M then rolls for the amount of delay there will be before getting underway (due to repairs, liberty, haggling over prices, etc.) and continue the trip to the next port as specified by the sailing orders. This procedure continues until the ship returns to its home port or is lost at sea. If lost at sea, the delay in reporting it to the player/merchant is rolled for. If the ship returns to its home port, it is simply a matter of notifying the player/merchant when he and the ship arrive at the same point in game-time.

This system has worked very well so far in the Bardukian Campaign and has added a little extra dimension to the game for those who are so inclined. The only difficulty that has been encountered has been the demand for a similar system to cover land trade . . . more on that at a later date.

PROFIT/LOSS TABLE

Percentages expressed as percent of cargo value.

% DICE	PORTS BYPASSED						
	0	1	2	3	4	5	6+
01-05	85%	80%	70%	60%	50%	40%	30%
06-10	90%	85%	80%	70%	60%	50%	40%
11-15	95%	90%	85%	80%	70%	60%	50%
16-20	100%	95%	90%	85%	80%	70%	60%
21-25	105%	100%	95%	90%	90%	85%	80%
26-30	105%	105%	110%	115%	115%	120%	120%
31-35	110%	110%	115%	120%	125%	140%	150%
36-40	110%	115%	120%	130%	135%	160%	200%
41-60	110%	120%	130%	140%	150%	200%	300%
61-65	115%	125%	150%	160%	200%	300%	500%
66-70	120%	130%	160%	180%	250%	400%	X
71-75	125%	135%	180%	200%	350%	X	X
76-80	130%	140%	200%	300%	X	X	X
81-85	140%	150%	250%	X	X	X	X
86-90	150%	200%	X	X	X	X	X
91-00	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

X = ship lost, owner notified 3-8 weeks later.

A ship will be delayed 1-4 weeks at each port (other than its home port).

Example of Table: A ship carrying a 10000 G.P. cargo bypasses one port and the dice are 62. Sale value is 11500 G.P., less 5% tax and the pilot fee.

WIZZARDS & WARRIORS

By Grenadier



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Legions of the Petal Throne

PAINTING GUIDE

by M.A.R. Barker

The following remarks are organised according to the original priority list. Each figure is identified with its Group number and its number within that Group, plus its name.

Some basic remarks:

Tsolyáni flesh colour is generally a rich, coppery tan, lighter and more golden for women, and darker and browner for men. Skin should not be totally "flat," of course, but rather slightly glossy to represent the natural oils.

The Yán Koryáni are a little lighter: a creamy golden tan for women and a darker, redder tan for men.

The other human races are: the Salarvyáni are a darker, heavier bearded people, tending to sallowness; the Mu' ugalavyáni are roughly the same as the Tsolyáni but traditionally ruddier in hue; the Livyáni are more golden and tawny; the Saa Allaqiyáni are mountaineers and hence browner and rougher looking. There are NO blonds or light-skinned peoples on those portions of Tékumel now included in the game, "Empire of the Petal Throne."

Hair colour is universally glossy black, verging towards dark brown in individuals. A few people do have a tawny muddy-brown hair colour, and a tiny percentage of albinos also exists — although these people are greatly despised and superstitiously feared. Eye colour tends to be always black and brown, although a few "sports" do have hazel or golden coloured eyes. Blue-eyed slaves are prized as curiosities.

It is thus totally incorrect to use the present "flesh colour" paints available on the market.

Another important point is the use of the hide of the Chlén beast for most armour and weapons, since iron and steel are scarce. Chlén-hide is very light in weight and almost as strong as iron, though softer than steel. It is very malleable when soft, but it can be given treatments which make it solid and yet still slightly flexible. It has a feel something like that of chitin or a hard and slightly flexible plastic. In its natural state it is greenish or greyish. Thicker sheets of it tend to be darker, verging towards blackish green-grey. Chlén-hide is usually lacquered, however, and this thus makes it rather uncommon in its native undecorated form. Richer people do obtain some iron and steel, of course, as well as gold, brass, copper, silver, bronze, etc.

Basic national colours are a common feature on Tékumel: the Tsolyáni use a handsome azure blue; the Mu' ugalavyáni lacquer their troops a bright red; the Salarvyáni favour black; the Livyáni use many bright colours; the Yán Koryáni use blue-green, turquoise, etc.; the Saa Allaqiyáni prefer a flame-orange; the little nation of Pijjéna uses a reddish purple; the Ghatóni like yellow; the various clans of the disordered nation of Milumanayá use various standards and have no national colour.



T-1

And now to the figures:

T-1 The Tsolyáni General

Helmet, shoulder epaulettes, breastplate are all azure blue (semi-glossy because these parts are lacquered); helmet trim is gold and a darker, purplish blue, plus some white. Helmet plumes are white, another shade of blue, gold or various other choices depending upon the Legion and the wearer's choice. The vambraces are probably gold or steel. The shoulder sleeves and kilt are white with blue and gold woven designs. The chainmail is steel, the general being wealthy. The greaves are again lacquered blue. The cape is a darker blue, although it may also be a brocaded many-coloured iridescent cape of feathers. Shoes are red leather, with metal plates on top. The "káing" (the great pole-axe, which is his ceremonial baton) is silvery with a bright blue haft and a golden cross-guard. Decorations on the armour can be drawn on the figure with a delicate pen and acetate inks (available at any art supply store). Reds, greens, blacks, yellows, white, etc. etc. can be used.

The Tsolyáni Standard-Bearer:

Similar to the General: white kilt and sleeves; blue helmet, breastplate, and shoulder-epaulettes; vambraces and greaves also blue or metal. Helmet crest in roughly same colour scheme as general's Belt of inlaid gold or silver plaques. Sword is Chlén-hide but often lacquered in metallic colours: metallic blue, silvery, etc. Great standard has ornate plumes of blue, white, various metals, with a blue haft and possible red (etc.) trim. The sphere is bright gold. Shoes are leather but have metal plates on top.

The Tsolyáni Trumpeter:

Armour as for the above, in shades of blue; kilt and sleeves in white; armlets of gold; vambraces and greaves of metal or blue lacquered Chlén-hide. Helmet crest can have same colour scheme as above. Trumpet is brass or gilded. Trim can be in other colours. Velvet over-kilt is a darker blue than armour.

T-2 Tsolyáni Heavy Infantry:

This troop-type, has a long pike. Blue-lacquered breastplate, but if this is a crack unit it may have metal shoulder-epaulettes. Sleeves and kilt are white, unbleached linen colour,

light grey, rust colour, etc. Metal greaves and vambrances are silvery or steel-coloured. Also metal groin-guard tabard, although this is highly engraved and inlaid in wealthier Legions. Shield is basically blue with gold inlaid design, white or other colour trim. Helmet plume is usually white or other shade of blue. Shoes are leather with metal plates. Helmet decoration is gold on blue. Pike has wooden shaft and a metallised or lacquered Chlén-hide head, although richer Legions may have iron points. Bow-case leather, with decorated lacquerwork. Bow is a light brownish wood. Arrows have blue feathers. Considerable freedom on trim and cloth colours — but no large areas of "enemy" colours, or course!



T-2-3

T-3 Tsolyáni Armoured Heavy Infantry with Bow:

This man wears the blue breastplate, a metallic heavy collar of plaques, a belt of similar inlaid plaques in various colours, a white or pastel tunic (sleeves show) and kilt, an over-kilt of heavier cloth in a darker colour (usually blue but possibly darker colours for poorer units), blue lacquered greaves, leather sandals. The helmet is basically blue again, but the crest may be white, gold, another shade of blue, or trimmed in other colours. The sword is Chlén-hide: metallic blue or silvered. The quiver is light brown basketry with darker leather straps. Arrows are light brown, feathered in blue, with bow being a dark blackish-brown.



T-4

T-4 Two-Handed Swordsman, the Legion of Red Devastation:

This figure has the flame-red helmet crest of the God Vimúhla; his helmet is blue, however, except for front and side gold or silver trim. He has a mail aventail of small steel links; highly decorated inlaid metal or Chlén-hide epaulettes with basic blue colour and other colours or metals as trim; blue Chlén-hide muscled cuirass; steel-link chain mail half-sleeves with gold or blue Chlén-hide or metal banding; metallic blue Chlén-hide vambraces; belt of inlaid metal plaques; over-kilt of soft white or light blue cloth; under-kilt of mail sewn on leather; silvered or blued Chlén-hide greaves; soft red leather shoes with metallic plates sewn on tops; cape is usually white or light blue with red, black, or dark blue striping horizontally or vertically. Often the cape will have a central embroidered ornament on back. Great two-handed sword is of steel, gold hilt, leather wrapped handle.



T-5

T-5 The Priest of Vimúhla:

This figure has the flame-orange crest of the deity Vimúhla, Lord of Fire. The visor-rim of his helmet is of gold, and the face-visor itself is painted either black or dark red. The aventail of the helmet is dull red cloth, and the two scarves which hang from the earpieces are again flame red. His epaulettes are gold and red, with designs worked upon them in blue to show that he is a Tsolyáni and not a Mu'ugalavyáni priest. His collar is made of gold plaques set with rubies, and his breast pectoral is a darker, richer, ruby red with a gold edge. He has a muscled cuirass of metallic red lacquered Chlén-hide. His sleeves are steel mail banded with gold. His vambraces are likewise of steel but may be lacquered red or gilded. He wears the elaborate plaque belt with hanging plaques of red and gold Chlén-hide armour. His underkilt is a darker red. His cape is flame-orange, as are the two long scarves which hang down from his shoulder epaulettes. His greaves are of polished gold plates sewn on black or dark red-brown leather boots. His boots have

metal plaques similarly over the insteps and toes. His cape may have the stylised flame symbol worked in gold and black on the back. He carries a gilded Chlén-hide mace with steel or copper spikes, and at his side he may have the sacrificial dagger of copper used by this sect.

T-6 Medium Infantry from Sokátis:

This man wears a Chlén-hide blue-dyed helmet with a metallic crest. He has shoulder epaulettes of Chlén-hide and a leather siege coat to protect him from light missiles, etc. He has a kilt of white cloth, greaves of blue-dyed and decorated Chlén-hide, with sandals of leather. His halberd is of Chlén-hide, with a wooden handle and a light Chlén-hide head dyed metallic blue, silvered, or coloured. On his back he carries a Chlén-hide shield with a demon face on it; this is highly coloured in blue, metals, white, red, etc. etc. The people of Sokátis often use black as a trim colour, more so than other Tsolyáni.



T-6

Y-1 The Yán Koryáni General:

This man has a turquoise green lacquered helmet, with gold trim, plumes of various shades of green, white, and even yellow or red. Metal shoulder epaulettes are silvered, gilded, or elaborately lacquered in shades of green. Central breast plaque is gilded and covered with geometric inlay in various colours. Belt of metal plaques has emeralds and blue topazes set in it. Kilt and sleeves are usually white, but may be unbleached linen, light grey, or elaborately parti-coloured brocade in darker colours. Chainmail or scale leggings are steel; leg guards are Chlén-hide with polished metal plates at front. Metal plated boots of black leather. Vambraces are metal — the same as his breast plaque, usually. Under central breastplate, he wears an under-cuirass of metal or of green-dyed Chlén-hide. Sword is steel or silvered,

with gilt handle, leather-wrapped hilt. Hanging from ear-pieces of helmet are leather flaps, sometimes dyed in a "trim" colour: red, yellow, etc.

Yán Koryáni Standard-bearer:

This man wears the typical "regular" Yán Koryáni helmet with vertical thin metal plaques lacquered alternately turquoise or green and white, with gold trim. The central crest is gold or a brilliant metallic emerald green. Ear-pieces are metal, and aventail is made of small metal plaques sewn on soft leather. Epaulettes are green-lacquered metal or Chlén-hide, with gilt or silver trim, some red tracing also possible. Scale cuirass of metal sewn on dull fabric tunic. Belt is elaborately engraved metal on leather. Over-kilt is made of large horizontal strips of soft dun-coloured leather; underkilt is dark green or other colour cloth. Metal greaves and banded vambraces; leather shoes with metal plates on top. Steel or Chlén-hide sword in metallic silver, gilt hilt. Standard is a gilded shaft, turquoise, gold, and white large feathers at base, then highly coloured and gilded "dragon" head above, with "tail" of long green and white plumes. Other colours are sometimes used, depending on the Legion; black and green, red and green, turquoise and gold, etc. Helmet plume matches this.



Y-1

Gong Beater:

This man has armour similar to the preceding except that the wears a dark green cloth kilt sewn over with vertical strips of Chlén-hide with gold or silver inlaid plaques set in the strips. He has a silver-handled mallet with a soft-leather-wrapped ball on the end — this is really a wooden mallet, but the leather is there to protect the gong surface. The gong is bronze, hung from a highly decorated wooden stand, done in green, gilt, red, blue, etc. The plumes on the gong are, of course, the Legion's colours, in which green or turquoise predominates. The gong hangs from a leather sling.

Y-2 Heavy Infantry:

He is almost identical in armour to the Standard-bearer above, but he carries a long wooden-handled pike with a steel head. This is marked "halberd head" on the drawing, and indeed, this type of trooper can carry a halberd or a pike. At his belt of plaques he has a short dagger in a sheath, and at his other hip he has a



Y-2

sword in a dark brown or black leather scabbard, and also a bow in a lighter-coloured leather case covered with inlaid green and white designs. His long oblong shield is of Chlén-hide on wood — richer units may carry a similar shield of light metal — and this is decorated in geometric designs in white, gold, and red on a green or turquoise base. This man has the vertical-striped kilt of fabric, which may have Chlén-hide strips sewn on, as for the Gongbeater.

Y-3 Heavy Infantry with Composite Bow or Crossbow:

This figure should be painted similarly to Y-2.



Y-3

Y-4, Yán Koryáni Regional Infantry: Medium Infantry from Dharru:

This man has a steel cap helmet with a green central Chlén-hide crest, red-bordered earpieces with green centres, and a mail aventail of iron links. He has an epaulette-collar of steel-coloured Chlén-hide, and he wears a muscled cuirass of thin Chlén-hide. Under this he has a green tunic, the sleeves of which show. His vambraces are steel-coloured Chlén-hide (or actually iron for wealthier men) with copper spikes. He has a studded belt of small Chlén-hide plaques set with copper, and below this he wears green-dyed mail breeks. To these are fastened large Chlén-hide leg guards. These are red or copper coloured, with a central steel-coloured or silver circle containing a red protective symbol. The borders are also steel-coloured. He wears full-length hose of thin green

cloth, the same shade as his tunic. His shoes are of leather (red or brown) with steel instep and toe guard plates. He carries a small dagger or sword at his side and wields the great two-handed halberd-axe of his region. This has a dark wood handle with a gold knob on the base, and an iron head of some size. Poorer troops carry an axe of similar design but made of Chlén-hide. His shield is not shown on the figure, but every other man of this group carries a medium shield and uses a short sword, protecting his halberd-wielding comrade. This shield is of wood, covered with green-dyed Chlén-hide, and has a central design of copper and copper studs at the edges. If he has a scabbard, this will be darker leather colour, with copper and green trim. Note that his Chlén-hide thigh guards are of stiff but not inflexible material; as is shown in the smaller picture, they are worn over his mail breeks and are strapped on from the rear as well as fastened to his breeks in front. They are thus rather like heavy cowboy's chaps.



Y-4

Y-5

The Priest of Hry'y:

This figure wears robes of purple: his over-robe is a deep, rich purple, and his velvet head-scarf is of a slightly lighter shade of purple. His sleeves have red edging and cuff-designs. He wears a two-part tabard which hangs just below his throat. This is of rather stiffish Chlén-hide. It is dull red with black inscriptions in Ancient Tsolyáni outlined in gold. At the bottom it has two white skull pendants. His shoes are soft black-leather. Both Priests and Priestesses of this evil deity go masked. The type of mask differs from person to person, rank to rank, and place to place, with mythological demon masks predominating. These are always of velvety-surfaced cloth over thin Chlén-hide. They are painted according to the mythological particulars, and the more horrible the better. There are thus black, deep red, gold, blue, etc. etc. masks, with varying trim colours. In his hand he carries the Staff of Power of the Temple Commandant of Jakállá (other cities have slightly different standards). This is a black-hafted circle of gold with a central purple circle and a diagonal red slash. The beast head at the top is of gold, and the plumes are reddish purple and black. Priests of Hry'y are sometimes fighters, and if so, a special figure with the proper helmet can be adapted from the Priest of Vimúhla figure — but the helmet conversion may require another head or consider-



P-1

able modelling skill. Priestesses of Hry'y rarely fight, but if one is needed, the female warrior figure can be adapted to fit the case.

NH-1 Shén:

The Shén have gleaming black scales, although their third sex (the egg-layer — the other two being the "male" or egg-creator and the egg-fertiliser) tends to be smaller and more of a blue-black-grey. There are other sub-species, too, who come in other colors, but it is mostly the "male" and sometimes the "egg-fertiliser" who join in military expeditions. The Shén is thus basically a gleaming black, with lighter grey areas around his reddish eyes, on his underbelly under his tail, etc. His claws are sometimes silver-covered — a traditional fighting weapon of this martial race.

The Shén figure may be given small reddish eyes with vertical black pupils, a reddish open mouth and tongue, and a wash of silver over his black scales to add a slightly metallic touch to the unrelieved black of his body.

NH-2 Ssú Warrior:

The figure is shown without any of the elaborate armour which characterises the leader. His greyish skin is difficult to show, since it must be tattered and peeling, rather looking like a handful of torn and soggy wet newspaper from a distance. His eyes are a pupilless, milky white, the mouth is a black hole. No ears or



NH-1

nostrils show through the peeling, rotting skin. He wears a black leather belt with copper studs, with the dagger and pouches hanging at his "waist." His body shades to black underneath, at the backs of his legs, and on the feet. The sword is again steel, with a silver, copper, etc. hilt.

His shield is of a curious shape, black wood fronted with raised metal discs, highly embossed. The shield is black, and the discs are copper.



NH-3 The Hláka:

This small flying humanoid ranges from five feet to about six feet in height. The Hláka is a leathery greyish-brown, shading to lighter greys mixed with tan on the wing membranes, and with darker brown areas along the spine, at the joints, and on the slender hands and feet. Along the top of the head and down the upper back there is a curly greyish ruff of what appears to be somewhat of a cross between fur and feathers; this conceals the Hláka's hearing organs. The muzzle is light brownish grey, with black nostrils, and blackish areas around the three deep-set eyes. These eyes are a curious translucent blue-green in colour on most Hláka, although individuals may have black or reddish pupils. The teeth are an ivory white, and the lips shade from brown to black. Although the Hláka are an ancient cultured race, and their abilities and intellects are as high or higher than their human comrades, they tend to disdain armour and rely instead upon their speed and flying skill. At most, therefore, they wear a light belt of Chlén-hide with a golden buckle and a sheathed short dagger of Chlén-hide in a brown leather sheath. The Hláka may carry a light javelin of wood with a Chlén-hide point, or a sheaf of smaller throwing darts (usually three to a bundle). Occasionally a slender stabbing sword (almost like a rapier) is used. The Hláka's tail is a long greyish-white stabbing rapier as well, being composed of a bony, flexible cartilage. Some Hláka decorate this tail with rings or ornaments of gold and may put a delicate needle point of steel on it as well. Hláka weapons are usually poisoned with a dull blue-green substance brewed by them from certain local plants. The Hláka usually wears no other clothing, nor does he carry a shield. Occasionally a strip of coloured cloth may be worn.



NH-4 Ahoggyá:

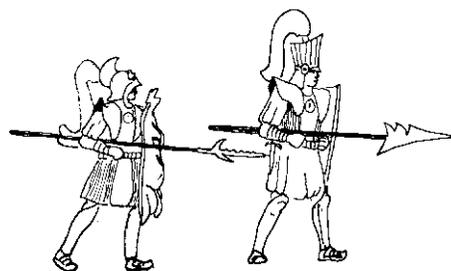
These are several sexes (as much as one can make out). The "males" are brownish, ranging from a light yellowish brown or tan on upper surfaces to a dark brown on the body and under the limbs. There are also slate-grey Ahoggyá and a bluish-grey one, but the "sex" of these is not clear. There are even occasional rare greenish grey ones, but these do not emerge to fight in human wars. The Ahoggyá has a knobby, rough light brown carapace on top, arms of a darker colour shading into the darker browns of the body. They are bristly and rough, with smaller bristles on their bony arms and elgs, longer hair on their bodies. They wear little clothing: usually just armlets of steel or copper, an elaborate belt hung with weapons and pouches, and occasionally inlaid decorations on their thick upper carapaces. The purpose of these is not known. The Ahoggyá has yellowish eyes, set in brownish or greenish-brown skin just under his carapace. His mouth has reddish-brown "lips" around it and yellowish teeth. On all four sides of his body he has eyes, but there is only one mouth; the other three sides have sexual, auditory, and olfactory organs under the eyes. These are best pictured as small amorphous lumps, painted a slightly lighter tone of brown or yellow-tan. The claws and nails of the Ahoggyá are black. He carries simple, crude weapons of several varieties. He prefers steel but also uses Chlén-hide. His swords are thus . . . steel-coloured, with leather-wrapped handles, a bit of gold on the hilts, etc. His maces are Chlén-hide or wood with metal spikes. He may also carry a round dish-shaped shield, always lacquered black and deep red, dark purple and dark green, etc. While the Shén may wear a helmet crest of the colour of the human country for which they are fighting, the Ahoggyá never do, and thus sometimes only they can tell which

side they are serving in a battle — they never become confused, although their human employers do! The Ahoggyá may also wear tubular body armour, which fits rather like a stove-pipe just under their eyes, leaving their mouth free. An armoured covering for their upper carapace is also seen, although the thickness of the latter really renders this strictly unnecessary.



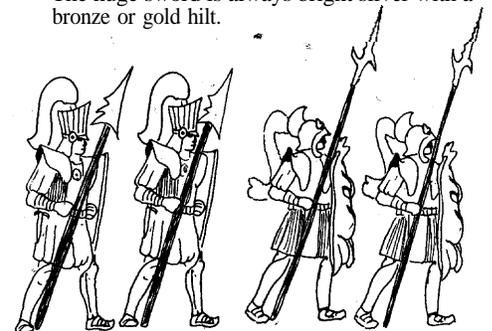
NH-5 The Sró:

These great beasts have two basic colours, depending upon the sex: males have a dark green body and black wings, with lighter green around the mouth. Their three horns tend to be greenish white. Their eyes are red spheres with nictitating black membranes and a central round pupil. Their teeth are whitish, their forked tongue bright red, shading to brown and black in the corners of the mouth. Their huge wings are black, with dull green ribbing and claws. The male Sró is lighter underneath, ranging to a dull medium green. His claws are gleaming black. The female Sró, on the other hand, is more bluish-green, speckled with silver, and shading to lighter, brighter blues in the areas mentioned above. Very old Sró tend to become darker and more blackish, though retaining their sex-differentiated colours. A faint wash of silver can be used to highlight the scales of the Sró and give the slight sheen and iridescence to the scales which are required. The huge sword is always bright silver with a bronze or gold hilt.



T-2

Y-2



For figures T-2 and Y-2 the spears should be glued to the figure in an upright fashion so the figures can be ranked in a unit.



The day began as any other in the woods of Pharnioth; but as the sun lifted its haze-dimmed face to awaken the birds of song, and night's hunters sought the cool places of their shadowed lairs, they beheld the seeming second sunrise of a fire in the forest which cast a glow over the far-flung trees. Though the double dawn had no meaning for the wild creatures, Visaque of Northumber knew too well the probable doom it portended. For him it was a morning of nightmare.

Through the last traces of dawn-fog he wearily stumbled. His young face, mustached and fair, twisted itself fear and anger as he realized his race was hopeless: he had run two nights and days with Horror on his heels, was nearly spent and had far yet to go. Hand poised on a tree, he panted and eyed the distant peaks below the rising sun. There — if it be true — awaited salvation. But robbed of hope and short of breath, the stripling wysard nourished little surety of ever reaching them. Round and about him, as they smelled the oncoming blaze, the beasts of Pharnioth fled to the East, as flames mounted behind. The cloak-wrapped youth followed them with what speed still remained to him.

A bestial howl echoed from trunk to trunk. Knowing the throat that voiced it, Visaque whirled with staff held at quarter. Unconsciously he bared his teeth in an atavistic snarl.

Crimson: the daemon exuded it, a constant figure molded of all-consuming flame. Each spot where it set down a crackling foot ignited, each branch and leaf it touched exploded into fire. Behind, the flames roared and trees toppled as insignificant torches while the daemon laughed.

Desperately and in fury Visaque cast out one outstretched hand and cried out a wordless Call. Golden light limned the hand; a golden aura grew around the wysardling. He hurled his spell at the upstart elemental while voice and visage trembled: "Being of fire, be stayed by Earth and Air!"

As the creature crashed between two trees, the ground at its unholy feet reared up and clasped stony manacles about its ankles. Tendrils of silvery smoke gave birth to an airy web across the path, beyond which web the elemental could not pass. As it shrieked and thrashed in its confines, the net wrapped tighter and anchored itself on the trunks of the two trees.

Visaque revelled not upon his handiwork, nor paused in his flight. The spell would be short-lived. The young wysard had long yet to go before he reached, among the eastern peaks, the Keep of Arestel.

And time, he knew, was all too quickly waning.

Time sped as Visaque ran wildly. To his left he saw several deer pause in consternation as they perceived their peril; they took to flight and soon vanished far ahead. Hearing the elemental's distant howl as it sundered its magical bonds, the youth stumbled and landed face-down in a patch of hemp. He collected his wits and belongings and ran on while chewing one of the long leaves for calm.

He saw with the eye of memory: before him, the bearded face of the merchant from Alfanar, bearing the iron-bound volume that even now swung bulkily at Visaque's side; heard again with the inner ear the praises that trader had spoken of that ancient book; felt again the weight of long-saved silver released from his hand when he

paid out the price. (So low, at that! Small wonder, the youth almost smiled. Would that the daemon's price be so low!)



Some obscure glory, had thought Visaque, must belong to one who unlocked the musty secrets of the tome; the dream was even now fresh on him. Weeks, then months of spare hours were spent in the attempt of understanding the mysterious text. By the time its crabbed script was half-deciphered the task became somewhat simpler, and often he read in the small hours its forgotten tales by candlelight. He read of the Elder Days and the Days To Come: of heroes, mages, and of strange devices . . . of Crowyn the Worme's Bane and of his star-crossed blade; Of the strange curse of Vyckar the Grim; Akor the Valkrian, Nokra Negreth, the Red Branch heroes . . . all the warriors and their impeccable deeds. And then, the mages: Bran-Herla whose soul was lost by the wide waters; Vergil Magus; Garanyr the Heart-Misled; of Myrddin, of Verbius, Therion, and the loremaster Isaac Decapole D'alsace . . . and in an indefinite reference on a faded page, was inscribed the name of Vishre Vishran. When Visaque first read that name it struck an eerie chord within him, as if of a misplaced memory. Even now the name was uncomfortably close to an identity. Yet for contemplation there was, today, no time. That the mage was called an Ipsissimus, he knew, but knew not the rank so named. For all his study (so unclear in the

remembering . . .) all Visaque had learned was that Vishran dwelt in the Castle Arestel, atop the mountains eastward. (Arestel . . .)

Visaque was jolted from his reverby by an animal's unbelieving cry from the fiery west of the wood. By the sounds, the elemental had again begun to close the distance between them. The youth pushed himself to utmost exertion, nearly flying in his desperation, as the peaks ahead seemed but to recede. He lost sight of them as he crashed through a wiry thicket.

Why did the name of the Ipsissimus bode well? Vague at best, the Book's cryptic reference awoke feelings of a certain peace in Visaque for no conscious reason. It seemed, he recalled as thorns tore his tattered cloak, a promise of peace to come: that which he desired now above all else.

Now the bushes parted and the youth again beheld the peaks. Were they closer? Behind him vibrated the sounds of toppling trees bedecked with flame; the very earth shook beneath his booted feet. The bellows of the elemental he had summoned sounded much too near.



Visaque, in his wysardly training, had tired of endless repetitions, of learning yellowed tables of correspondences and intentions; of obstacles to what he deemed his Will. He craved knowledge, aye, but stripped of drudgery — magick, but magick without tears. His master-mage, Ioseph, (Why did that face not haunt him?) met such thoughts most sternly. He forbade the youth to dream on easier pathways: thus the wysardling, more steadfast than his teacher knew, sought one such path.

He launched into the iron-bound volume's translation with vigour renewed, and each dim-write passage was less difficult than the last. Finally the mageling determined his course. He would perform the Invocation of Parabolas, that cosmic begetter of magery. Not realizing the extent of his folly — for instant magick is less than a myth — Visaque attempted to master the Rite of an Adept, and failed. Most disastrously, failed.

Since Visaque had not the keys to the ritual's understanding not one word of the invocation reached the ears of many-armed Parabolos. The fully initiated mage, however, is aware of the many forces in atten-

dance at such a ritual, where the aethyrs are eddied and form flows between the planes; forces benign or hostile, ineffectual or baneful. But the mageling knew none of this. Seeing no response to his Call, hearing not the silver lurs of Parabolos' heralds, he was depressed and gave up without completing the rite of banishment. He closed the book, blew out the taper, and sheathed his athame.

Beyond the Circle, an elemental, created by the force of Visaque's abortive conjuration, observed as its potential master prepared to leave the Circle. Would the man-god be so foolish? Could he see nothing? This being, newborn but ageless, was a salamander, a Fire spirit of great, if soulless, might. It watched and waited, intangible; Visaque pouched his grimoire . . .

Now this Being hounded its maker, bestial and freed.

Time had left Visaque no change at sorrow when Ioseph was rent by those demonic fangs; caught unawares, the old magus screamed when he saw what followed his apprentice. Screamed once and was consumed. Visaque, however, fled in too personal a terror to yet feel remorse, or guilt at not feeling it.

Half-delirious the lad ran on in earch of Arestel, the Ancient One of Lore, and spells to destroy this beast of his own making.

He heard another flaming tree fall, and the inanimate scream of one in its path. The creatures of Pharnioth were all in flight.



'Twas yet hours short of noon when Visaque failed at runecasting, failed a spell which had no excuse for failure.

He knelt in a small clearing as smoke obscured the skies, and drew out his mottled athame.

"Blade of steel, I conjure thee
attract all things as named by me.

As my will, so mote it be!"

He incised a wide circle in the earth and consecrated it. Such Shelter would guard him forever from the pursuing creature . . . if he chose to starve within it. That would be better, he decided, than the death Ioseph had faced . . . Visaque filed the thought away as he continued.

The wysardling invoked the Keepers of the Four Watchtowers, and

Zeudes, then Redbeard Thor: summoning to his aid all the ancient spirits of thunder, torrent, and storm. His wysard blade began to hum and slow sparks flitted along its well-honed edge; legend had it that it was a shard of the star-stone hurled at the Earth by the bored godling Tuball Cain, ere the rise of Alfanar. Finally he closed the rite and settled down to wait. He waited . . .

In a half hour the murky but still-blue sky looked down at what seemed a single devouring flame gorging itself upon Pharnioth. Running again before that flame was a youth upon whom the rain had fallen only in spirit, not in body. No storm was summoned by his Call.

Visaque wept as he again fled.

The elemental had gained perceptibly. Behind him Visaque could feel the heat of the forest's consumption - another, subtler murder on his already bloody hands. The daemon was nearly in sight.

At last he could stand it no more. Composing himself for the death he was sure was on him, he cried out "No! Let not my folly be the cause of this destruction!"

He raised his arms to the filthied sky, clean yet in the East but leprous and fouled where Visaque now faced.

"I will not have it so. Daemon, I summon Thee! Cease your torments, come! For here I am, and I'm done with fleeing. Come! I command you!" The smoky clouds wavered, then sped with the swiftness of a hurricane towards the young mage.

"Come! I am not affrighted, creature, for I am Visaque, the Northumbrian. *And I created thee, fiend!*"

Again, as if startled, the clouds seemed to falter. But as before that seeming confusion lasted only a moment. And now the mageling wavered as well, uncertain. He crooked his neck and beheld — not so distant now — the hills of his seeking. Close enough?

The smoke, and so the daemon, neared. How long . . . ?

Nearer still.

"Nay! Never shall I flee your ilk again!"

Never again shall you have the chance, worldling.

"I will not . . . I defy thee!"

So? Turn and meet Death the hunter.

And the spirit was upon him.

"Halt, brazen one: cringe before me; I am your maker."

The thing laughed out a puff of sulphurous steam. In a resounding tone it thundered, "*Then die, that I may be wholly free!*"

Smoke arose behind it, eerie tentacles enfolding the burning madness of its flesh. Utter desolation it had left behind it, and destruction before. *Why*, Visaque almost asked, *must this forest die to satisfy your hate?* The answer, he knew, would be another maniacal laugh. He said nothing. Smiling, the daemon approached.

Just as Visaque would have dodged, a quiet coolness of peace came upon his mind. *Fear not*, advised an alien voice within that mind, *lam with you.*

The elemental looked confused as Visaque smiled, beholding — *seeing* — it. The thing roared, then virtually bellowed.

"Why do you not flee?" Its voice was thick with a strange accent.

"I have told you: I am done with fleeing."

"But cower! Fear! Am I not terrible?"

"Not so to me: I know whence you came, and see myself reflected in that place. I pity you."

Good, good, the Voice crooned in Visaque's skull. *You are Master here. Subdue it, then exile it. But be wary, for it has power.*

The daemon faltered, wondering. It vacillated, and it seemed that the wasteland behind it vacillated also. The starving flames flickered, and the smoke thinned. Visaque, arms folded across his breast, locked his gaze with that of the once-fearful daemon.

"Upstart creature, do me homage or be destroyed, *for I am the totality of you.* I am all your fury and more than you are able to comprehend. Down! Down before me, Visaque's shadow!"

Slowly, resisting with a rocking shudder, the daemon knelt at its master's feet. Somehow the wysard began to see tall, majestic, foetal trees rising above the waste of fire.

"Now begone."

It wailed, it grasped his ankles; it screamed curses and hymns to him; it clawed the very earth it had scarred. Then it was, quite suddenly gone.

Excellent. Now is the time for your return. On ward to Arestel!

"No, Master. First . . ."

Visaque made a Sign and spoke a Word. With the woods now blooming again, the spectral trees restored, he began to walk. His pace was slow, his eyes content. "I come, Master. I am coming."

Good. It has been . . . long . . .

Dusk.

Visaque came up to the worn stone steps as the sun sank, mounted them, and climbed to the Citadel's gate. The vast structure was in places crumbled, but still — here the wysard smiled — still grandly beautiful. He approached Arestel's doorstep and reached for the bronze knocker. The huge old portal swung open, and Visaque stared into the face of Visaque.

Something shook Visaque's shoulder. He raised his numbed eyelids, gazing into the face of Master Ioseph. Sudden shock racked him as he beheld the face of the perished mage; then he re-oriented himself and saw around him the cluttered paraphernalia of his teacher's workroom.

"You have returned transformed," quoth Ioseph as he swept several shrunken brown objects (each with its crown of fine white hairs) into a leathern pouch. "No longer my apprentice, Visaque: now my brother in knowledge."

The new wysard, still somewhat bemused, reflected on his initiation. He no longer needed to ask, was it real?

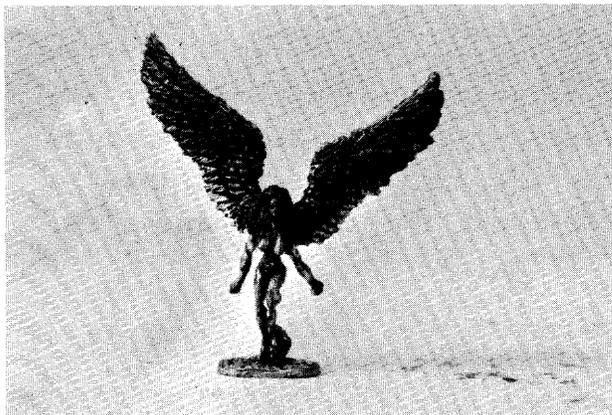
For now, he knew.



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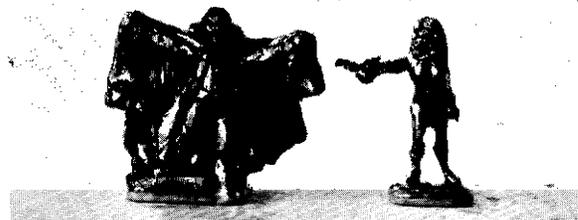
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Designer's Forum

FURTHER RULES, MODIFICATIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS FOR METAMORPHOSIS ALPHA

by James M. Ward

There are several mutations and concepts that need more detailing, including things like physical and mental mutations, the poison factor, the use of the alternate missile chart, and the need for a new weapon class concerning the vibro devices.

Dealing with the physical chart the following additions should clear up some of the less logical parts of the rules:

TALLER: In deciding how tall to make any given mutation simply roll a die for a 1-20 score and translate the number in terms of feet, adding five feet to the total. For every four feet or over its normal height, a mutant adds one die of striking damage, and for every eight feet subtract one point of striking potential.

SHORTER: In deciding how short to make any given mutation simply roll a die for a 1-20 score and translate the number in terms of inches and subtract from the normal height of the player or animal.

NEW BODY PARTS: These parts might also include a human head for a plant, a poison resistance gland (giving the mutation a resistance of 18), or suction pads on the arms of any given creature.

WINGS: This mutation will not work for any being weighing over 125 lbs. Concerning the mental chart the following should help those long suffering judges.



MENTAL PARALYSIS: This mutation has a range of 100 feet and the being affected gets a saving throw every melee turn until death.

PRECOGNITION: When mutants foresee their death, the shock to their nervous system is so great that the mutant instantly takes six hit points of damage. If only injury is seen, the mutant takes 1 hit point of damage.

TELEKINESIS: There is a range limitation of 50 feet for this power.

REPULSION FIELD GENERATION: When creating the sphere, mutants can mentally lift objects within; up to and including any weight they could normally lift by hand. These spheres of force can also be placed around the creator or be used to block openings.

Continued on Page 30



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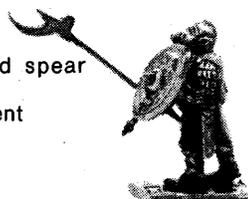
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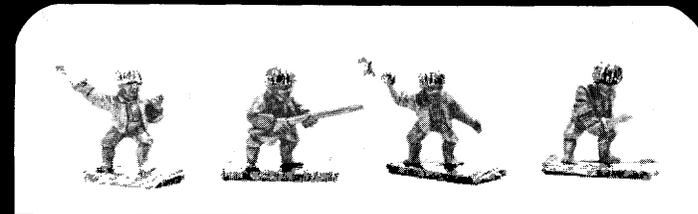
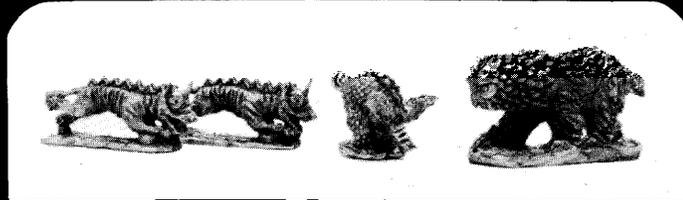
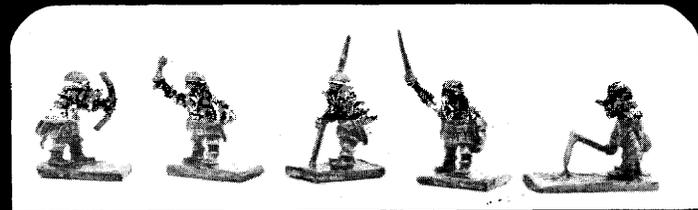
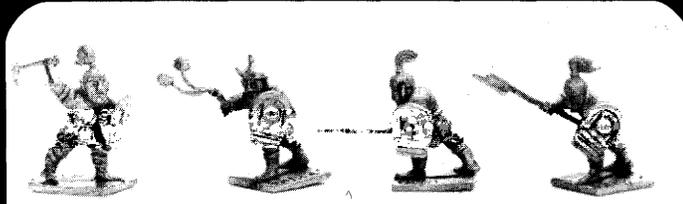
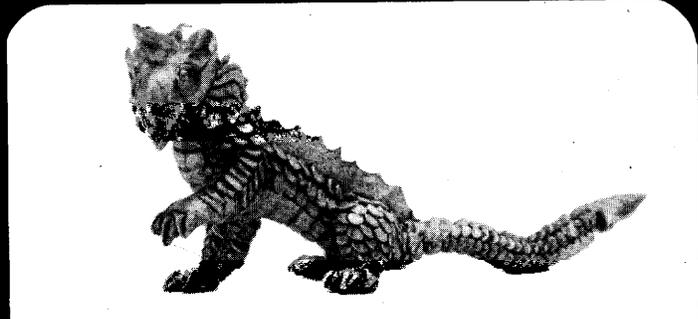
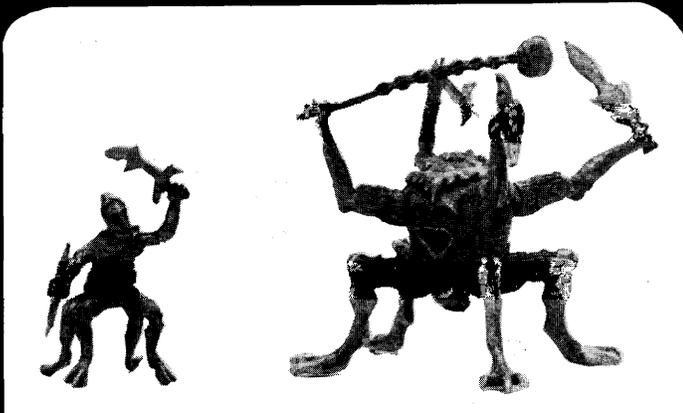


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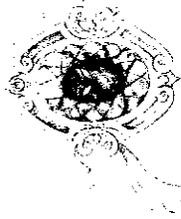
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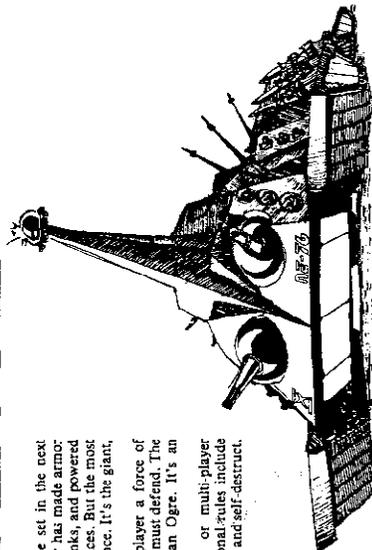
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Gnome Cache

Chapter 6

Summary:

Unable to resist the wanderlust any longer, Dunstan has robbed his father's strongbox and set forth on his quest for adventure and glory.

In his naivete, Dunstan casts his lot in with a band of scurrilous cutthroats, believing them to be adventurers sharing his noble pursuits.

Our hero learns the true nature of his erstwhile companions, and his pockets are the poorer for it.

Dunstan parts company from the band, narrowly escaping apprehension by the Warders. In the confusion, he 'liberates' a horse, and sets off for Huddlefoot, there to spend the night in the stables.

Our would-be knight acquires a would-be squire, and strikes a bargain with Evan to travel with his caravan to Rheyton and Nehron. This arranged, he takes care of the incriminating horse, spinning a tall tale of being on official business. This done, they await departure . . .

The caravan consisted of a score of mules, several carts, a half-dozen packers, and a like number of outriders. There were then, counting Trader Evan, Dunstan, and Mellerd, fifteen souls in the party which crossed the Aarn River a week later and entered into the walled town of Rheyton. At that place they stayed only a day while various matters of importance to the expedition were transacted. Dunstan found the town too much like his former home to be attractive, but to Mellerd it was a place of wonders. Despite warnings, he wandered off and became lost but found his way back before too many hours. Mellerd was full of exciting experiences, nearly bursting to relate them, but his master would have none of it, so he eventually went off to tend their horses and sulk in silence. They departed when the gates were opened at dawn, and the boy managed to unburden himself upon the unwilling ears of Dunstan during the better part of the day until threats of the rod again stopped his tales, although by then he was close to talked-out anyway.

The composition of the train had changed at Rheyton. Gone were the clumsy carts; the roads to the frontier and beyond being little more than rough tracks. In their place more pack animals were added, with a corresponding increase in men to manage them. A number of tough mercenaries were also introduced, led by a hard-bitten captain. They were mostly small, wiry men from the distant western plains, although their chief and one or two others were evidently Thallites like himself, and four were broad and burly northerners — men from Kimbri or Nehron. All were well armed, although Dunstan carefully noted that there were important differences. The westerners were attired in mail coif topped by a broad-brimmed leather hat; body armor consisted of a jack similar to his own, except with the addition of metal epaulettes, metal arm bands, and greaves. They bore no shields, for the bow was their weapon, and its play required both hands. In addition to their bows these warriors had very long sabers and the usual daggers in their wide belts. All were exceedingly drab, dressing in brown or faded green where cloth was to be viewed.

Their comrades from the north were quite different. Their headgear was more elaborate, consisting of a steel helmet with a heavy nasal and surmounted with a spine of metal spikes. Horn plated brigandines protected them from wrist to waist, where a broad girdle bound a kilt of bearskin about their waists. Studded gambades protected their lower extremities, a circular shield (like 'Dunstan's) or one of trapezoidal form (borne by the two from Kimbri) graced the left arm, and the forearm and hand on the

right were protected by steel gauntlets. Great capes of bearskin or like savage carnivora's served to both adorn and protect their backs. Their arms were massive flails and battleaxes, suited well to their strength. Brightly hued devices were painted upon their shields, but the northerners knew no heraldic laws, rather beasts or weird symbols were limned at the owner's fancy.

The Thallites were clad from head to toe in chainmail, and the captain had in addition suitable reinforcements of plate mail at shoulder, elbow, knee and leg. Visored helmets topped the mail, and the typical oval shield with cut-out section on the upper right edge was carried. The three men bore lances, swords, and poniards. Their gambesons were of varying colors, and their shields were covered by cloth of red, the color of their helmet plumes and surcoats. Dunstan wondered if beneath the coverings were painted the devices of any of the noble houses of Thalland — flower or insect of the two great divisions — but he dared not inquire.

The stolid guards who had been with the train when the pair first joined were excluded from the mercenary band but seemed to care not a whit and went about their routines as usual. Of course, the plainsmen now served as outriders, but that made no difference to them, having the preferred positions in the caravan's center, both less dangerous and less strenuous. But while these men-at-arms avoided the new guards, Dunstan sought them out, for here were real warriors — particularly the Thallite captain and his pair of lieutenants.

At the first opportunity Dunstan spurred his mount to the head of the column of plodding mules where the mercenary leaders rode. The young man bade them greeting, but Captain Rufus, as he was called, took one look at him with his odd assortment of arms, and dismissed the would-be knight with a contemptuous wave. Such treatment was unbearable!

"Know you that an honorable gentleman cannot be so treated! You shall give me satisfaction, sirrah!" And Dunstan rode closer to the man in order to make good his challenge with a blow. Before he could approach, one of the lieutenants grabbed his right arm.

"Don't be stupid, boy. The Captain could kill you without even working up a sweat in the process. We're mercenaries and have no time for noble combats on the field of honor — we kill for a living and fight naught for sport."

Rage made Dunstan unafraid, and he continued to try to get at the man who had besmirched his honor: "Am I to accept insults, then, like some baseborn clod? Never! Come, free me so we can set to!"

Rufus now spoke: "Calm yourself, sir. Where was the dishonor? Cannot I, in the course of performing my duty, avoid distractions — such as this," he added with a wry smile, for the commotion had brought the train to a halt, and the members of the party were hurrying ahead to learn the reason. The veteran glanced around and then turned back to Dunstan: "Let us settle the matter now. If I gave thee offense in any way, prithe accept my pardon."

"You go too far for this callow babe, Sir Ruf—" interjected the warrior at Dunstan's arm, but the captain cut him short.

"Leave off, Baldwin. As long as I am your captain I shall decide what is meet," then turning to Dunstan: "Be mollified, but leave us alone, for you cause trouble. You are an outsider, and there is no place for you in our company."

There was nothing else left for Dunstan but to wheel about and return. Hot anger had been replaced by cold realization — he had come close to facing death, for the man who had given the insult was undoubtedly a knight of the land as well as a seasoned warrior. He would not forgive the slight, nor the shabby treatment, but he would press the matter no further. To add to the shame of the affair, Trader

Evan warned him to avoid bothering the leader or the men of the hired company: "No doubt, master, you can do well enough with that sword of yours, but these men are of a different caliber. Their duty is to insure the safety of my goods, and I'll have no man hinder them in this." The deepest wound, however, was the knowledge that Rufus had pitied him, getting Dunstan off the hook so to speak, by an easy word.

Surprisingly, although the young man carefully avoided the mercenaries, one of them sought him out and befriended him. This was Vardobothet, a Kimbri little older than Dunstan. The entire company jested about the outsider's embarrassment, save the leader and the dour northerners. The latter found little mirth in the humiliation of any warrior, and Vardobothet expressed this belief to the gratitude of Dunstan. During the succeeding days of travel the two became fast friends. The mercenary treated Dunstan as an equal in war and deferred to him otherwise as a gentleman. Such a combination was irresistible to the errant who returned this treatment with respect at least equal to that shown to him. In the evenings Vardobothet told of his early adventures in the mountains beyond the Kimbri Vale and his few battle experiences since joining Rufus' band, but only at Dunstan's urging. The Kimbri would have rather listened to the stories of Dunstan's raking in Endstad. While Mellerd continued to serve his master faithfully he liked the young mercenary from the first, and within a few days he virtually worshiped him, for the kindness and understanding of the black haired northerner towards the waif were entirely new to the boy's experience. Besides, he would hover near when the two young men talked, hanging on every word, so a part was a sort of hero-worship which extended towards Dunstan even, though to a lesser degree.

So the journey continued thus for many days, the beasts plodding along at no great speed due to their heavy loads, but what was the value of speed compared with more freight? The land was sparsely settled, but much to Evan's relief they reached the border keep of Blackmoor unmolested by robbers. The trader railed at the tallage levied upon his caravan by the marcher lord, but there was no help for it. Dunstan suspected he was secretly so pleased at the ease with which the passage was made that he would have paid twice the duty. As they departed from the village of Blackmoor, the grim walls of the guardian castle frowned down upon their left, a reminder that the land was held by force of arms. The soldiers Dunstan saw were as grim as their fortress, and the young man mused that the peace here was due mainly to strong warriors. From the looks cast at them by the Nehron peasants who inhabited the settlement and the surrounding farms, this border noble bore down heavily upon his unwilling subjects. A twist in the lane soon removed the castle from sight, and the whole matter passed from consideration.

A few leagues journey brought them to the beginning of the great evergreen forests, and they entered into the heart of a foreign land. Each day's travel brought them closer to the town of Weal, which Evan said was naught but a rude hamlet grown fat on the trade which he and others of his ilk pursued at such great cost. Here the goods packed upon the mules would be exchanged for pelts — after long bargaining — and then the caravan would return from whence it came, bearing a new, more precious cargo. Dunstan was at a loss as to what he would do when they reached Weal, for his estimation of his ability to find honorable employment with a noble marcher had been shaken first by his treatment at the hands of Rufus and his henchmen and then by the mere sight of the men-at-arms from Blackmoor Castle. This sudden loss of faith in himself was most traumatic. Was he nothing more than a boy with a motley collection of cast off arms trying to play at

being a warrior? No! His former experiences in Endstad, as a Captain of the city watch and in personal duels, spoke against such thinking. Why, then, was he plagued with such doubts? Certainly, the company of a band of mercenaries was undesirable anyway. And he had liked nothing about the castle and dwellings of Blackmoor. Dunstan chided himself for becoming disheartened by such trifling setbacks. When the caravan turned back he would linger a few days at the trading center, and when assured that Evan's train was a safe distance ahead quietly return that way also. By avoiding the border fortress he could head westwards towards Kimbry. If by some chance the Overking's Warders ever managed to track him as far as Weal, they would lose the scent there, for beyond that place Nehron became a wilderness of forest and hills. Warders would never venture to search for him among the hostile barbarians dwelling there, of this he was certain.

On the positive side, the land of the Kimbri was bound to be more appealing than Nehronland was, so service there would likewise be more attractive. Resolved, Dunstan began to imagine his esquirehood under a magnificent noble, but the reverie was cut short by the sudden appearance of the westerner serving as the advance of the caravan. Reining his horse abruptly to a halt nearby, Dunstan overheard him report to Evan that the path ahead was closed by a road block, closely held by a strong party of Nehronlanders clad for war.

Immediately the train became a hive of activity. Rufus came from somewhere, and in a moment the mercenary company was formed and ready. The packers drove their mules together, preparing for any difficulty by lashing the beasts together and then grasping metal shod staves to defend their charges. During this flurry, Evan's guardsmen had armed themselves fully but stayed near the center of the gathering, so to be ready wherever their charges were

threatened. The Trader glanced over these preparations and then bravely rode with the mercenaries to learn what purpose the Nehronlanders had.

Dunstan had not stood by idly watching these warlike preparations. Without hesitation he had called Mellerd to him, and the lad was quick to help him don the coat of cuir bouille, helmet, shield and lance. As he turned his mount towards the front, he was surprised to see that the boy had drawn a heavy-bladed knife from somewhere in his pack and thought to join his master: "Stay here, you fool!" Dunstan shouted, "if I am regarded as a fledgling, what use will you serve ahead?" Mellerd paused a moment, but when Dunstan set spurs to the stallion the boy followed close behind. Dunstan gave no more thought to the matter, dismissing his servant as a hopeless churl bound on self-destruction.

Their arrival went unnoticed, for Evan and Rufus, backed by the latter's two lieutenants, were close to the obstruction and beginning a parley with the men behind it. A large tree had been felled so as to completely bar the road where it passed between two very steep hills. The dense growth of trees on either hand made by-passing the track next to impossible, and any such attempt was totally discouraged by the savage warriors visible around the block.

Dunstan stayed well to the rear of the mercenary company, but even at that distance he could see and hear everything that was going on. As he watched what went on ahead Vardobothet joined them and the trio observed a heavily armed man and several retainers emerge from behind the fallen tree.

"Why do you hinder the passage of my train?" demanded the trader, "I have done business with you Nehronlanders these many years, and you grow richer every day because of it!"

The spokesman grinned broadly at these words, his bearded face beneath his iron helmet all the more

fierce for it: "True, you traders know no nation, profiting from all alike . . . know then that this the road is blocked here due to certain — ah, events — taking place to the south. I have orders to halt you in order to receive payment of a slight tax before you pass on to Weal."

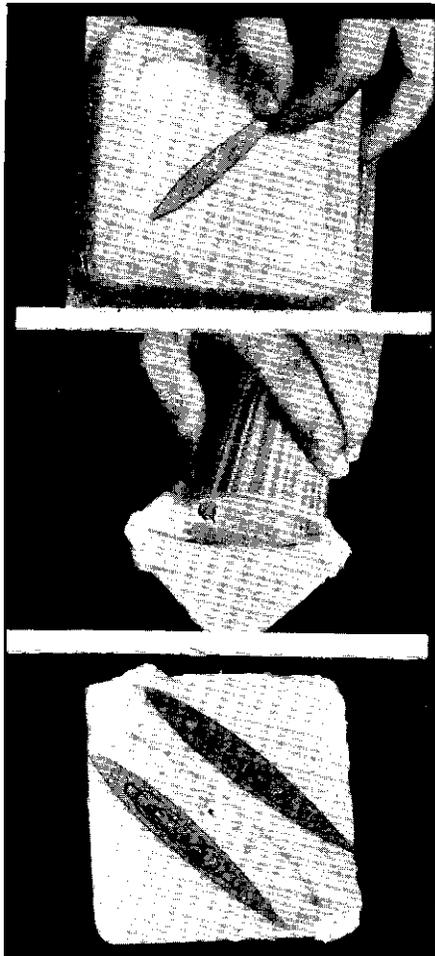
"What is all this talk of tax?" Evan fairly shouted, "and what is taking place behind that we should be stopped?"

When the Nehronlander smugly related that the bands had risen around Blackmoor and thrown off the yolk of the Overking's border lord, the trader demanded and received a few moments to talk the matter over with his men: "It'll make no difference, for one way or another you'll give over what we need." With that the warrior returned to his men, and Evan and his party moved back towards the caravan.

The trader's expression was stoney as he motioned the mercenary captain to him for conference: "This bodes no good, no good at all for us. That fellow means to have the better part of my goods, if not all of them, and that's certain. Tell me, good Rufus, what you make of his talk about an uprising on the border?"

The mercenary considered for a time before answering: "It is hard to say for certain how much truth is in the man's words. If there was a major operation against Blackmoor I believe that I'd have seen signs of it on the way, yet I noticed nothing. Again, the castle is far too strong to be taken without a long siege; even supposing these Nehron could manage that, relief would reach Blackmoor in plenty of time and put the attackers to rout." Evan grunted his agreement with these words. Rufus now spoke with conviction: "I judge the man a liar, master Evan. He seeks only to rob you under the guise of these other fancies. Why else would he waylay us here instead of simply awaiting the train at Weal?"

"My thoughts exactly, sir, but I am right glad that you've confirmed them. There is still a problem, and



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that is whether to try to force our way past these knaves or retreat and seek help from the Lord Marcher — what say you?"

"I counted most carefully, and there were but a score of rogues behind the barricade. They are well accoutered, but they are no match for the stout fellows who serve me. What you do, master Evan, is your decision, but I tell you that my men can scatter those bandits like chaff before the wind."

"Done!" the trader answered. "I would save time as well as fine goods. When I go forward, prepare you your warriors to fall upon the enemy. I'll tell their leader that we'll bring the mules ahead in order to meet his demands. Perhaps he'll then bring his men from behind their cover, thinking all is safe, and you can strike. If they stay behind their screen, give me a moment to start back to the caravan, and as you pretend to follow turn and charge." Rufus agreed that the plan was sound, and Evan went forth alone to carry out his part.

The Kimbri saw the members of his company who hailed from this land sadly shaking their heads at what had transpired. Vardobothet then turned to Dunstan and Mellerd: "Stick close by me once the fray is joined, young sir. You, Mellerd, should have no part in this, but as I know what is in your head you'll follow anyway. Just stay behind your master, and stay low in your saddle," and then he said to his friends in a low voice: "The Nehrons of our company know something they are not saying — and they like this naught. I fear that there will be bloody work here, and Captain Rufus may not have so easy a time as he supposes. Watch me, and if I give a signal, break from the melee and fly. These trees could be hiding a thousand warriors." Dunstan and Mellerd silently agreed, although the former dismissed summarily any idea connected with flight. Battle was his new calling and retreat a disgrace to even a would-be knight.

They watched the trader earnestly talking with the Nehronlander again, gesturing towards the pack animals to emphasize what he was proposing. He turned and slowly rode southwards again, with a half-dozen men emerging from the woods and following a few paces behind. So far things were going quite well; although more than two-thirds of the enemy were still behind the road block, those in the open were already dead men. A warning shout went up from the trees, but it was too late. There was a twanging of bows, and the six warriors fell feathered by twice that number of arrows. Rufus led his men into the midst of the Nehronlanders, spears lowered or flails swinging, with a straggle of bowmen behind. Despite his friend's admonition, Dunstan held back a moment spell-bound by the sight. The mercenaries were in among the trees beside the barricade now, and Rufus had already broken free to the road beyond and was smiting all about him with his sword. The woodland allowed scant archery, so most of the westerners had put by their bows in order to ply their sabres, but two or three stayed on the caravan's side of the barrier, firing over it at half-hidden targets. All transpired in an instant. Dunstan looked round for an opponent and spied a giant of a warrior stealing through the trees towards the rear of the horsemen.

"At them, Mellerd!" he cried, and couching his lance firmly beneath his arm, Dunstan charged the huge figure. The thunder of his stallion's hooves brought the man's head about with a jerk, but ere he could do more than look surprised the broad iron point took him full in the chest. Luckily the young man's feet were well-braced in the stirrups, for otherwise the force of the impact — even at less than a full gallop — would have knocked him ass over tea kettle. As it was, he reeled back, partially lifting the impaled warrior as the horse continued ahead. The lance then struck a tree and splintered in Dunstan's hand. Dazed, the newfound champion stared unbelieving, first at the grisly trophy pinned to the

tree trunk, then at the useless stick of ash remaining in his hand. Mellerd came up beside him and shouted something, but Dunstan couldn't understand it. He began to roar with laughter, and throwing aside the lance butt yanked his sword from the balderic at his left and started to urge his mount towards the melee ahead. Before reaching the press, however, chilling screams and howls like wild animals rent the air around them. Out of the fringe of pines poured at least a hundred raging men, and Dunstan's battle-rage left him in a trice.

Now the knot of conquering horsemen became a small island in a sea of warriors bent upon their destruction, and saddles were emptied right and left. There was no sign of Vardobothet and no hope of saving him in that circle of foemen. Dunstan reared his horse around in frantic haste, grabbed the bridle of Mellerd's palfrey, and headed back towards the caravan. There were more Nehron fighting men emerging from the trees beside the road. Fighting had already broken out in the midst of the mules, and before his eyes Dunstan saw Evan fall beneath a great, double-bitted axe. As the two riders dashed past one of the enemy jumped at them, trying to grab the reins. Without conscious effort the sword in Dunstan's hand rose and fell, the Nehronlander shrieked, and fell back dead. The train was past. There was still a great din behind them, and more howls from the woods proved that more of the enemy were arriving still! The horse responded gallantly to the spurs, and the reins of Mellerd's steed were jerked from his grasp. Turning, he saw that the smaller horse was still running close behind, for it had little weight to carry. The boy was clinging to the beast in terror, hands locked around great clumps of its mane.

"You must keep pace!" he shouted back to his servant and then paid no more attention to him. In cases like this it was every man for himself.

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D & D OPTION: DETERMINATION OF PSIONIC ABILITIES

by David W. Miller

For human and half-human player characters. Humans require a percentile die roll of 91, while half-humans require a roll of 95. These rolls do not take into consideration any of the players' other characteristics; however, a low intelligence would limit the number of abilities the character could learn to use, as well as extending the time necessary to learn to use additional abilities. Further, any character can have any of the thirty-seven known psionic abilities. It does not matter what class the character may choose, the fact of his humanity is the basis for his potential for psionic abilities. For this reason the character does not incur a penalty for acquiring additional abilities. After all being psionic they are subject to attack by psionic monsters and individuals.

For player characters with psionic potential there are three ways to learn how to use those abilities:

1. Spontaneously as stated in *Eldritch Wizardry*. In this regard the ability develops on its own. (The percentile roll is made as the next level is attained.)

2. Characters with psionic potential may learn to use other abilities from other characters. To do this requires the learner to have ESP (or have an ESP Medallion) and the teacher must have Telepathic Projection (or a Helm of Telepathy). The learning of attack and defense modes is performed in the same fashion.

When learning a new basic ability it would take one week per level of difficulty. The superior abilities taking 1½ weeks per level; while, the attack and defense modes take nine weeks each.

3. Lastly, any character can acquire a psionic ability magically, but this does not enable a non-psionic character to learn other psionic abilities except through magic. Unless the character is made magically psionic.

The abilities are divided into six categories: perceptions, control of own body, control of others, health & healing, control of mass & energy, and travel. Each section being progressively more difficult.

PSIONIC ABILITIES TABLE

(Numbers in parenthesis are the page numbers on which the ability is explained in *Eldritch Wizardry*.)

BASIC ABILITIES	SUPERIOR ABILITIES
Detection of Evil/Good (18)	Precognition (15)
Detection of Magic (18)	
Clairvoyance (16)	
Clairaudience (16)*	
ESP (18)	
Empathy (20)	
Body Weaponry (16)	Body Control (18)
Mind over Body (15)	Shape Alteration (20)
Suspend Animation (15)	Mind Bar (18)
Body Equilibrium (16)	
Reduction (14)	
Expansion (14)	
Levitation (15)	
Invisibility (15)	
Domination (15)	Mass Domination (21)
Hypnosis (18)	Telepathic Projection (21)
Animal Telepathy (21)	Telepathic Projection (19)
Cell Adjustment (20)	Aura Alteration (21)
Molecular Agitation (19)	Telekinesis (17)
	Molecular Rearrangement (17)
	Molecular Manipulation (18)
	Energy Control (16)
	Dimension Walking (17)
	Astral Projectin (17)
	Dimension Door (19)
	Teleportation (20)
	Etherealness (20)
	Probability Travel (21)

*The range of Clairaudience progresses the same as Clairvoyance.

Other than the abilities themselves the referee should consider some treasure items that are usable only by characters with psionic potential. Some of these could be natural, such as a mineral crystal which works like a crystal ball. Or perhaps, a crystal that will give off light when used by a psionic character.

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MORALE IN D & D

by Jim Hayes and Bill Gilbert

The great appeal of Dungeons and Dragons role-playing lies in the uncertainty of any action taken. It is the anticipation of standing before a sturdy oaken door in a corridor dimly lit by flickering torches, preparing to force it open. It is the uneasiness of finding an artifact of unknown purpose and attempting to discover its powers. It is leaping into combat with a foe of unknown skill and ability. And yet the allure of the game can tarnish in time through the dullness that can come from too much familiarity. Thus, in nearly every publication devoted to D&D, one can find new monsters, new classes of characters, or new magical items, all intended to add to the uncertainty of play.

As the players advance their characters through levels which reflect increasing experience, gaining various magical items to aid them along the way, they tend to begin taking the monsters they meet for granted. The DM is required to arrange encounters with more and more powerful creatures to keep alive the uncertainty of events. It soon becomes an escalating cycle of matching the strength of the creature met with the increasing strength of the player-characters. In seeking to maintain the sense of uncertainty, I have come to rely on the alternative of a system of morale checks in any combat which occurs during an expedition.

The fact that personal bravery affects one's performance in combat is utilized in the Boot Hill rules from TSR, and it can be a useful addition to D&D play. It adds a further individuality to the character created and will greatly affect his actions during moments of stress. Personal bravery may be found in the same manner as the standard characteristics, by rolling three six-sided dice. Another factor to consider is the effect that coming face to face with various creatures will have on a character. A man may face another man or a wild animal without flinching, but would run, screaming, from one of the Undead. This will entail rating each monster for their effect on morale.

The following system of morale checks is based on several factors which are considered before arriving at a final state during an encounter. The first is the personal bravery of the character, then the personal loyalty to the leader and the leader's charisma, also the presence of extranormal individuals in the party. This is weighed against the Monster Morale Effect (or Fright Factor) to determine whether the character will stand and fight, hesitate, or run. It restores the element of uncertainty to adventuring, for one is never sure of the bravery of his companions (or himself) until they are tested.

MORALE TABLE

DIE ROLL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
Chart #										
-5 or less	B	B	B	b	B	B	B	H	H	H
-4	B	B	B	B	B	B	H	H	H	H
-3	B	B	B	B	B	H	H	H	H	S
-2	B	B	B	B	B	H	H	S	S	S
-1	B	B	B	H	H	H	S	S	S	S
0	B	B	H	H	S	S	S	S	S	F
+1	B	H	S	S	S	S	S	S	F	F
+2	H	S	S	S	S	S	S	F	F	F
+3	S	S	S	S	S	F	F	F	F	F
+4	S	S	S	S	F	F	F	F	F	F
+5 or more	S	S	S	F	F	F	F	F	F	F

Definitions: B = Break and Run. Roll Dex. to see if he takes one round damage.

H = Hesitates. Does not fight . . . check again next melee round.

S = Stands and Fights. Check again if morale chart # changes.

F = Fights! No further morale check. 10% per round will berserk.

Personal Bravery Charisma

Loyalty (As rolled and adjusted for charisma and other incentives offered)

Dice Roll	±	Dice Roll	±	
3	-4	3	-4	3 or less -4 Morale
4	-3	4	-3	4 -3 Morale
5-6	-2	5-6	-2	5-6 -2 Morale
7-8	-1	7-8	-1	7-8 -1 Morale
9-12	0	9-12	0	9-12 0 Morale
13-14	+1	13-14	+1	13-14 +1 Morale
15-16	+2	15-16	+2	15-16 +2 Morale
17	+3	17	+3	17 +3 Morale
18	+4	18	+4	18 +4 Morale
				19 or more +5 Morale

Procedure:

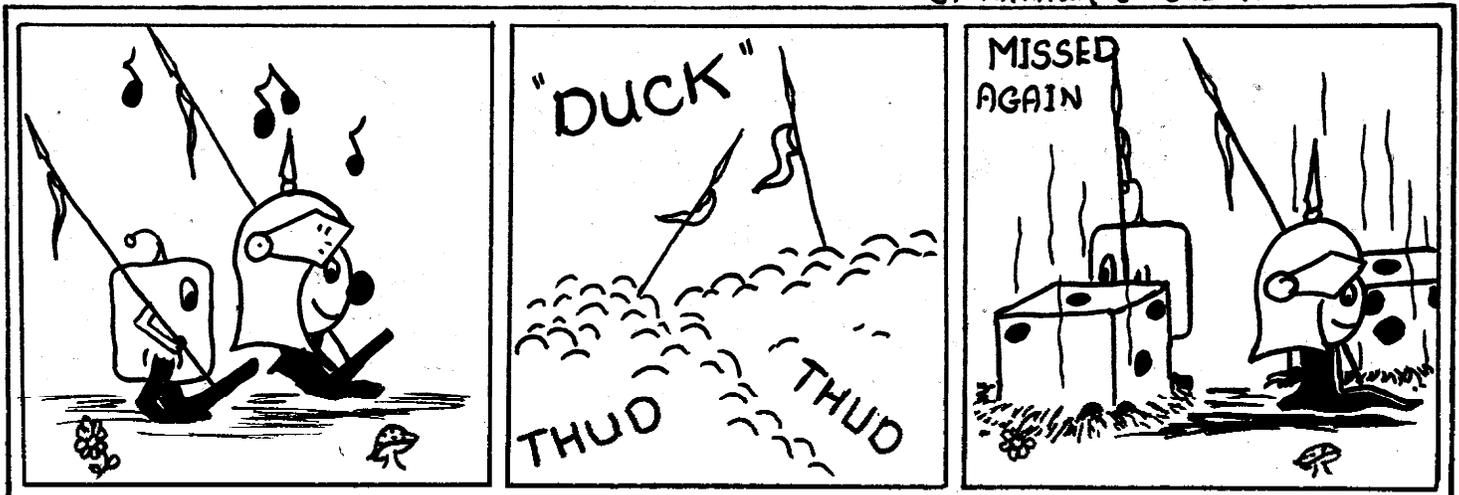
- Step #1: Add Bravery ± to Leader's Charisma ± to Loyalty ±
 - Step #2: Subtract Monster Morale Effect (Fright Factor) ±
 - Step #3: Add +1 each MU or Cleric in the party.
 - Step #4: Add +1 for each Ftr., MU, Cleric of L3 or L4; Add +2 for each of L5, L6; Add +3 for each of L7 or L8.
 - Step #5: Subtract for each of above on enemy side.
 - Step #6: Use resulting number for the Chart # and roll 10-side die.
- **Note: Each side surprised gives -1 Morale

Moral check after 1st Melee Round (if situation changes as follows). Add or subtract to or from previous result.

- 1 Each comrade that breaks, is disabled or killed.
- 2 Each MU or Cleric that breaks, is disabled or killed.
- 4 If leader breaks, is disabled, or killed.

THE DISENCHANTED FOREST

BY ARTHUR J. BREAR



- +4 If enemy leader breaks, is disabled, or killed.
- +2 Each enemy MU or Cleric that breaks, is disabled, or killed.
- +1 Every enemy fighter that breaks, is disabled, or killed.
- +1 Each comrade that berserks.
- 1 Each enemy that berserks.

In my play-by-mail campaign of Fantorgn, Humans make up the predominate percentage of the population. The other, more exotic races, are viewed with some suspicion and distrust, and this is reflected in the effect of these other races on the morale of a party.

- Each Elf in the party lowers Morale -2
- Each Dwarf lowers Morale -1
- Each 1/2 Elf lowers Morale -5
- Each Orc lowers Morale -3
- Each known Chaotic lowers Morale -4

Representative Rating List of the Monster Morale Effect

Type of Monster	Rating	Type of Monster	Rating
Man	0	Minotaur	-4
Goblin/Kobald	+2	Giant	-4
Orc	+1	Ogre	-2
Ghoul	-2	Beholder	-6
Spectral Undead	-6	Hell Hound	-5
Vampire	-8	Dragon	-6
Manticora	-3	Elemental	-8
Lycanthrope	-4	Balrog	-8

These figures may be altered according to the tastes of the DM. The effects are meant to represent the general effect the monster will have on men who are aware of their powers and appearance through legend and tales. Experience may modify these effects downward.

EXAMPLE: Klabath Durhn is in a party led by Maygreth the Fierce (Charisma of 15), including two 6th level fighters and three 4th level fighters, also a 5th level Mage and his three 2nd level assistants. There are also three Village Priests from the local Temple. Klabath also has a 1/2 elf guide and two elf hirelings as company. His loyalty to Maygreth is 10 (as determined by the adjusted die roll). The party runs into a pack of ogres, six in all, and they attack the party. Klabath is near the front. How will he react?

Klabath has a Bravery of 14. This gives a bonus of +1 which is added to Maygreth's Charisma Bonus (+2) and to the Loyalty Bonus (0), giving a result of +3. The Monster Morale Effect (6 Ogres at -2 each = -12) is figured. Maygreth is L7, so this is added to the pluses of the other higher level fighters, clerics and mages, giving a total of +19. These factors are added (+3 -12 +19 = +10). The negative effect of the elves is subtracted (-5 for the 1/2 elf and -4 for the other two = -9). This leaves him at a net of +1. Rolling against the chart, we get a result of 5 on the 10-sided die. Cross-referencing the +1 and the roll of 5, we find that Klabath will stand and fight. As the melee progresses, the chart will be consulted when any new + 's or - 's occur.

The Quickly Ending Adventures of Finieous Fingers And the Return of Fred & Charly

by jd





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DEATH ANGEL

by John Sullivan

Alignment: Neutral.
Hit Dice: 7 eight sided.
Number Appearing: 1.
Movement: 12/20
Armor class: 4.
Treasure: nil.

Attacks: 1 attack with Death
Scythe 1-12. Save
vs. Death at a -3.

DEATH ANGELS are highly intelligent and speak all languages telepathically. They act either as Oracles, warning a being or party of death; or they represent Death itself, being under a mission to kill a particular person or creature.

When killed, DEATH ANGELS vanish entirely, leaving no remains whatsoever.

DEATH ANGELS have the abilities of teleportation, as well as flying with their golden wings. Their teleport has no chance of failure, but they can not teleport out of melee.

Everytime a DEATH ANGEL hits with its scythe, their opponent must save vs. Death with a -3 on their saving throw. Should the individual save, they lose one point of constitution, which can only be given back by a clerical 'Restoration' or a Healer 'Energy' spell.

DEATH ANGELS do not dispel per se, but they can be turned like Vampires by a Cleric, but will return the next day, (or night), for they must fulfill their mission of death.

Those successfully killed by DEATH ANGELS, become DEATH ANGELS after three days, unless a raise dead attempt is made. A normal Raise Dead will not work, only a Raise Dead Fully will, and even then, it will only raise the victim like a regular Raise Dead. Also, when rolling for % chance for raising, roll as if the victim's constitution were 3. A Wish will work automatically to raise them. If a being is killed three times by a DEATH ANGEL, nothing, not even a wish will bring him back.

DEATH ANGELS are fingers of Fate, and thus utilized by very powerful entities, such as Gods, Demi-Gods, and some Liches and very few Evil High Priests of 20th level or higher. DEATH ANGELS are 95% resistant to all magic (including Clerical Magic), and they will only attack their intended victim, ignoring all others, and they will leave after killing them, either teleporting away, or flying away after they have fulfilled their mission of Death.

In as much as DEATH ANGELS will return again and again to kill their intended victim, the only way to permanently dispel DEATH ANGELS is to throw a remove curse upon them if they are slain battling their intended victim. This will allow them to go to eternal peace, which they only find by killing a victim, and having it replace them, for even if a body is burned, a victim of a DEATH ANGEL will always rise up three days later as a DEATH ANGEL, and therefore, there can be no more than one DEATH ANGEL serving any one master.

The Arduin Grimoire



by David
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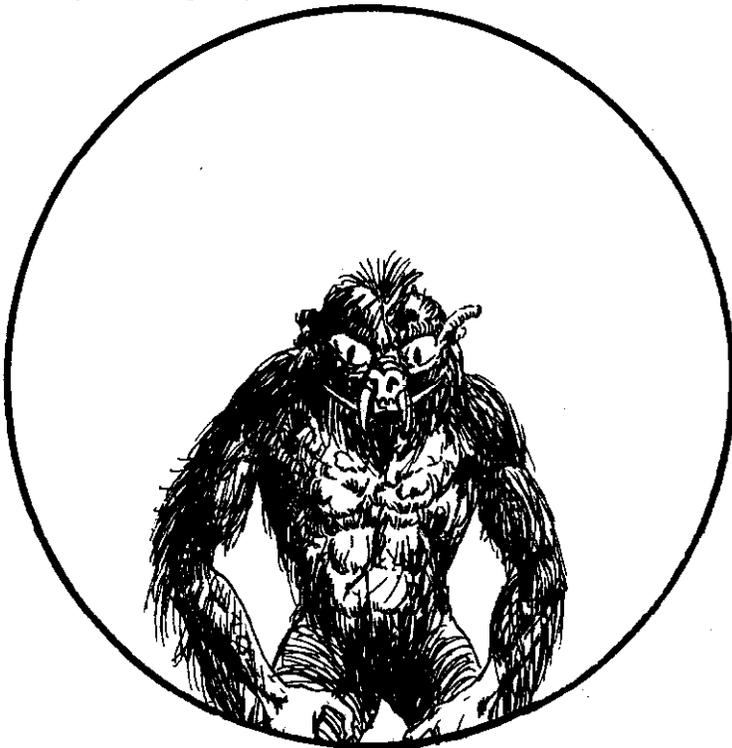
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MENTAL BLAST: These blasts have a maximum range of 100 feet.

LIFE LEECH: When points are leeched away and the leeching mutant takes damage, the hit points are first subtracted from those leeched first. *While the mutant only gets to keep leeched points for 24 hours, these points never return to their owners. *** (Note this Brian and stop trying to kill my poor gorilla?)*



DENSITY CONTROL (others): This power has a range of 100 feet.

MOLECULAR DISRUPTION: This mutation has a range of 100 feet.

DE-EVOLUTION: This mutation has a range of 100 feet.

DUAL BRAIN: This mutation allows two mental saving throws to be used for every mental attack, but triple the number of attacks is needed to raise a mutant's mental resistance by a factor of one.

PLANT MOBILITY: For deciding how fast any given plant creature moves, roll a die for a score of 1-12 and translate the number into yards per melee turn.

PLANT SYMBIOTIC ATTACHMENT: As animal mutation number 44; not like it is written.

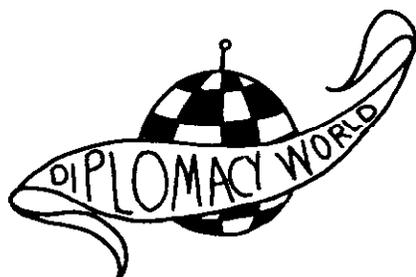
For any given poison it is only logical to assume that large concentrations in the body will disturb the system, no matter what the intensity, and/or the poison resistance. For the purposes of the game, assume that the second and further applications of any poison within one hour will reduce the being's poison resistance by a factor of two for eight hours or until neutralized.

In using the alternate missile chart, the numbers represent targets having an armor class of seven and referees should add one number for every armored target above seven in each range.

The Vibro weapons should have a weapon class of their own and it reads as follows:

ARMOR CLASS	WEAPON CLASS 9
1.....	10
2.....	9
3.....	8
4.....	7
5.....	6
6.....	6
7.....	4
8.....	3

More information will certainly come from me and many others that play "MA" in the nature of rules clarifications and additions to increase the judging and playing pleasure of everyone.



DIPLOMACY WORLD is a quarterly magazine on Diplomacy which is edited by Walter Buchanan, R. R. #3, Box 324, Lebanon, IN 46052 and subsidized by the Avalon Hill Game Company. The purpose of each 40-page offset issue is to present a broad overview of the postal Diplomacy hobby by printing articles on good play, zine news, listing rating systems, game openings, and printing a complete variant game and map with each issue. Subs are \$4.00 (\$4.50 foreign) with single copies \$1.25 each (payable to Walter Buchanan).

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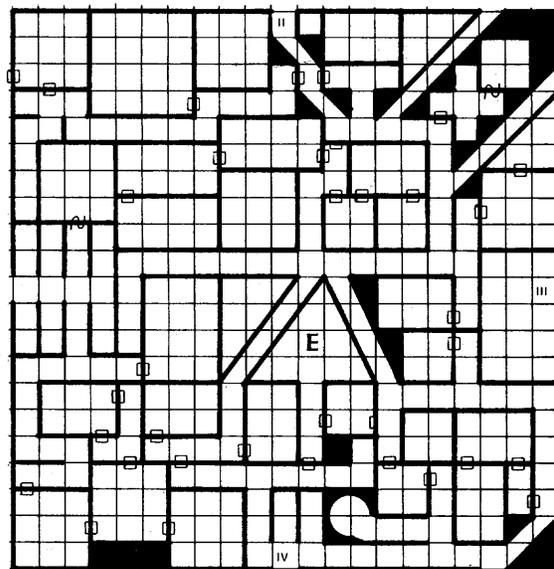
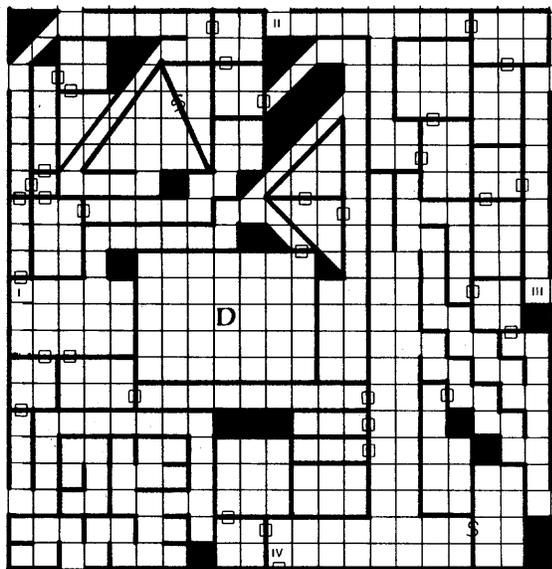
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