

The Dragon

#38

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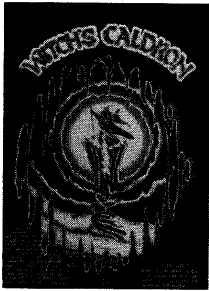


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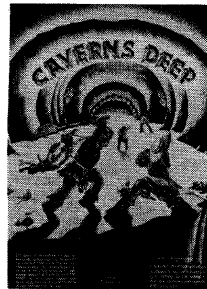
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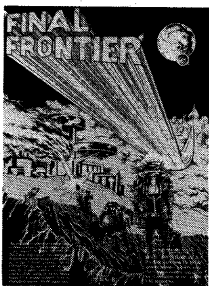
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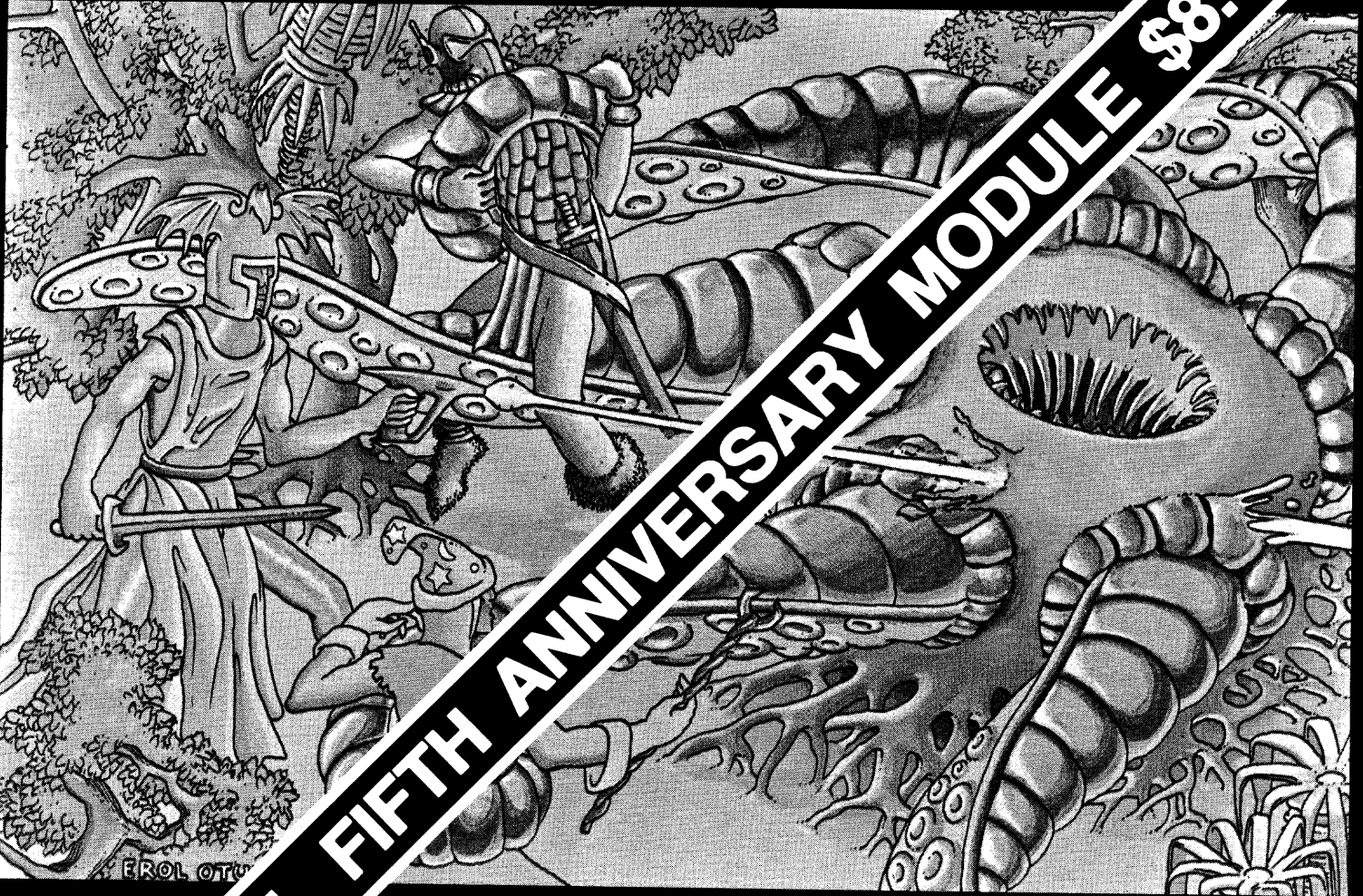
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This module was originally published in *ADVENTURES IN DUNGEONS & DRAGONS*® Tournament scenario at Origins II. The author wishes to express his thanks to Mr. B. [unreadable] who contributed substantial ideas for the various encounters herein. This version has been carefully revised and updated to conform to *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS*™. Included herein are background information, character statistics for a party substantially the same as that used for the tournament, DM notes, six level maps with encounter tables, and numerous full color illustrations of scenes from the adventure in order to enhance the enjoyment of the participants. There are also many new and special monsters designed for this scenario, and they appear nowhere else. This module is located upon the Map of the World of Greyhawk (WORLD OF GREYHAWK from TSR).

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In this corner... the undisputed champeen of gaming magazines, back again to knock you out with one of the most diverse issues we've ever assembled!

Our biggest drawing card is **RINGSIDE**, an easy-to-learn game in which players take the roles of fighters and managers, trying to rise to the top of the professional boxing world. The game was designed and written by **Brian Blume**, vice-president of TSR Hobbies, Inc. It can be found in the center of the magazine, from where it can be easily removed with a little dexterous maneuvering of the staples.

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This month's cover illustration is by **John Barnes**, who also did the dragon renderings which appear on *TD #33* and *Best of The Dragon*. The cover is a lead-in to our latest tale of Niall of the Far Travels, written by **Gardner Fox**, called *The Cup of Golden Death*.

In the "dungeon dressing" department, we offer a couple of unusual ways to spice up a playing environment. **Allen Wells** discusses the application of tesseract, and **Tom Moldvay** provides descriptions of planetary correspondences, which can be used to lend a consistent theme to any fantasy milieu.

It's no secret how *Top Secret* came into being—not any more, since **Jerry Epperson** acquired some information from the files of designer **Merle Rasmussen** and delivered it to *TD* in the dark of night. Speaking of designers, **John Ball** has time-warped an article to us from England, in which he sets forth strategy and tactics for *4th Dimension*.

If you didn't think **Fritz Leiber** and **Harry Fischer** had vivid (and devious) imaginations before, you will after seeing "Fafhrd and Mouser in the Dungeon," a cruel, cruel puzzle with which **F.C. MacKnight** concludes his series on *Lankhmar*. Other special articles include **Jon Mattson's** variant method of assigning spells to nasty NPC Magic-Users, and an "adventure story" by **Lewis Bryson** which proves, over and over again, that good things come in little packages.

And there are the usual regular features, adding even more to *TD's* variety and diversity. **Len Lakofka** scrutinizes dragons, and offers new types of his invention, in **Leomund's Tiny Hut**. **Fantasysmith's Notebook** tells all about a special new award to be given out at Origins '80, and how you can compete for it. **Glenn Rahman**, co-designer of *Divine Right*, continues the *Minarian Legends* series with *The History of Mivior*, illustrated by brother **Ken Rahman**. **Gary Gyax** tackles an assortment of issues in *From the Sorcerer's Scroll*—including the last word (perhaps...) on female dwarves and beards. Just in time for another disbursing of trophies, **John Prados** gives us information and observations about the Charles Roberts Awards in *Simulation Corner*. Our resident button-pusher, **Mark Herro**, refights the Civil War and battles the Klingons in *The Electric Eye*. **Kevin Readman's** illuminating beastie, the Flolite, is the newest addition to *Dragon's Bestiary*.

Saving the most colorful for the last, your trip through the pages of *TD #38* will end with the second installment of **Jasmine** and the first episode of another thrilling tale of **Finieous Fingers** and company.

Tucked away inside these 72 pages are two other very important items: the rules and regulations for *TD's* expanded International Dungeon Design Competition, and a ballot for readers to have their say in who gets the 1980 Strategists Club awards. We think your vote *does* make a difference, and we hope you feel the same way.—Kim

If your mailing label says TD 38
 this is your last issue... resubscribe



Well, it was bound to happen, but it's a little like saying good-bye to an old friend—this is the last issue of *THE DRAGON* to be published by TSR Periodicals. No, don't worry, *THE DRAGON* will still be around! But as of June 15, TSR Periodicals will become Dragon Publishing.

This name change is one of the final steps to be taken in the separation of our operations and TSR Hobbies. With the exception of renting time on the company's computer and certain legal technicalities associated with the corporate structure, Dragon Publishing will be an operation entirely separate from TSR Hobbies.

What's in a name? Well, Dragon Publishing more accurately reflects the actual nature of our business—we do not publish TSR Periodicals, we publish and distribute *THE DRAGON*; import and distribute *WHITE DWARF* and *THE WARGAMER*; we will be publishing and distributing an anthology of fantasy fiction in August; the 1981 "Days of the Dragon" fantasy art calendar is in the works, and will be jointly distributed by Random House and Dragon Publishing; and a myriad of other publishing projects (including the long-awaited "Collected Adventures of Finieous Fingers") are being planned or are already in progress.

So, keep those cards and letters coming, but after June 15 (coincidentally, the fourth birthday of *THE DRAGON*), make sure they are addressed to Dragon Publishing, P.O. Box 110, Lake Geneva WI 53147.

THE DRAGON continues to grow, and this month we add another person, bringing our staff to a total of six full-time employees. New kid on the block this month is Dawn Pekul. Dawn will be responsible for all the Dragon Publishing accounting functions. Welcome aboard, Dawn.

In the "tsk-tsk" department this month, we'd like to let everyone know that last year

at Origins Mike Barbaro of Bronx, New York won the "Best Fantasy Army" category in the miniatures competition; but has yet to receive the trophy promised for the winner. Last month in *THE DRAGON* the Fantasysmith reported this in his column, but implied that Strategy & Fantasy World was responsible for supplying the trophy. Not so, according to S&FW, who claims the Origins '79 Committee is responsible. Mike's still waiting.

Don't forget, TSR Periodicals/Dragon Publishing will be sponsoring tournaments at some of this year's major conventions, including Origins, GenCon, and PacifiCon—and we still need more judges for *The Awful Green Things from OuterSpace*, *Circus Maximus*, *Star Fire*, and *Ironclads*. If you plan on attending any of these conventions and would like to be a judge, drop us a line and let us know. We'll see to it that you get into the convention for free on the days that you are judging.

This issue of *THE DRAGON* also marks the end of another printing volume, which seems like a good point for us to do some collating and come up with an index for the last four years' worth of magazines. Right? Assistant editor Kim Mohan has already drawn up a rough draft listing (more out of self-defense than anything else, I think—it gets awful tough to remember every article used in 38 magazines). Hopefully, we'll run it in TD #40 in August.



The Dragon

The Premier Magazine of Games and Gaming

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'Official AD&D'

Dear Editor:

Two points which I must bring up regarding material in DRAGON #35 (March).

In her "Sage Advice" column, Jean Wells states that a magic-user can cast spells while one of his or her hands is engaged in holding an object such as a dagger, wand, staff, or the like. This broad affirmative must be modified. The magic-user can cast spells with one hand *provided* the spell has no material component(s)! It is also true if the spell has no somatic component, of course. However, any spell with V, S, and M components requires the caster to have both hands free. (This is official AD&D).

There are a few clarifications and comments I wish to make regarding "Forsooth, Fantasy-smith!" too. Slings outranged many ancient bows, (presumably the simple types, the recurved cane bows, and so forth) and had penetrating power, when slinging lead bullets, greater than most bows. Simple bows are fairly easy to make, the exception being a truly fine simple longbow. Compound bows are far more difficult to make, and when compound recurved reflex bows such as the Mongols fashioned are considered, the mind boggles at the time and labor expended in the manufacturing process for weapons sufficient to equip a tuman or two. Slings are very simple to make, easier than a simple bow by far. The ammunition for slings, even metal pellets, is likewise easier to find or make than arrows are to fabricate. Slings were never as popular as bows, and disappeared from the military scene for a very simple reason. It is very hard to employ a sling with accuracy. Slings have to grow up with the weapon and continue practicing constantly. Also of importance is the fact that slingers must skirmish in relatively open order, while bowmen can form and volley in close order. The same frontage of bowmen will generate many more missiles than slingers can.

The bow never dominated Europe. The English/Welsh longbowmen certainly influenced English, French, and Scottish history, but the crossbow played a far more important role in the history of the entire Continent. Longbowmen had to be trained from boyhood, fed exceptionally well as compared to other foot troops so that their strength would be up for pulling their weapons, and the bows were hard to make. The slower-firing heavy crossbow could, in fact, outrange the longbow in any event, and eventually masses of easily trained crossbowmen, with easily manufactured weapons, were pretty well standard in all European armies. . . the English certainly used them also. Light crossbows were employed by horsemen, it is worth noting. Asia was, on the other hand, pretty well dominated by the bow until the advent of the musket. If medieval Europeans had trouble with Asiatic archers, so did ancient ones—consider the

Romans versus the Parthians. Alexander didn't seem to have such problems with the Persian host—which gives one pause until it is remembered that generalship and troops are key factors to date in the history of warfare. Anyway, "field plate" for Europeans *circa* 1239 wasn't much compared to their armor a century or two later when Mongol-type bows for employment on horseback couldn't pierce it. Longbow shafts could, so could heavy crossbow bolts, so could balls from arquebuses.

Aztecs and Incas didn't employ the bow in warfare—they used slings to propel egg-sized stones at the Spanish. These missiles were known to crack steel breastplates. A single hit would fell a horse in its tracks. These slingers were good, but such heavy stones meant short range, and the Spanish crossbows and firearms easily outranged them.

Whatever the weapon use. I am more and more convinced that the morale of the troops was usually the deciding factor in battle. Numbers, position, leadership, and logistics are also crucial, of course. Now if the English could have fielded a few regiments of longbowmen during the Napoleonic Wars, we'd have historical proof of just how much better that weapon was than the musket which had displaced it. Lack of archers, bows, and training were all that prevented such an occurrence. . . .

Gary Gygax—Lake Geneva, WI

Inflation I

Dear Editor,

You might say that I am a newcomer to D&D, for I have been playing for only a year. In this time I have experienced many DM's, players, and systems of play. I have noticed another example of "Character Inflation."

The DM that I usually play with is very fair about magic and experience. Magic is seldom found and a tough opponent must be fought to obtain it. He gives out a fair amount of experience points. My highest character is a fourth-level saint (The Arduin Grimoire). The highest player character in this world is a seventh-level Fighter.

He is a fine Dungeon Master, very experienced, and has many good ideas. The thing that bothers me is that some of the other players create ridiculously powerful characters. For example, my saint is mediocre (STR:4, INT:9, WIS:16, DEX:13, CON:13, CHA:10). Some of the other players, one in particular, make most of their characters have at least two eighteens. One fourth level Cleric has a STR:13, DEX:18, WIS:16, CON:16, INT:10, CHA:18; this is probably that player's worst character. Another friend has a Cleric-Fighter with STR, DEX, and WIS of eighteen. I think this is ridiculous! When I roll a character I take what I get no matter how low his abilities. The way I look at it, the lower the character's abilities the more challenging it

will be to play him. Some people feel so unsure of their ability to play that they make up exceptional characters that are seldom hit, know many spells, and can slaughter their enemies even with low rolls and poor playing. Characters with super-human characteristics take the fun and the challenge out of the game.

Andy Hartman—Southfield, MI

Inflation II

Dear Editor,

I am co-ref of a "character-inflated" (special thanks to Howard Cohen in TD #35. . .) campaign in which I am the "liberal" ref (I profess the evil) and my counterpart is the "conservative" (He professes the good). Obviously, I take the brunt of the blame for our deadly 10th-level campaign, but I have always claimed innocence.

With me as DM, Gary Gygax's "Hall of the Fire Giant King" was literally cleaned out by a marauding group of average 9th-level characters, and one of the characters was an Anti-Paladin slinging a Hammer of Thunderbolts, which is truly a vicious weapon. Even playing the dungeon to the utmost in viciousness, those relentless attacks with a weapon of such killing capacity proved uncontrollable. As our campaign grows (in power, not quality) even the gods themselves are not immune to our power-hungry players.

My counterpart and I, while discussing how to stop our characters, have considered banning the Wish spell. Although I avoid being called "liberal," I still believe the wish is not all too powerful—particularly because the prerequisites to use the Wish are so high: level 18, intelligence 18. It is even more infuriating than ever when we try to use aging tables on wish-happy (some-what like trigger-happy, but worse) MU's that have *Potions of Longevity*. We have decided to leave the wish, and I plan to attack the characters with legions of angels, neglecting losses as refs and killing indiscriminately. Finally, I can honestly say (from experience) that a character-inflated campaign is not a game—it is an ordeal.

Drew Betz—Maumee, OH

Inflation III

Dear Editor,

The first time I adventured into D&D was at a MDG MichiCon about 4 years ago. I have experienced the Original D&D, *Basic D&D*, *D&D/AD&D*, and *AD&D* metamorphosis. I have also observed the phenomenon called "character inflation" that Mr. Howard Cohen has described. I think that the best answer to super characters that come as thieves in the night is *CLOSED!! CAMPAIGNS!!!!* If you keep your campaign closed, not letting any player-character play in it unless he starts and stays in your campaign, there is no way for players to obtain anything you don't know or approve of. This is really true if you keep accurate records of the magic you hand out and all the attributes of the player characters involved. It eliminates situations like: "ah, you say you got that rod of combined Dragon, Giant, Undead God, Demon, Devil and fruit-fly control from your sister's boyfriend's cousin that was up from Mississippi the weekend before last?"

Our association must have nearly a dozen closed campaigns going on right now, and it leads to a lot of variety (some people even run

(Turn to page 51)

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His fingertips brushed gently at the earth surrounding the curving edge of something that glittered with golden fire under the rays of the hot Lurydian sun. His heart thudded wildly under his mail shirt and leather jacket. For a moment Niall of the Far Travels drew back away from what he had found and stared about him.

Everywhere his eyes went, he saw the flat moors, a wild desolation of empty land where once had stood part of the kingdoms of the Five Gods. Nearby were the tumbled stones of a citadel, long ago abandoned by whoever had inhabited it. Gone were the men and women of that kingdom; only remained now the fables and the legends.

Niall was hunting for one of those legends.

His huge hand went out to the sand, brushed more avidly at it. The tiny grains flew away, disclosing a rounded bit of metal. The breath came short and fast now to his lungs; excitement was awash inside him.

"Maralia!" he bellowed.

A girl came running across the flat moorland, her red hair glinting in the sunlight. She wore a thin, short skirt and a vest, and little more. The vest was held together by silver chains, and it was decorated with silver thread that bespoke her rank as high priestess of the god-being, Humalorr.

She fell to her knees beside him, her eyes hungry at the sight of that which he had partially uncovered. Her tongue came out to moisten her ripe, red lips.

"Have you found it? Is it the—cup of the god?"

Niall grunted. "Who knows? I'd stake my life on the fact that it's a ceremonial cup of some kind, but whether it belongs to your god or not, you yourself have to decide."

Maralia slid her eyes sideways at this big blond youth who was the warlord of Ugrik and a great favorite of its king, Lurlyr Manakor. He was also held in high regard by Queen Amyrilla, for was it not Niall of the Far Travels who had saved Amyrilla from the death promised her by Thyra, who had been queen before her? It was also whispered that Niall of the Mighty Arms was oddly favored by the demon-queen Emalkartha of the Eleven Hells.

Maralia was afraid of Niall.

Yet she was sworn to do what had been whispered into her ears by the high priest short days ago, when they had been last in Ugrik. Niall was to go with her to the moors of Lurydia. There they were to find the ancient cup which once had been used by the wizard

Yellixin, in the ancient days when there had been a citadel standing where they now knelt.

After that—

Maralia swallowed. She was to kill Niall and bring the cup back to the high priest, to Aldon Hurazin himself. And Aldon Hurazin would hide the cup so that it might not be used to save the life of Lurlyr Manakor.

She whispered, "I can't tell. It's half hidden by the dirt. Remove it, Niall."

He put out his big hands, dug his massive fingers into the ground, tightened them about the cup. As he did so, his flesh tingled, and something in his brain whispered to him that this cup was evil. Evil!

Niall shook himself. No need now to worry about any evil. He and the girl were all alone, far out here on the moors. There were no enemies about. Even if there were, Niall did not fear them. Not if they were human enemies, anyhow.

The cup came upward out of the ground and the sun blazed down on it, making it shimmer, making it seem to draw brightness from the sunlight, so that it shone as if with inner fire.

Maralia stared, whimpering.

Oh, she had heard tales of this cup! She knew how it was used by Yellixin long, long ago, of how it helped him perform some of the mightiest magic that had ever been worked by man. Now she was to take the cup, bring it to Aldon Hurazin.

Yet first, she must kill Niall.

He would never let her take the thing to the high priest. Pundor Everit, who was the king's physician, was awaiting the cup, hoping to use it and its magic power to cure Lurlyr Manakor of the illness which was slowly sapping his strength, slowly killing him.

Pundor Everit had tried everything else, to no avail. The king still lay in a deathlike trance. If something drastic were not done, he would die. And so, by order of Queen Amyrilla, Niall and she had set out for the moorlands of Lurydia.

Let it go, Niall! Now! At once!

His big hands opened and the cup fell to the ground.

Hal! That had been the voice of Emalkartha speaking to him, the goddess of the Eleven Hells, who had first come to him in human shape as Lythia. Since then, the goddess had been protector and lover to him, and looked with jealous eyes on any who sought to take Niall for her own.

He waited, but the voice spoke to him no more.

Maralia cried out and reached for the cup, catching it in her hands almost crooningly. She bent over it and stared down into its

bowl, as though she sought to read the future in it. Niall eyed her wonderingly. Why should she be able to hold this thing and he not?

He sighed. It was a question to which he really wanted no answer. Sufficient for him was the fact that Emalkartha thought it dangerous to him.

Maralia lifted her eyes to stare at Niall. They were black, those eyes, and it seemed to Niall as he met them that they were merciless. But that was silly. What could a girl like Maralia do to him? True, she could slide a dagger between his ribs while he was asleep, but he did not believe her capable of that. No, he was being overly imaginative.

He rose from his knees, brushing the moor dirt from them. "We have the cup. Time now to be returning. The king is dying; we must hurry."

Maralia still knelt there, clutching the cup to her bosom. She seemed so little, so helpless, there on the ground. She was a pretty thing, too. Her body was well-rounded and her legs were very shapely. The vest was partly open, to show a swell of breast.

Niall! She is dangerous!

He had to grin. Trust Emalkartha to keep an eye on him when he went traveling across half a world with only a pretty female beside him. He wondered if she had been watching ever since they left Urgrik.

Indeed I have. For your own protection.

He could almost hear her sniff.

"You going to kneel there all day?" he asked.

Maralia shook her head so that her black hair swirled about her shoulders. "No. No, of course not."

She got to her feet and walked ahead of him toward their little encampment. His eyes dwelt on her swaying hips, her curving legs. His eyes left her almost reluctantly, but he knew better than to make Emalkartha angry at him. Something inside him made him vaguely aware that he would need that goddess very desperately before he got back to Urgrik.

As he came up to the small fire he had built to cook their evening meal, he said, "We'll sleep the night here, then make an early start."

She did not hear him. She was seated on a stool before her tent, bent over the cup, staring down at it with wide eyes, as though the golden bowl were communing to her. Niall watched her a moment, then shrugged.

He busied himself with thort steaks, with a winesack. They had plenty of food, enough wine. He had expected to be here far longer. It had been sheer luck that had made him see the rim of the cup where it projected above the moorland, its gold caught by the rays of the sun.

Or—had it been luck?

Were there forces here at work that he did not understand? Was some god anxious to cure Lurlyr Manakor? Could that be why he had found the cup so easily? Niall felt uneasy. He did not like gods and goddesses—excepting always Emalkartha, of course! They were too selfish, too unconcerned with the well-being of humans.

He cooked the steaks, giving them all his attention. There was a hunger in him for meat, for wine. It may have been because he had not eaten since dawn, and it was almost sunset now. He turned the steak over and watched as the flames seared it.

He glanced over at Maralia.

She was not there. The stool stood empty.

He rose to his feet and turned.

The girl stood within three paces of his back, and there was a long dagger in her hand. In her other hand she held the cup.

Their eyes locked, and Niall told himself that Maralia looked murderous, almost as if she had been going to plunge that long Orravian dagger into him. But that was nonsense.

He grinned at her. "You going to cut me-or that steak I'm cooking for your meal?"

She seemed to emerge from a daze. "What? Oh. The steak, of course. What else?"

Her feet carried her past him to the fire. She bent down to slice a portion of a steak. Niall eyed her curving rump. He ought to slap that pretty rump of hers, bring her back to the world around them. She seemed almost to be sleepwalking.

He watched her move toward her stool and seat herself, clutch-

ing the steak with both hands and biting into its succulent meat with strong teeth. The cup was between her feet. Well, let her guard the cup, then. He didn't want anything to do with it, except to get it back to Urgrik in time to save Lurlyr Manakor's life.

They ate silently, Niall relishing the thort steak and the swallows of wine he took right from the sack itself. The girl ate nothing beyond that first piece she had sliced off. Well, that was all right with him. He could eat it all.

The stars were out now, and as he eyed them, he felt tiredness creep into his muscles. They had come fast and far from Urgrik, they were mounted on the best horses the palace could supply, and they had made good time. But now his big body was tired.

He rose to his feet, stretching.

Maralia was still crouched on her stool before her tent, clasping the cup and staring down at it. Niall said, "I'm going to sleep."

She paid him no attention. It was as if she did not hear him, that her thoughts were far away. Niall studied her a moment, then shrugged. Let the girl dream. She could sleep in the saddle tomorrow.

He lay down on the blanket that was both mattress and pillow for him, and his eyes closed. In moments, he was asleep . . .

Niall—wake!

His eyes snapped open. Maralia was crouching by him and that long Orravian dagger was uplifted, about to plunge into his throat.

Niall was like a wild animal in his movements. All his life he had fought, had been faced with danger. Now he reacted like a panther. His left arm lifted, hit the hand that held that dagger, drove it sideways. At the same time his right hand came up and clouted the girl on the side of her head.

He knocked her across the tent where she fell in a limp huddle. Niall had risen to his knees. His hand reached for the dagger that he had driven from her hand and tucked it into his belt. Then he rose to his feet and crossed to where she lay.

She was breathing; he hadn't killed her with that blow. But her cheek would show the mark of his hitting for a few days.

Niall caught up some rope and tied her hands behind her back, then hobbled her ankles. Let her sleep, he told himself. In the morning he would tie her on her horse and, like that, take her back to Urgrik.

He walked out into the night and scowled down at the fire. Why had the girl tried to kill him? Had this been the second time she had attempted to do so? She had been right behind him with that dagger before they had eaten. Of course, she had said she was merely going to cut the steak. But that might have been an excuse thought up on the spur of the moment.

But—why? Why should she want to kill him?

"You're a big innocent fool, that's one reason," said a voice off to one side.

Niall whirled, his hand going to the hilt of his great sword Blood-drinker. A woman stood in the shadows, barely revealed by the fireflames. She wore a torn garment that clung to her body here and there, and exposed more of it than it hid. Long hair, as black as Corassian ebony, hung to her shoulders.

"Lylthia!" he bellowed, and ran toward her.

Laughing, she sought to dodge him, but his arms were too quick. He caught her soft body up against his own and covered her mouth with kisses. She clung to him with her arms, urging her body into his, but after a moment she tried to push away, banging on his broad shoulders with both fists.

"Let me go, silly! You're worse than a Porangan bear! You'll snap my ribs."

His arms eased their hold on her a little, but she snuggled up against him, her head resting on his chest. "Have you missed me?"

"As I've missed your kisses, your caresses."

"Ha! You've been eyeing that wench you have with you often enough."

He grinned. "She tried to knife me, the little tart. I think she's gone mad."

"No, no. She was ordered to kill you, just as soon as you found the cup."

"But why?"

"Because Aldon Hurazin wants the cup. He saw his chance when your king fell ill. He talked the physician into agreeing to send you and the high priestess for the cup."

Lylthia sighed. "The girl was to kill you and bring the high priest the cup. And so I warned you, woke you from sleep to make you save your life."

She leaned against him and shook her head. "We have a pretty tangle here, my love. Aldon Hurazin wants the cup—and so does the god he worships, Humalorr."

Niall scowled. "Maybe my wits have abandoned me, but if the god wants it, why doesn't he ask his high priest to get it for him?"

"Because if Aldon Hurazin gets his hands on that chalice, it will give him great power over his god. Humalorr will have to grant him all his wishes."

Niall sat down on a stool and drew Lylthia down beside him. His arms were about her, holding her to him, even as he asked, "So what do we do?"

"First of all, I have to keep you alive. I haven't decided about the cup. I may give it to Humalorr as a favor, or I might keep it in one of my eleven hells—just to make certain that Humalorr doesn't try to blame you for what may happen."

Niall ran his hand up and down her smooth thigh. Lylthia whispered, "You are very foolish. You should be worrying about what may happen."

His grin was infectious. "I'd rather think about you. It's been a long time since you came to me."

She sighed and kissed his lips. "Later, my big barbarian. When all this trouble has been removed." She scowled at him. "You worry me, you know. You don't take danger seriously. And there is danger. Much danger."

"But not now," he said softly, his hand caressing her back.

Lylthia sat up straighter, pulling away from him. "The cup. Where is it?"

"Somewhere about. Maralia never lets it get far away from her,"

"Go look for it, Niall. But on your life, don't touch it."

He sighed as she rose from his lap and then got to his feet. "It ought to be somewhere around. You wait here."

She did not stay where he had told her, but walked with him as he padded about the camp. The cup was nowhere to be seen. Niall stared at his tent, where he had left the girl. Could she have brought the cup into his tent while on her mission of death?

Niall walked forward, vaguely aware that Lylthia walked in his footsteps. He strode to his tent, drew back the flap. Instantly his eyes went to the figure of the tied-up Maralia.

"By the Eleven Hells!" he rasped.

The girl at his side whispered fiercely, "The cup, Niall! Throw a blanket over it—or the girl will die!"

The cup was gleaming with brilliant golden fire that reached out in all directions. But mainly it seemed to be stretching out aureate tendrils toward the unconscious girl. And where those tendrils touched her—

Her skin was tinted golden!

2.

Niall moved like a striking panther. His hand shot out, caught up a blanket, tossed it over the cup. Instantly the tent was dark, with only the faint red flames of the fire outside it touching its interior with reddish light.

The gold that had touched the girl was still upon her. Niall crouched, moving forward, hand out. His fingers went to her arm, which shone like the arm of a golden statue in the fireflames. He touched what seemed to be cold metal.

Yet, even as he touched, warmth came to his fingers and he saw that the golden pallor of her skin was fading.

Above him, Lylthia whispered, "There was not enough time for the cup to do its task."

Her words made Niall shudder and he turned to stare up into her eyes. "Are you telling me that—"

"Yes, yes! Of course I am! Do you think me so weak as to be

frightened of any normal thing? I tell you that cup is evil. Evil! Just as evil as Yellixin the wizard was evil.

"A thousand centuries ago, Yellixin dwelt here on this moor, in a castle the ruins of which have sunk into the soft ground over all the years. Yellixin, who searched the stars and the gulfs of space about them for gods to serve him.

"He found Humalorr and learned how to take control of him through a cup made of this special gold, gold he found in a big lump in a cavern deep in the Kalbarthian Mountains. He hammered out that gold himself after melting it down with special incantations. Melted it down and shaped it, always whispering spells, as though to seal each magical word into the very shape and metal of the cup."

Lylthia clutched his hard shoulder. "There is a tale told of how a man who worshipped Humalorr came to Yellixin and stole the cup. It was after the cup was stolen that Humalorr destroyed the castle Yellixin had built and all within it, and took the magician off into the worlds of Humalorr to torture him for all eternity."

Before them, Maralia stirred and murmured in broken words, and her face was a mask of awful fright. Her lids went up, her black eyes stared at Niall.

"You live," she whispered. "Oh, thank all the gods! I—I tried to kill you because Aldon Hurazin wanted you dead. I was to bring the cup to him and—the cup! Where is it?"

"Hidden under that rug. Rest easy, now. You're safe enough."

His hand touched the thick red hair of the high priestess, and as he caressed that hair and the eyes of the girl gleamed up at him, Niall felt Lylthia's nails bite into his arm.

Suddenly Maralia noticed Lylthia. Her eyes focused on her, and it seemed to Niall that they were terrified eyes. "Who is—she?" Maralia whispered.

"A wanderer on the moor," said Lylthia slowly. "I was ill and half out of my mind when I saw your fire and came toward it."

Maralia glanced at Niall. "I am afraid," she whispered. "Afraid of the cup—yet just as afraid of Aldon Hurazin and what he will do to me when I come back to him without it. He will kill me slowly by tortures."

She shuddered. Lylthia slipped past Niall and knelt, her hand to the girl's forehead. "Sleep now. No harm will come to you."

Maralia closed her eyes. In moments, she was asleep. Over her reclining figure, Niall stared at Lylthia.

"What now?" he whispered hoarsely. "Now that we have the cup, what are we going to do with it?"

"Carry it with us, until I can make up my mind what ought to be done with it."

Lylthia moved away from the sleeping Maralia, bent to wrap the cup more securely in the blanket. She carried it out to the fire and put it down. She stood then, staring down at it, frowning thoughtfully. Niall came up to her, put his arm about her shoulders and brooded with her at the cup. . . .

Morning dawned across the Lurydian moorlands in a blaze of crimson sunlight. It tinted the few rocks a dull scarlet, and the edges of the thick heather a leaden bronze. Soon now those colors would change as the sun turned golden, but for now there was a dreaminess, an unreality, across the land.

Niall woke Maralia, told her to go eat while he folded their tents and made packs for their horses. It took him only a little while, then he went to squat down beside Lylthia and reach for some of the meat she had been roasting.

"We will travel fast," he told them, noting that Maralia edged closer to him. "There are roving bands of outlaws here and there on the edges of the moors. They live here because it is a lonely, abandoned countryside, yet it is close enough to the caravan routes to make it profitable for them."

"Suppose we meet these bandits?" Maralia whispered, eyes wide.

"Then we'll have to run—or fight." Niall shrugged. "We have fast horses. We may be able to outdistance any pursuit. But we must remain together."

He helped Lylthia up into the saddle, then did the same for Maralia. A moment he paused, looking up at the high priestess.

"I'll tie the blanket that holds the cup to my saddle," he told her. "Don't try to touch it again. If you do, it means your death."

She looked down at him, her eyes hooded. Niall could not read those eyes, but he told himself if she were fool enough to try and hold that cup again, she deserved the fate that would overtake her. That cup was devil-spawned. It was accursed, filled with all the magics with which Yellixin could imbue it.

His great shoulders shrugged. He had warned her; he could do no more. His head lifted and he stared north and eastward in the direction of Urgrik. They had a long road yet to travel.

He swung into the saddle and with Lylthia riding easily beside him, he headed away from the ancient ruins of the City of the Five Gods. They rode at a swift canter, then at a gallop. From time to time, Niall slowed the horses to a walk, to conserve their energies. If they were to meet danger, he did not want to be astride a tired horse.

All that day they rode, until the moorlands changed slowly into great, rolling plains where the grass was high and swayed easily to the wind which swept across them. They did not stop for a noontime meal; Niall was in too much of a hurry for that. These grasslands were the home of the bandits who preyed on the caravans following the roadway between Urgrik and distant Noradden on the shore of the Pulthanian Sea.

As he rode, Niall scanned the prairies, alert for the slightest hint of movement. As yet he had seen nothing and no one, but he was too much the realist to believe that he might go a second time unseen through these lands.

When he had crossed them on his way to the City of the Five Gods—or what was left of it—he and the high priestess had traveled at night. He might have waited until the stars were out to come this way a second time, but there was an impatience in him to be rid of the cup.

Niall did not like gods or magic. He was a man and he would have preferred to fight a dozen men than have anything to do with necromancy. Still, he lived in a world where magic was almost away of life, and so he had always to be on his guard.

As the sun set and long shadows began to creep over the prairie, his left arm lifted to signal a halt to his companions. Maralia drooped in the saddle, and even Lylthia showed some of the strain of the long ride in her lovely face.

"We camp here," he told them. "It's as good a place as any." His arm moved to call their attention to a stand of great rocks, off to one side, where a few trees grew. "That's likely to be an oasis of sorts, with water. We'll stop there."

They walked their horses closer to the rocks. Niall swung from the saddle with a warning to the women to stay where they were. He drew Blood-drinker and advanced cautiously, bent over a little, his eyes scanning those tumbled rocks and the somewhat stunted trees. He leaped onto the rocks, moved from one to another with great bounds.

Then he was on the lip of a flat stone, staring downward at a tiny pool of water surrounded by grass. It was a beautiful place, unsuspected by chance passersby, a haven for the weary, a tiny fragment out of Paradise. Exultation swelled in Niall's chest. Here they would spend the night. Here they would rest for the rest of their journey back to Urgrik.

He did not notice the tiny mist that swirled lightly above the pool waters.

He went down the rocks and to the women.

"Come. We sleep here the night. There is water to drink and grass for the horses. We can build a cooking fire that will not be noticed because of the rocks around."

They led the horses up the lowest of the rocks. The animals had to scramble, but Niall was always there to lend a hand or a push at a mount's hindquarters. Within moments, they were inside the rock-bowl and standing on the grass.

They drank the pool water, then led their horses to it. Niall built a fire and Lylthia brought the thort steaks to the flames. Maralia went off by herself to a rock at the edge of the pool and sat with her bare feet dabbling in the water.

The stars came out clear and bright overhead, and there was a



cool breeze whispering about them. Maralia yawned and sought her blanket. Lylthia leaned against Niall and let him caress her.

The mists upon the water thickened slightly and stirred, moving this way and that. From where they sat, staring into the fireflames, Niall and Lylthia did not notice.

Finally the girl yawned. "I'm sleepy," she admitted. "It was a long ride and I'm not used to such things."

Niall nodded. "I can sleep myself. But let's lie here, close beside each other."

They stretched out beside the fire. Their eyes closed. They slept.

Slowly now the mists gathered, oozed slowly outward from the water, onto the land and toward the three sleeping humans, almost as if in curiosity. They touched Maralia, slipped from her feet upward onto her thighs and rounded hips, her breasts. The high priestess stirred, moaning faintly.

Her eyes opened, dreamily. She felt very relaxed, so much so that she did not want to move. And yet something in the back of her mind nagged at her. What was it that was so important? She stirred restlessly.

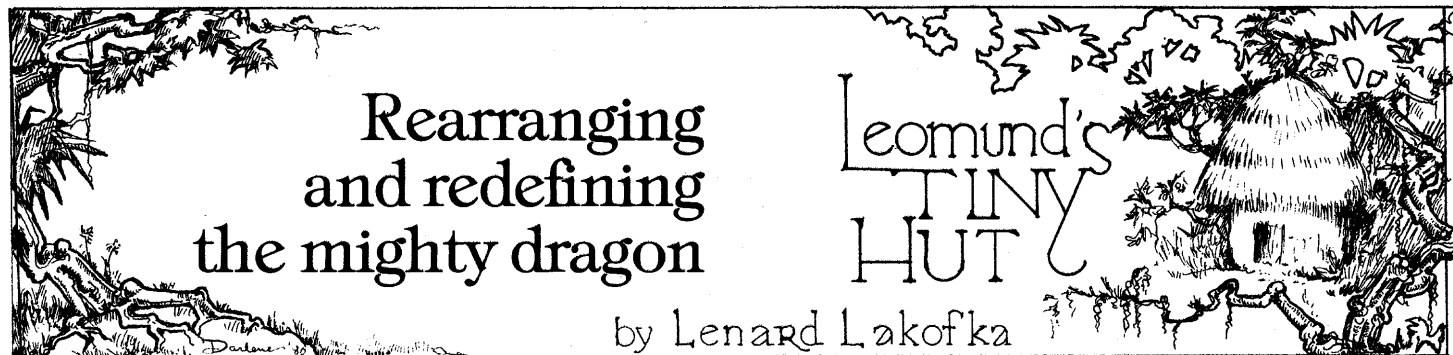
The mists went also to Niall, enveloping his giant frame. And since his arms were about Lylthia, holding her to him, they touched her as well.

For long moments the mists dwelt upon these invaders of their poolside. They swirled and danced, they crept into all the pores of these human bodies, and as they did, they sang softly, almost silently. . . .

Maralia rose and stood wide-eyed, dreaming.

Niall moved his hands upon the body of Lylthia, and the girl sighed faintly, moving her body closer to that of the man she loved. Niall caught her up, drew her closer, and his lips descended on her mouth. Lylthia arched her back and murmured deep in her throat.

(Turn to page 32)



Dragons are probably one of the most interesting types of monsters for the Dungeon Master to play, but I feel the rules for their play are too sparse and in places could use some change and alteration. I would like to discuss the rules for Subduing dragons, possible speech and magic use, their Magic Resistance, the damage they do from their Breath Weapon(s), how they attack with spells, breath and bite, and modifications to some of the existing dragons—especially the suggestion that Tiamat and Bahamut be elevated to the rank of Deity. As with all of the material in this column, this is not “official” *Advanced Dungeons and Dragons* but is given for your consideration and possible use. If you do decide to agree with me, be sure your players are aware of the changes!

Have you even had your little band of characters stumble upon a sleeping dragon and subdue the ancient fellow because the dice call for it? Here is this giant monster with fabulous wealth and, let's say, 80 hit points. The band comes in and scores 12 points of damage for a ratio of 12/80, or 15%; you roll the dice, and sure enough a 12 comes up and the dragon gives up without a fight! Now, friends, this does not make for good *AD&D!* I suggest to you the following rule: The dragon's subdual percent can not be less than the product of his/her hit dice and age. Thus, this dragon mentioned would have a minimum chance of 80% to NOT be subdued, so that a chance to subdue could not exist until the monster takes 80% of 80, or 64 points of damage.

You can go further and say that magic-using dragons add 1% for every spell level they can cast, so that if this fellow could cast 4 1st and 4 2nd-level spells his percent chance would be $80 + 4(\times 1) + 4(\times 2) = 92\%$. Naturally, a dragon which takes 100% of its hit points in subdual damage is automatically subdued.

Note further that subdual is NOT accomplished with Fireballs, Cones of Cold, Lightning bolts, etc.! Those forms do real damage to the monster and must be used in an attempt to kill. If the party decides to subdue, but sees that they will lose, and chooses to revert to actual damage, then subdual points can be counted at 1/3 their value as real damage.

Almost every dragon I've ever placed in my world can speak, and most of them can cast spells. Having any non-speaking dragons, save for those produced by summons or as part of a family group, is reducing the monster from a playability point of view. It is a lot more fun to play a speaking, gullible dragon or a powerful, spell-casting one than some dull fellow who can only bite and breathe. Thus I suggest to you that the percentage chances of speaking and spell use be dramatically increased! The percentages I use follow—and remember that if you want the dragon to speak/cast spells don't let the dice change your mind—however, summoned dragons or the lesser dragons (younger) ones in a family group do use the percentages given in the *Monster Manual*.

Color	Speaking	Magic Use	Sleeping
Black	65%	45%	30%
Blue	85%	65%	20%
Brass	70%	50%	25%
Bronze	75%	55%	20%
Copper	75%	55%	20%
Gold	95%	100%	5%
Green	75%	55%	25%

Red	95%	75%	15%
Silver	85%	85%	15%
White	55%	35%	35%
Brown*	60%	65%	20%
Orange*	50%	75%	20%
Yellow*	50%	75%	20%

*The latter three types, of my creation, will be outlined at the end of the article.

I have also increased the chance of the dragon being awake, i.e. not asleep. If more than 3 are encountered, I will always be awake!

What spells can a dragon cast? From reading the *Monster Manual*, it would appear that any spell is allowed. I have reduced the list significantly and allowed some colors to cast other than Magic-User spells!

Color	Magic-User	Clerical	Druidic	Illusionist
Black	85%	15%	0	0
Blue	85%	15%	0	0
Brass	80%	15%	5%	0
Bronze	75%	25%	0	0
Copper	95%	5%	0	0
Gold	75%	25%	0	0
Green	95%	0	0	5%
Red	100%	0	0	0
Silver	75%	25%	0	0
White	85%	15%	0	0
Brown	0	0	100%	0
Orange	20%	0	0	80%
Yellow	10%	70%	0	20%

This percentage means that any particular dragon casts ALL spells of the type given; it is not a mixture in those percents!

Here is the list of spells I would allow for a dragon divided by class and level:

MAGIC-USER

First	Second	Third
Affect Normal Fires	Audible Gamer	Clairvoyance
Charm Person	Continual Light	Dispel Magic
Comprehend Languages	Detect Evil	Feign Death
Detect Magic	Detect Invisibility	Haste
Enlarge	ESP	Slow
Light	Invisibility	Tongues
Magic Missile	Locate Object	
Shocking Grasp	Mirror Images	
Sleep	Pyrotechnics	
Unseen Servant	Ray of Enfeeblement	
Fourth	Fifth	Sixth
Confusion	Distance Distortion	Geas
Fear	Magic Jar	Legend Lore
Fire Charm	Wall of Force	Project Image
Fumble	Teleport	
Polymorph Self		
Remove Curse		

CLERICAL

(Evil dragons cast the opposite spell in all cases except Cure Light Wounds)

First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth
Bless	Augury	Continual L	Cure Ser. W.	Commune
Command	Find Traps	Create F&W	Detect Lie	Plane Sh.
Cure Light W.	Hold Person	Dispel M.	Tongues	True See.
Detect M.	Know Align.	Feign D.	Sixth	
Light	Silence 15'r.	Glyph Ward.	Blade Barrier	
Resist Cold	Resist Fire	Locate Obj.	Heal	
Remove Fear	Speak w anim.	Remove Curse	Speak w, Monst.	

Note that Neutralize Poison, Cure Blindness, Cure Disease and Raise Dead are specifically excluded. However, see the courts of Tiamat and Bahamut.

DRUIDIC				
First	Second	Third	Fourth	
Detect Magic	Charm Person/Mam.	Hold Animal	Cure Serious W.	
Detect S&P	Cure Light Wounds	Protection fire	Dispel Magic	
Faerie Fire	Fire Trap	Pyrotechnics	Protection Lightning	
Pass w/o trace	Obscurement	Tree		

ILLUSIONIST		
First	Second	Third
Audible Glamer	Blur	Continual Light
Change Self	Detect Magic	Fear
Detect Invisibility	Hypnotic Pattern	Paralyzation
Light	Invisibility	Suggestion
Phantasmal Force	Mirror Images	
Wall of Fog	Misdirection	

The number and type of spells are as per the *Monster Manual*. The dragon casts the spells at the level of proficiency needed to gain the spell as if the dragon were a human of the class indicated. A dragon that can cast a 2nd-level Magic-User spell does so at 3rd level, since a human MU must be 3rd level to cast a 2nd-level spell; 5th level proficiency for a 3rd-level spell, 7th for 4th, 9th for 5th and 12th for 6th respectively for dragons using Magic-User Spells,

I have omitted almost every major attack spell (i.e. Fireball, Color Spray, Ice Storm, Cone of Cold, Slay the Living, Call Light-

ning, etc.), since that would give a dragon too much power. (See, everything is not in the monster's favor!)

Dragons have an innate Magic Resistance measured by dividing their age level by 4 and rounding down. Yet this does not, in my opinion, go quite far enough. I give some dragons an actual Magic Resistance depending upon their age level. Again, this makes them tougher and less likely for a party to stumble into and walk over. The vast amounts of treasure dragons guard makes this rule acceptable. If you can blow them away too easily, the gain outweighs the potential hazard. Cheer up, the resistance isn't too great.

Color	Adult	Old	Very Old	Ancient
Black	0	0	5%	10%
Blue	5%	10%	15%	20%
Brass	0	0	0	5%
Bronze	0	5%	10%	15%
Copper	0	0	5%	10%
Gold	10%	15%	20%	25%
Green	0	5%	10%	15%
Red	10%	15%	20%	25%
Silver	5%	10%	15%	20%
White	0	0	0	5%
Brown	0	0	5%	10%
Orange	0	0	5%	10%
Yellow	0	0	5%	10%
Tiamat				75%
Bahamut				85%

If you are wondering about Tiamat and Bahamut, remember that I consider them deities, not just powerful monsters. They are both emissaries of powerful Lawful gods.

If you read the *Monster Manual* word for word, it says that all breath weapons of dragons do damage equal to the product of Age and Hit Dice. Yet I am sure that you have noticed that some of the metallic dragons have breath weapons that do not seem harmful, i.e.

(Turn to page 40)

FOES

RuneQuest

FOES is an encyclopedia of *RuneQuest* intelligent monster statistics, 1200 individual statistics in all, initially generated by computer and then extensively hand-checked, revised, and equipped by the author, David Forthoffer. They are accurate and stunningly individual. Studying these stats is like visiting the greatest *RuneQuest* referee in the world, and leafing through his notebooks of PCs and NPCs—the product of years of play and thought. Every major class of intelligent creature (Aldryami, Lycanthrope, Dragonewt, etc.) is represented, and 37 separate subtypes are given a page or more of individual statistics, graded, annotated, with hand-chosen spells and skills, and frequent humorous touches. Rick Becker has drawn the first complete size comparison chart for all of the subtypes, and every section opens with his drawing of the particular subtypes of the class fighting, racing, working, etc., with each other. Unique in its completeness, economical in its size, a necessity for every player and referee: *FOES*, 112pp., 8 1/4 x 10 1/2, illus. with color cover.

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Tell them you saw it in the Dragon

ANOTHER
CHAPTER
FROM

fantasysmith's notebook

Fantasysmith Wings— An award for figure alteration

A new award, *Fantasysmith Wings*, will be given at ORIGINS '80. The award will be for the best alteration of a 25mm standard figure entered into the ORIGINS painting competition. This article describes the award and discusses several examples of figure alteration.

Several excellent alterations of miniature figures were entered in the painting competition of ORIGINS '79. The judges paid scant attention to these alterations, which were truly superb in several instances. Instead, discouraging words were heard. This was too bad, for the craftsmanship and patience required to alter a 25mm standard figure is every bit as valid an art as painting itself. When modelling effort is added to a good casting, and the project is well painted, the results can be astounding.

This writer is determined to reward inventive modellers of 25mm (Fantasy or Ancient) figures. The award will be made for figures that enter the painting competition and meet certain specific conditions.

The award will only be given to individual figures of 25mm Ancient or Fantasy subjects. Human figures will be measured, and must be 25mm plus or minus 3mm from the bottom of their feet to the center of their eyes. Mounted and nonhuman figures will be given special consideration, but must generally conform to 1/72nd scale and the *AD&D Monster Manual*. Awards will be made on the basis of animation, detail, and painting of the final figure with no consideration for the mounting stand, other than that it must conform to the specifications below.

The figure that is to be judged must be painted and mounted on an unadorned pedestal that is 2" high, not longer than 3", and not wider than 1½". Exact shape of the mounting pedestal is not specified, so round, oval, or irregular stands can be used as long as they fit into the allowances for width and length. All stands must be 2" high, however. A small *Ral Partha* shipping box conforms exactly to the specifications, and may be used if desired.

This author suspects that once a figure is placed on a lovely base together with delicate garnishes and sweet little rocks, it is absolutely useless for anything other than "sitting pretty." Hopefully, entries into the



A figure altered and mounted like this could be a winner!

competition will eventually be used in war-games or fantasy role-playing games. Other reasons for the mounting base restrictions are: (1) Bases distract from the form and painting of the miniature itself. (2) Elaborate bases take extra skill and time. Some figures seem to receive awards at least partially because of their mountings. This will not be the case for this particular award. (3) New modellers are sometimes deterred from entering competition because they do not have the wherewithal to produce specialty bases. This competition aims at broadening the number of entrants and possible subjects for modelling. Therefore, an austere mounting base is required, since it is the simplest to produce.

The basic castings used as raw material for the final figure must be displayed for comparison. These must be unpainted, but can be given a light wash of any dark color to highlight initial form. Castings must be mounted on a piece of standard corrugated cardboard or similar material. They must stand up, and can be supported by any simple support. Thus, the rider will not lie flat, but will stand near vertical. Equipment or attributes added such as shields, swords, caps, or wings must be individually

mounted on a small card and placed near vertical. There is no size limitation to the castings' base, but it should be small enough that both the display piece and the original castings can be observed at a glance.

The trophy will consist of a turned wooden base on which a set of *Ral Partha* wings are mounted. These will be finished in some metallic color. The base will have a plate attached that will identify the award and place of award. This trophy will be on display prior to judging. A *Dragon* subscription will be given with the award. Information to this effect will be present when the award is on display prior to judging.

Entry into this competition will be designated by the entrant who mounts an entry as described above, and does not exclude entrants from other prizes. There is no special fee or entry registration procedure required for consideration. No prize will be given unless at least three competition entrants are displayed. Winning entrant and honorable mentions will be photographed with a macro lens camera for publication. Continuance of this award in future conventions will depend on the reaction and interest of miniature modelers.

fantasysmith's notebook

Alteration in words & pictures

Two examples of alteration are given with this companion article in the form of illustrations with accompanying explanations.

The first drawing shows Fantasysmith's first attempt at alteration: Archive's Ironhoof. An accompanying photograph shows the finished piece together with other Archive centaurs. The drawing is simplified, in that it doesn't give much of an idea of the difficulty of the process. Initial attempts to remove Ironhoof's cape came to naught, and a Dremel motorized tool was eventually required to remove it. Forming and attaching the right arm with lance was a difficult job that required several attempts.

Two conclusions can be drawn from this experience. First, 25mm standard figure alteration is not an easy job. It's difficult and useful only for the advanced modeler who wants to produce something unique. Second, there is really enough variation in today's miniatures to satisfy most painters, and therefore no real need for figure alteration. All figures referred to here are good enough to use in their original form. For instance, the fact that Ironhoofs helmet obscures his face is no criticism. He's wearing a Corinthian helmet, which was the most successful of Greek helmets because it protected the entire face. Therefore, the face is obscured. Fantasysmith simply felt that he wanted another pretty face in his collection, and so the helmet was filed away. The Archive casting was chosen in the first place because of its excellent animation and detail. You may wish to modify it differently, or perhaps paint it up as it is.

The second example is of a model of a fine chaotic figure that has long been the insignia of a well-known French firm. This symbol's high status proves that if chaotics stick around long enough, they're acceptable in the best of circles.

Your author is having several problems with the rear right leg. These will eventually be solved, and the figure base coated and painted. But whenever I come up against any problem while making alterations on a figure, I simply stop and let the figure rest for a few days. When I come back to it, I will look at it with a fresh point of view, and perhaps a solution will suggest itself. If no solution is apparent after a bit of thought, the figure goes onto the shelf again, and I do something else. Alteration of anything as small and delicate as a 25mm standard figure cannot really be rushed. It's easy to destroy hours of work in one minute of frustration. Thus, altering of miniatures is an exercise of patience that is far more demanding than painting alone.

It is to reward those who undertake the demanding challenge of alteration of miniatures that the *Fantasysmith Wings* award was conceived. But the award is not intended to persuade anyone into competing for it. ORIGINS has seventeen painting awards already, each of which is a valid recognition of skill. Hopefully, miniature modelers' knowledge and enjoyment of their hobby will be increased by addition of this one further award. If this is the case, the award will have served its purpose.

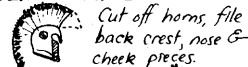
ARCHIVE'S IRONHOOF (#809)

Example of alteration.

Fantasysmith didn't like IRONHOOF'S cape or mace & changed them. The basic casting is well animated & a good start point.



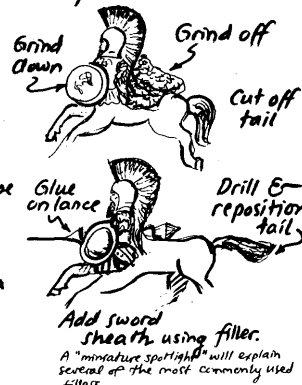
HEAD & FACE



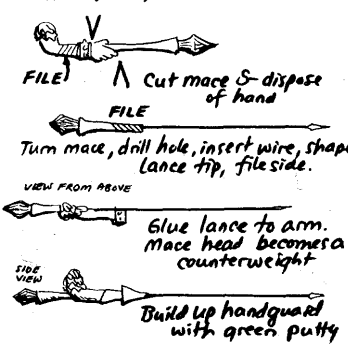
Rework face



BODY & SHIELD



CHANGE ARM, MAKE LANCE



GIVEN AS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT CAN BE DONE. FINAL FIGURE SHOWN IN PHOTO WITH OTHER ARCHIVE CENTAURS. HAPPY MODELLING!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SHARE IDEAS ON ALTERATIONS? SEND 'EM TO

Fantasysmith

DRAGONTTOOTH'S GALLOPING CENTAUR #C2

Example of advanced alteration.

1 Here's how the original appears in Dragontooth catalog with his lady.



Catalog is free from Tom Laback General Networks

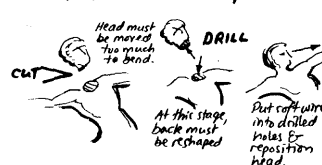
2 Cut off right legs, tilt on left rear leg, extend left foreleg & both arms, cut off tail.



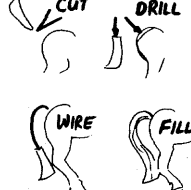
3 Add right foreleg from ARCHIVE'S Babysguard figure. Put D'tooth leg onto ARCHIVE



4 Cut off head, reposition it in a more vertical position.



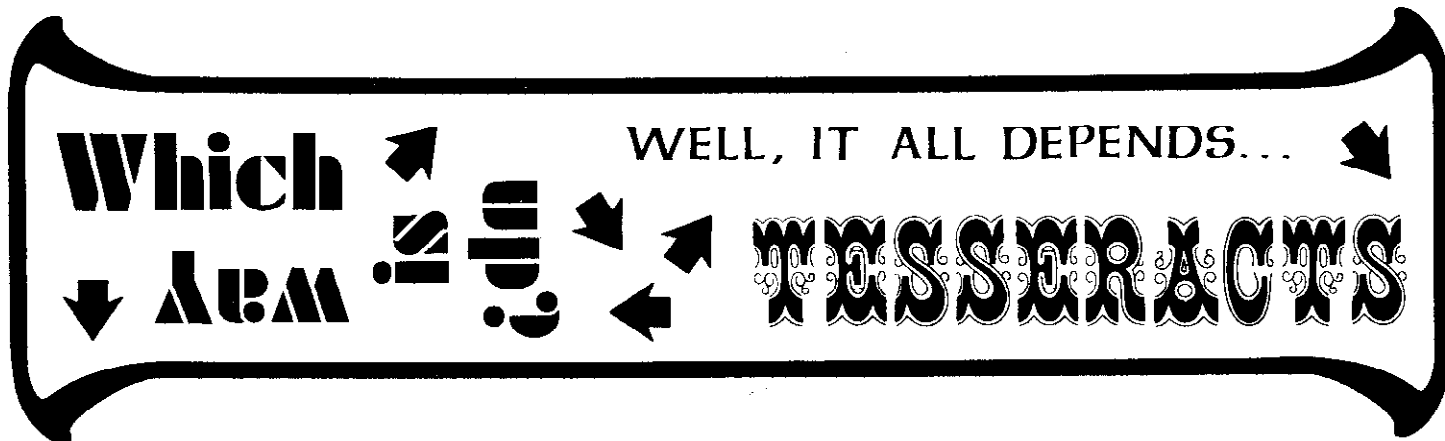
5 Rework tail, add leg & gavelin.



NOTE: This description does not infringe on trademark rights & is solely for miniaturists' edification.

6 Final centaur looks like REMY MARTIN symbol which was developed early in this century.





Allen Wells

I was recently reading some back issues of *The Dragon* when I came across an interesting article about the use of Tesseracts in *D&D* (*Tesseracts*, TD #17, August 1978). The article was very good, as far as it went, but there are many more possibilities to be explored.

A fairly thorough description of a tesseract is necessary at first, for readers to understand the rest of the article. If you think you already understand tesseracts, you may just skim this section and look at the diagrams.

There are two ways of showing a cube in two dimensions. Unfolding the cube and showing how to put it back together again (fig 1), or showing what its 'projection' or 'shadow' into 2-space looks like (fig 2). Similarly, there are two ways to show a tesseract in three dimensions.

The first way to show a tesseract is to 'unfold' it. Compare figure 1 to figure 3. In figure 1 the two lines labelled 'a' connect to each other in such a way that the dots connect. Note that 1A, 1B, and 1C will all give you the same cube if you cut them out and fold them into cubes. In figure 3, the two faces of cubes labelled 'a' connect to each other in such a way that the dots connect. Since these faces are really connected, you can redraw the tesseract as in figure 3B where I have 'rolled' the cubes up the tesseract. I could have rolled them again ('e' matches 'e' and 'd' matches 'd').

Now that we can see how the 'd' faces match, I can move the top cube to match the side cube (transition from 3A to 3C). Note the orientation of the dot on face 'e'. So 3A, 3B, and 3C would all give you the same tesseract if you could cut them out and fold them into tesseracts. Try to imagine other ways you could restructure the tesseract (Note: The top face of the top cube and the bottom face of the bottom cube connect in figures 3A and 3B.)

The other way to show a tesseract is to show its 'projection'. Compare figure 2 to figure 4. This projection shows the relation between the cube faces better, but at the cost of distorting the cubes, just like the projection shows the relation between the edges of a cube better, but at the cost of distorting some of the faces. Figures 2A and 4A have the non-distorted faces/cubes in bold. Figures 2B and 4B show some of the distorted faces/cubes. Note how the distorted faces look like parallelograms and the distorted cubes look like pyramids with the tops cut off.

Look at both of these representations and try to imagine moving from one cube to another. Up does not always remain up! Some people will find the unfolding more understandable, some the projection. Use whichever one you find easier.

Now we can begin to explore the possibilities of a tesseract. Start out by mapping out your dungeon, either using figure 3A and showing how all the faces connect, or 4A. In either case you have to keep track of what cube you are mapping in and what surface is the floor.

This brings up the first problem: Which way is down?? My answer is, *down is the way your feet are pointing!!!* This doesn't mean that if you turn your feet, you turn 'down,' but when you open a door, 'down' will still be 'down' in the next room! *This means that gravity is a property of you and your possessions, not of the room,* and it is possible to have two people in the same room who think a different 'wall' is the 'floor.'

As an example, consider figure 3. Let us say that an intrepid group of adventurers starts in the bottom cube in figure 3A. Athmar goes upstairs into the cube in the center (which cannot be seen in the diagram) and goes through a door toward us into the cube that has faces 'a', 'c', and 'e' (the one poking out). He is now standing on face 'g' (see 3B). Mythner, who stayed behind in the 'bottom' cube,

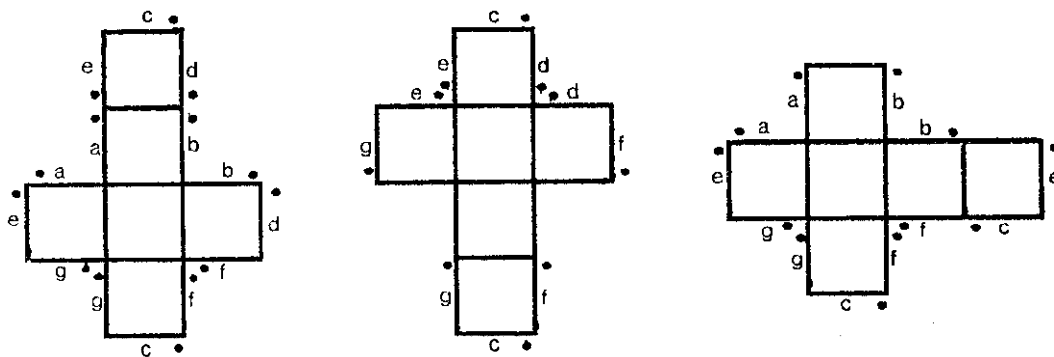
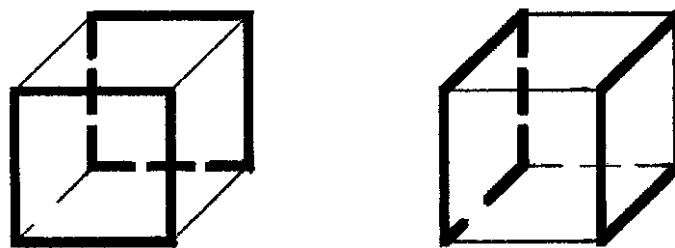


Figure 1: Unfolding a Cube



A

Figure 2: The Projection of a Cube

decides to go adventuring on his own into the same cube by taking a door through face 'g', and is now standing on face 'e'. Athmar and Mythner are in the same room, but *they each think that a different way is up!* This shows an interesting fact; although there are only 8 rooms there are $8 \times 6 = 48$ *different floors!* Each floor is essentially a different room since you can't necessarily get to something just by being in the same room as it is.

Now the fun begins. You can tantalize your party by putting a chest of pearls on the ceiling, and they have to figure out how to maneuver through the tesseract to turn the ceiling into a floor! Imagine the battles between parties standing on different walls! Or, how about flights of arrows coming down from a party on the ceiling that cannot be reached with swords! The same stairway can be going up or down depending on the way you are standing on it! Shades of Escher!!

Another interesting effect is that not only is gravity a property of people, but of possessions as well. Let's imagine that the adventurers meet a party of monsters in a corner and that the monsters are standing on a different wall. Let's say that the monsters are defeated and the leader has a magic sword. Thandatir picks up the sword from the wall and finds that it is unusable, because gravity is pulling it to the side instead of toward the ground. If he wants to use it, he either has to get out of the tesseract or have some of the party guard it while he races around the tesseract (trying to come into the room so that down for him is the same as down for the sword)—and we all know that splitting the party is a risky proposition in any event.

Of course, the party could use this to their advantage. Let's say that Thanatos boosts Terah up on his shoulders. Terah grabs hold of a chair on the ceiling that weighs less than he does and pulls it down to his 'floor.' This chair could then be used as a "balloon" by tying it to a heavy chest and having the weight of the chair pulling up balance some of the weight of the chest pulling down.

The next problem for the DM is an architectural one. Obviously, the rooms have to be cubical, but where should doors, stairs, and ladders be, and how big should the rooms be?

The major consideration is as follows. You need to have good connectivity. Since you presumably want your party to have access to every wall as a floor (although maybe you do not. . .) you might want a stairway or ladder to the ceiling, doors on all walls, and a trap-door on every ceiling and floor. Note that you have to be able to get up and down somewhere, otherwise you will never be able to turn a ceiling into a wall. Also note that if you want complete connectivity, this means a ladder or stairway from *every* floor to the appropriate ceiling. As far as I can see, there are three answers.

The first possibility is to have small rooms (about $8' \times 8' \times 8'$), so that you can climb through any trap door in the ceiling and then safely drop to the floor of the room below. Unfortunately, such rooms are little more than closets.

The second possibility is to have large rooms ($20' \times 20' \times 20'$ and up) and have 4 doors in each wall, one on each side (fig 5A). In the center of each floor you have a spiral stairway/elevator/ladder/whatever for going up and down.

The third, and to me the most interesting, possibility is to have large rooms and only one square door in the center of each wall. You have a stairway leading down from every door to the door of every adjacent 'floor.' If Norman wants to get to the next room, he climbs a flight of stairs to the door, goes through, and climbs down another flight of stairs to the floor. Note that each stairway can be used by people in two different orientations just like in Escher's *Relativity*. But how does Norman go up or down? There are two possibilities. The easiest is that he climbs up to the door in the middle of a wall

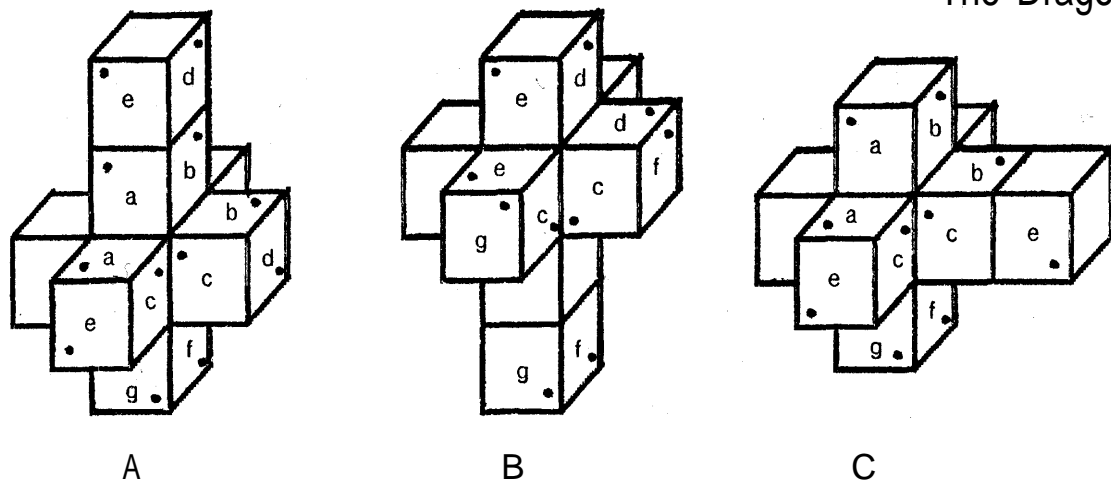


Figure 3: Unfolding a Tesseract

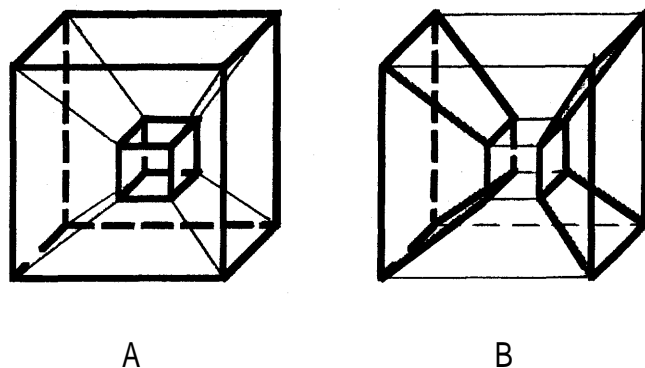


Figure 4: The Projection of a Tesseract

(any wall), then *he climbs onto the back of the stairway leading from that wall to the ceiling* (fig 5B). If the stairway is just a flight of steps in the air, the back of the stairway is another stairway! When he gets to the ceiling, he climbs back around and goes through the door in the ceiling (presumably there is a platform provided for this). Another, more complicated, way is to have tubes rather than plain stairways leading from door to door, then have another stairway functioning as the 'ceiling' of each stairway (fig 5C). This may be less esthetic, but it allows more battles within stairways.

The last problem is, how do you get in and out of the tesseract? Mathematically, this is no problem at all, since each cube of the tesseract borders on the outside as well as on other cubes just like the faces of a cube border on the outside as well as other faces of the cube. In reality, there are other considerations. People are not 4-dimensional, so presumably they can go one and only one way through every door. Getting the party in is no problem, but how should they get out? If they are very high-level, you may make them rely on a *Wish* or a *Teleport*. For lower-level parties you might want to have magical helmets or rings that will take you out to the real world if you leave the right door with the right orientation, or perhaps you might want something as pedestrian as a lever on the wall. Whatever it is, you probably want the exit to be a different door than the entrance (or at least in a different orientation; you don't want to make things too easy), but you should somehow mark it, or have a map to it, or have some of the monsters tell where it is if they are questioned and suitably paid, because there are 48 different doors with 6 different orientations for each (up and down count, too!) which amounts to 288 different possibilities!

To all you fellow dungeon masters, have fun! I'm planning to. To all you intrepid adventurers, beware! Go read Heinlein's "And He Built A Crooked House" and get a copy of Escher's *Relativity*, because you never know when your DM may have things other than Carrion Crawlers attacking from the ceiling.

TOP SECRET

©1980, TSR Games

by Merle Rasmussen
intercepted by Jerry Epperson

(Agent's Note— It was a gray, dismal Monday morning when I entered the residence of "The Administrator" for the last time. As his personal attache and body-guard, I had seen how his operation worked and gained the experience needed to start my own organization. On this particular day, I was left in his office for several minutes alone. I quickly went through his files. Not the ones which have zero security clearance; the big ones! After I cracked the safe, a few of these documents were "accidentally" found in my briefcase and I feel it is my civil duty to publicize my findings. . .)

SECURITY CLEARANCE LEVEL: TEN IN ALL BUREAUS
BEGIN MESSAGE

TO: Operatives and Participants of Top Secret

BY AUTHORITY OF: Merle M. Rasmussen, Director of Administrations

PURPOSE: To inform Top Secret operatives and participants, throughout the world, of the secretive foundings of our organization and a brief history of its founder.

MESSAGE: The year is 1975. The location, a dormitory room on the Iowa State University campus. A would-be Civil Engineer (later a Pre-professional Medicine Major) sits at a cluttered, dimly lit desk, taking notes from an Ian Fleming novel and biology textbook. His pen feverishly scribbles down a preliminary draft of an untitled espionage simulation as the campus turns its decibels down for the night.

The student is Merle Rasmussen (known in inner circles as "The Administrator"), an Underwood, Iowa high school graduate from the class of '75. The simulation being written will become known as the contemporary espionage role-playing game, Top Secret.

A year passes. It is fall of 1976. Associates and trusted friends have playtested Top Secret, with favorable reactions. Now, sitting at a similarly cluttered and dimly lit desk, Rasmussen pens a letter of query to one E. Gay Gygax, asking of his interest in publishing such a game idea. The letter is sent. Time passes into oblivion.

Then, an innocent-looking business letter (with a lizardman logo—possibly a code of some sort) arrives at Rasmussen's mailbox. It contains a bomb. It comes from

The Rasmussen Files: In a dimly lit dormitory room, a young man scribbles feverishly . . .

one Mike Carr, vice president of Production of TSR Hobbies, Inc., wishing to review the game idea. The letter is post-marked November 8, 1976.

Using a photocopying machine, Rasmussen plugs in nickels as his hopes multiply with each newly copied page. By

the end of January 1977, his hopes begin to materialize. Top Secret becomes the simulation's working title and will be accepted for consideration as soon as a complete, typed manuscript is submitted.

Typists are contacted, including one who types two pages of script and quits

TOP SECRET

AGENT'S DOSSIER

©1980, TSR Games
(This form may be reproduced for personal use in playing TOP SECRET)

CHARACTER NAME	MERLE M. RASMUSSEN	Player Name	
Aliases	"The Administrator"	Code Name	

PRIMARY PERSONAL TRAITS	
(If die roll is 01-25, add +25; 26-50, add +15; 51-70, add +10; 71-90, add +5; 91-00, add 0)	
Physical Strength	55
Charm	70
Willpower	95
Courage	40
Knowledge	85
Coordination	60

SECONDARY PERSONAL TRAITS	
Offense <small>Coordination + Courage / 2</small>	50
Deception <small>Courage + Charm / 2</small>	55
Evasion <small>Charm + Coordination / 2</small>	65
Deactivation <small>Knowledge + Coordination / 2</small>	73
Movement Value <small>Physical Strength + Willpower + Coordination</small>	210
Life Level <small>Physical Strength + Willpower / 10</small>	15

TERTIARY PERSONAL TRAITS	
Hand-to-hand Combat Value <small>Evasion + Physical Strength</small>	120
Wrestling Value <small>Offense + Physical Strength</small>	105
Surprise Value <small>Deception + Evasion</small>	120

WEAPON		Weapon Speed	Weapon Speed Modifier + Offense =	BASE SPEED
Pen		F		
Tongue		S		
Eyes		VF		

WEAPON	PLUV + Offense =	BASE ACCURACY	Range Modifier (PB/S/M/L)	Rate

VITAL STATISTICS	
Height 5' 8"	Age 22
Weight 140	Sex Male
National Origin	United States
Handedness	Right Race Caucasian
Glasses	Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Contacts <input type="checkbox"/>
Languages Known	Fluency
1. (Native) English	85
2. French	06
3.	
4.	
5.	

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION	
1. Bureau	Administration
2. Total Experience Points	20,000
3. Level	10th
4. Fame Points	2
5. Fortune Points	7 = ?
6. Experience Points Used to Increase Abilities	0
7. Unused Experience Points	20,000

AOK: Arts & Crafts 135, Biology/Biochemistry 115, Education 115, Engineering, Civil 135, Engineering, Electrical 115, Fine Arts 115, Religion 115.

because of a duck bill infection at the National Disease Laboratory in Ames, Iowa. Gametesting begins. Rules are revised. Hopes dwindle.

Whenever hanging by the end of a hot steam pipe over a pool infested with hungry piranhas, there is a tendency to hang on just that much more, as hope disintegrates. Sometimes, just to see if anyone still cares, precious energy is expended to attract attention. Rasmussen does just this. For over a year he sends letters to TSR Hobbies, hoping to stimulate someone into action. In August of 1978, something did happen.

Top Secret is accepted for publication and a royalty contract is sent to be signed. Allen Hammack, a bearded Confederate Eagle scout from Alabama, is assigned to the top secret project as an editor. The manuscript takes shape under his guidance and perseverance.

The module, *Sprechenhaltestelle*, is designed with agent trainees in mind, so that they wouldn't have to create their own hideouts before knowing how to play the game.

A series of letters, phone calls, and personal visits between Rasmussen and Hammack, over the next eighteen months, lead to additional rule clarifications and editing.

Campaign playtesting and illustration work begins as the project nears completion. United States government officials be-

come involved. The Treasury Department will not allow U.S. currency on the box cover; foreign currency is substituted.

January 17 of 1980, two FBI agents arrive at TSR's downtown Lake Geneva office. They are following a tip regarding an assassination plot in Beirut, Lebanon, of one William Weatherby. The agents have as possible evidence an intercepted piece of notepaper bearing the address of TSR's printer. The victim, Weatherby, is a character in Mike Carr's campaign version of *Top Secret*. The game has become so realistic that the FBI has become ensnared in its espionage plots.

By the end of February, 1980, the game sees print. Twenty-four copies are sent to Rasmussen and the first ten thousand copies hit the distributors. A second printing, future modules, supplements, and accessories are in the works; while the retailers are having trouble keeping *Top Secret* in stock.

In the meantime, Rasmussen works on the graveyard shift as an orderly in a Council Bluffs hospital and is a Production Technician in the Media Production Department of an educational agency in Southwest Iowa. Since June, 1979, he has moonlighted as the President of Game Room Productions, Ltd. in Minden, Iowa (an obscure retail/distributing firm that has produced one title, *Squurm*, and sells over a dozen others).

James (Pong) Thompson, an ex-roommate of Rasmussen's, who has played *Top Secret* since its inception, has compiled an Agent's Dossier for "The Administrator," Rasmussen.

Rasmussen, however, seems to disagree with Thompson's compilation, but then everyone has false impressions.

For interested personnel (and Section 00 agents), the Director of Administrations will be appearing at Origins '80 and GenCon XIII this summer. He also admonishes all agents in the field to be on the lookout for future *Top Secret* modules and accessories, that no agent should be caught dead without.

FINAL NOTE: Keep playing *Top Secret* and let TSR know of any problems encountered or changes that you think should be made in future editions. Fight on! That is all.

SIGNED: Merle M. Rasmussen, Director of Administrations.

END MESSAGE

STOP

END PAGE

(Agent's Epilogue—This is just one of the many files confiscated. If more information is necessary, contact TSR-Periodicals; otherwise, I'll take my information elsewhere.

SIGNED: Jerry Epperson, Former Attache to the Director of Administrations)

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The History of Mivior

G. Arthur Rahman

Before the Cataclysm, the Miviorians' ancestors dwelled upon the citted inlets of distant Reiken. In those early times, the Miviorians belonged to a mighty state called Skarabrae. The shock of the Cataclysm ruined the nations of Reiken as surely as it did the Lloroi Empire. The sources bearing on the early period are dim, and we must draw conjecture from the mythic cycles of that troubled age.

Before the disaster, there existed in some of the states of Reiken a secret society called the Luwamnas ("Black Souls"), worshipers of the gods of Chaos. They gathered into covens dedicated to ending the age of peace and plenty, doing great harm in what would have been a much better world without them. It seemed that their prophecies had come true when the Cataclysm shattered civilization. Their tightly organized covens seized power in many devastated towns. Their reign of terror destroyed much of the art and literature

that survived the natural upheavals, and enslaved their brother Skarabraens.

But each coven demanded supremacy for itself and attacked other towns where the Luwamnas held sway. The strife allowed the traditional believers to rise and cleanse Skarabrae of their fanaticism.

Over a few generations, the Skarabraens recovered some sort of order, rebuilding their agriculture and hunting seals from their long ships. But the county failed to unite itself, and each city was governed by a different council of elders, called "archons." They seldom warred upon one another, however, and were united in the worship of the god Tukultae.

Suddenly, when it was least expected, the power of the Luwamnas manifested itself again. The covens which had fled to the wilderness had gathered about them wretched survivors of the Cataclysm that only too well respected the powers of Chaos. Now, howling mobs of fanatics violated the borders and sacked town after town, immolating their captives on basaltic altars.

From all the ravaged corners of Skarabrae came desperate leaders and priests to take council. They quarreled endlessly, some urging trust in the gods, some dogged

resistance, some passive surrender. At length they dispatched an embassy to the oracles, for Tukultae's own instructions.

Said an entranced priestess: "Seek ye the western ocean, and a land where no man dwells nor any city has ever been raised."

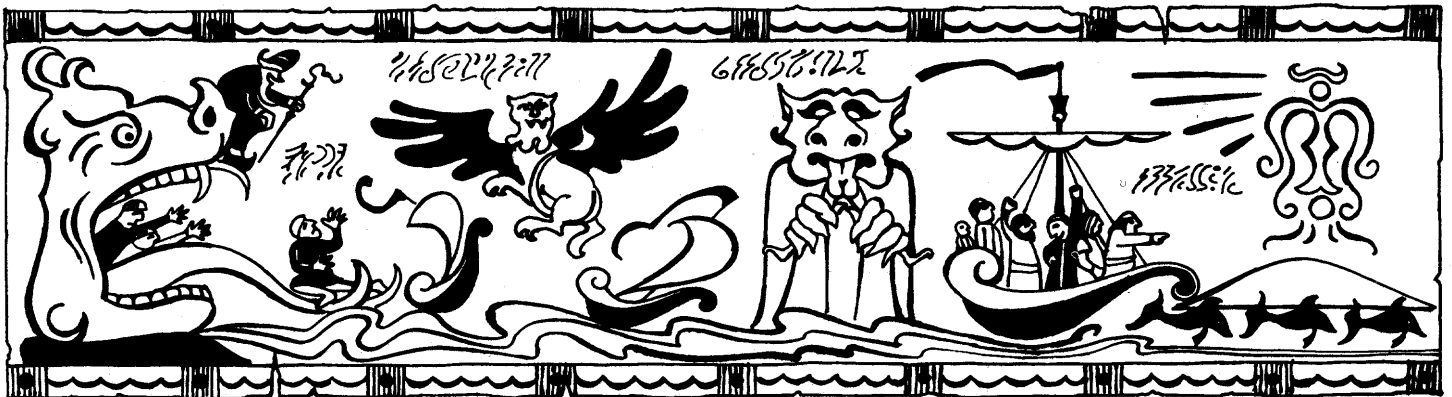
The gods' command to trust their fate to the turbulent ocean dismayed the Skarabraens. Some cried "False prophecy!" and clung stubbornly to their varied, but futile, predilections. Others listened gravely.

Says a fragment of an ancient chronicle preserved by the mythographer Sarsissae in his *Saga of Pettinu*: "In the end, the men of Kinalua and Tarmetana were the only Skarabraens who preferred voluntary exile to the prospect of slavery; the others remained where they were and fought the Luwamnas. But in spite of individual acts of courage in defense of their homes, they were defeated. their towns were taken, their daughters debauched, and they were forced to yield up their sons to immolation."

Upon the sea, the refugees discovered the charts of old had been rendered meaningless by the Cataclysm, so changed were the stars and the islands of the sea. Many perished before the lookouts spied the swirl of seabirds, a harbinger of landfall. The refugees poled eagerly to shore, but no sooner were the boats drawn up on the beach and the foragers dispatched than a war party of gigantic Ogres thundered from the woods, slaying many before the exiles could push off into the sea.

From Ogreland the flotilla made its way southeastward, occasionally stopping for provisions, but always discouraged by the presence of savages or the ruins of ancient towns—a certain sign that these were not the good lands promised by Tukultae.

Finally the refugees spied a school of kartika fish off the shoals of a white island. Beyond the water loomed a mountainous coast. The priests of Tukultae noted the omens and declared this to be the land of promise. The exiles settled on the island, which they named after the holiday on which it was sighted, Boliske. It, with the coast beyond it, they called "Mivior"



Tapestry chronicle of the refugees' journey to the 'Lands of Promise.'

(Mivae = promise, Ior = great), the Great Promise.

The refugees chose a leader, whom they called the "archon." One of the early archons, Wilusar, recognized that security on the fishing grounds was not enough. They were people of proud tradition, but already he was one of the last who remembered life in Reiken. He feared that even their written language would be forgotten, so he charged the priesthood to become the keepers of culture, to combat illiteracy among the acolytes, and remind their people of all the works of the god who had delivered them from death and slavery.

For the next two centuries, Boliske supported the small Mivorian population, but 452 years after the Cataclysm, colonists from Boliske moved to the mainland and built the fort of Boran on the Moor. It had taken so long for the passage of time to fertilize a land thrust up from the sea floor only half a millennium earlier. The frequent earthquakes earned the cordilleras the name of Shaker Mountains. Unfortunately, Boran—ringed by mountains and forests inhabited by hostile Trolls—always enjoyed a troubled growth. Future events would render it a minor fortress in a cultural backwater.

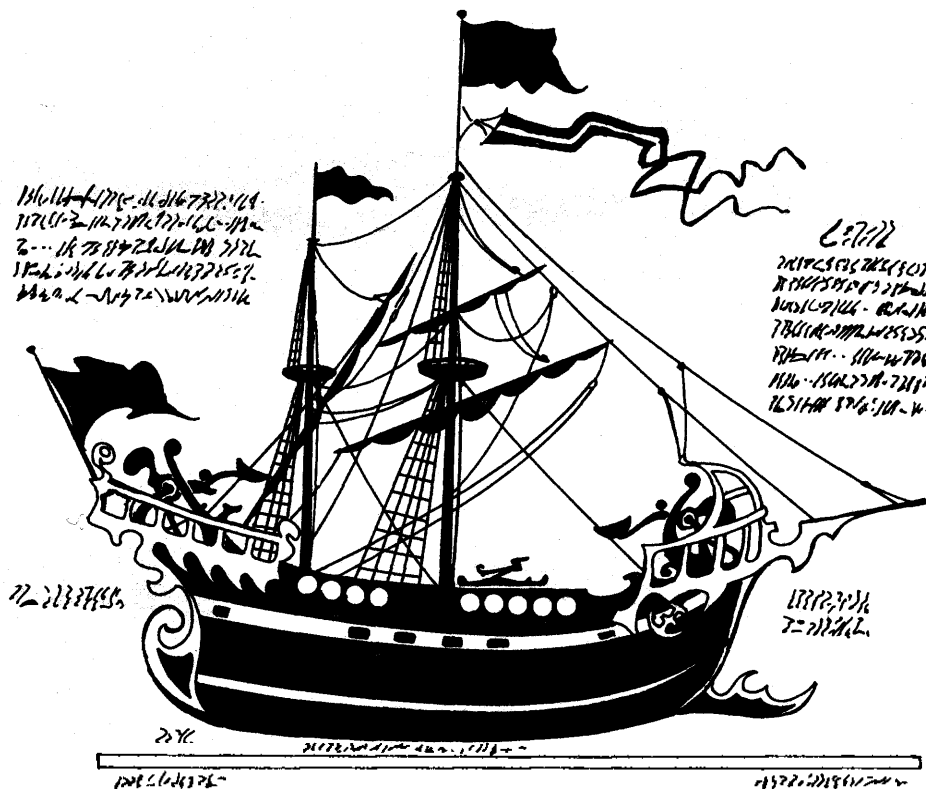
Settlements continued to spread out from Boliske, and they especially prospered on the southern extremity of Mivior, called Cape Parlanda (God's Hand). A splendid harbor on the eastern side attracted a village that was christened Colis (Golden Cove).

Until the mid sixth century, Mivorians had little direct contact with foreign peoples, and none who were so civilized as themselves. In the days of the archon Linir, the search for new fishing grounds encouraged adventurous young sailors to proceed from Kartika Bay east to where they discovered the city of Zefnar. The visit of semi-civilized men from the west intrigued the Zefnarites. The Mivorians were likewise impressed by a town that reminded them of the Skarabrae of legend.

Over the next generation, several Zefnarite trading calls were made on Mivior, first to Colist, and later to Boliske itself. The Mivorian products were crafts, fish, copper, wine and resins, items marketable in Zefnar. But the commerce was minor, for Zefnar's merchant fleet was still rudimentary. It did, however, widen Mivior's horizons. They especially admired the superior ships of the Zefnarites; the manner of making the long ships that had carried them from Reiken was forgotten by this time.

Zefnarite visits took on a sinister aspect when slaving vessels began to raid Mivior's coastal villages. The archon Barnas attempted to garrison likely targets, but the Zefnarites always struck where the defenders were not.

Driven to stiffer measures, Barnas gave orders to seize the next Zefnarite ship to



**Deep-draft warship with both bow and stem catapults
(Naval text illustration)**

enter Boliske. It was an honest trader, but Mivior had suffered enough to feel justified in forcing the crew to remain in Mivior. The sailors were given wives and treated well, but were made to teach Mivorians the skills of modern seamanship, while carpenters studied the vessel's construction.

By means such as this, Mivior eventually outfitted large sailing vessels fit to carry both cargo and marines. After a couple of decades, Zefnarite raiders started to avoid the Mivorian coast, as its stockades and warships gave them harder fights than they wanted. Soraskier (ancient Hothior) to the east, with its many disunited tribes, tempted them more.

By the early seventh century, Mivior was moving out of its parochial ways. Its seamen carried the goods of their own county and points north to the foreign merchants in Colist and, later, on to the trading cities of Zefnar and Parros. The wealth generated in turn supported a larger navy and an army.

Overpopulation around Boran and Cape Parlanda led Mivior into an expansionist war east of the Shaker Mountains. The weak tribal clans scattered at their approach, but resistance stiffened as the expedition neared the Bad Axe Forest. Warnings from the powerful Milkyaten confederacy deterred the Mivorians from immediate advance. Events proved that the border of the Bad Axe would remain a permanent frontier with Soraskier.

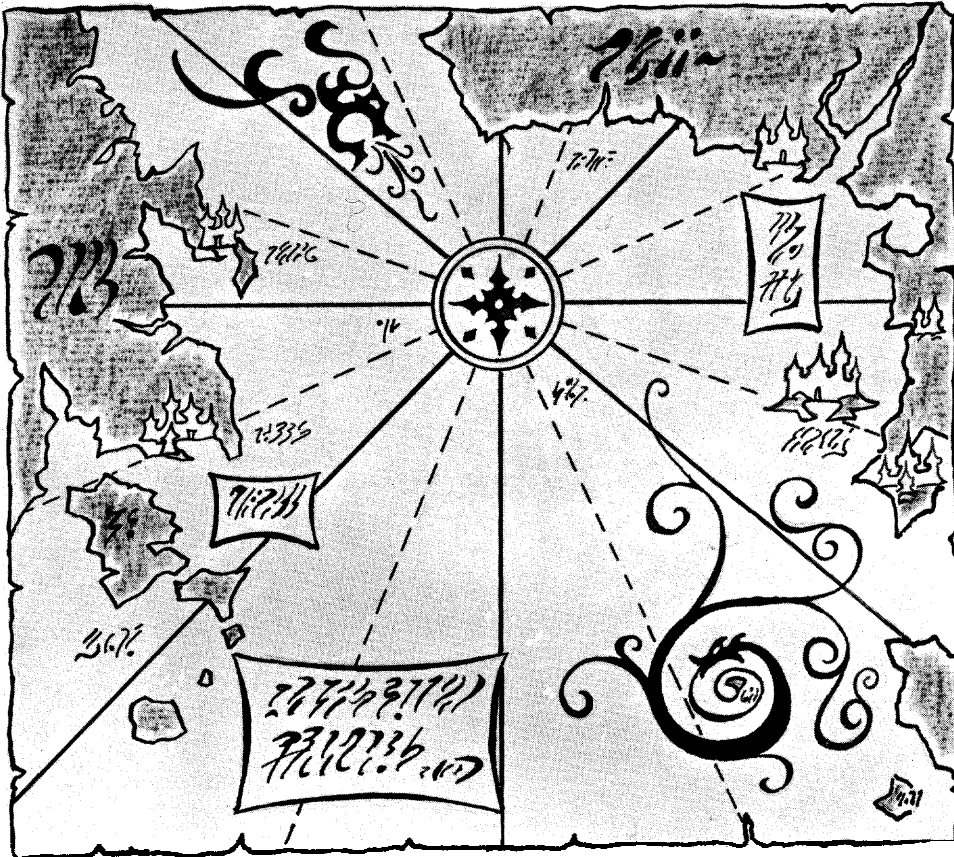
In 661 a powerful earthquake struck Boliske, slaying the archon in his castle.

The moving of the capital to the trading center of Colist was a public demonstration of what had become a fact of Mivorian society—that the great merchant class had supplanted the old burgher faction as the elite group. The next archon, Nahonnon, was merchant born and bred. He dispensed many favors and titles to members of his class, but property holdings were a prerequisite for social status. The well-born wastrel who lost his inheritance usually fell back into the common ranks, for titles were not hereditary. Likewise, a common sort with enterprise might take to trade and become a wealthy man; his son might be dubbed a count.

At the end of the seventh century, the Mivorians observed with consternation that the Zefnarites had built a permanent market town in Soraskier, at the head of Kartika Bay. Over the next few reigns, Mivorian governments intrigued against Zefnarite influence, even fighting the Soraskier War, which was almost wholly naval. At length both parties realized the war was ruining trade and signed a truce, but cut-throat competition went on in the economic sphere.

When Zefnar tried to solidify its position in Soraskier by force of arms, Mivior provided the natives with arms and advice. Their uprising banished the Zefnarites and established a native state there.

In the ensuing centuries, Mivorian ships ranged wider, far to the northwest and the south, below the Golkus. But wherever they went, they kept their discoveries



Map of the Westward Seas and continent of Reiken as copied by Amult

secret, publishing instead frightening tales of Ogres, cannibals and burning seas. Especially did they shroud in secrecy their return to Reiken.

One of the few sources for information of these convert explorations is *The Westward Voyages* by Arnult, a former clerk in the royal trading office, who read the secret reports and wrote down what he memorized. He settled in Parros to escape the vengeance of his own government.

The first successful voyage to Reiken occurred in the mid ninth century. It had taken a new-model, deep-draft ship to cross the storm-tossed ocean safely. The sailors discovered a blighted coast whose people were kept in an abysmal dark age by the degenerate descendants of the Luwamnas. Driven to rage by the threats and insults of their ancestral enemies, the Miviorians rioted and slew the Luwamnas lord whose fief they were visiting. He had been too debauched and lazy to study the defensive spells of his ancestors, the religion of the Luwamnas having become only a base excuse for oppression. The enslaved Reikenites welcomed their liberation. They declared a new state, Haliyas, and sought arms and counsel from the Miviorians—for other Luwamnas lords were watching their rising with alarm.

A secret crusade began, of which Minaria received only garbled hints. It drew to Reiken many of Mivior's devout men and propertyless younger sons. On one side of the struggle was righteous zeal and a good

navy; on the other was yet-potent magicks and large mobs of unthinking slaves. Gradually the revolt spread and other small independent states joined cause with Haliyas.

At home, meanwhile, a new wave of land-hunger possessed the Miviorians. Accordingly, an expeditionary force landed north of Serpent Bay and dispersed the barbarian peoples who occupied it. In a surprise second-stage attack, they moved in on Trolland from north and south, sacking Stone Face and annexing the whole shore of Serpent Bay.

The northern aggression embroiled Mivior in a war with Elfland, which held the coast sacred. Routed, the Elves eventually made a surly overture for peace and the archon Tabal offered them generous terms, hoping to cozen the Elves into a normal trading relationship.

During the first half of the tenth century, Mivior suffered through a gloomy time economically. Pirates based on the Golkus had become strong enough to harry merchantmen working the waters south of Colist. Furthermore, trade with the coastal cities was interrupted by their domination by desert conquerers, the Wisnyos. Matters became worse when Hothior all but succumbed to their lightning attacks.

Ruthless amphibious attacks on the pirate bases and the decay of the Wisnyo dynasty improved matters somewhat, but a far worse catastrophe was in store. Officially, the dreadful invasion of the "abomina-

tions of the land and the horrors of the air" goes unexplained. But a parchment in Parros, written by an unknown hand, gives a strange explanation:

In Reiken, the Luwamnas lords feared their cause was lost and in desperation delved into horrific magicks. They came upon a spell too terrible to unleash in Reiken, but saw in it the means to avenge themselves against Mivior.

In the mid tenth century, a huge black and gold barge anchored off Cape Parlanda. From its deck powerful Luwamnas magicians howled their invocations to the Black Gods of Chaos. By their dimension-warping spells, they rent a portal into a ghastly plane and out of it poured hellish fiends of every description.

Thousands died and thousands more raced in fear to the strong castle of Colist. The pursuing abominations gripped the lofty battlements in scaly tentacles, beat upon the towers until the mortar cracked, or, indeed, vaulted over the walls on membranous wings to slay the crowds in the teeming streets. By a secret way, the archon Chalybes fled the city and plunged into the Shaker Mountains.

Weeks later, the warlocks and witches aboard the black barge were watching the havoc being wrought on the west shore of Kartika Bay, when an azure sail appeared to the north. They, who had destroyed many enemy ships before, laughed at the approach of still another. As it skimmed into range, the Luwamnas let forth a burst of sorcerous fire, but it was dispersed harmlessly. Next they summoned a hurricane to tear timber from timber, but the winds fell still and the ship glided swiftly through. Now the grappling lines struck the barge and a hundred armed men came screaming over the sides, wild for vengeance. At their head charged Chalybes, the Talisman of Dispel swinging on his throat. He had made the hazardous trip to the distant Temple of Kings and had been rewarded with a gift from the Gods of Fate.

With the magicians dead, the door to the abominable plane drifted out of control and touched upon Hothior. Its denizens destroyed that country and the territories beyond before the spell waned, closing the portal for all time. Fortunately, the creatures which had come through could not breed in an alien dimension and perished within a half-century.

Chalybes set sail for Boliske, but a tempest wrecked the boat and only a few men escaped the sea to tell a tale that could not be confirmed.

For the next century, Mivior lay prostrate. Abominations left the south ruined, while a tribe of Ogres, the Goleuddydd (Skull Crushers), made a rare raid into human lands, destroying Addat. The Trolls chose this for the hour of their vengeance. They besieged and pillaged Boran and took back the eastern shore of Serpent Bay. Wars in later generations failed to regain this last conquest.

Fortunately, Boliske stood as a nucleus of Miviorian civilization and when the time of invasions was past, men rolled up their sleeves and got to work. They rebuilt Colist, Addat and Boran as naval bases, since Rombune, Zefnar and Parros were mounting slaving raids along Mivior's long coast. A revitalized navy put an end to the menace, and Miviorian trade revived.

Good word came from Reiken too; the last of the great Luwamnas lords had fallen, and the lesser of their breed had fled or gone underground into persecuted covens. By the beginning of the fourteenth century, some of the countries of Reiken had dispatched consuls to Minaria (installed in Boliske), including Haliyas, Zir and Datassa. These began to explore trading possibilities with other states besides Mivior (much to Mivior's disapproval).

But this was in the future. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a monopoly on Reiken trade let Mivior resume its old greatness. Of its possible rivals, Rombune preferred to work the distant south, while Zefnar and Parros were frequently enervated by barbarian problems. Moreover, Mivior enjoyed several advantages in the Reiken trade—especially its history of shared struggle, its exclusive treaties and its secret charts of a treacherous ocean.

These years held many clashes with Mivior's rivals, in defense of its trading rights. At home Mivior suffered several strikes, as the plebeian classes protested their exclusion from the governing circles. A temporary seizure of Boliske by an insurgent party convinced sage heads that reforms were necessary. Only a state with so mobile a society as Mivior's would have suffered the problem, or dealt with it as sanely. Representation was given to the more important elements of the masses and the strength of the nation was accordingly enhanced.

Trade with Elfland had waxed and waned for many years. The ascent of one Boewenn to the High Princeship turned relations hostile and precipitated an Elven attack. Addat was destroyed and many Miviorians massacred. Fortunately, the archon Netros made common cause with other invaded kingdoms and turned the Elves back, even to join in the sack of Ider Bolis, Boewenn's capital.

After the war, Mivior rebuilt and prospered. Although forced to cast a wary eye on the Ogres, who were slowly extending their territory east, tensions relaxed on the Trollish frontier. In fact, after the translation of some of the Trollish battle and love sagas into Miviorian by the scholar Mosinon, they became popular as acted out on the stage. Trollish crafts became a fad.

Upon the death of the archon Mozuel, the electors debated and named a young count as his successor. This was Nualt, whose father had founded the great Nikalmati Shipping House, and whose grandfather had been a cook upon the high seas.

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Good isn't stupid, Paladins & Rangers, and Female dwarves do have beards!

Gary Gygax©

There seems to be a continuing misunderstanding amongst a segment of *Advanced D&D* players as to what the term "good" actually means. This problem does cut both ways, of course, for if good is not clearly defined, how can evil be known? Moral and ethical precepts are based on religious doctrines, secular laws, family teachings, and individual perceptions of these combined tenets. It might be disturbing if one reflected deeply upon the whys and wherefores of the singular inability of so many players to determine for themselves the rights and wrongs of good behavior—unless one related this inability to the fact that the game is fantasy and therefore realized (rationalized?) that this curious lack must stem from the inability to draw a parallel between daily life and the imagined milieu. In order to clear the record immediately, then, and define the term "good" for all participants, it means everything defined in the dictionary as augmented and modified by one's moral and ethical upbringing and the laws of the land!

Gentle Reader, if you are in doubt about a certain action, and this applies particularly to all who play Rangers and Paladins, relate it to your real life. It is most probable that what is considered "good" in reality can be "good" in fantasy. The reverse is not quite so true, so I'll quantify things a bit.

Good does not mean stupid, even if your DM tries to force that concept upon you. Such assertions are themselves asinine, and those who accept such dictates are stupid. To quantify "good," however, we must also consider the three modifiers in AD&D: 1) lawful, 2) neutral, 3) chaotic.

1) The lawful perception of good dictates that the order which promotes the greatest good for the greatest number is best. It further postulates that disorder brings results which erode the capability of

bestowing good to the majority. Therefore, without law and order, good pales into nothingness.

2) Good from the *neutral* perception is perhaps the purest sort, in that it cares not for order or individual freedom above overall good, so there are no constraints upon the definition of what is good. Whatever accomplishes the good result is acceptable, and the means used should not be so fixed as to bring bad to any creature if an alternative way exists which accomplishes the desired good without bringing ill to others—or better still, brings good to all in one degree or another.

3) The *chaotic* views good from an individual standpoint, of necessity. The very stuff of chaos is individual volition, freedom from all constraints, the right of person above all else. Good is first and foremost applied to self; thereafter to those surrounding self; lastly to those furthest removed from self—a ripple effect, if you will. It is important to understand that "good" for self must not mean "bad" for others, although the "good" for self might not bring like benefits to others—or any benefit at all, for that matter. However, the latter case is justifiable as "good" only if it enables the individual to be in a better position to bring real "good" to others within the foreseeable future.

One of the advantages of AD&D over the real world is that we do have pretty clear definitions of good and evil—if not conceptually (as is evident from the necessity of this article), at least nominally. Characters and monsters alike bear handy labels to allow for easy identification of their moral and ethical standing. Black is black, gray is gray, white is white. There are intensities of black, degrees of grayness, and shades of white, of course; but the big tags are there to read nonetheless. The final arbiter in any campaign is the DM, the person who figuratively puts in the fine print on these alignment labels, but he or she must follow the general outlines of the rule book or else face the fact that his or her campaign is not AD&D. Furthermore, participants in such a campaign can cease playing. That is the surest and most vocal manner in which to evidence displeasure with the conduct of a referee. In effect, the labels and their general meanings are defined in AD&D, and the details must be scribed by the *group* participating.

Perceptions of good vary according to age, culture, and theological training. A child sees no good in punishment meted out by parents—let us say for playing with matches. Cultural definitions of good might call for a loud belch after eating, or the sacrifice of any person who performs some taboo act. Theological definitions of good are as varied as cultural definitions, and then some, for culture is affected by and affects religion, and there are more distinct religious beliefs than there are distinct cultures. It is impossible, then, for one work to be absolute in its delineation of good and evil, law and chaos, and the middle ground between (if such can exist in reality). This does not, however, mean that "good" can be anything desired, and anyone who tells you, in effect, that good means stupid, deserves a derisive jeer (at least).

The "Sage Advice" column in *The Dragon* #36 (Vol. IV, No. 10, April 1980) contained some interesting questions and answers regarding "good" as related to Paladins and Rangers. Let us examine these in light of the foregoing.

A player with a Paladin character asks if this character can "put someone to death (who) is severely scarred and doesn't want to live." Although the *Sage Advice* reply was a strong negative, the actual truth of the matter might lie somewhere else. The player does not give the name of the deity served by the Paladin. This is the key to lawful good behavior in AD&D terms. Remember that "good" can be related to reality oftentimes, but not always. It might also relate to good as perceived in the past, actual or mythical. In the latter case, a Paladin could well force conversion at swordpoint, and, once acceptance of "the true way" was expressed, dispatch the new convert on the spot. This assures that the prodigal will not return to the former evil ways, sends the now-saved spirit on to a *better* place, and incidentally rids the world of a potential troublemaker. Such actions are "good," in these ways:

1. Evil is abridged (by at least one creature).
2. Good has gained a convert.

3. The convert now has hope for rewards (rather than torment) in the afterlife.

4. The good populace is safer (by a factor of at least 1).

It is therefore possible for a Paladin to, in fact, actually perform a "mercy killing" such as the inquiring player asked about, provided the tenets of his or her theology permitted it. While unlikely, it is possible.

Another case in point was that of a player with a Paladin character who wishes to marry and begin a lineage. Again, our "Sage Advisor" suggests a negative. While many religions forbid wedlock and demand celibacy, this is by no means universal. The key is again the deity served, of course. DMs not using specific deities will harken back to the origin of the term Paladin and realize that celibacy is not a condition of that sort of Paladinhood. Also, although the Roman Catholic church demands celibacy of its priests, the doctrines of Judeo-Christianity hold matrimony and child bearing and rearing as holy and proper, i.e. "good." So unless a particular deity demands celibacy of its fighter-minions, there is no conceivable reason for a Paladin not to marry and raise children. This is a matter for common sense—and the DM, who, if not arbitrary, will probably agree with the spirit of AD&D and allow marriage and children (This must be a long-range campaign, or else its participants are preoccupied with unusual aspects of the game. No matter . . .)

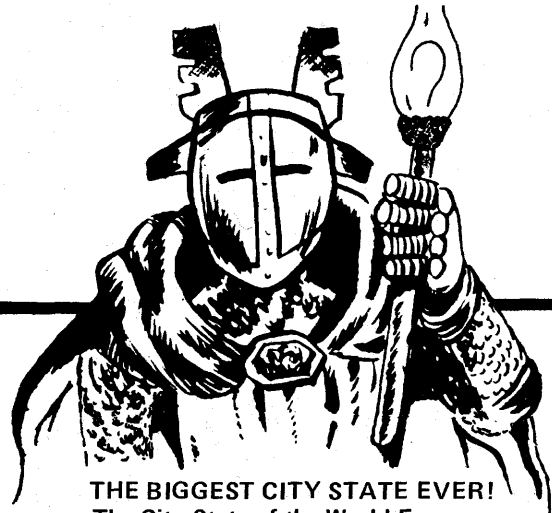
The third inquiry concerned a Ranger character. The writer claimed that his or her DM combined with a lawful good Ranger to insist that a wounded Wyvern was to be protected, not slain, unless it attacked the party. Here is a classic case of players being told that (lawful) good equates with stupidity. To assert that a man-killing monster with evil tendencies should be protected by a lawful good Ranger is pure insanity. How many lives does this risk immediately? How many victims are condemned to death later? In short, this is not "good" by any accepted standards! It is much the same as sparing a rabid dog or a rogue elephant or a man-eating tiger.

If good is carefully considered, compared to and contrasted with evil, then common sense will enable most, if not all, questions regarding the behavior of Paladins and Rangers to be settled on the spot. Consideration of the character's deity is of principal merit after arriving at an understanding of good. Thereafter, campaign "world" moral and ethical teachings on a cultural basis must rule. These concepts might be drawn from myth or some other source. What matters is that a definition of "good" is established upon intelligent and reasonable grounds. Viewpoints do differ, so absolutes (especially in a game) are both undesirable and impossible.

There are areas where AD&D can be absolute, places where statements can be accepted as gospel. One such is that of the facial hirsuteness of female dwarves. Can any Good Reader cite a single classical or medieval mention of even one Female dwarf? Can they locate one mention of a female dwarf in any meritorious work of heroic fantasy (save AD&D, naturally)? I think not! The answer is so simple, so obvious, that the truth has been long overlooked. Knowing the intelligence of AD&D players, there can be no doubt that all will instantly grasp the revealed truth, once it is presented, and extol its virtue.

Female dwarves are neglected not because of male chauvinism or any slight. Observers failed to mention them because they failed to recognize them when they saw them. How so? Because the bearded female dwarves were mistaken for younger males, obviously!

It is well known that dwarves are egalitarian. They do not discriminate against their womenfolk or regard them as lesser creatures, and this is undeniable. Furthermore, dwarves do not relegate females to minor roles. There can be no doubt that during any important activity or function, female dwarves were present. An untrained eye would easily mistake the heavily garbed, armored, short-bearded females for adolescent males. So happened the dearth of information pertaining to the fairer sex of dwarvenkind. Now, do female dwarves have beards? Certainly! And male dwarves are darn glad of it, for they do love to run their fingers through the long, soft growth of a comely dwarven lass.



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4th DIMENSION

J.A. Ball

I assume that many readers already know the rules of *4th Dimension*, but if you don't, then I hope this article will make you want to learn them. Invented in England in 1974 and not mass-produced until 1979, *4D* is different.

Rules

The rules are essentially simple, with the aim being to capture your opponent's Time-Lord, equivalent to the king in chess. Time-Lords can capture and destroy the two Guardians and the three Rangers on each side. Guardians can destroy Rangers, while both Guardians and Rangers have mastery over the lowest form of "life" in the game, each side's six Warriors. However, the Warriors are the pieces that hold the balance and the key to the game, because only a Warrior can capture the opposing Time-Lord, thereby winning the game.

Capturing can occur any time two opposing pieces are on adjacent sections of the board. Thus, if you end your turn with a Warrior next to your opponent's Time-Lord, you have won!

All pieces *Move* the same way—one space in any direction except diagonally (through the corner of a board section).

Pieces can also *Time-Warp*—a process of moving by which they are taken from the board, replaced with a marker, and returned to the board (*Beam-Down*) within two moves of the marker in a subsequent turn. Each player turn consists of one Move, one Time-Warp and one Beam-Down, accomplished in whichever order the player desires.

To illustrate the techniques of movement and the notation used to indicate those moves, the following diagram and description are provided:

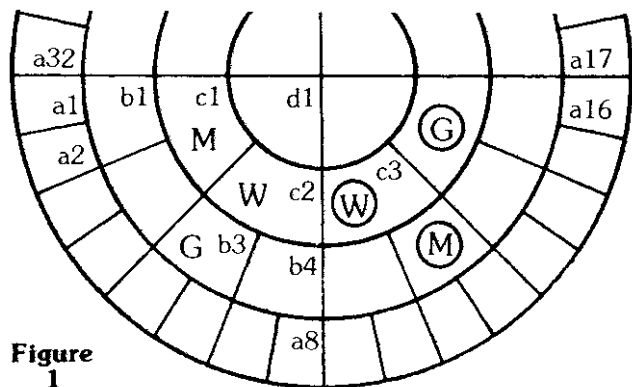


Figure 1

Blue pieces are indicated by the large letters circled, Yellow pieces by the same letters not circled. The letter-number symbols illustrate how the "squares" of the board are denoted. Only half the board is shown in this example.

Suppose it is Blue's move, and he plays:

-Tb4(G) +Wc3 Gc3(W)

This move destroys two Yellow pieces! Here is the translation: "-Tb4(G)" means the *Beam-Down* (minus sign) of the Time-Lord (T) from its position off the board to the square b4, which allows the capture of the Yellow Guardian on b3; "+Wc3" means the *Time-Warp* (plus sign) of the Warrior on c3 to the former location of the Time-Lord off the board; and "Gc3(W)" means the *Move* of the Guardian to the now-vacated c3, capturing the Yellow Warrior on c2.

Note from the example that the Guardian is allowed to move into the same square as the marker representing the Time-Warped Warrior, because markers are a "figment of the imagination" and hence

do not count as pieces. Also, the Time-Lord can safely Beam-Down next to an enemy Warrior because the Warrior is killed before it can retaliate. A player can only capture pieces during his or her turn, not while the other player is moving.

Using the Guardians: The c1/c4 position

A player's first *4D* games are spent in blissful confusion, trying to figure out how to best utilize the powerful ability of the Time-Warp. Then you get to the stage where you start considering your opponent's alternatives to your various moves, especially noting the position of his marker, as you further and further develop your maneuvering skill.

You soon learn that the most valuable attacking pieces are the Guardians, because they are vulnerable only to the Time-Lord. Each side has two Guardians, and it is best to employ one on each side of the board, with circle "c" being the optimum area for central control of the board. Note that the board has just four sections in circle "d", but each circle further to the outside has twice as many squares within it. Pieces moving around circle "a" go very slowly in relation to those in circle "c", which is a more powerful position. A Guardian placed in the "c" circle can literally "guard" the Rangers and Warriors behind it.

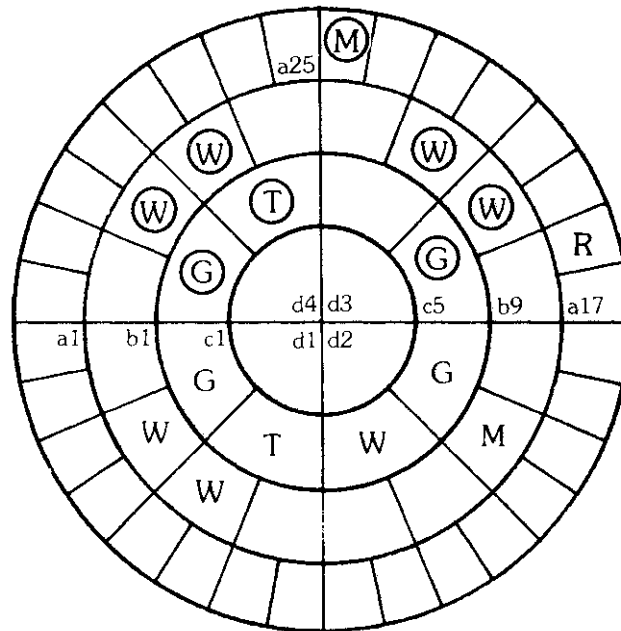
Just as the beginner learns to protect his Time-Lord, so the improved player learns to protect his Guardians. So, you might think that having the Guardians safely protected by Warriors, in a "c1/c4" position as in Figure 2, could lead to a stable position.

If you reach this more stable level of play, you are to be congratulated. There is a reward for players who reach this level, for while lower levels of play are great, fast-warping battles of light-hearted fun, this "second level" gently leads you into greater depths of more subtle instability. The style of play changes into a pushing battle—trying to force your opponent to retreat his Guardians, either backward or outward to the "b" and "a" circles.

One way of "pushing" an enemy Guardian is to move a Guardian out yourself, in such a way that your opponent has to follow. For example, Yellow in Figure 2 can play:

Yellow -Wd2 +Wb2 Gb1

Figure 2



Blue has to defend both his Time-Lord and his Guardian on c8, so would probably reply:

Blue -Rc6 +Tc7 Gb16

With Warriors in circle "d", a tough battle starts—but watch out, you could easily lose, even with the extra control of the center.

The most challenging and satisfying way of forcing an enemy Guardian to move from circle "c" is to attack with a Ranger on circle "a". The beginner will just tend to lose the Ranger, but the experienced player is able to get a massive strategic advantage by sacrificing it. If the attacking Ranger is ignored it will eventually slaughter the vulnerable Warriors, so the Guardian ultimately has to destroy the "pest." Look at Figure 2 again. Suppose it is Blue to play:

Blue Gb9(R) -Rb12 +Wb10
Yellow Gc5 -Wd2 +Wc3

The Blue Guardian is now trapped in circle "b". If Yellow can attack with enough Warriors in the center, a win should result.

So, the best method of defense is to attack. As with all logic-based games, in 4D if you just sit back and wait for the enemy to attack you, you should be defeated.

Values of pieces

Let us give the Warriors a value of 1. We believe the Rangers to have the same value, 1, so that losing a Warrior to gain a Ranger (or vice versa) does not weaken you. Guardians are worth 5 points; i.e., worth about 5 Rangers or Warriors. If you lose a Guardian you are in serious trouble, whereas you can afford to lose several Rangers and Warriors and be no weaker in fighting power—all you have really lost is reserves, since you cannot use all the Rangers and Warriors at one time anyway.

The "Ranger Win" controversy

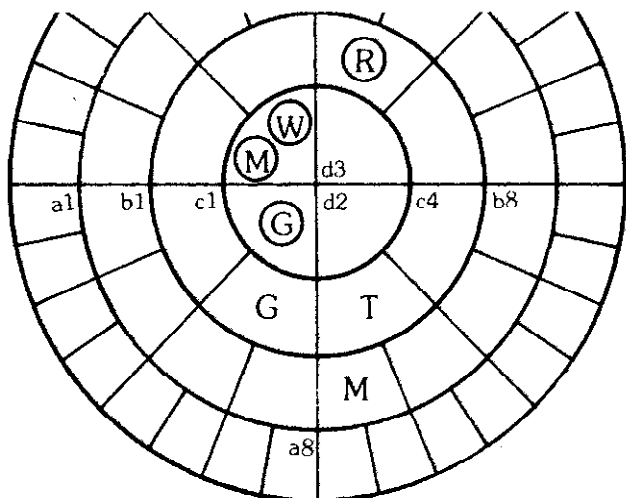
One regular 4D endgame position is responsible for a controversy. When each side has a Time-Lord, one Guardian and one Warrior, and one side has one Ranger, is the Ranger a big enough advantage to guarantee a win?

The controversy began in the 1976 Time-Lord Trophy Final between myself and Ian Stockdale. I had the extra Ranger, but Ian was a brilliant defender, so I conceded a draw after many futile attacks.

It would be good for 4D if the extra Ranger in the endgame could bring victory, to help prevent boring, chess-type draws. It would also be an important exception to the maxim that losing Rangers and Warriors made little difference in the outcome.

There are three subtle advantages in having the extra Ranger: (1) There are two pieces to attack the enemy Warrior; (2) If the Ranger or Guardian is captured, the remaining piece provides a defense against the enemy Warrior; and (3) Since there are three actions which can be performed each turn, having four pieces gives a player added flexibility.

Figure 3



At critical moments, the player at a disadvantage wants all three of his pieces on the board at the end of his/her turn. So, we conclude that if it was made compulsory to have a piece in Time-Warp at the end of each turn, then the extra Ranger would enable the owning player to win.

As a result of that determination, new rules published both in the British game and in the TSR edition include compulsory Time-Warping. It makes no difference in the average game, since a Warped piece can always return to the space it left, but it makes high-level games hardly ever end in a draw.

In England, we are currently working on the "Warrior Win" controversy—having two Warriors to your opponent's one.

Example of strong defense defeated by extra Ranger (Starting position shown in figure 3)

Blue (B. Uzzell)			Yellow (J. Ball)		
Move	-	+	Move	-	+
1	Wd3	Td4	Gd1	Td5	(2)
2	Rc5	(2)	Gc3	Wb6	Tb5
3	Td1	c4	Wd3	Gb6	b4
4	Td4	d1	Gc4	Tb5	(2)
5	Rb9	c2	Wd1	Gc3	b6
6	Td1	(2)	Gc4	a12	Wb6
7	Td4	c1	Rb9	Tb6	a11
8	Td3	c5	Wc1	Tb7	b5
9	Gc3	d2	Rc5	Gb6	a11
10	Td2	c5	Wd2	Wa12	(2)
11	Gb5	(2)		Resigns	

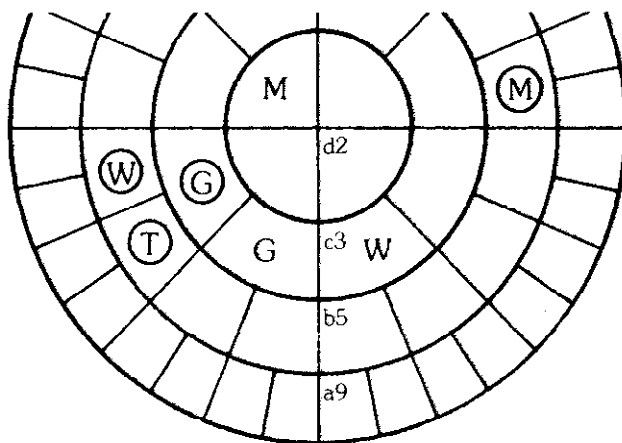
It was Time-Trap in two turns. the starting position was not unusual; it can be easily obtained.

A race against time

One of the most nerve-wracking events in 4D is a race. This occurs when all the Rangers and Guardians are captured or in remote positions, so that the Warriors of both sides are fearless. It is then a race to see whose Warrior captures a Time-Lord first.

In Figure 4, Yellow is losing by a Warrior, but wins by forcing a race through the swapping of the Guardians:

Figure 4



Blue			Yellow		
Move	-	+	Move	-	+
1			Gc1(W)	Td1(G)	Wc3
2	(G)Ta3	Wd3	Tc2	Wc1	-
3	Wd2	-	Ta3	Wb2	Tc2
4	Wd1	(2)	Wa3	Tb5	-
5	Wc1	(3)	Ta9	-	Wa3

Blue resigns, as he is Time-Trapped.

Note that when a player has only two pieces left, he must always Move, but Warping is optional. In Yellow's first turn, beaming down the Time-Lord to d1 was essential—You should always try to stay as centrally located as possible, for it can make the difference between winning and losing.



Tom Moldvay

One of the basics of traditional Western magic is "As above, so below" (usually attributed to the *Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus*). This concept reached its fullest expression in the doctrine of planetary correspondences. All earthly things were considered to be but a reflection of the seven heavenly bodies of our solar system visible by the unaided eye. These heavenly bodies were all known as "planets," though two of them, the sun and the moon, are not planets per se.

The seven planets represent ideal archetypes, somewhat similar to the Platonic concept of the ideal. Each planet has its own magical sphere of influence. Knowledge of the various correspondences proper to a planet enabled the magician to plan a ceremony which would maximize the influence of the ruling planet or planets: For example, battlefield necromancy would best have been done under a combination of Mars and Saturn. The magician would have chosen a time, at night, when both planets were in conjunction. He or she would have dressed in reds and blacks, carried objects made of iron or lead, sacrificed a toad or a wolf, etc.

Planetary correspondences can be useful in *D&D* and *AD&D* as aids to the DM's imagination. They can help stimulate creativity, and provide the DM with a quick, ready source to help him or her fill in the kinds of detail which make a dungeon more interesting and more mysterious.

For example: "You open the door and see a room 49 feet square, bathed in a strange emerald light. Each wall is painted with a scene of the same countryside in a different season. In the center of the room is a throne carved out of a single huge block of green jade.

Seated on the throne is a beautiful woman with exaggerated physical features. Seven copper braziers burn an incense made from . . ."

Planetary correspondences can also be helpful in designing new magical creatures or new magical items. Among other treasure, the party might find a silver bracelet on which is the outline of a panther formed with small, inset, white seed pearls. By experiment, or accident, the party members eventually find that the bracelet allows the wearer to travel on the astral plane, once per day, in the guise of a panther (though no one yet realizes that there is an 05% chance that the user will become insane each time the bracelet is used, believing that he or she is a panther even when back on the Prime Material Plane in normal form).

Planetary correspondences can be used to design those supernatural servants of the Cleric's deity whom he or she calls upon each day to obtain his or her third, fourth, and fifth-level spells in *AD&D*. If the cleric's deity were Zeus, for example, the Cleric might pray to Zeus through Corael, who appears as a giant stag with eyes like blue star sapphires, and whose antlers are wreathed with holly and violets. The same planetary correspondences can also help Clerics design an altar, temple, or chapel.

The tabulation of the categories below comes out of medieval natural philosophy, with some later adjustments by various schools of magicians. Possible roots can be traced to Hebrew cabalism, and the Orphic mysteries of classical Greece. The sources are often contradictory and have been simplified and/or reconciled by educated guesses whenever necessary. The best primary sources, for those who may wish to consult them, are the three books of *Occult Philosophy or Magic* by Henry Cornelius Agrippa (originally published in 1533, and available on microfilm in most larger libraries).

THE SUN

Amulets of the Zodiac

Archetypal Plane: Light (or the Positive Material).

Description of Archetype: A blond, golden-skinned child holding a sceptre. A rooster crowing. A lion roaring. A sleeping gold dragon. The phoenix rising from flames. An individual with a tawny complexion, yellowish eyes, and a short, reasonably hairless, handsome body. A wise, honorable personality, courageous to a fault, but constantly seeking praise.

Planetary Powers: Magic concerned with money. Fortune and destiny in general. Any operation involving peace, harmony, and friendship. Long life and health. Transmutation of the elements. Spells involving light; magic whose prime purpose is goodness.

Color: Gold, or bright yellow.

Metal: Gold.

Stones: Amber, Topaz, Heliotrope (Yellow Jasper), Cat's Eye Agate, Citrine, Jacinth.

Plants: Sunflowers, Saffron plants, Ginger, Gentian, Celadine, Dittany, Lotus trees, Laurel trees, Poliginia, Ivy, any vines which climb toward the sun.

Animals: Lions, Roosters, Eagles, Rams, Boars, Shellfish, Worms, most Beetles, the Phoenix, a Cockatrice.

Day: Sunday.

Numbers: 1, 6, 11, 66, 666.

Selected Deities: Sol, Helius, the Titans Theia & Hyperion, Samas, Tai Yang Ti Chun, Tionatuh, Brigit, Apollo, Suya, Vishnu, Asar, Ra.

Angel: Michael.

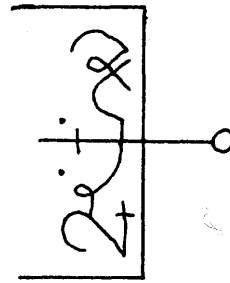
Angelic Order: The Shinanim.

Devil: Surgat. (possibly also Mephistopheles).

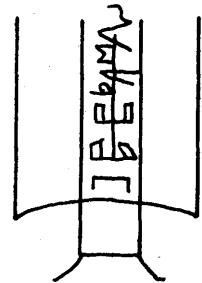
Demon Order: Type III Demons.

Spirits: Dardael, Hurtapel, Nakiel, Vianathabra, Carat, Haludiel, Machasiel, Burchat, Suceratos, Capabile, Och, Sorath, Aquiel.

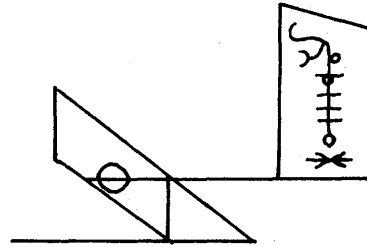
Tarot Trumps: The Sun, The Wheel of Fortune, The Hanged Man.



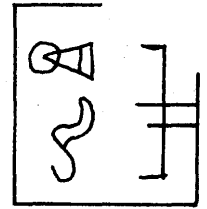
Sun



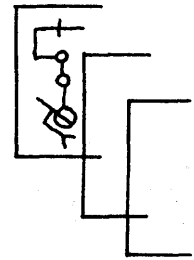
Moon



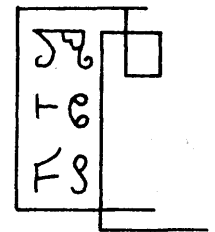
Mercury



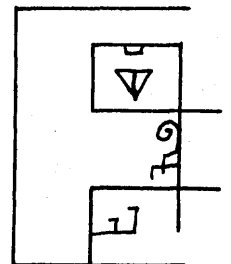
Venus



Mars



Jupiter



Saturn

Symbol

Characters

S u n ☉

☉ d H w K v q r s

Moon ☾

☾ ◊ o r t u v w x y z

Mercury ♀

♀ + (x) h z o r t u v w x y z

Venus ♀

♀ M T F X B F K B

Mars ♂

♂ w r t u v w x y z

Jupiter ♃

♃ H U G A N F X T H

Saturn ♄

♄ I F c w r t u v w x y z

Incense: Cinnamon, Cloves, Myrrh, Lignam Aloes, Musk, Ambergris, and Olibanum.

THE MOON

Archetypal Plane: Astral.

Description of Archetype: A beautiful huntress with a drawn bow riding on the back of a large doe. A handsome nude man. A beautiful woman with ivory-white skin and silver hair. A gray elf dressed in silver mithral mail. A pale-skinned (nearly albino) individual with purple-blue eyes and black or silver hair, who has a slim body and full, round face. A personality which can be child-like and gentle, or wrathful and poisonous.

Planetary Powers: Travel (especially on the Astral plane, or between planes in general). Visions and dreams. Conjuring spirits. Works of sanity and insanity. Hunting magic. Spells with indirect effects. Protective spells which reflect magic back upon the caster. Clairvoyance of future events. Magic involving the Astral plane.

Color: Silver, or White.

Metal: Silver.

Stones: Crystal, Selenite, White Pearls, Clear Quartz, Diamonds, Silver Marcasite, Chalcedony.

Plants: Selenotrope, Hyssop, Rosemary, Olive trees, Cactus, Almond trees, Peony bushes.

Animals: Most cats, Swine, Two-horned Beetles, Two-horned Bulls, Birds which prey on fish, Game animals, Tortoises, Frogs, Oysters, Chameleons, Nightingales, Crabs, Crayfish, Minotaurs, Medusae, and Gorgons.

Day: Monday.

Numbers: 9, 369, 3321.

Selected Deities: Luna, Selene, the Titans Metis & Coenus, Sin, Chih-Chiang Fyu-Ya, Tou Mu, Uller, Balder, Frey, Artemis, Bes, Bast.

Angel: Gabriel (possibly also Uriel).

Angelic Order: The Ishim.

Devil: Lucifer (possibly also Asmodeus).

Demonic Order: Type V Demons.

Spirits: Bilet, Missaln, Abuzohar, Madios, Nasomiel, Abuori, Pabael, Ustael, Phul, Schael.

Tarot Trumps: The High Priestess, The Hermit, The Moon.

Incense: Camphor, Jasmine, Ginseng, Frankincense, Onycha, and powdered Mandrake root.

MERCURY

Archetypal Plane: Water.

Description of Archetype: A nude hermaphrodite. A handsome prepubescent youth. Two screeching ravens. Two intertwined snakes. A fox with humanoid features. A magician wearing a robe of many colors. Tiamat. An individual with a mottled complexion, a long-boned body, and a long head with a high forehead and straight, long nose. A crafty, ingenious personality which is inconstant and subtle.

Planetary Powers: Finding familiar spirits. The teaching of all arts and sciences. Knowledge in general. Eloquence and diplomacy. Auguries and predictions. Theft and discovering theft. Deceit and artful lies. Practical jokes. Magic typified by change. Water spells. Most spells involving illusions.

Color: Purple, or mixed colors, as a rainbow.

Metal: Quicksilver, or alloys such as electrum, speculum, bronze, and brass.

Stones: Multi-hued agates or opals, Purple marble, Amethysts, Sardonyx, Violet Garnets.

Plants: Most grasses, Herb Mercury, Fumitory Pimpernel, Marjoram, Parsley, Cinquefoil, Hazelwood, Cloves.

Animals: Weasels, Apes, Foxes, Harts, Mules, Hares, Snakes, most Fish, Blackbirds, Ravens, Crows.

Day: Wednesday.

Numbers: 2, 8, 260.

Selected Deities: Mercury, the Titans Tethys and Oceanus, Nabu, No Cha, Jade Petticoat, Odin (Wotan), Loki, Mannannan Mac Lir, Oghma, Poseidon, Hermes, Rudra, Thoth, Tefnut, Apesh.

Angel: Raphael.

Angelic Order: The Benei Elohim.

Devil: Astaroth.

Demonic Order: Type I Demons.

Spirits: Miel, Seraphiel, Mathlai, Tarmiel, Baraborat, Aiediat, Sugmonos, Ramel, Doremiel, Modiat, Sallales, Tiriel, Ophiel.

Tarot Trumps: The Juggler (The Magician), The Lovers, Temperance.

Incense: Cinquefoil, Sandalwood, Frankincense, Cloves, Mastic, Mace, and Narcissis.

VENUS

Archetypal Plane: Earth.

Description of Archetype: A beautiful, nude woman with exaggerated sexual highlights. A pregnant animal. A gliding dove. A swimming swan. A flowering tree. A wood elf dressed in a cloak of green leaves. An individual with a pale brown complexion, fair hair, green eyes, and a handsome body. An amiable, patient personality, usually kind and jocund, slow to anger but devastating when aroused.

Planetary Powers: Love (primarily physical). All spells dealing with beautification or charisma. Spells dealing with the progression of the seasons and nature. Most druidic spells. Spells dealing with growth and fertility.

Color: Green or Brown.

Metal: Copper.

Stones: Emeralds, Malachite, Moss agate, Chrysophase, Alexandrite, Chrysoberyl, Green Jade, Peridot, Green Spinel, Tourmaline, Tiger's Eye.

Plants: Vervain, Maidenhair Ferns, Valerian, Thyme, Roses, Myrtle, Clover, Figs, Pomegranates, and most fruits, plant life in general.

Animals: Most domestic animals such as Sheep, Goats, or Cattle, Sparrows, Pigeons, Pilchards, Swans, Doves, animal life in general.

Day: Friday.

Numbers: 7, 49, 175, 1225.

Selected Deities: Venus, the Titans Phoebe and Atlas, Ishtar, Astarte, Yu Shih, Kuan Yin, Frigga, Freya, Silvanus, Dunatis, Beltis, Aphrodite, Pan, Dionysius, Shiva, Geb, Isis.

Angel: Anael.

Angelic Order: The Tarsishim.

Devil: Bechard (possibly also Geryon).

Demonic Order: Succubi.

Spirits: Rachiel, Thamael, Tenariel, Arrogon, Penat, Thiel, Colzras, Penael, Rael, Teripel, Hagith, Kedemel, Hagiell.

Tarot Trump: The Empress, Strength, The World.

Incense: Lignum Aloes, Sandalwood, Myrtle, Rose, Galbanum, Musk, Ambergris, Storax, and Benzoin.

MARS

Archetypal Plane: Fire.

Description of Archetype: A warrior in plate mail, driving a chariot. A naked man with exaggerated sexual features, with a severed head in one hand and an unsheathed sword in the other. A howling wolf. A red dragon ready to attack. An enraged Efrete. An individual with ruddy complexion, bright red hair, muscular body, and a round face with gray eyes and a hawk nose. A proud, crafty personality, somewhat rough and uncouth, quick to anger and deadly when aroused.

Planetary Powers: Warfare and military accomplishments. Slaughter and killing in general. Destruction, and works of disharmony. Most fire spells, or spells involving the shedding of blood.

Color: Red.

Metal: Iron.

Stones: Rubies, Bloodstones, Carnelians, Red Sardonyx, Coral, Red Spinel, Red Tourmaline, Fire Opals.

Plants: Absinthe, Rue, Garlic, Radish, Euphorbium, Ammoniac, Wolfsbane, Scammony, Nettle and thorn bushes in general, Onions.

Animals: Horses and other trained war beasts, Wolves, Wild Asses, Baboons, Gnats, Flies, Falcons, Vultures, Pikes, Barbels, Salamanders.

Day: Tuesday.

Numbers: 5, 65, 325.

Selected Deities: Mars, the Titans Diane & Crius, Nergal, Zivis, Zio, Huan-Ti, Chao Kung Ming, Huitzilopochtli, Tyr, Nuada, Medhbh, Ares, Agni, Shu, Anhur.

Angel: Samael.

Angelic Order: The Seraphim.

Devil: Frimost (possibly also Beelzebub/Baalzebub).

Demonic Order: Type VI Demons.

Spirits: Amabiel, Chamael, Satael, Graphiel, Barsabel, Nambroth, Phaleg.

Tarot Trumps: The Chariot, The Lightning Struck Tower, Death.

Incense: Pepper, Dragon's blood (the sap of the plant, not blood from a dragon), Tobacco, Benzoin, Sulphur, Euphorbium, Bdellium, and Opopanax.

JUPITER

Archetypal Plane: Air.

Description of Archetype: A tall, muscular, bearded man of stern but compassionate countenance, wearing a crown. A rearing stag. A hawk about to swoop. An individual of pale coloring with dark brown hair, large-pupiled eyes, a large, slightly curved nose, protruding front teeth, and a well-formed body with good stature. A personality which is cheerfully reverent and honest, with a noble bearing and good manners concealing a sometimes temperamental and vengeful nature.

Planetary Powers: Spells to obtain the favor of rulers. Riches, honor, success, and operations involving one's heart's desire. Most Clerical spells. Most air or sky spells, especially those dealing with thunder and lightning.

Color: Blue.

Metal: Tin.

Stones: Sapphires, Lapis lazuli, Turquoise, Aquamarine, Azurite, Blue Quartz, Blue Jasper, Cairngorm Quartz, Zircons, Blue Spinels.

Plants: Basil, Mace, Spikenard, Mastic, Violets, Henbane, Poplar trees, Holly, Beech trees, Hazel trees, all corns such as barley or wheat, Aesculus, Storax.

Animals: Elephants, Chickens, Owls, Partridges, Pheasants, Stags, and all kinds of the herds, Dolphins, Anchovies, Hawks, Cookoos, birds in general.

Day: Thursday.

Numbers: 4, 34, 136.

Selected Deities: Jupiter, the Titans Themis & Eurymedon, Marduk, Bel, Lei Kung, Shang Ti, Quetzalcoatl, Thor, Daghda, Taranis, Zeus, Athena, Brahma, Horus.

Angel: Sachiel.

Angelic Order: The Chasmalin (possibly also The Cherubim).

Devil: Silcharde (possibly also Dispaten).

Demonic Order: Type IV Demons.

Spirits: Asasiel, Zadkiel, Setchiel, Chedusitaniel, Zachariel, Corael, Kadiel, Maltiel, Huphatriel, Estael, Coniel, Babel, Bethor.

Tarot Trumps: The Emperor, The Hierophant, Justice.

Incense: Cedar wood, powdered Lapis lazuli, Lignum Aloes, Saffron, Storax, Gum Arabic, and Ambergris.

SATURN

Archetypal Plane: Darkness (or the Negative Material).

Description of Archetype: An elderly woman whose face is mainly hidden inside a black cowl. An old, bearded king, close to death,

riding a black dragon. A skeleton sprouting flowers from its empty eye sockets. A jet-black man with goat hooves and horns, covered with shaggy fur from the waist down. A staring Basilisk. A sallow, dark-skinned individual with rough skin and large veins, whose body is stooped and crooked and covered with a mass of hair. A melancholy personality who is nonetheless crafty and murderous.

Planetary Powers: All death spells. All darkness spells. Works of hatred, death, and disaster. All spells dealing with the undead, particularly the creating of undead.

Color: Black.

Metal: Lead.

Stones: Hematite, Onyx, Black Pearls, Black Sapphires, Obsidian, Black Jasper, Jet, Black Opals.

Plants: Dragon's wort, Cumin, Black Hellebore Root, Benzoin, Mandrake, Opium, Oak trees, Cypress trees, Mushrooms, and deadly fungi such as Toadstool.

Animals: Toads, Bears, Moles, Camels, most Dragons, Scorpions, Ants, Rats, Bats, Quail, Lapwings, Eels, Lamprey, Basilisks.

Day: Saturday.

Numbers: 3, 15, 45.

Selected Deities: Saturn, the Titans Rhea & Cronus, Ninib, Yama, Michtantecuhtli, Hel, Donn, Moirighan, Hades, Hecate, Kali, Set, Anubis.

Angel: Cassiel.

Angelic Order: The Aralim.

Devil: Guland (possibly also Satan).

Demonic Order: Type II Demons.

Spirits: Zaphiel, Machatan, Bachiel, Astel, Mael, Orael, Valnum, Zoniel, Hubaril, Nabam, Aratron.

Tarot Trumps: The Devil, Judgment, The Stars.

Incense: Myrrh, Black Poppy, Sulphur, Henbane, Mandrake, Assafoetida, Black Hellebore root, Scammony, Civit, Galbanum, Musk, and indigo.

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Convention Schedule 1980

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EMPIRICON II/CON-SPIRACY (July 4-6, 1980)— A science fiction gaming convention oriented toward fantasy role-playing games, to be held at the Prince George Hotel, 14 E. 28th St., New York NY. For more information, contact: Empiricon II/Con-Spiracy, P.O. Box 682, Church St. Station, New York NY 10008.

NANCON 88-11 (July 4-6, 1980)— One of the largest gaming conventions in the Southwest, sponsored by Nan's Toys and Games of Houston, Tex. The site is the Holiday Inn at 6701 S. Main St. in Houston. Information is available from Nan's Toys and Games, 1385 Galleria Mall, 5015 Westheimer, Houston TX 77056.

PHRINGECON (July 11-13, 1980)— To be held at the Adamas Hotel, Phoenix AZ; a convention "for the fringes of SF fandom." Special guests to include Stan Lee and George (Sulu) Takei. (Contact: PhringeCon, P.O. Box 1072, Phoenix AZ 85001.

GLASC V (July 11-13, 1980)— Greater Los Angeles Simulation Convention; to be held at the Airport Marina Hotel, Los Angeles, sponsored by Simulation Gamers Association, San Fernando Valley, CA. Contact: L. Daniel, 7048 Keokuk Ave., Canoga Park CA 91306.

ARCHON IV (July 11-13, 1980)— Robert Bloch and Wilson (Bob) Tucker will be guests of honor at this science-fiction convention, to be held at the Chase Park Plaza Hotel, 212 North Kingshighway, St. Louis MO 63108. Information is available by writing to Archon IV, Box 15852, Overland MO 63114.

COGA-CON III (July 19-20, 1980)— A gaming gathering sponsored by the Central Ohio Gaming Association. It will take place at the Eastland Vocational Center in Columbus, Ohio. There will be dealer exhibits and an assortment of game tournaments, including D&D. For more information, contact COGA president Allan Carson, 1467 N. 4th St., Columbus OH 43201, phone (614) 291-4143.

INTERNATIONAL SPACE: 1999 ALLIANCE CON '80 (July 25-27, 1980)— A gathering for fans of *Space: 1999* and other science-fiction television programs (*not* including *Star Trek*); some gaming included. To be held in Columbus, Ohio. For information, write to Kathy & John von Kamp, 86 First St, New London OH 44851.

MAINECON '80 (July 25-27, 1980)— Sponsored by the Maine Wargamers Association, to be held in the ballroom of the Eastland Hotel in Portland, ME. Contact: John Wheeler, Mainecon '80 convention director, 102 Front St., Bath, ME 04530, phone (207) 443-3711.

Bus service to Origins

The Citadel in Groton, CT, is sponsoring a bus to Origins '80 for convention-goers in the Massachusetts-Connecticut area. Anyone interested should send a \$15 deposit to The Citadel, 171 Bridge St., Groton, CT 06340. The seats will be filled on a first-come, first-served basis, and deposits will be returned to those who do not apply in time. All correspondence to The Citadel should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a return message.

The bus will leave the Worcester, MA, area at 7 a.m. on Friday, June 27, with stops later in the day in the New London, CT, and Bridgeport, CT, areas, before proceeding onward to Widener University in Chester, PA. Details of the schedule and other arrangements will be made available to those who reserve seats.

CWA-CON '80 (Aug. 1-3, 1980)— A convention for dealers and game players, sponsored by the Chicago Wargamers Association. To be held at the College of DuPage, Glen Ellyn, Ill. Duke Seifried of Heritage Models will be among the special guests. For more information, contact Chicago Wargamers Association, 3605 Bobolink, Rolling Meadows IL 60008, telephone (312) 394-5618.

BANGOR AREA WARGAMERS ANNUAL CONVENTION (Aug. 2-3, 1980)— To be held at the Memorial Union at the University of Maine, Orono, ME. University housing available. Contact Edward F. Stevens Jr., 13 South Street, Rockland ME 04841, telephone (207) 594-6242.

KAISER WARGAMER'S FIRST STRIKE (Aug. 30, 1980)— One-day gathering to be held at the Fontana Kaiser Steel Plant. Information is available from Mark J. Shocklee, 11262 Barton Road, Apt. B, Loma Linda, CA 92354.

PACIFICON '80 (Aug. 30-Sept. 1, 1980)— The largest dealer/manufacturer convention on the west coast. Will be held at the Dunfey Hotel in San Mateo, Calif. More information is available from David G. Hinkley, publicity chairman, Pacificon, P.O. Box 5833, San Jose CA 95150, phone (408) 374-9770 or (408) 371-4229.

RIDES NEEDED/OFFERED

The Dragon will publish, free of charge, any notice sent by a reader asking for or offering transportation to/from a convention site. Messages should include all-pertinent information and be sent to RIDES, c/o The Dragon, P.O. Box 110, Lake Geneva WI 53147.

RIDE NEEDED: I am going to GenCon '80 and I need a ride from the Baltimore-Washington, D.C. area and back.
In exchange I will help pay for gasoline and tolls.
Mark Inscoe, 9214 Log Cabin Road, Columbia MD 21045.

RIDE OFFERED: I am going to GenCon '80 from Burlington, Vermont and can take three riders from Vermont or the Adirondacks in exchange for help with gas and tolls.
Shar Fortier, 27 N. Winooski Ave., Burlington VT 05401.

Going, going.. .

Some recent back issues of *The Dragon* are in short supply. In fact, one issue which isn't all that old yet is already sold out. Readers should take note of the following facts when requesting back issues:

The Dragon #34 (February 1980) is no longer available as a back issue. The supply of #32 (December 1979) and #37 (May 1980) is, somewhat limited, but barring any immediate "rush" on either magazine, each should be available for some time to come.

With the exception of #34, back issues of *The Dragon* are available from #22 (February 1979) to the present. They are priced at cover price plus 75 cents for postage and handling per copy. The cover price for issues #22 through #31 (November 1979) is \$2, which makes the single-copy price \$2.75. The single-copy price for #32, 33, 35 and 36 is \$3.25, and the single-copy price for #37 and 38 is \$3.75.

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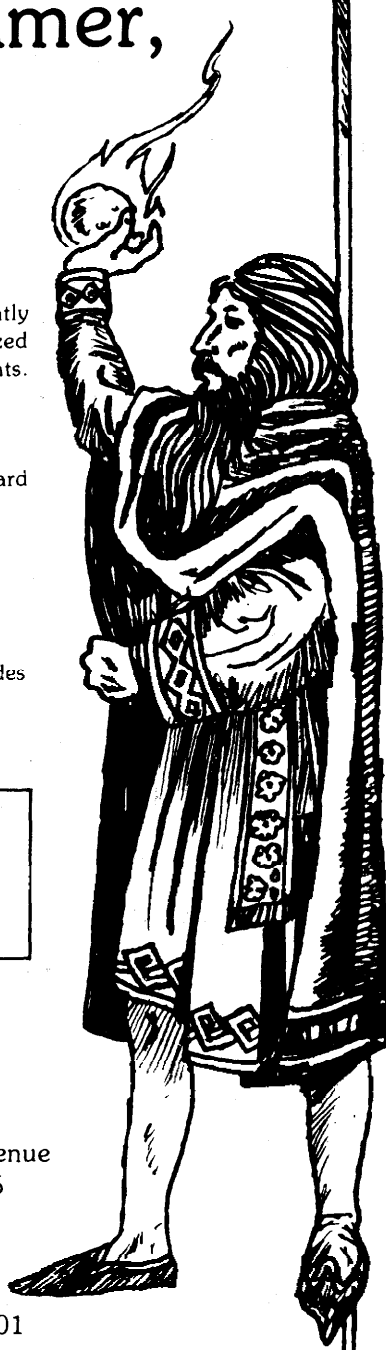
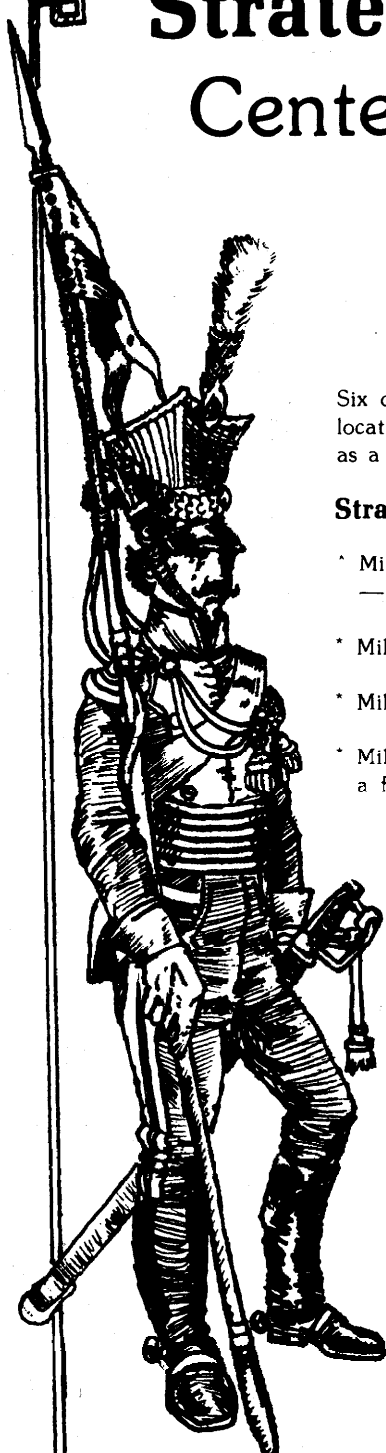
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Tell them you saw it in the Dragon

The Cup of Golden Death

(From page 9)

There was silence everywhere about the little oasis, except for the soft cries of Lythia and the deep rumblings of the big barbarian, Maralia made no sound as she moved across the grasses to where a blanket was twisted and folded about the golden cup.

Maralia squatted down, her hands going to the blanket, lifting it away from the chalice. Now the cup was free, seeming to gather brightness from the very darkness about it.

The chalice gleamed as if with inner fires. Ever more golden it became, until it glittered so brightly it might have blinded the eyes. Yet it did not blind the high priestess who knelt before it, hands outstretched. She gloried in that golden effulgence, gathered it to her as she might a perfume with which to salve her flesh.

The golden brightness sang to her, causing her to forget everything about herself: her name, her rank among the priestesses of the god Humalorr, her very self. Kneeling there, her arms outstretched, she became aware of nothing but that golden light. . . .

Morning came slowly to the man and woman still stirring together lazily upon the grass. They had been and still were asleep, but this was a deeper sleep than any either had enjoyed. It was a sleep not only of the senses but a sleep as well of the spirit.

Niall opened his eyes. He held the sweat-drenched body of Lythia tightly to his own. Their limbs were intermingled, they lay as lovers upon the grass. Waking so, ordinarily he would have been delighted, but there was a vague memory within him, a recollection of something which had taken possession of him so recently.

Lythia opened her own eyes, staring into his own. He saw a sick awareness in those grey eyes that looked up at him. She groaned.

"We have been slaves to the evil gods this night," she whispered.

Niall nodded: "I think so myself. But how did it happen? Why?"

Lythia pushed away from him, rose to her feet. Her eyes went to the pool waters, to the rocks about it, and her palms clapped together angrily.

"Fool that I am," she breathed, "I should have known this place! It is haunted by the spirits of the dead godlings who have been cast out of their heavenly homes. They live here, weakened and almost helpless, but there is given to them at times the power to enter into people to grant humans what they most desire. . . ."

Niall grinned. "Well, I can believe that, I want you most of all, and last night I—"

"Niall! Look!"

Her outstretched finger brought his eyes across the remains of the little fire. Niall stared.

Where Maralia had been crouching before the golden cup, there was now a golden statue. It was Maralia, but a Maralia turned from flesh and blood into solid gold!

Niall rasped a curse. Were his eyes deceiving him? But no. Maralia—or what had been Maralia—was solid gold. His hand touched her, felt the metallic hardness of what had been her flesh. Even her garments had been altered, were now also gold.

He snarled, reached for the fallen blanket, tossed it about the cup. Niall drew a deep breath, staring at what was no a statue. No longer the breathing, living Maralia, but a dead thing, an inanimate object. His eyes lifted to Lythia.

"Can we—restore her to life?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. What the cup touches—it takes. She is dead now, her flesh and bones changed miraculously."

Niall shook himself. "Let's get out of here while we can."

Lythia gestured at the statue. "And that?"

He shrugged. "We leave it here. We can't carry it."

He moved towards the horses. It was at that moment that his eyes caught movement off to one side, toward the rim of the little oasis, Niall straightened, his hand going to his swordhilt.

Men were moving along the rim of the oasis, men on horses, hardfaced men in ragged clothing some in mail shirts, all of them heavily armed. He glanced here and there and as he looked, more and more of these ragged desert riders came into view, until they surrounded the oasis.



They sat in their saddles, staring down at him. Lythia stood frozen, eyeing them, turning her eyes to Niall and then up at the rim, where those horsemen stood like a wall.

Niall's sword came out into the morning sunlight, even as Lythia sighed. She shook her head at him, saying, "It's no use. You can't defeat them all."

One man among all those at the rim moved. He was an older man, with streaks of grey in his hair and beard. He was a handsome man, broad of shoulder and tall, and the hands that held the reins of his horse were sun-bronzed and powerful.

His eyes flitted from Lythia to Niall, and then they settled on the golden statue. They widened, and he leaned forward in the saddle the better to scan that aureate figure. The breath seemed to hiss in his throat when he straightened up.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

Niall grinned. "We brought it with us."

The older man let his eyes study the three horses. "It would be a tremendous burden for one mount," he said softly. "Unless one of you walked, and the statue was carried between two horses. I am afraid I do not believe you."

The barbarian shrugged. He was content to talk with this man, even as his brain tried to resolve the question of how they might win free of his little army. Niall was realist enough to know that on this desert where the bandits ruled supreme, there were few travelers who met them who ever returned to tell of it.

Baradon smiled grimly. He was the captain of this outlaw band—

the most powerful of the thieves who dwell upon this desert world—and he ruled them with a hard hand. In the tent-city which was his home, he had gathered the fruits of many years of raiding upon the caravans. Yet nowhere in his several tents was there anything as valuable as this golden statue.

"You brought it to me, and for that I am grateful," the bandit chief said slowly. "You also brought that one." His hand gestured at Lylthia. "For that, I am grateful, too."

Baradon chuckled. "I shall take the statue and the woman and your horses in exchange for your life. You are free to go."

Niall grinned. On foot on these sands, a man would not last long. A man would die under the heat of the sun and with only the water he might carry. If Baradon permitted him water, that is.

His sword flashed out.

"I have a better idea," Niall called. "Send your dogs to kill me, or come yourself, I refuse your offer."

Baradon whirled his horse and lifted his arm. At that signal a dozen riders came charging down the slopes, swords swinging in the sunlight.

Lylthia cried out, but already Niall was moving, circling about, making the riders rein in to follow his movements. As they did so, Niall leaped for the nearest rider. His great sword whirled, came down to split a man's skull. Instantly, Niall was in the saddle, driving the horse against the mount of his closest antagonist.

The blade sheared an arm; then Niall was in among the others, driving Blood-drinker this way and that, cutting into faces, lopping heads from necks, driving forward into chests. He fought like a man maddened by drugs, and the heavy sword seemed like a feather in his huge hand.

Men died, toppling from their saddles, and ever Niall evaded the cuts and thrusts they aimed at him. Laughter burst from his lips, together with taunting words.

"Is this the best you can do? Do you call this fighting? Fools! Every one of you are dead men! Dead men sitting their saddles, waiting for the moment my steel takes you."

The men fought him as best they could, but Niall was no common man. Born in the far northland, in Cumberia, trained to the sword since earliest childhood, he was at once master of it and proof against it. His reactions were akin to those of the wild animals of his world. He was lightning in a human body.

As the last man fell before his steel, he drove his horse straight for Baradon. The outlaw king rasped an oath and whirled to flee. He was too slow.

The flat of Niall's blade took him across the back of his head. Baradon pitched from the saddle to lie flat on the ground. Even as he fell, Niall was dropping from the saddle to land beside him.

The point of his sword touched Baradon's throat.

"Back!" bellowed Niall. "Go back or your leader dies!"

The bandits who had come charging down the hill reined in now, sitting and glaring at this madman who could fight like the fiends of Farfanol. Their faces were grim, their eyes hard.

Let Niall kill Baradon, those grim eyes said silently, and he would die. Powerful hands gripped the hilts of their swords, but they did not use them.

Baradon stirred. Slowly he moved, his eyes opening. Over him crouched Niall, a grim smile on his mouth. "Do you want to live, Baradon? Or shall I kill you here and now?"

"If I die—you die, barbarian!"

"I die anyhow, according to your word."

Baradon chuckled. "It seems like stalemate, then."

The sharp tip of Blood-drinker touched Baradon's throat, drawing blood. Niall growled. "I am not a patient man. Die if you want. It matters not to me."

Baradon had dealt in his life with many men. He had come to know them, to understand their individual weaknesses. But in this huge barbarian crouched above him, he saw no weakness. The man spoke truth. He would as soon plunge his blade into his neck and take his chances with his men as not.

"Wait," the outlaw gasped.

The sword tip moved away, but only slightly.

Across the Bright Face

Mission On Mithril

Across the Bright Face/Mission on Mithril is the second double adventure for Traveller. Like *Shadows/Annin Nova*, the new double adventure features two fast-paced scenarios printed back-to-back in one book. Play one, then flip the booklet over and play the other one. Both adventures require only basic Traveller. \$4.98

Across the Bright Face

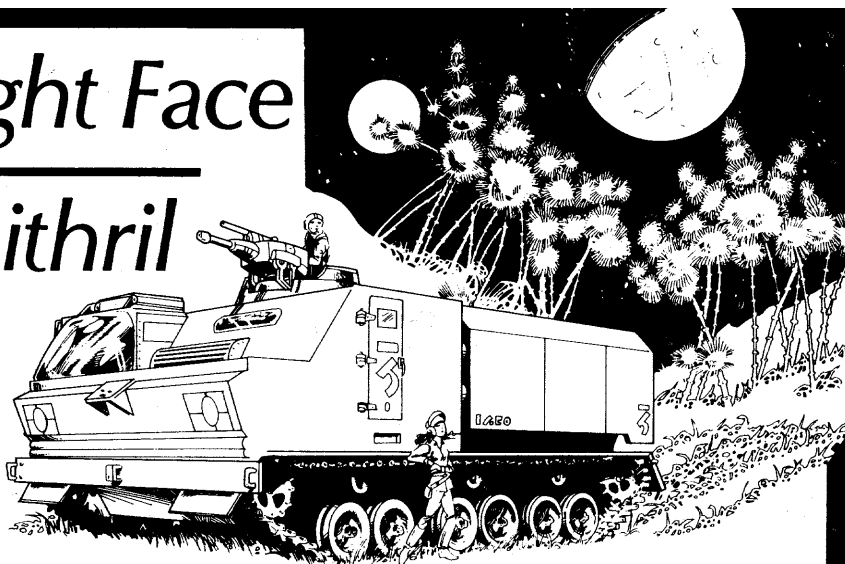
On Dinom/Lanth, players are given planetary maps and assigned a mission on the far side of the world. From that point, they are on their own.

Players in the official Traveller tournament at Origins 80 this summer will use *Across the Bright Face* as their adventure; consequently, the booklet will not go on sale until the completion of the tournament.

Mission on Mithril

On Mithril in the Sword Worlds subsector, adventurers must flee aboard an ATV (pictured above) across hostile terrain and reach the starport with valuable information concerning mining operations and huge financial transactions. Players will be faced with deadly native animals, arctic weather conditions, and pursuing troops of the Sword Worlds Confederation.

Across the Bright Face/Mission on Mithril will be available in July from fine hobby and game shops, or directly from Game Designers' Workshop, 203 North Street, Normal, IL 61761



Baradon growled, "I agree. My life for yours."

"And for the girl's. And for horses to carry us away out of this forsaken desert."

"Agreed."

Niall smiled grimly. "The statue I give to you. It shall be the price of my life." He paused. "There is another gift I give you, Baradon. A golden cup."

"What cup?"

Niall rose from his crouch, moved across the grass to where he had thrown the blanket about the chalice. His hand raised the blanket so that Baradon might catch a glimpse of the golden bowl.

"This thing. You can have it, if you want it."

Baradon rose to his feet, suspicious. "Now why should you give me that? You could have snatched up the blanket that wrapped it and gone away. I am always suspicious when men give me gifts I do not ask for."

"Then I'll keep the cup."

Baradon laughed. "No, no. You made an offer. I accept it. The statue and the cup for your life—and that of the girl."

His hand waved and his men put away their swords in their scabbards, turned their horses and rode to the top of the oasis rim. Baradon himself walked toward his horse, mounted it. He sat and watched as Niall went to Lylthia, clasping her arm and leading her toward her mount, assisted her to rise up into the saddle.

Niall did not trust Baradon, yet the outlaw chief made no motion to his men, but sat and watched as Lylthia and the barbarian urged their horses up the grassy slope of the oasis and out upon the desert sands. They rode swiftly, with Niall glancing back over his shoulder every now and so often.

The barbarian grunted. "I cannot believe we are alive," he growled. "I mistrust Baradon. He will come after us, I am sure."

Lylthia shook her head. "It may be that he is satisfied with the statue of Maralia and the cup."

Niall grinned coldly. "Let's hope he unveils the cup and takes a good long look at it. If he does, his followers will have another statue to make them rich."

The sun rose higher in the molten sky, beating down at them with sullen heat. They had a long ride before them, Niall knew, before they reached the forests of Malagon. Even there, they would not be completely safe.

Lylthia said suddenly, "What will happen to you when you do not bring back the cup? Pundor Everit, the king's physician, has said the cup was needed to cure Lurlyr Manakor."

"Then Pundor Everit is either a fool—to believe what Aldon Hurazin has told him of the cup's curative powers—or a villain who works hand in glove with the high priest to encompass the king's death. I wish I knew which it was."

They rode on through the long day.

3.

Niall slept well that night, when they had made camp and eaten. He dreamed as he slept, and in that dream he walked along a road that twisted through the mountains and led toward a great black castle high atop a massive rock.

He was being drawn forward in his dream, drawn by a power against which he could not fight. Useless to him was his great sword, though it rested in its sheath. His great muscles tried to fight the forward tug which was drawing him, but they were as if turned to mush.

Step by step he advanced. Now the great rock was before him, steps carved into it. He mounted those steps, came at last to a mighty doorway. The huge door slowly opened, silently, and Niall saw a long entry hall before him, and at its far end a sullen, reddish glow.

Toward the glow he walked.

Then he stood in an archway of a great chamber. The floor of the chamber was of polished black tile. The walls were hung with thick scarlet draperies on which were worked, in black-gold stitchings, strange signs and sigils, the sight of which made Niall's flesh crawl, and caused the hairs on the back of his neck to rise straight out.



There was a vast throne at the far end of the room, and on the throne sat—

Niall was not sure what it was he looked at. It seemed to be an enormous blob of blackness shining brightly from the reflection of the dark candles lighted here and there about the throne. There was no shape to that mass, yet Niall sensed the extraordinary intelligence which dwelt inside it.

"Welcome, Niall of the Far Travels. Long have I admired your daring, your warlike skills. Now I have summoned you to me, to command you to my use."

The voice was booming; it echoed from the four walls of the great chamber. Niall had the vague feeling that if the black blob had wanted to, it could have blasted him just by the sound of its inhuman voice.

"How may I serve you?" Niall asked slowly.

A chuckle was his answer. "You know me not. Yet you are willing, perhaps, to be my servant. I like that in you, Niall. It shows you are a clever man.

"This then, is what I want. You found the cup Yellixin fashioned. You gave it to the bandit Baradon. I want it. Find it, take it to my palace in Urgrik, and hold it there for me. Give it not to Aldon Hurazin, on your life!"

Niall growled, "And how am I to take it from Bradon? He is an outlaw chief, with masterless men about him who obey only his voice."

"I shall be with you, I promise. Go, now. Go!"

Niall woke to the first faint rays of a cold dawn. He lay in his blankets, shivering a little, not from the cold but from the memory of

his dream. It had been so real! To one side of him lay Lylthia, eyes open and staring at him.

"You dreamed of Humalorr, my love."

Niall ran thick fingers through his mane of hair. "Was that who it was? A blob of darkness on a throne in a great, dark hall?"

"Aye, that would be Humalorr. He sent for your soul last night, and brought it to his stronghold. He wants the cup, doesn't he?"

"He does. He says I am to get it for him."

Lylthia nodded. "Then let's be on our way."

Niall stared at her as she sprang to her feet. "You would go get the cup and give it to Humalorr?" he asked in astonishment.

Her mouth smiled slyly. "I would get the cup. As for giving it to Humalorr, I'm not so sure. But come. Mount up and ride."

"After I eat."

She stamped her foot. "Ride now. You can eat later. This I promise you."

Niall shrugged. He was used to obeying this god-woman whom he loved. He rose to his feet and moved toward the horses to saddle them. Lylthia walked beside him, head down, frowning in thought.

All that day they rode, back to the oasis. As the setting sun threw long shadows, they drew rein before the oasis, sitting their tired horses and staring down at the pool of water—and at what they could see grouped together to one side.

Where there had been one golden statue, now there were almost thirty. Baradon was there, turned to gold, with every one of his bandit riders. They crouched or stood, their eyes riveted to what lay in the ground before Baradon.

Niall sighed. "The fools."

"They did not have me to warn them, Niall."

"No, I grant you that. But now I have to go down there and get that accursed thing."

Lylthia slid from her saddle. "You wait here. I shall fetch the cup." Her lips quirked into a wry smile. "Its magic will have no effect on me."

He growled low in his throat, but one glance at those golden statues changed his mind. Lylthia was a goddess. If anyone could safely fetch the cup, she could. He dismounted and waited at the top of the ridge as she went down the slope and walked toward those aureate statues which had once been men.

He watched as she moved between those golden figures, lifting the rug and tossing it over the cup. She caught it up in her hands and brought it back up the slope, walking slowly, thoughtfully. Niall wondered at her thoughts.

They rode off then, side by side, and now Lylthia rode with her head bent as if communing within herself with whatever spirits the gods and goddesses spoke with, from time to time. Niall eyed her carefully, knowing that at such times he must not interrupt her train of thought.

At last she raised her head and smiled.

"Tonight we will camp and try to raise Humalorr," she announced.

"Are you giving him the cup?"

"Not yet. Not just—yet."

When the campfire was blazing, after they had eaten, Niall sat off to one side and watched as Lylthia knelt down and drew strange sigils in the earth. As she did, the air about them grew frigid, so that hoarfrost seemed to hang in space.

Niall shifted uneasily and drew his fur cloak closer about his shoulders, wondering how Lylthia could stand that eerie coldness, clad as she was in that patchwork ragged garment she was wearing.

He was about to call out to her when a deeper darkness began to gather on the other side of the little fire. An ebony blackness grew in size, shapeless yet with a strange malignancy about it.

"I have come, Emalkartha. What is it you want?"

Niall felt the hairs rise up on the back of his neck. For the life of him, he could not move a muscle. This was Humalorr, drawn from the hells he inhabited to this remote area, speaking in his booming voice.

Lylthia who was also Emalkartha began to speak, yet for the life of him, Niall could not understand what it was she was saying. He

could see them both, and knew vaguely that Humalorr was responding to whatever it was she was saying to him. Maybe the gods spoke in a different tongue than the people of his world, but whatever speech it was, Niall could not follow it.

They spoke long, Humalorr objecting at first, then grudgingly agreeing to whatever it was Lylthia was suggesting. In time, the dark god began to chuckle and then roared with strange, obscene laughter.

Niall was relieved to hear him laugh. He had not thought him capable of it. . . .

Then Lylthia was shaking his shoulder, waking him from sleep, and smiling down at him gently. "Everything is arranged, Niall. I have convinced Humalorr that the plan I have in mind is a good one."

"What plan is that?"

"It will be revealed to you in time. Now move over, I have a need in me to sleep close beside you this night, to be held in your arms and loved."

Niall grinned. His sleepiness fled away as his arms went about the soft body of this woman-goddess he loved. To Acheron's dread pit with the cup! This night he meant to forget all about it.

In the morning when he questioned her, Lylthia put him off with a hug and a kiss. "Forget what you saw and heard last night, Niall. It was talk between the gods, and not right for a man to understand."

Niall shrugged. That was fine with him, but he did need to know what plan they were to follow. "Am I to give the cup to the king's physician? Will it cure Lurlyr Manakor?"

"No to both questions. Just ride. Let Fate decide what has to be done."

He chuckled. He was hungry after what happened last night between Lylthia and himself. He lifted out what was left of the short steaks and began to cook them over the fire. With Lylthia beside him, he told himself, he really didn't have to worry about a thing.



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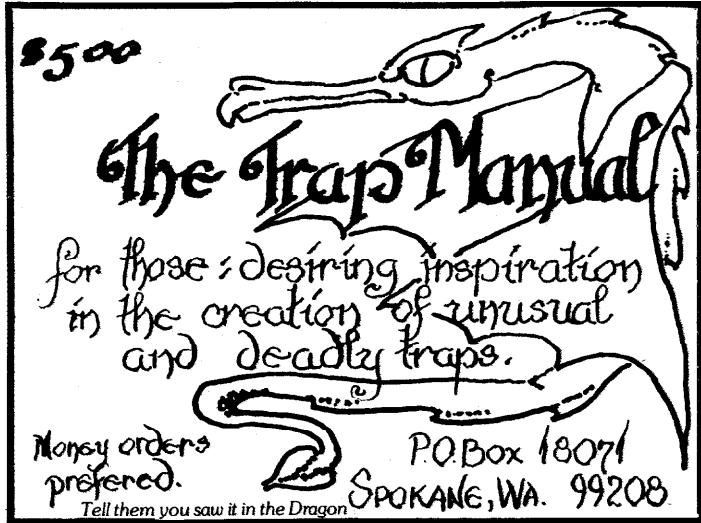


All day they rode and all the following day, and now they came within sight of the outlying hamlets and towns of the great kingdom which Lurlyr Manakorr rules. No one paid them the slightest attention, they seemed to be just two wanderers lazily making their way along the dusty roads.

It was not until they were riding into Urgrik, with the darkness of night wrapped about them and only the reflected light off the shattered rings that encircled the planet to give a ghostly light, that the attack came.

Men rose up out of the shadows, swords and axes in their hands, and came at them. Niall cursed; his hand swept to his swordhilt and drew Blood-drinker out into the night air. His knees urged his horse forward to shield Lythia, and then he swung his blade.

He was not facing war-hardened warriors, he saw that at a glance. These were ruffians hastily gathered from the alehouses,



cutpurses and thieves. But their very numbers—there must have been twenty of them, at least—gave them courage.

He bellowed and swung his long sword, and he lopped off a hand, then cut into a neck before he thrust the swordpoint into an open mouth. His horse joined in the battle, as it had been trained to do: Its hooves lashed out, it bit into a soft neck, it trumpeted its battle-rage.

Niall's blade was everywhere, like a web of steel about him. He had no need to worry about Lythia; no man could touch the goddess unless she so willed it. Besides, he gave them, no time to think of anything but fending off Blood-drinker:

He slashed and cut, and from time to time he bellowed in his battle-fury. These ruffians had never seen Niall of the Mighty Arms in battle; they had no way of knowing that against such enemies as they, he could have slain twice their number. Half their number were groveling in the dirt of the street, wounded or dying. The others were too concerned with trying to save their lives to worry overmuch about slaying this man, who fought like a demon out of Hell.

They broke and ran, tossing aside their weapons.

Niall watched them go, grinning. He had enjoyed this fight; it had torn the cobwebs of tiredness from him, it had made him glad to be alive. He turned and looked at Lykhia. She sat watching him with a faint smile on her mouth.

"You were born to fight," she said softly. "You revel in it."

His great shoulders shrugged. "When I'm attacked, I do. I have the thought that the high priest sent these tavern dregs to attack us and wrest the cup from me."

She nodded slowly. "Yes. I agree with you. Now we shall go on to the temple, to his house, and deliver over the cup to him."

Niall scowled blackly. "Give the cup to Aldon Hurazin? After all the trouble I've had getting it—and keeping it?"

"Humalorr and I are agreed. It is what must be done."

"I thought Humalorr was afraid of his getting the cup."

"He was. He is afraid no longer."

Niall sighed and shook his head. It was hard to follow the reasoning of the gods. Sometimes they made no sense at all. His eyes slid

sideways at Lythia. She was a goddess, too. In human form right now, but always a goddess. He supposed she knew what she was doing.

He hoped so, anyhow.

4.

It was close to the Hour of the Basilisk when Niall and Lythia drew rein before the house of the high priest which was set close by the huge Temple of Humalorr. Niall came down out of the saddle and with the pommel of his sword beat upon the thick oaken door. Echoes sounded, yet they had to wait a little time before the door creaked open.

A lesser priest stared out at Niall, eyes wide. "Wha—what is it? What do you wa—want?"

"I am Niall, general of the armies of the king. I have with me a cup, which is a present to the high priest."

He put his hand on the door and pushed it open. The priest might have pushed back, but Niall's great size convinced him that he would have little chance of keeping him out. Besides, there was a woman just behind the general whose eyes looked deep into the eyes of the priest caused him to know a great fear.

The priest scurried ahead of them, down a corridor and up a marble stairway. He began to run after a time, but when he slowed at the doorway of a room in which many candles blazed, Niall and the woman were right behind him.

Niall pushed the priest aside and strode into the room.

Aldon Hurazin had been studying the stars, etched out on sheets of vellum. At the interruption, the sheets fell from his hands and he started to his feet. His face was white, his eyes bulged.

"Niall," he breathed.

The barbarian grinned. "I've already met your welcoming committee," he said slowly. "They were a trifle impolite and I had to chastise them."

Aldon Hurazin swallowed hard. His eyes went to the hilt of the sword this big man carried at his side. If Niall knew that he had sent those assassins to slay him and steal the cup, why didn't he drag out that sword and cut him down?

"What do you want?" Aldon Hurazin whispered.

Niall felt the goddess enter into him, controlling his voice. "Why, to give you what you sent me for. Unfortunately, your high priestess—died—along the way. But she told me that you wanted the cup and so I brought it to you."

He lifted the rug that held the cup and placed it on the desk beside the tumbled parchments. The lamplight caught the cup and made it gleam. Aldon Hurazin stared down at it, eyes wide, his throat dry.

This golden bowl would give him everything he wanted! Power unbelievable, power to rule Urgrik no matter who sat the throne. All he had to do was give his orders, and the god Humalorr would be forced to obey him!

"Yes," the high priest whispered. "Yes. You have done well, Niall. I am a grateful man. I shall reward you for this, beyond your wildest dreams."

Niall said, "I seek no reward. It is enough for me to have served you."

The high priest shot him a glance. Had he misjudged this huge barbarian? Was Niall ready to give allegiance to him, instead of to the king?

Aldon Hurazin shook his head. "You are too modest. Yet I like that in a man who serves me. You shall have much gold, whatever women you may desire. But go now. Leave me with the cup."

His eyes ate at that golden chalice, as though they might absorb it. His hands quivered with the desire to lift and fondle it.

Niall turned and with Lythia beside him, moved out into the hall, where the priest was waiting, still shaking. It was Lythia who touched the priest, whispering, "Go now to your bed, and sleep, Sleep well and deeply."

The priest turned and walked away. Lythia swung about and looked at Niall. Her hands came up and made strange patterns in the air, and where they moved, something bright and shimmery came into being.

A veil hung from her fingers, gossamer-thin but oddly bright, as though glistening stars were embroidered into its material. She lifted her hands and tossed the veil into the air, where it hung across the doorway.

"Watch now," she said softly, "but move not if you value life."

Niall stared into the chamber, seeing the priest bending above the cup and staring down at it, a malicious smile on his lips.

Aldon Hurazin was muttering an incantation under his breath. "Come to me, God of the Lesser Hells, Humalorr the Mighty, the Cruel, the Evil! Come to my abode to serve me as once you served the great Yellixin."

There was silence in the chamber then, except for the harsh breathing of the priest. Niall knew a sudden fear, not for himself, but for Aldon Hurazin. The fool! If he stared so on the golden bowl, the same fate would overtake him as overtook the high priestess and the bandits.

He would have said something of this to Lythia, but her hand on his arm, suddenly squeezing, cut off all speech.

A blackness was gathering in the chamber where Aldon Hurazin stood. In his dream, Niall had beheld a blackness such as that, formless and shapeless, and knew it for Humalorr. As he stared, that darkness grew—and grew.

"Who calls Humalorr from his Lesser Hells?"

"I do! I, Aldon Hurazin, your high priest! Long have I worshipped you, great Humalorr. But now it is time for you to serve me, as once you served Yellixin, long ago. Aye, it is I you shall serve and obey!"

The blackness oozed forward, slowly but relentlessly.

"Say you so? And what is your command, Aldon Hurazin?"

The high priest looked vaguely startled, Niall thought. There was mockery in the tones of the black god, mockery and—jubilation. It was as though he toyed with the man who stood behind his desk and gave him orders.

"I seek wealth. Wealth and power. No longer shall Lurlyr Manakor rule in Urgrik. I shall rule. Aye, In Urgrik and in Angalore, in far-off Cassamunda and in the countries bordering the Aztallic Sea."

The black blob was closer now, much closer. It oozed along, and where it went, it seemed almost to absorb all light.

"Is that all? Yellixin wanted the entire world. He almost got it. But Yellixin was a clever man. He studied the ancient runes, the all-but-forgotten tomes. Have you done that, Aldon Hurazin?"

The high priest straightened. For the first time, there was a touch of fright on his face. "I have studied—yes. But what has that to do with you and me? I have the cup. You must obey him who owns it."

"You forget, priest. Or perhaps you never knew. There are words to be spoken with the cup. Words that bind me to serve him who speaks them. What are those words, Aldon Hurazin?"

The face of the high priest was a mask of utter terror, now. He caught the power in the words that had been addressed to him, the malevolence and the derision. His eyes went this way and that about the room.

"You must obey . . ." he whispered.

A chuckle broke from the god who was now so close to the high priest. "Nay, now. If you know not the words—as your high priestess did not—then neither the cup nor I must obey.

"Fool!"

The god's words thundered out in the otherwise silent room.

The high priest screamed and turned to flee. But two great blobs leaped from that which was the god; leaped outward and closed about Aldon Hurazin.

At the touch of the darkness, the high priest screamed shrilly in utter agony. His body bucked and twisted as though red-hot pincers were being applied to his flesh. Again and again he screamed, trying to fend off that which was slowly but surely enveloping him.

"Come you with me, Aldon Hurazin. Come you with me down into my many Hells, each of which you shall experience again and again until time has no meaning for you beyond a pain that is everlasting.

"In those Hells I rule, your scream shall be forever. Pain such as you have never experienced shall be yours, as now it is Yellixin's. Forever, Aldon Hurazin. For all eternity. . . ."

The high priest was gone, hidden within the dark god. Now Humalorr reached out for the golden bowl, and Niall saw it melt into aureate droplets and become absorbed within the god.

Then the chamber into which they stared was empty.

The shimmering veil disappeared.

Niall swore softly. His face was wet with sweat, and only now that Humalorr was gone could he breathe properly. Lythia turned and smiled up at him.

"I made a bargain with Humalorr, Niall. I would give him the cup and Aldon Hurazin—in exchange for his future protection over you."

"Over me?" Niall was surprised, very much so. "You protect me. Isn't that enough?"

Lythia snuggled up to him, and his arms went around her. "It never hurts to have another god watching over you. Besides, when you make love to me, I am very vulnerable. It's always best to be on the safe side."

Niall growled, "Well, I've done a lot, everything but what I was sent to do. I don't have the cup and the king is still sick, if he isn't dead by now."

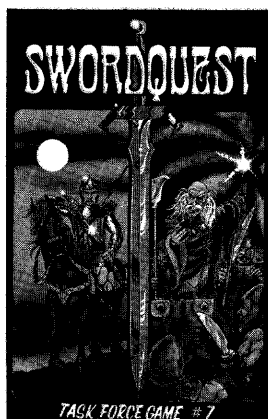
The goddess smiled. "Oh, your king is all better. That was part of my deal with Humalorr. We cured him, he and I. Now you don't have anything to keep you busy."

Niall grinned. It was something of a wicked grin, Lythia thought as she regarded it. "Nobody knows we came back to Urgrik. Why don't we just ride out for a week or two, just the two of us? I'll make up a story about the cup and how I had to make a deal with a god about curing him before I'd give the cup to the god."

Lythia laughed. "Why not, indeed?"

He put his arm about her waist, and like that they walked from the house of the high priest out into the cool night where their horses waited. By dawn they could be far away, close to the empty lands where they would camp and make love endlessly.

They mounted up and rode out of Urgrik.



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IDDC II: The new rules

Entries for the Second International Dungeon Design Competition, conducted and sponsored by *The Dragon* magazine, are being accepted now. The contest has been restructured somewhat, and applicants are urged to pay close attention to the rules for entering which are listed below.

The contest is divided into two categories: *Basic Dungeons & Dragons* and *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* (unlike the first contest, which was for AD&D dungeon designers only).

Entries for the *Basic D&D* dungeon competition should be prepared to conform with the following limitations: Material contained within the entry should be taken completely from the Basic D&D rule book; no new magic items or monsters will be allowed, and only those magic items and monsters mentioned in the rule book may be used. The dungeon should provide an appropriate challenge for player characters of levels 1 through 3.

Entries for the *Advanced D&D* dungeon competition are allowed much more latitude in content and preparation. The dungeon should *not* be playable by characters of levels 1 through 3, but should be designed to challenge characters of medium to high level (at least 4th level, up to 9th or 10th). "Killer" dungeons, "Monty Haul" dungeons, or those which are only playable by ultra-high level characters will almost certainly be relegated to the also-ran pile. In addition to the wide variety of magic and monsters available in the AD&D books, designers may also incorporate monsters and magic items of their own creation—as long as no more than five such new items or creatures are included in the text.

An entry for either category should include at least one and no more than three maps or schematic drawings of the dungeon and/or the area in which it is contained. Maps should be drawn on an 8½-by-11-inch piece of paper and done with black drawing ink. No colored maps, or maps done in any other medium be-

sides drawing ink, will be acceptable.

A contestant may provide black & white drawings of rooms, scenes, or monsters from the dungeon, although the inclusion or omission of such artwork will not influence the judging of the entry.

About the manuscript itself: The text should be written and prepared as expertly and professionally as possible. Neatness *does* count. Of course, the most important aspect of any dungeon is the imagination, logic, and creativity instilled in it by its creator—and the playability (or lack of it) which the entry possesses as the result of containing (or lacking) those qualities. Anyone who is not familiar with the normal requirements for submission of a manuscript should send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to *The Dragon* with a request for a copy of TSR Periodicals' guidelines for writers.

Each entry should be accompanied by an introduction, at least 250 words in length, to "set the scene" and provide fundamental information which is needed by Dungeon Masters and/or players who may wish to use the dungeon as an adventure to be played through. There are no minimum or maximum limits on the length of the manuscript itself.

All entries become the exclusive property of *The Dragon*, and may not be submitted elsewhere in the event that they are not published in the magazine. Each entry must be accompanied by a signed statement which assigns all publication rights to *The Dragon* magazine. Entries which are submitted without such a statement will not be considered in the judging. No submissions will be returned.

For purposes of this contest, the word "dungeon" is not defined literally. An entry should be a description of the environment in which a D&D or AD&D adventure can take place. It can be conducted in the wilderness, in a town or city, in an above-ground structure such as a castle, or in an actual dungeon—or in a combination of those environments.

Prize descriptions, mailing instructions below

Grand Prize: The overall winning entry from both the *Basic D&D* and *Advanced D&D* categories will receive payment for the publication of the entry in *The Dragon*, at the rate of approximately \$25 per printed page, or \$250, whichever is larger. The grand prize winner will also receive a one-year subscription to *The Dragon*, either as a new subscription or an extension of his or her present subscription.

First Prize: The top-judged entries in the Basic and Advanced categories, exclusive of the grand prize winner, will each receive \$100 and a year's worth of *The Dragon*. The first prize winners will also be published in *The Dragon*, but the designers of those dungeons will not receive any payment aside from the \$100 prize.

Second Prize: The next best entries in each category will receive \$50 and a year's subscription to *The*

Dragon. The second prize winners may also be published in *The Dragon*, subject to the magazine's space and time limitations and the general quality of the entries.

Honorable mention: The third, fourth and fifth place finishers in each category will receive one-year subscriptions to *The Dragon*, and will be listed in the magazine as winners of honorable mention prizes.

Entry deadline and mailing instructions: All entries for either category must be postmarked by Sept. 1, 1980. Entries should be sent by first-class mail to IDDC II, c/o *The Dragon*, P.O. Box 110, Lake Geneva WI 53147. Contestants will be notified of the receipt of their entries if they enclose a self-addressed postcard with the submission.

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Anyone reading this ballot in any of the fine magazines running it is eligible to vote, but only once. To that end, you must include your name and address somewhere on the ballot. Failure to do so will invalidate the ballot. DO NOT PHOTOCOPY THIS BALLOT! If you do not wish to mutilate your magazine, cast your votes on a postcard—simply list your choices in order the categories are listed. ONLY ONE CHOICE IN EACH CATEGORY WILL BE ALLOWED. Ballots must not accompany orders for magazines, or any other correspondence with TSR Periodicals.

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The first fantastic adventure of Reginald Rennup, Mu.D.

There can be no doubt that the most famous scholar of all time and space is/was/shall be Reginald Rennup, explorer of the multi-verse, sage, and adventurer extraordinaire. Those readers not familiar with this bold savant will find several works by and about him at the University of Horn, the institution which granted him his Doctorate in Multiversal Studies. One of his most enlightening cases concerns a pretender to the throne of the Principality of Monmurg, leading lord of the Sea Princes.

Rennup, who happened to be passing through the area on a planar field trip, was called upon to offer his sagacity regarding a particularly perplexing affair. It seems that there were two absolutely identical claimants to the Throne. Each individual asserted boldly that he was Juan Drelgos III, rightful heir to Monmurg. No magic spell, no clerical detection could in fact determine which was the real heir and which was a clever impostor. It was certain that one was magicked and lying, the other the actual Prince, but during the span of a fortnight no learned sage nor any other had been able to solve the riddle. "Help us, please!" they implored of Reginald.

The explorer agreed, and after a few minutes of deep thought held a whispered conversation with the real Prince's spiritual and magical advisors. These two fellows quickly left, and in no time at all were back with a bejewelled scroll tube.

"What spell is to be cast?" demanded the assembled council of nobles and leading men of the land. "We have tried everything already! Why waste time and effort?"

Rennup smiled and proceeded to have the Court Wizard cast a special clone spell.

"STOP!" The assemblage shouted in concert. "We already have one heir too many, and you'll confuse the whole affair so that we'll never be able to determine who is really our Prince!"

"Nonsense!" shouted the good doctor in reply, and the spell was completed.

Much to the surprise of the nobles, the clone rushed up to one of the claimants and began throttling the life from him. "Quickly, slay the one not attacked, and then do away with the clone," instructed Rennup. "The one being choked is the real Prince."

"But how can you tell?" everyone asked wonderingly.

"A simple matter," said the savant, with a bow. "It takes Juan to know Juan . . ." —*Anonymous*

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Leomund's Tiny Hut

(From page 11)

Fear, Sleep, Repulsion, Slow, Gaseous Form and Paralyzation. Since it must be remembered that Hit Points are partially theoretical in nature when applied to characters, it is quite logical that some damage does occur from these attacks. I use the sum of Age and Hit Dice, however, and not the product in such case, with no damage if the saving throw is successfully made. Thus a 4th Age dragon with 6 H.D. would do 10 points of damage with one of these weapons if the s.t. fails, and no damage otherwise.

Dragons are for the most part highly intelligent and at the very least very cunning. Thus they are not so stupid as to land and fight it out on the ground if they do not have to! If they can Enlarge themselves, create Mirror Images, etc., they will do so. If they are Slowed, they will try to back off until the Slow wears off! While the book calls for a choice between bite and breath, controlled by the dice, it is essential that the DM use the monster's best attack once the monster has received damage. The right to let the dice choose for the first attack is usually all well and good, but once the dragon has been hit it will opt for its most powerful attack—usually its breath—the next chance it gets. Give the monster an even break here. If the monster is losing, it very well might try to fly away or go to the ethereal or astral plane if it can (Tiamat and Bahamut are geniuses, not fools!). A dragon is very likely to fly over once or twice and breathe on its opponents before deciding to enter a normal melee. Remember too that dragons have been flying all of their lives and they can cast a spell if in uninterrupted flight! A dragon that can use a touch spell like Shocking Grasp or Cause Serious Wounds will do damage for the spell and its claw, if it hits.

Preparing dragon hide

Following are the special properties and use of a piece of dragon hide:

Once a dragon has been killed, the section of hide over the heart (about a 2'x2' piece) can be carefully removed for further use. It must be dried and tanned within 7 days. If it has been damaged during a melee (about a 25% chance, which could vary depending on what killed/damaged the dragon), it is of no value. The properly prepared hide must then have the spell Enchant an Item cast upon it successfully (see that spell for details); failure negates the use of that particular piece of hide. Once it is properly enchanted, a Magic-User or Illusionist can scribe a spell upon the hide (NOTE: the spell Write can never be used for this purpose!). The spell's maximum level is equal to the Dragon's age level. The chance of success is a base 100% minus 3% for each level of the spell being written. Remember that spells written by hand take 1 week per level and there can be no other activity save for normal eating, sleeping, etc. Once successfully scribed, that piece of dragon hide will retain the spell forever—unless the hide is destroyed, of course—just as if it were a Magic-User's book. Further, the hide gains the s.t. of the dragon in life, including any magic resistance the dragon may have had, versus all forms of attack. Only one spell per piece of hide is allowed in all cases. Tiamat and Bahamut's body will never remain on the prime material plane if killed.

Now, on to the three new dragons I have proposed and the elevation of Tiamat and Bahamut to the rank of deity.

Brown Dragon (Draco Auburnis Forestus)

Frequency: *Rare*

No. Appearing: 1-6

Armor Class: 3

Move: 9"/24"

% in Lair: 75%

Treasure Type: *H*

No. of attacks: 3

Damage/attack: 2-5/2-5/4-16

Special Attacks: *Breath weapons and possible magic use*

Special Defenses: *Nil*

Magic Resistance: *See text above*

Intelligence: 13-16

Alignment: *Pure Neutral*

Size: *L (28" long)*

Psionic Ability: *Nil*

Chance of Speaking 60%, Magic use 65%, Sleeping 20%

The Brown Dragon always lives in a forest, though it may be in a cave within a forest. The dragon is true neutral and interested in the welfare of the forest above all else, though it does have a weakness for crafted jewelry of all types. The brown dragon can shapechange to a small mammal, lizard or bird once per day at its 2nd age level, twice at 4th, three times at 6th and 4 times at 8th. The shapechanging can, at the very most, inflict 1-2 points of damage with claw, beak, bite, etc. However, the shapechanging can have the dragon's full hit points and full benefit of its normal saving throw.

A brown dragon can attack with claw/claw/bite, or either of its two breath weapons, Faerie Fire and Lightning. The Faerie Fire covers an area of 6"x6" at a range up to 3" from the dragon's mouth. Any in the fire are covered (no saving throw) for 4-80 turns and they also take the sum of the dragon's age level and hit dice in damage unless a saving throw versus magic is made, in which case they take no damage. The Lightning is in a single bolt 8" long and 1/2" wide for full age times hit dice in damage, or 1/2 if a s.t. is made.

Brown Dragons which speak and can cast spells use Druidic spells:

Age Group	Spells castable per day
first	2 first-level spells
second	2 first and 1 second-level spell
third	2 first and 2 second-level spells
fourth	2 first, 2 second and 1 third-level spell
fifth	2 first, second and third-level spells
sixth	3 first, second and 2 third-level spells
seventh	3 first, second and third-level spells
eighth	3 first, second and third plus 1 fourth-level spell

Brown dragons are 85% likely to be on friendly terms with Pixies, Sprites, Druids, Pseudo-dragons and Treants that live in the same forest or nearby.

Orange Dragon

Frequency: *Rare*

No. Appearing: 2-5

Armor Class: 4

Move; 10"/30"

% in Lair: 65%

Treasure Type: *H*

No. of attacks: 3

Damage/attack: 1-6/1-6/2-12

Special Attacks: *Breath weapon and possible spell use*

Special Defenses: *Chameleon power*

Magic Resistance: *See text above*

Intelligence: 15-18

Alignment: *Lawful Neutral*

Size: *L (20' long)*

Psionic Ability: *Nil*

Chance of Speaking 50%, Magic use 75%, Sleeping 20%

Orange dragons are always found in mated pairs in generally temperate climes. They are so loyal to one another that if one is killed the other will pine and die in from 3 + (1-6) days though if they witness the death consider them as having 2 more H.D. for the purpose of attack, and the mate will blindly attack the figure(s) who actually slew his mate, abandoning all considerations of personal safety! The children of orange dragons are not so protected, nor are they loyal to their parents to the same maniacal degree (they would be first to third age level). Orange dragons, regardless of age level, can change their color to become either a colored or metallic dragon. This ability is enhanced by the fact that orange dragons are often Illusionists; thus a limited Change Self is also brought into play to conform to the shape of the color change-physical size does not appreciably change in any case. Note that only magic-using dragons who know and then select Change Self can perform this latter change, however.

The orange dragon's breath is a form of Color Spray that extends in a cone from its mouth to a distance of 6" with a base of 3". The spray has these effects: 1. It deals out 2 points of damage per Hit Die of the dragon, ¼ if a saving throw is successful; 2. Those with fewer hit dice/levels than the dragon must save versus magic or be blinded for 4-16 melee rounds; 3. Those with as many hit dice/levels (or more) than the dragon must save versus magic or be stunned for 2-12 melee segments. An orange dragon can breathe once for every even-numbered age level it has attained; thus, first age level orange dragons cannot breathe at all.

If they can cast spells, they gain them in the following way: One first level spell for each of the dragon's first three age levels; One second level spell for each of the dragon's 4th to 6th age levels; One third level spell for each of the dragon's 7th and 8th age levels.

Yellow Dragon

Frequency: *Rare*

No. Appearing: 1-4

Armor Class: 3

Move: 9"/24"

% in lair: 75%

Treasure Type: *H*

No. of attacks: 3

Damage/attack: 1-8/1-8/3-18

Special Attacks: *Breath weapon and Possible Magic Use*

Special Defenses: *Limited shapechange*

Magic Resistance: *See text above*

Intelligence: 14-17

Alignment: *Chaotic Neutral*

Size: *L (48')*

Psionic Ability: *Nil*

Chance of Speaking 50%, Magic use 75%, Sleeping 20%

The yellow dragon enjoys the company of men to the point of freely mixing with them in the guise of a Cleric, Magic-User or Illusionist depending upon the type of spells it can cast, or as a man-at-arms if it cannot cast spells. The yellow dragon can shapechange to human form three times per day but the same human (form/appearance) will always result from the change; thus, disguise as various humans is not possible. The dragon's lair is usually at a point overlooking an often-traveled road or near a small town, thus allowing the dragon the chance to mix with humans. The yellow dragon is outright rude and almost hateful to both humanoids and demihumans, and will attack such a band, unless it is accompanied by a majority of humans, on sight 45% of the time. While the yellow dragon is not evil, he is very gullible and any plausible story told to him by a human must be saved against like a Suggestion spell; thus, the dragon often ends up following either good or evil purposes if the person he last talked to has a charisma that is quite high. For every point of a person's charisma below 10, the dragon gains +1 on its s.t. vs Suggestion, but it loses one point for every point above 13. Remember, the suggestion must be reasonable—and, once melee is joined, this ability of men to "sweet talk" a yellow dragon is gone.

The yellow dragon can attack with spells (it can select Cures or Cause spells from clerical lists) or a claw/claw/bite routine but its most feared weapon is its breath. It has two forms usable twice per day each:

1. Cause Disease. This breath is in cloud form covering a cone 6" long and 3" at its base. Any in the cone must save twice versus magic. The first save is to prevent the effects of a Stinking Cloud spell once the figure is out of the gas (the gas does not linger but evaporates in 1 round). The effect, if the s.t. fails, lasts for 4-16 rounds (i.e. cannot cast spells, attacks to hit are at -3, strength and dexterity bonuses are lost as effective strength and dexterity drop by 4 points. Any with a resultant strength or dexterity of 2 or less are absolutely helpless and will fall over in a heap.) Worse still, the figure is subject to a disease that will permanently drain 1 point of strength and 1 point of dexterity per day for from 1-6 days unless a Cure Disease from a 12th or higher-level Cleric is applied or a Heal spell is used. Once a point is lost, however, it can only be regained by a Wish or a

Restoration applied within 4 days of the loss of the strength or dexterity point.

2. Cause Blindness. This breath is a cloud of gas of the same proportions as the Disease gas. Those inside must save versus blindness or be blinded until a Cure Blindness or Heal spell is applied—Dispel Magic or Remove Curse has no effect upon either gas.

Note that both weapons do 1 hit point of damage per age level of the dragon, with no saving throw allowed.

Spells are gained at the rate of 1 first-level spell for the first four age levels of the dragon and 1 second-level spell for the next four age levels.

TIAMAT, The Chromatic Dragon, Queen of Evil Dragonkind, Arch Devil

Frequency: *Very Rare*

No. Appearing: 1; also see consorts below

Armor Class: -3

Move: 6"/18" but also astral, ethereal, teleport

Hit Dice: 16 (128 hit points)

% in Lair: 90%

Treasure Type: 100% H, S, T, U

of attacks: 6

Damage/attack: 2-16/3-18/2-20/3-24/3-30/1-6 and s.t. vs poison or death

Special Attacks: *breath, weapons, poison, magic use*

Special Defenses: ½ damage from fire, cold, acid, lightning and chlorine gas, +2 to hit

Immunities: *Holds, Charm, Death Magic, Suggestions*

Magic Resistance: 75% in the prime material, 105% in Hell

Intelligence: *Genius*

Alignment: *Lawful Evil*

Size: *L (60')*

Psionic Ability: *Nil*

Sleeps only 10%, and only if consort on guard

Tiamat, like other devils, can use or has, at will: Charm Person, Suggestion, Illusion, Infravision, Teleportation (no error), Know Alignment, Cause Fear, Animate Dead. However, because of her relative immunities to attack forms similar to her breath weapons (½ damage from Fire, Cold, Acid, Lightning and Chlorine, ¼ if s.t. successful, and she obtains her Magic Resistance first), she takes double damage from iron weapons (including steel) and double damage from silver weapons (note: swords like Flame Tongues or Frost Brands cause no extra damage due to those properties). Poison can kill her though her saving throw is at +3, Magic Missiles do full damage. To hit Tiamat, a +2 or better weapon must be used.

Being an Arch Devil, Tiamat is subject to Protection from Evil spells, Protection from Arch Devil Scrolls, etc. A Holy Word will send her back to Hell but will only do damage if said aloud in Hell. Holy Swords, Vorpals Blades, etc. will not sever one of her heads unless a natural 20 is rolled. All damage to her is divided, 10% going to each head and 50% to the body, with all points not evenly divisible going to any single head or the body at the player's choice. Thus if she took 27 points in one round, 2 would go to each head, 10 to the body and the remaining 7 points could go to any one head or to the body at the player's option. Any head taken out of commission can not cast spells, breathe or bite.

Tiamat can select from the following spell roster, being allowed two spells per head per day:

White	Black	Green	Blue	Red
Affect Nor. F.	Audible Gl.	Clairvoyance	Confusion	Contact Other Pl.
Dancing L.	Continual L/D	Clairaudience	Fear	Distance Distortion
Detect M.	Detect Inv.	Dispel Magic	Fire Charm	Feeblemind
Identify	Fools Gold	Explosive R.	Fire Shield	Hold Monster
Light	Forget	Haste	Fire Trap	Magic Jar
Magic Missile	Invisibility	Hold Person	Ice Storm	Telekinesis
Protection G.	Locate Obj.	Phantasmal F.	Poly other	Wall of Force
Shield	Mirror Im*	Slow	Poly self	Wall of Iron
Unseen S.	Ray Enfeeble.	Tongues	Place Curse*	Wall of Stone
Ventriloq.	Stinking Cld.	Fly	Wall of Fire	Monster Summon III*

The three spells marked with asterisks are very special when cast by Tiamat; Mirror Images, Place Curse and Monster Summoning III. When in the presence of her consorts, Mirror Images has the effect of changing each of them present into a vision of her! That single male can, of course, use his own normal breath weapon and his normal spells! Further, the fake heads can inflict 1-6 points of damage each, though the male can only take the number of points of damage he can normally withstand. Once he dies the illusion vanishes at once. Tiamat can only do this in her lair.

Place Curse has the force of a Wish or the decree of a deity but it can never be used to kill an opponent, turn him/her/it to stone, etc. though banishment is a proper use of the spell. It has a range of 3" so that a touch is not required. A saving throw at -3 is allowed the Curse but items that effect s.t. or racial constitution bonuses (if any) do not apply to her Curse! Only one target per curse. Finally, her Monster Summoning can call for other Devils. It will work 100% of the time in Hell, 70% on the Prime Material (and remember, only one call is allowed). If successful, 4 Barbed Devils (75%) or 3 Bone Devils (25%) will arrive in 1 round.

Tiamat's consorts are a White Adult (7H.D.), Black Adult (8H.D.), Green Adult (9H.D.), Blue Adult (10H.D.) and Red Adult (11H.D.). They can all cast spells up to their full potential. While blessed (?) with consort status, these males can Polymorph themselves three times a day and are allowed to travel astrally or ethereally once a week. Tiamat will rid herself of a consort if he gets Old but his consort status will still allow him one polymorph per day but astral and ethereal travel is wholly lost. Her ex-consorts may call upon her once during their lives on the Prime Material. She is 95% likely to answer such a call by sending a single Barbed or Bone Devil to the ex-consort for his free use.

It should be mentioned here briefly that as DM you should decide what spells, items, and various magics will work in other planes like Hell. It should be observed that Protection from Evil, or Protection from Devil Scrolls simply do not function in Hell! Cures are only 1/2 strength. Calling upon another deity in Hell will summon a Devil at once and is 65% likely to not be heard on another plane in any event! When the players decide to take the fight to a deity's home it must be at an extreme penalty. All deities are strongest on their home planes and "relatively" weakest on the Prime Material—all statistics for deities are for their powers on the Prime Material only, thus they may well be, and likely are, far more powerful in their home.

Finally, it must be observed that Tiamat will rarely, if ever, fight to the death. She has the power of Teleportation and multi-plane travel and she will use it. For all of you who think you have killed Tiamat, guess again!

BAHAMUT, the Platinum Dragon, King of the Good Dragons, Angel of the Seven Heavens

Frequency: *Rare*

No. appearing: 1; also see guards below

Armor Class: -3

Move: 9"/30" but also astral, ethereal, teleport

Hit Dice: 21 (168 hit points)

% in Lair: 75%

Treasure type: 100% H, I, R, S, T, V

No. of attacks: 3

Damage/attack: 2-12/2-12/6-48

Special attacks: *Breath weapons and magic use*

Special defenses: *Shapechange, immune to Disintegration, Flesh to Stone*

Immunities: *Holds, Charms, Death Magic, Suggestions*

Magic Resistance: 80% in the Prime Material, 110% in Tri Paradises, 130% in the Seven Heavens

Intelligence: 20

Alignment: *Lawful Good*

Size: L (75')

Psionic Ability: *Nil*

Sleeps only 5% and only if guard present.

Bahamut can use any of the following (or has) at will: Shapechange, Infravision, Detect Invisible, Know Alignment,

Limited Wish, Teleportation (no error). In addition he can have 21 spells, 14 magical—2 each of 1st to 7th-levels—and 7 clerical—one each of 1st to 7th-level—which must be determined by the DM prior to the meeting. A suggested common list is given below but can be altered by the DM to suit the particular situation:

Write; Identify; Wizard Lock, Locate Object; Fire Ball, Dispel Magic; Minor Globe of Invulnerability (can bestow on another), Polymorph Other with no system shock if he wills it; Feeblemind, Hold Monster; Geas, Spiritwrack; Drawmij's Instant Summons (for his Magic User's Book), Power Word Stun; Purify Food and Water; Silence; Remove Curse; Tongues; True Seeing; Heal; Holy Word.

Bahamut's breath weapons do 168 points of damage, or 84 if a saving throw is made, if Cold or Disintegrate are used. Gaseous form will inflict 30 points of damage but only 15 if the s.t. is successful. His Disintegration is often one of the banes of artifacts and relics but some of them can even withstand his breath without damage. Remember that creatures of over 150 points are not subject to his disintegration, but this is current hit point total and not maximum hit point total. All savings throws versus his breath are at -3 and items that affect saving throw or constitution bonuses do not affect this s.t.!


Bahamut does take full damage from fire, gas, acid, cold and lightning if his magic resistance does not foil the attack and if he fails his s.t. If he makes his s.t. (having failed the magic resistance roll) he takes 1/4 damage and no damage if cold is the attack form.

Bahamut often travels the earth in human form seeking to aid the course of Lawful Good though he might aid any party containing no evils that is predominantly good. This aid will never be in the form of personal intervention unless another deity-ranked evil figure is directly involved. His aid will be in the form of information and perhaps the sale of a magic item useful to the party at double its normal cost—no bartering here whatsoever! His items will always be of the best sort, nearly always fully charged. He will always award what is needed to defeat an evil opponent, not what the party may want to destroy an opponent with overwhelming power. Further, he may "look in" on the party after the adventure and insist on having the item back (80% chance) though he will pay normal price for it, considering any lost charges or powers. Bahamut only helps versus evil and not against unknowns or versus something the party wants out of vengeance or poor conviction. Being flippant, swaggardly or boastful with Bahamut will end the discussion immediately!

Bahamut's court of seven is usually with him (90% chance), but all seven may not be present. Three of Bahamut's court cast Clerical spells instead of Magic-User spells. Bahamut or his court will not raise dead unless it is essential to the cause of Lawful Good. Further, the figure must have died in the fight versus evil through brave and intelligent actions. Bahamut does not raise Thieves, Assassins, Evils, opportunists or fools!

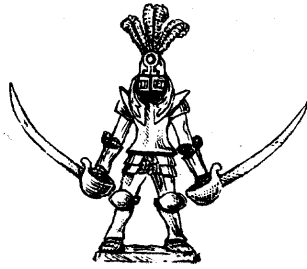
Bahamut's court can travel astrally to gain an item Bahamut is willing to sell to a party as per the prior discussion. Bahamut can always summon his court in 1 round if they are absent or if all are not present! Astral travel to gain an item will take 8 full hours, however, without exception. Bahamut is on superb terms with all Good Lawful gods and most Good Neutral and Good Chaotic ones as well. Alienation of Bahamut can result in the cutoff of spells for Good Clerics with a 75% probability!

Bahamut can be worshipped like any other god and can grant spells to his Lawful Good clergy. He does not accept Neutral Good or Chaotic Good worshippers as clergy, though they may praise and worship him, of course.

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5015



791



604



783

Hi-
Do you know me? I have no emotions, move very fast, and jump like a grasshopper. Although I am a mercenary and can be found in any dungeon or planetary surface, sometimes humanoids don't recognize me, so I show them this;



777

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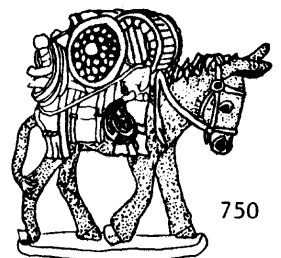
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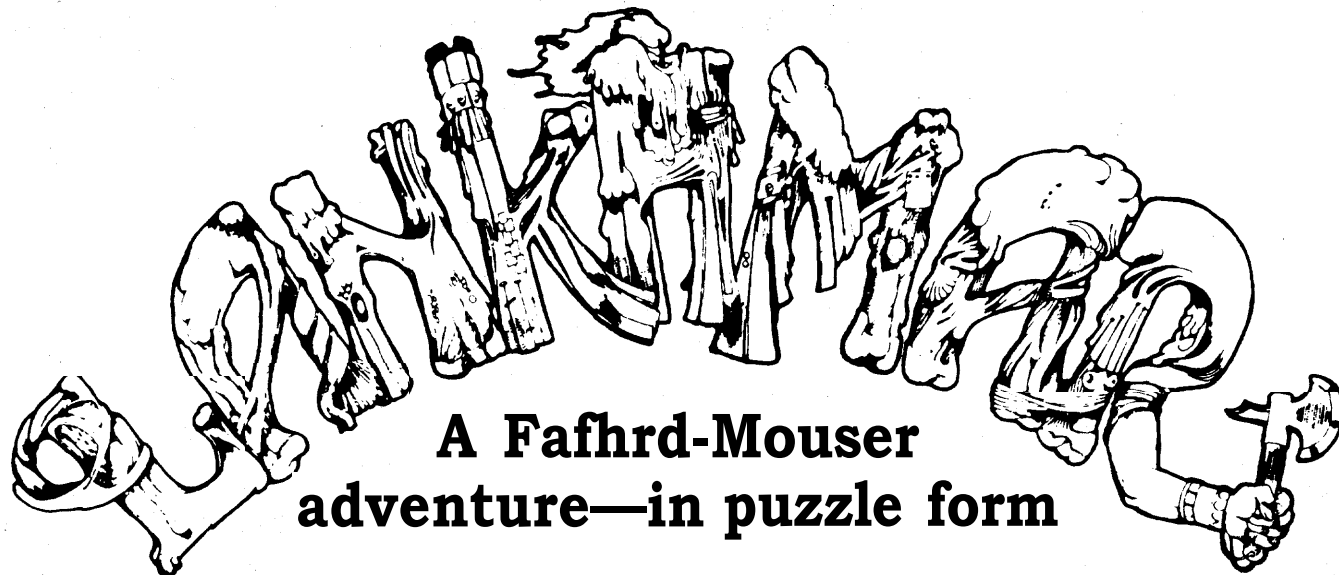
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A Fafhrd-Mouser adventure—in puzzle form

F.C. Macknight

As a postscript to this series I shall append a previously unpublished Fafhrd & Mouser Adventure—of a sort!

Be it known that I was once (and still am, though less active) a collector and constructor of a sort of puzzle-game, which as far as I know has no definite designation. It can be described as follows:

A mystery is stated which is to be solved, not by immediate rational analysis, but by asking questions which may be answered by yes or no. The mystery may be simple or complex; it may be stated in a few words, or even by a short story. The goal, or questions to be answered, may be single, compound, or several. Answers may, in addition to positive and negative, also include intermediate statements such as "Immaterial", "Irrelevant", "Begging the question" (involving an unestablished assumption), and occasional supplementary explanations to get the questioning back on the right track.

On one of our rare three-way get-togethers in the '30s after having inflicted several of my inventions on Harry (Fischer) and Fritz (Leiber), I challenged them to make me one. It was a compound type, and follows here. It never had a title, so I shall give it one:

* * *

FAFHRD AND MOUSER IN THE DUNGEON

Composed by Leiber and Fischer, and dedicated to McKnight for his delectation (or exasperation) and to exercise his expertise.

Fafhrd has been overpowered and imprisoned by a certain king and placed in a dungeon with three thieves. He has been spread-eagled against a wall and fastened thereto by iron bonds about his neck, chest, waist, thighs, arms, ankles and wrists. He is up to his neck in water. He can hold his breath for five minutes.

At the same time the Mouser is about a thousand miles away in a desert looking for something. He finds it, and shortly thereafter is beside Fafhrd in the dungeons, releasing him. They contrive to open the dungeon door. The three thieves immediately escape through the door, but the king, who has been alerted, has the doorway surrounded by archers.

Says the king to Fafhrd and Mouser, "If you come forth, you shall be slain!"

Nevertheless, Fafhrd and Mouser do leave the dungeon safely. How do all these things happen?

* * *

In this puzzle the questions to be answered are:

Just what is Fafhrd's predicament? What is the significance of being able to hold his breath for five minutes?

What is the Mouser looking for?

How does he reach Fafhrd?

Why aren't Fafhrd and Mouser killed by the archers?

The recipient of the puzzle is not appraised of these questions. He should understand what he must learn for a satisfactory solution.

In this case the question could start with either the first or the second

of the points listed above. It might go as follows (an example of how the game works):

Q. Would Fafhrd die if the Mouser didn't arrive?

A. Yes.

Q. Could the three thieves release him?

A. Probably not. Anyway they didn't try.

Q. Were they in the water too?

A. No.

Q. Were they in another part of the dungeon?

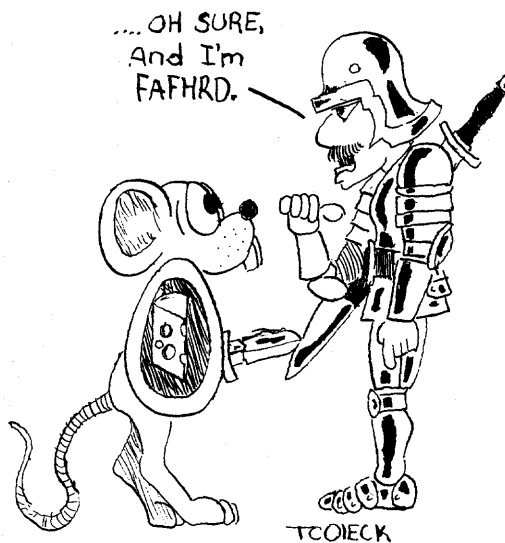
A. Yes.

Q. Do they have any importance?

A. Yes.

Q. Is Fafhrd able to break his bonds?

A. No.



Q. Does the "five minutes" mentioned mean that Fafhrd would die in five minutes unless rescued?

A. Yes.

Q. Was there poison gas in the dungeon?

A. No.

Q. But he will die if he takes a breath?

A. You may be making an assumption here that does not apply.

Q. Is Fafhrd positioned vertically?

A. Yes.

Q. Water up to his neck? (Checking.)

A. Yes.

Q. Can he breathe in this position?

A. No, but again there is the possibility of a wrong assumption.

Q. Is the band about the neck too tight?

A. No.

- Q. Is he gagged and his nose held shut?
 A. No.
 Q. Could he breathe if he wished to try?
 A. Depends on your definition of breathing.
 Q. Could he take air or gas into his lungs if he tried?
 A. No.
 Q. Would he drown if he tried?
 A. Yes.
 Q. Is the water rising?
 A. No.
 Q. (Inspiration!) He is upside down!
 A. Yes!

The first hurdle is now cleared; and so on to the others. That's the way the game goes.

Solution

As revealed above, Fafhrd is bound upside down in the water. The water may be stated as anywhere from 1 foot up, if the depth is questioned in specific amounts. (If one chooses water in excess of six feet the solution is not hinted at; if at a lesser distance it pushes the puzzle taker toward the right solution.)

Mouser is seeking the Seal of Soloman which gives power over the Jinn (or Jinni, as the plural is often spelled). A "magic talisman" will also do as an answer. (And perhaps "Soloman" should be spelled "Suleyman." I understand that it is claimed that they are the same, but they may not be; I have no opinion.) By compelling the aid of a jinn (djinn, ifrit, genie, whatever) Mouser arrives at Fafhrd's side instantly, by teleportation, higher dimensions or whatever means jinni use to get places fast without going through doors. Mouser need not know where Fafhrd is; he just commands, "Take me to my friend Fafhrd" and the deed is done.

Releasing Fafhrd may be done by the jinn or by Mouser's own skills, though it must be fast! But the jinn doesn't stick around after his mission is accomplished.

The jinn does not help in the escape, though he might be obliging enough to open the dungeon door before departing to Jirinstan. Fafhrd and the Mouser escape by simply walking out the door! They don't use a cloak of invisibility, cloud the minds of their adversaries by a spell, exit through another door (there aren't any) or a secret passage (likewise) or have the jinn make one for them, or levitate themselves over the heads of the king's men, or disguise themselves, or burrow a hole in the floor or under water to await the departure of all, or any such complex methods. They just walk out free. The king's threat was, "If you come forth (*fourth*) you shall be slain." Fafhrd and the Mouser came fifth and sixth! The king, whatever his faults, was a man of his word, and he believed that a man should say what he means, and mean what he says! Who *did* come fourth? (The three thieves came 1st, 2nd and 3rd) Another hitherto unmentioned person, either another prisoner or a gaoler.

This is a dastardly solution and one which tempts the puzzle-ee to murder the puzzler, so don't use this on anyone who doesn't appreciate a pun (and who does?). And not only that, but there is information hitherto concealed from the puzzle-ee. Altogether a foul blow and completely illegitimate: a puzzle that could only have been formulated by puzzlers utterly without regard to ethics, morals, or any human decencies. Such are Leiber and Fischer!

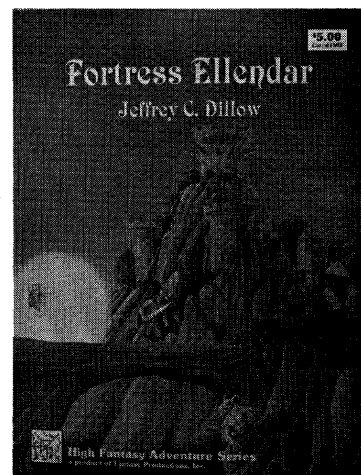
The puzzle above is presented here as it was given to me. An alternate and perhaps better way would be to merely state, "He is up to his neck in water and will shortly die unless rescued. This would eliminate the hint that Fafhrd must hold his breath, and the puzzle-ee must investigate other methods of being dispatched.

It now occurs to me that there is at least one unanswered question in the solution as given. Why didn't the Mouser use the Seal of Soloman again to get out of the dungeon?

I don't remember!

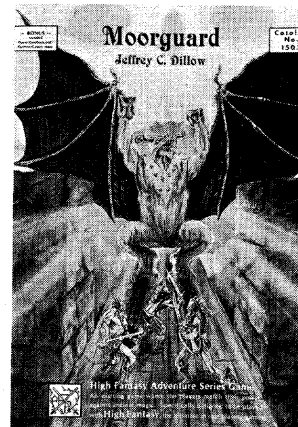
It may have been that the seal was immovably fixed in the desert where Mouser found it and he couldn't actually carry it away with him. It may have been that the ifrit stole it as he left for Jinnestan while Mouser was getting Fafhrd out of the water. Or perhaps the Seal was still operative and had a magical effect on the King's judgment! Anyone who has the audacity to give the puzzle can take his choice!

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Tell them you saw it in the Dragon



It's the little things that count

Lewis Bryson

Four of us went down, but only one hundred and four of us came back. How did that happen, you ask? A good question, and I feel like telling a story . . .

We were an optimistic party. The four of us were young, maybe a little lacking in experience, but well armed, intelligent, and overflowing with enthusiasm. There were two Magi, the sorcerer Soregit and the wizard Emanon, and two warriors, Tork and myself, Nissleyn the One-handed.

We had been charged with penetrating the Pyromancer's Guild to bring back artifacts for our benefactor, the great magician and charlatan, Edgh. Intent upon our mission, we found a member of the Guild at a local tavern, in a rather pitiful state. There was a little overeagerness on my part and I hit him on the head and, well, I, uh . . . knocked him out.

Gosh, I was really sorry that it had happened, but since it had, everyone figured that we should take advantage of it. So we grabbed his copper ring, had copies made of it, and, armed with the rings and a Polymorph Others spell, we entered the Guildhall.

It was easy enough, smooth sailing for quite a while, as we twisted, turned, and slew a few fairly harmless monsters, the usual stuff. The first really tough thing we ran into was a Clay Golem. Thinking quickly, I told Soregit to throw a *Darkness*, 15ft. radius spell, and with a natural ability of infravision, I waded in with a giant's club I had picked up somewhere, and belted him in the back of the head, wiping him out.

We felt that this was an augur of things to come, and we were very optimistic. Ha!

The next door we opened presented us with a pair of eleven-foot-tall, fairhaired giants in mithril mail. A fast Legend *Lore* spell told us that they were Sidhe, lawful gargantuans, extremely strong, intelligent, and dextrous. We quickly convinced them we wanted, very badly, to be their friends. Luckily, they trusted our then-honest intentions.

They joined us, and we went through a few more rooms and corridors, and were going down a flight of stairs, when I suddenly realized that they had usurped my position as leader of the expedition, had been very deprecatory about all of our abilities, and had not yet done a bit of fighting! I contacted Tork with an artifact-related telepathic message, and we jumped them from behind.

My first shot with the club split my Sidhe's head open like a ripe melon, and there was one left. Tork went for him as I hurried to aid him, while Emanon threw *Magic Missiles*. Tork was doing a pretty good job on the remaining Sidhe, and I had just joined the fray, when the giant speared Tork through the left eye with an immense enchanted sword. I was a bit taken aback, and Tork, well, he was dead. He had, though, damaged the Sidhe to a point where he was almost tottering, and I quickly sent him to discuss life with his ancestors face to face.

I mourned the death of Tork, while the Magi looked on rather coolly, not understanding the sorrow of a Warrior. I resolved to have

(Turn to page 48)

Spelling out a strategy for hostile Magic-Users

Jon Mattson

In TD #19 (Vol. III, No. 5) there was a very useful article by Steve Miller entitled "Spell Determination for Hostile Magic Users, or Why Did He Throw That Spell?!" As the title indicates, this article contains charts for randomly rolling up which spells non-player MUs used, without the referee having to make arbitrary decisions about it. This worked fine for a while, but soon a couple of problems arose. For one thing, the AD&D Players Handbook was released (certainly no problem in itself), containing a variety of new spells which should be included in the list of spells "possibly used by hostile MUs." Another problem was in determining the level of the spell the MU would use:

Though Steve's system worked fine for some levels, there were other levels (especially when MUs got an odd number of spells) that simply couldn't be rolled up exactly. At ninth level, for instance, a MU gets first- to fifth-level spells, four, three, three, two, and one respectively, for a total of thirteen spells. I can think of no way of generating the numbers one to thirteen, except possibly with cards.

Thus, I give you the new system (below) which follows much the same pattern as Steve's system, but uses percentages to find what spell level is used (thus giving a more exact chance of using any particular level).

* * *

* * *

Level of MU:	Chance of		Level of Spell Used**								
	Using	Spell*	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	64%	100%	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	66%	100%	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
3	68%	67%	33%	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
4	70%	60%	40%	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
5	72%	56%	28%	16%	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
6	74%	50%	25%	25%	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
7	76%	40%	30%	20%	10%	-	-	-	-	-	-
8	78%	34%	25%	25%	16%	-	-	-	-	-	-
9	80%	30%	23%	23%	15%	9%	-	-	-	-	-
10	82%	27%	27%	20%	13%	13%	-	-	-	-	-
11	84%	22%	22%	22%	17%	17%	-	-	-	-	-
12	86%	20%	20%	20%	18%	17%	5%	-	-	-	-
13	88%	20%	20%	20%	16%	16%	8%	-	-	-	-
14	90%	19%	19%	19%	15%	15%	10%	3%	-	-	-
15	90%	18%	18%	18%	18%	18%	7%	3%	-	-	-
16	90%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	12%	9%	4%	-	-
17	92%	15%	15%	15%	15%	15%	10%	9%	6%	-	-
18	92%	15%	15%	15%	14%	14%	9%	9%	6%	3%	-
19	92%	14%	14%	14%	14%	14%	9%	9%	9%	3%	-
20	94%	14%	14%	14%	13%	13%	11%	8%	8%	5%	-
21	94%	13%	13%	13%	13%	13%	10%	10%	10%	5%	-
22	94%	12%	12%	12%	12%	12%	12%	10%	10%	8%	-
23	95%	12%	12%	12%	12%	12%	11%	11%	11%	7%	-
24	95%	12%	12%	12%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	9%	-
25	95%	12%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	-
All even nos. over 25.***	95%	12%	12%	12%	12%	11%	11%	10%	10%	10%	-
All odd nos. over 25.***	95%	12%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	11%	-

numbers above 25 or all even numbers above 25.

Once the spell level has been determined, percentile dice are rolled to see which spell on the chart below is cast.

First Level	Second Level	Fourth Level
29-34 Fly	01-06 Audible Glamer	01-06 Charm Monster
35-36 Gust of Wind	07-12 Darkness, 15' r.	07-12 Confusion
37-42 Haste	13-17 Detect Evil/Good	13-14 Dig
43-50 Hold Person	18-22 ESP	15-21 Dimension Door
51-54 Invisibility, 10' r.	23-27 Forget	22-25 Enchanted Weapon
55-58 Leomund's Tiny Rut	28-36 Invisibility	26-27 Extension 1
59-66 Lightning Bolt	37-43 Levitate	28-34 Fear
67-72 Monster Summoning I	44-50 Mirror Image	35-36 Fire Charm
73-80 Phantasmal Force	51-55 Pyrotechnics	37-43 Fire Shield
81-82 Protection: Evil/Good 10' r.	56-64 Ray of Enfeeblement	44-47 Fumble
83-88 Protection From Normal Missiles	65-67 Rope Trick	48-51 Hallucinatory Terrain
89-94 Slow	68-75 Scare	52-58 Ice Storm
95-98 Suggestion	76-83 Stinking Cloud	59-65 Minor Globe of Invulnerability
99-00 Tongues (or Reverse)	84-92 Web	66-71 Monster Summoning II
	93-95 Detect Invisibility	72-73 Plant Growth
	96-00 Wizard Lock	74-80 Polymorph Others
		81-86 Polymorph Self
		87-90 Curse (opposite of Remove Curse)
		91-96 Wall of Fire
		97-00 Wall of Ice

*—This is the percent chance that the MU will even use magic—he may decide to use his trusty dagger or some other weapon. This percentage can be modified according to the situation, at the DM's discretion. Remember, most intelligent MUs won't usually attempt to cast a spell if they are under direct attack and the chances are too great they will be hit and the spell ruined.

**—As mentioned above, this percentage can be modified according to the situation. For instance, an MU would more likely cast a high-level spell at a large group of powerful opponents than a small group of relatively weak ones.

***—Fortunately, the spells gotten per level begin repeating a pattern here so the percentages will always be the same for odd

Fifth Level		77-80 Projected Image
01-04 Animal Growth		81-86 Repulsion
05-08 Animate Dead		87 Spiritwrack
09-13 Bigby's Interposing Hand		88-93 Stone-Flesh (or Reverse)
14-20 Cloudkill		94-00 Tenser's Transformation
21-27 Conjure Elemental		Seventh Level
28-35 Cone of Cold	01-07 Bigby's Grasping Hand	08-10 Charm Plants'
36-39 Distance Distortion	11-20 Delayed Blast Fireball	21-27 Drawmij's Instant Summons
40-43 Extension 2	28-34 Duo-Dimension	35-44 Limited Wish
44-47 Feeblemind	45-49 Mass Invisibility	50-56 Monster Summoning V
48-52 Hold Monster	57-65 Mordenkainen's Sword	66-70 Phase Door
53-56 Magic Jar	71-79 Power Word-Stun	80-86 Reverse Gravity
57-61 Monster Summoning III	87-91 Statue	92-00 Vanish
62-66 Mordenkainen's Faithful Hound		Eighth Level
67-70 Passwall	01-08 Antipathy/Sympathy	09-18 Bigby's Clenched Fist
71-74 Stone Shape	19-20 Clone	21-30 Incendiary Cloud
75-79 Telekinesis	26-30 Mass Charm	31-38 Mass Charm
80-84 Teleport	39-45 Maze	46-50 Mind Blank
85-88 Transmute Rock-Mud	51-60 Monster Summoning VI	61-67 Otto's Irresistible Dance
89-93 Wall of Force	68-76 Polymorph Any Object	77-83 Power Word-Blind
94-97 Wall of Iron	84-90 Serten's Spell Immunity	91-98 Symbol
98-00 Wall of Stone	99-00 Trap the Soul	
Sixth Level		
011-06 Antimagic Shell		
07-12 Bigby's Forceful Hand		
13-16 Control Weather		
17-24 Deathspell		
25-32 Disintegrate		
33-34 Extension 3		
35-42 Geas		
43-50 Globe of Invulnerability		
51-58 Invisible Stalker		
59-64 Monster Summoning IV		
65-68 Move Earth		
69-76 Otiluke's Freezing Sphere		
Ninth Level		
01-10 Bigby's Crushing Hand	59-70 Prismatic Sphere	
11-18 Gate	71-82 Shape Change	
19-22 Imprisonment	83-86 Temporal Stasis	
23-36 Meteor Swarm	87-96 Time Stop	
37-48 Monster Summoning VII	97-00 Wish	
49-58 Power Word-Kill		

If the spell indicated has insufficient range or is generally inappropriate (such as Detect Good/Evil in the middle of combat, using Hold Portal when there is no door in the area, etc.) a re-roll is allowed. Some things to remember:

Detection spells will generally only be used during the first turn of the encounter, since the MU may wish to discover the alignment, magical-powers, etc. of his enemies (if they are enemies)—he is obviously not going to try to find out the alignment of someone who is attacking him anyway.

Some spells which may seem illogical at first may have some purpose. For instance, an MU might cast Detect Invisible on the group during the first round (or during combat if one of the group disappears) to see if he is going to be attacked by an invisible intruder. However, if outnumbered or on the losing end of the battle, an MU will almost always use a defense spell (Dimension Door, Teleport, etc.) or powerful weapon spell.

On the same note, occasionally a spell may be indicated that is inappropriate due to the level of the defenders (i.e. a Sleep spell against tenth-level players). This will not always necessitate a re-roll, since there is usually no way for the MU to know the level of his opponent(s) anyway (unless, for instance, one of them casts a high-dice fireball or other such level-based spell which would give him away: it is assumed that the MU would recognize magic equal to or more powerful than his own).

It's the Little Things

(From page 46)

him restored to my side as soon as possible, because he was a brother Warrior, and also because I didn't relish facing the remaining depths with just myself to battle with the terrors that lay there.

Packing his dead body on my back with a quick-release knot on him, we pushed on. The door at the bottom of the stairs opened onto a corridor, and at the end was an unfamiliar shape. A noise from the wizard roused the thing, and suddenly it was flying at us. A winged ape with huge claws, hurtling down the narrow corridor.

"A Clakar!" screamed the wizard, and cowered beneath his cloak. I nailed the beast with a lightning javelin in midair, but it didn't quite do the job, only searing a hole in his abdomen. Then he was upon me, doing horrendous damage with one swipe of his claws. Luckily for all of us, I dispatched him with a blow to his already damaged abdomen. The wizard healed my wounds and we moved on.

The next room held only an orc and a bowl of liquid. The orc turned and ran out a door in the back of the room. Soregit walked up to the table and inspected the bowl. He saw a ring in the bowl, and grabbed it. He put it on, and began dancing around without realizing that he was shrinking at a tremendous rate. He fell into the bowl, and would have drowned and I not knocked over the bowl and moved him away from the liquid with the point of my dagger.

Our spirits were at a new low. Tork was dead, and getting to be a pain in the back. Soregit was two inches tall, and practically useless. We would probably have given up, but the next room presented a puzzle. It was some kind of a device, and I could not discern its operation. The door was open, and maybe we should have closed it to keep out wandering monsters, but we were in a sad state. Anyway, what should wander in but a 12th-circle Cleric of neutrality. With a little monetary temptation, we convinced him to resurrect Tork, but nothing could be done for poor Soregit.

Tork and I began to celebrate and, in the illuminated state of mind that the wine brought about, we divined the function of the machine. It moved the entire room to small, independent planes of existence! We finally realized this by observing that after we pressed different buttons, different things were behind those doors! In our condition, we found this highly amusing, much to Emanon's consternation. We finally decided that we would tackle the Clakar that we had seen, and, pushing the right button, we rushed in and romped on the poor animal.

There was a shrouded object in the back of the room and we were suspicious. So with the genius of Dionysius, Tork and I forced Soregit to take a look under the shroud. A good thing we did so, for under there was a *Mirror of Opposition!* We heard a small shriek, and lifted a small section of the shroud to see *two* Soregits throwing daggers at each other. Luckily, the duplicate was as lousy a shot as the original, and neither was hurt.

Inspired again, we emptied another wine sack, and began creating more and more miniature Magi, or gits, as we soon began calling them. Eventually we had fifty of the opposing gits, and fifty of the old-type gits, and of course, the original Soregit. We separated the plus and minus gits into two wine sacks of squirming sorcerers.

Now, of course, Tork and I are rich men, the owners of Miniature Mage, Inc. We decided to market the gits, and made our fortunes. We found an alchemist, went into large-scale production of growth potion and the super shrink stuff. Then we got a cleric, threw us a lot of *Geas* spells, and marketed the result as "Gits! pint-size power for the fighting man!! The next time you have a problem that you just can't handle, *you* won't worry, because you have a miniature Mage at your belt!!"

Soregit is happy as a little clam lolling around in his miniature apartment with his miniature wine cellar, miniature elf-maidens, etc. The mirror is in full, assembly line-type use down in the factory.

And Emanon? He's still adventuring, poor soul, thinks he's going to make his fortune that way, I guess. Ha! And yet, sometimes I look across the board room at my old weapons hanging on the wall, and the Sidhe's dried blood still on the club, and I feel a twinge of the old wanderlust. . .

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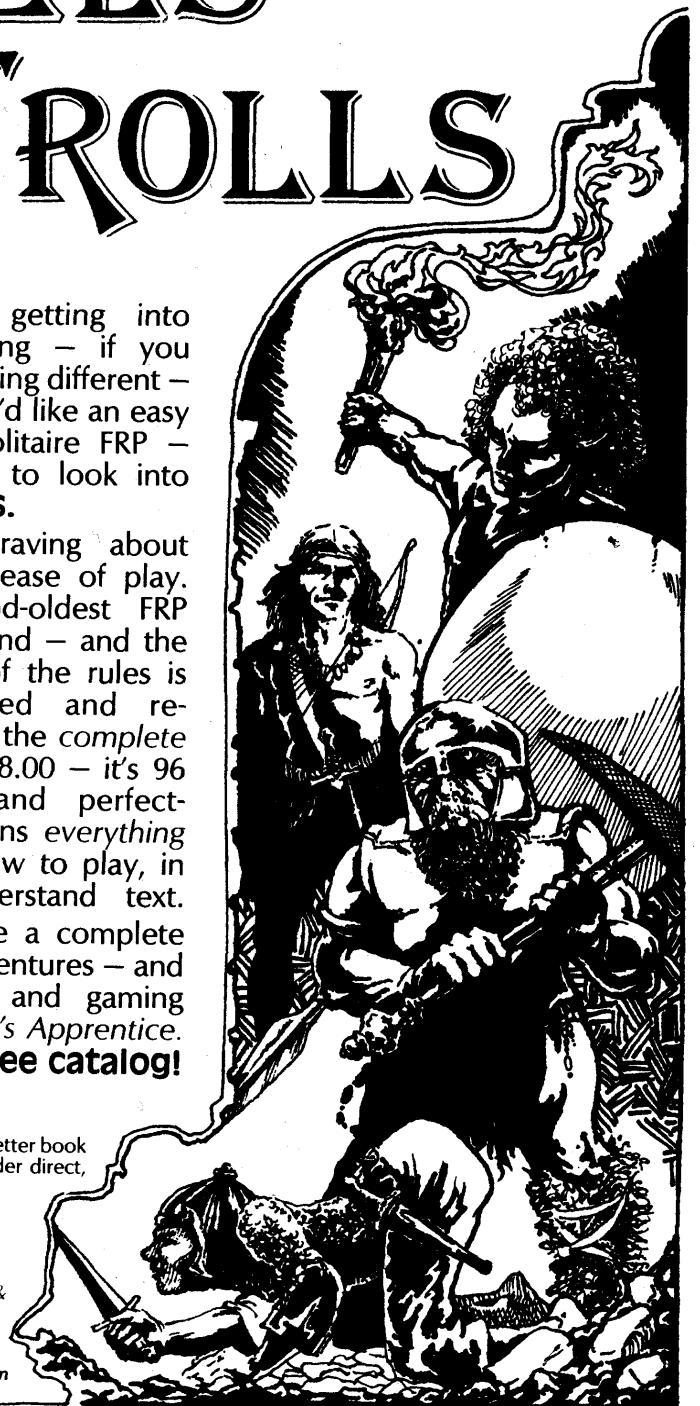
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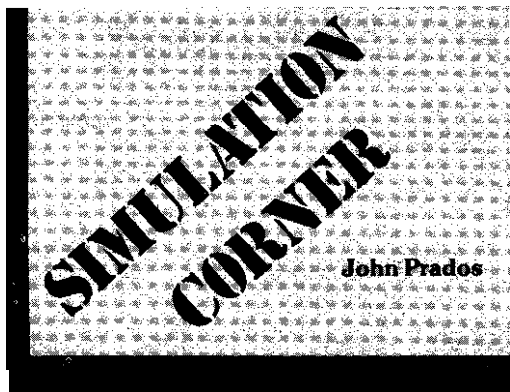
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Tell them you saw it in *The Dragon*





'Charlies' keep clearing hurdle after hurdle

Charles Roberts was the founder of Avalon Hill and designer of our first simulation games back in the 1950s. Almost twenty years later, when some hobbyists conceived the notion of creating awards for excellence in game design, it was quite natural to name the awards after this early innovator. While the title came naturally, this was practically the only thing about the "Charlies" that has been accepted without a hitch since their inception in 1975. Since then, the Charlies have been a source of intense and continuing controversy. Because of the importance of the awards and the extension of awards to cover categories other than simulation games (e.g. fantasy games, miniature figures, miniature rules and so forth), it is worth taking a moment to review the story of the Charlies and the conflict that has raged around them.

John Mansfield is a widely known Canadian gamer, publisher of the newsletter *Signal* and, most recently, owner of a game shop in his own area of Calgary. The first industry wide award was his idea and was implemented with the organization of a panel to tabulate nominations and voting results.

The Charles Roberts Awards were first presented at the Origins I convention at Baltimore with several categories of achievement. The first hurdle proved to be acceptance of the awards themselves. When they were presented, for example, one prominent designer groused that they represented merely the opinion of a couple of dozen gamers in Europe. The charge of elitism, however, was soon transformed into an argument that the awards represented only a popularity contest since only those persons who were sufficiently interested to take time, first to nominate games and later to vote for them, were reflected in the results. One consequence was that games by large publishers, with wider circulation and exposure, had a natural advantage in nominations and voting, since people usually voted for games with which they were familiar.

The "popularity contest" issue has been a recurrent one with the Charlies. In the second year somewhat more than 100 votes were cast. Respondents passed the 200 mark in 1977; by last year's fifth presentation of the awards, the number of votes had passed 500 and was still increasing. Some still see this as a very inbred thing; certainly, it is true that the number of votes cast in the annual selections has little correlation with the putative size of our gaming hobby. However, the awards are a relatively recent phenomena, the trend on votes being cast is going in the right direction, and the annual increase is substantial. Moreover, it can be said of the Hugo Awards of science fiction, upon which the Charlies were loosely modeled, that the size of the voting populations in those selections is also quite small. In fact, given the much larger size of the science-fiction-reading public, it is entirely possible that the ratio of the votes cast to size of the total audience is higher for wargaming than for science fiction. In any case, by 1979 the Charles Roberts Awards had developed a wide acceptance within gaming circles.

One early issue with the Charlies was the categories for which awards would be presented. The arrangement adopted for the first year was changed in 1977. Thereupon, gaming categories were changed to distinguish "strategic/tactical" instead of "professional/amateur" games. The new categories set have persisted since. Instead, controversy came to focus upon the fact that the awards

intended to honor wargames. Beginning in 1977, there were efforts to incorporate miniatures and fantasy gaming within the awards but these efforts have spun off in a different direction with the creation of a new series of awards, the H. G. Wells Awards, originated by Bill Somers of Metro Detroit Gamers, specifically aimed at encompassing those fields. In fact, the proliferation of awards has answered a number of criticisms leveled at the original Charlies. One response to the "popularity contest" problem, for example, was the creation of a separate set of awards by the Game Designer's Guild to reflect professional opinion. These latter awards were presented for the first time in 1978 and have since been working through their own teething problems.

Another aspect of the Charles Roberts Awards that shows the difficulty of attempting the creation of an institution at this level is administration. The Charlies were and still are administered by a committee which initially tabulates nominations prior to the Origins convention and then counts votes at the convention. John Mansfield, Clifford Sayre, Charlie Vasey and Alan Doum (the latter since 1979) have done important work for the Roberts Awards. In the early days, nominating ballots were circulated in Mansfield's newsletter *Signal*, but more recently such ballots have been printed widely in periodicals throughout the gaming hobby, particularly including *Fire & Movement*. The task of collecting and sorting the nominations far enough in advance to compile an awards ballot to be printed in the Origins convention program is a major task.

This whole question of nominations has lately provoked what is probably the greatest controversy that has occurred with the Charlies. Briefly, the details are these. For some years the nominating procedure was ambiguous in that it was not necessarily clear what games were eligible for nomination during a given year. The Roberts committee decided in 1978 to adopt a new procedure under which each publisher would officially report to the committee what new titles had been published during the year and therefore would be available for nomination. Although the details were circulated fairly widely, apparently not all publishers were apprised of the new procedure, with the result that their games were not considered eligible for nomination. The upshot was charges of discrimination by smaller publishers that were made against *Fire & Movement*, which had published information on the Charlies and nominations as a public service.

At a meeting of the Game Designer's Guild held during the Origins '79 convention that took place at Chester, Pennsylvania, the issue of Charles Roberts Award nominating procedures was raised and discussed. Scott Bizar of Fantasy Games Unlimited had been particularly upset with the mixup over companies listing their eligible 1978 releases and tabled a motion calling for strong criticism of the Roberts Awards. There was a great deal of debate at the meeting and the Guild eventually went on record with a statement which expressed concern that the awards be carefully administered.

The upshot of this resolution was that Scott and a delegation of Guild members attended another meeting later that day of persons interested in the Charles Roberts Awards, reading the resolution and arguing for a new nomination and voting procedure. At the awards meeting, the interested parties and the Charles Roberts Awards

committee worked out elements of a new arrangement to be used in 1980 and succeeding years. I understand that more details of the arrangement were worked out at the GenCon convention hosted by TSR Hobbies in Kenosha, Wisconsin, this past August. There will be a one-man, one-vote system to prevent ballot-box stuffing.

The difficulties of 1979 may prove to be beneficial for all concerned, but they do point up one further difficulty in the way of making the Charlies into the accepted institution that they should be. This problem is that, for whatever reasons, someone sees a need for some changes every year. Not that there aren't real problems which require positive solutions, but the system will never begin to function efficiently if it is to be revamped annually. Moreover, in the same way that continuity in the presentation of the awards has helped to encourage their acceptance, constant reorganization of the system will help to ensure that the awards will now be taken seriously, as they should be.

In general, the more rigid a system, the less efficient it tends to be. The system for the Charlies should retain enough flexibility so that it can adapt to changes in the hobby rather than resorting to recurrent massive face-liftings. The device of formal, submitted listing of eligible games was perhaps too much of a lock-step measure. More flexibility is needed—and besides, even the major publishers plus

the "third world" publishers do not together make up the whole constellation of producers of games. At the same time, it should be said in favor of the Roberts awards committee that they have never proven to be resistant to helpful modifications when these were appropriate, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to be open to change.

The reasons which account for the original creation of these awards are still there. The processes of design and development are quite complex and are insufficiently recognized within the hobby. At the same time, a good game is very satisfying to the gamer, while this satisfaction is not equally apparent to the innovator. He sees little of the money his publisher makes from his design. There had better be something in it other than the money, or the exercise would be practically pointless. That designers can aspire to awards like the Charlies may not be a major incentive, but it is a real one. Indeed, the strength of the idea of presenting awards for excellence is demonstrated both by the extension of this practice to other categories of the hobby and by its adoption by other bodies within the hobby. The Charles Roberts Awards have achieved basic acceptance, and it is high time that the awards system is made efficient and practical. We'll hope that 1980 brings major progress in that direction.



more than one closed campaign). The nice thing about it is that the "Monty Haul," as well as the "Killer" campaigns, tend to fizzle out and are overshadowed by the more moderate ones.

In reference to "Sorcerer's Scroll" and "What's ahead for TSR", most newcomers to *D&D* I know have started with *Basic D&D* and if they find that they are at all serious, move up to *Advanced D&D*. Would it be possible to rewrite *Basic D&D* as an intro to *AD&D*? To make *AD&D* more open ended and less complicated, rules deletions and modifications could be suggested to those that want that type of system. Some DM's I know have already done this on their own.

From what I can observe in our group most people have purchased the basic kit, but the 3 *Advanced* books are mostly DM's fare. Would the owners of the *Advanced* books also buy the *Expert/Master's* system? I'm just concerned that these rules might further fragment *D&Ders* while not really drawing many new people into this marvelous hobby of ours. I'm sure you have already considered these possibilities. Please accept my comments in the positive vein they were intended, because I plan to support and promote *D&D* regardless of what you choose to do on this issue.

Lee Love—Mt. Pleasant, MI

Inflation IV

Dear Editor,

There have been several letters in recent issues of *TD* complaining about High-Level and High-Power characters, claiming that they have no place in *D&D*.

I must disagree with this. They may be out of place in Low-Level campaigns, but they are a very valid part of *D&D*. It is possible to play *D&D* at high level and with High Power, what is not possible is to have characters in a campaign where they are disproportionately powerful.

The purpose of FRPing is to have fun. If a

group of people like to play at 20th level, and another group like to play at 6th, neither is wrong, so long as they enjoy playing the game. One of the finest things about *D&D* is that it is flexible enough to allow play at both low and higher levels.

When I began playing *D&D* in 1975, it was only a matter of time before our play advanced to the point when we were playing with characters of 10th to 14th level. We had no problem with this, and the rules handled it well, because the characters were all relatively equal in power.

What the writers of these letters have missed is that there is a difference between "High-Level" characters and "Obscene" characters. I have encountered characters of 3rd level who were so weighted down with magic items that they could destroy characters of 20th or higher level with no difficulty. The problem in many campaigns run by novice or indiscriminate DMs is that of giving out magic items without discretion, and of giving out illogical magic items. Level is not the mark of Obscenity, power is.

Yet even obscene, Monty Haul characters are fun to play, in their place, in high-power worlds. I ran a campaign in which a 2nd level character with over 300 magic items existed, and was not all-powerful, because he was balanced by the other characters in the campaign. Any kind of character or playing style is right in its own place.

The solution to the problem of cross-over characters and characters whose attributes are questionable is DM discretion. DMs must realize that they rule their worlds, not their players. Things *are* as they say. Thus they may say, "No, you can't bring that character, he is too powerful for this party." If the player doesn't like this, he needn't play in that campaign. The campaign should be what the DM wants it to be and he should keep it in control.

There are campaigns where a number of different DMs work together, running adventures in their own styles, which may not agree. Discretion may still be practiced, and it will lead to a compromise position in which an overall balance is achieved.

It is players who must learn to adapt, they should have a range of different characters for use in different campaigns. In this way, they will be prepared to present an acceptable character

to any DM, or roll up a new one. This not only solves the problem of the existence of high and low power worlds, but lets the player experience more varied types of role-playing situations.

The *D&D* rules, and now *AD&D* were designed for play balance, not, I think, for certain power levels. There is no right or wrong way to play *D&D*. More players should be tolerant of different gaming styles. The purpose is fun, and there is more than one form of amusement. The world of *D&D* is big enough for widely different campaigns to exist, as long as DMs are willing to take responsibility.

Dave Nalle—Washington, D.C.

'Improvement'

Dear Editor:

After reading through the March issue of *The Dragon* I'd have to say you finally got your act together. Just looking at past issues I certainly see an improvement through the months.

In this month's issue you published the surprising corrections to the three *AD&D* books. I myself have these books and will find the corrections needed. In the future would you plan on printing the appendix that you didn't include?

The regulars were excellent as usual and so was Gary Gygax's article on TSR and its future. I hope "Queen of the Demon Web Pits" will be released soon. At last "Giants of the Earth" returned, why not make it a regular article? The story on "Angels" by William Fawcett was impressive and unbelievable. And, of course, who could say anything bad about the final long-awaited episode of "Finieous Fingers" by JD? I hope his next story is as good as this one was.

In closing, I'd like to say thanks to all the staff who make *The Dragon* what it is today. Keep up the good work. . . .

Patrick O'Sullivan—Rancho Palos Verdes, CA



THE ELECTRIC EYE

COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY AND TERMINOLOGY

Mark Herro

This month, The Electric Eye looks at two computer games that have been around for quite a while: *Civil War* and *Star Trek*. Both of these programs originated in the large, multi-user, "mainframe" type of computer that most of us associate the word "computer" with. While these big computers went about their business the great majority of the time, a game could find its way in—legally or illegally—once in a while. Even computer programmers need a little fun now and then. Now, a few computer games are tolerated on most every multi-user computer, and most, if not all, have made their way to the home computer level.

Figure 1

```

THIS IS A CIVIL WAR SIMULATION.
TO PLAY, TYPE A RESPONSE WHEN THE COMPUTER ASKS.
REMEMBER THAT ALL FACTORS ARE INTERRELATED AND THAT YOUR
RESPONSES COULD CHANGE HISTORY. FACTS AND FIGURES USED ARE
BASED ON THE ACTUAL OCCURENCE. MOST BATTLES TEND TO RESULT
AS THEY DID IN THE CIVIL WAR. BUT IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU!!

THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO WIN AS MANY BATTLES AS POSSIBLE

YOUR CHOICES FOR DEFENSIVE STRATEGY ARE:
(1) ARTILLERY ATTACK
(2) FORTIFICATION AGAINST FRONTAL ATTACK
(3) FORTIFICATION AGAINST FLANKING MANUEVERS
(4) FALLING BACK
YOUR CHOICES FOR OFFENSIVE STRATEGY ARE:
(1) ARTILLERY ATTACK
(2) FRONTAL ATTACK
(3) FLANKING MANUEVERS
(4) ENCIRCLEMENT
YOU MAY SURRENDER BY TYPING A '5' FOR YOUR STRATEGY.

YOU ARE THE CONFEDERACY.          GOOD LUCK!
    
```

Figure 2

```

THIS IS THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN
JULY 21, 1861    GEN. BEAUREGARD COMMANDING THE SOUTH MET THE
UNION FORCES WITH GEN McDOWELL IN A PREMATURE BATTLE AT BULL
RUN. GEN. JACKSON HELPED PUSH BACK THE UNION ATTACK.

      CONFEDERACY    UNION
MEN          18000     18500
MONEY        $ 81000   $ 83300
INFLATION    25 %     10 %

HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR FOOD? 30000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR SALARIES? 10000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR AMMUNITION? 41000

MORALE IS FAIR
YOU ARE ON THE DEFENSIVE

YOUR STEGY? 2

      CONFEDERACY    UNION
CASUALTIES   1790     2529
DESERTIONS  10       47

YOUR CASUALTIES WERE 9 % LESS THAN
THE ACTUAL CASUALTIES AT BULL RUN

YOU WIN BULL RUN

THIS IS THE BATTLE OF SHILOH
APRIL 6-7, 1862  THE CONFEDERATE SURPRISE ATTACK AT SHILOH
FAILED DUE TO POOR ORGANIZATION.

      CONFEDERACY    UNION
MEN          40369     45212
MONEY        $ 184000   $ 197500
INFLATION    23 %     12 %

HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR FOOD? 60000
    
```

But enough of today's history lesson.

Civil War is a simulation of the major battles from that conflict, with the human playing the South and the computer playing the North. Fourteen battles are fought in a game, but due to space limitations only an abbreviated version is shown here.

There are four direct variables the player can control: food; salaries; ammunition; and strategy (offensive or defensive). See figure 1. Those four variables, plus the computer-controlled variables (that's about eight more) all interact to determine a particular battle's outcome. The side with the fewest casualties wins the battle. Whichever side wins the most battles wins the game (ties go to the computer). Here's how I fared in one game:

The battle of Bull Run and the battle of Shiloh (figure 2): Bull Run is the first battle of the game. Judging from what the computer told me about the history of this battle, I figured that a frontal assault might be appropriate. The hunch seemed to pay off, because I won the battle with fewer casualties than the real thing. Shiloh, on the other hand, was pretty bloody for me.

The battle of Vicksburg and the battle of Gettysburg (figure 3): About halfway through the game now. I've discovered that the old axiom of an army traveling on its stomach is helpful in this game. Morale seems to improve when I feed my men better (spend more money on food), even at the cost of cutting their salaries. I'm sure that the combination of high morale and an artillery offensive strategy contributed to my victories at both Vicksburg and Gettysburg, which were both defeats in real life.

The battle of Spotsylvania and the battle of Atlanta (figure 4): The last two battles of the game. I really "blew it" at Spotsylvania. Tying to encircle a force almost double the size of mine . . . oh, yeeesh! Atlanta fared a little better, but in retrospect I think I should have used artillery. Notice that I lost Atlanta, even though I had fewer casualties than the real battle.

Final score: me -7, computer -7. the North wins . . . this time.

Figure 2 (cont.)

```

HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR SALARIES? 50000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR AMMUNITION? 24000

MORALE IS FAIR
YOU ARE ON THE OFFENSIVE

YOUR STEGY? 1

      CONFEDERACY    UNION
CASUALTIES   12250     9686
DESERTIONS  10         48

YOUR CASUALTIES WERE 14 % MORE THAN
THE ACTUAL CASUALTIES AT SHILOH

YOU LOSE SHILOH
    
```

Figure 3

```

THIS IS THE BATTLE OF VICKSBURG
JULY 4, 1863    VICKSBURG WAS A COSTLY DEFEAT FOR THE SOUTH
BECAUSE IT GAVE THE UNION ACCESS TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

      CONFEDERACY    UNION
MEN          49883     71563
MONEY        $ 235000   $ 301000
INFLATION    21 %     14 %

HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR FOOD? 85000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR SALARIES? 50000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR AMMUNITION? 100000

MORALE IS HIGH
YOU ARE ON THE DEFENSIVE
    
```

Figure 3 (cont.)

YOUR STEGY? 1

	CONFEDERACY	UNION
CASUALTIES	10384	18663
DESERTIONS	9	53

YOUR CASUALTIES WERE 13 % LESS THAN THE ACTUAL CASUALTIES AT VICKSBURG

YOU WIN VICKSBURG

THIS IS THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG
JUNE 30, 1863 A SOUTHERN MISTAKE BY GEN. LEE AT GETTYSBURG COST THEM ONE OF THE MOST CRUCIAL BATTLES OF THR WAR.

	CONFEDERACY	UNION
MEN	72613	86721
MONEY	\$ 348000	\$ 357000
INFLATION	19 %	16 %

HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR FOOD? 100000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR SALARIES? 48000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR AMMUNITION? 200000

MORALE IS FAIR
YOU ARE ON THE OFFENSIVE

YOUR STEGY? 1

	CONFEDERACY	UNION
CASUALTIES	16843	23214
DESERTIONS	14	35

YOUR CASUALTIES WERE 16 % LESS THAN THE ACTUAL CASUALTIES AT GETTYSBURG

YOU WIN GETTYSBURG

Figure 4

THIS IS THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA
MAY 5, 1864 GRANT'S PLAN TO KEEP LEE ISOLATED BEGAN TO FAIL HERE, AND CONTINUED AT COLD HARBOR AND PETERSBURG.

	CONFEDERACY	UNION
MEN	62664	111744
MONEY	\$ 291400	\$ 473000
INFLATION	21 %	14 %

HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR FOOD? 91400
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR SALARIES? 50000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR AMMUNITION? 150000

MORALE IS FAIR
BOTH SIDES ARE ON THE OFFENSIVE

YOUR STEGY? 4

	CONFEDERACY	UNION
CASUALTIES	19382	13990
DESERTIONS	12	40

YOUR CASUALTIES WERE 9 % MORE THAN THE ACTUAL CASUALTIES AT SPOTSYLVANIA

YOU LOSE SPOTSYLVANIA

THIS IS THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA
AUGUST, 1864 SHERMAN AND THREE VETERAN ARMIES CONVERGED ON ATLANTA AND DEALT THE DEATH BLOW TO THE CONFEDERACY.

	CONFEDERACY	UNION
MEN	65472	101825
MONEY	\$ 299000	\$ 440000
INFLATION	23 %	12 %

HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR FOOD? 99000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR SALARIES? 50000
HOW MUCH DO YOU WISH TO SPEND FOR AMMUNITION? 150000

MORALE IS FAIR
YOU ARE ON THE DEFENSIVE

YOUR STEGY? 3

	CONFEDERACY	UNION
CASUALTIES	7792	3431
DESERTIONS	11	42

YOUR CASUALTIES WERE 8 % LESS THAN THE ACTUAL CASUALTIES AT ATLANTA

YOU LOSE ATLANTA

YOU HAVE WON 7 BATTLES AND LOST 7 BATTLES.
THE UNION HAS WON THE WAR

Star Trek is one of the most popular (if not *the* most popular) computer games around. There are, literally, scores of different versions of this game floating around. The object of the game, however, is always the same—destroy all the Klingon invaders . . . before they destroy you. Here's a command summary for this version:

Command #1: Ship movement. Directions ("headings") are:

Command #2: Short range sensor scan. Shows what is in the same "quadrant" of space that you are in. "@" is the Enterprise (you), "+" is a Klingon ship, "#" is a Starbase (where you can get refueled and repaired), and "*" is a star (they exist as an annoyance to movement).

Command #3: Long range sensor scan. Shows how many Klingons, Starbases, and stars are in the quadrants adjacent to the one currently being occupied.

Command #4: Phasers. Fires phasers, using a given amount of ship's fuel, at all Klingons in the quadrant.

Command #5: Torpedoes. Fires a torpedo in a given direction (same as movement). Destroys everything in its path, but only 15 can be on hand at any one time (If low, you can go to a Starbase to get more).

Command #6: Defense shields. Uses a given amount of ship's fuel to use in defending against Klingon attacks.

Command #7: Activate ship's computer. Can read out current ship's status, summarize all the long range scans that have been taken, and compute torpedo trajectories.

Here's how one game went . . .

Stardate 2387 (figure 5): Great. The computer starts me out in a quadrant with a Klingon in it. Put up my shields and see if a torpedo can get him easily. Yep; blasted him.

O.K., let's see what's in the adjacent quadrants. Ah, a Klingon and a Starbase at heading 2. I'll leave this quadrant for that one.

Since I have a Starbase to refuel at, I can risk using a lot of power with phasers . . . Rats! Not only did I not destroy him, but I damaged

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**Contest sponsored by *The Dragon* magazine
and Dragontooth Fantasy Figures**

my phasers in the process! I'll get a status report, then torpedo him (figure 6).

An easy torpedo shot (Stardate 2388 now). And yet another Klingon nearby. But I better get to that Starbase for repairs. Move and blast another Klingon.

Stardate 2389 (figure 7). Looks like an easy torpedo shot. Oops, missed. OH, NO! I forgot to put my shields back up after leaving the Starbase! ZAP! Oh well, so much for that game . . .

That was just one version of *Star Trek*. Other versions I've seen have included such things as warp and impulse speeds, self-destructs, hyperspace jumps, black holes, experimental rays, mines, and all sorts of other goodies.

If there is enough interest, I'll be glad to devote a column or two to some of the other versions.

Figure 5

```

RUN
TREK 10:59 AM 01-Mar-80
THE KLINGON EMPIRE HAS DECLARED WAR ON THE FEDERATION
AND HAS INVADED WITH A FLEET OF 18 BATTLE CRUISERS.
YOU HAVE UNTIL STAR DATE 2399 TO DESTROY THE KLINGONS.
STAR DATE 2387
COMMAND? 2
-----
@
* *
*
+
-----
COMMAND? 6
3000 UNITS OF ENERGY LEFT. HOW MANY FOR SHIELDS? 500
COMMAND? 7
COMPUTER FUNCTION? 3
KLINGON AT SECTOR 4 , 6 --BEARING IS 7.5
(BEARINGS NOT ALWAYS EXACT)
COMMAND? 5
TORPEDO COURSE? 7.5
TORPEDO TRACK:
2.5 , 3
3 , 4
3.5 , 5
4 , 6
KLINGON AT SECTOR 4 , 6 DESTROYED
COMMAND? 3
-----
: 6 : 4 : 115 :
-----
: 6 : 3 : 6 :
-----
: 5 : 6 : 5 :
-----
COMMAND? 1
HEADING? 2
SPEED? 1
COMMAND? 2
-----
@
*
# *
* * *
*
-----
COMMAND? 4
2500 UNITS OF ENERGY LEFT. HOW MANY TO FIRE? 1000
80 UNIT HIT BY KLINGON AT SECTOR 4 , 6 --SHIELD STRENGTH 420
PHASERS DAMAGED
122 UNIT HIT ON KLINGON AT SECTOR 4 , 6 --SHIELD STRENGTH 75
COMMAND? 6
1920 UNITS OF ENERGY LEFT. HOW MANY FOR SHIELDS? 200
-----
COMMAND? 7
COMPUTER FUNCTION? 1
-----
STATUS REPORT:
17 KLINGONS AND 3 STARBASES ARE LEFT
ENTERPRISE NOW IN QUADRENT 6 , 2 AT SECTOR 2 , 2
STAR DATE 2387 DEADLINE IS STAR DATE 2399
ENERGY DISTRIBUTION: 200 UNITS IN SHIELDS.
ENGINES OK S.R. SENSORS OK L.R. SENSORS OK
PHASERS NG TORPRDO LAUNCH OK SHIELD CONTROL OK
COMPUTER OK
STAR DATE 2388
COMMAND? 7
COMPUTER FUNCTION? 3

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Figure 6

Figure 6 (cont.)

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KLINGON AT SECTOR 4 , 6 --BEARING IS 7.5
(BEARINGS NOT ALWAYS EXACT)
COMMAND? 5
TORPEDO COURSE? 7.5
TORPEDO TRACK:
2.5 , 3
3 , 4
3.5 , 5
4 , 6
KLINGON AT SECTOR 4 , 6 DESTROYED
COMMAND? 1
HEADING? 6
SPEED? .1
SHIELDS DROPPED FOR DOCKING
ENTERPRISE DOCKED--MAINTENANCE AND SUPPLY SERVICE PERFORMED
COMMAND? 3
-----
: 5 : 7 : 8 :
-----
: 4 : 15 : 3 :
-----
: 3 : 6 : 105 :
-----

```

Figure 7

```

-----
*
* *
@ +
*
-----
COMMAND? 5
TORPEDO COURSE? 1
TORPEDO TRACK:
4 , 5
5 , 5
6 , 5
KLINGON AT SECTOR 6 , 5 DESTROYED
COMMAND? 3
-----
: 15 : 3 : 8 :
-----
: 6 : 5 : 103 :
-----
: 5 : 8 : 6 :
-----
COMMAND? 1
HEADING? 1
SPEED? 1
STAR DATE 2389
COMMAND? 2
-----
*
*
@ +
*
-----
COMMAND? 5
TORPEDO COURSE? 8.8
TORPEDO TRACK:
4 , 5.2
5 , 5.4
6 , 5.6
7 , 5.8
8 , 6
9 , 6.2
TORPEDO MISSED
85 UNIT HIT BY KLINGON AT SECTOR 8 , 4
ENTERPRISE DESTROYED--YOU ARE NOW SUBATOMIC DUST.
THANKS TO YOUR INCOMPETENCE, THE FEDERATION WILL BE CONQUERED.

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Miscellaneous Department

Check your local PBS TV channel for two shows: "Fast Forward," a series about how home computers are affecting our lives, and "Don't Bother Me, I'm Learning," a special on home computers and education.

Several people have asked what kind of home computer I have. I own a Radio Shack TRS-80™ (L-11, 16K), and have access to an Apple-II™ and a PET™. I'll devote a future column to reviews of these computers.

A big thanks to John Oxley, of the University of Wisconsin-Platteville computer center, for his help in obtaining printouts for this month's column.



Game Review

Freedom in The Galaxy

Produced by: SPI

Retail Price: \$20

The popularity of the movie *Star Wars* made it almost inevitable that one or two enterprising game companies would enter the SF game market with a space opera offering based on a similar situation. The film offered a next-to-perfect background for the game designer. If the movie itself could not be dealt with *per se* because of copyright problems, circumstances dealing with a close approximation of the story certainly could be. Of those recent games that have attempted to portray a “*Star Warsesque*” series of events, one seems to stand above all others: SPI’s **FREEDOM IN THE GALAXY**.

For this reviewer, the publication of *FITG* was a long awaited event. I’d seen *Star Wars* a number of times and knew that *FITG* was more or less based on the film. The situation depicted had a lot of possibilities and I was interested in seeing what the gentlemen at SPI could do with it. With few reservations, I am very pleased with the end product.

FREEDOM IN THE GALAXY is a game of grand scope. It deals with a galaxy-wide rebellion against a corrupt and decadent central empire. The map depicts 26 star systems with 52 planets, grouped into five Imperial provinces. Military units represent almost a million troops and their attendant spacecraft. Yet, at the same time, minute attention is paid to individuals and the importance of their role in the course of galactic events. Legions and armadas thunder across the reaches of space to do battle; yet the impetus for rebellion, or the effort to stifle revolt, depends on the actions of a few heroic (or infamous) individuals. The game represents these personages singly, via a set of character cards.

FREEDOM IN THE GALAXY’s game system is a wedding of grand strategic and individual level mechanics. While at first appearance attaining such a mixture might seem very difficult, the blending works very well. The two levels of play create a nice counterpoint to one another.

The game’s situation pits a handful of Rebels against the mammoth and evil Imperial Empire. It is the task of the Rebels to move from planet to planet, rousing the populace to insurrection

and slowly building to a final military confrontation with the Empire. The mission before the Imperial player is to use his agents to thwart the efforts of the Rebels, and barring that, bring his superior military power to bear before a few isolated revolts spread into galaxy-wide turmoil. The stage is set in the twelve-page Galactic Guide which, as well as providing some needed game-related material, provides a wealth of background information. There are bits of history, as well as data on the various interstellar races the game depicts. Planet rulers are profiled, and more importantly, background for the characters in the game are presented. A game like this depends a lot on color, and efforts such as this provide the “feel” that make this game a success.

The game’s map (actually the term display is more apt) is functional rather than representative. No brilliant starfields as in *Outreach*, but rather a series of circular systems tracks. From a distance, the impression is not unlike Spanish mosaic tile. Each system is identified by name, and around it are concentric circles for each planet; these are the Planet Tracks. The tracks contain a lot of information, and because of this, are a bit difficult to read until one gets used to them. Part of the track is used to measure the planet’s loyalty, and marked off into five boxes. From Patriotic (pro-Empire) to Unrest (leaning towards the Rebels and ripe for rebellion). The movement of the loyalty counter along this track is the key to game action, since the Rebel player must slide the counter to the Unrest position before he can attempt a rebellion on that world. The Imperial player is doing his best to keep planets as loyal as possible. Planet tracks also contain Environs, the areas of the world in question in which action takes place. Environs vary in type (urban, wild, and a variety of special environs) and size (from one to six). Information regarding the racial type and creatures inhabiting that area is also given, as well as resource values and special political data. The Environs are varied, and it behooves players to exploit their qualities in their attempt to perform missions; some worlds are better suited for some activities than others.

Each side has military units, representing large numbers of troops and spacecraft. Because of the game’s strategic situation, the Imperial player has more military units, and uses them to a greater extent than the Rebel player. Each military unit is rated for Environ (surface) and space combat. Units are differentiated by type. Rebel units are keyed to the Environ they originated from. Imperial units are more varied and draw their names from more

functional sources (for example, Patrol, Line or Elite). In general, Imperial units have better space combat ratings than comparable Rebel units, and the Imperial Elite Army and Navy units sport the highest Environ and space combat ratings, respectively, in the game. The Imperial player also has some less conventional units to choose from, such as Suicide Squads and atrocity units. These last are the starships *Resolution* and *Peacemaker*, which are attack surface units by releasing chemicals or halt movement of the loyalty track by the use of mass hypnosis, and the *Death Star*—oops: I mean *Planet Stabilizer*—which can halt a planet’s rotation and destroy it. The atrocity units only rarely come into play, but when they do, they are quite impressive, as well as giving the Imperial player something to chuckle sinisterly about.

In my opinion, the military units are the game’s weakest graphic presentation. The Imperial units are an unimpressive black on yellow; the Rebels are black on red. Counters list combat value and unit type, and a ghosted symbol for type. The counters are functional but don’t add much flavor to the game.

A second, non-mobile, military unit is the Planetary Defense Base. These come one per planet and can be in a number of states, functioning or non-functioning, and at three levels of lethality. The PDBs are important; they are the first level of defense for a planet, and interact with any enemy unit (including characters) attempting to leave or land on a world.

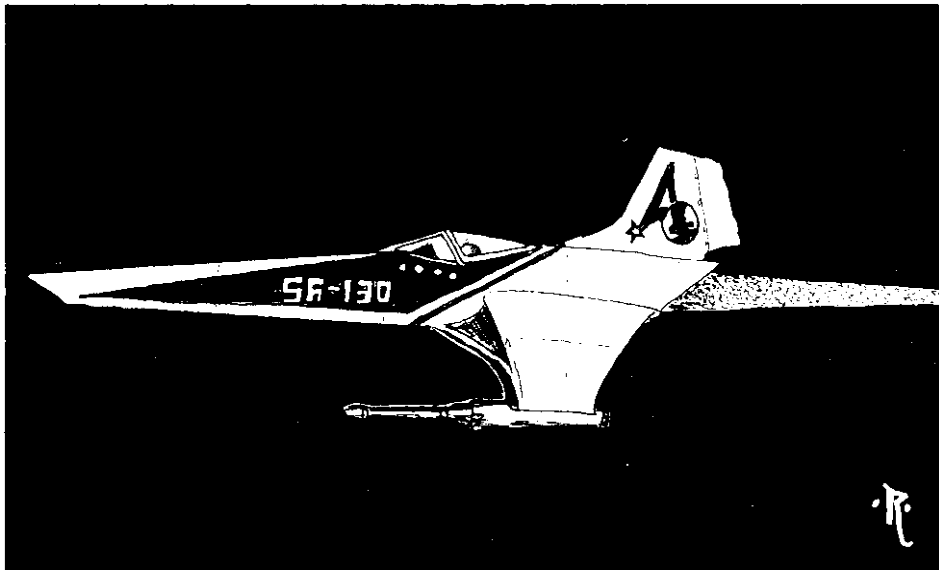
The center of the game, especially for the Rebel player, is the characters, and the character cards are the game’s nicest components. Very similar to the cards used in SPI’s *War of The Ring*, the cards provide vital data on individuals. On the reverse side, the cards give ratings for the characters in six basic areas: Combat (used in individual combat), endurance (number of wounds that can be taken before death), Intelligence (affects a number of missions), Leadership (favorable CRT shift when leading military units), Diplomacy (useful when attempting to shift planet loyalties) and Navigation (spacecraft pilot ability). The characters vary a lot; the adventurer Scott Rubel is an excellent pilot, but hardly the diplomat that the holy man Oneste Woda is, and not half as bright as Dr. Sontag. In addition to these ratings, the cards list any special advantages that character might have.

The real appeal of the cards, though, is the fine illustrations on the front. David Wenzel’s depictions are imaginative, detailed and appropriately garish. The Imperial Knights are garbed in black capes and battle armor, with sensor devices and weapons hanging from their belts. The Emperor sits wide-eyed upon an ornate throne. The Rebels are a varied lot, as befits their situation. There are pirates, adventurers, cowed holy men, merchants, aliens of all sorts, mercenaries with blast rifles, a princess, and yes, even a backwater planet farm-boy turned star warrior, Adam Starlight (You thought maybe I was exaggerating the *Star Wars* connection?). There are twenty Rebels and twelve Imperial characters.

Going along with the character cards are possession cards, used only by the Rebels. These include a number of spaceships (rated for combat, maneuverability, and passenger capacity), robots, gadgets and weapons, all accruing advantages for the Rebels using them. These are also nicely illustrated.

There are still more cards used in the game, but for more mundane purposes. A deck of Action Cards is used to resolve missions and in the campaign game, for random events and Imperial strategic planning.

FREEDOM IN THE GALAXY is not an easy



game. There are thirty-two pages of rules, and four pages of game charts and tables. The game's mechanics are fairly complex, and this is only complicated by the fact that each turn presents the players with a lot of things to watch and a number of choices to make. SPI suggests that the campaign game utilizing the entire map and full range of rules will take twenty hours to play, or about an hour a turn, and my experiences concur with this estimate. The shorter star system and province scenarios play quicker, but are, in my opinion, merely stepping stones in the rules assimilation process.

The campaign game is really what the game is all about: letting players manage the opposite sides of a galaxy-wide rebellion, rather than vying over more or less isolated situations as presented in the star system and province games. Actually, *FITG* is no more massive than SPI's "monster" historical games, and considerably easier to play, since there is a lot of player interaction in the game sequence. You don't have to spend a lot of time doing nothing while the opposition makes its move. Still, the game's relative complexity and game length conspire to make *FITG* a game that may not be played as often as it should.

The rules are offered in three sections, building upon one another. The first is the star system game, which provides the basic game mechanics in situations based on a single star system. Movement is fairly basic; units and characters may move between environs on a planet, environs and orbits, and the orbits of different worlds. Things are made difficult if one must move past an enemy PDB, which can detect and possibly damage character spacecraft, and engage military units via the combat procedure. This is very important, especially for the Imperial player, as detected characters are susceptible to enemy action; the PDBs, then, are the Imperial player's first line of security.

This rules section also introduces Environ military combat. The procedure is relatively simple. Unit factors of the opposing forces are totaled and compared to attain a ratio, though the final column consulted on the CRT is determined only after shifts for leadership ratings, and for the Rebels, fighting in Environs with units of the same type. CRT results are figured with factor losses for both sides, the numbers divided by a slash. Both players roll, rather than just the attacker, to determine the losses they inflict on the enemy, using the appropriate side of the slash. High-factored units are difficult to eliminate, since the combat result must be equal or greater than a unit's combat value for that unit to be eliminated. For exam-

pie, if a two-strength-point loss was assessed against a force of a three-factor unit and one of four factors, no units would be lost. Thus, where Environ combat shifts tend to favor the Rebels (fighting on their home ground, so to speak), the CRT leans toward the Imperial player and his high-powered units.

The core of this rules section, and indeed, the core of the game, is the mission rules. The individual characters are really the game for the Rebels, since without them, nothing else happens. During the mission phase, characters in a given Environ are divided into mission groups. Each group is assigned one of fifteen missions, from Gather Information and Assassination to Sabotage, Coup and Start Rebellion. The exact selection of mission is highly dependent on the characters involved (some individuals are better at certain missions than others and these abilities should be exploited), the Environ the characters are in, and most importantly, what type of mission is needed on that world at that time.

The selection of missions and the characters to perform them will make or break the Rebel player; individuals remain the key to success. After mission groups are selected, the player draws action cards for the groups in a given environ. Each card is divided into three sections, one each for urban, wild, and special environs. Each will list the letter code for one or more missions; if the mission being performed is one of these, it succeeds—but only after the action event listed is resolved. All sorts of things can happen, from creatures attacking the mission group, aid or hindrance by the locals, abortion of certain missions, to results allowing the non-phasing player to search for and engage the mission group with characters and squads drawn from military units in the area.

The events add a lot of color to the game, often fitting together like plot elements in a space opera. In the games I've played, both players have taken a high degree of interest in the resolution of a given mission, simply because of the flavor the sequence imparts to the game. The number of cards drawn is equal to the Environ size, so large Environs have the best chance for success, but are more dangerous as well. Some missions allow for bonus draws, the number to be determined by the mission and possible advantages due to certain individuals.

The game's individual combat system is reminiscent of that used in *War of the Ring*. When such an action takes place, (the result of successful

search for detected characters in an environ), the combat ratings of the groups involved are totaled; the Rebel can add the effect of any possessions that influence combat. For non-individuals, the Galactic Guide gives the factors of any creatures, locals, or military squads involved. Combat strengths of the parties involved are compared to attain a differential and the appropriate CRT column consulted. Once again, both players roll to see how many (if any) wounds they inflict on the enemy. Wounds are distributed among the affected group and counted against an individual's endurance; if all endurance boxes are filled in for a given character, he has gone on to meet his reward, been subsumed by the Force, or in sterile terms, been eliminated. Combat rules allow for double damage in firefights (where both sides have energy weapons), and special circumstances such as attempts at breaking off combat (yes, you can leave a valiant rear guard behind to improve the chances of the rest of the party) and attempts at capture.

The section finishes with perhaps the most important rule for the game, those dealing with the prerequisites and mechanics of revolution. Planets can be in a number of various states of control; Imperial control, Rebellion, Rebel control and Rebellion stopped, and the conditions for each are detailed. These rules are a bit complex, mainly due to their detail. A table in the supplementary folder provides a nice synopsis that helps quite a bit.

The province game builds upon the mechanics of the star system game. The bulk of the new rules center around interstellar movement and space combat. Character spacecraft and military units move between star systems via hyperjumping, the range of their movement based on their space combat rating. Units that attempt to move in excess of this range risk winding up in drift boxes for a turn or two. Units moving into orbit boxes may be intercepted by enemy units there, and brought to combat. The non-phasing player may choose whether or not to intercept and with what forces, giving him a chance to attack part of an invading force in detail before regular combat ensues. The space combat procedure is more or less identical to surface combat. Because of their higher-rated units, and the absence of Environ shifts favorable to the Rebels, space combat tends to favor the Imperial player.

The Province game also introduces some new missions appropriate to its scale, as well as the concept of the domino effect (shades of John Foster Dulles!), whereby rebellions on one world can affect loyalty markers on nearby planets, or those of the same race.

The rules of star system and province games set up the game's mechanics; the galactic (campaign) game adds considerable chrome to an already ornate structure. Playing through a game or two of the first two rules sections is helpful in digesting the rules, but the color and panorama of the larger campaign game cannot be denied.

Sixteen worlds begin the game with Planet Secrets, noted by the Imperial player placing the appropriate counter of his choice on the world. Counters are inverted, so they are the Imperial's to know and the Rebel's to find out about. The explanations of the various worlds are contained in the Galactic Guide and run an imaginative gamut. For example, the Living Planet is a sentient being with strong Imperial sentiments that goes quickly and irrevocably into rebellion. The Gem, Slave and Industry worlds garner extra resource points for the Imperial player as long as he holds them. The Mutant world is populated by particularly nasty life forms, while the world hous-

ing the Imperial Deltronics Ltd. is the center of the Imperial spacecraft industry and a fine place for enterprising Rebels to pick up a starship. There's even a Casino Galactica, where Rebels with high intelligence ratings can gather possession cards. The planet secrets are a concern to both players; the Imperial must place them carefully and be sure to guard those that by their discovery by the Rebel could cause real problems. The Rebel must seek out those planets that can be of the most help to him, or which by being placed into rebellion can cause the Empire some concern.

Another piece of pure chrome is the Galactic Event deck, a set of random events cards which are drawn each turn. Events like Galactic Peace Month, time singularities, and political happenings can hinder and help both players.

Still another card deck consists of strategic assignment cards. Intended to portray the ponderous nature of the Empire, and in game terms to provide some check on the Imperial player's overwhelming military power, these cards list two provinces between which the Imperial player may move his units that turn. Actions in other provinces are severely curtailed, often giving the Rebel cause a few turns in which to get the ball rolling in those locales without massive intervention by the Empire. The Imperial player may arrange the deck as he wishes before the game starts, but then must live with his decisions as the cards are drawn.

Many of the rules deal with economics. The Imperial player gains resource points by taxing the worlds of a single province per turn (the exact province is determined by whose turn it is). The provincial capital must be in Imperial control for taxation to take place, making capitals prime targets for rebellion. The Imperial player can affect the loyalty marker of a world by the rate at which he taxes it. Taxing a planet for its full resource value moves the marker one space to the Rebel's favor, while taxing at half rate leaves the marker where it is, and not taxing at all yields a pro-Imperial shift. The points collected may be spent on units to be placed in the province taxed, or in the home system, or they may be saved and spent later. Certain units, elite forces and high-level PDBs must be maintained by a resource point expenditure.

The Rebels gain points less systematically. Planets that go into rebellion yield their resource value immediately in combat units while an equal number of points go into the Rebel Secret Base. The base's location is determined by the Rebel at the game's start, choosing from one of eighteen planets. By completing information-gathering missions, the Imperial player can slowly deduce where the base is by learning where it is not, with the ultimate goal in mind of using the Planet Stabilizer to destroy the world. The Rebel is in a bit of a pinch. He can only produce new units at the base, and only after he declares its location. He has to bide his time, collecting enough resources to build a powerful force and launch a powerful strike against the Empire, all the time hoping the Empire doesn't detect his base and nip the Rebellion in the bud.

Played in its galactic game version, *FREE-DOM IN THE GALAXY* is an impressive game. It's one of the few of SPI's full-size SF games to really live up to expectations. The scope is there, the action is present, and most importantly, the game has the color and flavor of the situation it portrays. The game glitters with chrome but refuses to be weighted down by all the extras. Underneath the baroque facade of space opera, there remains a solid, playable and quite intriguing game. —Tony Watson

GET HIM!

Kill Morloc The Wizard, the evil master of mayhem and illusion. He's threatening the village of Hagedorn and the beautiful maiden Imelda.

She's desperately waiting for you to rescue her and the village.

But, first, you'll kill Morloc in this exciting and provocative REALTIME computer game from Automated Simulations.

Morloc lives in a 30-room Tower, where his minions and monsters do his bidding to create chilling hazards for any intruder. He will try to throw a host of them at you—Ogres, The Creeping Crud, Fire Elemental, Vampire Bats, Salamanders and his personal Genie. The fiend will even resort to his dread Fireballs. And, to avoid capture and death, will teleport himself away at crucial moments. How will you get Imelda and save Hagedorn? By finding the magical treasures in the Tower that you will turn against Morloc.

That is, after you decipher their meaning, and learn how to use them.

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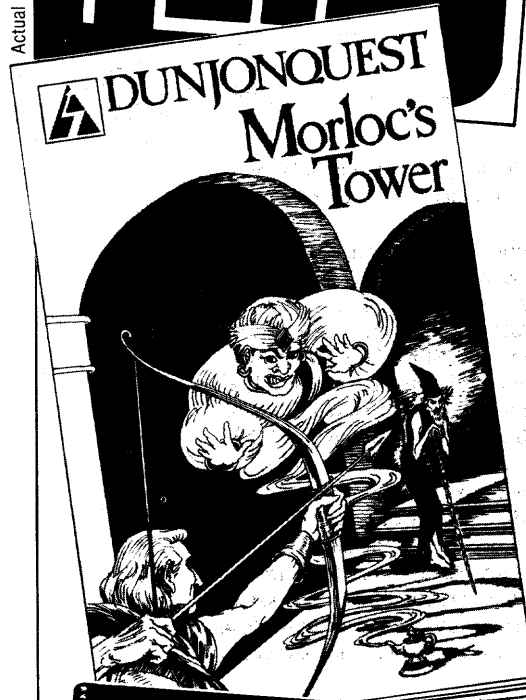
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Dragon's Bestiary

The Flolite

Created by Kevin Readman

FREQUENCY: *Very rare*
 NO. APPEARING: 1-3
 ARMOR CLASS: 5
 MOVE: 12" (*Flying*)
 HIT DICE: 5 + 1
 % IN LAIR: *Nil*
 TREASURE TYPE: *Nil*
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-5
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: 1 *Point of strength drained*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Excellent sight and hearing*
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Standard*
 INTELLIGENCE: *High*
 ALIGNMENT: *Neutral*
 SIZE: 3 to 4 feet diameter, 6" long
 PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
 Attack/Defense Modes: *Nil*



The Flolite is found solely in desert climates, where very little rain is received. The Flolite is a very restless creature; it never stays in one spot for very long.

All Flolites look like a ball of bright light. They are from 3 to 4 feet in diameter, with no visible evidence of limbs. Some stories have been told where dying Flolites, as their lights fades, have appeared to look like an eight-pronged star; that is close to the truth, because the creature does have eight long and thin tentacles. All the points shrivel up after death.

A Flolite has a single eye in the center of its body. The eye of a dead Flolite is prized by adventurers because it protects the owner from the level or prime requisite draining abilities of Vampires, Night Hags, Wights, and similar creatures. The eye is hidden from view when the creature is alive because of the intense light the creature gives off. The intensity of the light equals daylight in a 30' radius around the Flolite.

In a dungeon Flolites are often mistaken for dancing lights by adventurers. A tail of light can be seen as a Flolite propels itself through the air. When it can, a Flolite will dive down very swiftly from the sky to attempt to surprise its victim. Otherwise, if the creature is in close confines, it will dance around erratically just out of reach, then suddenly strike.

This creature attacks with one of its eight tentacles, which does 2-5 points damage. Every time the Flolite does 5 points damage in a single round, it drains 1 strength point from its victim. With every strength point it drains the Flolite gains 1-8 hit points. At 3 strength, when the opponent is totally defenseless, the Flolite will simply fly away to find better game. Any opponent able to survive an encounter with a Flolite needs one day of complete rest to regain each strength point lost.

All Flolites go into a frenzy when attacking flying creatures. In

combat in the air, Flolites gain +1 on hit probability and +3 to the damage they cause.

The Flolite has a keen eye which can pick out anything moving on the ground, even from a high altitude. It has no sense of smell, but has excellent hearing (surprised on a 1). Flolites are immune to stinking clouds but otherwise have standard magical resistance. Flolites take double damage from all magical cold and ice attacks.

THE STORY OF *Jasmine* CREATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY *Darlene*
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AS THE ROYAL PARTY IS AMBUSHED AND THE FIGHTING BEGINS, PRINCESS FLAVIA BECOMES TRANSFIXED BY THE RIVER. SHE LEAVES HER HORSE AND RUNS TO THE BANK TO DISCOVER THE WATER REFLECTS A BARREN, UGLY LANDSCAPE. SHE STARES INTO THE WATER, OBLIVIOUS OF HER DANGER.



"WHICH IS REAL?" FLAVIA ASKS HERSELF, SHOCKED BY THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE LAND'S BEAUTY AND THE WATER'S REFLECTION.



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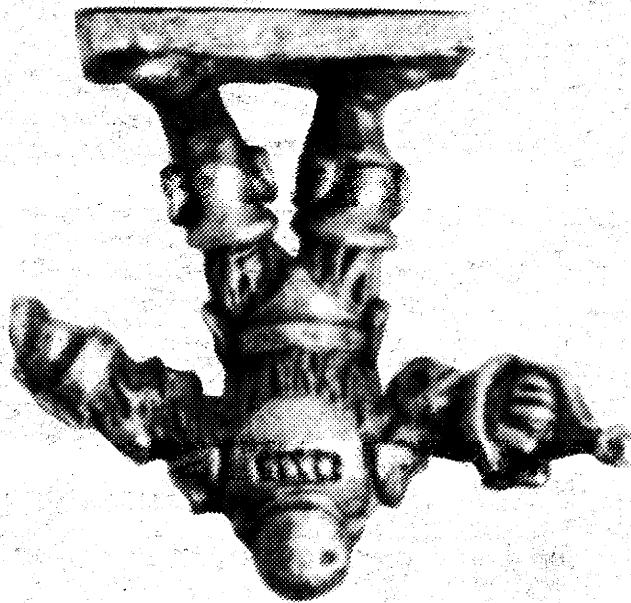
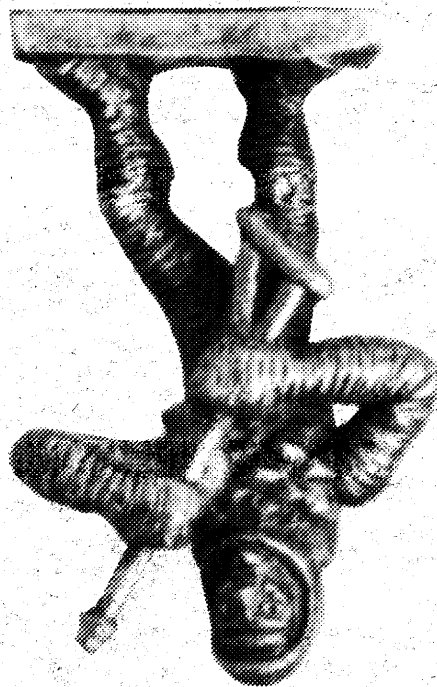
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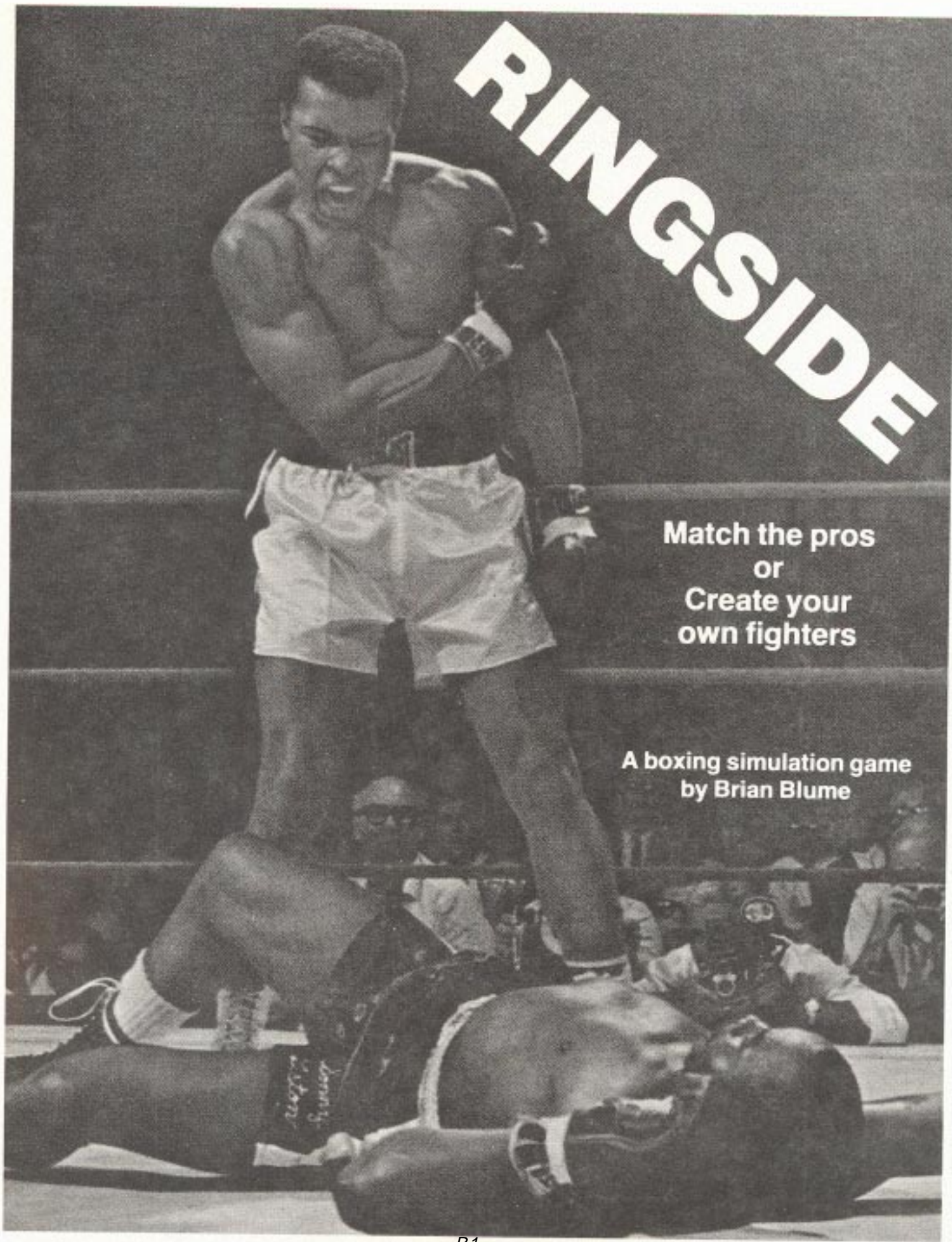
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RINGSIDE

Match the pros
or
Create your
own fighters

A boxing simulation game
by Brian Blume



Punching Chart
ANTICIPATED

Left Hook	Left Jab	Combination	Right Hook	Right Jab	Uppercut	
2	2	4	2	2	-1	
4	1	2	2	-1	2	
3	3	2	-1	1	3	
2	2	-1	2	2	4	
2	-1	2	4	1	2	
-1	1	2	3	3	3	

T Uppercut
H Right Jab
R Right Hook
O Combination
W Left Jab
N Left Hook

Punching Chart
ANTICIPATED

	Uppercut	Right Jab	Right Hook	Combination	Left Jab	Left Hook
T Uppercut	- 1	2	2	4	2	2
H Right Jab	2	- 1	2	2	1	4
R Right Hook	3	1	- 1	2	3	3
O Combination	4	2	2	- 1	2	2
W Left Jab	2	1	4	2	- 1	2
N Left Hook	3	3	3	2	1	- 1

RINGSIDE

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INTRODUCTION

RINGSIDE is a game which recreates the action of a boxing match, simulating every major aspect of combat between two antagonists in a ring. Players assume the roles of the fighters themselves, either on a one-to-one basis, or with each player ("manager") having more than one fighter in his stable.

On a match-by-match basis, players strive to become the best fighter by taking and holding the championship. In the Campaign Game, which must be moderated by a non-playing referee, players seek to gain success in the ring and to translate that into as much in money winnings as possible, so as to also be acclaimed the best (richest) manager of fighters.

FIGHTERS AND THEIR ABILITIES

Each player may have one or more fighters, the number for each player to be agreed upon among all players. Once a fighter's abilities have been determined, he must have a minimum number of fights (see Experience) before retiring—unless historically accurate fighters are used, and players may wish to retire a fighter prematurely to maintain the historical reality.

Fighters' abilities are determined as follows:

AGILITY—A number from 41-60, generated by rolling d20 and adding 40.

PUNCHES—The six punches are uppercut, right jab, right hook, combination, left jab and left hook. Each punch has a rating of 1-4. To find it, roll d4 and use that number—unless a 4 is rolled, in which case the result of a second roll is used. Thus, the only way to obtain a "4" rating for any punch is to roll 4 twice in a row.

ENDURANCE—A fighter's base endurance is from 1-20, according to the roll of a die. To that number is added, before a fight, seven points for each scheduled round of that fight.

COUNTERPUNCH—A number from 11-30, generated by rolling d20 and adding 10.

BEGINNING THE FIGHT

At the start of a fight, or any round within a fight, players will position counters representing their fighters on diagonally adjacent squares in the center of the ring (2 counters within the 4-square area). Each player rolls a number from 1-100, and the player with the higher number becomes the attacker to begin the round.

During the round, if an attacker attempts to strike and misses he becomes the defender. The previous defender becomes the new attacker and is eligible to strike the next blow. If an attacker attempts to strike and succeeds, he remains the attacker and may attempt to strike again. (Exception: see Step IV—Counterpunching)

GAME PROCEDURE

STEP I—DETERMINATION OF HITS

To determine whether the attacker (A) strikes the defender (D), A rolls a number from 1-100. If it is higher than D's Agility rating, the punch has struck home. If the punch misses, proceed to Step V—

Movement. If the punch hits, proceed to Step II below.

STEP II—EFFECT OF HITS

If A hits D, A secretly selects one of the six punches as the type he has thrown for that blow. D secretly chooses the punch he wishes to anticipate. The two choices are revealed and cross-indexed on the PUNCHING CHART (printed beside boxing ring). The resulting number, plus A's listed ability for the punch he has thrown, represents the amount of damage the punch caused. This number is subtracted from D's Endurance total. Proceed to Step III below.

STEP III—KNOCKDOWNS

If any particular punch causes 4 or more points of damage to D, there is a chance for D to be knocked down. A rolls a number from 1-100, and if that number is less than or equal to the points of damage caused, D is knocked down.

If D's endurance has been reduced to zero or less, 10 is added to the number of damage points caused by the punch—but only for purposes of determining a knockdown, not for actual damage. This reflects the higher chance of knocking down a fighter who is nearly out on his feet, and gives punches that yield 3, 2, 1, or even zero points of damage a chance of causing a knockdown when D is in a weakened condition.

After a knockdown that does not lead to a knockout (see How To Win), both fighters resume the bout as if they were beginning a new round, as in Step I, except that the fighter who was knocked down remains the defender.

If D is hit but not knocked down, proceed to Step IV below.

STEP IV—COUNTERPUNCHING

D can attempt to counterpunch after being hit by rolling a number from 1-100. If it is less than or equal to D's Counterpunch rating, D can attempt a counterpunch by following the procedure under Step I. If the counterpunch attempt misses, A and D retain their previous roles, and play proceeds to Step V below. If D fails to roll a number less than or equal to his Counterpunch rating, play proceeds to Step V.

If D's counterpunch hits his opponent, D becomes the attacker and proceeds with Step II.

STEP V—MOVEMENT

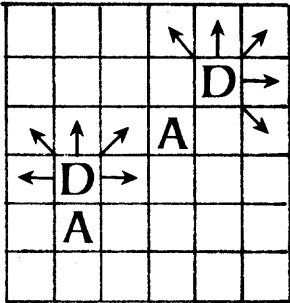
If A misses D in Step I, D must move one square sideways (at a 90-degree angle) or backwards (in the general opposite direction) away from A. If A hits D and Steps II, III and IV have been played, D must move one space straight backwards (no 90-degree move permitted).

If D is against the perimeter of the ring (on the ropes) and is hit, he may move diagonally backward if that is his only possible move. If D is on the ropes and cannot move at all, after he is hit, D's Agility rating is reduced by 10 for as long as he remains on the ropes.

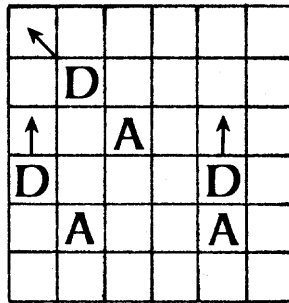
After D has moved, A must move to a space adjacent to the defender—unless D's move did not separate the fighters, in which case A does not have to move but may still do so.

Play then resumes with Step I, with A and D roles remaining the same if A has just hit D, or switching between the fighters if A has just missed.

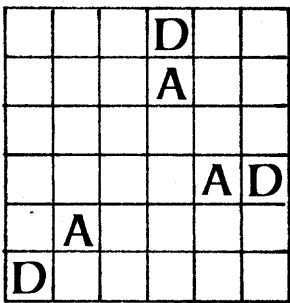
EXAMPLES OF MOVEMENT



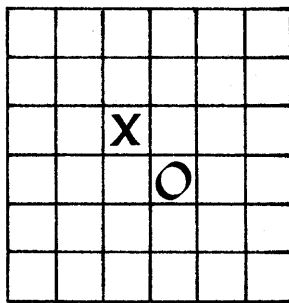
After A misses



After A hits



After A hits -
D cannot move



Position at
start of round

THE ROUND

Each round lasts 18 turns of roughly 10 seconds each. Each turn represents the time elapsed during which punches are actually thrown, in addition to other, ineffectual actions (feints, a foot shuffle, etc.).

A new turn is begun every time players return to Step I in the Game Procedure—except when the procedure in Step I is played in the form of a successful Counterpunch attempt. An extra turn is marked off each time a fighter is knocked down and the resulting roll is “a count” of 4 or more.

At the end of each round, each fighter regains 10 points of Endurance as a result of resting between rounds. However, a fighter’s Endurance may never exceed the number of points with which he started the fight.

HOW TO WIN

A boxing match can be decided by Knockout (KO), Technical Knockout (TKO), or by decision.

A KO can occur after any knockdown. After D has been knocked down, A rolls a number from 1-10, adding 4 to that number if D has a current Endurance rating of zero or less. If the resulting number is 10 or more, A wins the fight by KO.

A TKO is automatically declared at any time when a fighter’s Endurance rating falls to a total of minus 25 or less. He is deemed unable to continue the fight, and his opponent is awarded a victory by TKO.

If no KO or TKO occurs, the winner by decision is the fighter who won the greater number of rounds. The winner of each round is that fighter who caused the greater amount of damage to his opponent in that round. Note: Punches which result in knockdowns count double, for purposes of this calculation only. If the fighters caused equal amounts of damage, the round is declared even. If each fighter wins an equal number of rounds (possibly including some even-score rounds), the fight is declared a draw.

THE COVER-UP

The cover-up is an optional defensive tactic which may be employed by the defender at the beginning of Step I, before A rolls to see if his punch has hit. D can choose to cover up, protecting himself

more completely by using his arms to shield his body and face. Covering up adds 10 to D’s Agility rating, but also adds 20 to A’s Agility rating. The Agility adjustments last until the next time the same fighter is D in Step I, or until D manages a successful counterpunch, whichever occurs first. A cover-up can be extended from turn to turn by simply re-establishing that tactic at the beginning of each Step I.

PUNCHING FATIGUE

A fighter who throws many punches will tire more quickly than one who throws fewer. Thus, if a fighter hits his opponent more than five times during a round, the first fighter loses one Endurance point for each additional time the opponent is hit, beginning with the sixth hit.

ADVANCED RULES

If both players agree before a fight, the advanced rules may be used. The rules for Backpedaling, Clinching and Rushing must *all* be used if any of them are to be used.

BACKPEDALING

At the start of Step I (before A rolls for a possible hit), D may choose to Backpedal. This tactic adds 25 to D’s Agility rating, but enables A to remain the attacker for another Step I procedure, even if his first punch misses. Exception: Play proceeds as normal if D makes a successful counterpunch, with D becoming A for the start of the next Step I. This tactic is generally only useful if D is far ahead in rounds or in points within the current round, or if D has had his Endurance drastically reduced. Backpedaling may not be combined with Covering Up or Clinching, and may not be employed when D is on the ropes.

CLINCHING

At the start of Step I (before A rolls for a possible hit), D may choose to Clinch. This tactic, when used by D while he is on the ropes, negates the normal 10-point loss in Agility incurred in that situation. During a Clinch, no hooks may be thrown by either player.

A Clinch continues until one of the players misses a punch (not a counterpunch). Neither player may Clinch on two successive opportunities (at the start of Step I), since this is interpreted as an attempt to stall, and the “referee” will immediately separate the fighters to prevent the second Clinch. Clinching may not be combined with Backpedaling or Covering Up, and A is not allowed to Rush a Clinch.

RUSHING

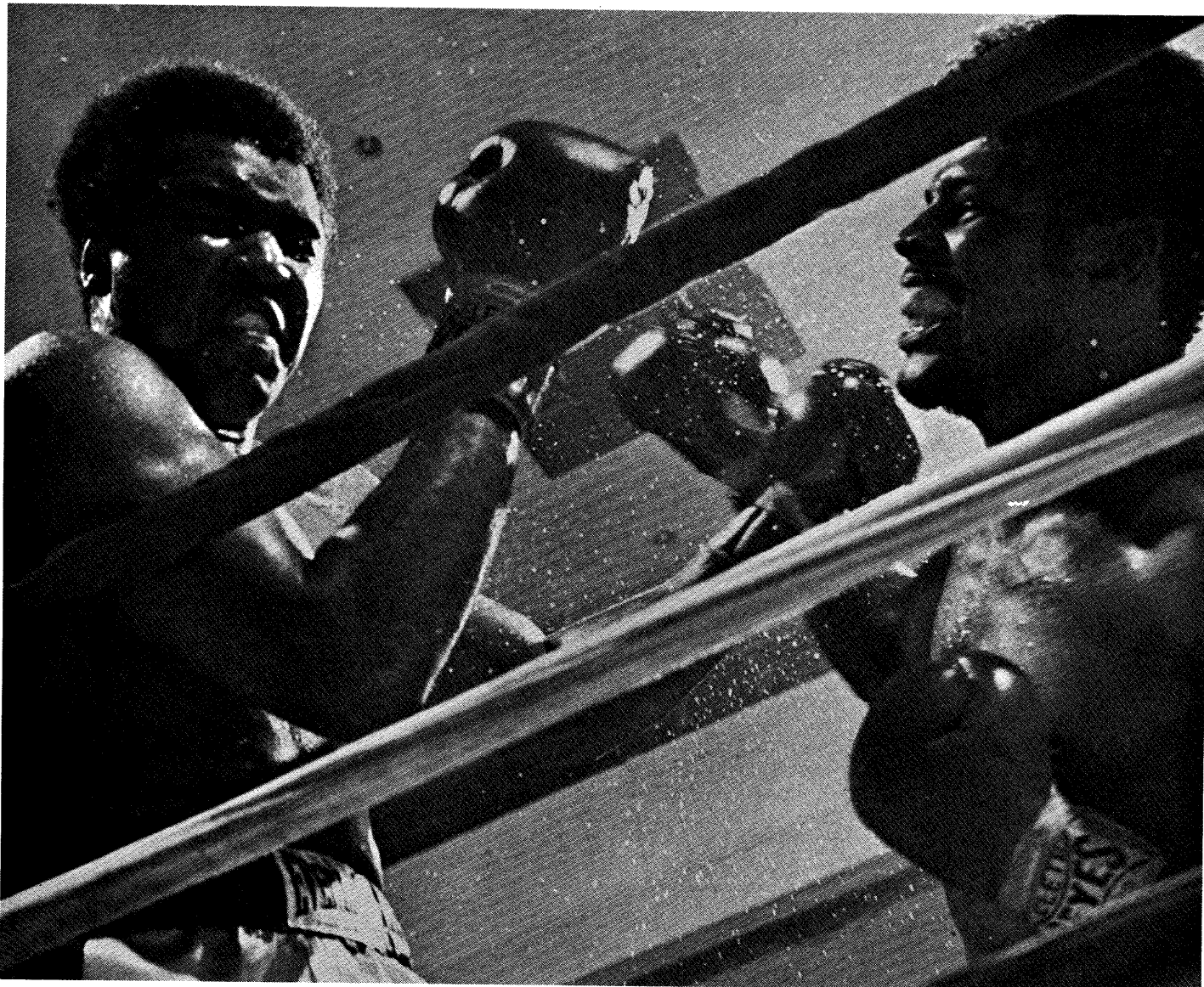
At the start of Step I (before A rolls for a possible hit), A may choose to adopt the Rushing tactic, after D has chosen a special tactic (if any) and so long as D’s tactic does not prevent the use of Rushing.

Rushing lowers both fighters’ Agility ratings by 10 and also raises D’s Counterpunch rating by 15 for the duration of the Rush. The effects of a Rush continue until the same fighter attacks again in Step I, or until the original D hits his opponent by counterpunching. An attacker may not Rush if D has chosen to Clinch, or if D is on the ropes.

OPTIONAL SCORING SYSTEM

If players desire, they may use a “10-point must” system or a “5-point must” system to score each round. At the end of each round, consult the chart below. According to the difference in damage caused by the more successful fighter vs. the less successful, the fighter who loses the round can earn from 6-10 points (or 1-5 points) while the fighter who wins the round always earns 10 (or 5) points. If the fight does not end in a KO or TKO, the winner of the bout is the fighter with the greater number of total points.

Damage Difference	Points to Winning Fighter	Points to Losing Fighter
0 or 1	10 or 5	10 or 5
2 to 20	10 or 5	9 or 4
21 to 40	10 or 5	8 or 3
41 to 60	10 or 5	7 or 2
61 or more	10 or 5	6 or 1



RINGSIDE

Campaign Rules

The Campaign Rules contain provisions for each player fighting and managing a number of different fighters over an extended period of game time. Guidelines are given to calculate a fighter's change in status over the course of his career. Players can act as managers, trying to better their lots in life by taking a cut of a fighter's winnings, and/or by betting on the outcome of particular bouts.

EXPERIENCE

Every time a fighter wins two fights in a row, he gains a small amount of "experience" which translates into the improvement of one of his basic ratings. The player rolls a number from 1-10 and applies the result as follows:

Roll of 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5 = +1 to Endurance rating

Roll of 6, 7, or 8 = +1 to Agility rating

Roll of 9 or 10 = +1 to Counterpunch rating

Experience is gained for each fight won in succession after the second victory, i.e. for each of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth (or more) consecutive victories. If a fighter loses a fight after winning two or more in succession, he must again win two fights in a row to gain Experience. Note: No fighter may ever gain more than five points in Agility or Counterpunch ratings, or 10 points to his Endurance rating as the result of earned Experience.

RETIREMENT

A fighter may be retired at any time after he has fought 10 times, or if he loses three fights in a row. At this time, the player may roll to determine the new ability ratings for another fighter to replace him.

THE CUT

The player, in his capacity as the manager of his fighter or fighters, receives a percentage of the winnings amassed by that fighter, which is known as the manager's "Cut."

The Cut is initially determined by generating a number from 11-30 (d20 + 10). This is the percentage of the fighter's winnings which the manager will receive. The initial Cut percentage remains in effect for 10 fights. If a fighter is not retired at this time, a new Cut is determined.

The new Cut is determined by generating a new number from 11-30, using the same procedure described above. That base number is increased by 1 for each loss the fighter has suffered so far, and decreased by 1 for each win the fighter has scored.

Other new Cuts may be calculated at the end of every 10-fight sequence for a given fighter, if that fighter remains active, by using the same procedure as for the first new Cut. Note: The Cut can never be lower than 10% or greater than 30%, regardless of modifiers which would otherwise raise or lower it beyond those bounds.

POPULARITY

Each fighter has a number of Popularity Points (POP), represent-

ing his standing with the fans and reflecting, to a degree, his ranking among other fighters of his class.

After each fight, POP's are awarded as follows:

2 POP's for winning by KO

1½ POP's for winning by TKO

1 POP for winning by decision

½ POP for each knockdown punch for each fighter, not including a KO punch

Minus ½ POP for losing a fight by decision

Minus 1 POP for losing a fight by TKO

Minus 1½ POP for losing a fight by KO

A fighter may also gain a POP bonus for his ranking within his class. The current champion automatically receives 10 POP. Chal-

lengers receive POP in accordance with their current ranking, figured according to the following formula: Contender's rank (#1 contender on down) is subtracted from 51 and divided by 10, with fractions rounded up or down to the nearest ½ POP. Example: The #1-ranked contender receives 5 POP; 51 minus 1 is 50, divided by 10 equals 5. The #4-ranked contender receives 4½ POP; 51 minus 4 is 47, divided by 10 equals 4.7, rounded to 4½.

THE ARENAS

There are five different arenas where fighters may be scheduled. Each arena will schedule one "card" of fights per week of game time. The arenas and the requirements and benefits which apply to each one are as follows:

A game that was knocked out in six rounds

Brian J. Blume

Some games come about as the result of long and tedious effort on the part of a designer, while others seem to go together in a flash, as if by divine inspiration.

RINGSIDE was definitely a case of the latter. The game was inspired by the Muhammad Ali-Alfredo Evangelista fight several years ago (May 16, 1977). I saw the bout on television, and it was so boring and lacking in even Ali's characteristic flair and color (Ali should have put him away in the first three rounds, instead of just winning a decision) that I became rather indignant.

Thus, during rounds 6 through 11, I put pencil to paper and worked out the basic system and structure to **RINGSIDE**. I took the game to work the next day, and before long everybody at TSR was playing **RINGSIDE**.

Soon after the game was born, the rules for fighter strategy (cover-up, backpedaling, clinching and rushing) were added, giving the sequence of play added realism and chances for decision-making on the parts of the player/fighters.

But still we at TSR were bothered by one problem: Would the game be of any great interest to the people who play our other games? Eventually, we decided that sports games were not the way for TSR to go, and the game was shelved for about a year. Then it was resurrected from my file and the campaign rules were added, but the game again ended up on the shelf for the same general reason.

Now, in the pages of *The Dragon*, **RINGSIDE** is receiving its trial by fire. Readers' responses to the game may affect its future. It could be produced commercially by TSR Hobbies, just as *Snit's Revenge* and *The Awful Green Things From Outer Space* were after their original publication in *The Dragon*. Are you ready for a sports game from TSR? Let us know!

The design of the game involved solving some interesting problems in attempting to simulate the feel and flavor of a boxing match—the ebb and flow of a fight, periods of furious activity alternating with periods of relative inactivity, as fighters maneuver for position.

The solution which presented itself was to use a system of initiative, in which a fighter who actually struck his opponent frequently would tend to stay in control of the fight. The rules for counterpunching provided a way to create those moments of furious activity; if fighters continue to score counterpunches against each other, they are standing toe to toe, trading punches, with very little passage of time. This does occur in the game but, as in real-life boxing, not too often for any extended period of time.

The various strategies available to the contestants really give the players the feel of being in the ring. During the game, the player is the *fighter*, and not merely the "trainer." This allows players to use their fighters so as to emphasize the fighters' best qualities; they can be aggressive, they can be defensive, they can stall and wait until the later rounds, when the opponent may have tired himself out.

Fighters can shift their strategies at will during the course of a single round. If you are way ahead, you may want to stay away from your opponent by backpedaling, and "coast" to the end of the round. Or, you may want to try to finish him off with a rush and a flurry of decisive punches. If you have been hurt, you can cover up, clinch, or even try to run around the ring to avoid being knocked out. In **RINGSIDE**, as in the boxing ring itself, it's up to you!



The Best— Fights for the championship may only be conducted here. It is also the place for bouts where the fighters have a combined POP of 35 or more, or where one fighter has a POP of at least 20 and his opponent has a POP of 10 or more. Championship fights are 10-15 rounds in length, as agreed upon by the players or dictated by the campaign referee. Other fights are 8-12 rounds in length. The purse in a championship fight awards a base of \$35,000 to the winner and \$15,000 to the loser, with each total modified upward by \$1,000 per POP of the respective fighters. In a non-championship fight, the winner receives \$7,000 and the loser \$3,000, with each total increased by \$100 times the combined POP of the fighters.

High Class— Bouts conducted here must involve fighters with a combined POP of 25, or two fighters with a high POP of at least 16 and a low POP of no less than 6. All fights are 6-12 rounds in length. Winnings are \$2,000 for the winner and \$1,000 for the loser, plus \$50 times the combined POP added to each fighter's purse.

Middle Class— Bouts conducted here must involve fighters with a combined POP of at least 18, or two fighters with a high POP of at least 12 and a low POP of no less than 3. Fights are 6-10 rounds in length. Winnings are \$700 for the winner and \$300 for the loser, each total increased by \$20 times the combined POP.

Low Class— Bouts conducted here must involve fighters with a combined POP of at least 10, or at least one fighter with a POP of at least 8. Fights are 5-8 rounds in length. Winnings are \$300 for the winner and \$100 for the loser, plus \$10 times the combined POP added for each fighter.

The Pits— Any bout may be conducted here, regardless of how low the fighters' POP. Fights are 3-7 rounds in length. Winnings are \$70 for the winner and \$30 for the loser, plus \$10 times the combined POP added for each fighter.

Note: The chart above is structured for heavyweight fighting. If players are handling fighters in lower weight classes, the length of the fight is reduced by two rounds (to a minimum of 3 rounds), and all winnings are halved.

Fighters may not compete more than once per month without incurring a penalty. If a fighter returns to the ring in less than one month, any damage (loss of Endurance) that was sustained by that fighter in his previous fight is carried forward to the second fight.

CAMPAIGN NOTES

All fights should be scheduled in advance through the Campaign Referee. Alternatively, the referee can schedule bouts and notify players as to the date of the fight, its location, and the purse.

The referee is responsible for maintaining rankings, awarding the proper POP to each fighter accordingly, and for keeping players informed of changes in a fighter's ranking. The referee will post a list of cumulative winnings for each fighter, and the managers' cuts.

It is suggested that players be provided with a certain sum of money (probably no more than \$10,000 apiece) with which to purchase fighters (fighters may be sold or traded), make side bets on bouts, or pay to reserve space in an arena (if such payment is required by the referee).

In this corner . . .

30 super sluggers to start with

...and in this corner . . .

Want to recreate the "Thrilla in Manila?" How about giving Tunney another chance at Dempsey? Would Ali still be "Number One" after a bout with Joe Louis?

Those matches and many, many more can be played with the RINGSIDE rules and the following game statistics for 30 of history's most famous heavyweights.

The ratings were devised (and recently revised) by RINGSIDE designer/author Brian Blume. He originally used these fighters and dozens of other heavyweights and light heavyweights as part of the playtesting of the game.

The figures for each fighter represent general evaluations of his ability or strength over the course of his career. To be even more true to life, many fighters could have different statistics in the different time periods of their careers. Other alterations and/or adaptations of the statistics are possible, depending on the preference of the players.

Many of the abilities for these fighters are higher than those attainable through the game procedure for rolling up fighters. Many of the heavyweights have Agility of more than 60, Counterpunch ability in excess of 30, and/or a base Endurance of more than 20, and a few have one or more punches rated at "5". These "inflated" ratings are designed to reflect the talent and power of the legendary fighters they describe, and not to encourage players to "boost" the abilities of their "imaginary" fighters in the same way.

Because this list of fighters was compiled several years ago, many newly prominent heavyweights are not included. Players are invited to use these ratings as a standard for comparison if they wish to generate other real-life fighters from the present or the past.

	Agility	UC	RJ	RH	Co	LJ	LH	Punch	Counter	Endur- ance
Muhammad Ali	68	4	3	4	3	5	4	34	23	
Duane Bobick	46	2	2	3	3	3	3	20	8	
Oscar Bonavena	51	2	2	3	3	3	3	25	19	
Ezzard Charles	58	3	3	3	3	3	3	28	15	
George Chuvalo	49	2	2	3	3	2	2	21	20	
James J. Corbett	60	2	2	2	2	2	2	20	13	
Jack Dempsey	58	3	3	4	3	4	4	30	20	
Jimmy Ellis	50	3	2	3	2	2	2	22	13	
Zora Folley	53	2	2	3	2	3	2	20	16	
George Foreman	58	4	4	4	4	4	4	31	8	
Joe Frazier	58	3	4	4	4	3	4	30	18	
James J. Jeffries	60	3	4	4	4	3	4	31	20	
Ingemar Johanssen	55	2	2	3	2	3	4	27	14	
Jack Johnson	68	2	3	3	3	2	3	29	17	
Sonny Liston	56	3	3	4	4	3	4	28	18	
Joe Louis	66	4	4	5	4	4	5	38	22	
Ron Lyle	50	2	2	3	2	2	3	21	16	
Rocky Marciano	58	4	5	5	5	4	5	36	22	
Karl Mildenerger	51	2	2	2	2	2	2	21	15	
Archie Moore	50	2	3	3	2	3	3	25	12	
Ken Norton	52	3	2	4	3	3	3	20	11	
Floyd Patterson	56	3	3	3	2	2	3	24	12	
Jerry Quarry	49	2	2	3	2	2	2	21	13	
Max Schmeling	55	3	3	4	3	3	3	26	14	
Earnie Shavers	45	2	3	5	4	3	4	25	17	
John L. Sullivan	50	2	2	3	2	2	2	20	22	
Ernie Terrell	50	2	2	2	3	3	2	22	14	
Gene Tunney	61	3	3	4	3	3	4	30	22	
Jersey Joe Walcott	55	2	2	3	2	3	2	19	12	
Cleveland Williams	52	2	2	2	2	3	3	22	12	



Telling it like it was: The Ali-Frazier title fight

(Editor's note: The following is a transcript of the interview conducted jointly by Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier the day after their fight for the RINGSIDE heavyweight championship. The interview was moderated by a famous commentator who shall remain nameless. For the sake of convenience, he will be referred to as Howard. . .)

Ali: Well, hello, Joe! Last time I saw you, I was lookin' down and you was lookin' up.

Frazier: (Grumbling) Shoot, coupla lucky punches don't mean nuthin . . .

Howard: Gentlemen, if we could dispense with the verbal fisticuffs, we'd like to talk to both of you about the facts of last night's fight. As we replay the fight, round by round, on videotape, I'd like both of you to comment on what was going through your minds at that time.

Ali: Ain't nuthin goin' through *his* mind at that time. Last night no different than any other night.

Frazier: I got plenty t'say, if you shut yo mouth long enough. Or maybe I should shut it for you like I did in the fourth round.

Ali: I got up, didn't I? Then I stopped foolin' around, and two rounds later you went *down!*

Howard: Gentlemen, please . . . We're ready with the videotape, and I think we'd better run it before we have a fight right here in the studio.

(Round one is shown)

Howard: Well, Joe, the **RINGSIDE** scoring system gave you that round on points, and I, for one, found it easy to see why.

Frazier: You betcha. I hit 'im with six good punches. Gotta get to the old men early, while they still tryin' t'get their joints loosened up.

Ali: Yeah, and I loosened up the joints in your jaw a coupla times.

Howard: You did indeed land two good blows near the end of the round, a pair of seven-point hits. However, Frazier's six punches inflicted 35 points of damage on you, and your five punches only hit him for 27. So Frazier won the round, 10 points to 9, and we all began to wonder if an upset was in the making. . .

(Round two is shown)

Ali: Did you see the two sticks of dynamite that went off on his head at the end of that round? Only somebody with a real thick head could survive hits like those.

Frazier: Aw, the first one was a lucky punch. To knock me down, you gotta be real lucky, 'cause just skill won't do it. And the second one was even worse—a lucky guess!

Howard: That's stretching the point a little, don't you think, Joe? The knockdown punch was another seven-point hit, no luckier than the two blows you absorbed in the first round. And the second punch hit for *nine* points, the most damage a single blow can cause. The only way that could happen is if you anticipated a right hook and he threw a left jab. Right?

Frazier: Yeah, right. So I made a little mistake. . . (Scowls at Howard)

(Round three)

Ali: I've had harder workouts than that with the big bag. Better conversations, too, for that matter.

Frazier: Oh, yeah? You talk to bags all the time?

Howard: For the record, Ali was hit only once, for a mere three

points of damage, while he was continuing to chip away at Frazier's endurance. Joe lost the round 10-8, for the second time in a row, and was in danger of falling far behind on points if that happened again. Then came the fourth round, which was nearly the end of the fight—for Ali!

(Round four)

Howard: Muhammad, that punch seemed to really shake you up. Frazier threw out a right jab when you were apparently expecting a left hook, and it cost you eight points. Worse yet, you almost didn't get up from the knockdown.

Frazier: Yeah, I thought it was a long count, myself. When the referee got to "nine," I was already up to "fourteen."

Ali: You musta been countin' by threes. I wasn't down for long at all, just takin' a rest. I thought to myself, this Joe Frazier's a pretty good fighter, and I better get up an' take care of him before he gets lucky again.

Howard: I personally find that hard to believe, Muhammad. You looked dazed, on the verge of being unable to continue. I've been in boxing longer than you have, and believe me, I *know* about these things.

Ali: (Raises fist in Howard's face) You know about this? You wanna find out about this? I'll give you one for free . . .

(Round five)

Howard: It was almost as if Joe Frazier knew he didn't have long to last. The spunky ex-champion stood toe to toe with Ali and nearly matched him in punching power.

Frazier: Yeah, I figgered I better get in some licks. After I won the fourth round, I thought I could get back in the fight if I could hit him good a few times. (Smiles in Ali's direction)

Ali: One thing I'll say about the man is that he shore can punch, even when he's almost out on his feet. I hit him with four real good shots and got him real close to going out, but I was still worried about him at the start of the next round. (Nods and smiles to Frazier)

(Round six)

Howard: Well, ha, ha, that didn't take long, did it, sports fans? In case you missed any of that furious action, allow me to recapitulate.

Frazier: Wait a minute, Howard, let us talk about it.

Ali: Yeah, whose show this supposed to be, anyway?

Howard: Gentlemen, please . . . as I was saying, the round began with Frazier down to a dangerous level of 12 Endurance points. In the space of two good punches, he could be in big trouble. And that's just what happened. Ali immediately drove Frazier to his knees with a perfect left hook. Joe bounced back to his feet at the count of "one," but he may as well have stayed down. As soon as Ali (who can be a bit bloodthirsty at times like this) closed again, he sent another blow to Joe's nose, just enough to send Frazier off balance and send his Endurance level below zero. He was out before he hit the canvas. I stopped counting at 14, which is when he started to move his arms again. Frazier took a lot of punishment, folks, which just goes to show you that a human punching bag like him should never get in the ring with an arrogant, uncouth clod like Ali.

Frazier: I've heard enough. How 'bout you, champ?

Ali: Indeed, my man. I think Howard's show is over, and ours is about to begin. After you?

Frazier: No, after you. After all, you the champ. . .

(Round seven)

<p>MUHAMMAD ALI</p> <p>Ag = 68</p> <p>UC: 4 RJ: 3 RH: 4 Co: 3 LJ: 5 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 34 En = 23</p>	<p>DUANE BOBICK</p> <p>Ag = 46</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 3 LJ: 3 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 20 En = 8</p>	<p>OSCAR BONAVENTA</p> <p>Ag = 51</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 3 LJ: 3 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 25 En = 19</p>
<p>EZZARD CHARLES</p> <p>Ag = 58</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 3 RH: 3 Co: 3 LJ: 3 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 28 En = 15</p>	<p>GEORGE CHUVALO</p> <p>Ag = 49</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 3 LJ: 2 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 21 En = 20</p>	<p>JAMES J. CORBETT</p> <p>Ag = 60</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 2 Co: 2 LJ: 2 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 20 En = 13</p>
<p>JACK DEMPSEY</p> <p>Ag = 58</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 3 RH: 4 Co: 3 LJ: 4 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 30 En = 20</p>	<p>JIMMY ELLIS</p> <p>Ag = 50</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 2 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 22 En = 13</p>	<p>ZORA FOLLEY</p> <p>Ag = 53</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 3 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 20 En = 16</p>
<p>GEORGE FOREMAN</p> <p>Ag = 58</p> <p>UC: 4 RJ: 4 RH: 4 Co: 4 LJ: 4 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 31 En = 8</p>	<p>JOE FRAZIER</p> <p>Ag = 58</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 4 RH: 4 Co: 4 LJ: 3 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 30 En = 18</p>	<p>JAMES J. JEFFRIES</p> <p>Ag = 60</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 4 RH: 4 Co: 4 LJ: 3 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 31 En = 20</p>
<p>INGEMAR JOHANSEN</p> <p>Ag = 55</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 3 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 27 En = 14</p>	<p>JACK JOHNSON</p> <p>Ag = 68</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 3 RH: 3 Co: 3 LJ: 2 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 29 En = 17</p>	<p>SONNY LISTON</p> <p>Ag = 56</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 3 RH: 4 Co: 4 LJ: 3 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 28 En = 18</p>

Upper-cut	Right Jab	Right Hook	Combination	Left Jab	Left Hook
Upper-cut	Right Jab	Right Hook	Combination	Left Jab	Left Hook



<p>JOE LOUIS</p> <p>Ag = 66</p> <p>UC: 4 RJ: 4 RH: 5 Co: 4 LJ: 4 LH: 5</p> <p>CP = 38 En = 22</p>	<p>RON LYLE</p> <p>Ag = 50</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 2 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 21 En = 16</p>	<p>ROCKY MARCIANO</p> <p>Ag = 58</p> <p>UC: 4 RJ: 5 RH: 5 Co: 5 LJ: 4 LH: 5</p> <p>CP = 36 En = 22</p>
<p>KARL MILDENBERGER</p> <p>Ag = 51</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 2 Co: 2 LJ: 2 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 21 En = 15</p>	<p>ARCHIE MOORE</p> <p>Ag = 50</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 3 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 3 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 25 En = 12</p>	<p>KEN NORTON</p> <p>Ag = 52</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 2 RH: 4 Co: 3 LJ: 3 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 20 En = 11</p>
<p>FLOYD PATTERSON</p> <p>Ag = 56</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 3 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 2 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 24 En = 12</p>	<p>JERRY QUARRY</p> <p>Ag = 49</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 2 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 21 En = 13</p>	<p>MAX SCHMELING</p> <p>Ag = 55</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 3 RH: 4 Co: 3 LJ: 3 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 26 En = 14</p>
<p>EARNIE SHAVERS</p> <p>Ag = 45</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 3 RH: 5 Co: 4 LJ: 3 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 25 En = 17</p>	<p>JOHN L. SULLIVAN</p> <p>Ag = 50</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 2 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 20 En = 22</p>	<p>ERNIE TERRELL</p> <p>Ag = 50</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 2 Co: 3 LJ: 3 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 22 En = 14</p>
<p>GENE TUNNEY</p> <p>Ag = 61</p> <p>UC: 3 RJ: 3 RH: 4 Co: 3 LJ: 3 LH: 4</p> <p>CP = 30 En = 22</p>	<p>JERSEY JOE WOLCOTT</p> <p>Ag = 55</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 3 Co: 2 LJ: 3 LH: 2</p> <p>CP = 19 En = 12</p>	<p>CLEVELAND WILLIAMS</p> <p>Ag = 52</p> <p>UC: 2 RJ: 2 RH: 2 Co: 2 LJ: 3 LH: 3</p> <p>CP = 22 En = 12</p>