No. 10  January 1984

IMAGINE
Adventure Games Magazine

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS competition

Win £40 worth of game products

plus news, reviews and an AD&D™ game scenario
One mistake and you're just one more piece of debris

Space is big, cold and hostile. There is nobody to run to for help. You are on your own. Only the very best can survive in TSR’s Knight Hawks science fiction game. Are you up to the challenge? The pilot of the sleek fighter, the gunner in a space dreadnought, the navigator on the jump to Prenglar. All these challenges and more are available with this expansion kit for the STAR FRONTIERS™ game. (And Knight Hawks is also a great game in its own right).

The game features:
* New space skills.
* Detailed aspects of interstellar travel, financing and constructing a star ship, etc.
* Plenty of new rules material including traditional science fiction elements.

Ask your games retailer for details or contact

TSR UK Limited,
The Mill, Rathmore Road,
Cambridge CB1 4AD
Telephone 0223 212517
Editorial

Considering that getting up in the morning is usually the extent of my forward planning, it seems very strange to be sitting here writing about our plans for IMAGINE magazine over the next few months. But, then again, I am also notorious for my inability to keep good news to myself, so — no sympathy for post-Christmas readers — here goes.

You’ll have noticed a few changes sneaking in already, for example, the new look Nic Novice, the arrival of Dialog and the overall fuller look to the magazine. These alterations are paving the way for a major initiative, that, in the spring, will make IMAGINE magazine the widest circulation UK gaming magazine. You’ll find us all over the place, in W H Smiths, in your corner newsagent, and of course, in your nearest hobby shop. We’re lining up some pretty amazing issues to give you, and all the new readers, plenty of top-quality reading matter. Want a few details? OK!

11 Our micro coverage goes monthly and on to two pages — Imagination Machine will bring out all the latest news and reviews on computer gaming. And look out for two important additions to the AD&D game, the Cavalier sub-class, and the Social Status table.

12 Another story from one of Britain’s rising stars of SF — Dave Langford — called Lost Event Horizon, a free mini-game, plus two scenarios and lots of features.

13 Superstitious? Not an issue for the faint-at-heart, with a feature and scenario from the Call of Cthulhu game; a grim, gothic scenario for the AD&D game; eerie fiction and an article on the master of terror, H P Lovecraft.

14 From parid on earth, to adventure in space! Bryan Talbot, author of the brilliant Luther Arkwright comic strip, brings his hero to life in an exciting adventure for the Traveller game.

And later on, we hope to bring you a Superheroes special, and issues featuring the work of Michael Moorcock and Joy Chant. Make no mistake, not only is IMAGINE magazine going to be No. 1 — it’s going to stay there!

Paul Cockburn

Contents

The Adventures of Nic Novice, our feature for the new player, by Jim Bambara and Paul Ruiz .......................... 2
Astral Winds, by Garfield Mark ................................................................. 4
Stirge Corner, by Roger Musson, a guide for the inexperienced player .................................................. 5
Phantasmal Forces, by Chris Felton advice for DMs and players on the use of the Phantasmal Force spell .................................................. 6
The Philosopher’s Stone, Part III of our prize competition, with results of part II .................................. 9
Starving and Enler, a thought-provoking story by Hilary Robinson ......................................................... 13
Illuminations, news from the world of games .................................................................................. 19
Thunder Crag, an adventure for 5-7th level players of the AD&D game ........................................... 21
Players Association News, a magazine within a magazine, edited by Mike Brunton ........................................ 23
PAN Pipings ............................................................................ 31
Dispel Confusion .................................................................. 32
Turnbull Talking ................................................................... 32
Dialog, by Lew Pulipher .......................................................... 33
Rubic of Moggedon .............................................................. 34
Chain Mail, Brian Creese continues his tour of postal games with Railway Rivals .................................. 35
Film Review, by Colin Greenland ................................................. 37
Tavern Talk, by Pete Tamlyn ....................................................... 38
Fanazine Reviews ..................................................................... 38
Snooker in the AD&D game, by Ian Birkle. No, really, snooker .......................................................... 40
Games Day Report, Club News and Forthcoming Events .......................................................... 41
Game Reviews, adventure games under the spotlight ........................................................................ 42
The Sword of Alabron, Cartoon Adventure by Ian Williamson ........................................................ 46
BL Spec, by Bob Lazell ........................................................... cover

IMAGINE magazine, January 1984
Participants in fantasy role-playing games play the parts of fearless fighters, devout clerics, spell casting magic users and cunning thieves in many exciting and unique adventures. The following is part of an account of a Basic DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game, in which the players are hot on the trail of a band of marauding orcs. They are now approaching a clearing in a wood. Sue, the referee or Dungeon Master, has previously prepared the adventure and runs it with reference to the rules.

The players and their characters are:

Nic – Norva Ironarms (1st level fighter)
Jon – Brumhold (1st level fighter)
Anne – Jolinda (1st level cleric)
Terry – Lemmy (2nd level thief)
Alan – Sarak (1st level magic user)

As normal at the start of an encounter, Sue secretly rolls dice for surprise. These show that the orcs have not noticed the party. She continues with her description:

'At the right of the clearing, another kobold is suspended by its feet from a tree. The other two orcs are laughing and drinking from a wineskin beneath it. There has obviously been a fight here, for another four kobolds and an orc lie dead on the ground. It is getting dark fast as evening approaches.'

Anne asks whether the orcs have noticed the party's approach.

Sue – 'No. They are oblivious to your presence.'

Jon's portrayal of Brumhold as a fearless and honourable fighter has made Terry realize that Brumhold can be made a figure of fun. She also sees it as a way for Lemmy to get back at Brumhold for the disparaging remarks he made earlier about thieves. A friendly argument breaks out between the two.

Lemmy — 'Well, muscle head. There's the helpless victim you wanted to save. A mangy kobold!'
Brumhold — 'You talking to me, thief?'
Lemmy — 'Yeah! What are you waiting for? Get in there and rescue it.'

Sarak, fearing that the orcs will overhear the argument, warns them to be quiet. She points out that there may well be more orcs nearby. It would be for the best to deal with these three as soon as possible. Brumhold begins to argue with her. But she states firmly that chaotic creatures know no honour themselves and deserve to die. Her sect believes that only when chaos is destroyed can the world know peace.

Meanwhile Sarak has been weighing the scene. Alan asks Sue how far they are away from the orcs.

Sue has a map of the clearing, showing its size and the relative positions of the orcs. Using this it is an easy matter for her to judge the distance between the players and the orcs. She informs him that the nearest orc is 25 feet away.

Jolinda suggests that Sarak uses his sleep spell, so they can deal with the orcs quickly.

Sarak — 'No. I want to save it. Once I've cast it I don't get another one until tomorrow. Besides, there's only three of them. You and the fighters should be able to handle it. I'll keep my spell in case we meet more later.'

Having put aside their differences for now, the players work out their plan of action.
Brumhold, Norva and Jolinda move quickly into the clearing with Lemmy following behind them. Sarak stays back in the trees with his sleep spell ready, in case any more orcs appear.

Sue has decided that because the players have taken such a long time to come to a decision, their original surprise has been lost. As they run into the clearing, the orcs see them and prepare to fight: 'As you come into the clearing the orcs spot you. The one with the spear snatches a handaxe from its belt and prepares to throw it while the other two grab their weapons. You are still out of hand-to-hand range.'

Lemmy — 'I'm stopping and throwing a dagger at the one with the spear.'

The other three decide to keep moving so they will be close enough to attack next round.

Sue rolls initiative to see who goes first. She gets a 5, Terry rolls a 1, so the orc gets to throw its handaxe first. The other players groan with despair.

Sue's encounter description lists the orcs' statistics. Brumhold is running at the orc so it throws the axe at him. Being a 1 Hit Dice monster, it needs a 17 to hit AC2 — Brumhold's plate armour and shield. Sue, rolling for the orc, gets a 2. A clear miss.

From the combat table, Sue sees that Terry needs to roll over 13 on a d20 to hit AC6 — the orc's leather armour and shield.

Terry — 'I've rolled a 12, plus 2 for my high dexterity, 14 all together. Do I get any adds for the range?'

Sue — 'No, you are at medium range so you only add your dexterity. You still hit.'

Terry rolls for damage and gets a 2. Sue takes Lemmy's damage off the orc's hit points. It now has 3 left, so Sue tells Terry that it is wounded but still able to fight. Lemmy cannot resist taunting Brumhold: 'I've softened it up for you, muscle head. Even you should be able to kill it now.'

Next round Norva, Brumhold and Jolinda are close enough to attack. Lemmy, rather than joining the combat, elects to try and sneak behind the orcs so she can be in a position to stab one of them in the back. Sue rolls initiative and gets a 3.

Nic — 'I'll roll. A 5! We won!

Sue — 'Okay, now roll to hit'.

Nic — '11, plus 3 for my Strength of 18.'

Sue — 'You hit easily. Throw for damage.'

Nic — 'A 4, plus 3 for my Strength, making 7. It must be dead!'

Sue — 'The orc staggers as you hit it but it does not die.' Norva has taken on an orc with 8 hit points so even after taking 7 hits it is still alive with 1hp remaining.

Brumhold is more successful; he kills his weakened opponent. Jolinda misses hers. As the orcs have taken a casualty, Sue makes a morale check for them. They need an 8 or less thrown on 2d6 to stay and fight: a 6 is rolled so they stand their ground. Unfortunately for the orcs they both miss.

At the beginning of the next round, initiative is rolled and the players win. Between them they quickly kill the orcs.

Sue tells the players that it is now dark. Sarak joins the others in the clearing as Jolinda lights a torch. Lemmy starts to search the bodies, watched carefully by Brumhold who fears that she will pocket most of what she finds.

Norva watches the surrounding woods, wary of more orcs. Nic is now getting an idea of what to expect. Just as they jumped the orcs, something could easily jump them. The woods, dark and forbidding by day, took on an even more oppressive atmosphere by night. Well, let them come. He had won his first fight and was confident that he would win many more. The forces of chaos would learn to tremble at the mention of Norva Ironarms.

Next month — The prisoner

BY JIM BAMBRA AND PAUL RUIZ
Warriors, Thieves, Paladins and Wizards unite!

Subscribe now to

IMAGINE

adventure games magazine

Complete role-playing game adventure in every issue!

12 Months Subscription Rates:
UK & Ireland — £12 (post free delivery)
USA (AIR) — $42 USA (SURFACE) — $30
EUROPE (AIR) — £21 Elsewhere — £25

Please make your cheque or postal order (no cash or international money orders accepted) payable to TSR UK Ltd and send it to us at:
IMAGINE magazine subscriptions, The Mill, Rathmore Road, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD.

CLASSIFIED ADS

IMAGINE™ magazine offers special rates to those interested in taking out classified advertisements. These cost just 10p per word or £3.00 per column centimetre (pre-payment required).

If you want to advertise in IMAGINE magazine write to:
IMAGINE magazine (classified)
The Mill, Rathmore Road,
CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD.

Full TUNNELS & TROLLS set in first-class condition.
£5.00 or nearest offer. Contact Sam Morgan, 5 Gilston Road, Pontcanna, CARDIFF CF1 9JS.

SOUTHAMPTON'S Games Centre. All the latest games stocked from TSR, Games Workshop, Avalon Hill and many others. Also Citadel and Minifigs stocked.
PASTIMES II, East Street Centre, Southampton. Tel: 0703-21789.

J. R. M. SEDDON Please contact IMAGINE magazine with your address, so that we can reply to your enquiry.

MUSTER UP SUPPLIES for role-playing from our stocks of dice, Games Workshop, Humbrol, Imagine, Minifigs, Steve Jackson, TSR, White Dwarf at Trains & Things, 170 Chorley New Road, Horwich, LANCS.

Astral Winds

Eclipsed by shadows, velvet fears
I tap my guideless way into the dream.
On either side I hear the astral winds
Singing in the shrouds of slavers.

The waters parted silently,
As man and white stick danced along the road.
Together they could see the halved-moon,
Lying lambent on the dry sea.

I watched him reach the stranded shore.
Alone he stood, a silhouetted man.
A misty curtain fell between our lives
And I could see myself no more.

Garfield Mark
A fight between a one hit-dice monster, armour class 4, doing 1-8 damage; and a fighter with chain, shield and sword, is an even fight. The edge the player has is the magician behind casting sleep.

When one comes to design a dungeon for the first time, one of the hardest things to work out is exactly how much to put in it. How much treasure is enough? How much is over-generous? How many monsters should there be?

In the original D&D rules, there was a section devoted to providing an answer to these questions. This answer was, basically, to populate any special areas in the dungeon by hand, and then deal with the rest according to a set of random tables, which gave any room a one third chance of being occupied, and a 50% chance of containing treasure if it was. Unoccupied rooms had a one in six chance of treasure, and there were tables giving the approximate chance of each sort of treasure, and the amount present, according to the dungeon level.

This approach was dropped when the transition to the AD&D game was made. I think the reason for this was the fact that leaving dungeon construction to chance gives no guarantee of quality — one could 'roll up' a whole string of boring empty rooms at one side of the dungeon, while some other areas might be laden with poorly guarded riches. The Advanced rules are slanted much more towards careful, balanced construction.

However, there is one advantage to the old system of random monster and treasure allocation; despite local irregularities in distribution, given a large enough number of rooms, the total amount of treasure placed should be about right. The average amount of treasure per room is controlled by the treasure allocation tables — so just follow the dice and one would end up with about the right amount per level for a balanced game — not so little that the players never progress, not so much that they progress too rapidly.

The rules of the AD&D game give very little guidance on this particular problem. I certainly don’t advocate going back to the old random tables. One problem with rigid adherence to them was that a room complex that one had mapped in some particularly interesting arrangement might turn out to be uninhabited and treasureless when the dice were rolled. On the other hand, if one simply attempted to go through a whole dungeon level, room by room, putting in treasures and monsters as the whim took one, it would be easy to be too stingy or too generous, depending upon one’s tendencies.

The best solution, I think, is that, given you have produced a map of a dungeon level, decide on everything that is going to be placed on the entire level, before allocating anything to any size. What sorts of monsters, how many of each, how many rooms will they occupy in all, the total value of all the treasure on the level, how it will be divided amongst copper, silver, gold, gems etc, and exactly what magic items there will be. Then start distributing the stuff to specific rooms, ticking it off as you go. This way you not only keep a check on the exact wealth of each level, but you allocate everything so that the most interesting rooms have appropriate monsters, monsters have appropriate treasures, and so on.

One also controls the proportion of inhabited rooms this way. I am of the opinion that the original ratios in the D&D game were good ones, and these can be preserved exactly. For instance:

Suppose we have a prospective first level with 100 rooms. One third of these are to be inhabited — 33 rooms. Of these, half contain treasure. So we have 17 rooms with monsters and treasure, 16 with just monsters, and of the remaining 67 rooms, 11 have unguarded treasure, perhaps protected by traps. We can now start marking on the map which will be which, making sure that the rooms containing treasure are fairly evenly scattered about the level.

How much treasure in total? This is difficult, and likely to promote greatly differing answers from different dungeonmasters. My own inclination is towards about 20,000gp total value per 100 rooms, adjusted for dungeon level. So, a 100 room first level would have sufficient treasure to put ten first-level fighters up to second on its own. In a second dungeon level of the same size, I would put 40,000gp value, continuing to double for each lower level. The way this treasure is made up of various treasure types will also vary by level. Shallow-level treasures will have a higher proportion of copper and silver, which will drop out as one goes deeper, when gold, silver, expensive artifacts, gems and jewellery will predominate (platinum too, if it appears in your campaign). Magic is over and above this, with more numerous and more powerful items on deeper levels.

This is probably fairly generous, with an average treasure size of 600gp on first level — though clearly the distribution will not be 28 treasures, each of 600gp value, but some small treasures, some moderate, and a few really big ones of 2-5,000gp or more, carefully guarded.

In allocating monsters, consider the strength of the parties you are likely to be playing with. Remember that a fight between a one hit-dice monster, armrour class 4, doing 1-8 damage, and a first level fighter with chainmail, shield and sword, is approximately even. The fighter is as likely to be killed as the monster. The great advantage the player has is a friendly magician casting sleep...

After a few fights, you should see what your players are capable of despaching easily, and what they can’t tackle without loss. Then consider your monster populations; are they so small that the characters walked all over them? Go back to the rooms they haven’t reached and beef the monsters up! Were the players incapable of fighting their way to any treasure at all? Go back and thin them down (perhaps 20 ghouls in a room on the first level was too much after all — don’t gibe! I’ve seen it!). Don’t be afraid to adjust things in order to get the balance right. Balance determines whether your campaign will be a satisfying challenge to your players, a give-away with no challenge, or just sheer impossibility.

Roger Musson

Previous Stirge Corner features can be found in back issues of IMAGINE™ magazine: £1 (50p P&P) from TSR UK, The Mill, Rathmore Road, Cambridge.
I said you shouldn't have killed that Orc Prince,' complained Flamie as she bandaged the wounded fighter. 'Now look at all the trouble you've got us into.' The thousand screaming orcs swarming up the dead-end canyon added emphasis to her words.

'Fear Not!' proclaimed Goncoff the Grubby. 'My powerful magic will defeat those minions of evil.'

'Fat chance,' commented Woe Krom as he secured Nedas' bandaging and Rovos' spiked collar. 'You'll only get twenty or thirty of them with your fireball. Or are you planning to flog death and hope they don't notice you?' The only response was a contemptuous snort as the illusionist began spell-casting. In front of the line of fighters-preparing to sell their lives dearly, the ground silently trembled and a wide gash opened up. The orc army, pushed from behind by their unrelenting rear ranks, flowed in an endless wave over the hundred-foot precipice.

The last ranks managed to halt in time, only to see a fearsome dragon emerge from the cleft, clearing the remaining orcs from the chasm with a few breaths. The dragon and the cleft vanished as the illusionist ceased concentration on the illusion.

Yes, phantasmal force is a very useful spell, and it is so poorly worded in the Players Handbook that it is open to abuses like that above. Some DMs, fearing that sort of situation, have removed it from the list of available spells, while others suffer fireball, cloudkill, elemental summoning, etc. All from a first level spell!

Because of these problems, the spell needs a better definition of its limits, which is the aim of this article. The spell is the same with respect to range, area of effect, and so on, but here are the rules governing the possible range of illusions:

1. The caster must have spent at least two days in the study of anything he wishes to produce an illusion of, so that the muscular movements are correct (this is not necessary for immobile illusions such as walls and floors), and the observation must be of the subject moving across all types of surfaces, running, jumping, etc.

2. Physical movement cannot be prevented by the spell, and no illusion of a bridge across the dreaded bottomless chasm is going to bear weight; but the spell will obscure tactile differences, so if a person leans against an illusionary wall she or he will fall over unless a pair of hands (or some other support) is there, but will not feel the difference between hands and a wall.

3. Similarly, a person hitting an illusion in combat will subconsciously slow the blow as the weapon 'hits' the victim so that, as long as the caster causes the illusion to react appropriately, the attacker will notice nothing unusual. Programmed and Permanent illusions cannot fight because their actions must be predetermined at the time of casting and the caster cannot tell in advance where opponents will be or what they are doing.

4. Illusions are very subject to disruption by missiles since any missile will pass straight through the illusion. If the opposition can only see the illusion from the front, the caster may (if not surprised on a 1-4 on d6) leave an illusionary arrow sticking out of the illusionary fighter's shield. An illusion should register damage when the opponent hits an armour class better than the apparent armour type worn by the illusion with the caster's dexterity bonus affecting the illusion's armour class.

5. Spell effects cannot be duplicated but their visible manifestations can; thus illusionists cannot wander around giving out healing, but a phantasmal light spell on the eyes will blind someone as long as the concentration lasts.

6. The spell can cause damage, but the amount is limited to that which the caster could do in normal melee combat. An illusionist could thus choose to project an ogre, with one attack a round, damage as staff, or a ghoul with three attacks per round doing damage as darts. In both cases the hit probability is the same as if the illusionist was actually using the weapon concerned. Although the caster must be in possession of the weapon being imitated, no charges are used, even where the weapon would normally do so, although damage would be applied as though they were. Magical and strength bonuses apply, but not the special powers of the weapon. Thus a 17-strong MU could, if carrying a staff of striking, do damage of 1-6 for the staff, +1 for strength, +9, as if three charges had been expended. The same character, with a staff of withering, could only do 1-6+1 (strength)+1 (it's a +1 weapon). Likewise, a fighter/illusionist or F/MU with a vorpal blade could do 1-8 or 1-12, plus strength, +3 for the blade, but could not decapitate, and the wielder of a flame tongue could not use the +2 vs regenerating or +3 vs avians bonus, even if the illusion was actually flaming, but would get the normal +1 of the sword. In addition, if the spell used is an improved phantasmal force, the illusion is at +2 to hit, +3 damage, and spectral forces are at +3 to hit, +6 damage.

Damage cannot be caused to non-intelligent creatures (golems, slimes, zombies and others), since they cannot 'believe' the damage. If they possess eyes they will see the illusion and react to it in whatever way they would react to the real item. If the response is to attack, the creature will not suffer the psychosomatic 'slowing' effect, thus any hit vs AC 10 (+dexterity bonus of the caster) will cause them to ignore the illusion as something beyond their capacity to deal with.

However many illusionary monsters, fighters etc the caster projects, the number of attacks per round cannot exceed the number of attacks the caster can perform per round in 'real' combat (1 for staff, 2 for dagger, 3 for darts, 3/2 for...
Thus, if an illusionist decides to cast an illusion of four ghouls, they should get twelve attacks between them per round. Since he can only cause damage with three of them (assuming dart attacks) the other nine must apparently miss AC 10, otherwise they would be noticed when they don’t bounce off armour, and the other three roll to hit. This is likely to cause suspicion, and will be the illusionist’s downfall.

There is also a problem with numbers. Can a first-level illusionist control the body movements of twelve trolls, complete with the little details? For this purpose, I rule that the caster of an illusion spell (and for that I am only considering phantasmal and higher forces, rather than including Nystul’s aura, invisibility, etc) has the choice of ‘live’ or ‘dead’ illusions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Level</th>
<th>‘Live’</th>
<th>‘Dead’</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

‘Live’ illusions can move around, and ‘dead’ ones can’t. In the table below, ‘Level’ should be taken to mean the level at which illusion use starts — this may mean that the character per se is of a much higher level. A character can control one ‘live’ and one ‘dead’ illusion at the first level of illusion use, and gains one ‘dead’ illusion every other level, and one ‘live’ illusion every three levels.

‘Live’ illusion capacity can be used for ‘dead’ illusions, but obviously, the reverse is not possible. Thus a 7th level illusionist who gained improved phantasmal force at 3rd level would have gained 5 levels since first acquiring the spell, and so counts as 5th level on the table above and would be able to control two ‘live’ illusions and three ‘dead’. For area of effect and range he would still count as 7th level. Here is an example of how this capacity might be used:

Observing a corridor from his ceiling trapdoor (a peephole would give too limited a view) a twelfth-level Wizard begins his spell as he hears a party approaching. By the time they round the corner, the roof is whole again (a ‘dead’ illusion to prevent the party seeing the Wizard, although he can see through it) and lying in the corridor (‘dead’) there is a corpse. The party stops for the cleric to find traps, and they cautiously advance down the corridor towards the ‘corpse’. Just before they reach the body, a secret door opens in the wall (a ‘live’ illusion, becoming ‘dead’ as it stands open) and two Lesser Spotted Greebies emerge (‘live’) to fight the party, needing 13 to hit AC 0, doing 1-6 +9 damage (as wizard with staff of striking), but only one manages to hit the party each round. After a while, the left-hand Greeble ‘dies’ in such a way as to obscure the party’s view of the ‘corpse’. The corpse vanishes, and the Greeble becomes ‘dead’ in its place, freeing the live illusion capacity. The door slams (‘live’, and dispelled when closed), the corpse reappears (‘dead’, still), and the Greeble (‘live’ again) develops a bad case of the regenerations and rejoins the fight, leaving behind a tasty green bloodstain (‘dead’ illusion to replace the secret door) and scarifying the adventurers into using their precious flame oil when the Greebies eventually go down.

Thus the party is injured — possibly worse, have used a find traps, several cures, several flasks of oil, and wasted time searching for a non-existent secret door, providing ample time for the wizard to regroup his forces.

With careful use, phantasmal force in this more limited version will call for more skilful play, involving the subtlety and planning for which the masters of illusion are renowned, and adding a great deal to the playing of a magic user or illusionist.

‘Brilliant!’ commented Wec Kwon, indicating the pile of 950 orc corpses in front of them. ‘Now how do we get past that lot?’

Chris Felton
IT'S THE
BIFF
ZAP
POW
OF ROLE PLAYING GAMES YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR
CHAMPIONS
THE SUPER HERO ROLE PLAYING GAME
Like a breath of fresh air, the CHAMPIONS game system is bright and heroic in style, yet simple and complete in design. And a full list of adventures and supplements are already available, with more on the way.
- Rules you'll learn faster than a speeding bullet
- Adventures that smash through the imagination barrier
- Super Heroes dealing out death-defying justice
- Super villains to send tremors of fear through ordinary mortals

PRODUCTS IN THE CHAMPIONS RANGE INCLUDE:
* CHAMPIONS £12.95
* CHAMPIONS II £6.95
* ENEMIES I & II £4.50 each
* CHAMPIONS GM SCREEN £3.95
* ISLAND OF DR. DESTROYER £3.95
* ESCAPE FROM STRONGHOLD £4.50
* DEATH STROKE £4.50
* ADVENTURERS CLUB BOOK £1.95

There's only one word to describe a magazine that publishes science fiction of this calibre.

FLYING BUFFALO
P.O. Box 100, Bath Street, Walsall, W. Midlands.

SOUTHSEA MODELS
STOCKISTS OF:
ALL LEADING MAKES OF WARGAMES, FANTASY GAMES FIGURES, FANTASY & MILITARY.
BY CITADEL AND MINIFIGS.
SEND 20p STAMP FOR POSTAL CATALOGUE.
OVERSEAS 50p.
35 HIGHLAND ROAD SOUTHSEA PORTSMOUTH - HANTS PO4 9DA
(0705)-733208

There's only one word to describe a magazine that publishes science fiction of this calibre.
The Thief

'Two,'

'One,'

'Stick.'

The cards were dealt as required by the faintheartedly dressed, blond dealer. There was no money on the table. A calculating machine in each of the four heads held the cards as solidly as if they had been set in concrete. The dealer's bet was the largest, but then he had been losing steadily, most often to the turbaned adventurer, who appeared to be the worse for drink, but whose bidding and playing was razor sharp. Now he leaned forward, tauntingly, affecting to try a look at the dealer's cards. The dealer's hand remained as steady as rock, and his eyes were almost completely unamused.

There was a babble of voices from the inn, relaying yesterday's news — '...and she said, it was so simple a blind man could've solved it. The minute she touched the wall...' 'And the cards — tell them about the numbers on the cards, that was good....'

The babble of silence surrounding the card players was unbroken. The adventurer leaned back in his seat. 'You're bluffing,' he said. 'He's bluffing. Does anybody....?' The woman looked slyly at her cards. The older man appeared absorbed in picking his nose with a fastidiously clean handkerchief.

'I'll see them.'

Unfurled, the dealer placed the cards. Four of them. Six of Spades, Five of Hearts, Five of Diamonds, Jack of Hearts. 'Twenty-seven,' he said. 'The adventurer frowned quickly and looked at his cards.

'And you?' enquired the dealer. A puzzled expression flitted over the adventurer's face. Slowly he placed his cards, three of them. Jack of Diamonds, Five of Diamonds, Queen of Spades.

The card players' eyes swung about like goldfish in a bowl. 'We would appear,' said the dealer regretfully, 'to have two Fives of Diamonds.' He flipped the cards over onto their backs. Identical. It was not possible to distinguish the intruder. He stood up and addressed the adventurer.

'If you do not mind, I believe I would like you to search me.' The man in the turban stood up hastily, confused. Standing, the effect of the alcohol he had consumed was more pronounced. He searched the dealer's clothing with more thoroughness than coordination, finding nothing. He stood back, frowning.

'You will permit,' said the dealer, and began rapidly to return the favour. Two minutes later he had found nothing. If cheating had been done, it appeared to have been done with a single card. He lifted his hands in a comical fashion, but there was nothing comical in his eye.

'Perhaps,' he said, 'there has been a mistake.'

'Mistake be damned,' said the adventurer. 'If I wasn't cheating, then —'

'I assure you,' said the dealer. 'I should have cheated to more purpose.' The eyes of the other two caught, significantly. Who would cheat to lose? And on so large a bet? The adventurer made to reply, but the dealer had already turned his back. 'Your servant, madam. Yours. I have business to attend to. I am certain that you will soon find another.... player.' He bowed and was gone. Behind him, three pairs of eyes regarded each other with suspicion. As he walked away, the dangerous glint disappeared from the dealer's eyes. His hand lightly touched his pocket, in which lay the paper he had taken from the adventurer while searching him. The paper that had lain in an inside pocket, and which he would certainly not have had the money to buy. Soon he would be able to examine it, memorise it — it was something to do with the paired numbers and letters, he remembered. After that, he would be able to start looking for the Key in earnest. He smiled. It would be a difficult job. But it would be worth it.
COMPETITION RESULTS

The Philosopher’s Stone: The Magic User

Oh dear... Did I say we made part 1 too easy? I think the results of the second part can best be summed up if I tell you that high-scoring entrants to part 1 probably still stand a fair chance of winning the overall prize!

We had a grand total of — wait for it — 18 entries (one of which arrived too late to qualify: sorry Richard, try using a 1st-class stamp next time!). Only seven of these got the four main answers correct; if you are not one of these people and would like to have another go for your own satisfaction, turn back to this month’s instalment, which contains several clues to the solution of the magic-user puzzle.

No-one, but no-one, got all the other messages we were looking for and the winner was selected without using the tie-breaker. This is M. Probert of Samborne in Warwickshire, who receives a voucher for £40-worth of TSR products. The three runners up are Colm O’Beira of Dublin, Les Arnold of Hockley in Essex, and Robert Whiteley of Shipley in West Yorkshire. The best description of the spell, the tie-break answer, came from someone who might well have won but for an ambiguous answer to question 2 (see below), and we have decided to send a consolation prize to that entrant, Ian Harding of Cambridge.

Congratulations to all five, and well done to the few others who dared to enter.

So, if you want to know the answers and how these star adventurers found them, read on.

1. The name of the mage is MARS.
   There was a textual clue to the source of this answer: ‘the spread (of tarot cards) had, after all, told her something... At least it had given her a name’. Then, the tarot book in the picture (1) shows the order in which the cards would be dealt, and says, ‘Note the Omissions... in... order these will... the Name of the Master of Arts’. The Omissions are the numbers which normally appear in the cards (1i, ii, 13, 1, 18, 19, which relate to the letters M.A.R.S.

2. The name of the magic user was a difficult one. First, the zodiac spiral (2) shows the signs of the zodiac plus an extra one, omega. The sandbags (a) placed in order read ‘A zodiac with thirteen signs?’, pointing to the significance of these symbols. With a little imagination you realise that the symbols for the second half of the alphabet are provided by the same symbols in black. Once you know this, you can simply piece together the fragments of the circle around the MU (2i) to discover: My name is what you call me, I have none for my true name was taken by my god. (Actually, it read ‘...my tre name...’ because the scorpio was white instead of black: no prizes for spotting this month’s deliberate mistake)! Obviously, this left the way open for all kinds of weird and wonderful names — but you had to solve the puzzle and make it clear that you understood there was no ‘right’ answer.

3. Working out the price set on the book was a doodle after all that! Your pointer on this one lay in the message in semaphore created by the ‘Heiroglyphs’ (b), which reads: Pompous am I? You’ll get yours ratbag. If you’d read more carefully you’d know what I want for my spell. ‘Pompous’ should alert you to the importance of the inscription to which this was the MU’s response. Taking the last word of each line, we learn, For this book ten years of thine life.

4. The magic user’s alignment was another easy one. The pointer, on the Cleopatra’s Needle (c), shows in incomplete letters, Not by sight or sound but touch will my allegiances be found. If you read the braille message on the peg ladder (4), you find the answer Chaotic Neutral.

5. The other messages to be found include (a), (b) and (c) above, and:
   (d) Tough luck on the MU’s arm in morse
   (e) NOT HERE (split letters) and
   (f) Nothing (number of dots) on the mask
   (g) SORRY on the wall at the top of the peg ladder
   (h) ANAGRAM — anagram on the MU’s scarf
   (i) What fun in roman numerals on MU’s leg
   (j) SUCKERS on rock face
   (k) FAR TOO EASY in raised letters on scroll

Our favourite description of the mage’s spell read as follows:

Automatic defences against ordinary spell, Might (the raging lion), Fear (the protecting flames) and Intelligence (the hiding ape) are obsolete against the new spell, which concentrates on Greed. Victims of the spell will fall to looting and pillaging of any bearing wealth, so only by accepting poverty, which the mage and magic user do (the passage-way guardians are empty-handed, and the older magic user wears only a simple black cloth), can this spell be countered. The material component (seen being synthesised) requires only grains of valuable metals to make, and must be discarded without remorse to activate the effect.

That’s it. Why not try Philosopher’s Stone a 37? If nothing else, it keeps the editorial staff amused for a month or so.
Enler slogged through the clinging mud, terrified of losing sight of the patch of colour ahead of him in the mist. For hour after hour he had followed Starwing through the gloom, slithering and slipping, falling frequently. Sometimes Starwing fell, then Enler would halt and wait for him to regain his feet. It was beginning to take him longer each time he fell.

The Tetrin was unused to footslogging, nor was he dressed for it. He wore court dress, soft tunic and cuirass, black trousers and long black boots. He was bareheaded and his short brown hair clung wetly to his forehead. Starwing went down again and this time didn't get up. Enler waited the prescribed distance away until it became obvious that Starwing could not get up of his own accord.

Enler moved nearer. The Tetrin prince lay awkwardly, one leg twisted under him, his beautiful face in the mud. Enler was horrified. Starwing was filthy, his red tunic and blue breeches black with mud, his long pale hands engrained with it, and even his wonderful halo of dark hair plastered with it. Enler feared the Tetrin's reaction to anyone seeing him in that state, especially a Coranin soldier. He waited, but the Tetrin did not move. Eventually he approached to within two paces of the Tetrin and knelt in the mud.

'Lord?'

'Slowly the Tetrin raised his head and turned his violet eyes on the young soldier. There was a dullness about his expression, a despair.

'Who are you?' Even in the desolation the words were soft and melodious.

'Enler, Lord.'

'Are you the guard who came between us?'

'Yes, Lord.'

'Brave,' the Tetrin said softly. 'Stupid.' Enler had not had time to consider. He had stepped between the Prince and a possible assassin. That was what he was in the palace for.

'You have been with me... since it happened?'

'Yes, Lord.'

'Where are we?'

'I don't know, Lord.'

'He Sent us here.'

Enler nodded. 'Yes.'

Then it is nowhere. We will walk until we die. We will never get out.'

'There must be an end to this mud, Lord,' Enler said reasonably.

'Why?' Starwing said dully. 'It may be an enchantment, an illusion. There may be no mud at all.'

'No mud? Enler repeated. He touched it. It was cold and wet, and sticky. It was mud. Lord, are you hurt?'

'I have broken my ankle. There was a rock... it went over when I stood on it.'

'May I help you, Lord?' Enler knew better than to touch the Tetrin without permission. Starwing raised himself on one hand and twisted round to see where his foot was. It was obvious from the angle of it that the ankle was broken.

'Straighter it,' Starwing said abruptly. He rolled over on his back and lay perfectly still. Enler eased out the twisted foot as gently as he could. There was no sound from the prince.

'It needs to be tightly bound,' Enler said, looking at his own uniform, but he wore no sash or anything that might be of use. A swordbelt would be too hard. He looked at the soft shimmering material of the Tetrin's tunic. When he glanced up he found the almond eyes on him.

'rip the tunic,' Starwing said through stiff lips. Enler took the dagger from his boot and slit the precious material. It cost more than he was paid in a year. He tore the red cloth upwards. Starwing had the warm coffee coloured skin of his race. Enler slit and ripped again, and cut off a long strip. He bound the ankle tightly. It had begun to swell and was becoming discoloured. He finished off and looked up. The prince's face was deathly white. Enler stood up and nervously extended a hand. Starwing reached up and took it in a firm grasp. Enler pulled him up and caught him as he staggered off balance. Enler's heart hammered. No one stood so close to the Tetrin, especially one of the royal house.

As darkness came, the mud suddenly ended. Enler could not see it, but the ground became firmer and then hard. He staggered on a few paces and stopped.

'We're out of the mud, Lord.' There was no reply. Starwing hung like a dead weight against him.

'Who's there?' said a voice right in front of them. Enler nearly died of shock.

'Who said that?'

'I did,' and a green light began to glow. It showed a green face with terrible craggy shadows, a very old face.

'Who are you?' Enler whispered. The face smiled. 'Ye've naught to fear, stranger. Need you shelter for the night, I can provide it. What ails your companion?'

'He has an injured leg.'

'Follow me.' The green light bobbed ahead, and Enler stooped, took Starwing over his shoulder and followed, too tired to exercise any caution.

The old man led them into a cave where a fire glowed with an amber light.

'That's no welcome,' the old man said and the fire immediately blazed with a yellow flame. The cave was quite large and surprisingly well furnished. There was a table, several log stools and a bed against the wall with furs on it. There was also a large number of boxes and chests.

'Let him over there and I'll have a look shortly. What be your name, son?'

'Enler.'

'Coranin name,' the old man said.

'Yes. I'm Coranin.'

'Ah, but he be not, I see.' He peered at Starwing. 'What be ye doin' with the likes of him?'

'Who are you?' Enler asked again.

'They call me Solitude.'

Enler sat down wearily on one of the stools. 'Do you have any water?'

'Of course.' Solitude shuffled off to the back of the cave and Enler could hear water being poured. A moment later Solitude was standing in front of him holding out a wooden bowl. Enler took it and stood up, turning towards the bed.

'It be for you,' Solitude said.

'He needs it.'

'Aye, so do you. Maybe more. You first, then him.'

Enler looked at the water. It had not crossed his mind to drink first. The ache in his throat became unbearable and he drank. The water was ice cold.

'How long be you in the softlands?'
'Softlands? You mean the mud? I don't know. Eight hours? Longer? It was mid-morning when we — when we left.'

'And what be ye doin' with one o' thes? The tone spoke volumes...

Enler indicated his uniform, although it was barely recognisable under all the mud. 'I'm a soldier.'

'Gagh,' Solitude muttered, almost snatching the bowl. When he came back with it filled, he held it out to Enler. 'Here, you do it. I'm goin' nowhere next nor near hear.'

Enler took the bowl over to the bed. Starwing opened his eyes at the sound of Enler's voice, and Enler supported him while he drank a little of the water.

'Where are ye?' he asked softly, puzzled by the rock wall.

'We have shelter for the night, Lord. There is nothing to fear.'

'So tired....' Starwing whispered. 'I envy your strength.... Enler.'

It was the first time Enler had ever heard his name spoken by a Tetrin. He was ridiculously pleased.

'Food,' Solitude called.

'Thank you.' There was a platter of cold meat and a chunk of bread on the table. Enler sat down and Solitude sat opposite, watching him. After a time, Solitude said, 'How came ye to the Softlands?'

'I think we were.... Sent. There was a disagreement between My Lord and a tall man who came to see him. I don't know what about. I heard raised voices, and vancing into the cave. He rolled to his feet, snatching up the sword. The stranger stopped when he saw the sword, his hands going to his belt where a battle axe hung. He wore a rough home spun shirt and a sheepskin waistcoat and his baggy trousers were bound to his lower leg by thongs. He had a beard and his hair hung wild about his shoulders. He was native Corarin.

'Who are you?' he demanded. 'Where's Solitude?'

'Must ye make so much noise, Vester?' Solitude said irritably, ambling from the back of the cave, yawning.

'Who's this?' Vester indicated Enler, who had straightened now and lowered the sword a fraction. This be Enler. He and another sought shelter with me last night.

Vester looked around and saw Starwing, pushing himself up into a sitting position on the bed. His angular face and almond eyes gave instant identification.

'A Tetrin!' Vester breathed and drew the battle axe out of the loop on his belt. Enler moved between them and the sword now pointed at Vester's throat.

'Stop there.'

'What's a Tetrin!' 'I know that,' Enler said evenly. 'Kill him then!'

'No one is going to kill him.'

'What will!' Vester said, gripping the axe. 'Not before you've killed me.' Enler said grimly.

'How do you think they control you?' Solitude snapped.

'Not by sorcery!' 'Oh! Tell then the secret of their hold over you!'

'Respect,' Enler said, somewhat defensively. 'And gratitude.'

'Gratitude! For what?'

'The Tetrin have reared me since I was a child.'

'Since they adopted you.'

'That's right.'

'Do you consider yourself to be a Tetrin?'

'Ah no. The Adopted do not become Tetrin. They stay Corarin. We are separate races.'

'Then you have more in common with Vester than with him.'

'Vester?' Enler said in disgust.

'Yes. Haven't you?'

Enler glanced at his strong broad hand holding the sword and thought of the thin pale hands of the Tetrin with their oval nails. 'Only physically.'

'Only physically? Let me give you a test.' Solitude reached inside his shirt and brought out a silver medallion. 'Tell me what this is.' Memory stirred deep in Enler. On the disc was engraved a shooting star with a fiery tail. He spoke slowly, thinking it out. 'The star represents the Corarin. Legend says that.... one day we.... they.... will rise again, like a star.'

'Very good, Enler. The Tetrin didn't teach you that.'

'It's upside-down,' Enler said.

Solitude frowned and turned the medallion. Now the star was falling. He glared at Enler. 'Suppose,' he said, 'I told you that this object would confer on you luck and good fortune. Would you believe me?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'That's superstition.'

'That's Tetrin teaching! But you would not refuse to wear it if I gave it to you?'

'I suppose not.'

Solitude slipped the thong over his head. 'Now suppose I tell you that this charm, instead of being benevolent, was made by a Corarin warlock and is cursed, that the wearing of it will bring plague and fevered dreams. Now put it on!' and he thrust it towards Enler who took an involuntary step backwards.

'No!'

'Why not? Isn't it all superstition? Or do you feel something deeper? You have the sense of fear sorcery. You would not have angered the warlock as your.... companion.... appears to have done. Your culture is still strong in you.'

'Culture?' said Enler. 'Are you referring to a few folktales and a handful of mournful, depressing songs?'

'What if I suggested you'd forgotten most of your culture?'

'I'd say there wasn't much to forget.'

'Do the Adopted ever wear Corarin dress?'

'Rags, you mean?' Enler said coldly.

Solitude sighed. 'I was afraid this would happen. It was a risk I had to take.'

'What was?'
Come and sit down. We have to talk.'
Enler glanced uneasily at Starwing, standing exactly as he was before.
'Forget your duty to the alien long enough to listen to one of your own people. Enler. He'll come to no harm there for a while.'

They sat either side of the table again. Enler laid the sword between them and the significance of this gesture was not lost on Solitude, who seemed to be growing younger by the minute. He was no longer a bent old man. He seemed taller, a man in middle age with long brown hair. Enler sat where he could see Starwing and also the cave entrance.

'What allegiance do you feel to your own people?' Solitude asked bluntly.
'None.'
'Would you fight for the Tetrin against us?'
'If I had to,' Enler said quietly.
'Why?'
The Tetrin gave me life.'
'Your parents gave you life.'
'My parents sold me to the Tetrin!'
'They had little choice. Our people must survive as best they can in the shadow of an alien race.'
'By selling their children to the conquerors?' Enler sneered. 'What sort of survival is that?'
'You miss the point entirely,' Solitude said. 'The Coranin need to learn Tetrin skills. And quickly. They cannot afford to wait a thousand years to learn what the Tetrin already know. The Tetrin will not share their knowledge, so what is your solution?'
Enler looked aghast. 'Are you suggesting the Adopted are spies, sent in to learn Tetrin secrets and then betray them?'
'You would not be betraying the Tetrin. You would be helping your own people.'
'Never.'
'Why not?'
'Neither I, nor any of the Adopted, would do anything to help destroy a race as beautiful, talented and gentle as the Tetrin.'
'Not even to save your own people? The Coranin were barely able to call themselves civilised when the Tetrin arrived and stopped their progress. Now I have a struggle just to keep them literate. Without stimulation they will revert to barbarism. Vester knows that, but he doesn't think much of my solution. He has his own.'
'An armed uprising? No.' Enler shook his head. 'That won't do any good. The reason the Tetrin have never shared their superior knowledge is that their codes forbid interference in the development of other species. Vester knows that, but he doesn't think much of my solution. He has his own.'
'A savage uprising? Is that how they've taught you to think of us? Savages?' Enler bit his lip and did not reply. 'I'm afraid you underestimate Vester just because he wears homespun and you wear armour. He is a cunning fighter and has organised a compact force. You should be allies. You are both Coranin.'
'I am a soldier of the Tetrin.'
'You are Coranin!'
'By blood. Not by choice.'
'No man has any choice in how he is born, Enler. Enler put his elbow on the table, and his forehead in his hand.
'We need the Adopted, Enler. We need your knowledge.'
'Aye, tell us what the gate defences are.' Vester had appeared silently and now strode forward followed by half a dozen Coranin. Vester snatched up his sword and confronted him.
'What do you want?'
The alien.
'No.'
'You can't stop us.' Vester balanced the axe in both hands and nodded very slightly to an archer who fitted an arrow to his bow, swung it up and pointed the arrow at Enler's chest. Enler was still dressed only in his Tetrin shirt. His tunic and cuirass lay where he had left them.
'Stand aside,' Vester said.
'I will not.'
'Then you must die with him!' and he swung the axe. Enler ducked and brought up the scowb by instinct alone. The blade caught the axe shaft and slid up to the head. Metal rang on metal. The weapons locked, then slowly Vester pushed the sword down. Enler sprang back, sliding the blade out from under the axe. A bowstring sang and Enler's arm was pinned to the edge of the table. He grabbed the bow with his left hand and wrencher it out of the table, but Vester had moved in. The axe blade pushed against Enler's throat, forcing his head up.
'Now you can watch our first move against the aliens.'
The archer had a second arrow aimed at Starwing, standing pale and silent in front of the table.
'No... o... 0!' Enler cried but the word stretched into infinity as the scene in the cave froze.

'I didn't send the Tetrin here to be killed by your wildmen,' a tall figure said, striding into the cave. Only Solitude moved in response.
'Dominion. I should have known it was you when the boy mentioned something in the warlock's hand that crackled.'
'He got in the way. I didn't mean to Send him. It was this one,' he nodded at Starwing. 'I wanted him to suffer a bit. I hope to be able to use him. He has qualities worth fostering, but everything is so easy in that damned rainbow city of theirs that he would never be able to understand how hard life is for the Coranin unless he'd experienced it for himself. Is he alright?' He frowned at the motionless figure with the ripped tunic and bandaged foot.
'Except for the damaged ankle, yes. I just froze him to give Enler a chance to think for himself.'
'Did it do any good?' Solitude shrugged.
'Free the Tetrin.'
Solitude pointed at Starwing and snapped his fingers. Starwing turned his head and looked at Dominion without surprise. He had been able to hear although he could not move or speak. He looked at Enler, the axe blade at his throat and the arrow protruding from his forearm. 'Aren't you going to help your young compatriot?'
'No, I leave that to you since he was wounded in your service. He'll be alright. The Coranin don't die easily.'
'Unlike the Tetrin?' Starwing said to Dominion with a twisted smile. 'Do you wish to resume our conversation on that subject?'

Starwing sat at one side of the table and Dominion and Solitude shared the other. They ignored the living statues around them. Solitude was younger now, younger than Dominion.
'The Tetrin have not found this world the paradise they hoped for,' Dominion said. 'For some reason they have been unable to maintain their numbers and they will soon reach the stage where the
temper very two Tetrin experience.' He glanced at Starwing. 'Do you have anything new to say?' 'No,' Starwing said. 'I still think the two races are too far apart in development. No Tetrin woman would ever look twice at Vester and his kind.' 'Maybe not yet, but would they look at Enler and his kind?' The Tetrin prince narrowed his violet eyes and looked at Enler as if for the first time. He was taller than the other Coranin, as tall as any Tetrin. And Starwing had seen him display both courage and loyalty. He nodded slowly. 'Perhaps.' 'The Adopted girls,' Dominion said. 'Don't they learn equally quickly from their mistresses?' 'Some of them learn too much,' Starwing said and smiled. 'Indeed,' Dominion said. 'I've seen the way you look at a certain Adopted girl.' 'Then the idea of intermarriage is not totally rejected?' Solitude asked.
25mm. Orcs

OR 1 Great Orc with scimitar 50p
OR 2 Great Orc Guard Spearman 50p
OR 3 Great Orc Berserker 50p
OR 4 Great Orc Chiefman 50p
OR 5 Orc Tracker with bow 35p
OR 6 Armoured Tracker 30p
OR 7 Orc Tracker with spear 30p
OR 8 Orc Scout 30p
OR 9 Small Cave Orc 30p
OR 10 Cave Orc Archer 30p
OR 11 Cave Orc Guard 30p
OR 12 Cave Orc with scimitar 30p
OR 13 Orc Warrior attacking 30p
OR 14 Orc Warrior with scimitar 30p

OR 15 Orc Warrior with bow 30p
OR 16 Orc Warrior with spear 30p
OR 17 Soldier Orc with short sword 40p
OR 18 Soldier Orc Spearman 40p
OR 19 Soldier Orc Officer 40p
OR 20 Soldier Orc with axe 40p
OR 21 Horde Orc with javelins 30p
OR 22 Horde Orc with long spear 30p
OR 23 Horde Orc with scimitar 30p
OR 24 Horde Orc Archer 30p

OR 25 Wolf Rider with lance 80p
OR 26 Wolf Rider with scimitar 80p
OR 27 Wolf Rider Chiefman 80p

OR 28 Wolf Rider with bow 80p
OR 29 Black Orc advancing 40p
OR 30 Black Orc Heavy spearman 40p
OR 31 Armoured Black Orc 40p
OR 32 Black Orc Captain 40p
OR 33 Slave Orc with scimitar 30p
OR 34 Slave Orc with spear 30p
OR 35 Slave Orc Archer 30p
OR 36 Orc Warslayer 30p
OR 37 Orc Clanman 30p
OR 38 Orc Clanman with club 30p
OR 39 Orc Clanman Bodyguard 30p
OR 40 Orc Clan Shaman 30p

25mm. Dungeon Adventurers

DA 1 Dwarf Thief 35p
DA 1a Dwarf Fighter 35p
DA 2 Dwarf in Plate mail 35p
DA 3 Dwarf Lord 35p
DA 4 Dwarf Cleric 35p
DA 5 Dwarf Shield bearer 35p
DA 6 Dwarf Crossbowman 35p
DA 7 Dwarf King 35p
DA 8 Dwarf Adventurer 35p
DA 9 Dwarf Adventurer 35p
DA 10 Dwarf Trader 36p
DA 11 Elf Magic-user 35p
DA 12 Elf in Plate mail 35p
DA 13 Elf Lord 35p
DA 14 Elf 35p
DA 15 Wood Elf Adventurer 35p
DA 16 Wood Elf Adventurer 35p
DA 17 High Elf Adventurer 35p
DA 18 High Elf Adventurer 35p
DA 19 Halfling Thief 25p
DA 20 Halfling Warrior 25p
DA 21 Halfling Slinger 25p
DA 22 Halfling Archer 25p
DA 23 Gnome 25p
DA 24 Gnome 25p
DA 25 Gnome Illusionist 25p
DA 26 Gnome Illusionist 25p
DA 27 Halfling Adventurer 25p

DA 28 Halfing Adventurers 25p
DA 31 Human Cleric 35p
DA 32 Human AntiCleric 35p
DA 33 Human Magic-user 35p
DA 34 Human Druid 35p
DA 35 Human Monk 35p
DA 36 Human Assassin 35p
DA 37 Ninja 35p
DA 38 Thief 35p
DA 39 Bard 35p
DA 40 Ranger 35p
DA 41 Fighter in Plate 35p
DA 42 Paladin 35p
DA 43 Anti-Paladin 35p
DA 44 Assassin 35p
DA 45 Samurai 35p
DA 46 Half-Goblin 35p
DA 47 Illusionist 35p
DA 48 Warrior Priest 35p
DA 51 Adventurers 35p
DA 52 Female Thief 35p
DA 53 Female Magic-user 35p
DA 54 Shield-maiden 35p
DA 55 Sword Mistress 35p
DA 56 Female Scout 35p

DA 57 Witch 35p
DA 61 Mercenary Fighter 35p
DA 62 Mercenary Captain 35p
DA 63 Torch bearer 35p
DA 64 Shield bearer 35p
DA 65 Looter 35p
DA 66 Mercenary Prince 35p
DA 68 Mercenary Orc with Sword 35p
DA 69 Mercenary Orc with Spear 35p
DA 70 Mercenary Orc Archer 35p
DA 71 Militia Sergeant 35p
DA 72 Militiaman 35p
DA 73 Militia swordsman 35p
DA 75 Female Militia 35p
DA 76 Female Militia 35p
DA 77 Female Militia 35p
DA 78 Merchant Adventurer 35p
DA 79 Beggar 35p
DA 80 Urchin 25p
DA 81 Barbarian Adventurer 50p
DA 82 Barbarian in chainmail 50p
DA 83 Weapon Pack 5 weapons as supplied with DA 81/2 30p
DA 84 Pack Mule 50p
DA 84a Pack Mule with dead adventurer 80p
DA 84b Mule and small cart £1.50
DA 85 Bow of 50p

MAIL ORDER RATES
U.K. 10% to £5.00
I (Minimum 25p)
POST FREE + £5.00
OVERSEAS 50% (Minimum £1.00)
ORDERS DESPATCHED
NORMALLY WITHIN 14 DAYS OF RECEIPT

CANADA please contact:- Sanders International, 138 Martin Ross Avenue, Downsview, Ontario M3J 2L4.
USA please contact:- The Armory, 4146 Amos Avenue, Baltimore MD 21215.
AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND please contact:- Wargame Productions, 99 Flinders Avenue, Whyalla Stewart, South Australia 5608.
Tel: 0106 186 491 658

Please mention IMAGINE magazine when replying to advertisements.
CRAZIMOFF'S WORLD

POSTAL GAME

Crasimoff's World is a fantasy game of exploration and adventure. As a player you assume the role of chieftain in a band of brave adventurers set on gaining knowledge and power. You must create a party of nine fellow travellers, from three character classes (fighter, mage and priest) to assist your chieftain.

Your party will set out from a small town, knowing nothing about the world apart from a few rumours. As you travel you will learn more about the land and its secrets, encountering other parties, races and creatures. There are tokens detailing magic items, spells, creatures, gods, money and many more things that you will discover later in the game.

"KJC Games has been running Crasimoff's World for over a year now, and the effort the gamesmaster puts into each turn never ceases to amaze me. Most players find themselves offered a different scenario each turn, or find that a new twist has happened to an existing adventure."

as reviewed in

ESDEVIUM GAMES

We keep the full range of Books, Rules, Supplements and Accessories for:
Dungeons & Dragons, AD&D, Traveller, RuneQuest, Space Opera, Tunnels & Trolls, Ysgarth and all the other many and varied Role-Playing Games available.

We sell the full range of products from
Avalon-Hill, TSR, GDW, SPI, HP
Gibson, Eon, Games Workshop,
Judges Guild, MGC, FGGU,
SJG, Yaquinto, TaskForce,
Newbury, WRG, HT, TT,
Ysgarth, International Team,
Dragon Tree . . .

Open 5 days a week
(Closed all Wednesday)

Our catalogue contains details of virtually all games available in the U.K. Send 16p in stamps & 10p (p.s.e. Overseas 4.42 s.) for a copy (or free with orders over £4.00)

ESDEVIUM GAMES
185 Victoria Road
ALDERSHOT Hants GU11 1JU
Tel: Aldershot 311443
or (evenings) Farnham 722269

NO POSTAGE ON MANY GAMES FOR REGULAR CUSTOMERS

Please mention IMAGINE magazine when replying to advertisement.
The Number of the Beast
If you are a DM suffering from the twin hand-axes ofortography and money, Beast Enterprises of Oxford reckon they have just the thing to ease your problems. They are producing a bi-monthly magazine called Tortured Souls which consists entirely of adventure modules. It retails for £1.95 — expensive for a British magazine, but very cheap for four complete scenarios, all designed for use with the AD&D™ game. Two can be played independently or as instalments one and two of the Zhalendor campaign, which is to continue in later issues. Another is designed as a solo adventure. It can be seen that Beast Enterprises have put together a first issue with wide appeal. A full review will follow in a future issue of this magazine.

Murder on the Orion Express
Work in progress for Traveller includes Murder at Arcturus Station, a classical murder mystery in space, a tangled puzzle in the tradition of Hercule Poirot or Lord Peter Wimsey. The players are on an asteroid station when a man is murdered. The party has to solve the crime but, for political reasons, they must do it in five days. One option open to the referee is to make one of the players the murderer!
The same designers will release a boxed module for Traveller called Beltstrike. It will probably consist of two booklets and five 'adventure folders', concerned with the Bowman systems of District 268 and providing details of their history, society, government, commerce and current events. These aspects are dealt with in the first book.

C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas le jeu de guerre
Whenever things are looking a bit thin on the news front, good old Scott Bizar of FGU usually comes through with word of some nascent offerings from his prolific designers. This time it was to say that we can expect Seldon’s Compendium of Starcraft Vol 2 for Space Opera at any moment. It will have details and illustrations of fighting ships. Great!
A third book of adventures for Daredevils called (as predicted in this column) Daredevils Adventures 3 is also due. This has a supplementary title of Supernatural Thrillers.
Finally, the Age of Sail naval role-playing game Privateers & Gentlemen will be provided with its first scenario material. This will be called King Over the Water and it is all about a dastardly French plot during the Seven Years War to cause mayhem in Britain via a spot of Jacobite hanky-panky. Also included in this module are new rules for fleshing out NPCs and guidelines for a campaign based around Bonaparte’s Egyptian adventure. Details of the Siege of Acre are given, all of which results in the promise of role-playing adventure rich in detail and excitement.

Still with the French theme, two magazines ‘des jeux de simulation’ came our way at Games Day, Casus Belli and jeux & stratégie, both from Excelsior Publications in Paris. Casus Belli 16, a densely packed 48-page magazine at 12FF, contains mini-modules for the Daredevils and D&D games; articles on Runequest and how to add spice to a war game by adding fantasy elements; detailed, descriptive game reviews; new monsters (eg 'le stick'); micr listings, club announce ments; and a game for 3 or more players called ‘La Nuit de l’Esprit’.

jeux & stratégie 22 is a 112-pager at 17FF with a lot of colour and a wider spectrum of games — chess, scrabble, bridge and logic and word puzzles included in its scope as well as 'jeux de role'. This is the summer issue and includes an inspired RPG, Don juans & Dragueurs and a pullout boardgame, galapagos, to give some and-sand feel. There is a feature on where to go in France for holiday gaming, together with news and reviews. Both publications well worth a look for all you French-speakers.

Polar Fare
It may surprise you to know that North Pole Publications work out of Mobile, Alabama — a tenuous connection to say the least. More amazingly, they are not employed in selling bikinis to Eskimos, but in creating RPG supplements. So far as I am aware, none have been imported into the UK, but their latest effort, Serpent Island, may reach these shores. This 48 page adventure is suitable for 5-7 characters of 'medium level', and is designed for use with any role-playing system. It has new monsters, magic items, spells, and a very fine, full colour cover by Boris Vallejo. The artwork in the body of the booklet, alas, is not of the same standard (it belongs to the TSR early to middle-school), but if you are willing to spend something like £7.95 for an adventure, you will have something that none of your players are likely to have read first.

Transatlantic Tales
Some snippets of news concerning the next releases. We hope to see U3 - The Final Enemy and B5 - Horror On The Hill quite soon. Then, look out for the STARFRONTIERS™ game miniatures, GB3 - The Cleansing War of Garik Blackhand and the arrival of the first four SPI™ games, that we seem to have been predicting since #1.
ZAP!

45 BARLOW MOOR ROAD, DIDSBURY
MANCHESTER M20 0TW
Tel. 061 - 434 5390

ROLE-PLAYING GAMES AND AIDS, MINIATURES,
BOARD GAMES, FANTASY, SCIENCE FICTION
COMICS, MODELS, TOYS, POSTERS, T-SHIRTS,
BADGES, POSTCARDS, CARDS.............

☆ HOLOGRAM EXHIBITION! ☆

Buses direct from Manchester (42, 45, 46, 157)
and Stockport (306, 316, 370)

---

TOWN NATHAN

Dragon Byte
Home Computers,
Software and Games
51a Queen Street,
Morley,
Leeds
tel: 0532 522690
ZXSPECTRUM
now under £100
Ring for more information.

Last Chance
10 Ash Road
Headingley,
Leeds 6
Tel 744235
Home computers, software,
board games, role-playing
games and books
At last's place we make
you offers you can't
refuse.

We're worth a visit because :-

* We've the biggest range of Citadel figures for
  leagues around.
* We've board and adventure games for all ages
  from TSR, Games Workshop, Avalon Hill,
  Victory Games, GDW, Yantingo etc. etc.
* We've probably the best range of software in
  the North - and we're improving all the time.
* We've a growing range of computers, peripherals,
  upgrades and books.

---

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO
BE A HIGHWAY WARRIOR?

Have you ever pressed the imaginary button on the dashboard of your car to
vaporise the idiot driver in front?

BATTLECARS is a game in which 'dangerous driving' takes on a whole
new meaning. Vent your frustrations
on other players by arming your car
with machine guns and rockets. Watch
with glee as cars explode into fireballs.
Drive on and smile as the next victim
comes into range. Set the gunnery
computer and squeeze the trigger –
then BOOM!

How long can you survive in the
deadly arena of the future? Do you
have what it takes to be a highway
warrior?

Only by playing BATTLECARS, with
its unique simulation of driving skill
and combat, will you ever find out.

Available from better games shops everywhere, or
direct from Games Workshop Ltd., 27/29 Sunbeam
Road, London NW10 6JP - price £6.95

Please mention IMAGINE magazine when replying to advertisements
PART 1: INTRODUCTION

This mini-module has been designed for a group of 4-7 characters of 5th to 7th levels of experience. It requires information only found in the AD&D game rules, and cannot be played without them.

Thunder Crag is divided into two sections:

Part 1 (this section) is an introduction to the mini-module including background information.

Part 2 is the detailed adventure key. All the information necessary to run the mini-module is provided in a series of area and room keys.

Two maps, one showing both levels of the workings beneath Thunder Crag, the other showing details of the conjuration chamber on Level Two, are provided.

Where monsters or Non-Player Characters (NPCs) are described in the text, statistics for them are presented in brackets in the following order:

Armour class (AC); movement rate (MV); hit dice (HD) or class/level; hit points (hp); number of attacks (x AT); damage caused by attack(s) (D); any other notes, eg special attacks (SA), special defences (SD), experience points (xp), alignment (AL), size (S).

If you plan to play this adventure, please stop reading here. The information in the rest of this mini-module is for your Dungeon Master (DM) only.
BACKGROUND NOTES

The Town of Blackridge

Blackridge, principal town of the Barony of Ironfist, in the Kingdom of Dountaldor, is both a market town and a centre for silver mining. To the north are the Silverlode Mountains and the High Passes, through which run trade roads to the Northern Lands, guarded by Castle Ironfist, ancestral stronghold of the Barony.

The Baron allows Blackridge some autonomy. It is ruled by a Council of Burghers, responsible for administration, the dispensation of justice (except in capital cases), and the maintenance of the King's Peace. A small force of Constables is kept up, and Baronial troops are at the disposal of the Council in emergencies. A small Royal Garrison is concerned with the security of the silver workings.

Mines are owned by individuals or small consortia, and the silver is sold in the Silver Mart. The miners are divided into two camps: humans, and dwarves/gnomes. On the whole the demihumans are more successful, resulting in friction between the races. Any miner of one race walking into an area normally frequented by members of another has a 95% chance of being assaulted. The demi-humans use the Two Stools public house, the humans the Rat and Bucket Inn. These are just around the corner from each other and trouble is frequent. The authorities do not interfere in these quarrels provided they are confined to the mining precinct and do not affect silver production.

On the east side is the market place, around which are shops, the Council Hall, the Silver Mart, the Jail and the Royal Garrison barracks. There are two inns on this side of town, the Hop Poles, where the locals drink, and the Golden Lion Inn, an excellent, expensive establishment favoured by the upper echelons of Blackridge and by wealthy visitors.

Balbo Sackbelly (AC 8; MV 12’; Th 10; hp 40; AT 1; D by weapon type: S 15, I 17, W 16, C 14, D 16, Ch 16, 1910xp, AL LE, S M), host of the Golden Lion, is Master of the Blackridge Thieves' Guild, and is ideally placed to gather information about likely victims. He normally informs the three ogre brigades at Thunder Crag (see Level One, Room 1). The information is carried by Humboldt (AC 6; MV 12’; HD 3+1; hp 16; AT 1; D 1-8; SA surprises on 1-4, SD need silver or +1 weapons to hit; 214xp, AL LE, S M), Sackbelly’s gnomish werner celimaran, whose Lycanthropy allows him to move swiftly and discreetly after dark.

Bron and Rovis Akkor

Bron Akkor, a Blackridge Councillor, is offering a reward of 5000gp for the safe return of his son Rovis. Rovis set out to spend the night at the base of Thunder Crag on a drunken wager two weeks ago and has not been heard of since.

Thunder Crag is a high cliff in the mountains, some 10 miles north of Blackridge. It has an evil reputation in local folklore, for old workings there are associated with The Soulcatcher, a creature of legend said to have fed upon souls of men, 'sucking their spirits as a rat sucks eggs'.

No one is known to have penetrated the tunnels beneath the mountains. Bron Akkor awaits adventurers of sufficient calibre to search for his son, since the local fight shy of an undertaking to a spot of such ill-repute.

Bron Akkor will give a description of his son and stress that Rovis habitually wore a gold ring with an onyx intaglio depicting a boar’s head.

The DM should note that Bron Akkor will keep his word and pay the full sum if his son is returned alive. However, if his son is dead he will still pay 2000gp, but only for definite proof — such as the return of the body.

Of the Archmage Famulus

Five centuries and more past, when Arun was king in Dountaldor, the Archmage Famulus was High Priest of Asmodeus, Grand Chancellor of the Realm and served the Kingdom well.

That was a troubled time, an age of new beliefs and religious strife. The memory of Cuthbert was still fresh in the minds of the people, and in the time after his revelations and martyrdom, the devotees of Evil and Chaos were bloodily persecuted, and their worship driven into secret. To the King and his advisors, the Gods a man chose to worship were of little account so long as he served the Kingdom well, but such was the mood of the people that even Famulus was dismissed from his high office and the King embraced the faith of Asura. In truth, the fall of Famulus was contrived as much by jealousy as by zeal for the Bright Order, for many joined the Asurites the better to advance themselves.

Silent in his disgrace, yet afire with bitter rage, Famulus passed into the north and out of human knowledge. With him went the great warrior Anguisel, and other proud, able men who chose exile rather than submit to the rabble. As they left the city, Famulus stopped his horse beneath the balcony from which the King watched and spoke to him in voice scarcely louder than a whisper, yet it carried to all who listened.

'I will return,' he said. 'And my vengeance will be terrible.'

The King fell back at these words, as though bitten by a serpent; that the crowd, come to jeer, dispersed in silent terror; that no man dared hinder the exiles. This much is known: Arun died before the year was out and, he being childless, the throne passed to his sister's son, Sand Strombrow.

Of Famulus no more was heard, save in tales muttered by travellers, tales which brought grey hair to the heads of the wise. For it is whispered that Famulus passed from Life to Unlife and that, blotting with evil in some demon-haunted fastness, he yet contrives his vengeance on the world.

Thunder Crag

The workings beneath Thunder Crag were the stronghold of Famulus in his exile. Here, devoured by his lust for vengeance, he began to revere new deities to the detriment of his power. He courted the Great Demons.

Famulus died summoning Telkroth (a Type VI Demon), whom he believed to be sympathetic towards the aims of Lawful Evil. Anguisel perished at the entrance to the stronghold while covering the flight of Famulus's followers, most of whom escaped into the wilderness. So great was the conflict that it seemed as though the sky itself had cracked apart, and so to this day the place is known as Thunder Crag, though none can now say why. Telkroth, sorely hurt by Anguisel, was diminished and haunted the place as a spirit of evil, until he regained his strength. This gave rise to the legends of The Soulcatcher.

For many years the stronghold was a lair for those dark and evil things that are denizens of the wilderness. Then, with the expansion of Dountaldor and the discovery of silver in the mountains, the area was opened to settlement, the Barony of Ironfist established and the town of Blackridge built.

Hill farmers soon learned of the old workings beneath Thunder Crag, but also heard rumours of their grim past. From the beginning of organised settlement the Crag has been shunned, and has had a dark place in local tales.
Glatis and His Companions

A few weeks before the disappearance of Rovis Akkor, a small party of adventurers passed unnoticed through Blackridge and entered the workings beneath Thunder Crag. They were led by Angbor, a fighter. He died in Trap A on Level One. The party's cleric, Ferdinand, was petrified when the survivors encountered Hermione, a medusa. Glatis, a magic user (see Room 11, Level One), took over the leadership of the party.

He managed to persuade Hermione to co-operate with what remained of the party, and proposed to "recover the treasure of the lower levels".

Following Hermione down the steps at B on Level One, Glatis pushed her into the pit trap, which he had discovered before. Glatis then took Hermione's gold and left the medusa trapped in Room 2 on Level Two.

Glatis and his companions have explored Rooms 1, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 15 on Level One and the associated corridors, but have discovered only one secret door — that leading to the eastern entrance of Room 9. Their eventual aim is to secure the stronghold by killing all the other inhabitants, and use it as a base for further adventures. They will tolerate no competition, but will dispose of it with cunning, feigning friendliness — the better to catch their victims off-guard.

They have constructed a secret spyhole and hatch in the north door of Room 1 on Level One, which allows them to come and go as they please and to keep the ogres under surveillance....

Glatis considered the ogres a useful front, but he and his companions plan to destroy them one week from now.

General Points

The construction of the stronghold is uniform, and conforms to the following specifications, unless otherwise stated:

Walls and ceilings are of fine mortared masonry, floors are stone flagged.

The walls of any room will be 7 feet high, and the ceiling will be a single vault rising from the angles of the room to an apex 12 feet above the centre of the floor.

Corridor walls are 6 feet high. Corridor ceilings are arched to a height of 10 feet.

Every 10 foot long section of steps will ascend/descend 5 feet.

Doorways are arched, 3 feet wide x 7 feet high. Doors are of brass bound oak 3 inches thick.

Secret doors are rectangular, 2 feet wide x 6 feet high.

Trapdoors comprise 4 spring loaded triangular panels hinged along one side and meeting at their apices to form a 10 foot square. They will be activated by a pressure of 25lbs or more on any of the panels and will snap shut after activation.

PART 2: THE WORKINGS BENEATH THUNDER CRAG

LEVEL ONE

Trap A

The passage north from Room 1 leads to a false door. The trapdoor at A opens onto a stone-lined pit 10 feet square and 60 feet deep. The last victim of this trap was a gelatinous cube (AC 8, MV 6", HD 4; hp 27; AT 1; D 2-8; SA paralysis; SD immune to some attacks; 258xp; AL N; S Li) which has been making its way back up the shaft and is now 10 feet from the top.

Any character falling into the pit will hit the gelatinous cube, doing 1-6 points of damage to it and dislodging it. Both character and cube will fall to the bottom of the pit, each suffering 5-30 points of damage. The effects of being hit by the cube operate for every round during which a character is in contact with it, starting at the moment of impact.

The gelatinous cube contains a coat of mail, a longsword and a helmet. These are all that remain of Angbor, erstwhile leader of Glatis' expedition, whose remains were found and consumed by the cube during its sojourn in the pit.

Trap B

The stairs lead down to a false door, in front of which a trapdoor opens onto a stone-lined shaft 10 feet square which descends steeply for 40 feet to a trapdoor in the ceiling of Room 2 on Level Two. Any characters falling through this trapdoor (which will snap shut behind them) into Room 2 below, will take 5-30 points of damage in the process.

This is the trap into which Glatis pushed Hermione.

The Magic Mouths at C and D

On the south wall of the passage at C is a magic mouth placed there by Glatis. It has instructions to yodel loudly if any being other than Glatis and his companions — and who is larger than a rat — passes it.

On the west wall of the passage at D is another magic mouth set by Glatis. It has identical instructions to that at C, save that it will shout 'Intruders!' continually, rather than yodel.

Glatis will seek to renew the magic mouths as soon as possible after they have been discharged.

The Entrance

A rough-hewn archway in the cliff-face, 10 feet wide x 8 feet high, leads onto a flight of stone steps which descend at an angle of 45 degrees. The northernmost 10 foot section of the stairway has been quarried to the level of the floor of Room 1, leaving a 10 foot drop from the level of the surviving stairs to the level of the floor. The rubble obtained has been used to construct a dry-stone wall 5 feet high and 5 feet thick, across the 10 feet wide by 8 feet high archway leading to Room 1.

Close inspection of the ground outside the entrance, and of the stairway, by a ranger will reveal that the entrance has been used regularly by not more than ten humanoids in the recent past.

Room 1

This chamber is the lair of three ogres, Enog, Pogo and Grunt (AC 5; MV 9"; HD 4+1; hp 20 each; AT 1; D 1-10; xp 190 each; AL CE; S Li). They are identical triplets, who have an empathy which manifests itself in a tendency to finish each others' sentences. It also allows them an instinctive understanding and co-ordination (the DM must decide how this will affect combat). Each carries a large club (D 1-10); only Enog carries anything else: the key to the lead strongbox on a brass chain around his neck.

There is a 75% chance that the ogres will be encountered in their lair, in which case they will be sitting around the fire roasting an elf, with their clubs to hand. If they are absent, warm ashes and a smoke blackened ceiling will confirm that the hearth has been used recently.

The ogres work in association with Balbo Sackbelly, who provides them with information on likely victims, then uses his Thieves' Guild connections to dispose of stolen goods far from Blackridge. The ogres have operated from Thunder Crag for some eight months but have explored no farther than this room, being content to have made their lair secure by constructing a dry-stone wall and by barring the doors. They are unaware of the presence of Glatis and his companions, and of the spyhole and hatch which have been cut through the northern door (see below).

The ogres are fond of human flesh, but value their own safety and are amenable to intimidation or bribery unless their opponents are obviously a 'soft touch'. Pogo is suffering from toothache, which makes him highly irascible, and due to their empathy Enog and Grunt are supporting too. They will all be well-disposed, at least temporarily, to anyone who cures Pogo of his toothache. They are unlikely to agree to let anyone close enough to yank it out....
There is a 10% chance that Humboldt (see THE TOWN OF BLACK RIDGE) will be encountered in the ogres' lair, whether or not the ogres themselves are present. If so encountered he will be carrying information to the ogres, and will be in his gnome-form, but he will assume his were-form at the first sign of intruders, in order to avoid recognition (if the player characters have brought themselves to the attention of Balbo Sackbelly or the Thieves' Guild, the information may well be about them. The DM must decide what information is being conveyed and, if the ogres are absent, whether they have yet to receive the information, or are acting upon it). If encountered alone, Humboldt will seek to escape. Otherwise he will aid the ogres, seeking to escape only if combat goes against them.

Neither Humboldt nor the ogres have any knowledge of the whereabouts or fate of Rovis Akkor.

From walls 10 feet high the ceiling springs to an apex 20 feet above the floor. At this apex is carved a grinning skull. The floor is covered with a thick layer of dried bracken. In the centre of the room, there is a stone hearth about four feet across, above which is an iron spit. Three verminous bear pelts are laid around the hearth, and cracked marrow bones are strewn around and across these. In the northwest corner are five large sacks, four barrels and a large stack of firewood. Four of the sacks contain turnips, the other contains leaves of coarse, hard gray bread. This owes its colour and texture to being made with ground human bone mixed into the flour. If the lids of the barrels are removed, two will be found to contain ale, the other two, joints of meat (hauling) pickled in brine. A thin rope emerging from one of the barrels of pickled meat is attached to the handle of a small, watertight lead box which is concealed in the bottom of the barrel. The box is locked (Enog has the key), but not trapped, and contains 123gp, 28sp and a ruby worth 102gp. The three doors all open into the room, but are securely barred from within. A thief examining the north door carefully will have a chance equal to his chance of detecting traps of discovering the 2 foot square hatchway and siphole, cut through the door from outside the room.

Room 2
The floor of this sunken chamber is 5 feet below the floor level of the surrounding passages. Sprawled across the floor of the room are two human skeletons, shrouded in the crumbling remains of their clothing.

Within the room are three shadows (AC 7; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 21, 18, 17; AT 1; D 2-5; SA strength drain; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; xp309, 297, 293, AL CE; S M) two of which are part of the remains of the bodies on the floor. Characters entering the room will notice that it is cold in comparison with the surrounding passages, and it will grow colder for two melee rounds before the shadows attack. The shadows are bound in perpetuity to this room, the place of their deaths, and are unable to move from it.

The only object on either skeleton is a jade figurine of a crocodile 4 inches long, hidden in the remains of a leather pouch at the waist of one of the bodies. This figurine is worth 350gp, and is magical, appearing to be very similar to a figurine of wondrous power. However, its only property is to weep for a day when its owner dies.

Two sipholes in each of the north, east and west walls, 5 feet 6 inches above floor level, afford an excellent view of the surrounding corridors from just above floor level. They can only be opened from inside the room and are almost undetectable from outside. All are closed.

Room 3
Both doors open into the chamber. They are not locked, but both are stiff. The chamber is quite empty.

Room 4
The door opens outwards, and is locked but not trapped.

The chamber is 10 feet high, with a flat ceiling. The north and east walls are stepped to form shelves 2 feet deep at heights of 2, 4, 6, and 8 feet above the floor. On these shelves are the smashed remains of wooden chests, scattered coins, two ceramic flasks (one smashed) and fragments of parchment. The coins total 83gp, and 148sp. The unbroken ceramic flask contains a red liquid (one dose of a potion of healing). The parchment fragments are clearly from a record of accounts, but only two entries are still legible. These read 'Received from Boggis the Bard sum of 16 pieces of silver' and 'Paid to He of The Ineffable Name the sum of 7 pieces of copper'.

The entire floor is a trap, opening onto a stone lined pit 10 feet square and 60 feet deep. Two foot high iron spikes are set into the floor of the pit at 6 inch intervals. Any creature hitting the bottom of the pit will take normal falling damage, and must also make a saving throw against poison or contract chronic blood disease (DMG p14). In addition, any victim of the trap will take a point of damage for every round spent impaled on the spikes.

Among the spikes at the bottom of the pit are the skeletal bodies of two hobgoblins. Scattered around them are their rotten and rusting equipment, 25gp, 47sp, and an emerald worth 57gp.

This chamber was Famulus' treasury, but only the chests and parchment date from those days. Other objects have been teleported from the idol in Room 20 on Level One. The coins and gem in the pit fell in when the trap was sprung by the two hobgoblins.

In Famulus' day treasure was moved in and out of the chamber by magical means.

Room 5
The doors open into the chamber and are unlocked but stiff. The chamber seems empty apart from the broken figure of an elven warrior, petrified by Hermione, which lies in pieces in the centre of the floor.

Shrouded in cobwebs on the ceiling, lurks a colony of 20 large spiders (AC 8; MV 8'/15'; HD 1-1; hp 2 each; AT 1; D 1, 1; SA poison; xp 69 each; AL N; S I). Any creature bitten must save vs. poison (at +2 due to the poison's weakness) or die within 1-6 turns. The spiders attack by dropping onto their victims, and so will usually have surprise.

Room 6
The unlosed door in the south wall opens on the passageway.

The hall is choked with thick cobwebs, reducing visibility to 10 feet. These will not burn, but melt if naked flame is applied, giving off choking fumes (characters must save vs poison or remain helpless with nausea for 1-6 rounds). Eight cubic feet of space may be cleared of web per round by the application of flame.

This is a great hall, aisen and with a floor of black and white marble tiles laid in a chequerboard pattern. The walls and pillars are 15 feet high. At the north end is a two foot high dais with a single step in the middle of its southern edge. In the centre of the dais stands a polished, black granite throne. On either side stands a five foot high brass candelabra with sockets for ten candles. They are worth 120gp each, or 350gp for the pair.

The door between Room 6 and Room 7 is open, towards Room 6.

Room 7
Like Room 6, this chamber is choked with webs. It is the lair of a giant spider (AC 4; MV 3'/15'; HD 4+4; hp 26; AT 1; d 2-8; SA poison; 445xp; AL N; S I) which has the ability to move through the web-choked rooms at normal speed. There is no treasure in this chamber, but the floor is littered with remains of small animals.

IMAGINE magazine, January 1984
Room 8
This was Famulus’ private chamber. The walls are panelled with oak and the floor is paved with glazed tiles. There is a fireplace in the north wall, choked with rubble from a rock fall that has destroyed its chimney. Hanging conceal the secret doors in the south and west walls. There is a couch in the north-west corner and a chair and desk in the south-west corner of the room. Some of the original furnishings survive in the main chamber, but they are very fragile.

On the desk is a dagger, its hilt of ebony and its blade of untarnished steel. It is a **dagger +1** with an Evil alignment. Any creature of Good alignment touching or being touched by the dagger will take 1-10 points of damage, and must make a System Shock survival roll or die. Creatures of Neutral alignment take normal damage from the weapon. It cannot be used to inflict any damage on beings of Evil alignment.

Beneath a rug in the south east corner of the chamber is a trapdoor four feet square. This is concealed by a **permanent illusion** of solid floor.

If the trapdoor is discovered, it will be seen to have no handle or visible opening mechanism. **Detect invisibility** will reveal a Rune on the trapdoor, and **read magic** will allow it to be read as ‘Durath’. If this is spoken the trapdoor will open upwards, revealing a flight of steps descending to the east. It will remain open for one minute before closing again. The rune will only cause the trapdoor to operate from above — the secret of operating it from below died with Famulus. No other magical means will open the trapdoor.

The door in the east wall opens towards the main chamber. Behind it is a small chamber which contains a privy and a basin of marble set into the wall. From the shaft of the privy can be heard the murmur of the underground stream into which it empties.

Room 9
This was Famulus’ library, and all the walls, except the eastern one, are covered with bookcases to their full height. The secret door in the north wall is in fact a hinged bookcase.

In the centre of the room stands a blackened lectern with an area of fire damage 20 feet in diameter around it. Fragments of books and parchment are spread about the room, but most are in a sorry state, and quite illegible. A careful search through the debris, however, will reveal eight intact scrolls.

These are rolled up, but their labels identify them as each bearing one spell: **wall of fire**, prismatic spray, passwall, flame strike, hypnotic pattern, spider climb, rope trick and leomund’s trap. Unfortunately, the first five mentioned of these scrolls are so fragile that they will crumble to dust as soon as any attempt is made to unroll them. The last three scrolls, however, are usable if unrolled by a character with a Dexterity of 13 or more. If handled by a character with a Dexterity of 13 or below they will also crumble into dust.

The fire damage was caused by Glatis. His excitement at discovering Famulus’ Spell Book caused him to forget basic precautions. He set off the exploding runes left by Famulus, destroying the priceless grimoire and many other books and parchments.

The DM should note that Glatis is unaware of the secret door in the northern wall.

Room 10
The unlocked door opens towards the passage. The chamber is empty.
Room 11
The door opens towards the passage. It will be locked unless Glatis (AC 9; MV 12"; MU 6; hp 28; + AT 1; D by weapon type; SA spell use; 749xp; S 14, I 11, W 16, C 17, D 14, Ch 16; AL CN; S M) is within the chamber, a 70% probability.

If encountered in this chamber, Glatis will be meditating on the couch with the lamp shuttered to give little light and incense burning on the brazier. His reaction to any but obviously hostile intruders will be dissembling. He will use his considerable charm to seek to gain the adventurers' trust—to discover their purpose and to dispose of them in a more convenient way with the help of his companions. However, he will meet force with force, and has the following spells available:

Level 1: Charm Person, Magic Missile, Sleep, Shield
Level 2: Web, Rope Trick
Level 3: Fireball, Hold Person

Glatis wears a ring of protection +1 and carries a dagger +1 in a sheath at his belt. In a pouch at his waist he has the keys to the chamber and the chest (see below), 5sp, 3cp, a rabbit's foot (non-magical) and a small pot of venom to renew the trap on the chest.

Glatis knows nothing of Rovis Akkor. The couch upon which Glatis is lying is piled high with pelts (the DM should determine if any are valuable) and stands against the west wall. A brass-bound wooden chest stands against the south wall, with a roughly fashioned stool beside it. A brass lamp stands on the chest, and a brass brazier stands in the south east corner of the room.

The chest is 2 feet by 2 feet by 2 feet. It is locked, and the lock is trapped with a poisoned needle. Within it are two sets of grey robes, a small leather bag containing incense, seven leather bags each containing 50gp (total value 3500gp) — 2000gp of which belonged to Hermione the medusa, Glatis' Spell Book and two ivory tubes. One contains Glatis' wand (which is non-magical), made of ebony and worth 150gp. The other contains a scroll bearing the spell fireball.

There is a secret door in the south wall (of which Glatis is unaware), behind which a stone-lined shaft 10 feet square falls 70 feet to Level Two. Brass rungs are set into the face of the shaft at one foot intervals.

This was originally the chamber of Anguisel, and was inhabited by Hermione until she was tricked by Glatis and trapped on the second level. Glatis now uses it as a private chamber for study, meditation and recuperation after magic-use.

Room 12
All three doors open into the chamber. Those in the east wall are locked.

In the centre of the room three men sit around a low table, smoking pipes and playing dice. They wear coats of mail as though accustomed to them, and their shields and longswords are at hand. These are Glatis' companions, Dirk (AC 3; MV 9"; F4; hp 32; + AT 1; D by weapon type; SA +1 to hit; +1 to damage; 290xp; S 17, I 14, W 13, C 15, D 15, Ch 17; AL CN; S M), Hayo (AC 4; MV 9"; F4; hp 43; + AT 1; D by weapon type; SA +1 to hit; 345xp; S 16, I 12, W 12, C 17, D 14, Ch 14; AL CN; S M) and Egil (AC 1; MV 9"; F4; hp 33; + AT 1; D by weapon type; SA +1 damage; +2 to hit with missile weapons; 295xp; S 16, I 16, W 15, C 15, D 17, Ch 14; AL CN; S M), all professional warriors. If Glatis is not in his private chamber (see Room 11 on Level One) he will also be present.

Dirk, Hayo and Egil, like Glatis, will greet all but the most hostile approaches with friendliness, seeking to gain their opponents trust before disposing of them. All three are inveterate gamblers, and after courteous preliminaries may invite strangers to share ale and pipeweed over a game of dice. However, they will be alert and ready for action at any time during an encounter.

These three wear nothing of value about their persons, but Dirk has the keys to each of the chamber doors on a brass chain around his neck. They know nothing of the fate of Rovis Akkor.

The room is lit by lanterns. By the west wall are four beds. In the south west corner is a pile of stores and equipment—kgs containing ale and salt pork, boxes of hard biscuit, dried meat and pipeweed, three flasks of oil, four backpacks, two long bows and a crossbow (with quivers of 20 arrows and quarrels respectively). There is also a charcoal-burning brazier with spits and two skillets. There are no items of real value. In the south east corner, by the door, is the stone figure of a cleric. This is Ferdinand, one of Angbor's party who was petrified by Hermione when he mistook her for a spectre and tried to turn her. He was not liked by his companions, who consequently use him as a hatstand.

Outside the door in the south east corner of the room is a stone orc, another of Hermione's victims. Egil has carved 'stoned again' in Common across its snout.

Room 13
The door opens towards the chamber. In the north wall are set ten marble hand basins. Along the west wall are ten privy cubicles. Otherwise the room is empty.

Room 14
Both doors open towards the chamber, and are unlocked but stiff.

In the centre of the chamber is a 10 foot square fireplace from which a 10 foot square chimney rises to the centre of the ceiling. The chimney is supported by a pillar at each corner of the fireplace, and above the level of the ceiling twists a further 150' upwards to a vent in the face of Thunder Crag.

Just above the level of the ceiling the chimney jinks eastwards, leaving a 10 foot square stone platform. This is the lair of two gargoyles (AC 5; MV 9"/15"; HD 4+4; hp 23, 26; + AT 4; D 1-3/1-3/1-6-1-4; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; xp 280, 295; AL CE; S M) who foray into the outside world at night by way of the chimney.

Among the filthy in their lair is a human skeleton, whose condition suggests recent death. The only treasure on the body is a gold ring set with an onyx intaglio depicting a Boar's head. Inside the ring is engraving which reads 'Happy Birthday, Son, Love Dad'. These are the mortal remains of Rovis Akkor, caught by the gargoyles outside the stronghold and tortured to death. The ring is worth 100gp.

Room 15
The door opens towards the chamber. Inside the room is empty, but the floor is covered in a half-inch deep layer of harmless grey dust.
**Room 16**

All three doors open towards the chamber, and are unlocked but stiff.

This chamber was clearly a kitchen. The remains of a great oven range and fireplace run the length of the west wall, giving onto a chimney now blocked by a rock fall. In the north east corner is a well, 100 feet deep. The bucket and winding gear have long since disappeared and the water is fouled with algae and green slime (AC 9; MV 0°; HD 2; hp 13; *AT* nil; D special, SD immunity to attack; 836 xp; AL N; S S), which also lives on the side of the well shaft. Anyone foolish enough to drink the water will suffer the terrible effects of the green slime internally.

**Room 17**

This chamber is a mirror-image of Room 2 on Level One and is identical to it in all other respects, save that it is empty.

**Room 18**

This chamber is empty.

**Room 19**

The door opens towards the chamber and is unlocked.

The chamber is empty save for a block of stone two feet square and three feet high in the centre of the floor. If touched, this will reveal itself as a mimic (AC 7; MV 3°; HD 7; hp 32; *AT* 1; D 3-12; SA glue; SQ Darkvision; AL N). This creature has discovered the secret panel in the south wall and the chest behind it, but is suffering from a mental disturbance brought about by loneliness and is convinced that the chest is its 'friend'. Consequently the mimic will seek to guide intruders away from the secret chamber with all the guile it can muster. If the secret panel is opened and the chest discovered, the mimic will fight to the death in defence of its 'friend'.

The chest is two feet wide by two feet high by four feet long, of brass bound oak. This belonged to Akromoranthinon of R'Siptah, an ogre mage who failed to return from his last adventure 150 years ago. It is locked, and the lock is trapped with a poisoned needle. Attached to the underside of the lid is an ordinary mirror — the same size as the lid. Within the chest are folded robes of black linen, but if these are removed a mirror of life stealing will be revealed, forming a false bottom half way down the chest. Beneath this are two leather sacks, each containing 1000gp, a dagger of venom, a ceramic flask which contains a red liquid (two doses of a potion of healing) and a sheet of rolled parchment.

The command necessary to call forth trapped entities from the mirror is written upon this parchment in ogre mage and is 'In the name of the Sacred Heifer of the Endless Pastures, I, Akromoranthinon of R'Siptah, command the occupant of cell... to come forth.' The command must be spoken in the language of the Ogre Magi.

The mirror has eighteen cells, which the DM must populate as he or she sees fit.

**Room 20**

The door opens towards the passageway. Within the apse in the eastern end of the room an idol sits atop a cubic stone plinth 3 feet high. The idol depicts a plump, benevolent-looking deity in human form sitting cross-legged with his cupped hands resting upon his pot belly. The idol is life size. Upon the face of the plinth is graven the name 'Urizen'.

A spell cast upon the idol by Famulus has the effect of causing any creature gazing upon it to feel that 'Urizen' regards him/her with particular approbation and expectancy. If any gifts of magical items, precious metals or gems are placed in the cupped hands of the idol they will be suffused in a pleasant blue glow and then disappear (teleported to Room 4 on Level One). The donor will feel that the idol regards him/her with especial favour. The idol represents a bogus deity. Its only powers are the dwemer, which will only function within the chamber, and the teleportation ability. Famulus encouraged its worship as a means of recouping expenses paid to his followers.

**Room 21**

The chamber is empty. However, a secret panel in the north wall gives onto a small niche in which hangs a chime of opening.

This chime will open the secret door in the west wall, which is otherwise undetectable from this side, but will operate upon no other object.

---

**LEVEL TWO**

**Trap A**

Immediately to the west of the secret door a cockatrice (AC 6; MV 6°/18°; HD 5; hp 20; *AT* 1; D 1-3; SA touch turns to stone, 41 xp; AL N; S S) is suspended by its feet from a 5 foot long rope tied to a hook in the ceiling of the corridor. The cockatrice is in temporal stasis, and thus still alive, and both it and the rope are invisible.

The cockatrice was hung up by its feet, and then the spells temporal stasis, invisibility and permanence were cast upon it and the rope. Any creature touching the cockatrice will suffer the petrifying effects of its touch, subject to the usual saving throw.

**Secret Door at B**

This opens towards the passage, and can only be operated from this side. Behind it is the base of the pit trap underlying Room 4 on Level One.

**Glyph at C**

An area 10 feet square directly east of the secret door is protected by a glyph of insanity. To determine the type of insanity, refer to the DMG p13, and roll d12. If result is 1-8, ignore it and roll again. If the victim saves vs. death magic the effect of the glyph is temporary (1-6 days), otherwise the effect is permanent.

---

**THUNDER CRAG**

---
THUNDER CRAG

Stairs at D
Upon the steps at D lurks an ochre jelly (AC 8; MV 3'; HD 6; hp 34; 
* AT 1; D 3-12; SD immune to some attacks; 354xp; AL N; S M).

Room 1
This was Famulus’ workshop.
In the centre stands a flesh golem (AC 9; MV 8’; HD 40 hit points; 
* AT 2; D 2-16; 2-16; SD need magical weapons to hit; 2380xp; AL N; S L), which 
has been ordered to destroy all who enter, unless accompanied by 
Famulus, and to pursue and destroy them if they should remove material 
from the room. The golem has been taught to operate the secret doors.
A stone bench, marble topped and 3 feet wide, runs the length of 
the eastern wall. On this are many glass flasks, alembics, tubing, crucibles 
and other paraphernalia of a magician or alchemist. There are also two 
ceramic flasks, one containing a red liquid (a dose of a potion of 
healing), the other an amber liquid (a dose of a potion of hill giant 
strength). Three small cedarwood boxes also lie on the bench. The first 
contains black opal and diamond dust (the material components of 
the spell symbol, worth 5000gp), the second contains a miniature sword 
of platinum, copper and zinc (the material component of the spell 
Mordenkainen’s sword, worth 500gp) and the third contains a small 
flat ivory statue inlaid with gold and studded with gems (the material 
component of the spell duo-dimension, worth 7,500gp).

All three secret doors open into the room.

Room 2
This was the stronghold’s dungeon. Rustled fetters and gryves hang from 
the walls, and the floor is strewn with the skeletal remains of prisoners.
Hermione the medusa (AC 5; MV 8’; HD 6; hp 34; * AT 1; D 1-4; SA gaze 
turns to stone plus poison; 929xp; AL LE; S M) is trapped in here.
She has been brooding on Glatis’ treachery; her only desire is to be 
revenged upon him. She will try to persuade any character she meets to 
assist her in this aim, offering half the gold that Glatis stole from her 
as an inducement (see Room 11 on Level One). If this fails, she will employ 
single dose of a potion of human control in a further attempt at 
persuasion. If this also fails she will become hostile.
The extent to which Hermione is familiar with the stronghold is up to 
the DM to determine, but she should know of no secret doors. Since 
Hermione is of Lawful Evil alignment, she will adhere rigidly to the letter 
of any bargain struck, though she may twist the spirit.

Room 3
This was Famulus’ conjuration chamber. The shuttered door of this 
room lies in the corridor, as though some terrific force from within the 
room has burst it from its hinges.
Walls, floor and ceiling of this room are constructed of black marble. The 
apex of the ceiling vault is 20’ above the floor. A burned out brazier 
stands in the centre of the room, within a pentacle of white marble inlaid 
in the floor. Around the brazier lie five ebony candlesticks, each 
containing the stump of a black candle. Each candlestick lies at one of 
the points of the pentacle (the candlesticks are worth 750gp each). Next 
to the brazier lies a small silver dish. To the north of the pentacle is a 
circle of protection, and just to one side of this is a gold ring (see THE 
RING below for further details).

Note that the floor of the chamber, and everything upon it, is covered in 
a fine layer of black soot, which makes everything appear dull black.
Details such as the inlaid pentacle will be noticed only if the soot is 
brushed aside. The soot is all that remains of Famulus, who was 
destroyed by the Demon Telkroth when a cacodemon spell went 
completely wrong.

Speaking Telkroth’s name within the chamber has a 50% probability 
that Telkroth, the Type VI Demon (AC -2; MV 6’/15’; HD 8+8’; hp 72; 
* AT 1; D by weapon type; SA whip & flame for 4-24 damage; SD +1 or 
better weapons to hit; 4,404xp; AL CE; S L) will materialise in a hostile 
mood. He wields the equivalent of a two-handed sword +2. Nine Lives 
Stealer. There are seven chests of iron around the walls of the chamber.
Upon the lid of each is graven a pentacle. All are locked.
CHEST 1 is not trapped, and apparently empty, but a compartment 
in the false bottom contains tiny leather pouches and miniature candles 
(the material components of the spell monster summoning).
CHEST 2 has a poison needle trap in the lock (save vs. poison or die in 
1-10 rounds). Within the chest, wrapped in black silk, are 30 black 
candies. There are also 5 ivory boxes containing bat’s hair, sulphur, lard, 
soot, mercuric-nitric acid crystals and mandrake-root powder (this last 
is worth 150gp). There is also a small glass bottle of pure alcohol. These 
are the material components of the spell cacodemon.
CHEST 3 is not trapped. It contains 3 vials of unholy water, an incense 
burner and some incense.
CHESTS 4 and 5 are not trapped and empty.
CHEST 6 has a fire trap cast upon it. If this is set off the contents of the 
chest must save vs magical fires, or be destroyed. The chest contains 3 
ivory tubes, each containing scroll bearing the spell spiritwrack for 
Telkroth. Each scroll is worth 6,000gp to an interested magic user 
capable of 6th level spells, and the name of the Demon, contained in the 
scrolls, is worth another 10,000gp. (Thus, if the three scrolls were all 
sold to different magic users the sellers could realise up to 48,000gp, 
but if all were sold to one the price would be no higher than 28,000gp.)
CHEST 7 is not trapped, but misdirection spell cast upon it indicates 
a gas trap. Within the chest are three robes of black linen. The chest has a 
false bottom, but this is empty.

The Ring
This is a plain gold band, and belonged to Famulus. It is highly magical, 
acting as a ring of protection +2 and conferring upon its wearer the 
power to teleport without error twice per day and cause serious 
wounds by touch once per day. However, the ring’s side effects will 
pollute any holy water within 10 feet, and the touch of its wearer kills 
green plants.
The ring is cursed, and once put on cannot be removed except with the 
aid of a wish or a remove curse from a cleric of the 18th Level or above.
Anyone putting on the ring will immediately become aware of its useful 
powers, but not of its side effects or of the curse.
There is a 1% chance every day that the ring is worn that the Demon 
Telkroth, destroyer of Famulus, will become aware that Famulus’ ring is 
being used again, in which case he will materialise before the wearer of 
the ring and seek to destroy him. Likewise, there is a 1% chance every 
time the teleport or cause serious wounds power are used that Telkroth 
will notice.
The DM should note that if Telkroth becomes aware of the ring while its 
teleport power is being used, the ring wearer will find that he has 
teleported to Telkroth’s abode in the Demonic Abyss, there to be 
confronted by Telkroth.

Credits
Text
Art & Lunacy
Crocodile Tears
Alevening of sanity
Cartography
Playtesting
Other help
Ralph P Ingram
Runic Press International
Steve Dodd
Mike Brunton & Paul Cockburn
Paul Ritz
The Patriarch, High Priest & sundry 
Acolytes of Durrithamish (only the names 
have been changed to protect the guilty),
Nick Walker & KMMGS

IMAGINE magazine, January 1984
ADVENTURE GAMES
BY MAIL

As well as the items remaining in stock in our MAIL SALE, we are pleased to announce the superb range of products from Iron Crown Enterprises. You won't believe them until you see them. And when you see them, you still won't believe your eyes. Order now for an unbelievable experience.

IRON CROWN ENTERPRISES

Rolemaster Series:
- ARM LAW — rules designed for fantastic/medieval and melee combat. Fast moving, and realistic. £7.95
- SPELL LAW — adaptable to any FRP system. Complete spell system drawn from hundreds of cultures. Flavour and variety abound. £13.99
- CHARACTER LAW — a masterful set of guidelines for FRP character development. Like all Rolemaster series, usable with any FRP system. £7.95
- CLAW LAW — the animals strike back. £4.75
- Boxed Arms/Claw Law £12.50
- Rolemaster £29.95

The Middle Earth Series:
- ANGMAR — Land of the Witch King. Complete adventures in a land of chilling danger. Full colour, double-sided map sheet, details for adventures include trolls, dragons, bears, dragons, etc. Plus B&W maps, floor plans, cultures and herblore. £7.95
- UMBAR — Haven of the Corsairs. Maps, floor plans, details on wildlife, plants, climate, culture and politics. £7.95
- THE COURT OF ARDOR
As usual, complete components, plus details of animal lore, herbs etc. Explore this perilous jungle land of ancient swamp and island citadels held by dark elves and their fierce minions. £7.95
- NORTHERN MIRKWOOD — The Wood Elves’ Realm
Jam-packed with exciting components and maps, details of Lonely Mountain and holds of Sauron’s evil agents and much, much more. Also covers the great Eagles, giant Spiders, Wights, Dravures and 20 Dragons of the Withered Heath. £7.95
- SOUTHERN MIRKWOOD
Yet more amazing maps and information about this mysterious realm of the Wood Elves. £7.95
- FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING
This masterpiece can truly be said to be the definitive Tolkien Boardgame. An absolute must for all LOTR fans £25.00

MAIL SALE

CARDBOARD HEROES
Set 1 Heroes / Set 2 Brigands / £7.50
Set 3 Half Orcs / Set 4 Animals / £7.50
Set 5 Undead / Set 6 Monsters 1 / £7.50
Set 7 Monsters II / Set 8 Giants / £7.50
Set 9 Dungeon Dangers / £7.50
Set 10 Traps / £7.50
Villains & Villagelites Heroes / £7.50
Cops, Crooks & Civilians Heroes / £7.50
Traveller Heroes 1 Soldiers of Fortune / £7.50
Traveller Heroes 2 Imperial Marines / £7.50
Traveller Heroes 3 Zhodan / £7.50
Normal Price £2.95
SALE PRICE £2.20

SWEDISH GAMES
Norwegian £3.50
Danish £3.50
French £3.50
Spanish £3.50
Italian £3.50
Russian £3.50
Spanish £3.50

ADVENTURE GAMES INC.
- Tsolyani (20s) £7.50
- Adventures £5.95
- Argo £4.50
- Dreads of the Ever Glorious £2.95
- Resolution £3.75
- Boon of Book £3.75
- Yan Koriam £3.75
- Alliance £3.75

T & T TEE SHIRTS
- Nyah £12.50
- Mixed My £12.50
- Vital Spots £12.50
- (or M, please state) £12.50

Please make all payments (cheque/PO) to Flying Buffalo. Add 10% p&p to all orders and allow 14 days for delivery.

Send your order now to: FLYING BUFFALO, PO BOX 100, Bath Street, Waball, W. Midlands.

GamesFair ’84
THE CONVENTION WHERE GAMING COMES FIRST
On FRIDAY, SATURDAY & SUNDAY
6th, 7th & 8th APRIL 1984 at READING UNIVERSITY

Special guest: E. GARY GYGAX

Starting at 12 noon on Friday, and continuing until 6.00 pm on Saturday, GamesFair ’84 features:
- Seminar with Gary Gygax on Friday evening.
- The AD&D™ OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP — An individual, knockout competition to find the British AD&D Champion of 1984. Held over Saturday and Sunday, this limited entry event must be booked in advance.
- AD&D TEAM COMPETITION — A fun, single-round competition for teams of 5 players on Friday afternoon. Team leaders: send in a sae for more information.
- ALL THE ESTABLISHED FAVOURITES — Including the DRAGONQUEST™ and STAR FRONTIERS™ games. Traveller, Apocalypse, RuneQuest, 1829, Railway Rivals and many more.
- RESIDENTAL OR NON-RESIDENTIAL PLACES — Non-residential bookings entitle you to full use of all the convention facilities including inexpensive hot and cold food, extended bar (adults only), ideal gaming areas and an impressive array of arcade computer games. Residential bookings entitle you to all these plus two nights in a private bedroom and full breakfast on Saturday and Sunday. Booking in advance is essential.

WE NEED YOUR HELP. Reliable, careful, experienced DMs are needed to help run the AD&D competitions. Please mark your application form accordingly if you would like to help us.

Successful bookings will be confirmed by post. Full details and confirmation of events will be given in the GamesFair programme, which will be mailed to attendees in March. Only those who book in advance can be admitted.

Refunds (minus a £2.00 administration charge) will only be possible on cancellations made before 31st January 1984.

Persons under 14 years of age cannot be admitted. Bookings accompanied by an incomplete list of names or the incorrect money will be returned unprocessed.

BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT. TICKETS WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR.

PA Discount applies to member’s ticket only. If booking for more than one person please include ALL names and addresses.

The symbols ‘*’ and ‘™’ denote trade marks owned by TSR Inc. Wisconsin USA.

BOOKING FORM
Please make cheques/POs payable to TSR UK Ltd, and send to the organisers at: GamesFair, TSR UK Ltd, The Mill, Rathmore Road, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD. Tel. (0223) 212517.

Please send me ……………. residential ticket(s) for GamesFair ’84 at £28.50 (£26.50 for PA members) each.
£…………

Please send me ……………. non-residential ticket(s) for GamesFair ’84 at £7.50 (£6.50 for PA members) each.
£…………

I do/do not wish to enter the AD&D Open. Fee £1 50
£…………

TOTAL
£…………

I am/am not a member of the PA. My membership number is …………………………………
I do/do not wish to help DM one of the competitions. (Please give brief details of your experience — including age — on a separate sheet).

I am/am not a member of the PA. My membership number is …………………………………

My name:

My address:

Please mention IMAGINE magazine when replying to advertisements
Dungeon Accessory Pack I £2.95
Boxed with full colour illustration. Contains 12 sheets of illustrated card of floor plans, both ground, wood, steps, corridors, pits, grills, 1 sheet of graph paper for mapping.

Dungeon Accessory Pack II £2.95
Boxed with full colour illustrations. This pack is designed to expand your adventure includes, boats, rafts, trees, doors, windows, table, chairs, beds, treasure, skulls, swords and many more items in this pack.

Jumbo Hex Pad £2.95
Size 17 x 25 of large hexagonally connected hexes suitable for campaign mapping and expanding on commercially produced board games, contains 10 sheets.

Felt Hex £12.95
Playing surface for role playing and the wargamer. One inch hexes printed on high quality felt, 6 x 4 colours green, blue, sand, black.

Plain Felt £5.25 per metre, 12 inch wide, colours green, blue, sand and black.

Hex Paper Pad £1.95
For all mapping needs also useful for role playing adventures. Size A4 Pad containing 50 sheets.

Macro Hex Pad £1.95
A hex paper with a large hex overprinted, enabling an area from a campaign map to be blown up and drawn in detail.

Jumbo Hex Clear Plastic £1.80
This is a sheet of clear plastic for use as an overlay.

Campaigns in Focus £9.95 per set
40 pictures, full explanations on Vol I The Crimean War, Vol II The 2nd Afghan War 1879.

Role Playing Character Pads £1.95
50 A4 sheets of paper suitable for Dungeon Adventure. Saves hours of writing.

Cry Havoc £9.95
Medieval skirmish games of knights, peasants, bourne.

Starship Captain £12.95
Science fiction game, 9 play boards, realistic action.

City of Sorcerers £9.95
Fantasy adventure game in two parts.

Siege (New!) £9.95
Comparison game for Cry Havoc with compatible scenarios.

I enclosed cheque / P.O. Please send me...

Name/address...

Send to the above address. Postage and package free U.K. only. Overseas add 15% to the total cost. For free brochure please send s.a.e. TRADE enquires welcome both U.K. and abroad.
PA MEMBERSHIP

The PA is a club for all players of role playing games, particularly the D&D® and AD&D™ games. Since it was founded in 1981, the PA has become the country’s largest D&D club, and now has its own section in IMAGINE™ magazine. The benefits of membership include:

* Free quarterly broadsheet featuring hobby articles and news, competitions and new product information.
* Free badge, sticker and personalised ‘credit-card style’ membership card.
* Special offers available only to PA members, including the ‘R’ series of modules and Bargain Basement — your chance to buy damaged-but-usable stock at greatly reduced prices. Fuller details of the special offers are given in the broadsheet.
* Free postage and packing on mail orders from TSR UK Ltd for UK and BFPO members.
* Discounts on tickets for GamesFair hobby conventions.
* Listings of PA members in your area (send SAE).

Membership of the PA costs £2.50 per year for new UK or BFPO members (£2.00 for renewals) and £5.00 (or US $10) for overseas members. Just fill in this coupon and send it to:

PA Memberships, TSR UK Ltd, The Mill, Rathmore Rd, Cambridge CB1 4AD, England

together with a cheque or postal order made payable to TSR UK Ltd.

☐ Please enrol me as a new member of the Players Association. I enclose a cheque/PO for £2.50 (overseas £5.00 or US $10).

☐ Please renew my membership of the PA. I enclose a cheque/PO for £2.00 (overseas £5.00 or US $10).

My PA number is ____________________________

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms*) ____________________________

Address _______________________________________

I do/do not* wish my name and address to be available to other members.

* delete as appropriate)

---

D&D® PLAYERS ASSOCIATION NEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE BRITISH DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® PLAYERS ASSOCIATION

PAN PIPINGS

Christmas and the turkey have been and gone, and the New Year is now upon us. 1984 is seen as an ominous date but, in keeping with the rest of the doubleplus-good IMAGINE™ magazine, Pan Pipings is going to ignore the Orwellian implications entirely. The New Year is also a traditional time to look back at the preceding twelve months, and take stock of what happened.

1983 saw (and 1984 will see) some of the most significant developments in the AD&D™ and D&D® games since they were first introduced. The new, revised (again) D&D Basic Set made its appearance and was greeted with widespread praise on its strengths as an introduction to the hobby, and the question ‘Why wasn’t it available five years ago?’. The Basic Set is a concrete sign that the hobby is no longer a fringe activity, but is now moving into the area occupied by general ‘family’ games. Although many ‘veteran’ players are wary about this change, the enthusiasm of these newer players must benefit us all.

The AD&D game also saw many changes which will, I believe, have to alter the way the game is played by many people. The introduction of new spells such as the cantrips; and the new character classes, the barbarian, the cavalier (to be published in the next issue) and the thief-acrobat, are going to make a big difference to the campaigns of many players, if all the changes are carried through.

Like it or not, most players (and DMs) play a limited version of the game — the ‘hack-and-slay’ game. It’s great fun, but a lot of the real challenge of the game is no longer there. A sure sign of this kind of game is one in which all players have 31st level paladins with spare(!!) Holy Avenger Swords+5. Hack-and-slay takes out much of the social interaction which makes the game enjoyable — you can’t hold an intelligent conversation with the remains of three dozen frost giants.

The new rules should change the way in which many games are played. Without a background to set them in context the barbarian and the cavalier become pointless complications to an already intricate game. Both classes need a society to fit into — the barbarian needs the tribe, otherwise he is simply a savage fighter with more hit points than normal; the cavalier needs a feudal background, or he (or she) becomes a poseur on horseback. The classes only come to life when they have to get along with the rest of a society — the cavalier looking up on the rest of society from the lordly splendour of a saddle; the barbarian looking in from outside at the same society which he or she probably regards with disapproval tinged with envy.

The cantrips of magic users and illusionists will also change the nature of play. Most have effects which only make sense in a campaign where personalities are more important than the amount of damage dished out in combat. The Yawn cantrip, for instance, could be devastating if cast upon someone having an audience with a powerful monarch (the yawn cast into the dungeon for gross discourtesy etc), but it would be meaningless in the context of a hack-and-slay session.

1984 is the tenth birthday of the D&D game, and of its creation, TSR. What many people seemed to believe would only be a fad has survived (remember skateboards?), and is set to become one of the most popular games of all time. 1984 could be interesting.

And now, after writing all that serious stuff (and setting myself up for a barrage of mail disagreeing with every word) I will be allowed to go back into my padded alcove. The IMAGINE Thought Police will leave me alone for another month.

I love Big Editor... I love Big Editor... I love...

Michael Brunton

PAN, January 1984

31
DISPEL CONFUSION

Dispel Confusion is a question and answers column intended to help hobby gamers overcome problems they have had with game rules.

Normally, we answer a variety of questions dealing with the actual mechanics of the games – the way rules affect play. This time, however, we are changing the format of the column to deal with a problem that is more one of Dungeon Mastering style than rules interpretation.

For interesting answers, we first need good questions – so send your queries to: Dispel Confusion, TSR UK Ltd, The Mill, Rathmore Road, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD.

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® and ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® games

Q. I have been running a campaign for just over two years and the players have attained around 20th level each. They have now turned their attention to political matters and have designed a plan to seize power in at least one large country (the campaign is set in the Judges Guild world). Unfortunately, this plan will cause widespread war on a massive scale.

This is where the problem lies — with such large forces involved it is obviously unrealistic to fight it on a one-to-one scale. After searching for suitable rules I remembered the Swords and Spells book advertised in the Players Handbook.

The plan devised by the players is to assassinate the two most powerful rulers — the World Emperor and the Invincible Overlord. This will obviously cause civil war in the two countries and widespread revolt in any occupied territories.

I have worked out basic systems for supply and levying troops, but I would like hints and tips about any of the developments and problems that are common to this type of campaign.

A. Several interesting points are raised by this question, which apply to many campaigns, not just the one above.

Firstly, we would question the wisdom of allowing a campaign to develop to the point where 20th level characters are the norm. If only to make a DM’s existence easier, we would suggest that players are encouraged to retire their characters at an earlier stage.

Essentially what is proposed is a political struggle carried on by military means — the overthrow of a centralised Imperial authority by a group of powerful citizens. This need not involve ‘war on a massive scale’. By limiting the cast of characters to those in the palace — and the action to a social/intriguing level — a game will emerge that is just as much fun, and certainly much more manageable.

If the player characters have amassed sufficient experience points to reach 20th level then some Non-Player Characters (NPCs) should have done the same thing — after all, it is clearly possible for talented people to do so, and NPCs should be as talented as player characters. These NPCs might be anxious to see the current order maintained, and take appropriate action. The player conspirators could thus be faced with a small group, as powerful as themselves, thwarting their every effort. Any ruler who failed to take adequate precautions with such characters in his land would be a fool. It is likely that the World Emperor and the Invincible Overlord would keep a close eye on their more powerful subjects, and be forewarned of their general intentions.

Forewarned may well be forearmed, even to the point of pre-emptive action — assassinating potential assassins. In any case, rulers with dangerous subjects take precautions — heavy personal bodyguard detachments, protective spell use, spying, assassination, taking hostages as guarantees of good behaviour, retaliation for acts of rebellion, etc.

Basically, we are trying to suggest alternatives to full scale war. A palace coup d’etat has one advantage for the DM — it’s small scale. By the time blood has been spilled and knowledge of the coup attempt has become widespread, the new regime is either firmly established or it has been beaten off and destroyed. The outlying parts of the Empire and most citizens

TURNBULL TALKING

Pausing a nonce more with issue 9 and Tavern Talk, I won’t react to Pete Tamlyn’s barb about my senility, lest he decide after all to publish the photo he took at GamesFair. I like your column, Pete — honest!

Which brings me to GamesFair and a few words about the ideas behind it. It is advertised elsewhere in these pages as ‘the convention where gaming comes first’, and that’s the root of it. Time was when the gaming hobby in the UK was much less populated and those few aficionados spread all over the country found it well-nigh impossible to find a games shop and browse. By the same token these players found it quite difficult to meet others of similar interests within reasonable travelling distance — and this explains the emergence of the flourishing postal hobby.

In these days a convention which served a dual purpose was, in the mind of the gamer, fair enough. It allowed one enthusiast to meet many others, to play games with others and exchange ideas. It also gave the gamer the chance — at the trade stands — to see what was new and available. For many, this was the only reasonable chance to hear opinion, inspect and buy.

Not so today. There must be precious few readers of this magazine who can’t buy the game they want without going to the ends of the earth. The leisure games industry is booming, say the pundits, and if they mean that a lot more people are getting a lot more enjoyment out of gaming than hitherto, I’m sure they’re right. I guess that pretty well every town and city in the UK now has a games shop, or at least a shop where games can be examined and bought.

In turn, the ‘commercial’ function of the convention is now almost obsolete and that’s where GamesFair comes in. Gaming (and associated activities like talking about games) is the top and virtually only priority (one has to include a bit of eating, sleeping and so on). The small commercial presence is hidden well away from the gaming areas —
closer to home only discover that the coup has happened when it is all over. The only military powers which can be involved are those limited forces the plotters sneak in and the equivalent of the Praetorian Guard — the ruler’s household troops. The DM only has to worry about a company or two of troops with this option.

If you still want to run a large scale war unfortunately ‘Swords and Spells’ is no longer available. However, any good reference work on the Imperial Roman army or similar will illustrate the problems of keeping large numbers of men in the field. Wargames Research Group produce Ancient Wargames rules which can be interfaced with the AD&D™ game to produce a hybrid rules system — and if all else fails there are always the Warhammer rules from Citadel Miniatures.

Once the coup attempt has happened we suggest that the player characters are retired. If they failed they will probably be dead, executed by vengeful authorities. If they won they will now be occupied with running their new domains, and fighting off counter coups by any other groups.

The DM should take control of the characters, who will now become the targets for the next generation of power-hungry adventurers.

Power politics is not the easiest type of struggle to DM, but it can be one of the most interesting.

Mike Brunton, Graeme Morris & Phil Gallagher

Indeed, so well hidden that we have had the odd complaint from people who wanted to buy something and couldn’t find the trade stands. Games are played in profusion — the official AD&D™ competition notwithstanding; I have seen D&D®, AD&D, Runequest, C&S, STARFRONTIERS™, Traveller, TOP SECRET®, GANGBUSTERS™, 1829, Railway Rivals, Acquire, Illuminati, Doctor Who, DRAGONQUEST™, Cosmic Encounter, Dune, Magic Realm and Bushido games — and even then I have must have missed some.

So in promoting GamesFair, TSR’s aims are simple — to provide a place where gamers can meet friends old and new, have the occasional bite to eat and perhaps find some sleeping time.

Oh yes — there is also a collection of pinball and video machines, and if you think you recognise that youthful (despite Pete Tamllyn), greying figure hunched over the pinball, try to cadge a drink — it might just work.

Don Turnbull

I’d just returned from a trip with a friend to a miniconvention 60 miles away at a large state university. My alter ego emerged from the Castle Puls dungeon to take a break.

‘How did you and Zandy like it?’ he asked.

‘Well, you know I only heard about Wrath of Con two weeks before the weekend, but that gave me time to write for — and get — information. Half the time I write for info about a con and never hear a thing, but these organisers sent maps, a schedule and a list of restaurants and motels. They even warned about the football game on Saturday.’

‘Football? Did you have to fight through 50,000 spectators?’ alter looked bemused. ‘Why did they schedule a con opposite that madness?’

‘They were on the school year so that people would have time to come. Later in the school year students would be too far behind in their studies to take the time, theoretically. And this university has a home football game every weekend in September,’ I sighed. ‘Unfortunately, while the organisers remembered to warn convention-goers to come early, they forgot that the visitors’ parking marked on the map would be reserved for home football spectators on Saturday. We managed to find the last place to park within half a mile of the convention.’

‘So,’ said Alter, ‘the first rule for holding a convention is to schedule it during a quiet time, when people aren’t likely to be otherwise occupied and when there won’t be crowds around.’

‘Definitely. Finally we made it to the convention building — fortunately the organizers had provided a detailed map by photocopying and colour-coding the university campus map — and registered. Most conventions hand out name tags, so that you needn’t call everyone “you”, or constantly ask for names.’

‘That you’d forget in two minutes anyway.’

‘...but this convention didn’t have name tags. Why, I could have been standing next to Paul Cockburn himself, and wouldn’t have known it.’

‘Maybe that’s your good fortune,’ Alter laughed. ‘Don’t be so jealous! Just because he has a secretary to type his letters, doesn’t mean you have to be on PC.’

Alter sneaked a glance at me when he thought I wasn’t looking. ‘Only creeps have other people type their letters...’ he muttered. ‘Anyway, boss, I doubt whether PC would come to North Carolina, not even for the summer-like fall weather. Nobody recognized you, I take it.’

‘Well, I’m sure most people noticed us, two over 30 among college kids, Zandy looking like a long-haired male throwback to the 60s and me at 6’7”. But I didn’t advertise myself, and there was no one there I’d met before.’

‘They didn’t have any talks or demonstrations?’

‘The Society for Creative Anachronism put on a mock fight with their wooden swords and all, but that’s it. It’s useful to watch them fight, if the fighters are good, but newcomers tend to come round, watch the SCA, ignore the gaming, and write about a bunch of nuts beating their brains out at the local D&D® game convention.’

‘At least they had a dealer room,’ I added, ‘even if there was only one dealer.’ ‘T’ll keep buying one every 20 per year, I thought, T’ll soon be able to put one in every room of the dungeon. ‘No auction of used games though, and no talks or panel discussions, sadly.’

‘I remember the talks you gave at Origins — I had to type the handouts, but things like that give the less experienced players a chance to talk to the speaker and ask questions. If nothing else. It must be hard for a first-time mini-convention to line up someone well-known enough to draw as a speaker,’’

‘That’s true, Alter, but I think people are attracted to such things by the topic, not the speaker.’

‘Unless he’s Gary Gygax.’ I’m afraid Alter didn’t sound very respectful as he said this.

‘I understand even Jim Dunigan drew small audiences at Origins this year compared to the huge ones of the past. Now that’s Jim Dunigan, author, rather than the SPI President talking about SPI, people are much less interested. But as long as the topic is interesting, the speaker(s) are competent, and the scheduled time doesn’t conflict with popular tournaments, talks should draw decent audiences.’

Alter looked at my registration ticket. ‘What’s this?’

‘Oh, they gave each person a ticket, with the names of the events he’d registered for printed on it. The referee for an event could see the ticket to confirm proper registration, though no one did. I think they’re giving out separate tickets for each event, like the big conventions do; but at Wrath of Con there were few enough events that no one would need more room than the receipt proves worth. They did offer pre-registration, didn’t they?’

‘Yes, but I found out about the con too late to pre-reg, and anyway, I wasn’t sure I’d play anything. You know me, I go to conventions to talk, not to play games. But Zandy wanted to play, there wasn’t much else to do, I hadn’t played in four months — sigh — and the convention fee included up to three non-tournament events, so I had no reason not to play.’

‘I thought you didn’t like to play characters assigned by the referee.’

‘No, the game loses its sense of reality then. Fortunately, our referee let us use our own characters, even though the pre-reg info said all characters would be assigned. Zandy and I played it as a dream, of course, so that whatever happened didn’t count for or against the characters. But it still felt more real than when we used assigned characters later.’

Alter frowned. ‘It takes a lot of flexibility to accept “real” characters.’

‘Especially at eleventh level, which is where we were. And we tore up his scenario! In the second game we used made-up characters, and had nine players. That’s just too many to allow for rationality in a two-hour adventure...’

‘Two hours! Alter yelled. “That’s ridiculous.”’

‘I thought so too. We got more done than I’d expected, but partly because the referees used hurry-up-em-up methods. Zandy and I were especially surprised — appalled — that these people did all the tactical manoeuvring and arrangements verbally — no board, no pieces, barely a single marching diagram written on a blackboard. Certainly makes for sloppy play.’ I glanced at the clock. ‘We’ll have to talk about that later. It’s time you got back to work.’

Lew Pulipher

Lew will continue his Dialog with Alter next month, continuing his recollections of Wrath of Con and like musings...

PAN. January 1984

33
Know then, oh prince, that far away beyond the north wind, where the black sea breaks in endless torment against the granite crags...

There dwells, as is told in the great black book of Cratylius, an holy man, an hermit of great sanctity and wisdom...

Such indeed is his sanctity that the cataclysm came not near him, but stood apart, and trembling departed...

The world seems to be spinning...

It is spinning! Roll on the third age!

This hermit throws one Helena party!

Oh prince! Is not his life a lesson to us all? For were he not an holy man, made of inexpressible sanctity, then surely would he have been corrupted by the greatness of his riches, the worship of his disciples (who freely offered their goods into his came), and his thoughtfully appointed hermitages, which are set amongst parks and pleasures throughout the length and breadth of the known world!

Truly is it said that where he not bound by vows of poverty, the richness and luxury of his diet alone would set him above those gods who presume to favour him. Oh prince! Could we but tempt such a one as this to dwell amongst us, then would the simple folk of the mainland (those who have survived the cataclysm) flock to us with gifts of food and remittance for the privilege of hearing his wise words! Go you — seek out such a one!

And the long winter's night lasts full half the year...

Go back to sleep! It's only half past March!

And truly do the gods love him, for to him have they granted the power...

Money, where are my contact lenses?

You'll find them on the dressing table.

Gee, money! You're so wise!

...of prophecy!

It's not too bad giving upon the world, if the world doesn't give upon you.

Many seek him out with questions concerning these things that have been lost or mislaid and cannot be found by mortal means. Gifts do they bring, after their fashion, simple things; clothing, food and money. And should these gifts seem good in his sight, then doth he reveal where those things that have been lost may be found.

And he doth reserve to himself but one tenth part of their value. Let he be corrupted by worldly goods.

And so...

Proclaim a grand competition!

With prizes?

Let the sages of the world strive for mastery, and he who wins the laurel crown will most assuredly put the profit back in Moggedon!

PAN, January 1984
RAILWAY RIVALS

And so it happened, best beloved, in that most desolate and westerly part of our island, or Milford Haven as we usually call it, that a man had a singular idea. What is more, he was a very singular man indeed, for he was a man of many interests. Not only was he a Geography teacher—a noble profession—but also a man with a passionate interest in both railways and games. This singular idea, best beloved, as with all great ideas was, in retrospect, astoundingly simple. He decided to link his interests, his knowledge of Geography, his passion for railways and his love of games, and invent a game about railways played on a map. So simple it was, this idea, and it seemed so good, he decided to try and sell his idea to other people, but to do this he needed a name. And so he called it Railway Rivals.

I have to confess to a personal bias, for David Watts' Railway Rivals is possibly my favourite game. It combines all I require from a game: it is easy to learn and play, requires a fair amount of skill, and just occasionally (unlike Diplomacy) I actually win! Sadly, I have to say that I was not in on the real pioneering days when RR fans bought hex sheets, stuck them together with tape, and laboriously followed complex instructions to draw up their own maps. When I first played it was on black and white maps which had to be covered in clear plastic before use, while now David’s maps are coloured, laminated and of excellent quality.

But I haven’t told you about the game and how you play it. The Railway Rivals map consists of an area (a country or part of a country) with various hexes designated as towns, hills or rivers. Each town has a number, or in some cases several numbers, which are called key numbers.

The first part of the game consists of building your railway track—in reality drawing your route on a map in coloured pen. Naturally enough it is harder, and more expensive, to cross rivers or tunnel through hills than it is to build across ‘empty’ spaces, so you have to choose between cheap but long routes or expensive direct ones. When all the towns have been connected by players’ tracks the second phase begins, the racing.

Races are held between locations bearing key numbers on the map, and players may decide to enter any race using their own track, which is free, and other people’s, which costs money. The actual race is sheer snakery and ladders: you roll a 6-sided die and, using your chosen route, see who gets to the destination first. There is money awarded for 1st and 2nd in each race. If the race is long, you may decide on a joint effort with another player—though of course, if you win you have to split the rewards. Winning the entire game depends solely on the material gains, the player with most money after all the races being the winner.

In face-to-face games the racing is often the best part, particularly if a traditional 6-sided die is used. This can lead to the player with an impossibly long track throwing 6s while the player with the ace route consistently throws 1s, to the cheering of onlookers. In the postal game, however, the racing is, frankly, dull as the GM does all the die throwing in the privacy of his own home. Conversely the building stage is fascinating. Each turn, you are given three numbers for building and several weeks to think about it! I have my RR maps hanging on the wall and spend far too many hours staring blankly at them, desperately trying to decide what is the route for that game. There is a limited scope in the postal game for Diplomacy-style negotiation, largely when deciding on joint runs during the racing, but for me, it is the depth of planning you can indulge in during building that is the fascination. Indeed, the best postal games on the best maps often come close to realising David Watts’ original intention, producing a railway map which approximates to that of the great railway expansion of the 1850s.

Railway Rivals is, deservedly, one of the most popular postal games around, but has failed to gain an equivalent hold on the ‘mass’ of the games-playing public. I suspect the reason for this is the difficulty in packaging a game which consists largely of A2 printed maps; similar problems must have been experienced by TSR when they started marketing the D&D® game—how do you sell three rule books? If you see RR in a games shop it will probably be in the form of a cardboard tube containing maps, pens and rules, a good effort but not really sufficiently striking. The enthusiasm displayed by RR players shows that the game has the potential to be a huge success; let us hope, for David’s sake, that it realises that potential.

Brian Creese

Addresses and Information:

Railway Rivals is played in many postal games zines. As usual the place to start looking is 20 Years On. David Watts runs his own zine, Rostherne Games Review, and he is always willing to answer questions and give you information.

20 Years On:
Simon Billenness, 20 Winifred Road, Coulsden, Surrey CR3 3SA

David Watts:
‘Rostherne’, 102 Priory Road, Milford Haven, Dyfed SA73 2ED.

ImaginE magazine, January 1984
GRENADIER MODELS
10p quality metal figs 41.4 on 2" & 1.4" height. Minimum order is 20 figs, available at a small discount. Figures are detailed - full details and price list on request. 

NEW FROM FFGU
AFFORDABLE ADVENTURES
- OFFER. All FFG games are $$1.75 a copy. New games are encouraged to seek support and get the FFGU onto the market.一定是很有潜力的，而且非常重要。

- OFFER. All FFG games are $1.75 a copy. New games are encouraged to seek support and get the FFGU onto the market.一定是很有潜力的，而且非常重要。

Inked DICE - Official Issue 
Inked Dice - Official Issue 
INKED DICE - Official Issue 
INKED DICE - Official Issue 
INKED DICE - Official Issue
Film Review

When it comes to fantasy role-playing, nobody does it quite like Leonard Zelig. The only problem is, he can never work out what to be. When he goes for a meal in a Greek restaurant, he becomes Greek. When he meets an American Indian, he turns into an American Indian. In conversation with two hugely overweight men, Zelig decides he should be fat too, and immediately: 'It's people, start to talk. The press calls him 'The Chameleon Man'.

Clearly, this guy has a character problem. His identity crisis is on the scale of a national disaster. But when Leonard Zelig sees a psychiatrist, well, he just turns into another psychiatrist.

Zelig (Warner, PG) is Woody Allen's most irresistible film for quite a while. He has found a new way to make fun of his own neuroses without exposing us to the egomaniac which became so overbearing in Manhatten or Stardust Memories. Leonard Zelig is a celebrity; but he is also nobody, without the confidence to have a personality of his own. He has largely been forgotten since his fame in the twenties and thirties, so Zelig takes the form of a documentary, presided over by pundits, and meticulously reconstructed from home movies, clinical recordings and contemporary newsreels: Zelig playing in an all-black jazz band; Zelig getting hustled off the balcony as Pope Pius XI addresses the faithful masses; Zelig at Hitler's side in Munich, waving to his therapist in the audience....

Strangely, the same sort of device is used in The Twilight Zone — The Movie (Warner, 15), where it isn't funny at all. Vic Morrow plays a modern-day racist who suddenly finds himself in occupied France, arrested as a Jew by the Nazis; hunted down as a black by southern Klansmen; and shot as a Viet Cong by American GIs. In the original Twilight Zone TV series, Rod Serling usually had a strong moral point to make with his adventures in the 'dimension of the mind', and that has been carefully pre-served in this cinema re-creation, produced by Steven Spielberg and John Landis, directed in four parts by them and Joe Dante (of The Howling) and George Miller (of Mad Max).

Spielberg's story is a great disappointment, a whimsy about sweet old folks in an old folks' home becoming even sweeter grand masters. I'm sure it will look better on video, in the proper scale of the original programme.

Already on video is Xtro (Polygram, 18), nothing to do with Alfred Bester's novel of the same name (well, nearly the same). Written, produced and directed by Harry Bromley Davenport — oh yes, he did the music too — it is a deeply cynical movie. cribbing bits from Close Encounters, The Thing and especially Alien. The dialogue is so stunningly bad it is almost worse than the acting, and the plot makes no sense at all, except as some sort of vicious Freudian dream. Sam Ellis (Philip Sayer) is taken away by a flying saucer and turned into an alien nasty that eats people, mutates instantaneously, adopts human form, affects machinery by willpower, leaps tall buildings at a single bound, and generally does anything else that Davenport happened to think of at the time. Then Ellis comes back to Earth for his son.

But Xtro is quite unpretentious. It doesn't claim to be anything but a vehicle for Tony Harris's special effects, which are as virulent and glutinous as they come. More so, if anything, seeing that Harris took the SFX award at the 1983 International Festival of Fantasy Cinema, against competition from Time Bandits and Scanners. 'A brutal excursion in terror,' says the slogan, and for once it describes the movie exactly.

For one will be glad when we get to the end of this rather silly phase of movie extra-terrestrials that are either supernatural or omnipotent, and usually both. Film-makers seem to have lost sight of the fact that intelligent aliens will have their own psychology, their own motives and limitations, just like us. Meanwhile, they are either angels or demons, take it or leave it.

Colin Greenland

Colin will be back as usual in issue 12. Next month Dave Pringle will be here to review some of the new fiction releases.
Yawn.... Hello there! Here in two-months ago land, life is boring. There is a good reason though, and I am writing this two weeks before Games Day, and anyone who has anything interesting to do or say is saving it up for then. All the more so this year, since Games Workshop, in an uncharacteristic fit of generosity, has been handing out freebie tickets to approved (ie not me) fanzine editors, thus enabling them to avoid that interminable wait in the rain.

A few snippets have come my way. The new Dragonlords has an editorial by Marc™ Gascoigne, which Ian Marsh wouldn’t let Mike Lewis see before publication. And Brian Creese has promised an FRP-orientated issue of NMRI which will be ‘pro-Irving’ and include thoughts on the D&D® game by the tortuously loquacious bard of Anglesey, Robin ap-Cynan. But then you’ll know all that by now, won’t you? Eh? What do you mean you don’t subscribe to those ‘zines? Do so, at once!

One thing that is unlikely to have gone away by the time this sees print is the ‘feud’ between Dragonlords and SEWARS, of which Paul Cockburn made brief mention in the Fanzines section in #8. As this column does not have to maintain an air of detached fairness I thought I’d fill you in on what is actually going on. SEWARS, while commendably reliable, sometimes leaves a bit to be desired in terms of production quality and content. Fanzine editors have called it ‘scruffy’, ‘juvenile’ and ‘sycophantic’ (towards TSR). Chris Baylis, the man behind SEWARS, hasn’t taken kindly to this, and has adopted a dictum that fanzines should not review other fanzines.

Now, this would be OK if he actually kept it to himself. After all, there’s no need to make value judgements — a name and address is a perfectly adequate plug — but in practice Chris’s policy seems to mean no mention of the other ‘zines at all, save for a paragraph or two of general vitriol about how nasty they are. One issue, he even publicly bawled out one of his subscribers just because the poor chap had written a complimentary letter to Dragonlords! As you can imagine™, the DL crew are lapping this up, and are sniping mercilessly at Chris, which, of course, makes him even more anti-social.

As Paul says, this is rather a shame, but it is unlikely to end until Chris realises that the more he cuts himself off from the rest of the hobby, the more likely it is to be rude about him.

On a more futuristic note, the convention schedule for next Easter seems to be getting somewhat crowded. There is GamesFair, of course, at which I will attempt to drink Paul and Mike under the table without a repeat of the famous zombie impersonation. But in darkest Coventry, a group of Warwick University students are planning a counter-convention. The official reason given for the clash is that they hope it will result in a zero attendance of Irvings at their event, but the real reason is more likely to have something to do with the dire threats made against the person of Matt Williams by certain IMAGINE™ magazine personnel after his behaviour at last year’s event.

Over the actual Easter weekend, we have SeaCon, the largest SF gathering of the year, which is likely to cause more damage to Brighton than any number of mods. Arrangements for this have been underway for many months now, which is just as well since the organising committee, led by famous author, John Brunner, and famous alcoholic, Martin Hoare, has been having considerable trouble with Guests of Honour. The first invitee, Isaac Asimov, was all very willing until (or so it was reported) someone offered him a large advance to write another book. Then they turned to Philip José Farmer, who was good enough to wait until after they’d had new posters printed before withdrawing as well. The current GoH is Roger Zelazny, but with several months to go there is a good chance that they will have got through several more names by the event, and ended up with Dave Langford. Other luminaries intending to be ‘only here for the beer’ include Robert Heinlein and, if he is brave enough to risk having his nose tweaked once more by the aforemention- ed Langford, Harlan Ellison.

Finally, look out for the forthcoming DL 20/ Q&S 10 team up issue. And, of course, many thanks from Kathryn and I to all those kind people who sent us their best wishes.

Fanzines

This has been a good month for all kinds of publication, of a variety that is rapidly making the header for this section a bit of a misnomer. I would heartily recommend anyone interested in the amateur press side of the hobby to get 20 Years On 7, with the usual comprehensive listing of ‘zines, games and hobby services. Most hobby events, like Games Day and Dragonmeet, now have a ‘zines stall, but 20YO remains the best introduction.

Even worse than the feud with SEWARS, Dragonlords 19 has an editorial by ex-editor Marc Gascoigne which is trite and egocentric to an extreme. I used to recommend DL unreservedly, but I think it’s losing its way — though it was Best Games Fanzine at Games Day ’83. SEWARS 15 provides new character classes, a scenario and magic items, plus reviews. It has plenty of appeal for those who want lots of unofficial additions to the A&D™ game.

Simon Billenness gave me drunk & disorderly 17 at Games Day, this being the first time that I have had one to review. After the excellent cover — bearing a false name for the ‘zine — it proved to be an ordinary, though entertaining chat ‘zine, with letters, personal comment, and a good article on women in FRP, something we will return to ourselves, I’m sure. Another first appearance in this space — Wyrm’s Claw 17. Along with chat, reviews and discursive articles on clerical magic and the like, this FRP ‘zine offered an article on ‘doing it for real’, the sort of adventuring that goes on at Treasure Trap. Is this the future?

Half of Tales From Tanelorn 4 is printed upside down, and much of the rest is printed diagonally. How does Matt do it? Why does Matt do it? Moorcock and FRP the Williams way are hidden in the eye-bending text. Psychopath 10 is excellent, walking the line between FRP and postal ‘zine. Psychos(h)occer rules fill it up a little, but the balance is normally better. Rapskallion 2 shows that this ‘zine is going to be a contender for the Best ‘Zine slot one day, if only because three pages were given over to cricket. Essex CCC rule, OK?

On the frontier between FRP and Postal Gaming, Pete Tamlyn produced both a Games Day special and Acolyte 52. In the latter, Pete is at his absolute best. Nobody is spared! 2nd in the Zine Poll, 4th at Games Day, there can’t be anyone even to what the best amateur publication really is. Greatest Hits 112 shows that Pete Birks is getting further away from gaming than ever. Reviews and letters on rock, films, books etc. Good reading for the connoisseur. NMRI! 44 was an FRP special, with articles on varied themes on that subject. It remains a Diplomacy vehicle, for those who were worried.
Hopscotch 36, a 'zine for "unusual games" by post. For 20p +p&p you could be unusual too. The improvements in the presentation of War Machine 23 and Wargame News continue, as Mike Costello launches his semi-pro 'zine, PBM. Neither has suffered from the arrival of a 'big brother'. Dib Dib 33 has several pages devoted to the ephemera of postal gaming, the Gamestart Service and the NGC Diplomacy Rating System. Shows how much energy Diplomacy players have. If 8, a newcomer to these pages, and Walamaysia Gazette 36 concentrate on cheap gaming, Soccinboss in the former, Diplomacy in WG.

Mad Policy 89 was a bit thin, but came with a Preference Matrix for the Zine Poll results. Like I said, there's lots of energy among the postal boys.... Take That You Fiend 13 had even more personal comment than usual. It seems you either play Diplomacy and offer tables, services or whatnot for it, or you play Diplomacy and tell everyone what records you listen to.

Leaving all that behind, three publications arrived from the British Science Fiction Association: Vector 116, Paperback Inferno 44 and Matrix 49. Vector, the critical journal of the BSFA, looked at the work of Mary Gentle, and had other state-of-the-art articles. PI is a review vehicle. Matrix isn't worth the paper it's printed on; the editor tried to excuse the pornographic cover on p 48, claiming it was 'intended to show in comic-art form the absurdity of certain images'. Of course, the mountain of mail he got from people who were just offended, and didn't realise he was being clever, didn't affect this statement in the least. Fans of IMAGINETM magazine's fiction might give Fantasy Tales vol 6 no 12 a try; plenty of good gothic horror stories and.... well.... Fantasy Tales.

Two stripines launched premier issues — oddly, quite similar. Shokwave 1 had five strips, two (or three) to be continued. Atomic Crusader was possibly the best drawn; all had fair plots. Necro-Worlds 1, edited by Ian Williamson of Alabron fame promises reviews, news and gaming input, along with three strips. Both 'zines could not stand comparison with the quality of art in more established comics, but might amuse younger readers. Can either survive financially? It must be risky.

Lastly, I'm glad to say that Nicky Palmer's premier edition of Flagship was really good. Good articles with summaries of the rules, on Starlord, Universe II, Superweb, Warboid World, Empyrean Challenge, Crassimoff's World, The Keys of Bled and The Tribes of Crane. It was all it promised to be, but £1.75? Can the postal hobby support a venture at that price? I wish Nicky all the best.

Contact Addresses:

20 Years On, Simon Billenness, 20 Winifred Rc, Coulsond, Surrey CR3 3JA (35p); Dragonlords, Ian Marsh, Grams Rd, Waltham, Deal, Kent CT14 7PU (60p); SEWAR, Chris Baylis, 12 the Frithy, Basildon, Essex (60p); drunk & disorderly, Pete Lindsay, Pitmilly Lodge West, Boarhills, nr St Andrews, Fife KY16 8PP (45p); Wyrm's Claw, Lazarus, 119 Derbyshire Rd S, Moor Nook, Sale, Cheshire M33 3GS (60p).

Tales From Tanelorn, Matt Williams, 24 Moor Street, Earlsdon, Coventry (50p); Psychopath, Mike Dean, 32 Newlands Ave, Scarboro, N Yorks Y012 6PS (35p); Rapscroll, Steve Norledge, 75 Hawkhurst Way, W Wickham, Kent BR4 9PE (35p).

Acolyte, Pete Tamlyn, 2 Poplar Rd, The Coppice, Aylesbury, Bucks HP22 5BN; Greatest Hits, Pete Birks, 39 Handforth Rd, London SW9 D2L (£2 for 4); NMR!, Brian Creese, 256 Canterbury Park Rd, Kingston, Surrey KT2 6LG (45p).

Hopscotch, Alan Parr, 6 Longfield Gdns, Tring, Herts HP23 4DN (20p); Wargame News / War Machine, Mike Costello, Emjay, 17 Langbank Ave, Rise Park, Nott'm NG5 5BU (65p / £1.15); Dib Dib, Tom Tweedy, 29 Stanley Hill Ave, Amersham, Bucks HP7 9DB (35p); H. Len George, 32 Chapman Cr, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 OTE; Walamaysia Gazette, Dave Thorby, 200 Lavender Hill, Enfield, Middlesex EN2 8NJ (7p); Mad Policy, Richard Walkerdine, 144 Stoughton Rd, Guildford, Surrey GU2 6P £12 (12 p +post); Take That You Fiend, Kevin Warne, 48 Boscombe Ave, Hornchurch, Essex RM11 1JG (35p).

Vector, Paperback Inferno, Inferno, BSFA membership, Sandy Brown, 18 Gordon Terrace, Blantyre, Lanarkshire G72 9NA; Fantasy Tales, David Sutton, 194 Station Rd, Kings Heath, B'ham, B14 7TE (75p); Shokwave, Nick Cox, 12b Richmond Wood Rd, Queen's Park, B'rnewmouth, Dorset BH8 9DH (30p); Necro-Worlds, Ian Williamson, 98 Witterd Rd, Norwich, N'folk NR7 9XD; Flagship, Nicky Palmer, 7 Delahay House, 15 Chelsea Embank't, London SW3 4LA (£1.75).

Next Issue:
The Life and Times of the Chivalrous Cavalier

* A new character class — the cavalry of the AD&D™ game.
* Social status and birth tables; for princes & peasants.
* Horse combat.
* The Black Rose — can the Order save the beleaguered village?
* What do NPCs do in their spare time? The question answered.

These exciting features, plus all the regular departments: Nic Novice, Stige Corner (on time and motion), Illuminations, PAN, Book Reviews, Imagination Machine (now expanded, and monthly, to bring even more reviews of the micro gaming world), Game Reviews, Tavern Talk, Letters, and the Sword of Alabron.

All for just £1.00!
Several months ago, DRAGON® magazine published a serious article about chess in the AD&D™ game — that is, characters playing chess against each other. Pretty esoteric stuff, and very heavy. A later issue actually had a letter from a US chess master praising the system. So, in the hopes of attracting a letter from Steve Davis, we present:

Santa in the AD&D™ game

In the back room at ‘The Cloven DM’ a needle match is in progress. ‘Grothch the Barbarian is approaching the table now, and he is going for the last red (which for viewers in black & white is just behind the pink), and he’s.... potted it beautifully. With the colours on their spots this is just a formality’.

A formality save for the fact that his opponent is a large, hairy bugbear - who hates losing....

The Rules

1. The two opponents should decide who goes first, by initiative (standard melee procedure), size of fist or whatever. The winner of initiative decides whether or not to break.

2. The character who breaks rolls 1d100 and refers to the Luck Table. If no ball was potted on the break, play passes to the other character.

3. After the break, play continues using the Potting Table. Each character continues to use the Potting Table until he or she misses a pot. A character may declare that he is attempting to snooker the opposing player instead of potting a ball (see Snookering).

4. The highest points total wins.

**Lucky Table**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Value</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>01-03</td>
<td>2 red balls have been potted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>04-15</td>
<td>1 red ball has been potted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-69</td>
<td>The balls scatter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70-90</td>
<td>In off. The white ball has gone into a pocket*.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91-93</td>
<td>A colour is potted**.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94-00</td>
<td>The balls scatter, but opponent snookered (see Snookering).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A character’s dexterity may be added to or subtracted from the Luck Table Roll before it has been made. Rolls of less than 01 are treated as 01, rolls of greater than 99 are treated as 00.

* When a white is potted, the opponent receives 4 points or the value of the ball from which it rebounded. For example: The white hits the green ball, then rebounds into a pocket — this gives the opposing character 4 points. Had the white hit the blue, the opponent would have received 5 points. Refer to the Colour Table to determine which coloured ball was hit. From a break an ‘in off’ shot will always be off a red (4 point penalty).

** Refer to the Colour Table.

**Potting**

After the break, play continues using the Potting Table, whether a red or a colour is being attempted. Each attempt is made by rolling 1d20. The resulting number may be modified by adding the character’s dexterity divided by 3 (rounded up), and subtracting a difficulty factor of 1d6.

**Potting Table**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Colour</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-2 Fluff*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-12 Hit intended ball — opponent’s turn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13-20 Intended ball potted**.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* If the character fluffed, another colour was hit (01-50), the white potted (51-90) or the white missed everything (91-00). Go to the Colour Table to see how many points are awarded to the opposing character (subtract red (4 point penalty) if the roll indicates a foul on the colour actually attempted) otherwise award 4 points. Play passes to the opponent.

(Optionl Rule: A character with a dexterity of 3 or 4 who fluffs may (25% chance) have torn the cloth. The opposing character’s attitude — and the table owner’s attitude — are open to interpretation at this point).

** Receive the relevant number of points. If a red was potted mark off one red from the available number (10 or 15, depending upon table size). Colours are replaced until the last red is potted.

If a red was potted either as a result of the Potting Table or the Luck Table the character may attempt to pot a colour.

A. Roll 1d4. This is the number of available colours that may be attempted.

B. Roll on the Colour Table to determine which balls are available (roll again from duplications). Characters automatically attempt the highest value ball using the Potting Table.

(OPTIONAL RULE: the character may choose a lower value ball and add 1 per point value difference to the Potting Table Roll. For example, pink, blue and yellow may be attempted. The character opts to go for the yellow, and can add 4 to the Potting Table Roll).

A poted colour means another red (or the next highest value colour after all the others are gone) may be attempted.

**Colour Table**

Roll 1d6 to determine the colour of the ball.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Colour</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 yellow</td>
<td>2 points</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 green</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 brown</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 blue</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 pink</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 black</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Reds are worth 1 point each.

**Snookering**

A character may attempt to snooker an opponent through the Luck Table, or when there is only one red or just the colours remaining on the table. On a roll of 1 on 1d6 the opponent is snookered. The snookered character rolls on the Potting Table and subtracts his or her opponents dexterity divided by three (rounded up) from the die roll.

**Weaponry**

In the event of brawl ensuing over the result of a friendly game of snooker, the game equipment can be used as weapons.

Snooker Cues: 2-5 points of damage. Balls: 1 point of damage (thrown with the same rate and range as a dart). Tables: may be thrown by giants etc. as though small boulders.

Matthew Birkle

We at IMAGINE magazine do not want to hear about AD&D rules for golf, darts, tiddlywinks or anything else....
Complimentary Tickets: Games Day '83

The annual jamboree that is Games Day took place this year over the weekend of November 5th/6th, at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, London. If you have never attended a Games Day, in the capital or in its northern guise, then you may wonder what it is all about. Well, this brief article can give only a very vague impression of its activities — let me tell you that words cannot do justice to the real thing!

Nearly 10,000 games fans came through the door over the two days, and most of the Trade Stands were reporting a worthwhile level of business. There can be no doubt that the most eagerly sought-after item was Monster Manual II — and the complete stock was bought from the TSR stand. It will be said elsewhere I know, but one young man proved just how keen he was to buy when faced by the lightning wit of the charismatic Karen:

Keen Purchaser: 'How much is MMII?' Karen: '£8.95...
The young customer searches his wallet to collect the correct sum
...£12.95 with a carrier bag.'
Young customer searches for the extra.

The hall was filled almost to bursting, with gamers who had come to look, to buy and to play. The Treasure Trap champion was never without an opponent in the centre of the hall, and the demo games and competitions were well attended.

A popular event was the Sunday Roast, in which Don Turnbull, Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone faced an audience armed to the teeth with searching questions. A similar experiment at Games Fair '83 produced a silence thick enough to cut through, when Gary Gygax made his infamous 'good DMs only roll dice for the noise they make' statement. The Sunday Roast offered similar excitement. The partisan crowd, delighted to have found Runequest voted Best Role-Playing Game, heard Ian Livingstone not only say that the D&D game was clearly more popular in terms of sales, by a considerable margin, but also that he played the D&D game himself in preference. 1983, the year the illusions were shattered....

Within the larger context of the gaming and the trading, there were a number of other activities, without which the weekend would not be complete. The Games Day Awards were announced on the Sunday, with Ian being forced to congratulate himself on being Hobby Personality of the Year. Judge Dredd was Best SF Boardgame, Warhammer won the Best Tabletop Rules category and Citadel swept the figures awards. I'm delighted to say that IMAGINE magazine was voted third best SF/F Games Magazine in its first year — effectively after just 5 issues. Next year....

Many competitions were run over the weekend itself, and, dare we say it, our own Mike Brunton won the figure painting competition on Saturday. He was appointed a judge for the Sunday event, which was one way of halting his inexorable progress. One young man, Tony Ellis, 15, from Essex, collected his first prize for the Tunnels & Trolls Twenty Minute Trail competition from the game's inventor, Ken St Andre. He won £200 worth of the games of his choice — and there was plenty of choice! Even though there were not too many new games, several were announcing additions and expansions, and Gibson's Games were running demos of their forthcoming Westminster game, which looked very impressive.

Ian Livingstone has been receiving letters of considerable praise for this year's event; 'people said that they felt immersed in a great day', and whilst the Horticultural Halls can get a little crowded, no major changes are anticipated for next year.

Paul Cockburn

Galacticon

Blake's Seven fans picketed the BBC TV centre at the beginning of Galacticon, held in the City of London in October. Guest-of-honour was Michael (Vila) Keating, seen here with Star Wars actor Jeremy Bulloch.

Wendy Graham.

Clubs & Events

In #12 of IMAGINE magazine, we intend to print a comprehensive list of FRP clubs in the UK. If you would like your club to be mentioned, please send details to us at 't' Mill by January 7. Also, if you would like to start a FRP club, you can advertise free in these pages. Finally, if you lack the time or disposition to organise a club but would like to join one, watch this space.

This month, a notice from Haverhill: Experienced DM wishes to start a group to play the AD&D and BOOT HILL games, etc. Please contact: Jem Ward, c/o Provincial Insurance, Provincial House, 32 High Street, Haverhill. Tel: (0440) 705711 Ext 2.

Details of Games Fair, April 6-8, Seacon, April 20-23, and Tynecon II: The Mexico, May 25-28, appeared last issue, and will be repeated nearer the relevant dates. There are two cons this month:

Stabcon VI will take place Jan 13-15 at Woolton Hall, Fallowfield, Manchester, from 'whenever you arrive on Friday' until 7pm on Sunday. Further details from Dave Waring, No 2 Cottage, Castle Farm, Tingrith, MILTON KEYNES.

Exeter University Games Convention is to be held on Saturday and Sunday 28-29th Jan, 10am - 10pm and 10am - 6pm, in Cornwall House, Exeter. More details from Jeff Wilks, Cornwall House, St Germain's Road, EXETER (enclose SAE).
SCORPION HALL

Scorpion Hall is the second SoloQuest book for RuneQuest by Alan Laverne. For those unaccustomed to solo play, the dungeons are pre-programmed adventures for use by a single player (or group of players) without a referee. In a solo adventure, you are offered a choice of actions appropriate to the setting, and are asked to select one option to continue play. Once you have made your choice, you are given instructions on what to do next, usually in the form of a statement telling you to turn to page X or go to section Y. For example:

'You are in a 10' x 10' room with four doors; one in each wall. The room is bare but for a small leather purse in the Northwest corner. If you wish to leave the room through the south door (ie leave the way you came) turn to page 33: North, page 7; East, page 20; West, page 97. If you wish to examine the purse, then turn to page 3.'

As an adventurer set on destroying the nearest Chaos nest (or at least plain greedy and out for every copper piece you can find!), you hear of Scorpion Hall, an old but solid castle which has seen the ravages of several different owners. You make the compulsory visit to the town 'Adventure Shoppe' where you may purchase equipment. Fully prepared, you check your encumbrance totals and then set off on your bold adventure. Luckily, you manage to find a 'safe' campsite, where you may return to lick your wounds if you survive this or any other trip.

After resting, you now continue to Scorpion Hall, spear or quarterstaff in hand (other weapons being too heavy for the several-hour trip) until you come to the forest. I'm giving nothing away in saying that you will meet RuneQuest's equivalent to the Inland Revenue: a Scorpion man, one of a series of advance scouts left in the forest to stop you. If you defeat him, you are allowed to continue the adventure unhindered — if not, the best bits of your adventurer are consumed, thereby endowing the beastie with some of your spells, all your magic items, and half of your money! To make things worse, he also gets to make experience rolls for defeating your character making things even harder for the next poor adventurer to travel this way. If, on the other hand, you kill him and survive to return another day, more Scorpion men are provided — each successive one being tougher to kill than the last.

Once in Scorpion Hall, you are presented with an excellent 'living dungeon', where defeated monsters are often replaced by new challenges (on your next trip of course!), and monsters which defeat you may decide to move to quieter areas. This is accomplished through the use of small sub-sections in the text, for example: 'If you defeat the Wyrm, replace paragraph 117 with "Go to 284."'

A lot of work has gone into providing an interesting series of playing sessions for the lone gamer, or an overworked GM. Well-written, coherent and great fun; each encounter has been given a character of its own, not often found in solo adventures. Apart from this, the beauty of the RuneQuest system individualises each creature found, so you cannot often predict exactly what a given creature can or cannot do (unlike the D&D game).

Scorpion Hall is excellent value for money, and is a worthwhile investment for any RuneQuest player — for your money you get a 96-page solo adventure which provides a lot of scope for role-playing (yes, even the bad guys!), a map for use with one of your own adventures (once you have finished the book, of course), and several new monsters to populate your world. If you see a copy, read it — if not, buy it!

Trevor Graver

SCORPION HALL is the second module for SoloQuest, from Games Workshop, 27/29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP, Price £4.95.

BATTLECARS

Despite the fact that Ian Livingstone spent over three years designing Battlecars, the game-play and concept definitely smack of ex-Standard Games designer, Gary Chalk. Unfortunately, one of Gary's hallmarks is that he likes to surmise that players can 'read between the lines'; thus his rulebooks always contain a number of minor irritations — each on its own not worthy of mention, but en masse enough to cause several disturbances of play in a game which is otherwise fast and most definitely furious.

There is no doubt that Battlecars will be compared with Steve Jackson's Car Wars by anyone who is into Death Race 2000/

Mad Max type games, and there is also no doubt that this comparison is justified. The basic idea is more than just similar, it is identical — drive around a pre-designed track/area/street, and blow, blast or ram every other vehicle in sight(s) into eternity. The winner is the player whose car is the only one left not totalised — pretty neat idea, eh?

In its favour, Battlecars is relatively low-priced: at £6.95, well-boxed in a solid, attractive 'regular' sized cardboard container, and the playing pieces also, in general, sufficiently sturdy and colourful. Unlike Car Wars, in which participants have 'x' amount of points to spend on armour, armament, weaponry and actual design, Battlecars provides a card outline of four different vehicles. All drivers need to do is to choose which weapons they wish to place in their respective 'weapon pods' or turrets.

The choice of weapons is rather limited and very basic. There are no laser weapons, no grenades, no 'extra' armour available, and out of the rockets, shells, flame and machine-guns, only the rockets and flame are worth bothering with as the others are so under-rated as to be virtually useless.

For some reason best known to the designers, mines and spikes are classed as 'passive' weapons alongside smoke and oil; I have yet to meet a passive mine in any game.
Readers of Acolyte or Tavern Talk know that the number of times I can find something nice to say about Games Workshop can be counted on the fingers of an earthworm. But there are exceptions to every rule, and just recently the Other Steve Jackson produced something that I recommend you all go out and buy.

Sorcery is another solo dungeon along the lines of Warlock of Firetop Mountain and all the others that Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone currently have at the top of the children's bestseller list. Unlike the previous books, however, this one has a more complete set of FRP rules. It has combat, magic, character progression, and even a rudimentary clerical system, and you can learn the rules in about five minutes. A good start, methinks.

The presentation, as one expects from Penguin, is excellent. The number of words in such publications, in particular the Spell Book, is limited, but the spaces have been filled by some superb artwork from John Blanch. If you like fantasy art, then the books are worth the money for this alone, but the role-players among you are doubtless more interested in the quality of the scenario.

Actually, it is rather limp, from a role-playing point of view, because the book has not been written as an RPG but as a puzzle. The player takes the part of the champion of the country of Analand, sent out on a dangerous mission of great importance to your country. Why, then, do your fellow citizens send you off equipped with only enough food and money to last you until the next city, and without the material components for most of your spells? Well, the book, as it is intended to be used, would not have much value if you could play it once and get through easily. Thus you start out without the necessary bits and pieces, and have to risk life, limb and mission to pick them up on route.

Having said that, as a puzzle the book is reasonably good. My only complaint concerns the final encounter, in which success seems largely dependent on whether or not you are lucky enough to pick the correct route through a maze. Also, there may be one or two bugs left over after playtesting—at one point I was told to return to a place which I had not yet visited. But the puzzle is not the reason why I'm recommending that you buy the books, either. Read on.

As I said, the game includes a simple set of RPG mechanics that can be learned in about 5 minutes, it can be GM'd—in fact that is how I played it, and it takes about an hour to get through the scenario. What does that add up to? A pretty good introduction to RPGs. There are flaws in the scenario as a role-playing game, but nothing that a good GM can't sort out. A more difficult problem is the limited number of choices available at each decision point, but getting the player to select one of these is a good test of GMing skill (and, of course, the simple rules give you a good test of running the scenario without having a massive rule book to lean on). Try it out on an experienced player first, then next time anyone asks to play, wide-eyed and innocent, try them out on this.

Sorcery is actually a fine example of back-to-basics role-playing. I'd like to see more (preferably RPG-orientated) like it. Indeed, I would go as far as to say that every commercial RPG, instead of some unwieldy, unsatisfactory 'introductory' scenario, should include a game like this. It could do the spread of role-playing the world of good.

Pete Tamlyn

Sorcery, two paperback books in a slipcase, is printed in the UK by Penguin Books, and is available in all good bookshops, price £3.95. Also now published are Starship Traveller and City of Thieves, the latest releases in the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks range.

I can see that players will soon be designing their own cars for use on the sturdy, though undistinguished, game board (two are supplied with the game) because having a choice of only four cars soon gets to be boring and repetitive. This will cause the game to be compared yet again with Car Wars, and will slow down the start of play in a similar way as new designs are argued over.

Although the playing pieces are much sturdier than in most games of this ilk, they are also numerous and easily lost. Why isn't it possible for games manufacturers (and here I generalise, though this does not apply to a thoughtful minority) to include in a game like this three or four cheap zip-loc polythene/plastic bags in which this multitude of pieces can be stored? If you already have Car Wars, I would not recommend you to obtain Battlecars, unless you want a game that can be set out in a matter of minutes, yet played to a similar set of rules. I would guess, from the sheer simplicity of it, that Battlecars was primarily aimed at 12 to 15-year-olds, though I found it made a nice break between sessions of more thoughtful gaming. This is not to say that tactics cannot or do not play a part, but I suggest the intention is to race around having fun, dodging, firing and ramming, rather than to sit thinking ahead, making tactical decisions.

Read the rules: there aren't many, and they are written in fairly comprehensible terms. Play a couple of games, and then make your own 'home rules' on the discrepancies that you find. The word is that, after Ian Livingstone's three year struggle, Gary Chalk had only three months to make the game marketable. I'm afraid it shows.

Still, if you like mentally blowing away the guy who cuts you up on the motorway, then Battlecars will help you gain revenge and relieve the tension, without alerting the local constabulary.

Chris Baylis

Battlecars is produced by Games Workshop (address as above), and costs £6.95.
AD&D™ MINIATURES

Unlike the historical gaming counterpart, the fantasy figure designer would appear to have unlimited scope for creating new and ever more exotic subjects, and so it seems from a market flooded with literally thousands of different model types. Even the commonest nifty — the lowly orc, for example — is evoked in wildly different and totally incompatible form from one manufacturer to another.

All this is a garden of delights to experienced gamers, who know what they are looking for; but it must appear a mine confusing to the uninstructed. Have no fear, however: each of TSR’s new AD&D™ Miniatures sets contains a dozen 25mm figures of certain types — the first three sets are ‘Fighters, Rangers and Paladins’, ‘Clerics and Druids’ and ‘Monks, Bards and Thieves’ — specifically designed to fit in with the D&D® game Manuals.

The ‘Fighters’ set, for example, contains two dwarves, a ranger, a paladin, two elves and a selection of fighters, in various stages of armour, from an unarmoured archer to a knight in plate, and an impressive barbarian in horned helmet and skull mask. The ‘Cleric’ set similarly contains a good selection of male and female types, wielding flails, maces, symbols and other common clerical devices. The ‘Monks’ set includes two particularly nice bards, one strumming a lute, the other brandishing a sword, and an excellent female monk, en garde, with a huge halberd slung over her shoulder. Between them the sets provide representa-tives of all the most popular adventurer types, and assorted monsters are in the pipeline.

The models themselves are in the Ral Partha/Citadel style, well animated, with lots of character and a good degree of detail definition, though a few seem a little thin when studied side-on — and heavy-handed gamers might find some of the sword blades vulnerable, as the metal is quite soft. This is not to detract in any way, however, from a good set of figures intelligently presented; there are even photos of the figures painted up on the side of the box, in case you get stuck on the final stages!

Ian J Knight

AD&D Miniatures are distributed by TSR UK Ltd, and cost £5.50 per set.

---

GW3 — THE CLEANSING WAR OF GARIK BLACKHAND

Following the release of the revised GAMMA WORLD® game, The Cleansing War of Garik Blackhand seems to promise the beginning of a regular supply of modules for this futuristic game. GW3 features new creatures and artifacts, and campaign scenarios, though this is, in truth, a little misleading. The campaign scenarios are only short stories and map references which the GM must expand upon, using the sketchy outline. The new creatures and artifacts have been created, to the best of my knowledge, especially for this module, and thus cannot be said to have been tested until they have been tried elsewhere. However, for the purposes of this adventure, they are well thought out and imaginative.

As for the ‘nine adventures’, they are actually sub-plots of the main story and must be played in the correct order — and they wouldn’t make a lot of sense out of the context of this module.

GW3 is set in the National Parks of America, a very interesting choice, though the geysers, fumaroles, etc. are not capitalised on within the module, and GMs must expand upon the scenery for themselves. This adventure will only reach its conclusion if the players work as a team. Going off at a tangent causes problems for the GM, though there is scope for role-playing within the confines of the narrow plot. The only reservation about GW3 must be the lack of choice in the direction of travel, and the actions required of the characters to complete the journey seem to be taken for granted by the authors. All modules need some work of the GM, and GW3 is certainly no exception. The sketchy background and the uncovered contingencies must be thought over with care.

Chris Bayliss

GW3 is a module produced by TSR for the GAMMA WORLD game, and costs £2.95.

BLUE MAX

Blue Max, a recent release from Games Designers’ Workshop, is a multi-player combat simulation boardgame, dealing with the air war over France, 1917-18. It is a well-presented product, with individualised chits for different aircraft, that give a nice sense of personality to the campaign variant that is possible with this game. Other than that, do we have anything particularly original here?

Well, what it might be fair to say is that Blue Max is an interesting synthesis of a number of ideas. Players familiar with the booklet-game Ace of Aces, will recognise the manoeuvre schedules. Basically, movement is worked by choosing from a list of possible manoeuvres, diagrammatically presented on tear-off card sheets (with different ones for each aircraft, representing each aircraft’s strengths and weaknesses), and keeping that choice secret, noted on a sheet of paper, until all players have chosen. Movement is thus ‘simultaneous’. If your aircraft is ‘tailing’ another aircraft, then you must be told — again secretly — roughly what the aircraft ahead will do next turn; turn left, right or go ahead. Shaking off a pursuer is not the trickiest business in the world....

Players of the DAWN PATROL™ computer game for the Apple will recognise the scenario. The Germans and the Allies meet head on, face-to-face, fully loaded with fuel and ammo; no coming out of the clouds or out of the sun; no tired patrols, low on fuel, bounced by a fresh enemy. All the variations come from the different aircraft, and from the changing of the strengths of each side. No bombing missions, no balloon hunting, no strafing enemy airfields....

It is a basic game, and it is wrong to expect too much from it. It can be quite enjoyable. Combat balance seems fine, though the rules concerning unjamming guns and fire extinguishing seem designed more as a sop to those players unlucky enough to suffer jammed guns and blazing aircraft, than an aid to realism. Most planes fall when the pilot is killed; this gets pretty tiresome after a while.

A few petty gripes could be made, like why print combat result chits, when the results could be tabled in some way, and the extra space on the card used for a few more aircraft? But these do not matter. It’s fun to play, although it does not have lasting appeal. Frankly, only a pretty dedicated WW1 flying ace — beagles aside — will ever actually earn the 20 kills necessary to wear the Blue Max.

Paul Cockburn

Blue Max is a GDW game, supplied in this country by Games Workshop, address overleaf, price £14.95.

IMAGINE magazine, January 1984
FAR AWAY IN A CURSED GLADE, A DRAGON IS WAITING TO MEET YOU...

If you enjoy fantasy role-playing games but only have time for a quick adventure, then TALISMAN is the game for you. It is a unique game which bridges the gap between board games and role-playing brought to you by Games Workshop.

As one of fourteen different characters, you must go on a dangerous quest to find the magic talisman. But monsters, traps and sinister places await your player-character. Only with skill and bravery will you survive.

TALISMAN is the ingenious creation of Robert Harris and is beautifully illustrated by Gary Chalk. See it in your local games or hobby shop now.

IMAGINE™ magazine binders

A WARNING

Now, see here. It's quite clear to us, that a few of you 'reader' chappies are not treating your copies of IMAGINE magazine in a fit manner, don't you know. They're being left on tables, under beds, and in all sorts of ghastly places that don't bear thinking about.

And yet, those simply spiffing types at TSR have quite a number of their rather wizard binders, in a blue quite like a summer's day, with the old name and everything. What? Seems a pretty poor show when a chap can't be trusted to look after his magazines, so don't delay, post the coupon today! Oh, and before I forget, you decent coves who already have one, will need another one soon, because they only hold twelve at a time. OK? Whacko....

Send me .... binders, at £2.95 + postage & packing. I enclose payment of .......... (PA members — pay no postage. Please quote your membership number ..........)

Name .................................................................
Address ................................................................

Send to: TSR UK Ltd. The Mill, Rathmore Road, CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD

WANTED!

IMAGINE™ magazine is looking for reviewers.

It has always been our policy to use external reviewers, completely independent of any connection with TSR UK Ltd, when that has been possible. Now, circumstances mean that we are looking for reviewers in the following categories:

- SCIENCE FICTION RPGs and BOARDGAMES
  such as the Traveller, STARFRONTIERS™ and Space Opera games, and boardgames like Starship Captain and SWORD & THE STARS™ game.

- FANTASY RPGs and BOARDGAMES
  such as the Runequest and DRAGONQUEST™ games, and boardgames like Talisman and Warlock.

- HISTORIC RPGs and boardgames
  like Bushido, Chivalry & Sorcery and the GANGBUSTERS™ game.

- OTHER RPGs
  like Champions and Earth 2020.

- WARGAMES
  Could you write interesting, informative and incisive reviews in one of these areas? If so, send a sample of your work, 300 words long, to IMAGINE magazine. We have always been proud of the objectivity and quality of our reviewers — have you got what it takes to join them?

Please mention IMAGINE magazine when replying to advertisements
Auchter is found, the party can't conceal their joy. Auchter, a little dubious of their affection thinks they might just be laughing at his new rather large boots.

What happened? They ask excitedly, "How did you get out of the pit?" "How did you fight the orc?" Where did you get those stupid boots?

Auchter proceeds, much to no-one's apparent interest to bounce all over the place like a demented baboon.

A'ill tell ye' so long as noone chuckles... I just afloat'd like a l'il buddy, wi' wings. Then a' saw the orc. He was deeds, he was like jelly! So at d'nae think he float'd doon!

Theer was a sword an' a beg wheep! and the orc. (Are you laffin'? Well he had beg boots orn, an' they're mine, arm keep'n em, cos they bounce! (A'ill show ye'!)

Oh... the sword, it's over theer - did 'yno' like m' wizardy tricks?

Yes, very good, very good Auchter, but the sword "they call". Where's the sword.

The mad dwarf speaks truly, I see the sword. Nightswift!
HEY ANYBODY KNOW "TROGLODYTES TROGLODITES" IS THE LATIN NAME FOR THE WREN? GET'T N NERVOUS WIZARD? ME? N-NO. LAUGHTER! STOP MAKING THAT NOISE.

THANK YOU, O- OH M-MASTER! SHUT YER GORB ORC FOOR A' BOONECE ORN YE!

IT'S ALRIGHT. I'M JUST CHECKING THE REAR. YOO! CHICKEN THEEF!

DON'T BE STUPID, HOO COULD AR'MEE IRAT2 ORC IN FRONT.

THIS IS A LITTLE WORRYING. COULDN'T WE JUST PUSH THE ORC IN FRONT.

THANKS BOG AN' HE IS NAE GO' IN FRONT.

HEY ANYBODY KNOW "TROGLODYTES TROGLODITES" IS THE LATIN NAME FOR THE WREN.

DON'T BE  'STUPID, HOO COULD AR'MEE THAT? CHAKKA CHUKKA CHUTTER.

DAMN DISTANTLY, THE UNMISTAKABLE SCRURRYING OF MANY HAIRY LEGS GROWS UNTIL IT MANIFESTS ITSELF WITH TERRIFYING CLARITY!

THEN... IT WAS SOMETHING IN THERE!

ACH! BRILLIANT. AI'LL TAK' IM HOME FOOR TEDDLES TOO.

SCUTTLE "PREY? FOR YOUR GODS"

NEXT.