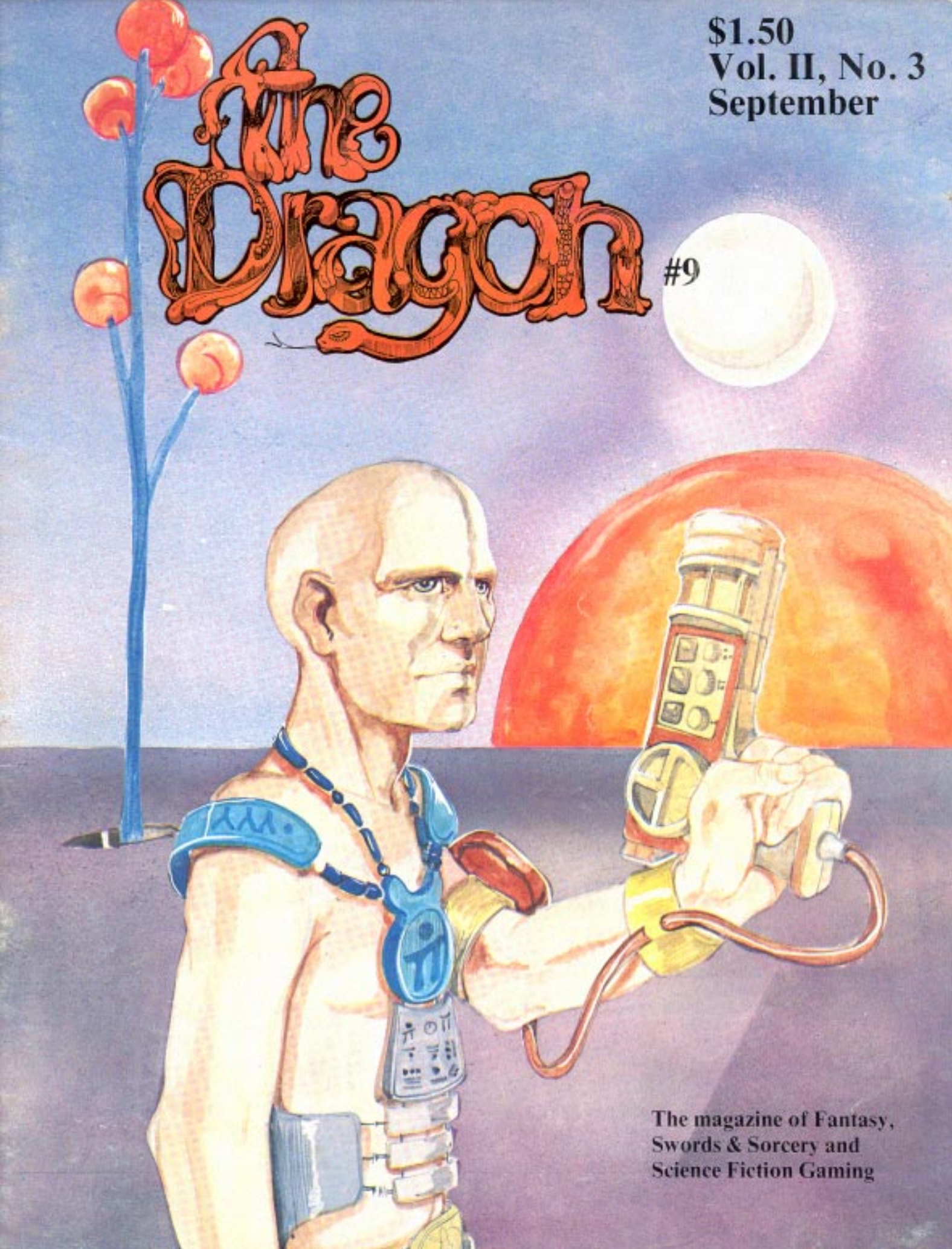
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Just got back from ORIGINS 77 a few days ago, and the impressions are still sorting themselves out. It seems to have fallen short of the rather optimistic attendance predictions, but followed the power failure, and was threatened by a record setting heatwave, which only broke the evening before it opened.

Lots of booths to browse through made the gym of Wagner College an interesting, though warm ramble. Dubbed the "microwave gym", because of the tangle of beams and girders overhead, it occasionally got a bit warm, but never sweltering.

Every dealer there seemed to have at *least* one new release, which is a good indication of what the industry thinks of ORIGINS; its BIG business. For that reason, we can be assured that ORIGINS will be around for some time.

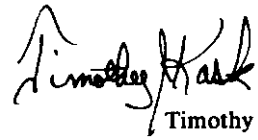
ORIGINS 78 will be in Ann Arbor, sponsored by the Metro Detroit Gamers. GDW made a bid to sponsor it in the Bloomington-Normal, IL area, but in a close vote by the steering committee, the bid was accepted from the MDG. Congratulations are in order for the MDG for an excellent presentation and pre-planning; if the execution of ORIGINS 78 is as complete as the advance planning and arrangements, it should be the best edition yet.

We won't go into the problems that 77 had: those that were there know what they were, those that weren't there have no interest, and it would serve no useful function, as a different group has it next year and they *did* attend 77, so they *know* what to watch for.

One special note of praise is due to whomever made the shuttle bus arrangements, Wagner Bus (no connection to the college) had fine shuttle service between the college and the Holiday Inn: clean, comfortable air-conditioned vans, and two of the finest drivers anywhere. We overheard many nice things said about it, especially from the ladies that rode the bus.

The past week has seen over sixty pounds of material returned, and the mail backlog is being attacked vigorously. By the time we suspend operations for GenCon, all the old mail should be processed and answered.

Next Issue, DRAGON goes to 40 pages, and along comes SNIT SMASHING, a hilarious multi-player game drawn from the unique mind of Tom Wham, creater of FLOATING IN TIMELESS SPACE, our new weird cartoon. In fact, this episode should give you hints about the game itself. Another new regular strip debuts in this issue. 'Wormy' is the brainchild of Dave Trampier, our newest artist here at TSR. It is planned that 'Floating . . .', 'Wormy' and Finieous will all be regulars, in TD's own comic section.



Timothy J Kask
Editor

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Designers Forum

VARIED PLAYER CHARACTER AND NON-PLAYER CHARACTER ALIGNMENT IN THE DUNGEONS & DRAGONS CAMPAIGN

by Gary Gygax

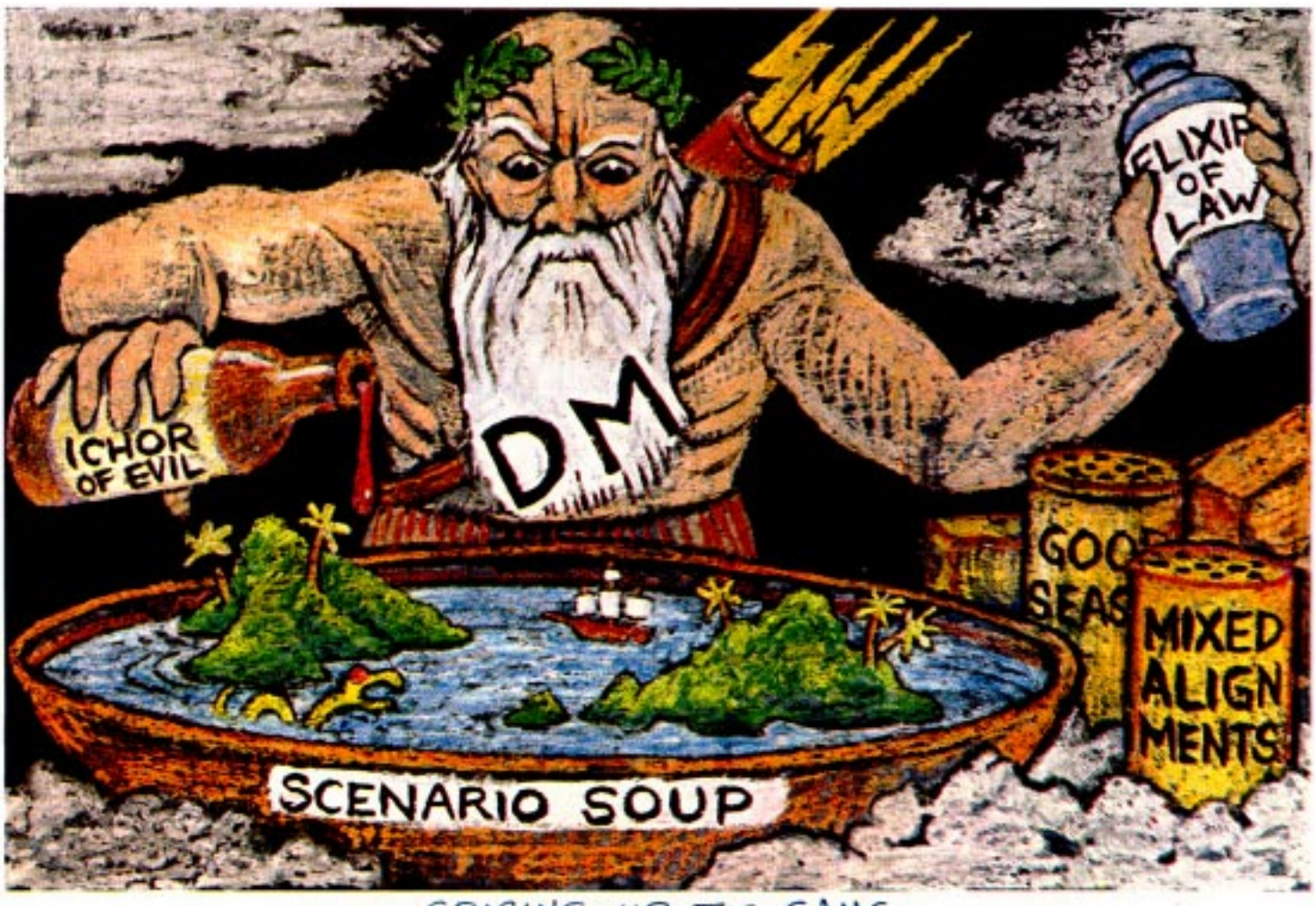
Alignment troubles a considerable number of Dungeon Masters, possibly due to the value judgements which are involved, and certainly due to the activities and pressures of the players participating in the campaign. Because of this I thought a few words might help those DMs struggling with the problem, and at the same time confirm alignment variation and interaction with those referees not particularly troubled.

The most common problem area seems to lie in established campaigns with a co-operating block of players, all of whom are of like alignment. These higher level player characters force new entrants into the same alignment, and if the newcomers fail to conform they dispatch them. In such campaigns, the DM should advise new players that the situation exists. If the new player suspects that the alignment of his or her character will be subject to discovery, it is incumbent upon the player to dissemble with regard to alignment. There is no reason why the new character cannot be listed as *neutral* — or as some alignment which is agreeable to the strong player characters in the game — and carefully played that way until the character rises in level and strength. At such time as the player feels relatively certain that the character can survive in opposition to the block, an abrupt alignment change can be made (often at great reward to the character).

As an aside to players, I stress that this planned alignment change must be carefully concealed — perhaps even from the DM. This is fair, for the DM is supposedly absolutely disinterested and impartial, and if the DM is biased, it is up to the players to balance the campaign on their own initiative.

In general, player characters will not know the alignment of the various persons they encounter, for in the normal course of affairs such knowledge is not important. Naturally, this does not apply during "adventures". This brings me to a discussion of the typical interaction of varied alignments. The Greyhawk Campaign is built around the precept that "good" is the desired end sought by the majority of humanity and its allied races (gnomes, elves, *et al.).* I have this preference because the general aim is such that more than self-interest (or mental abberation) motivates the alignment. This is not to say that a war of lawful good against chaotic good is precluded, either or both opponents being allied with evil beings of lawful or chaotic alignment. What is said is that most planned actions which are written into the campaign are based on a threat to the overall good by the forces of evil.

While there are some areas where nearly all creatures encountered will be of like alignment, most places will contain a mixture of alignments, good and neutral, evil and neutral, or all of the varying alignments. A case in point for the latter mixture is the "Free City of Greyhawk". This walled town was the area trade center and seat of feudal power, then began to decline when the overlordship transferred from a



SPICING UP THE GAME

suzerain to the city itself, but is now undergoing a boom due to the activities of adventurers and the particular world system events (a new struggle between lawful good and chaotic evil, with the latter on the upswing). The oligarchs of the city are neutral in outlook, if not in alignment, viewing anything which benefits their city as desirable. Therefore, all sorts of creatures inhabit the city, commerce is free, persons of lawful alignment rub elbows with chaotics, evil and good co-exist on equitable terms. Any preeminence of alignment is carefully thwarted by the rulers of the place, for it would tend to be detrimental to the city trade. There are movements and plots aplenty, but they are merely a part of the mosaic of city intrigue, and player characters can seldom find personal advantage in them, let alone assume a commanding position in municipal affairs.

Consider the following examples: An enterprising cleric establishes a small shrine where he spends his non-adventuring time. He attracts a few devotees and followers of his professed god, and after a few weeks the religious establishment he has engendered makes a small profit from contributions and the sale of holy water, blessings, and so forth. This sort of operation is not really meaningful in the overall society of the town or city in which it operates, and the enterprising cleric has benefited by cutting his expenses to zero — if not actually showing a small profit — and has probably gained also in his ability to find new hirelings and successfully bring them into his service. Now, however, the cleric begins to rise in his level and ambition. He builds a substantial edifice— a temple or church — proclaims himself its patriarch or high priest, and seeks mass conversions in order to create a powerful following and amass wealth. This activity immediately arouses the enmity of other leading clerics in the city and attracts the attention of the government. His enemies seek to thwart his gains, and it is quite possible that assassination attempts will begin to occur. The leaders of the metropolis will look upon his activities with suspicion. Taxes will be levied. Bribes will have to be paid by the cleric in order to maintain a hope of survival in the morass of hatred and intrigue he has become immersed in. If hostilities come to open conflict, the city leaders may eject him as an undesirable influence, and at the very least bribes would skyrocket in such circumstances. Should the cleric survive the initial difficulties his ambition has engendered, he will nonetheless be considered an outsider for years, have the undying hatred of many rivals, and be forced to expend considerable sums on a regular basis in order to maintain his status. The way will be long, arduous, and fraught with peril . . .

It is desirable to have powerful player characters shape some of the "world" events in a campaign, but a worthwhile DM will not wish to yield the campaign to these individuals, so the player characters will act and react within a frame which is developed and controlled overall by the D.M. *(The terms "DM", "judge" & "referee" are all synonymous in D&D; largely a matter of choice. ED.)* The stage is set by, and the flow of action directed by, the DM; but the acts and lines are mutable, provided that the player characters have the force to alter what is scripted, and the final act is entirely open to revision by the players. Now, in the same vein, the DM must not allow campaign participants to preclude freedom of choice by new players. That which disrupts the campaign or causes it to become stale should be discouraged or expunged. Variety of alignment is one of the most lively interactivity spots of a D&D campaign, and the knowledgeable DM will certainly wish to encourage differences by scripting them into the campaign background and making sure that participants have the right of uncoerced choice.

Ideally, then, the DM will set up the campaign in order to display a complete variety of alignments, emphasizing whichever of the alignments he or she desires in order to fit personal views. Most governments will at least tolerate variation of alignment, compromising in order to assure the continued viability of the state. In a well-run campaign, player characters will, perforce, likewise have to tolerate alignment variation. The authorities will view disruptive activities with a very jaundiced eye. Value judgements must be left in the hands of each individual DM, and each DM must always keep in mind that he or she is the moving force behind the campaign. All that takes place in the campaign is subject to intervention by the DM, and players must always understand that fact. The influence of any player character, or group of them, is proportionate to their power in their own area, and the overall effect is relative to the importance of their area to the whole of the campaign world. Influence upon alignment is quite allowable, but dictation is not.

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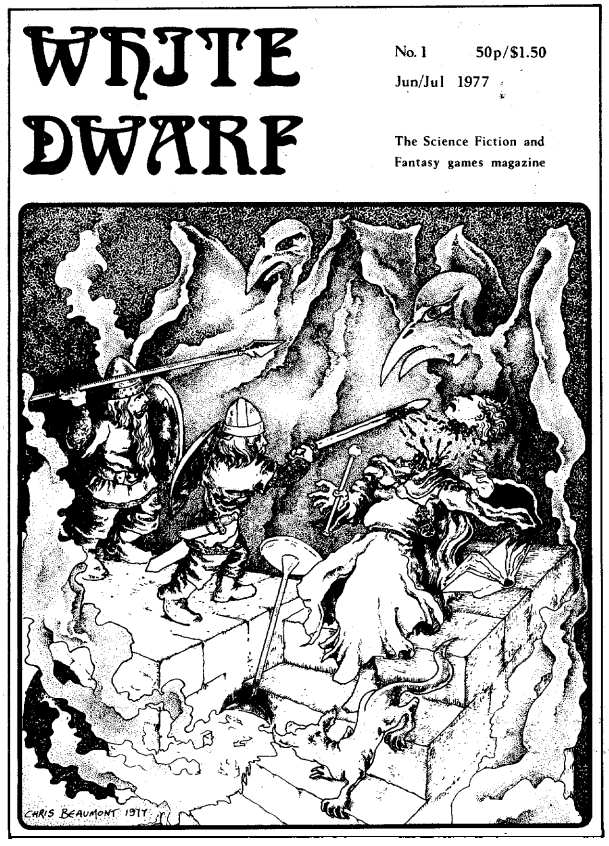

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The Finzer Family — A Tale of Modern Magic

by Harry O. Fischer

As we resume our tale of the Finzer Family, a short refresher course is called for.

The Finzer Family, parents Hal & Margo; children Andrew, Swithin & Gay; grandfather Lucius, are modern magic users, magicians if you will. Not that they make a big show of, mind you. Grandfather removes snow from sidewalk and driveway with a spell, "not being lazy, just practical" was his defense. They have a "'special" pitcher from which pours everyone's own favorite beverage, in any order and of any volume desired. Grandfather & Hal pop popcorn with a wave, in a "special" copper popper, etc., etc., etc.

They live in what appears to be a small white cottage, but what a cottage! A Tower Room, where none was visible from the street, and second story rooms in a one story cottage were only a few of its oddities.

The Finzer family has lived in this Eastern city since it was but a small town. Solid citizens, respectable, above reproach . . .

When Swithin is terrorized by the neighborhood bully, nicknamed "Crumbo", rather than feed him to the fish, as was suggested by one of the more vengeful children, Hal gave Swithin a charm which re-directed all of Crumbo's aggression back upon himself, much to his anguish . . .

The Finzers also have THE VIEWER, invented by Great grandfather Jacob, and perfected by Uncle Otto. The Viewer is really a very simple device, in fact it could hardly be dignified by the name of mechanism. Ours looks much like a 24 inch tv set from the front, where there is a curved glass, very crystal clear, about three inches thick, but no one could tell that by just looking at it. Inside it is almost empty. There is a little platform furnished with clamps to hold the object to be viewed, a slim wooden rod-tipped with three needle sharp prongs, in a movable holder. A small egg-shaped translucent piece of what may be a quartz or some semi-precious stone is slung in a little wire-meshed golden net, and an ordinary vest-pocket sized flashlight is placed so the light beam shines directly on the suspended egg. There is also a glass eye with a non-human vertical pupil, its iris gleaming black with tiny silver specks, so placed that it stares directly at the front of the cabinet. Scattered around on the bottom (but not at random) are a few dried herbs and twigs. That's all the visible parts inside the Viewer — no wires, no batteries (except in the flashlight) no antenna, and no other connections!— but it works superbly when it works at all.

Before Jacob invented the Viewer and Otto perfected it, all sorts of inferior methods were used: crystal balls, pools of ink in water, clouds of smoke, crucibles of molten metals, mirrors, and other polished surfaces. None of these were probably very satisfactory and certainly could never be compared with the full color, almost three-dimensional pictures on the Viewer.

They also have a Magic Window, and it is this around which our tale spins. The episode in which Andrew conjures Sharlumanv gash, a giant Hippogrif servant/retainer of the Finzer Family, before his entire school at the annual talent show is only of peripheral interest when compared with Grandfather Lucious' grand scheme. He proposed to use the Window to obtain Aladdin's Lamp, from Aladdin himself! Carefully setting all in readiness, he steps through the Window . . .

After a few seconds, Lucius let go the frame. He stood blinking in a dazzling sun. For a few seconds he could see nothing; only faint noises were audible. He could feel a hard, level, smooth footing under his feet; nothing else was touching him anywhere. As his eyes adjusted to the glare he saw that he stood in front of a high, mud-brick wall, colored a pale pink, reflecting the blazing sunlight. Without moving his feet he looked both ways. Nothing moved. He cautiously peered over his left shoulder as he felt behind him. His back was almost touching another, similar wall, this one was a pale green; some of the green wash came off powdery on his fingers when he touched it.

He marked lines with his heel and toe and carefully turned to face the nearer wall. He placed his reversed feet in the same spot. A glance both ways showed no sign of watchers. He outlined the area in front of him with the tip of the Wand and then drew a semi-circle around his feet to meet the wall. In addition, he marked an arrow, pointing down, above the entrance to the Window. Better too much than not enough! The Window had delivered him to exactly the kind of place he had specified. Was it the right time and exact location? He would soon find out!

Lucius strolled to the open end of the alley. Should he choose pink or green? When he stepped out from between the walls, the street appeared more like a lane or lonely road. It was harrow, unpaved, dusty and deserted. Off to the right, about three hundred feet away, was the closest shade. Severa1 drooping palm trees clumped over a low-walled well of fountain. Some large jugs and other containers were visible; two almost naked children lounged in the hot shade.

The sun was blazing down with blowtorch steadiness and the dust underfoot was scorching through the soles of his thin boots. Lucius began to understand why nothing living moved or walked under it. "Mad dogs and Englishmen", buzzed in his head. He decided to try the pink-walled place first.

He found a heavy, bolt-head studded, wooden door, set into the wall only seven paces away. Through a small, barred, Judas-window he could see into a shady yard. An unveiled woman was sitting, on a mat, beside a cool-green little pool of rippling water; she was mending, or darning, something red colored. The garden looked very cool, very inviting; sweat trickled and itches started up, the woolen cloak felt like an electric blanket on high-heat. Lucius decided to find out where and when he was, right here and now, if it were possible.

The Aladdins were supposed to be quite poor, but this place, while not a palace, looked clean and comfortable and pretty well-off. He pulled on a knob, just under the window in the door, and heard a bell tinkle inside closeby. The woman, without bothering to even look up, clapped her hands, sharply, three times. No one came or answered. She clapped again, three times. Nobody came — silence. She was frowning now as she struggled to her feet.

Lucius could see that she was one of those fat-bodied, thick-legged, blubber-armed women, with abnormally small feet and hands; a china-doll face? with beady black eyes, and probably a shrill voice and a mean temper. She waddled to the door and stared out between the bars.

Lucius stepped back and addressed her in his most engaging voice, "Do I have the honor of addressing that most Noble Lady, the Mother of Al-Ad-Din?"

She said, "If you are a tax-collector there is no money! If you are selling anything, we don't want to buy it! If you are another Brother-in-law, please go away!"

Lucius had proved corrected about her voice and temper. Her eyes were like little black agates, and colder looking. But that mention of the Brother-in-law? could that be the wicked Uncle?

Lucius smiled through the bars, as unlike a tax-collector, or a salesman, or a Brother-in-law, as possible. He jerked a pouch from his belt and jingled it in front of the window; it clinked loud and melodiously.

He said, "Ah! Gracious Lady, we are none of the persons you describe so poetically. On the contrary! If you are the Mother of Al-Ad-Din, widow of the mourned Nur-Ad-Din, we have pleasant and rewarding news for you."

He jingled the pouch again, and noticed the glitter of greed in the black-pebble eyes.

She said. "Just shove the money through the window, if you please! Yes. You are speaking to the Noble Lady of the departed Nur-Ad-Din. How much is it?"

She thrust a greedy palm to the window and made grasping motions with her fingers. Her palms were stained with henna, an ugly brick-red tint.

Lucius drew back the pouch just a little, keeping it purposely in plain sight. He was determined to get into that cool shade and out of this blasting sun that was frying him. He gave another suggestive jingle and said, "There are certain things that the Noble Lady Adin must hear more of. Perhaps inside?"

He produced another slightly larger pouch, and jingled the two together in front of her nose; he smiled and raised one eyebrow cunningly. She licked her lips and narrowed her eyes with anticipation as she unlocked the door. There were two clicks, and the heavy door swung quietly open on greased hinges. Lucius stepped gratefully into the shady yard; it was at least twenty degrees cooler than outside in the sun. The air was very moist and pleasant. There was a tiny brook running into the pool, which gently overflowed, and trickled into various parts of the garden. Each little trickle served some special place; Lucius approved highly of the arrangement.

Mrs. Adin shot two massive bolts, and without moving her gaze from the pouches, motioned Lucius to precede her. She gestured him to sit; she did not offer him the mat, he noted. Lucius did not mind, he was congratulating himself on finding Aladdin's house at the very first try, as well as getting into the shade. He peeled off his cape and hung it over a low branch before he squatted down and looked around with keen curiosity. There was no sign of Aladdin; in fact, no sign of any other person.

Mrs. Adin did not appear to be in any kind of mourning for the late Mr. Adin, if one could judge by her costume. She was dressed in ankle-long baggy trousers, of some coarse material, embroidered with improbable animals picked out in tarnished silver thread. Tiny sandals peeped out at the bottom; her bulging arms were bare. She wore a short vest over a sleeveless, sordid-pink, shirt-like garment; her oily black hair was loosely coiled on top of her head.

Lucius mopped his wet face, settled his damp-edged turban, and deliberately dropped the smaller pouch on the flat stone pavement with an audible clink. While the eyes of Mrs. Adin were riveted on the pouch he stole a glance at the tiny watch concealed in the bracelet on his left wrist. In exactly sixteen minutes Aladdin was due to be on hand with the Lamp. "Noble Lady," Lucius tried to remain calm, "your worthy son has roused the interest of certain great and influential persons whose names may not yet be mentioned. It is enough for you to know that they are lavish with gold, and that there interest extends to the welfare of the Mother of Al-Ad-Din."

"Why should anyone, highborn or lowborn, want to pay gold to such a lazy lout as my worthless son?" she screeched. "He is too much of a slug to try and peddle my work, or even to deliver what I have managed to sell! He dreams all day, except when loafing or listening to the worthless fables of the Story-Tellers. He is little good, except to eat up my poor earnings like a locust horde and to sleep when he should wake. He is also a fool! How much gold did you say?" She had been waving a red slipper as she talked.

Lucius continued, "The amount of gold depends much on how your poor fatherless son will allow those mighty patrons to help him. All you say about him may be true, but remember: great dreamers sometimes make great deeds. Where, Noble Lady, is your dear boy at this moment?"

He poured three small silver coins into one of his palms and stretched out his hand across the narrow pool. Her hand flashed under his like a striking fish.

"He is where he always lies," she said, "During the sun's heat he wallows in the shade, in his hole under the house!" She raised her shrill voice, "His ears are deaf to any calls of mine. You heard me clap for him to come. Did he? No! He dreams and sleeps. Go call him! I'll have none of it!"

Lucius emptied his palm in hers; she snatched the coins away with greedy hand and tested them with quick tooth-bites. He was very pleased that his plans were working out so perfectly.

He stood up, gave Mrs. Adin a low bow, and said,

"With your gracious permission I will speak with your son, the worthy Al-Ad-Din."

He pocketed both pouches and walked jauntily into the low, pink-mud, house. It was a very small house, and he could see almost all of it from the doorway. There was one sizeable room where the cooking, eating and living was done; a rough-topped table, three stools, a raised hearth, a few clay pots and other cooking utensils, a tall, fat, water-jar, dried fruits and onions hung in sparse strings from the ceiling beams.

On the table was a small bowl of over-ripe fruit about which flew several gnats; a few lazy flies buzzed around as Lucius entered the room. Just in front of him, across the room, was a wider arched opening to the sleeping quarters, this area was one low step higher. Some rolled mats and thin pads were stacked against the far wall; several cushions were scattered on the swept floor. Everything was tidy, threadbare and fairly clean, well-used and dingy.

The Adin's were quite poor. The cool garden was their greatest luxury. There was no sign of Aladdin. Lucius glanced at his watch — less than five minutes left. Had he allowed himself enough time?

Then he saw it! Just to the left of the door he had stepped through was a two-foot wide opening in the floor. At the far end, attached by a crude leather hinge, was a trapdoor, held open by some sort of thong or thin rope, run through a staple in the ceiling-beam above it. There were ladder-like steps, very steep, disappearing below in a shadowy rectangle.

Lucius debated whether or not to call; he decided to investigate instead. He must work fast and get the Lamp by barter, stealth or force; in any case he intended to leave the pouches of coins. Not much time was left for talking, but it should prove easy to fool the simple-minded, lazy Aladdin. Lucius very cautiously placed his foot on the top step, more like a rung than a true step, and felt his way into the dark opening.

Slowly descending, face out from the steps, he peered around as he clambered down into the ill-lit gloom, holding on to the wooden edge of the opening. He was surprised at the space that opened before him; it was much deeper and larger then he had expected. As his pupils grew larger he could make out a dim, shapeless form, low against the farther wall. He called in a hoarse, excited, whisper, "Aladdin?"

He grasped the Wand of Power with his right hand and plucked it from his belt. His turban was just above the level of the kitchen floor. He felt for the steps behind him with his left hand and beamed a light with the Wand.

Aladdin let go the thin rope that held up the heavy trap-door.

There was a dull 'THONK,' and Lucius slid to the floor like a string-cut puppet. The Wand rolled flickering across the mud floor and stopped at the feet of a crouching fat boy.

Aladdin, with no hesitation, snatched it up and aimed the light at Lucius.

Aladdin had captured a Demon.

And with the Demon a Lamp! Probably a Magic Lamp!

Now, to get rid of the Demon!

If Lucius had glanced at his watch at that moment he would have noted that exactly thirty minutes had passed since he stepped through the Magic Window.

Aladdin was all that' his mother had described: lazy, fat and a dreamer. But he was much more besides. He was curious, imaginative, cunning, stubborn, suggestible and greedy.

Aladdin beamed the light into the glazed, flickering eyes of a very dizzy Lucius. The white turban, now rakishly tilted to one side, had saved him from a bad concussion or worse. He was propped against the steps he had tumbled off, with his legs sprawled out wide on the floor and one arm trapped behind him. Lucius blinked at the light, not yet able to locate himself in time or space. A sort of dim fireworks, and a loud pounding in his head confused him. As the flashing lights and noises faded, he heard a sharp tenor voice.

"Ha! Demon! You are in my power! I have your Magic Lamp. Move not or I will send you back to Hell!"

Everything came back to Lucius in one clear burst; even to the fact that the beam of light shining in his eyes came from his own Wand of Power. What to say? What to do? He took time to shudder as various sorts of Hells flashed through his head. To what kind of Hell did Aladdin send his captured Demons?

Lucius spoke without moving anything except his lips, "Hold, Great Prince! I am come to serve you! I bring tokens of goodwill to prove my faith!"

Aladdin had accidentally twisted the Wand in such a way that the beam of light expanded to take in most of the cellar-side where Lucius was trapped. The fat boy narrowed and widened the beam several times before he bothered to reply.

"You are a very clever Demon to look like a man," decided Aladdin, "but you cannot fool me! What gifts do you bring?"

Lucius thought, 'A true son of his Mother,' and replied, "Silver and gold, and many other marvels. Is this the renowned Aladdin at whose feet I sit?" He was getting cramped and desperate, and the beam of light did nothing to help his aching head.

Aladdin considered Lucius' words, "You speak like a sensible Demon. Now the tales tell of Demons serving men. If I spare you will you swear to serve me? Will you call me Master, and kneel before me so that I may bind you with great oaths?"

He was talking like a Teller of Tales thought Lucius, who slowly pulled up his legs and pushed painfully to his knees, careful not to make any move that would alarm the holder of the Wand of Power. This was certainly a humiliating thing to happen to a Master of Magic and a Grandfather. No broken bones so far as he could tell, just a conk on the head, and I wish he would take that light out of my eyes. But the light held steady. Aladdin said, "By the Power of Allah, and of this Magic Light I hold, you are my slave, to serve me and obey my commands !"

Lucius groaned. The Wand pointing at him made every word truth so long as Aladdin possessed the Wand of Power!

"Yes, Master," he said, with bowed head, hands clasped in his lap.

Lucius suddenly became aware of the Ring, a yellow flash in the light. He thumbed the gleaming stone inside his fist, out of sight. All was not yet lost. At the very first chance he would send for help. Allah knows he needed it if ever a poor magician did. Here was that Great Magician, Lucius Finzer, trapped in the Tale of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, in the role of the Jinni. And the Lamp was his very own Magic Wand.

The light centered on a slim rope, dangling through the cellar ceiling.

"Pull Slave," Aladdin commanded, "Open the door."

Lucius pulled. The effort made his head throb. Bright light struck down through the opening trapdoor. He winced but kept on pulling, hand over hand; the weight grew less. Aladdin pointed to a slanted stake driven in the floor. Lucius got the idea and anchored the rope insecurely; he had hopes of Aladdin going up first, hopes of braining his new Master with the same trapdoor.

"Up, Slave!" commented Aladdin,
reset

"Up, Slave!" commanded Aladdin, and remained where he was.

Lucius scrambled and limped to the steep ladder, his soiled white turban cocked to one side, his knees and elbows grimy. He painfully climbed up into the house. Now, to lie in wait, and kick Aladdin in the chops when he came upstairs!

The shrill tenor voice commanded, "Go, Slave. Prepare your Master's couch."

Lucius felt impelled to go in the other room and spread out the thin mattress and a mat, to even plump up the sleazy cushions. To his horror he even wanted to do this! He heard a puffing and a few grunts. Aladdin heaved himself out of the opening waddled to the trapdoor, and loosed the rope holding it open. It slammed like a cannon-cracker and the dust puffed like smoke. Slave Lucius examined his new Master.

Aladdin was dressed in a shin-length, faded-blue, robe (the material looked like old flour-sacks to Lucius), with loose sleeves, ending at the elbows. A worn leather belt, sometime colored red, was spliced with string around his fat belly. An ornate scabbard for a dagger, without any dagger, was thrust under the belt front and center. There were large patches of greasy grime where Aladdin had wiped his hands for a long time. Two enormous big toes gawked up from tatter slippers.

Aladdin had inherited his mother's fatness but not her tiny hands and feet; his were very large and powerful looking for one so young. He was only thirteen or fourteen years old give or take a year. His small straight nose was set between very chubby cheeks; well-shaped, licorice-black eyebrows shaded fine, large, intelligent eyes, black as ripe olives. A very pink, full-lipped mouth was slowly chewing; the long jaw was buried in several chins.

Lucius thought, "It could be worse, it could have been his mother!"

Aladdin spoke between munches. "No one will ever believe you are a Demon," he said, looking critically at Lucius, who felt a chill twinge as he wondered just how Aladdin fancied a real Demon looked. He soon found out.

Aladdin swallowed his cud and came across to the doorway of the room where Lucius waited. The light of the Wand had been turned off. Just how much longer was there to be before Aladdin discovered its mighty powers? He was unluckily grasping it exactly right for Disguises and Small Transformations, (those using only the material at hand).

Aladdin said thoughtfully, "A proper Demon should have horns!"

Lucius felt his turban lift as he obligingly grew two horns from the top-front of his skull. The sprouting was painless and over in a jiffy; it tickled just a little bit and even made the headache feel better. Lucius rolled up his eyes but the horns were out of range. To his touch they were sharp-tipped and slightly curved to the front, nice and smooth. He wondered what color?

Aladdin considered the effect. "Also, large teeth," he said. And Lucius felt a fullness in his mouth and a pressure on his lower cheeks close to each nostril. He slid his hand from horn to new teeth. Until he got to a mirror he could not be sure; but it felt like he had large, curved tusks curled from his upper jaw. Things inside felt pretty much as always.

"And," said Aladdin, who was round-eyed with astonishment at the results he was getting, and gaining confidence with every new success, "Demons have big chests, and long arms, and big pointy ears."

Lucius heard his shirt rip as his shoulders and chest became massive and bulged brawny with muscle and sinew. The tips of fingers and ears tingled as talons and hairy points grew on them. Lucius could suddenly scratch his knees without bending. He hoped Aladdin would stop at the waist-line. He was very curious to know what he looked like, and very alarmed about the things Aladdin's imagination was doing to him.

To his relief the boy tucked the Wand inside his robe; on the left side Lucius noted, and sat cross-legged on the mat, admiring his new slave. Lucius nodded and his. turban fell off with a soft plop. He startled himself when he clashed talons as he clasped his hands.

His voice came out a little slurred when he spoke, "Master, your obedient Slave begs your leave to rest and gain strength to serve you better."

Aladdin sat up. He had remembered something.

"Give me silver and gold, O Demon-Slave!" he commanded sharply.

Lucius decided it was time to begin a little educational program before things, bad as they were, got any worse. He salaamed low and staggered off-balance; he had a new center of gravity. He considered a swift leap — one good snatch with his new king-sized, heavy-duty fingernails should do the job. But he knew, even as he considered, that the Power of the Wand would ward him off. He could not harm his Master! He feared what Aladdin might do if he failed. He seemed an unusually imaginative boy.

"Your will be done, O Master!" spoke Lucius as he thought, "but remember, I am just a poor Jinni deprived of his harmless Lamp which is needed to light the way to the hidden silver and gold and other marvels." He bit himself as he tried to take back "the other marvels", but it was too late.

"What other marvels?" demanded Aladdin. "And since it is by your Lamp that you are enslaved, I would be foolish to allow you to touch it." Aladdin was a quick lad on the uptake. He grinned in a very unchildish way, "Tell me of the other marvels."

"First the silver and the gold, O Master, then the other marvels," said Lucius desperately.

This seemed to satisfy Aladdin, for he nodded, bobbing his chins, and staring eagerly, as if he expected heaps of gold and silver to crash on the floor in front of him.

"And why not?" thought Lucius. He did the best he could with the materials at hand.

He spun on the tips of his toes like a top and wheeled through the door and out of sight. He poured the contents of the smaller pouch into his right hand and decided to test his luck. He timed the interval he could be away. As he waited he discovered that his new fangs made him drool. Aladdin clapped once and Lucius felt a strong pull to return. He resisted it. He was able to stretch the time to a full three minutes before the pull became too painful.

Aladdin was frowning a fat impatient scowl, as Lucius whirled back and showered the scant handful of small silver pieces, over and around Aladdin. Fat fingers plucked like hungry chickens at the coins. Lucius could tell by his Master's eager expression that he was surprised and pleased; he wished he had begun with just a couple of coins. Greed could grow like an avalanche in size and quickness. He mentally kicked himself for a fool. Aladdin placed the last coin on one of several little stacks and rubbed his hands together. Lucius noted that he did not bite any of them; magic money was beyond suspicion, it seemed.

Aladdin's eyes were sparkling with joy. He was enjoying this. This was fun! It was better than any tale he had heard, and it was just beginning.

"Your Master is pleased, O Jinni," said Aladdin.

Lucius congratulated himself on his rapid promotion from Demon to Slave to Jinni.

Aladdin continued, "Silver is gratifying and good; but gold is heavier, and better suited to the Master of such a Servant. Can you bring gold of equal weight from the hidden vaults of the Efrits?"

Lucius was gratified to note that Aladdin was asking questions instead of issuing blunt commands.

"To hear is to obey, O Master," replied Lucius. "But to bring gold will be a greater task by far. Remember your servant must swim through fire and ice, do battle with monstrous foes, and search the dark crevices without the light of his little Lamp."

At the mention of the Lamp Aladdin scowled again. Lucius chattered on, "But even so handicapped, your willing Jinni will attempt the impossible! I go!" He gave a leap and went into his dervish act, clashing his claws like castanets. He was feeling better now, and felt he was getting more control over the situation. *Why it was so easy to please the kind Aladdin; and the plump lad was really rather considerate; and in time . . .* Lucius halted himself with a foot-stamp in the other room and deliberately nipped his tender thigh with talons like miniature ice-tongs. Anything to break that train of thought. "Idiot! So soon," he said to himself, "Stop it! To work!"

He rubbed the jewel of the Ring with his right palm and breathed out the doggerel verse, mentally wincing at the harsh words, especially, 'Slave'. To his relief the Ring glowed immediately, and the Dweller in the Ring appeared almost at once, much faster than at the first summons. The tiny, jewel-like creature burst from the golden sphere and puffed to pigeon-size before Lucius could move.

Charly perched like a falcon on Lucius' wrist, "When to?". The piping was in a little deeper tone then before. "O Mast . . . " It stopped in mid-word as the enormous golden eyes swept over the changed Lucius.

"Charly! Charly boy!" babbled Lucius, "How good to see you!" "Listen closely." He could see the vertical pupils open and shut like tiny sliding doors.

Charly interrupted, "Sir, O new and strange Master, my name is Sharlumanugash! How come you to wear my Ring? What have you done with the old Master?" Charly shifted to rest his golden hooves on the wrist where he perched and glared.

Lucius continued eagerly, "Listen Charly, there's no time for explanations. Believe me! I am Lucius! Lucius transformed just a little bit, but Lucius. Take this message to Hal." He began to talk like a telegram. "The Wand of Power is in the hands of a boy — strike out boy — in the hands of a person who knows not its great powers. I am enslaved by chance. Return with necessary charms, spells, etc., etc. to recover the Wand. Urgent, make all speed." He paused for breath, "Every minute counts."

Charly looked skeptical, but said, "O.K. Master, maybe you are Lucius. But somebody sure did a fast remodeling job. And if you're not Lucius the Finzers will stuff you for a trophy, probably alive! Who is Hal? And where? And when?"

Lucius was trying to watch both doors and Charly all at the same time; he was not yet sure how far he could depend on the magnificent laziness of Aladdin. He felt like screaming, but he kept his voice to a whisper. "You know my boy Hal. Bring him back as fast as you can fly. He is in the place where we last met. Enter by any of the old Gateways. Now go!"

Charly gave a last skeptical look and said, "Nice talons you've got there!" and muttered, "To hear is to obey." He diminished like a rocket, backwards, into the Ring. Lucius heard an impatient clap from the sleeping room. He had trouble with his claws counting out exactly ten small gold pieces, but he managed without dropping any on the floor. Since he was already in a dripping state, and beginning to feel worn out, it was no trick to stagger in to Aladdin.

Lucius tossed the gold in a little shower over him. The boy would have shattered his fingernails, had they not been chewed short, in his frantic haste chasing the golden coins. While Lucius stood, panting, drooling, and dripping, Aladdin made a neat pile of the gold and admired his Jinn-gotten wealth. He was again chewing on something. He seemed to chew at the same rate, sitting, standing, walking, or otherwise.

"You are a good Jinni," praised Aladdin. "Now you may rest while you think of marvels to bring your Master." Aladdin was happy; he had never seen so much gold, except in the hands of a moneylender.

Lucius felt a warm glow of gratitude that he tried to chill at once. "No! No! Not that!" he told himself, "start working on some scheme to get out of this mess." He judged that Aladdin had no idea (at least no more than Lucius, if as much) about how a Jinni should behave off active duty. He flopped on the rather dusty floor, beside the doorway, and sighed, "To hear is to obey."

As he rested, Lucius noted that there had been some new developments while he had been away. In a neat semi-circle in front of Aladdin several very tired insects were visible; some were on their backs, and others right side up, but none of them were actively moving. A curious fly came buzzing towards Aladdin and lit on the little stack of gold pieces. Quicker than a cornered gangster Aladdin made the fastest shoulder-holster draw that Lucius had ever seen, flicked the Wand at the fly and returned it back under his robe. There was, of course, no sound, but the fly stiffened and gently fell to the floor.

The boy was learning new tricks fast.

From what Lucius could tell the insects were merely stunned. One of them waved a leg, and tried in a feeble way to turn over, when Aladdin artfully snapped the new victim into line with his collection of game, with an accurate forefinger-flip.

This particular use of the Wand was new to Lucius, and he tried not to think about certain possibilities. Or was it already too late? Was the proper word probabilities? Or even certainties? He tried not to think about them. There were too many more important worries for his thoughts. For instance his new talons. Very unhandy and dangerous. Why not retractable claws like a cat? He filed this away under future rewards from Master to Slave, and reminded himself once more to never think in that way.

Lucius took this opportunity to explore his new look, as well as he was able, by the touch-system. This was a mistake. His bracelet clinked musically on one of his new horns as he was cautiously finger-

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ing the sharp points. He saw the greedy eyes of Aladdin search for the source of the golden clink. By their sudden narrowing he saw they had found it.

"Jinni, do I see more treasure for your Master?" questioned Aladdin greedily. "Stretch out your arm!"

Lucius tried to bend his hand to conceal his wrist; he only succeeded in causing the Ring to glint as well.

"Ah. A good Jinni" said Aladdin, "another surprise for your Master! Take off that ring. Take off the arm-band. Place them before me!"

With some trouble, and as slowly as possible without seeming to delay too much Lucius unclasped the bracelet and slid it across the smooth floor to Aladdin. He saw Aladdin's right hand creep under his robe as he grabbed up the gold circlet, and he heard him say, "Now give me the golden band on your finger."

He was now pointing the Wand at Lucius as if Lucius were another, but larger, insect. Lucuis hoped that something would happen. Anything! A falling roof, an earthquake, a bolt of lightning; anything to distract or maim or render Aladdin unconscious; anything at all! But nothing occurred.

Lucius twisted at the Ring, still trying to conceal the golden jewel, as he obeyed the command; he had a bit of trouble with his talons, but the Ring slid off almost too easily. There was no choice but to pass it over to the waiting Aladdin.

It was at that moment that Lucius fully realized that he was truly the Slave of the Lamp; that he was no longer capable of regaining the Wand himself, or of attacking the Master of the Lamp. Now the best hope he had was in the hands of this greedy, clever, and perhaps wicked fat boy.

Aladdin was visibly pleased with the Ring. He examined it with such professional skill that Lucius expected him to whip out a jeweler's eye-glass. He tried it vainly on every fat finger, but even the little ones were too gross and thick. The Ring refused to slide past the first knuckle.

Aladdin finally looked at Lucius again and said, "Jinni, you serve your Master well, but remember, test not your Master's patience again, lest he decide you are a Demon!" He placed the Ring next to his gold pieces.

Lucius made a sweeping gesture of obedience and thought, *Hal and Charly should be here any time now. If they can only be told what the score is we might stand some chance. If there were only some way to warn them!* He watched Aladdin untwist the white turban and smooth it out, seeming to delight in the feel of the heavy silk. When it was neatly folded Aladdin started to count out his silver and gold pieces onto it. He gloated like a miser as he heaped them up.

The Ring was set in a place of honor close to Aladdin's crossed legs. Lucius could see the tiny, soft glow of the amber sphere, a beacon for Hal and Sharlumanugash, luring them to danger and, perhaps, disaster. Suddenly Aladdin stiffened and thrust a protective hand over his treasure.

Mrs. Adin stepped into the room. She did not see Lucius; her eyes were fixed to the gleam of the Ring and the glint of silver and gold in front of her son as they shown rich on the white silk.

"I see he gave you my gold and my silver!" she screeched. "Where is he? And my Ring that he promised to me! Where did he go?" She advanced another step.

Aladdin pulled the cloth and the coins closer to him and leaned with both hands curved around them and the Ring. "It is not yours!" he shouted. "It is all mine! Gold and silver and other treasure, all is mine! Stand back! Who would give you gold?"

She took another step. "It was promised to me, O Unnatural Son. Will you not share with your own Mother? Give me of it!" Aladdin scooted back and pulled his coins and the Ring along with him.

"Come no closer, Mother of an Unnatural Son! The gold and silver are mine. Mine alone!"

She stepped closer, stooping a little, her greedy eyes bulging, and her sharp fingers curved, ready to snatch and grasp.

Aladdin was hunched over his horde, hands guarding it, watchful, narrowed eyes, alert for a grab. His mother darted out her left hand at the coins. As he covered his treasure with both hands she slapped him with a full round-armed swing from the right. It slammed like a door, and his chins wobbled. He raised his hands to protect his face and she snatched the Ring and some gold. The neat little stacks were scattered.

"Mine! All mine!" she screamed.

Lucius was fascinated by the display of motherly love. He hoped she would, at the very least, K.O. her fat son! If only he could get hold of the Wand — all would then be well. Before she could slap or grab again Aladdin's hand darted inside his robe and flashed out with the Wand.

Mrs. Adin straightened up with a snap, as if standing on parade at attention; from her stiff fingers the coins and the Ring dribbled to the floor. She keeled over backwards, in one piece, like a rolled-up carpet on end, and made a soft thud as she hit.

Aladdin smoothed out his white cloth again, picked up the Ring, and began gathering up his coins.

"O Jinni," he said, "put her in the far corner." He added without looking up, "On a mat."

"A dutiful and thoughtful son," thought Lucius. He quietly spread a mat and rolled the rigid Mrs. Adin onto it, being very careful with his talons. Then he dragged mat and mother into the farthest corner. Mrs. Adin was still breathing, and her popped, little black eyes were agleam with greed and rage, shining like hot, tiny lamps. Lucius deliberately turned her face towards the wall.

Aladdin fumbled in the folds of his robe and Lucius finally saw what all the chewing was about — dried figs; and by the look on Aladdin's face this was the last of them.

He looked directly at Lucius and said, "Jinni, I am hungry! Bring me savory foods." He licked his lips slowly as if recalling something. "Bring me platters of wonderful foods, prepared by master cooks, on silver dishes. Bring me cool drinks and icy sherbets in silver goblets, with cool sweetness to please a Prince's palate. Bring enough to stay my hunger!"

"To hear is to obey, O Master!"

Lucius dashed out through the kitchen with an idea, so simple, so obvious, flashing in his mind, that he kicked himself for not acting on it sooner. He would attempt to go back through the Magic Window. With luck, he might arrive in time to forestall Charly and be able to tell Hal and Margo about the whole horrid ill luck of losing the Wand and the Ring and his dreadful enslavement to the Lamp — his very own Wand of Power!

He paused in the garden to pick up his cloak and drape it over his horned head. He softly slid back the bolts on the heavy door. He left it just ajar and ran to the alley-way between the two walls.

Lucius was scared. Frightened as he had never been before. The fairy tale was being retold in a new and sinister way. What sort of monster had he conjured up? Would it be possible to regain the Wand and the Ring before their new possessor learned too much about their use and their Powers?

He noticed the cool shade of early twilight as he ducked past four dusty camels and one tired donkey. The driver was looking the other way and paid him no attention as he turned into the dusky alley. At last some good luck was with him! The outline he had marked on the wall was still there. The semi-circle on the ground had been scuffed out by some idle foot, but the arrow pointed down to where the Magic Window opened into the Tower Room.

Lucius Finzer, Master of Magic, Jinni-Slave of Aladdin, stepped back into his own time and space. He heaved a sigh of sheer relief as he inhaled the familiar smell of his room: leather and old books, pungent faint herbs and the comforting odor of tobacco smoke. He threw his cloak on the table, waved on the lights, and took the first good look at his new self. He was in a break-neck hurry but curiosity and vanity made him pause as he looked in the mirror opposite.

His shirt was split at the seams and the sleeves ended a little below his elbows, nicely up pointing the apelike length of his hairy arms and his thin, taloned hands. He peeled off the ripped shirt with some little trouble from horns and talons. His chest and shoulders were gnarled, thick and sloping, very powerful looking, making his waist and legs absurdly slight by comparison.

Alladdin had done a good job on the horns and the tusks. They gleamed ivory-white, smooth and deadly, as they should. He admired their faint spiral markings and noticed that he was adjusting to the tusks: he no longer drooled. This was good. Or was it? There were some new additions, such as a small, almost dainty crest of light green scales in place of his hair. His usually calm blue eyes were now glowering, with red pupils and emerald green irises. Aladdin was improving his property, a little at a time, as new ideas occurred to him.

He turned away from the mirror and rid himself of all the Charms and Magic in his belt. It would be foolish to return with them. Lucius was not too displeased with his looks; he fancied himself not too hideous for a Jinni; Aladdin might have done worse — better hideous than ghastly. Now to work! There was no time to be lost. He hoped desperately that Hal was still here; but first, food for his Master.

Lucius stepped swiftly into the large kitchen, lit all the lights at once and started flinging open several cupboards and one pantry door, peering and rummaging, looking for the things he needed.

The largest silver platter, a white elephant inherited from some forgotten Finzer, would do for a starter. He paused and remembered his own mission and yelled for Hal and Margo — then he remembered, his new look. He hid behind a cupboard door, concealed from the waist up. He could do with help as he labored for his good Master, his hungry Master; and he must waste no time.

There was an answering shout from Hal, and Lucius heard the swinging door slammed open and several people clattering and voices, "Who's there? Lucius? Where are you?"

Lucius thoughtlessly thrust out one grisly arm, palm out, and called, "Wait!"

They waited, and Lucius heard sharp murmurs of wonder and the shrill sound of Swithin, "It's a monster. Catch it, don't kill it!" Then the sharp question of Margo, "What are you doing in my kitchen?" The deep voice of Hal, "Did you call? Could it be . . . ? Yes, it is . . . Lucius!" Hal had looked down at the visible legs and feet of the hidden person and they looked very like his father's might.

Lucius had snatched back his taloned, hairy hand and loudly said, "It's me, Lucius!" very ungrammatically and hastily. His enunciation was somewhat thick due to his tusks. "Hal! Thank all the Fates you're here. Brace yourselves for a little shock; I've been changed — I'm different, but I'm still the same old Lucius underneath. Terrible things have happened. I'll explain as we go along. Here I come — don't shoot. Remember it's Lucius." He stepped out from behind the door.

It was a good thing he had warned them. Margo strangled a little scream, "What? Who? Did they? Why? . . . Oh Lucius!"

Swithin slid behind Hal with a low, long whistle, and Gay shrieked, "Take off that mask, I know who it is."

Hal, visibly startled, slowly returned the Wand of Little Power to his pocket and said, "If this is a joke, Father, it's a poor one. Where is Andrew?"

"How should I know where is Andrew?" said Lucius, "I've got real problems, right now problems, I can't go looking for lost children. Margo, get out all the silver cups and dishes we have and . . . "

Hal broke in, "First, tell us where Sharlumanugash is going with Andrew."

Lucius dropped his jaw and stared at Hal, he looked weary, "He, Charly, was to get you and come to me through the Ring that I lost, or the Ring that *he* took . . . what happened to Andrew? Did you see Charly?"

Hal explained what had happened at the auditorium in a few sentences and ended with, "Well, what's your story now? What happened?"

Margo added, with an edge to her voice, "Make it good, Lucius, where is your grandson? What have you done with Andrew?"

"Calm down everybody," Lucius pleaded. He quickly told about the unfortunate loss of the Wand of Great Power, his dazed escape from being sent to wherever Demons are sent back to, his enslavement to the Wand and to Aladdin and the rest of his adventure, " . . . and you can see what he did to me. This Aladdin is a real teen-age monster and he learns too fast. He stacked his dear mother in a corner stiff as a log, which gives you an idea of what he might do to a stranger. And he now has the ring through which Charly and Andrew are bound to return. Oh, but this is a mess. And I cannot be entrusted with any magic, any charms, or any power — it would be better if I could forget all knowledge helpful to him. Let's get started. He may call me back any second and my love to serve grows stronger each time I serve him. Help me prepare a dinner, cooked by Jinni cooks, fit for a Prince."

Margo had been clattering silver out of the cupboards from the back parts of the higher shelves and placing it on the big round table; most of it was dark and tarnished. Hal had automatically been restoring it to a shiny polish, piece by piece, with a cleaning spell.

Everyone was getting used to Lucius by this time, short as it was, and Gay asked to feel his horns.

"Later," said Lucius impatiently. "Everybody get to work."

In a surprisingly short time the dishes were filled with food and the six gleaming goblets were beaded with sweat from ice cold soft-drinks: cherry, coke, and orange; two kinds of sherbet: pineapple and lemon; and a goblet of chocolate ice cream. The dishes contained potato chips, several kinds of mixed crackers, peanut butter, a cold roast chicken, a loaf of French bread, mustard and relishes, dill pickles, stuffed olives, assorted sliced cold meats, salted peanuts, some strawberries and whipped cream, and a bowl of mixed chocolates, as well as several milk chocolate bars. Lucius was aiming at Aladdin's sweet tooth as well as presenting foods unknown to him.

Lucius tested the weight of the tray and was pleased at how light it felt to his new Jinni muscles. It would have been an almost impossible burden to the old Lucius. He turned as he picked it up and said, "Now all your plans must be made without my knowledge. Remember, I may even be forced to fight against you when you come; against my will of course, but I cannot tell how great the Powers of Aladdin will become. He is a clever and wicked boy; born to magical skill. I will watch for Andrew and Charly and attempt to warn them if I can. It is indeed good fortune that Aladdin cannot yet wear the Ring — however, he may find out its secret, and then we face great odds indeed. Try and save me from this misfortune. Now I feel his command." And Lucius, balancing the tray like a skillful waiter, fled through the open door up to his Tower Room muttering, "O Master, I come bearing food fit for a Prince." They watched as he stepped through the Magic Window and faded into the silvery mist.

Like a twist of lemon peel, the thin moon floated low in the purple twilight, as Lucius, staggering a little under the heavy tray, loped towards his Master. The only living thing that noticed his emergence out of the wall was a curious yellow dog scavenging close to the window. It fled in silent terror from the impossible. Lucius pushed the garden gate shut balancing the heavy tray with great difficulty and, as he turned to go into the house, was surprised by shafts of bright light pouring from the door and shining out of the grilled windows.

Aladdin was sitting as if he had never moved, staring impatiently at the doorway, as Lucius appeared. "I faint with hunger, lazy Jinni. What have you brought me?"

Lucius set the tray on the floor and slid it to Aladdin's feet. "Food fit for a Prince, O Master," he said.

Mrs. Adin was still stretched out in her corner, but she had managed to turn her head and her shiny black eyes glittered with malice and anger or, perhaps, only hunger.

The lower surface of the ceiling beams was glowing with soft sunlight and the stumps of two tallow candles stuck on crude holders at either side of the door were tipped with steady shining lights.

Too much, too soon, thought Lucius as he watched his Master munch, crunch, gobble, gulp, and sip his way neatly, steadily, and systematically until only scraps, crumbs, and driblets were left on the tray.

Then Aladdin leaned back, patted his bulging belly, and, hefting one of the silver goblets, said, "Ah, much better. That will stay me until you can provide a proper feast. And good for you these Jinni foods are toothsome and sweet. I had it in mind to punish you for loitering. If, with every meal, you bring fine dishes such as these, your Master will be happy; so see to it henceforth."

Lucius pressed his palms in token of having heard and with bowed head wondered if Hal and Margo were yet on their way to rescue him.

Aladdin had placed the white silken cloth on top of a small cushion in a place of honor at his side. The gold and silver pieces were heaped separately and the Ring between them glowed with its soft inward gleaming: the Gateway for the Dweller of the Ring and Andrew. If Aladdin had glanced at the Ring as he ate his Jinni-fetched food, things might have turned out differently; but he was so interested in the new tastes and textures and smells and the feel and weight of the silver dishes, that he forgot his treasures for a few minutes. He was also very hungry. Had he been looking very closely he would have seen an interesting sight.

Aladdin continued, "I have found out more about the Lamp you serve! Watch." He pointed to the candle on the wall almost above Lucius' head where a moth was dancing a reckless jog. With a swift gesture of his other hand he aimed the Wand of Power. The brave dancer whisked into nothingness. Not a powdery scale or a wisp of smoke to mark where it had been. Aladdin snickered as Lucius, unable to conceal a start, looked, first at the brightly lit floor for some trace and then, fearfully at the smiling, greasy-lipped, dangerous young man into whose power chance had thrust him.

* * *

The tireless wingbeats of Sharlumanugash lulled Andrew into drowsiness. He must have dozed again for he, afterwards, was never sure just how or when they came into the Golden World. They had been flying for a long time into, or through, a grey mist or fog, like the inside of a cloud, or a tunnel. There was no landscape, no bright or dim, it was all alike; Charly called it "the Between Times".

Suddenly Andrew was aware that the grey spaces they had been traveling in for so long, (at least it seemed a long time since he had so unexpectedly departed from the stage at Hilltop High), became golden spaces. There was a sun, or a star, a great glowing light in the sky, much closer than any sun or star should be, and much cooler, too. Andrew felt only a pleasant warmth from the direction of the light. There was once more a horizon line, a place where land, or the earth, and the sky seemed to meet; a promise of solid ground.

Something solid would be very welcome after the nothingness of the Between Times, where he and Charly had traveled, where all was directionless, without up or down, apparently without end, bottomless and empty, colorless and forever. Andrew kicked hard with his heels, to get Charly's attention as they started a long glide downwards, away and to one side of the great light.

Charly curved his neck and blinked as Andrew asked, "Where are we? Will we see Grandfather soon? Will there be time to eat, and other things?"

"This is one of the Gateways; the Gateway of the Ring which I serve," said Charly. "We'll take a short break for a rest and then we'll take a look outside. This is the worst mess since the Finzers got hold of my Ring. I just don't know what Lucius, if it is Lucius, is going to think about getting Andy in place of Hal. So you aren't Hal! But you do have a Wand and the Hat, and the Hat is more than just a Gateway. Well it's too late now. Here we are. Hop off."

Only the slightest shock of landing could be felt, as Charly braced his golden hooves and gave a final beat of his wings. He held out a great wing to Andrew, who slide gratefully to the solid ground.

They had stopped on a small plateau, very like a miniature air-strip made by bulldozing off the top of a hill; only, in place of harsh concrete, green, soft grass covered the ground. On either side rows of low trees and clumps of pleasant looking, pink-flowered bushes were growing.

Andrew said, "Excuse me, Charly." and modestly stepped behind a thick bush to relieve himself; it had been quite a while since before the show. Charly's long neck curved and he watched with great curiosity. Andrew sighed, zipped up his fly, and walked back again, the long way around. He took his first good look at the incredible monster.

"My, but you are gaudy! Like a neon circus poster!" he exclaimed. Charly ignored the comment and asked, "Now why did you do that? It looked like water. Are you sick?" Andrew, staring at the combination of horse, bird of prey, and

maybe other beasts, could think of nothing to say except, "No, I'm not sick. In fact I feel fine. Just a little hungry. And it was water — used up water. You must know. Don't you, Charly? . . ."

Charly snorted out a stream of beautiful red sparks. "Of course not. How silly! We use up everything; to the last drop, the last little crumb. Those sparks are the end! Well, everybody can't be perfect," and he gazed admiringly over his shoulder at himself. "Now, let's take stock before we go through the Gate. Lucius said to be careful. I know you've got the Hat, because I came through it, and a Wand, because I saw one. What else?"

"I'm afraid you were hasty, Charly," explained Andrew. "The Wand is only a pencil, charmed by Hal for my show. It can produce the cloth, but I forgot that, and the Magic Tree, and the little winged horse. It can lift a small person and do a few other simple tricks. That's all it can do! All I know about the Hat is that those things, and you came out of it. That isn't much to help Grandfather." As he spoke he had snapped open the Hat and placed the Wand in it. Charly gently poked at the Wand with a red, razor-edged, talon-tip.

"Playthings," he muttered, "toys for amateurs — always send a boy when we need a man . . . Oh! Well, Andy, it's all my fault. But he was in such a rush. Maybe I was too hasty. Can't be helped now. Did I hear you mention you were hungry?"

"Yes," answered Andrew hastily, "and I could stand a long cool drink too." He looked up expectantly at Charly, who was swivelling his head around like a curious owl, peering in all directions.

"Well, rocks and wood and grass are not for such as you," said Charly, "and I can see nothing stirring. Anyway there's no time for hunting. You mentioned a Magic Tree. What can it do?"

"Well," said Andrew, "It can grow lemons, oranges and apples. Oh yes, and figs. That's all I've asked it for; maybe that's all it can do. But the black cloth was left back there, so maybe the Tree won't work at all."

"Why not try it?" suggested Charly. "I could stand a bite myself."

Andrew tapped the Hat with the Wand and spoke the proper word as he reached into it. With a pleased look, he felt the seed and produced it with a flourish for his audience of one. Charly clicked a claw in mild applause as Andrew spread a handherchief on the grass and centered the seed. He made the growing pass with the Wand, and just as if it were on stage, the pod split and the green shoot sprouted straight up, swift as a rising fountain, thickening and branching as it grew taller. When it was about six feet high Andrew tapped it gently; it ceased to grow and seemed to pause for orders.

Andrew was thirsty, so he said, "Oranges!" Little green globes became fat green-brown and gold flushed fruit. Six of them. Andrew plucked them and began to peel one. As he ate it he said, "Apples; three only!" and the Tree obligingly produced three red, shiny apples. "Winesaps" Andrew decided as he picked them and put them beside the oranges.

Charly, who had been watching every move, said, "How about a time for me?"

"O.K.," said Andrew, "you name it, and maybe you'll get it."

"Will you tell it, or should I?" asked Charly.

"Go ahead," said Andrew, "you tell it, and see what happens! Think it, too."

Charly stared commandingly at the little tree and said, "Coconuts!"

The tree swayed and gave a faint groan as it seemed to shrug its branches. Six lumps bulged on the thickest limbs, and became green-husked, football-sized coconuts. Charly skillfully speared two on one talon and popped them into his mouth, crunching with relish. He swallowed as he reached out for more. Andrew marvelled at the digestive system that could handle and enjoy husks, shells, meat, milk and all, with ease and even with pleasure.

"Charly, would you peel one of those for me," asked Andrew? "Just take off the outside soft part and hand me the nut inside."

Charly speared one of the remaining nuts and whacked off the husk. He cleaned the hard kernel and extended it to Andrew. "Here you are," he said, and dipped his top-knot.

Andrew had forgotten something. Placing a finger on the smaller end, he asked, "Can you punch two holes, or better yet slice off the end to about here?" and he showed where to. "Now don't tip it, or the milk will spill out."

"Milk!" exclaimed Charly. "And I didn't even know about it! Just think, I've been eating milk!" He smoothly passed the tip of a talon through the place indicated by Andrew; it sliced like a hot wire through butter and not a drop of milk was spilled. Charly stuffed the husk into his mouth, along with the other nut, and said, "Time is passing here as well as there. Lucius was in a hurry. Let's go outside!"

Andrew tipped the last drop of cool milk into his mouth and handed the shell to Charly, who made a snack of it. The tree was returned to the Hat and the Hat and Wand to their places.

"What do you mean, outside?" asked Andrew. "We went through the roof of the school — we must be outside! Where are we now?" Andrew put one apple and one orange in his pockets and gave the rest to Charly.

"I thought you knew!" said Charly in surprise. "We are inside the Ring — at the very Gate itself. Climb on and you'll see. Now remember, as long as you are mounted on my back, we will grow or shrink together. So stay there until we find out about things, It may be a great advantage to stay small for awhile. If you get off, for any reason, Zip! You're back to regular size So sit tight. And don't talk until I do. Now! Let's go!" He tossed the fruit into his mouth as he crouched low and put out a wing for Andrew to mount.

Andrew paused for a moment and ran his palm over the glass-smooth, steel-hard plumage, "Charly," he said, "according to all the basic laws of aerodynamics you can't fly! And if you were able to get off the ground you certainly couldn't stay up. This I can prove, scientifically!"

"Hah!" laughed Charly, "just what they say about the bumble-bee! And according to scientific belief I not only can't fly — I don't even exist! But here I am! So hop on!" He snorted scornfully, "Scientists! Hah!"

Andrew was barely in his seat when they arrowed into the hazy golden sky. The great wings lifted them up and away, first towards, then past, the glowing source of light. The gold grew redder and the very air seemed thicker as they soared higher and higher and the great light dwindled and dimmed.

Charly looked around, and cautioned, "Remember what I told you, Andy! Sit tight and be quiet."

The sky above them was growing lighter as the sun behind grew more faint. They seemed to be coming into another space; without warning or sensation Andrew realized that they were motionless. They were perched on a tremendous smooth surface, down-curving in all directions. Far overhead a very distant brightness shown down on them. Far below was a snowy white field, and looming beside them were two glinting hills. On the right a hill of huge silver discs, and on the left a smaller golden heap. Andrew drew a deep breath as he suddenly realized that the hills were heaps of coins; that their perch was the jewel of the Ring, where they sat like the tiniest gnat on a bowling ball.

They were in a gigantic room. They had come though the Gateway at last. Andrew started to say something, but was fixed by a glaring eye, and Charly raised a talon in front of wicked bared teeth in a gesture of silence. He pointed straight in front of them. There, too huge to believe, too monstrous to take in at one look, was what Andrew made out to be the back and partly side view of a true Giant. A Giant so big that the Brobdingnagians reported by Gulliver would have seemed tiny by comparison.

Andrew heard a dull rumble, deep metallic clangings, and a slow voice like distant thunder say some words. They were in a strange language, but he thought that the last word was, "Watch!" or, "Look!". The right hand of the great figure moved.

Andrew was thrust back as Sharlumanugash arrowed straight up, like a minute fiery streak, and shot between the glowing strips of light into darkness. He felt, more than saw, that they made a neat half-loop and a perfect wing-over, as Charly landed with the very tiniest puff of dust above the brightness, on top of a rafter. The dust was only claw-deep. Very slowly, taking great care, Charly moved to the edge, turning a little sideways to provide Andrew with a good view. They both peered down.

Andrew could see more clearly from this vantage place, but he yearned to ask a few questions. Who was that monster squatting against the wall under the shining light? What sort of thing or being was stretched out in the corner with such glittering black eyes?. Who was the fat boy, or young man, almost under them, licking his fingers and picking bits of food from silver dishes that looked oddly familiar? Why they were familiar! Some of the old Finzer silver! How did they ever get here? And for that matter, where and when was here? He kicked with his left heel to gain Charly's attention. When the familiar yellow eye swung close, he whispered softly, mouthing the words, "Can I talk now?"

Charly hissed an almost silent, "Yes."

"Who is that with the horns and teeth?" Andrew asked.

"Claims to be Lucius," said Charly, "So he says."

"But how? — Who? . . .

"Shhh," said Charly, "Lost his Wand, he told me. Listen."

Aladdin spoke, and Andrew could tell only that he pointed and seemed to threaten the cowering creature that was Lucius.

"Jinni, by the Lamp you serve, I would sleep safely. Tell me how to weave a Magic Circle to protect me from all harm; like in the Tale of Ali Rham and the Ghul. By my power I command you to tell!" and he pointed the Wand at Lucius.

"By Golly, he's a Slave!" exclaimed Charly, suppressing his voice with difficulty. A Slave to his own Wand!"

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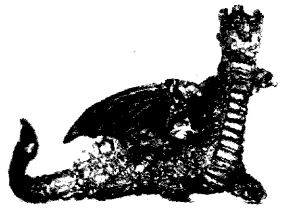

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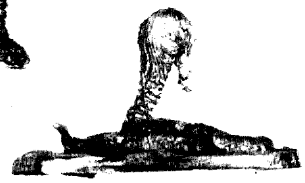

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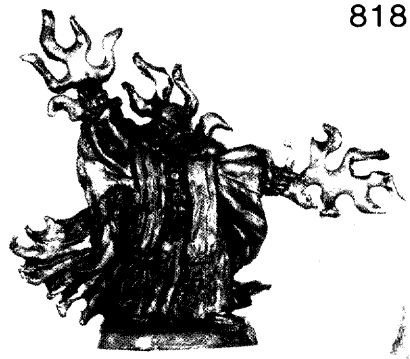

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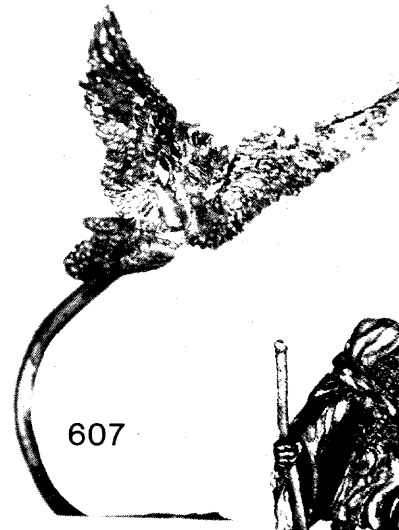

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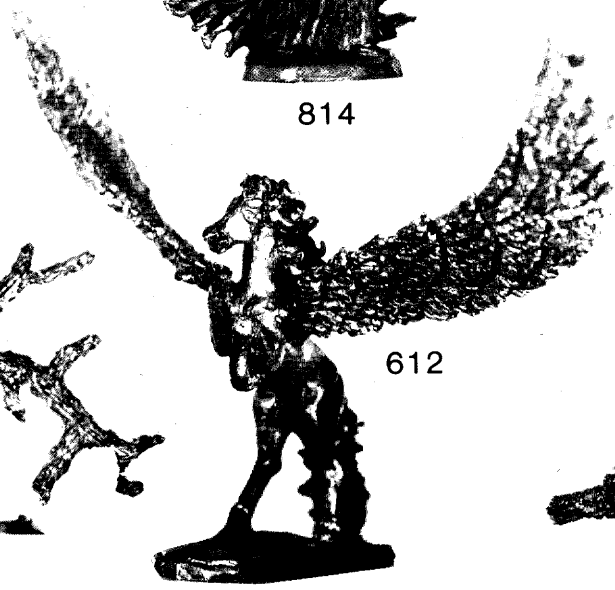

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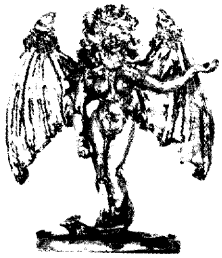

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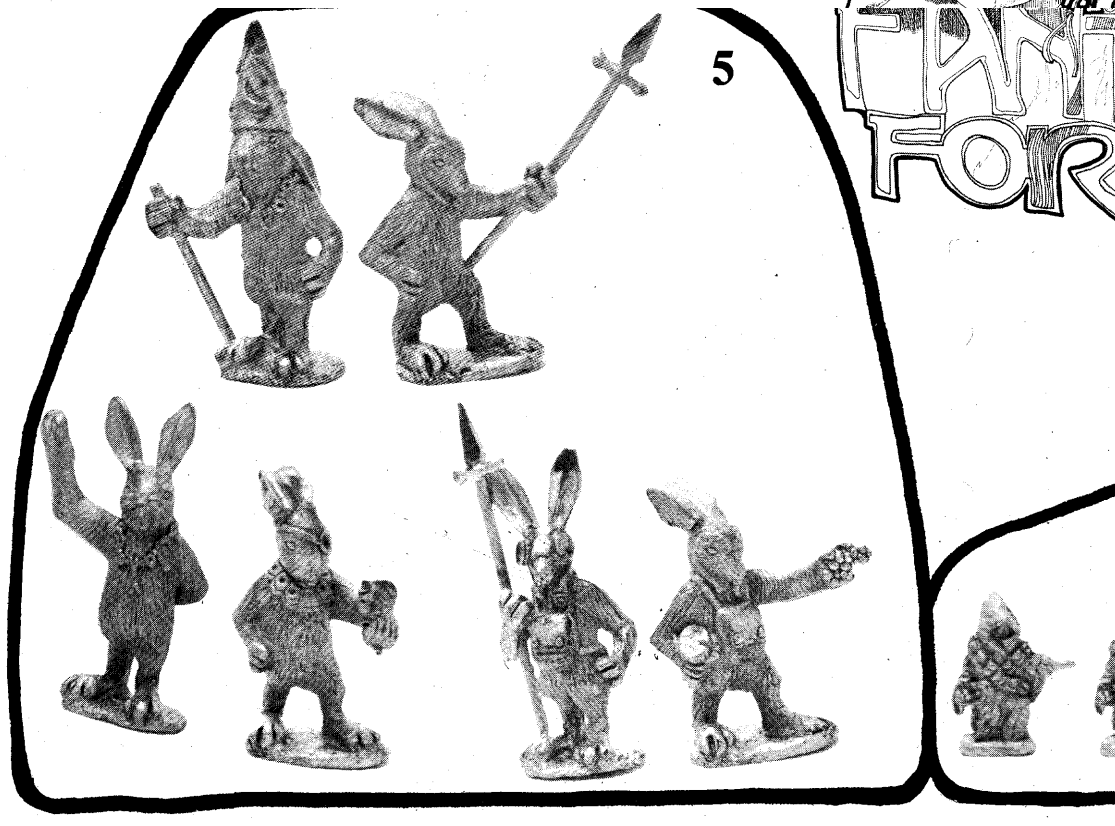

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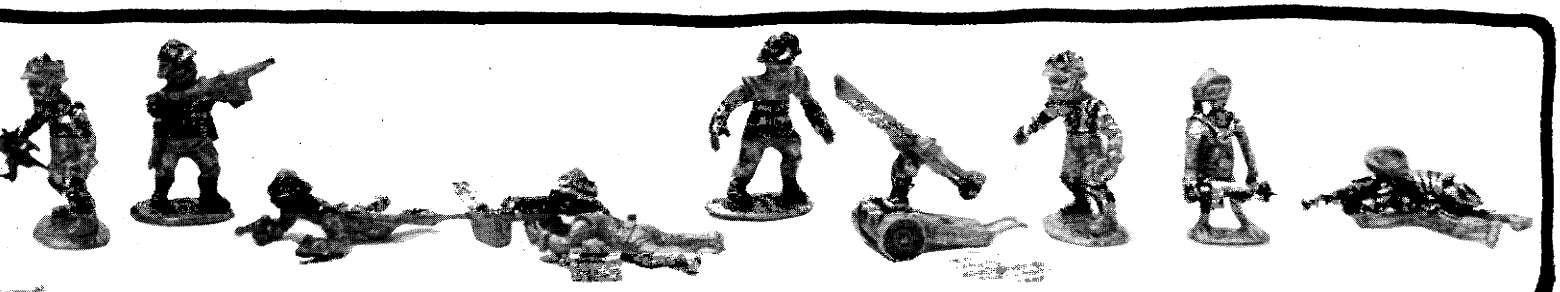

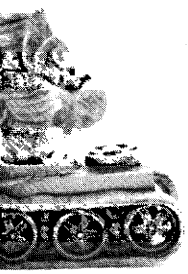

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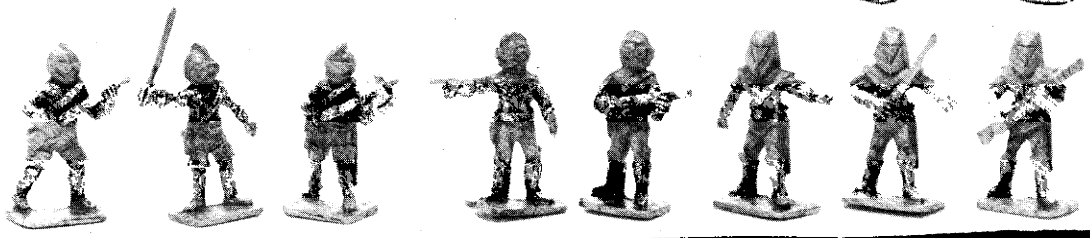

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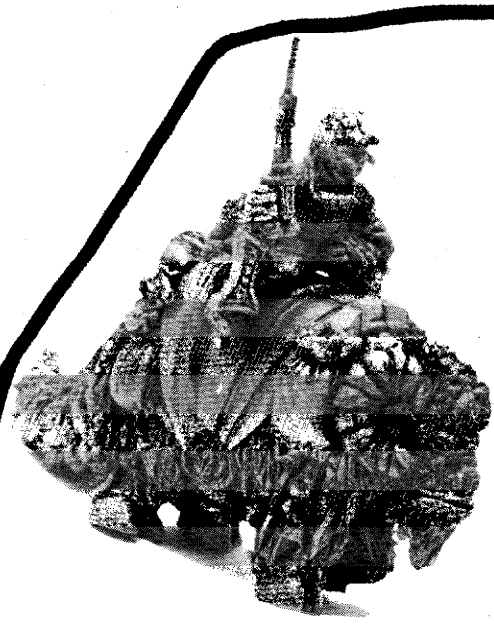

"What's happening?" asked Andrew.

"SHHH," said Charly, "Watch!"

Lucius, slowly, reluctantly, trying to find some way out, got to his feet and leaned against the wall. *Where was Hal? He thought to himself. When would he come? What had happened to Sharlumanugash? And Andrew?*

Then pressed by the power of the Wand and pricked by fear of Aladdin, he began to obey. He showed Aladdin, with slow gestures, the weaving of the Spell and the proper casting of the Circle. He hoped Aladdin would fall in error or make some small mistake, for it was intricate and difficult; but the clever lad followed every move exactly, repeated the words without fault and closed the charmed circle. He was safe from all outside harm.

Lucius had been able to do one thing, a very small thing. He made the Magic Circle big enough to include himself. He had tried to make it big enough to include the entrance of the Magic Window, but he was sure he had failed. He did know that it was woven larger than the room they were inside. Aladdin seemed satisfied and sank back on the pile of cushions, fondled his treasure briefly and waved the lights into sudden darkness.

"What do we do now?" asked Andrew in a whisper.

"Nothing!" said Charly, "Wait!"

It was then that Lucius decided to risk all in one last attempt to regain his Wand. He would wait until Aladdin slept. The faint gleam of moonlight trickled in through the window-gratings; the only sounds were the gurgle of water from the garden and the closer wheeze of Aladdin's breathing. Lucius waited, crouched against the wall, silent, unmoving, trying to force himself against the power of the Wand to leap and take it from Aladdin. *Now is the time!* he told himself. Now! He heard a purring, regular snore, Now! He tensed for one deadly leap. *All or nothing!*

He discovered he could not move! He had joined Mrs. Adin and the rest of the insects. His red Jinni eyes glittered like sparks as he listened to his Master snore.

Softer than the flutter of a moth's passing he heard Hal's voice, "We are inside the garden now. Is there any danger? Can you hear me?" There was a pause for answering. Lucius struggled to move so much as his tongue or lips, to make some slight sound of understanding, but he was frozen, immobile. Only the slow rise and fall of his chest as he breathed, and the slow blood-beat of his heart moved; and these without his willing. He felt beads of sweat gather and trickle down his face and drip from his chin. There was nothing he could do! Again came the voice of Hal, "Margo is with me. We are coming into the house now!"

* * *

After Lucius had vanished through the Magic Window with his 'Jinni' food the remaining Finzers began to make some very uncertain plans. Swithin was all for arming himself with several Charms of Power, and leaping into immediate action. He pointed out that surprise was a big advantage, and that one small boy would stand a much better chance than a crowd. On the other hand Gay felt that they should all go together and surround Aladdin.

"And for what?", said Swithin, "To throw rocks? Let me go in alone and I'll take the Wand from Aladdin so fast he won't know who snatched it!"

"Quiet," said Hal tensely, "I will go alone, just as soon as I decide what to do. Will everybody please shut up!"

"Hal Finzer!" said Margo sternly, "Just who are you telling to shut up? I happen to be the only mother Andrew has, and I intend to find my boy. So if anybody goes through the window I'll be the one to go. What shall I take?"

"Margo, you know I didn't mean you," said Hal. "If you feel that way we will go together. Certainly you are not going alone. This is a ticklish and dangerous adventure."

"And a silly one, too," said Margo, "or it would be; but since I've seen Lucius . . . well, let's get ready!"

"What shall I take?" yelled Gay and Swithin at the same time.

"Nothing!" said Hal sternly, "You stay here. Yes, both of you!"

"Aw Dad! Have a heart," pouted Swithin.

"Please," pleaded Gay, "I'll promise to be quiet!"

"No!" said Margo in her "this-is-the-very-last-word" voice. . 'Go down to the kitchen and fill that canteen with cold water for me. Heaven knows when or where we might end up. Fix up some chocolate bars and some of those little bags of peanuts." She waved them out of the Tower Room and sat on the arm of the big leather chair. "Well, dear Hal, I'll be ready to march to the rescue in a very few minutes. All I need to do is change my shoes and grab a few things and we're off. I'm really worried about Andrew most. What do you plan to take?"

"If we only knew just how much Aladdin has learned," mused Hal, "or to what extent he can use the Power, we could plan with more sense. This business of Lucius becoming the Slave of his own Wand I find hard to understand. If he is not able to help himself, and if, as he said, he may even be forced to fight against his own rescue, we are going to have a tough time indeed. One of the most disturbing things is the way Andrew has disappeared with Sharlumanugash. If they are supposed to use the Ring as a Gateway back to Lucius, and Aladdin has the Ring, we may never find Andrew again."

"That's why I'm going!" declared Margo. "Decide what you need and let's get started. You take the Magic. I'll depend on my own wits." She went to the kitchen where Swithin and Gay were de-

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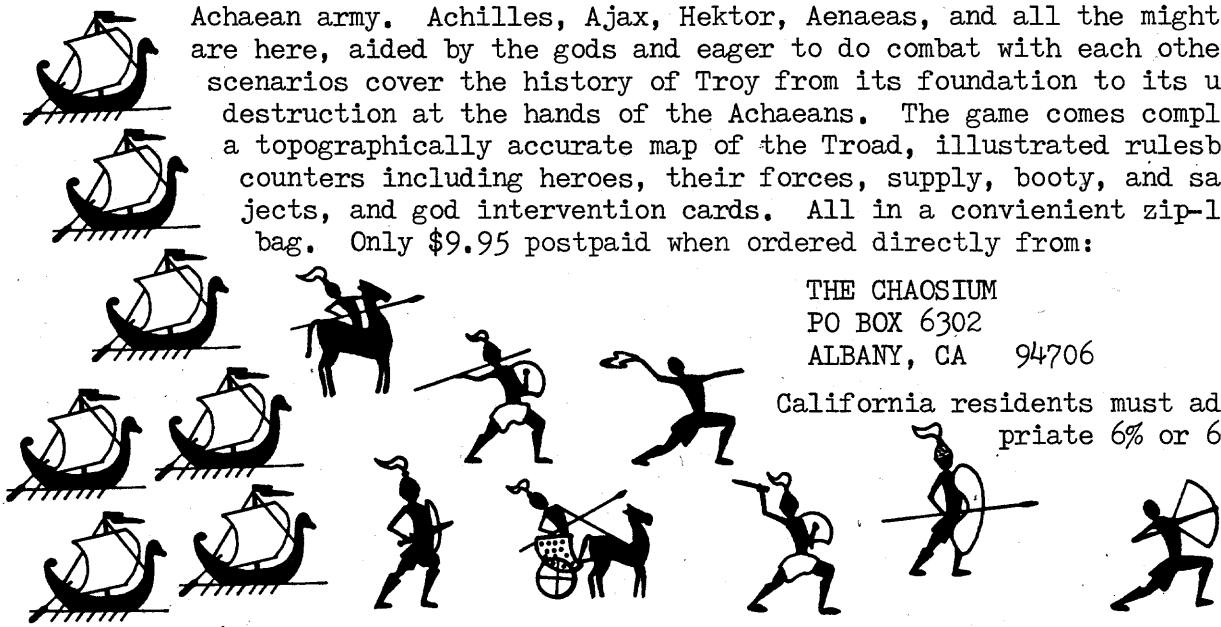

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bating who should go first through the Window (that is first after Hal and Margo). Margo stopped this with a shocking display of cold temper. She shooed both children to the living room, picked up her rations, and went to dress.

"Time; and there is no time to spare! If only Lucius had dared tell me more." Hal selected some protective Charms, some Spells of sleep, confusion and various deceptions; a tiny Voice and an Ear for silent communication and, of course, his Wand of Little Power. So, ill armed, against the mighty potential powers of the Great Wand, and perhaps the Ring, he prepared for the adventure. There was no time to gather the lengthier and more powerful Magics of Binding and Dwimmer Craft.

He dressed all in dark grey and black: loose-fitting, comfortable shirt and pants, a wide leather belt, dull black and pouched for the various tools he was taking, soft black shoes and a silk cape with a hood that could be pulled low. In shadow or in the dark Hal was as invisible as a grey cat.

Margo came into the Tower Room as Hal was tucking the least of the Charms and equipment into his belt pouches. She was almost a twin to Hal, except a grey scarf concealed her hair. They approved of one another, and were enviously admired by Gay and Swithin who had slipped in.

"Now listen," instructed Hal, "it is up to you children to hold the fort right here. It is still possible that Charly may show up here with Andrew. So don't get any fancy ideas of following us through the Window."

Margo added, "We expect to be back in less than one hour. If we don't get back by then put in calls for Fritz and Otto. Tell them the Wand of Power has been captured, and all the rest of it. Maybe, they, together, will find some means to help." She kissed both and walked to the Magic Window with Hal. He blew a goodbye to Gay and Swithin. Then both Margo and Hal stepped into the dim-lit space between the mud walls.

The same thin moon lit them through the silent dusk to Aladdin's garden door. They moved silently as shadows through the door; there was darkness in the house.

Hal whispered into the Voice, using it for the hearing of Lucius only, "We are inside the Garden, now. Is there any danger? Can you hear me?" He waited. There was no answer. The only sounds were the faint trickle of water in the garden pool and the snoring of a sleeper from inside the house.

Hal tried again, "Margo is with me. We are coming into the house, now!" Plucking out his Wand, cautioning Margo to silence, he glided to the door that led into the Aladdins' house. Margo followed him through the door, her hand on his shoulder. She felt him tense and stop.

He stepped back and stood beside her; she felt the stir of air as hands moved close to her face.

"I've spun a web of silence." he said softly. "There is trouble ahead. It may be a Magic Circle by the feel of it. That means that Lucius has been forced to serve. Aladdin could never have learned such a Spell without help!"

"Why can't we burrow under it, or lift over?" asked Margo.

"You don't understand!" explained Hal. "This is one of the Master Spells; it extends above and below, like some great hollow tube, so far as needed to protect its weaver. I shall try to breach it with my small Power, but if it has been well cast it will prove too strong."

"Can't you make a hole in it just enough to spin a Spell? Or big enough so I can sneak through and get the Wand from Aladdin?"

"Perhaps," said Hal, "but that would be very dangerous; it would certainly wake up Aladdin. Those must be his snores we hear — Lucius would make more noise. This whole thing seems entirely crazy. We're like small children trying to rob a bank-vault, armed with cap-pistols and a screw driver, up against thick steel walls and machine-guns."

"I know, Hal," said Margo desperately, "but we must try! Think of Andrew!".

"So we shall," resolved Hal. "Stand firm and be ready to move, be very silent. There is a doorway and a low step up into the place where Aladdin is sleeping. The door is in front of us. Look at the floor through it and you can see moon-gleams on the silver that Lucius took along. Your target is just behind there." Hal dissolved the Web of Silence and began to move his Wand in certain patterns. Margo gathered herself, like a lioness about to charge, reckless of all danger. She waited for a sign from Hal.

Like a swift slap in the face they were blinded by a flood of light from the doorway. They heard a scrambling and a sharp scream, a loud crash of clashing metal, and a cry of, "Thief!". Just six paces in front of them, sprawled across the silver tray, scattered silver dishes around her, was a plump, black-haired woman. She clutched her clenched fists across her chest as she defied the fat young man who crouched, snarling, over her. He was yelling, "Thief! Robber! Give me back my gold!"

Mrs. Adin sat up in the middle of the big silver tray and tried to pick up a goblet with her closed fists. As she fumbled Aladdin snatched out the Wand. She keeled over stiff as a wooden doll; the silver and gold coins made a faint tinkle as they dribbled from her opened plams.

For the first time Aladdin looked through the doorway. He spied Hal and Margo, frozen like spot-lighted deer. Hal's Wand glimmered like a faint star against the wall of the Magic Circle. Aladdin swung the Wand of Great Power. The tiny star went out. Hal and Margo fell forward against the invisible, immensely strong film; they leaned there like two broom-sticks, still staring ahead, through the door, at the enraged Aladdin.

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They saw him turn, with evil, narrowed eyes, towards a place down beside the door, hidden from them by the wall. All his anger was directed there.

"Evil Demon!" he screamed! "You have betrayed me! You have wickedly deceived your Master! Your lies are in vain! I shall destroy you as I did the moth!" He bared his teeth like a rodent, "Only just a little at a time!" His arms were straight at his sides.

Lucius stared straight ahead, locked in his rigid body, almost without hope. Aladdin licked his lips. He seemed to be enjoying himself. He slowly began to raise his arm, pointing the Wand, delicately.

The two silent watchers above moved for the first time since the lights had blazed again.

Sharlumanugash leaped up and out, plunged downwards faster than the shrill battle yell he made. Out from the darkness he shot into the light. He expanded like a crimson fireball as he plummeted. Andrew hung on with hands and knees and feet; he knew that he, too, was yelling in excitement and joy.

Like a striking hawk Sharlumanugash smashed into the hand that held the Wand.

Aladdin screamed.

The Wand spun into the air, end over end, in a lazy arc. Everything seemed to become slow-motion action. The lights flickered like heat lightning. Aladdin grabbed for the spinning Wand with his other hand. Lucius shot half-way across the room as the spell was gone and his bunched muscles obeyed him. Margo and Hal fell forward and landed on their knees as the Magic Circle vanished. Mrs. Adin, with swift grabs, began to scrabble for coins, even before she sat up.

Charly dived again, and diving, became larger. The Wand landed neatly in Andrew's lap. He clutched it with both hands as Charly swooped across the room in a tight turn. They skidded to a jarring stop, almost touching the curved fangs of Lucius. A hairy, clawed hand flashed out and snagged the Wand of Power. Ex-Jinni, Lucius Finzer, now held the Lamp he had served. He whirled like a wounded leopard ready to stand off Aladdin.

Hal and Margo charged to the doorway to do battle. They all stopped.

Mrs. Adin had bounced to her feet like a rubber ball. She pulled Aladdin down by one ear and whacked him with vicious gusto, exclaiming in calliope-like blasts, "Unnatural son!" Whack. "Wicked Miser!" Whack. "Lazy beast!" Whack. She floored him with a jowl-jolting swing and landed him blubbering on the floor, one big foot in a silver dish. Big, red drops of blood were oozing from his right hand.

Aladdin, Ex-Master of the Lamp, Ex-Commander of Jinni-Slave Lucius, was once more just a lazy, oversize fat-boy, with a vivid imagination and a talent for wickedness.

He would grow up into a renowned Teller of Tales. The best, and most often told, would be called 'The Wonderful Lamp!'

* * *

Gay and Swithin had just about used up all their small stock of patience. Swithin had jiggled the clock several times but the hands refused to move any faster. Gay, who was also sure the clock was all wrong, had called the Time Number twice. The clock was right both times. They were feeling very sorry for themselves because they were left behind.

"Suppose nobody comes back?" asked Swithin, "I'll take a handful of those Charms, I know where they are, and go through the Window, and rescue everybody, and . . ."

Gay interrupted him, "You will not! You will call Uncle Fritz and Uncle Otto and I'll go first."

"Now what can you do? You're only a girl! Besides, I've had experience with Charms."

Before Gay could reply Lucius pranced through the Magic Window. On his heels followed Margo and Hal. "Grandfather, Mother, Hal," the children yelled! "We were just about to rescue you. Where's Andrew? What happened? Tell us all about everything!"

Lucius was still looking like a Jinni. He carefully placed the Ring on the table, pitched his bracelet next to it, and laid the Wand of Power beside them.

"Quiet, everybody," he said. "One last look at Old Jinni Lucius," and he slowly turned himself, admiring his horns, and curved fangs, and his beautiful ruby eyes for the last time. He wiggled the hairy tips of his pointy ears, clicked his horrid claws and placed a hideous hand on the Wand. He shimmered into his usual self.

"Easy come, easy go!" he saluted his reflection, and picked up his cloak.

"When will that creature get here with Andrew?" Margo asked, walking over close to the Ring, "I can't bear all this waiting. It just didn't feel like Andrew, only a foot high, and on the back of that gaudy beast."

"That beast probably saved us all from some nasty times," said Hal, "and really, Margo, it was Andrew."

"They should be here any minute now," said Lucius.

"What happened to Aladdin?" shrilled Gay.

"Oh, that poor greedy boy," said Margo, "I bandaged his hand where that creature of a mother made it bleed. He was crying so! After all he was just a little boy — not as old as Andrew."

"Hah!" snorted Lucius, "Just a little boy! A big fat monster! I should have turned him into a silver coin and let his mother bite him. Poor boy, indeed!' You used my silk scarf for the bandage, too. And don't keep calling Sharlumanugash a creature or a beast."

Margo ignored this, admonishing Lucius, "He kidnapped Andrew right in front of everybody, and now they've gone off again! How do you know this animal can be trusted?"

"Madame, are you perhaps speaking of me?" piped a shrill, distinct, voice.

Margo heard Andrew's voice give a tiny yell, "Hello, everybody! We're back!"

Charly glided to the floor in front of Margo like a fast jet coming in. He expanded to police dog size as Andrew vaulted to the floor, and whooshed to normal size like a grain of exploding popcorn.

Everyone patted and hugged everyone else; except for Charly, who retreated under the table and gazed out sardonically with his great yellow eyes. He wondered what peculiar task the Master of the Ring would think up next time.

Hal shouted, above the hubbub, "All right, everybody freshen up; we'll all have a bite to eat and tell our tales down in the living room."

In a few minutes the whole party was comfortably crouched, perched or seated, except Lucius, who leaned on the mantel-shelf, looking very spruce in his smoking jacket. In front of each person was his or her favorite snack or beverage. Charly was perched on a low stool. He was enjoying the novelty of a new taste-treat — peanuts in the shell. He was crunching shells and all with gusto. He cocked an eye at Andrew who sat on the floor next to him, and murmured, "No milk, but good!"

Josephine, crouched next to Margo, in the big rocking-chair, was growling deep in her throat in a suspicious way as she watched Charly. Gay and Swithin crowded in on either side of Hal as they waited impatiently for Lucius to begin.

Lucius told his story without embarrassment, in fact, with verve and pleasure; he made even the dangerous and painful parts seem funny.

He finished, "And so we left the coins for Aladdin and his mother to battle over; she had most of them when we left. Margo insisted on leaving the old silver tray and the rest of the dishes for them."

"I've wanted to get rid of those ugly nuisances for years," she smiled. "They were no good to us, and those poor people can sell them. After what you did to them, Lucius, it was little enough to give them."

"So then we scrammed," concluded Lucius, "right through the wall, like proper Jinn should. It really did look sad: those two dim flickering tallow candle stubs on the wall, and Aladdin with his bandaged hand and smeary face, and Mrs. Adin scrabbling on the floor for coins. Well, it's all over now. Andrew, tell about what happened to you and Charly. After all, you two are the real heroes!"

Before Andrew would tell anything he demanded an explanation from Hal of what had happened to the Show after he had disappeared. Hal obliged, assisted by Swithin and Gay.

Hal finished, "So unless people have changed overnight not one word will be said. You will be congratulated on an extra-good show by one or two of your friends, and Mr. VanZant may bawl you out for not telling him about it in advance. Just look modest and mysterious or shy, as the case may call for, and everything will be back to normal."

"That's right," Swithin added, "even the people on stage thought it was just another good trick."

Andrew heaved a sigh of relief, and began to tell his tale. He made Charly the hero of it (which, of course, he was) and ended with a little sidewise bow to his former steed. Charly managed to look both shy and proud as he half-lidded his eyes and swallowed the last peanut.

"Happy to be of service," he said. "And now, good Master," he stared directly at Lucius, "Have you any more commands for your Slave?"

Lucius, who had been fiddling with the Ring, pulled it off. He turned the amber globe to the light so that it glowed with golden fire, and said, "Yes! O Slave of the Ring, Sharlumanugash! Take this Ring for your own!" and he held it out to Charly.

There was a silence.

Then, slowly, like a great unfolding flower, Charly grew until he towered over Lucius and dwarfed the room. He reached out one terrible talon and gently snared the Ring. He said, in a deep, resonant voice, like a slow-bowed cello, "Remember!:

"When I, Sharlumanugash, wear my own Ring
No more am I servant, but my own King!"

And his great eyes flared with a sudden yellow fire.

Lucius spoke slowly, "Yes, I remember; I, too, was a servant. Without your help I might still answer to the name of Slave, and still serve a Master. Yes! The Ring is yours, Sharlumanugash!" and he smiled into the monstrous eyes.

The huge beast seemed to smile back. "Thank you, Ex-Master. This is not the end; you have lost a servant but gained a friend!" and Charly began to diminish. He called to all of them in turn, "Goodbye! See you again! So long Andy! Watch this closely now!" His voice grew shriller and shriller as he shrank. Then, he leaped into the air with a stamp of tiny golden hooves, hovered small as a humming bird. The Ring's golden globe dangling, like an upside-down balloon, under him for a scant second. He dived down into the glowing amber sphere like a crimson dart, pulling the golden hoop with one talon after him. There was a faint, spicy smell of perfume and a most melodious twang.

Sharlumanugash and his Ring disappeared.

"Neat!" exclaimed Swithin, before anyone else could speak. "He pulled the hole in after him!"

"Charly said, 'this was not the end'!" Andrew recalled and turned to his Grandfather Lucius, "Will we ever see him again?"

"I don't know," said Lucius, "He is his own Master now. Time and Space mean nothing to him. Who can say? . . ."

* * *

Lucius pulled out the bolts that held the frame of the Magic Window immovable; he patted the dark wood gently, and his voice was almost affectionate as he said, "It wasn't your fault. I was just unlucky, and careless, too. I set my sights too low. Aladdin's Lamp, indeed! Next time I'll hunt bigger game. Did you ever hear of the Great Seal of King Solomon? Now that would be worthwhile to have! Master of all the Jinn; and all the Demons as well. Not to mention the birds and the beasts and the fish. I wonder . . . ?"

He tilted the heavy frame. The link with Aladdin and the Lamp was broken. Lucius looked out through the clear windows of the Tower room.

It was beginning to snow again.

Seal of The Imperium

By M.A.R. Barker

It was inevitable that Tékumel, the world of "Empire of the Petal Throne," should arouse curiosity and bring on a deluge of questions. I have tried to respond individually to many who wrote — often nine or ten single-spaced pages of detailed questions. These queries have been most beneficial to me since they have encouraged consistency, helped me to plug up holes, and have led me to think of matters which I had never thought through before.

Nevertheless, this method of individual query and response is clearly not satisfactory — it often means answering the same or similar questions for more than one person, and it will eventually sink me in a mass of inconsistencies as I strive to answer everybody with lots of details. Now our Friendly Editor has allowed me space in "The Dragon" to respond in print. Hence this column: "Seal of the Imperium." We can try this method as long as there is interest in the game — and as long as my flickering sanity holds out . . .

As I have said elsewhere, we must at once distinguish between "real" Tékumel — the fantasy world — and "game" Tékumel — the abstracted, simplified, and somewhat altered version which results from playing "Empire of the Petal Throne." There are many differences — things which become overemphasized in the game, things which were peripheral and unimportant to the game while being of value to the people of Tékumel, etc., etc. Just to point up the contrasts, let me cite some differences: (a) "real" Tékumel has a lot less magic and magical paraphernalia lying about than one picks up in the game — with all the Thoroughly Useful Eyes and spells of revivification possible in the game, no citizen of Tsolyánu would ever have to die! — and there would be heaps of treasure and goodies for all; (b) players in the game have access to a lot more money than would be possible in "real" Tékumel, again a concession to adventuring; (c) the game simplifies the various means of advancement in the society and skews the relationships between wealth, social class, clan membership, fighting ability, and other such factors, All of these things, plus the ever-useful Divine Intervention, make it a LOT easier to succeed in the game than in "real" Tsolyánu. The same is true of *"Monopoly"* or *"Alexander the Great";* games abstract, simplify, and simulate only those parts of "reality" which the designer feels are crucial.

There are thus two kinds of questions about Tékumel: those which pertain to the game and its systems, and those which relate to "real" Tékumel. Naturally, I enjoy answering the latter much more than the former! I will try to do both, however, if players really feel they require additions to game information. Practice differs from group to group, of course, and my own feeling is that if I try to pin down all aspects of the game to hard and fast rules I may create more problems than I solve. In my own campaigns there are just two real gods: Common Sense and The Referee. Now to some questions . . .

(1) *How does the Illusion spell work? Can it affect your own party?*

The Illusion spell must be seen by those against whom it is cast. It is thus not possible to cast an "illusion" of unseen forces — fear, cold, etc. If one's own party is facing backwards towards the spell caster, they may indeed be affected by the Illusion — the referee must use common sense to decide this. It is obvious that one's own people all know that a friendly wizard will not be throwing a Doomkill at THEM, and they will thus not believe it if they see him casting one in their direction. But if he throws an illusion of some great demon (and if they were not previously informed that this might be coming), they could well believe that the whole party had just been attacked by a demon and believe it.

(2) The Detect Evil/Good spell seems to really be a "detect hostile/non-hostile" spell. Is this correct?

Very close to it. This spell detects an object's magical alignment: it tells the caster only whether the item contains friendly or hostile magic power. A sword thus is hostile only if used by an opponent — but if it is "charged" with hostile magic, this spell would detect it. A "good" person thus detects friendly or inimical power in a magically charged object, and so does the "evil" person.

(3) Is the ESP spell usable across language barriers?

Yes, but not very clearly, We think in words largely, plus fragmentary pictures — at least that's how *I* think, and others tell me it is the same with them. Thus, players can "see" glimpses of what the person ESPeed is "seeing in his/her mind. If the language is known to the ESPer, then he/she can understand the words too. If the person does not know the language, then the referee should let him/her only comprehend snatches of the subject's mental pictures: e.g. "You see a ship; there is the face of a stern-looking man wearing a metal helm . . ." Monsters do not have visually interpretable thoughts — you get nothing at all by ESPing them. If a human tries ESPing a nonhuman intelligent being, he gets only static and garble — the ESPer may indeed catch a bit of visual thought picture, but it may be wildly different from those of mankind. Humans cannot ESP alien languages at all, the sole exception to this being Mihálli, which for some strange reason is intelligible to man. Yet it is no longer a spoken language (unless one runs into one of the last pockets of Mihálli on Tékumel), and even a scholar of written Mihálli might thus have trouble comprehending fast, colloquial Mihálli. Humans have been known to learn a little Shén or Pé Chói, but our speech organs are too limited to comprehend or reproduce their sounds. Ssú and Hlýss are rather like chiming or tinkling; all sorts of overtones in a wide band of sonic ranges carry the meaning. Telepathy is similar to ESP but is a two-way attempt to communicate by both parties. Again, if one party does not know the language of the other, it is useless. Another similar spell which causes problems is the Medium spell. I have allowed this to be used across language barriers, but I am not happy with this solution. It is clear that Hagárr of Paránta (for example) did not speak modern Tsolyáni, yet I have had players communicating with his shade in the Halls of Belkhánu. I did introduce a problem of conceptualization, however, and it was hard for people this far apart in time and culture to understand the goals of the other. One cannot use a Medium spell on a monster — they don't have souls (and don't ask me why theologically because I don't know). Belkhánu probably accepts only rational beings — but again don't ask me if there is a separate heaven for Ssú, Shén, Sérudla, or other beings; I certainly haven't been there and don't want to go!

(4) Can the Transmutation spell turn water into stone?

This spell is very rare on "real" Tékumel, and I thus have not had much experience of it — and did not give it much thought when I introduced it into my list. If one allowed it to work on castle walls, then there need never be a siege since any wall could be breached simply by aligning a group of wizards at a chosen spot and turning the whole wall into water or muck! I knew this had not happened on Tékumel and thus introduced the concept of having the spell work only upon unworked "natural" earth, stone, water, etc. It then does not transmute one element into another (e.g. one cannot transmute a field of mud into solid gold), but rather it transmutes one substance (and these I limit to the aforesaid earth, etc.) into another form of the same substance. Without quibbling over sneaky details (e.g. can one transmute a heap of carbon into a diamond?), thus, I allow players to change dirt into mud, water into ice or into steam, etc. It is useful to turn water into ice in front of an enemy ship and thus cause a very satisfactory Sinking of the Titanic. I then insist on a roll to see if the block of ice is struck head-on or just hit a glancing blow by the bow of the oncoming vessel.

(5) Do the "cure" spells do roughly the same thing: do they overlap?

The Neutralise Poison spell is different from the Cure Disease spell and from the Cure Light/Serious Wounds spells. The first of these cures the effects of vegetable or mineral (and also animal) poisons which enter the body from outside. The second cures germ-caused diseases. One can argue that germs are also external poisons, but for game purposes I work it this way. The Cure Wounds spells are for such physical damage as cuts, contusions, abrasions, burns, etc. Recently I had a party pass through a radioactive "hot" ruined city just south of Bayársha in the jungles. They tried both Neutralise Poison and the Cure Disease spells, but I finally decided that neither of these would work on radiation damage, since this was not caused by a substance entering the bloodstream or stomach, nor was it caused by bacteria. They are still suffering from the effects of this experience and accepted the decision with ill grace (but my players' grace is almost always ill anyhow). There are thus still little fiendish holes for the referee to use . . .

(6) How do persons of one alignment ("good" *or* "Evil") *behave towards followers of the other?*

With pleasant circumspection: correctly, with dignity, and watchfully. One's religious persuasion may be clear from dress, amulets or insignia worn on the garments or as jewelry, symbols hung in one's home or shop, etc., etc. It is inevitable, however, that people of one persuasion must do business with members of the other alignment, and there is no overt hostility — people simply do their business, buy what they need, or state their purpose, and then depart with a minimum of friendly jollity. Of course, where one has known a neighbor for years, there may even be some cameraderie and joking back and forth. In general, Tsolyáni are more ceremonious and formal than Americans, and the customs of "friendly insults" so common in American culture would hardly be intelligible to a native of Tékumel — and might well lead to violence! Thus, when one has business with a person of the opposite alignment, it is best to be honorific and polite to an equal, gravely deferential to a superior, and clearly concise to an inferior.

(7) Why don't members of one alignment attack members of the other on sight? Do priests of the "good" *Gods attack those of* the "evil" *deities, or vice- versa?*

During the Golden Age, after the coming of the priest Pavár, it quickly became clear to all that there must either be a terrible war to the death between the forces of the "good" deities and those of the "evil" ones, or else some means of working together must be found. This problem resulted in the "Wrath of the Gods" — a series of riots and religious strife which lasted for almost a hundred years. These proved beneficial to no one, and at length the "Concordat" was arranged between the two great factions. This was an agreement between all the temples and all of the secular authorities of the age to the effect that open violence between adherents of the various sects should not be permitted and must be punished by the most severe measures. Hence an open breach of this Concordat is treated as high treason and punishable by the most disgraceful death possible in all of the five great empires. This does not preclude secret machinations — and certainly not secret violence in the shadowy reaches of the Underworlds beneath the old cities. This is winked at, and few if any complaints are ever brought before the Council of the Priesthoods in Béy Sý. Once out of sight, either in the labyrinths below the cities or in some out-of-the-way jungle, one may count on little support from the law. Even in the cities, in broad daylight, one may attempt violence upon an opponent — but if one is caught or identified, then the offender becomes a public outlaw and can expect no aid from his/her own temple, friends, etc. This polite hypocrisy allows for a certain amount of intrigue and adventure while at the same time maintaining the social order, something very dear to most folk both on Tékumel and on this planet. Brawling, insults, and breaches of the peace between adherents of the two alignments are thus not tolerated, although minor offenses may receive a lesser sentence than would violence which results in death or loss of face.

(8) The secret societies of various temples have been mentioned in "The Dragon." *What are these and how do they operate?*

Many of the priesthoods have within them smaller groups of priests who favour a more active role for their sect. There are thus "conservatives" (those who favour the status quo), "liberals" (those who would like reforms in a number of areas), and "radicals" (those who favour great changes) in Tsolyáni society. The "radicals" include persons who may be described as "fanatics," "young hotheads," or "revolutionaries." In some cases there are doctrinal differences even within these groups: e.g. the Ndálu Clan of the Temple of Ksárul favours a religious war to establish the powers of darkness as the official religion of the Empire; it also argues for a concerted effort to find the legendary "Ten Keys to the Gates of the Blue Room," where Ksárul is said to have been imprisoned eons ago; it favours an alliance with the Cusp of Night sect of the Temple of Hry'ý and with the Incandescent Blaze Society of the Temple of Vimùhla. On the other hand, there is also another secret sect of the Temple of Ksárul: the Refulgent Blue Curtain Society. This group favours a return to total secrecy for the worship of Ksárul, efforts to revive the ancient lost sciences, complete isolation from the day to day life of the Empire, and an alliance with the Victory of the Worm Society of the Temple of Sárku, which also wants little to do with mundane politics.

On the "good" side, there are those who believe that the extirpation of the "evil" gods and their worshippers would benefit Tékumel greatly. The Girdle of Purity Society of the Temple of Avánthe has joined forces with the Clan of the Sword of Righteousness of the Temple of Karakán to press for this, but the Brotherhood of Supernal Wisdom of the Temple of Thúmis and the Crystal of Pure Light Society of the Temple of Hnálla (to which the Emperor is said to have belonged before his accession to the Petal Throne) are against violence.

Somewhat outside of all of this, the Temples of Dlamélish and Hriháyal have in common the Society of the Emerald and Silver Crown — a group apparently devoted primarily to the destruction of the clan and family structure and the establishment of licentiousness and sensual pleasure as the main goal of life. They thus attempt to thwart Avánthe's Girdle of Purity Society but take little part in the rest of the politicking. The Temple of Belkhánu also has a secret society, the Group of the Amber Glow, but its main objectives seem to be theological and doctrinal rather than political. Some of the temples of the Cohorts have their own societies, while others share in the society memberships of their allied deities.

(9) Do the Ssú the Hlýss, and other "hostile" races worship the same deities as the humans?

No. For game purposes it is easier to allow friendly races, such as the Shin and the Pé Chós, toworship the human deities (or rather their own race's equivalents) — but the inimical races are simply outside of this system. They are always hostile, and their deities make no sense to mankind. If one is having a campaign involving Ssú or Hlýss players, then one indeed has to allow them Divine Intervention from their own gods, but otherwise one is free just to treat these beings as permanently inimical and outside the system of divinities given in the book. There thus cannot be a "Ssú worshipper of Karakin," for example. A Detect Evil/Good spell will instantly detect evil (or rather "hostile, inimical") if applied to an object which a Ssú or Hlýss has enchanted — it does not matter whether the human casting his spell is "good" or "evil." These beings are hostile to ALL humans.

(10) How much damage does a flask of oil set on fire do to a monster?

I insist that a small flask of oil cannot do much to a large creature, or even to a small one which is not automatically afraid of fire — after all, these flasks are not ten litre tins! I insist, further, that there are several large "ifs" to the practice of throwing oil flasks at an attacker and then setting them conveniently on fire with a torch: does the little clay flask break when it hits the creature? Does it spread over a vital area of the beastie? In the pandemonium of melee does the torch reach the oil and set it alight? Lots of factors must be considered, and only as a concession to gaming can I agree that this method would automatically work. Try an experiment: fill a small clay bottle with petrol or kerosene, throw it at a tree trunk some ten-fifteen feet away; if it breaks, then try throwing a stick dipped in red paint at the stain — while having one's friends hop up and down in front trying to distract you, and while you yourself are jumping about. If the red paint daubs the stain on the tree trunk, then you have scored a hit, otherwise not. It is not as easy as it seems. There are also those who insist that they have had very fragile glass flasks made — better pack those in cotton, since a quick jump or a climb up or down a ladder may well provide the players with oil-soaked clothes, which could just as easily catch fire from a friendly torch! There is also the problem of "soft" monsters — those whose bodies are not hard enough to cause a flask to shatter. If a flask is assumed to be about a quarter litre in capacity, then not much damage could really be done to a large creature. It might disconcert him, however, and would certainly hurt if it struck a crucial area (i.e. not on a hard carapace, etc.). This has to be played according 'to Common Sense. If one wants to get technical, one could use the hit table to see if a flask hits the opponent; then set up an absolutely arbitrary number for the flask to break (e.g. 30-40 percent probability on a reasonably "hard" creature); then see if the torch hits the creature where the oil is (again the hit table); then see if the torch hits butt first or fire-end first (50 percent). Then and only then can one assess damage — again on some purely arbitrary basis. Remember that this process is really pretty hard to perform in the midst of a melee, in semi-darkness, both parties moving about rapidly, both nervous and on their guard, etc., etc. If a hit is indeed made, and if the fire does catch, then I roll a ten sided die for damage the first round, a six sided die the second (the fire is guttering down), and a four sided die the third round — after that the oil is assumed to have burned up. This process is slow and complicated, and there is certainly no compulsion to follow it!

(11) Does one earn experience points by using one's skills? What about money earned in this way — does it count for experience?

I tend to think that no experience should be granted for the use of one's skills — otherwise players could employ each other endlessly back and forth using the same sum of money and thus go up to the highest levels without ever having done a thing! The use of a skill can indeed earn money: if one is an architect, one can build houses, public works, etc. and earn money. This should increase one's proficiency in the skill and add to one's finances. If the architect has built well, others in the society will begin to seek his/her services and pay higher and higher sums for work done (sort of a Tsolyáni Frank Lloyd Wright), but if I were refereeing that person, I would not allow these earnings to count for "experience" to take the player up "levels." The "level" idea is currently predicated on a combination of money (treasure found, etc.) and fighting prowess. In order to rework the system to include economic advancement, social levels, and other "real" Tékumel factors, one would have to develop a new and much more complex game system. I insert a lot of this into my own campaigns, but to get it into playable game structures will take some real labour.

(12) How should one behave upon entering a village, and what can one expect?

When a stranger enters a village, he/she first asks to see the person in charge. In some villages this will be the headman or chief of the clan council; in others there is a special person who hereditarily or by election acts as host: the /tsoró/. This person arranges for a place to stay, usually in the outer main hall or meeting room of the most prestigious clanhouse. He also arranges for food and refreshment. These services are usually free for a day or two, but if one plans to stay longer, a Káitar or two per day per person is expected. So far as gaining aid from the village (e.g. guides, hunters, etc.), this must depend upon the season (adults being needed in the fields during harvest and planting times) and upon the general disposition of the village towards the stranger. In most cases villagers will not join a party of travellers for any mission which takes them too far from home or which might be dangerous (unless it is in their own interest, such as the slaying of a dangerous beast in their area). The behaviour of the villagers will also depend very much upon the apparent rank of their guests: respect and deference are due a noble visitor, high level priests, etc., while less of this is observed for merchants and lower level people. Really low level visitors, adventurers, wandering mercenaries, and others (who may be criminals or escaped slaves) usually receive a curt welcome, a bit of food, and a polite hint that they should be on their way the following morning.

I think that this list of questions is enough for now. If there are questions from players or referees, I think that we can get to them in future issues of The Dragon. I hope that they will be rather limited and specific — large questions may require a special article, and while I am interested in answering this type of query, time may or may not permit it. I'll do my best, however.

WIZZARDS & WARRIORS

by Grenadier

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THE FASTEST GUNS THAT NEVER LIVED (PART II)

By Brian Blume

This second article on "The Fastest Guns that Never Lived" is dedicated primarily to the great movie stars of days gone by. Their daring feats and blazing gun battles, far surpassed even the greatest of real-life gunslingers. It is primarily through their efforts that the Old West still remains alive in the hearts and minds of today's Americans.

Thirteen of the greats of the movie and TV screen were presented in part one (still available in the latest issue of The Strategic Review). Another fourteen are presented here. The ratings are purely subjective on the part of this author, and are in terms of TSR's BOOT HILL rules for gunfights in miniature. If anybody's favorite hero has been slighted or left off, please send complaints to the author, C/O this magazine. It is strongly advised that these characters not be used in any current campaign games, as they will overbalance the campaign, but they will provide some very interesting special scenarios.

Don "Red" Barry — Barry is probably most remembered for his starring role in the movie series "The Adventures of Red Ryder" from 1940 to 1944. His last starring role was in "Iron Angel" (1969), but he has appeared constantly in supporting roles in movies such as "Johnny Get His Gun" (1971) and "Showdown" (1973) since then.

William "Wild Bill" Elliot — Elliot rose to fame by starring in the movie serial "The Great Adventure of Wild Bill Hickok" in 1938. In 1944 he took over the lead of the "Red Ryder" series from Red Barry. In 1950 and 1951 he ran the "Wild Bill Elliot" series on the radio. He continued to make top westerns until the late 50's.

"Hoot" Gibson — A pioneer in the early silent westerns, Hoot was one of the first cowboy stunt men. "Action" (1921) began his rise to stardom. During the 1920's, Hoot ranked second only to Tom Mix as the leading cowboy star. His pictures were fast, full of action, but mainly non-violent. By the 1930's, Hoot's popularity declined with the rise of the talkies, but he kept some attention by starring in the first of the "Three Mesquiteers" series (which would later feature such greats as John Wayne and Bob Steele). He later starred in the "Trail Blazers" series in 1943.

William S. Hart — Probably more than any other of the early western stars, Hart portrayed the Old West as it really was. Films such as "Tumbleweeds" (1925, 1939) are now classic westerns. When realism in the westerns no longer had box office appeal, Hart retired from his movie career. He never made a talkie!

Tim Holt — Admittedly, much of the acting, in even the finest of the old western movies, was not top notch. However, Holt displayed a quality of acting ability far above most of his contemporaries. In the late 30's and into the 40's Tim was one of the leading box office draws. In 1946 he made "My Darling Clementine" along with Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, Walter Brennan and Ward Bond which portrayed the events leading up to the famous Gunfight at the OK Corral. It was a top effort. His career ended in the early 50's, but he appeared as late as the 60's in a segment of "The Virginian."

Allan "Rocky" Lane — Lane achieved cowboy stardom in the mid-40's. He developed a character who was neat, kind, pleasant, handsome, quick on the trigger and tough in a fist fight. In 1946, he replaced Wild Bill Elliot as the lead in the "Red Ryder" series. His career faded out, along with most of the other movie cowboys, with the rise of TV in the early 50's.

Colonel Tim McCoy — Most remembered for the series of films in which he played Lightning Bill Carson, McCoy developed a screen character who was "The Detective of the Range." His character frequently donned disguises during the course of a movie. He starred from the late 20's through the early 40's when he joined the army and attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Joel McCrea — McCrea rose to stardom in the mid-30's on the strength of some fine non-westerns. His popularity was slipping when, in 1944, he made "Buffalo Bill." After 1945 Joel made mostly westerns, including the title role in "The Virginian." He portrayed various historical figures including Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Sam Houston. In the late 40's and early 50's, he did the radio serial "Tales of the Texas Rangers" and in 1959 starred in TV's "Wichita Town." He is still active (starring in "Mustang Country" in 1975) and is currently the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Tom Mix — Before becoming a movie actor, Mix was at one time a U.S. Marshall and a Texas Ranger. By 1921 he was the "King of the Cowboys" of the movie western. His films had lots of action, chases and fight scenes. He never smoked or drank on screen and usually no one was killed. He did all of his own stunt work and suffered over eighty injuries during his professional career. He retired from the movies in 1935 and died in an auto wreck in 1940.

The Durango Kid — Portrayed by Charles Starrett, The Durango Kid rode across the screen in 56 movies starting in 1940. The "Return of the Durango Kid" appeared in 1945 and continued until 1952. The Kid would appear from nowhere, save the day and-reappear as the mild mannered nobody.

Bob Steele — Probably the fastest draw of all of the old movie cowboys was Bob Steele. He rose to fame in the late 20's. In the 40's, he did a series as Billy the Kid and made 20 pictures in the "Three Mesquiteers" series. He also starred in the "Trail Blazers" series. He has continuied working until the present and the younger generation may remember him as Trooper Duffy on TV's "F Troop."

Lee Van Cleef — Van Cleef is one of the few "bad men" who has made it big in the western movies. He played heavies from the early 50's all the way through his roles in two of Clint Eastwood's movies, "A Few Dollars More" and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly." Those two movies launched him in a starring career in European westerns, and today Van Cleef is the most popular western actor in Europe. Many of his films have made it back to the US (such as El Condor and Barquero, both 1970).

The Cisco Kid and Poncho — These two characters are out of place among these other movie stars, but they deserve recognition for their entertainment on TV during the late 50's and early 60's. Their exploits are still shown on some stations around the country.

	SPEED	GUN ACCURACY	THROWING ACCURACY	BRAVERY	STRENGTH	EXPERIENCE	ABILITIES
Don "Red" Barry	92	96	66	98	59	11+	A,B,E,H
Wild Bill Elliot	95	90	78	96	84	11+	A,E,F,H,K
"Hoot" Gibson	88	90	81	98	91	11+	B,G,J
William S. Hart	89	90	72	96	77	11+	A,E,F,H
Tim Holt	91	91	48	94	63	11+	A,E,F,H
Rocky Lane	97	90	52	95	97	11+	A,B,E,H
Col. Tim McCoy	88	99	69	94	82	11+	A,B,E,H
Joel McCrea	95	94	59	95	77	11+	A,E,F,H
Tom Mix	96	90	88	98	98	11+	A,B,C,E,G,H,J,K
The Durango Kid	97	95	42	96	45	11+	A,B,E,H
Bob Steele	99	96	55	97	59	11+	A,B,F,H
Lee Van Cleef	98	98	63	99	77	11+	B,E,H
The Cisco Kid	88	96	66	96	67	11+	A,B,E,G,H,J
Poncho	38	66	34	34	76		G

SPECIAL ABILITIES

A — ½ penalty if shooting from horseback.
B — Never surprised.
C — Double the length of medium range when shooting.
D — Shoulder arms are considered "Fast."
E — May "hipshoot" with no penalty.
F — No penalty for giving opponent first move.
G — Treat wounds as one class lower when shot. A "Mortal Wound" result becomes a "Serious Wound," etc.
H — ½ penalty if firing at a moving target.
J — Must use "Sharpshooting" rule, and must fire at "gun arm/hand" only.
K — No penalty for "wrong hand" shooting.

Tombs & Crypts

by James M. Ward

The mystery, challenge and pleasure of any wargamer in discovering and opening a tomb of some unknown being is well known to those that have done it. The creation of these tombs can be a very drawn out, head scratching process for the judge. I have created a set of graphs to ease this creation process. The top row of numbers in the first graph stand for the following: 1. Soldier, 2. Hero, 3. Priest, 4. Pair, 5. Mated. Pair, 6. Lord, 7. King, 8. Patriarch, 9. EHP, 10. Magic User, 11. Wizard, 12. Being.

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.
Gold Pieces	-	15	20	25	20	25	20	25	20	25	30	45
Gems	10	15	20	25	40	30	35	40	45	20	40	45
Maps	-	-	5	5	5	10	20	25	10	-	30	40
Jewelry	-10	-5	-	-	10	15	25	10	5	5	20	30
Magic Item	-15	-5	-5									
Magic Item	-15	-5	-5	-	-	5	15	10	10	10	15	20
Misc. M. Item	-30	-20	-15	-15	-20	-10	-	-5	-5	-	5	10
Special Item	-14	-12	-11	-10	-9	-	5	-	-5	-	-	5
Artifact	No	No	No	No	-	-9	-5	-4	-4	No	-	5
Tomb Itself	-50	-40	-40	-10	-9	-9	-1	-1	-1	-30	30	45
Guardian	-31	-25	-25	-20	-20	-	10	10	-	-20	30	40

In using the above chart first roll a 12 sided die to see what is buried in the tomb. Then roll for each of the 9 items using the charts given below. For each item check the row to add, subtract, or leave alone the resulting percentile roll. The pair Factor stands for more than one being buried in the tomb, for example: 2 brave fighters that killed each other in battle. The mated pair stands for a husband and wife type tomb not necessarily a human type. Using this system and the rest of the charts it is easy for the judge to make up many of these tombs for his castle or outdoor map. When going over the possible 100% total just assume that you rolled a 100 and roll again without the bonus given for the person in the tomb. If the number rolled totals less than 0% just assume you have a 01% roll. The 12th factor (being) refers to a intelligent creature whose followers thought enough of it to place it in a special crypt of honor. Finally to all those critics who loudly clamor that there is too much of a chance for treasure and goodies in these tombs, I point out that anyone that goes to the trouble of making a tomb for any dead person will logically have a higher percentage of good things to put in that tomb.

Gold Pieces

1-50%	1-100 pieces
51-60	1-100(x2)
61-70	1-6 Thousand
71-80	1-12 Thousand
81-90	1-20 Thousand
91-99	2-40 Thousand
100	100,00 Thousand roll again

Magic Item

1-50%	None
51-60	Sword
61-70	Armor
71-80	Misc. Weapon
81-90	1-6 Potions
91-99	Ring
100	Good Misc. Magic item. roll again

Maps

1-80% None
81-100 Judges option as to what map contains.

Gems

1-500%	1-6 base 100
51-60	1-6 base 500
61-70	1-8 base 500
71-80	1-12 base 500
81-90	1-12 base 1,000
91-99	1-6 base 5,000
100	1-20 base 10,000 roll again

Jewelry

1-50%	1-6 base 500
51-60	1-6 base 1,000
61-70	1-6 base 5,000
71-80	1-6 base 10,000
81-90	1-6 base 20,000
91-99	1-6 base 30,000
100	1-20 base 50,000 roll again

Misc. Magic Item

1-60%	None
61-70	Table I of Greyhawk
71-80	Table II of Greyhawk
81-90	Table III of Greyhawk
91-99	Table IV of Greyhawk
100	Table V of Greyhawk roll again

Special Item

1-85%	None
86-100	Any item of the judges own manufacture.

Guardian

1-30%	None
31-50	Magic spell (wizard lock, curse, etc.)
51-80	Invisible stalker(s) 1-4
81-99	Creature from the 6 level monster chart
100	A stronger monster in the tomb and roll again for another guard.

Artifact

1-90%	None
91-100	A judge made object of great power

Tomb Itself

1-40%	1 room/cave/mound of dirt
41-50	Hall with spring trap of some type and a secret door at the end of it.
51-60	a 2-6 room/cave complex with many doors leading to other areas trying to lure the robbers away.
61-80	1-10 rooms/caves with a secret door to the tomb and 1-10 traps in the rooms.
81-90	1-10 rooms with 1-20 corridors, with 2-20 traps guarding the rooms and tombs and a secret door.
91-99	1-10 connecting rooms with traps, secret doors, and magical guard spells (wizard locks, symbols, etc,) guarding the way.
100	1-20 rooms with traps, secret doors, and a being guard. It requires special word to open the final door to the tomb. The word should not be found in the tomb.

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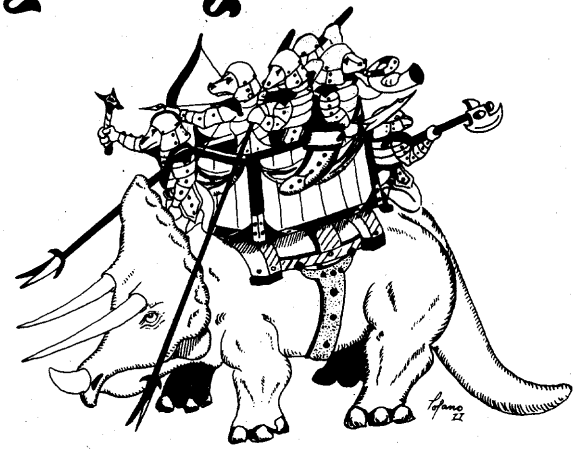

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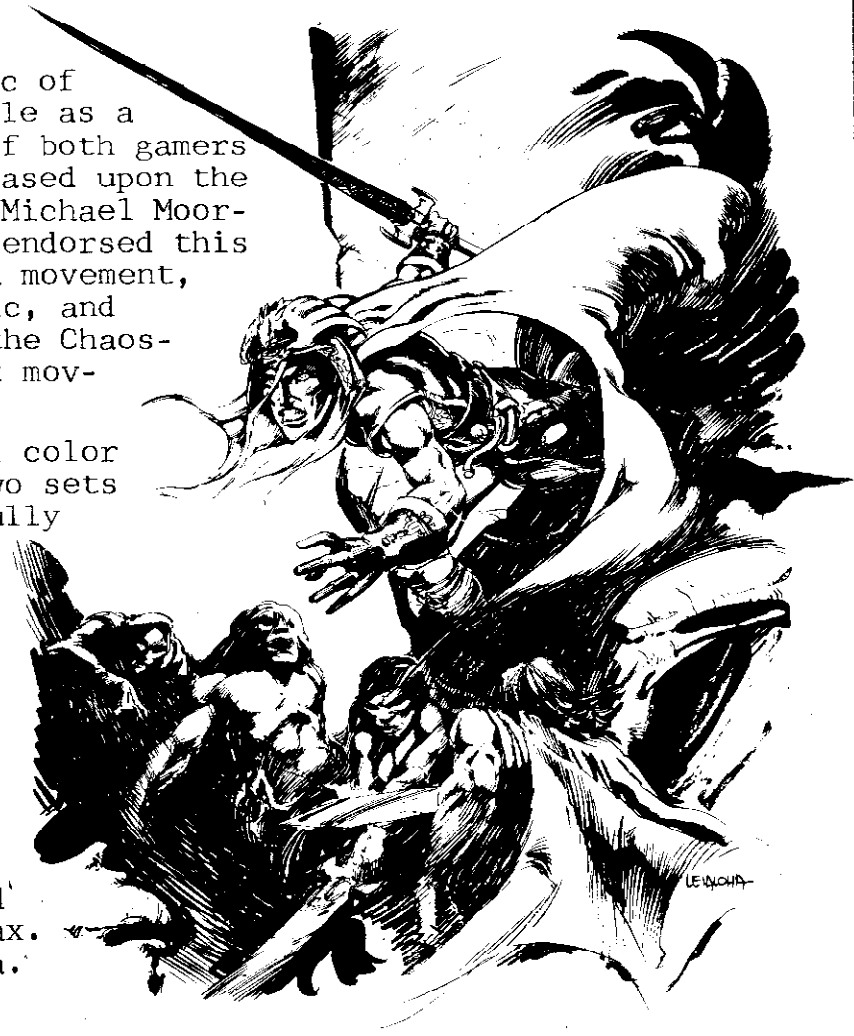

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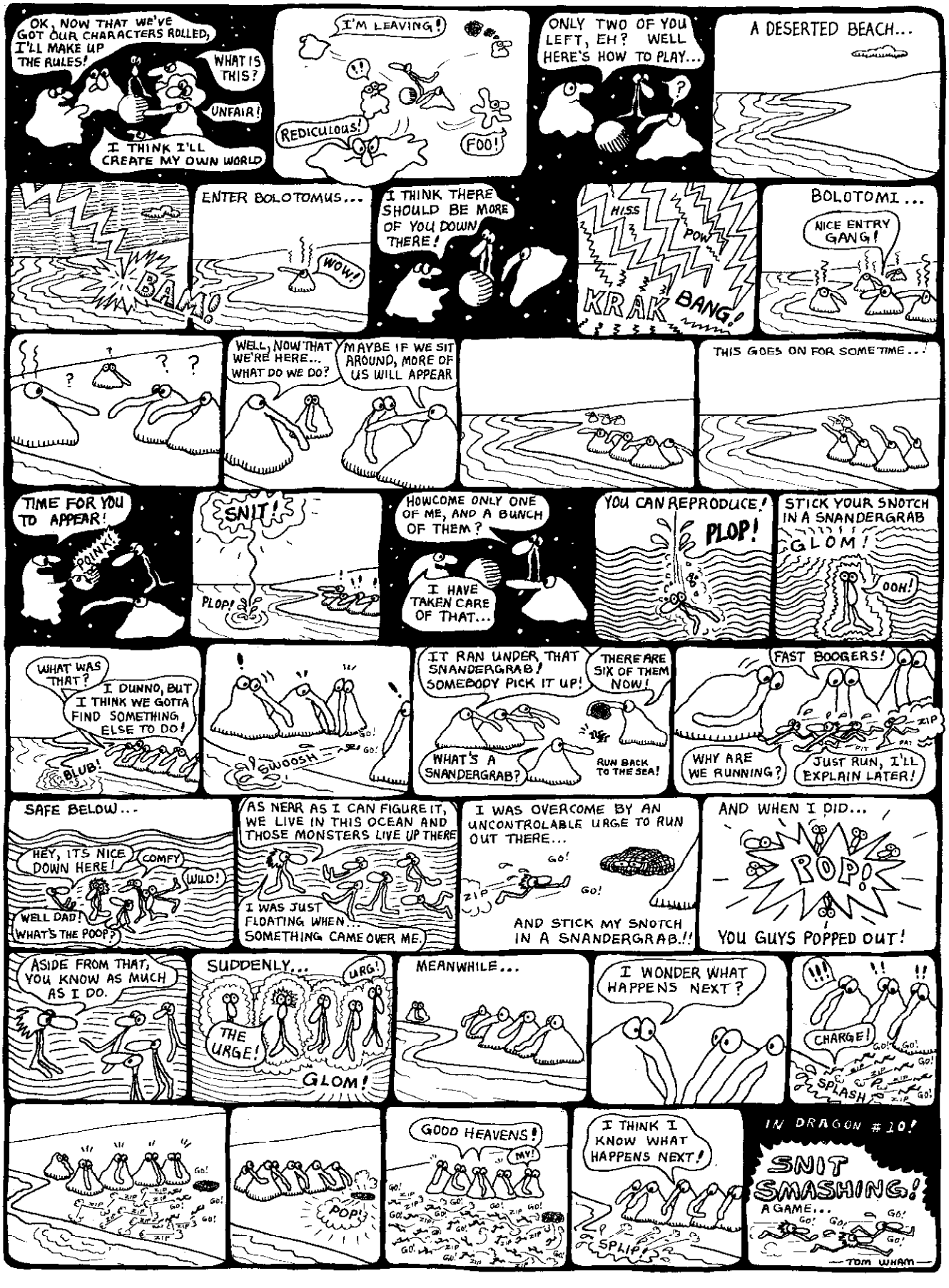

WORMY
8
BY TRAMP
EH! WOIMY! WHACHA PLAYIN?
SNOOKER··· WANNA PLAY?
NO TANKS. ...I NEVEH LOINED DA ROOLS.
ME NIETHER, BUT I COULDN'T FIND ANY BIGGER BALLS.
EY! I TINK I HOID DA DOORBELL!
WORMY
WOIMY! DA DWARVES WANT DER BOWLIN BALLS BACK!
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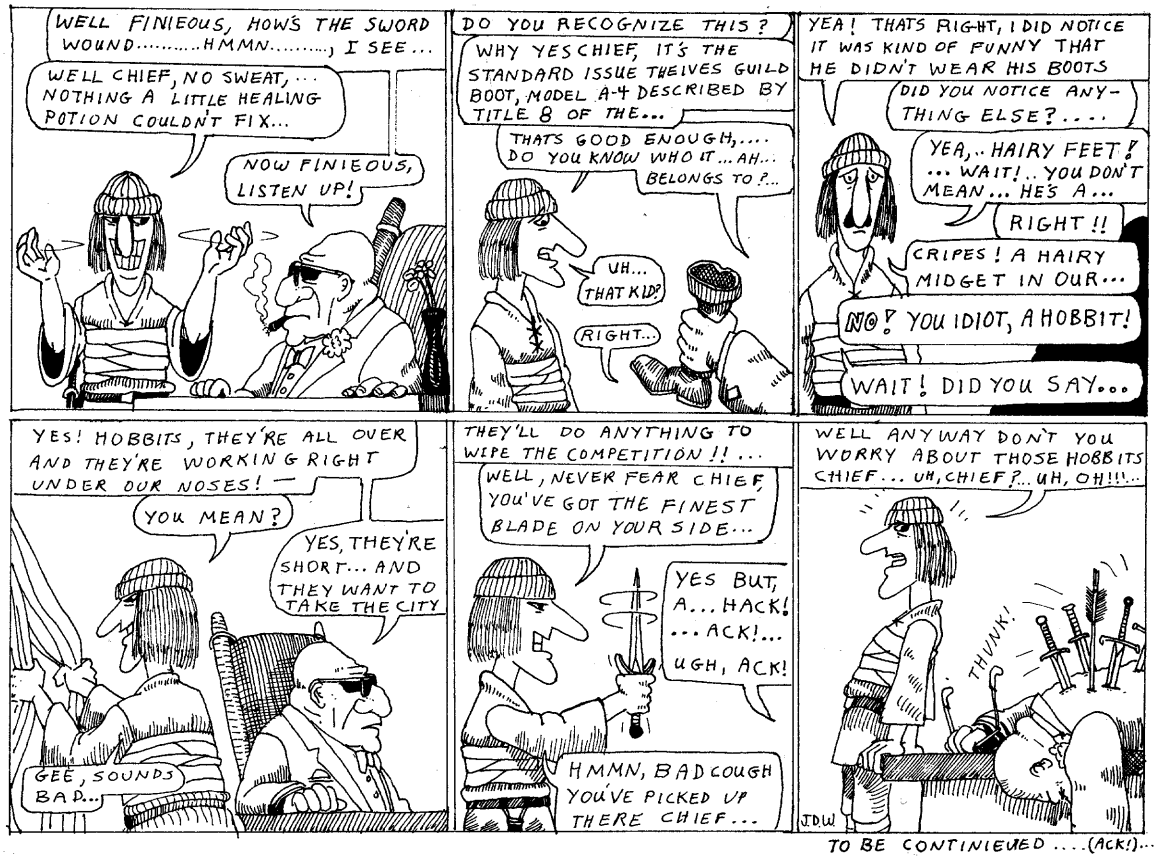

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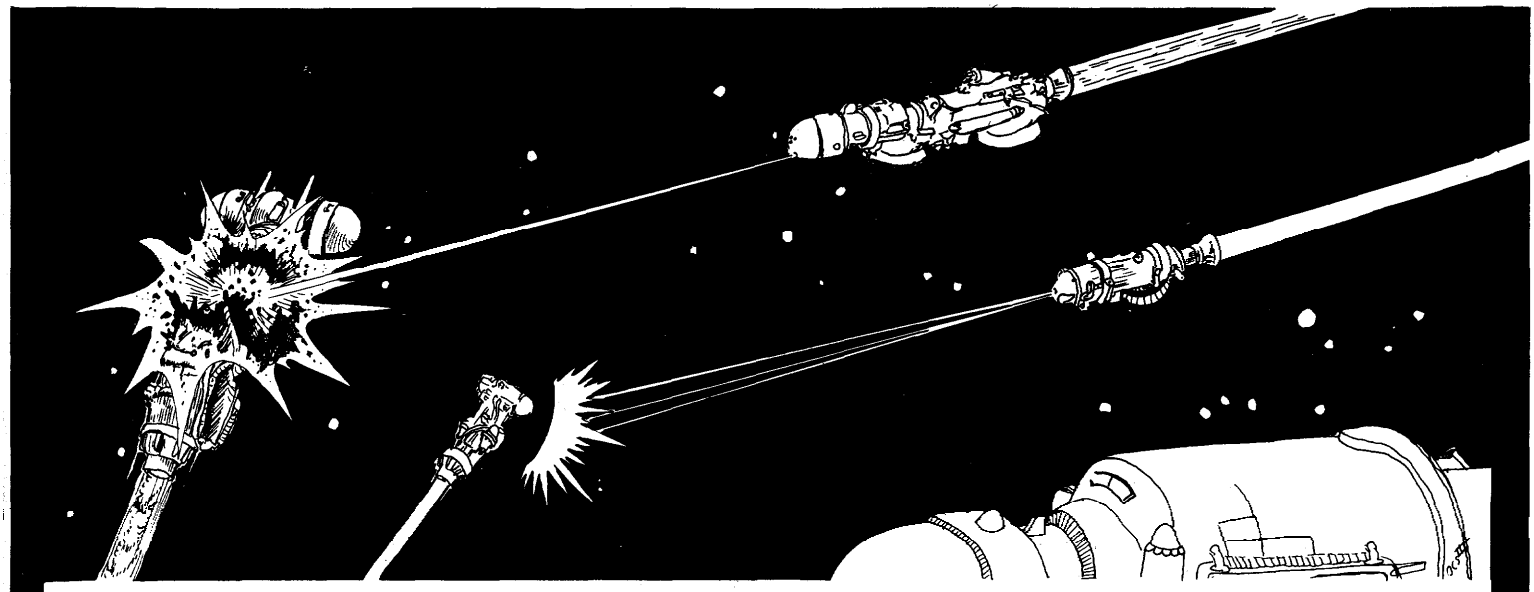

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