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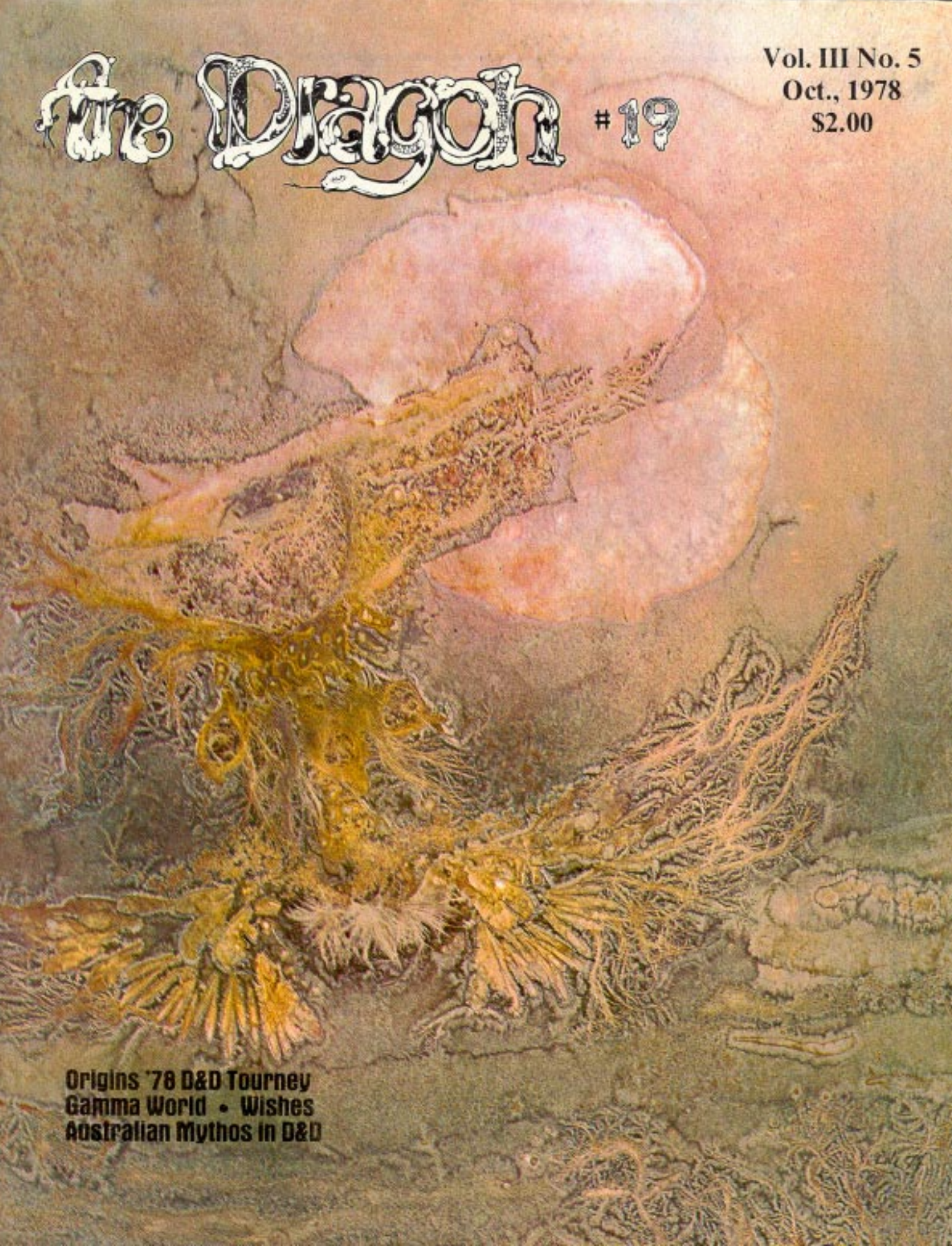

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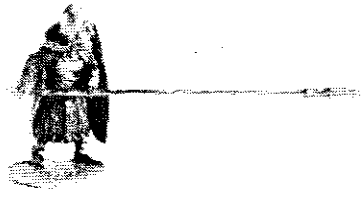

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GenCon XI, by fifth GenCon, is now memory. It was an unusual GenCon, for a number of reasons.

For the first time, GenCon was held on the beautiful campus of The Univ. of Wisconsin-parkside, between Racine and Kenosha, WI, about 35 miles from the traditional Lake Geneva. The site was by far the best ever enjoyed by any GenCon. UW-Parkside was completely air conditioned, and all of the GenCon facilities were under a single roof, long though it was. This was a far cry from the old days in Horticultural Hall in LG, and far superior to even last year's con at the Playboy Convention Center at the Playboy Resort. The huge facilities swallowed up the crowds, for a pleasant change it wasn't the other way around GenCon XII will be there again.

Some of the other "firsts" caused some problems. For the first time, TSR people did not do all the work. We were ably assisted by the Parkside Association of Wargamers, a very large group of avid gamers who devoted thousands of man-hours to the con. There were some coordination problems, but no more than can be expected by a first-time sponsoring group, and none of them serious. All of the problems encountered were solved, and have already provided object lessons for future cons. While by no means perfect (are any of us?), PAW did a commendable job, *especially* commendable in light of their inexperience.

Another problem "first" was this year's attendance: for the first time in many years, the attendance was down from the previous year. There are a number of factors to be considered in this matter. First, and foremost, was the wretched weather on Thurs. and Friday. The skies opened up and dumped an incredible amount of rain in two days. On Friday night, it rained so hard that there were flashfloods all over the county, and I talked to numerous attendees who were caught in the storm and had horror stories of having their cars drown out, losing brakes, roads closed, etc. I even talked to one unfortunate fellow that was forced to spend Friday night in his car, pulled off of the road. Nowhere is it more evident what the weather did to GenCon than in the computer lists of attendees. All conventions depend heavily on a certain large proportion of their attendees from the surrounding area. (I can't help but sympathize with anyone that awoke on Friday morning to the downpour in progress and simply rolled back over and made other plans.) The computer lists show a distressing dearth of these local-radius attendees.

While there were some 2000 present at GenCon XI, it was much smaller than anticipated. We figure that we lost some 500 attendees to the weather alone.

We didn't supply enough maps of the site in a good deal of our pre-con publicity, which must also have had its effect on attendance.

Guest Editorial

MDG SHOWS ORIGINS (AND *GENCON)* HOW TO RUN A CONVENTION

by Gary Gygax

A few months ago in an exchange of letters between Don Greenwood and me regarding the relative merits of *Origins* and *GenCon* (carried in CAMPAIGN magazine), I said to the effect that the fellows in the Detroit area — and the gals too, of course — were very well organized, and it was quite likely that they would put on a bigger *Origins,* and *Origins* bigger than past ones and larger than *GenConXI* also. I am both happy and sad to tell you that I proved to be an oracle.

TSR was at *Origins* in force, and that was all to the good, for we had some 3,500 or so paid attendees for company. That amazing turnout was handled superbly by the MGD staff, despite last minute changes by the university, an unexpectedly huge crowd, and the usual run of minor difficulties which always plague a convention staff but are seldom known by the conventioneers. There were plenty of games and other events for the attendees, an ACW recreation by uniformed "troops" firing blank charges from muskets and a cannon, on the lovely campus in Ann Arbor, and gamers still going strong at all hours of the night (and early morning). As the Kindly Editor of *Dragon* pointed out, there were some lows, but they were of no import when the overall impact of *Origins 78* is considered! The MDG deserve the thanks of the game hobby industry and game hobbyists alike for their superb management of what was undoubtedly the largest convention our hobby has seen! I recommend without reservation any convention sponsored by the MDG, for they certainly know their stuff. *(Wintercon* is always held on the first weekend in December, and if you can make it, you will certainly not be sorry. For details of dates, times and place see the regular *DRAGON* convention calendar schedule.)

GenCon weekend rolled around, and we were all filled with happy excitement and ready for four days of hard work. The gods did not smile. . . Torrential rains hit the area both Thursday and Friday. The Parkside Campus site was not affected, as the superb facilities there are all under one roof, but attendance was certainly hurt. Add that to the proximity of *Origins* in time and space, the facts that maps to the new location were not abundant, and some nasty people in Lake Geneva actually misdirected people or told them that *GenCon* was canceled this year! You have a fair picture of what was shaping up. There were certainly plenty of things to do, for attendance was

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If your mailing label says TD 19 — this is your last issue

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THEBATTLE FOR SNURRE'S HALL
The *ORIGINS '78 D&D*® Tournament

The D&D tournament at ORIGINS '78 involved over 275 players and judges in two days of grueling, torturous fun honed sharp by the nature of the competition. Teams of nine each adventured through up to three rounds slaying giants and other fearsome monsters and searching for clues as to the power behind an unusual collaboration of giants preying upon man and his allied races. All of the groups who made it into the second and third rounds displayed a commendable mixture of foresight, thoughtfulness, and just plain "guts it" daring in their play of the game. It is this winning combination of brains and brawn which ultimately provides the most enjoyable gaming for both players and DM's. Here now is a synopsis of the first two rounds and a blow-by-blow of the final round provided by the first place team, with notes appended by the third round judge and Your Kindly Editor (who also happened to be their second round judge). Though there were a couple of substitutions due to people not showing up for later rounds, the group was essentialy the same all through the tournament, and the following people played the final two rounds:

Bryan & Kathy Bullinger, Morgantown, WV
Bill Holcomb, Morgantown, WV
Paul Blythe, Morgantown, WV
Dale Patton, Morgantown, WV
Burce & Carol Ruttan, Inkster, MI
James Griffin, E. Lansing, MI
Ed Pistole, Trenton, MI

Bryan and Kathy Bullinger did most of the writing. This is their story. (DM'S notes are added in italics.)

Five members of our team all came from West Virginia University in Morgantown, West Virginia, and we had all played together for at least two years, with three having played together for four. Two of these three are husband and wife. Another two team members were also husband and wife; they live in Michigan and have been playing only a few months. The other two team members also came from Michigan, but they had never met before *Origins.*

The WV group's philosophy has always been that of slash and hack with a large dose of planning and cunning tossed in to insure our escape. Discussions with the rest of the team members revealed that this was also their approach to D&D. Throughout all three rounds we all felt our primary purpose was to wreak total destruction while allowing a reasonable chance for escape. We all felt that we displayed a great deal of cunning and a good bit of (sometimes) intelligent planning in all three rounds. We managed to kill more and do more than almost every other team every round. We did this and still managed to keep everyone on our team alive. We are happy, proud, and satisfied.

Luck helps, too. Seriously,, though, this team displayed a remarkable ability, to work together. Playing together for a number of years certainly helped, but even those that didn't know the others worked well together. They all knew how to follow their appointed leader when necessary, how to disagree with him quickly and accurately, so that the flow of the game was not slowed unnecessarily. As many teams lost by following a self-appointed leader slavishly as lost due to constant bickering. **DM**

Round One

The first round led us to the hill giant's stronghold charged with the dual purpose of punishing the giants and of finding out who or what was behind their alliance. We gained entry through the east side entrace, which turned out to be the kennel. After casting a *silence 15' radius* spell, the dire wolves inside were quickly dispatched. We then searched a major portion of the upper level and killed four or five giants in the process, including an old matron whose potions and treasure we took.

We made a brief and fruitless entrance into the lower level only to set off a trap which left six members of our party locked in combat with four insane manticores. The manticores were killed without serious injury to the group, and a *passwall* spell brought about an escape from the room.

We returned to the upstairs and *charmed* a hill giant into pointing out which giant at the feast going on in the Great Hall was the chief. We surrounded this room from two sides and sent the charmed giant into the Hall with the order to point out the chief by kissing him on the cheek. This was also to be the signal for our two groups to attack. Two *fireballs,* a *javelin of lightning,* a *confusion* spell, and a good deal of slashing and hacking later, the giants were wiped out to a man and the Steading was aflame. The group, still intact, cut off the hill giant chiefs head and quickly left by the front gate. The cleric blocked pursuit by casting a *blade barrier* across the entrance. We then cast a *speak with dead* on the head, and subsequent questioning revealed the next step to be taken on our quest.

Kiss on the cheek, indeed! Still, the extent of the group's on-the-spot planning ability is already apparent. The setting for round one is available from TSR. Called DUNGEON MODULE G1 (STEADING OF THE HILL GIANT CHIEF) it costs $4.49. There is, of course, much more to be uncovered in the module than was possible in one four-hour adventure. ***DM.***

Round Two

The second leg of our quest, the frost giant's lair, proved to be an icy maze of caves surrounding a windy, snowbound glacial rift. We found a war party preparing for a raid and once again used *fireballs* to good effect — killing all of them. In this realm, *fireballs* proved to be the most effective weapon available as they almost completely obscured all vision and allowed our thief to strike from behind (which almost always guaranteed a kill). After killing two snow leopards we then proceeded to kill every giant we could find. A search after one such slaughter revealed a chest with special armbands and treasure which we took with us. Once again, the questioning of a dead giant guard provided the information we needed to continue our quest to the next giant stronghold.

What is truly amazing about this second round is how much they didn't kill and still managed to get into the third and final round. I'm sure that they mentally kicked themselves for what they missed when they got a chance to read over the material in DUNGEON MODULE G2 (GLACIAL RIFT OF THE FROST GIANT JARL), which is also available from TSR for $4.49. ***DM.***

[I had them for this round, and indeed, they missed a lot. However, clever questioning led to clues which compensated for the low kill ratio. — K.E.!]

Round Three

The third round led us to the entrance to the hall of the fire giants. After using the *dust of invisibility* we quietly entered through the main gate and snuck down the hall. A small amount of exploration led us to a meeting room where several hundred parchments were kept in curtained-off alcoves. These were taken and placed in our *bag of holding* to be read and searched later for clues. In another alcove off this room, we found three treasure chests which netted us several thousand silver and gold pieces and six batons which were passes for those "on official business on behalf of King Snurre the Fearsome." Unfortunately, our thief was feathered with poison arrows while picking a lock, but a quick neutralize poison saved him from the embarrassment of death.

Our activities in this room brought us the unwanted attention of two fire giant guards whom the ranger attacked with reckless abandon. When the rest of the party noticed the crossbow bolt sticking in one of the giant's chests, we all jumped into the fray. Our invisible status and superior numbers made the battle brief and one-sided. Once again, our thief well-earned his nickname of "Giant Killer."

Allowing the party to sneak past the door guard was a spur-of-the-moment decision on my part. The poor fire giant had seen so much coming and going and strange goings-on that I decided he would not leave his post until something happened. The two guards who came into the Council Chambers should have been stationed outside the door. Unfortunately, due to what is sometimes known as a "FITS-lapse", they must have been off wandering around somewhere. When they returned, they naturally checked in on the room and an entertaining (to me, anyway) sequence of events involving the lighting and extinguishing of the torches by the guards and the party developed. The "Battle of the Council

Room" was quick and painless and the giants were given no chance to sound the alarm. ***DM.***

A second doorway from this room led to a room filled with lounging gnolls. We quietly opened the door and tossed in a *fireball* from the 12th level MU's wand which destroyed both the gnolls and the contents of the room. This was unfortunate, for we later found out we had destroyed some potentially valuable clues as to the nature of the area. After entering the room (when the fire had died down) we heard a voice cry out for help from behind a previously unnoticed door which was locked from the outside. We surrounded the door ready to attack and the thief carefully picked the lock and opened the door. This released a small, fat dwarf who claimed to be a captive of the fire giants and who expressed a vehement desire for revenge upon them. He showed us a nearby richly furnished room which he claimed was used to torment him into turning traitor. We allowed him to don the armor and weapons inside and he swore to lead us to the king.

We then gave Obmi (the rescued dwarf) a *potion of invisibility* and with the party holding on to an invisible (dusted) rope we left the room by another door which led to a 30' wide hallway. At Obmi's direction we turned north and walked until we came to a "T" intersection capped with a triangular alcove in which two fire giant guards were standing. It was decided that by killing these two guards we might be able to throw any potential pursuers off our trail. Thus began the famous "Battle of the Triangular."

After the first round of melee, it was noticed that Obmi was not visible, and he was warned that in order to continue with the group he must participate fully in the attack. In the second melee turn the fire giants managed to sound the alarm and we sent the 12th level MU to guard the east hallway and the 9th level cleric to the west. Two more melee rounds finished off the giants. The MU then shouted warning that a chimera and two fire giants were approaching down the east hall and sent a *lightning bolt* to greet them. As the thief made the now visible Obmi invisible with *disappearance dust*, the rest of the group turned to meet the threat from the east.

The group had had pretty good luck so far, but that was about to end. They picked up Obmi (read the module if you want to know how funny that was to me) and the alarm had been sounded. For those who can't figure it out I should explain where everything comes from, but suffice it to say that the injunction that the giants would act intelligently and support each other was taken quite seriously. In that gloating mood which every DM knows and loves I figured I had them all tied up. ***DM.***

The first turn of the new melee brought down the chimera. As the elf fighter/ MU moved to cover the west hall we noticed a large group of fire giants rushing down the east hall to aid their fried friends. The 9th level MU then called out that four giants were approaching from the south and opened up on them with his wand of cold. The battle in the east continued with the thief disengaging and sneaking around to the giants' rear while the 9th level cleric rushed over to take his place. As the ranger joined the MU in the south corridor, the elf in the west called out that a large group of hell hounds and giants were approaching from that direction. At this point it became obvious that we needed to block one corridor. As we had with the thief somewhere down the east hall, we decided that the south hall held the most potential as a possible escape route.

The 12th level cleric then turned and cast a *blade barrier* to form with its center 20' down the west hall just as the elf cast a *wall of fire* to form at the 20' mark also down the west hall. The cacaphony of the lead hell hounds as they endured fire and sword was nearly deafening to those not already engaged in melee. In the south the first ettin fell to the cold wand as the ranger added a crossbow bolt for good measure. The 12th level MU called the party together in a hasty regrouping and, before the giants were able to press their advantage, cast a *haste* spell on all but the thief who was busily engaged felling giants from behind down the east corridor.

I feel that this was the real turning point in the battle. Not only did the haste spell work wonders for the characters, but it seemed to have an effect on ourselves, players and referee, as well. By the time the event was called due to time we were talking in rapid chatter and practically yelling at each other, and all ten of us were on our feet. This first portion of the adventure took two to two-and-a-half hours, but the group began to really work together now. It can really surprise you, the demands a superb group of players can place on a referee. I was pleased with the group's performance (and not a little surprised), but I was still certain throughout the events of the following paragraph that "my giants" could handle them. I couldn't lose, so I was thoroughly enjoying myself rooting simultaneously for both sides in the fray. ***DM.***

As the second ettin fell in the south, the east hall became a bloodbath leaving only one giant as survivor after another six melee rounds. As the 12th level MU charmed this last battered survivor, we fell back and regrouped. After making sure of our charm by having him be affectionate to our dwarf, we demanded that he take us to King Snurre. With our 14th level fighter carrying our thief, we followed the giant as he set off down the south corridor. We turned east and entered into a large chamber to be greeted by a ballista bolt which felled our charmed giant guide. We were then doused with water and flour, thus making us momentarily visible. Our thief quickly tossed up another pinch of disappearance dust and we all "hastily" dispersed as boulders began to crash into our former positions. While the 12th level MU stood back in a corner against the wall and began to *conjure* up an elemental, the rest of the party split, with the ranger and the 9th level MU attacking the giants manning the ballista and the rest rushing the six fire giants in front of the King.

The bit about the ballista and the water and flour almost prompted a serious disagreement between myself and several of the players, until one of them suddenly remembered that Obmi was nowhere to be "heard" and since they had never really trusted him the events were (rightly) blamed on him. I begun culling up reinforcements right and left, and much was planned for these hapless adventurers. From here on is where the group showed the true value of teamwork. ***DM.***

As the fight before the king proceeded with little damage to either side, the ballista crew managed to reload. Three blasts from the *cold wand* while they were leading, however, killed them before they could fire. While the battle continued, our earth elemental sprang into being and began moving towards the hell hounds surrounding the king. When the six giants showed signs of weakening, we noticed that the female giants began preparing to enter the battle. At this point, the ranger and MU who were in the process of turning the ballista against the king and giants called out a warning of another group of hell hounds and giants approaching from our rear. The thief began climbing the wall at his unhasted speed and moving across the ceiling to position himself over the king. On the first part of the next melee round the elf/ fighter/ MU killed her giant and turned to cast a *slow* spell on the group coming up on our rear. The ranger then fired the ballista and with great skill(?) struck the king as the 9th level MU hit the slowed hell hounds and giants with his *col wand*. The elemental then passed through our ranks and began engaging the hell hounds and giantesses guarding the king. Another giant fell and the thief moved closer into position.

While the MU continued to blast with his *cold wand* and the thief moved across the ceiling, the elemental began crushing the hell hounds. The next round the 12th level cleric dropped his giant and shouted "Rush the king!" The giantesses moved to block our way, but, being both invisible and hasted we easily avoided their awkward blows. As the thief dropped on the king, the elf, dwarf, cleric, and fighter all also struck and King Snurre feel dead. The thief then cut his head off and placed it in his bag of holding while the others turned and killed the queen. As more fire giants began entering the room, a previously unnoticed group of gnolls rushed to attack. The round was called as plans were being hastily made for escape.

Here the round ended, luckily for the players. Snurre had not really been dead, only pretending, but the bit about the head confirmed the apparent death. I was really surprised at this bit of shennanigans until I found out that it was a regular part of any coup they staged. I was firmly convinced that the group would not have escaped alive, but after reading the following paragraphs, I'm not so sure. The third round is marketed as DUNGEON MODULE G3 (HALL OF THE FIRE GIANT KING) and sells for $4.98. ***DM.***

Our DM (and other DM's) have expressed the opinion that if play had continued our group would not have survived. We, however, are of a different opinion, and would like to show here just how we would have effected our escape.

As the game was called, out hasted party had just killed the queen on the first part of the melee turn. At the cleric's shout of "Rush the king!" the ranger had started to move and was at this point next to the giantesses and hell hounds engaged with the elemental. The 9th level MU was

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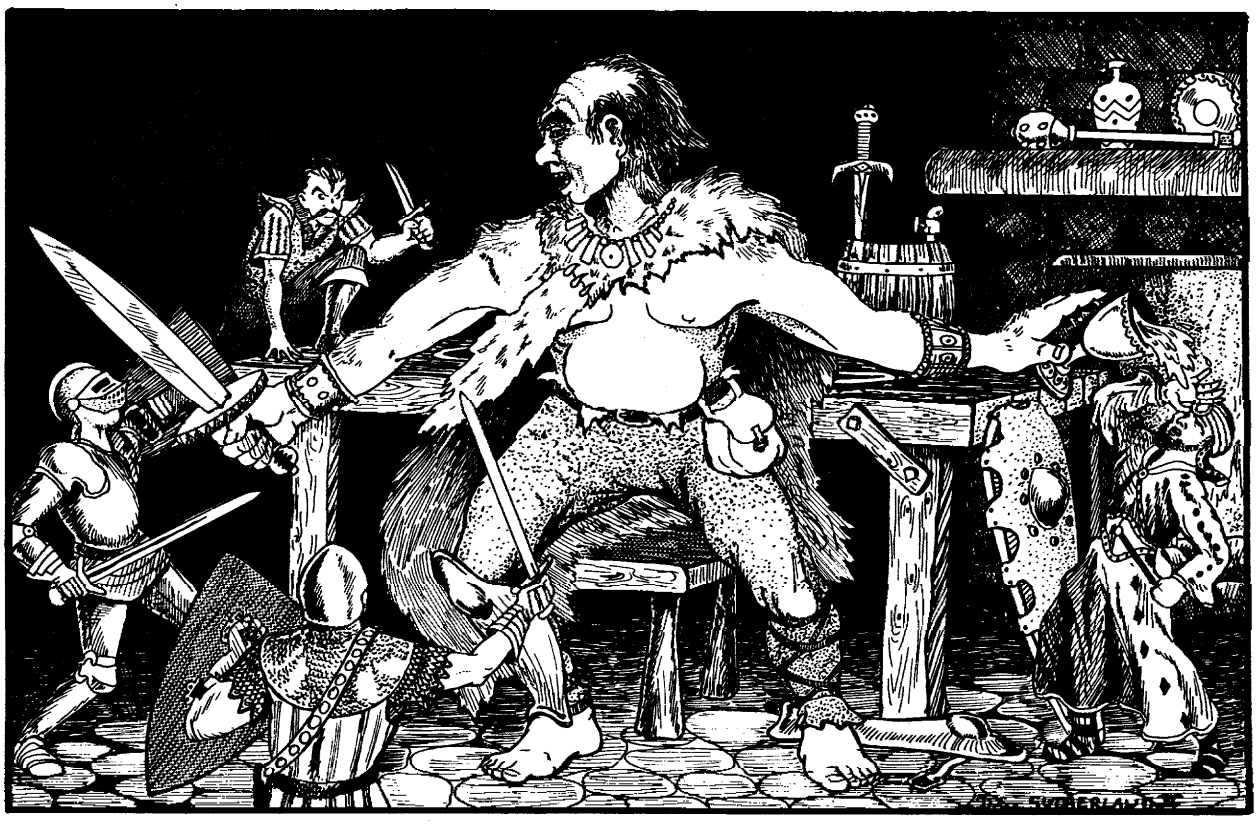
DUNGEON ADVENTURES . . .

but not for the faint at heart!



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Plus three new modules to be released at GenCon!

HOW MANY ETTINS IS A FIRE GIANT WORTH: Competitive D&D®

by Bob Blake

D&D tournaments at any wargames convention seem to draw a large number of eager contestants ready to pit their skills and knowledge of *D&D* against the challenges developed by the diabolical designer of the adventure. Having been heavily involved in four such large tournaments, I would like to share my thoughts and ideas with those who have participated in or may be called upon to run such an event.

One major problem evident when a large tournament is to be staged is scoring. It is of vital importance, as whatever system you use is going to determine the winner, and should be as fair and as reasonable as possible. Victory criteria should reflect the overall mission of the players in the adventure, be it slaying monsters (or only certain types of monsters), gaining treasure, solving traps, or whatever. One of the easiest and most desirable means is to have the scenario set up in such a manner that it's either a "do or don't" situation. This usually involves procuring a certain item, solving a trap, or some other tangible goal. Using this kind of approach puts the designer to the acid test if attaining this goal means the team will advance to another tournament round, and only a certain number of teams are desired in that round. It must be difficult enough to make advancement meaningful, yet not too difficult.

Subjectivity, ***i.e.,*** DM assessment of party performance, is the least desirable means. It requires a meeting of all participating DM's at the end of the adventure, each discussing their team's performance, then voting for the best one. This is very time consuming, and the results could be quite arguable by the losing teams.

Strict objectivity, the use of point values for monsters slain, treasure gained, etc., is better, but still inadequate as such things may warp the intent of the design. Also, the quality of play may be lowered in that certain nuances of smart *D&D* play can be ignored by a team and they may still advance or win. But the idea of "points" is most viable.

The best approach is a combination of subjectivity and objectivity. The result is a point total for each team, thus it is easily discernable who won or advanced. In order to determine the points, the adventure must be dissected and carefully examined beforehand to determine the most correct approach to solving each critical phase encountered, then determining how many points such a solution is worth in regards to the whole. Even then, be prepared for some surprises, as a super clever team may come up with a method far superior to any you envisioned and correspondingly would deserve a greater reward!

A few examples would be in order to illustrate the above points. The *GenCon X* tournament was an example of a "do or don't" system. In the first round, two teams were competing against each other in a town adventure to find a magical key that would allow one team to enter a tower in the second round. In the tower, they were to find a skull (actually pieces of a skull that had to be assembled) that would act as a guide in the final round, a wilderness adventure. Some fudging had to be done at this point, as few teams managed to get all the pieces. In the wilderness the skull led the party into a trap which had to be solved in order to win. Only one team managed to come close to defusing it, thus they were declared the winners.

At *Origins 78* we used *Advanced D & D Modules G1-G3*, and the scenario was such that the party had two objectives in each round; kill as many giants as possible, plus discover, by way of clues, who was behind the uprising of the giants. With these things in mind, I developed the following scoring system:

(G=R=C) x S= VP

"G" was giant kill points, "R" was the number of rooms examined times the room value in that module (this was a measure of the verve with which a team pursued its objective), "C" was the value of clues found, "S" was the number of survivors in the party, and "VP" was victory points. Point weighting was as follows: the total room value plus the total clue value was equal to the total giant value available to be slain in that module of the adventure.

The *D&D* tournament at *GenCon XI* posed a different problem. We used Advanced D&D Modules D2 and D3 for the scenario, and the adventurers were to follow the trail of the Drow from *Module G3* through the vast system of underground labyrinths the Drow call home. The trail led them to the *Shrine of the Duo-Tao* (D2), through which there was only one way to pass unscathed, and this was worth a considerable number of points. Any other approach resulted in fighting with the Kuo-Tao. If the party eventually passed through the shrine. they received points for doing so, but not as many as a "perfect" team, and additional points for slaying Kuo-Toa, the rationale being that the fish people and the party mutually disliked each other. But besides this, not much was known on the surface of this race, and any information the party could take with them regarding their strengths and weaknesses would be of value, hence points for tournament considerations. A survivor multiplier was also used, casualties being counted as those slain outright or captured and hauled away for eventual sacrifice.

Round two of the tournament shot my scoring system all to _____ (pick your favorite outer plane). Briefly, each team but one ran into a horrible encounter with a demon and died. That one team managed to survive that encounter with but one casualty and continued on, so they were declared the winners. But the difficult problem was what to do with the others; the winners had a bye in the third round, but second and third place slots were left to be filled. What had to be done was to have that DM meeting, hash over each team's performance, then pick two teams to vie for second place. Previously in this article I mentioned the shortcomings of the subjective approach (which were my pre-formed opinions of the method), one I've never used in a tournament before and one I'll never use again, if at all possible, considering how difficult it was to choose the advancing teams. I do believe we picked the two best teams, but I would have much preferred to have used some other means. A prime example of Murphy's Law!

There is one other area that bears some discussion in regard to competitive *D&D* and that is DM consistency. It is as important as scoring in ensuring a fair tournament, and much harder to achieve. Large tournaments require correspondingly large number of DM's. Fifteen were needed at *GenCon X*, 16 at *Origins 78*, and 20 at *GenCon XI*. Their quality must be high to assure unbiased judging and to minimize errors.

Briefing sessions are a must, as most DM's will not have been able to participate in playtesting the adventure, and the designer's intent may not be clear at times. The level of intricacy and complexity of the design may also cause problems in that each DM may handle a given situation differently, especially if there are numerous variables and modifiers to be kept in mind. So the purpose of the briefing session is to explain the adventure to the DM's so all are clear as to what is happening, thus eliminating inconsistencies as much as possible. These sessions tend to be long and tedious, especially if there are many traps to explain. Those who have struggled through one of my four hour plus meetings will readily attest this fact! But whatever time is spent readying your DM crew is well worth the effort if consistency is to be enhanced, if not actually fully achieved.

Another item that promotes evenness of DMing is a *short* compilation of standard rules that will be used during the tournament and to which each DM will adhere. Included in this should be movement rates/distance travelled, order in which various actions will be handled in each game turn (melees, spell casting, searching, etc.), and any special rules modifications peculiar to the scenario that differ radically from usual practice. All these facets are doubly important if you will be assisted at the tournament by DM's not of your usual circle of gamers.

So there you have it — scoring and DM consistency, two vitally important considerations in staging a *D&D* tournament, and two things I constantly strive to improve with each tournament I'm involved in. I hope that the foregoing will be of help to you when your club president says to you, "Hey Fred! You've been nominated to organize the *D & D* tournament for our next convention. Plan on, oh, about 400 people!"

***Snurre's Hall* - cont.**

blasting the group entering the door with his *wand of cold*, the 12th level MU was directing the elemental, the thief was placing the king's head in his bag, and all others were not engaged. On the second half of our melee turn then, the 12th level cleric casts his *commune* for the quickest way out, while the ranger casts *sneezing dust* into the hell hounds and giantesses. Also the elf fighter/ MU casts an *ice storm* just outside the

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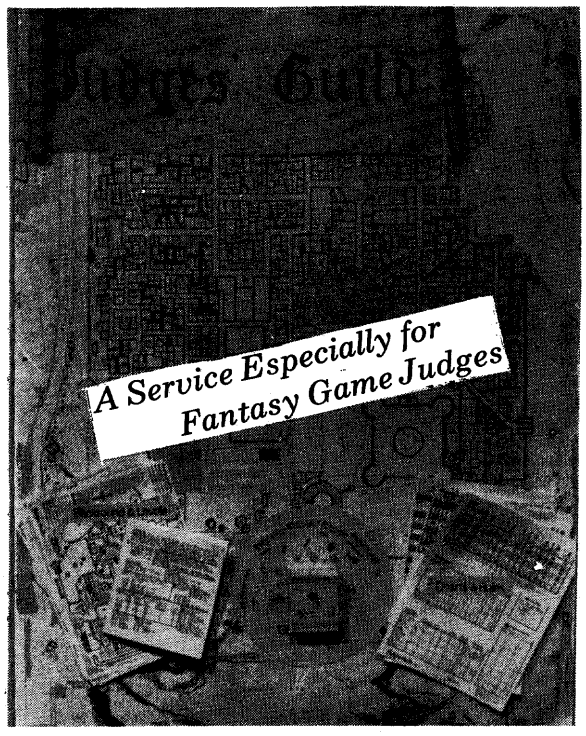

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A COMPENDIUM OF DIVERSE D&D® PLAYER PERSONALITIES, or A Pigeonhole For Nearly Everyone You Ever Adventured With

by Mike Crane

I have been playing and moderating *D&D* for a few years now, and have compiled extensive notes on the wildly divergent personality types that play *D&D.* The first thing my notes revealed to me is that the wildly divergent personalities can be grouped together into several different main types:

The poor loser: The poor loser often gets killed in the early going and always lets everyone know his/her displeasure about it. The poor losers are also further divided into two groups: the quiet and the loud. The quiet poor loser will usually pout for the remainder of the adventure, while giving subtle hints of his displeasure — like feeding your cat to your brand new trash-masher. The loud poor loser is much more vocal, while being less subtle. He will often, after getting a bad break, call everyone fools for attending your adventure and saying that you're out to get him. I have one piece of advice for inviting poor losers: don't.

The doomsday predictor: This guy is a real pest but he really doesn't mean to be. He wouldn't be that bad, either, but he lowers the party morale and takes the fun out of playing. If I had one of these in my group I would either l)Don't invite them 2)Talk to them before the adventure and snap them out of it 3)Try not to kill them too often (but be careful not to let them take advantage of you).

The masochist: This guy is fun at first, but gets to be really boring after a while. The sight of a player jumping into a Gelatinous Cube or attacking a Balrog with an unlit torch is funny the first time, but can get boring (really boring) after the third or fourth time. I really don't care, however, as their characters have short life spans and so never gain powerful positions in the group.

The smug player: This is the player type that I can't stand. When you kill one of their characters they say something like "I didn't like him anyway" and are always smug. These guys always have a whole catalog of smug/smart answers, suitable for any occasion. I usually kill them off at low levels so they don't attain positions of power in the party.

The genius: The genius delights in thinking of ways to outwit you and can usually quote al1 three *D&D* booklets; plus the supplements, forward and backward — without looking at them once. But I have nothing against them and I delight in thinking of ways to outwit them, although it can become tiring after a while.

The real-lifer: The real-lifer acts like he really was his character and takes everything on the level. The real lifers are usually good players but can get easily depressed, especially when a character of theirs is killed.

Shy people: Believe it or not, shy people do play *D&D.* They are fine players but tend to let their characters be controlled by more dominant players (like me) and can have less fun than the other players. I like to let shy people get high level characters and often appoint them group spokesman — which usually brings them out of their shell.

The dominant player: The dominant player is often a fine player but can tend to take control over the group and spoil everyone else's time. The solution to this is not to appoint them group spokesman, as they would like to be.

I have left out many types, in the interest of space, including the *average D&D player (if there is one). I did this because all other player types are just a form of one of these.*

I also have some more advice for the moderator, however: never lose your temper — it just worsens things — give subtle hints of your displeasure instead. Always keep your dice rolls secret and roll the dice often, even if not needed, to keep the players guessing what you're rolling for (and to prevent them from knowing when you are rolling for wandering monsters, traps, and secret doors).

GAMMA WORLD

A New List of "Treasures" To Be Found

by Gary Gygax

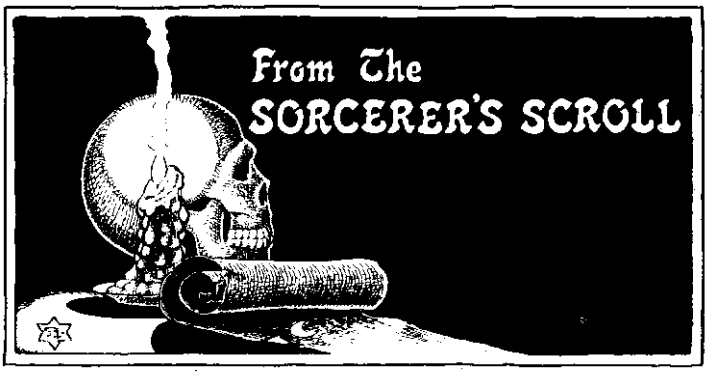
It is indeed very nice to get a list of 100 instant treasures for use when a group is poking around in an area which is likely to contain artifacts from the past civilization, but 100 items are not enough. It also seemed apparent to me that some useful and/or common things were omitted from the items contained in the GAMMA WORLD rules book, so I sat down and devised an 80 "treasure" list which is to be used to supplement the existing one — and I urge you to do yet a third list of your own to use with the two provided, a d6 roll determining which of the lists will be used to find each treasure discovered. The goodies are:

Die Roll	Discovered Item
01.	Claw hammer — good condition, but handle broken
02.	Plastic coat hanger — poor condition (melted)
03.	Nylon rope — good condition (20. m. coil)
04.	Entrenching tool — fair condition, sleeve rusted
05.	Bicycle reflector — good condition (red, yellow, white, or blue color)
06.	Pencil — excellent condition, point broken
07.	Small bottle of insect repellent — fair condition
08.	Uctrodynamical potzreibie counter — poor condition, all 6 dials broken
09.	.22 cal. pistol — fair condition, 9 shot
10.	Home donut maker — poor condition
11.	News magazine or comic book — (very) poor condition
12.	Plastic bag of grass seed — fair condition
13.	Screwdriver — fair condition
14.	Ceramic salt shaker — good condition, full
15.	Bicycle — fair condition, seat missing and tires flat
16.	Stapler — poor condition, no staples
17.	Plastic container — excellent condition, full of plant food
18.	2-12 aluminum arrows, feathers gone, field heads
19.	Book — good condition, reading primer
20.	Pair of scissors — fair condition, screw rusted
21.	Plastic box — excellent condition, contains a complete set of 60 Chinese Checkers marbles
22.	Crash helmet with visor — fair condition, strap missing
23.	Barber chair — poor condition
24.	Book — fair condition, SF novel, cover missing
25.	Small shaker — good condition, full of red pepper
26.	Hacksaw — good condition, blade has plastic guard
27.	Small container — fair condition, contains herbs or spices (pick one at random)
28.	Plastic box — fair condition, holds 50-100 screws of assorted types and sizes
29.	Electric knife sharpener — excellent condition but cord missing
30.	Case of 250 12 ga. shotgun shells (deer slugs/ buck shot/ bird shot) — poor condition
31.	Large metal shears — fair condition
32.	Portable hand vacuum cleaner — condition appears excellent but motor is missing
33.	Pair of water skis — perfect condition
34.	Adjustable wrench — fair condition, adjusting screw corroded
35.	Large plastic box — excellent condition, contains a hang glider kit
36.	Small plastic bottle of colored liquid — good condition (contains colored dye)
37.	Magnifying glass — excellent condition but several chips around edges
38.	Small plastic box — perfect condition (holds 50-100 *play* domars)
39.	8 track trivideo tape — fair condition, instructional series on vehicles and robots (dice for type)
40.	Decompulsitator — obviously broken only if all four schullinger panels are removed and fused magnitudior console is noted
41. - 42.	Book — fair condition (dictionary)
43.	Smoke detector — poor condition, batteries missing
44. - 45.	Plastic table knife — perfect condition
46.	Book — good condition, western novel with cover missing
47. - 48.	Groundcar hubcap — excellent condition but dented
49.	Plastic baseball — perfect condition
50. - 51.	1 - 6 empty soft drink bottles — good condition
52.	Book — fair condition (any 1 vol. of encyclopedia)
53. - 54.	Hovercraft license plate — poor condition
55.	Plastic box — good condition, 50-100 assorted nails
56. - 57	Plastic garden hose — fair condition, 5-20 m.
58.	Nylon fishing line —excellent condition (8#/12#/20#/50# test 100/80/70/50 m. length)
59. - 60.	Vinyl patching kit — good condition, 6 patches
61.	Door knob and shank — perfect condition
62. - 63.	Garbage can — condition 1% - 100% destroyed
64.	Toy blaster pistol — perfect condition, battery missing (buzzes anf flashes when working)
65. - 66.	Cosmetic item, — women's — fair condition*
67.	Electrogramatic veeblefitzer — poor condition, gravitomiter missing
68. - 69.	Metal cooking utensil — poor condition**
70.	Metal can — good condition, contains oil (penetrating/ lubricating/cooking)
71. - 72.	Metal pipe — excellent condition (household water pipe 1-4 m in length)
73.	Plastic box — fair condition, for facial/toilet paper or napkins, contents in poor condition
74. - 75.	Telephone, push button model — excellent condition
76.	World globe — fair condition (10% to 60% destroyed)
77. - 78.	Stainless steel spoon — good condition, handle bent
79.	Pliers/wire cutters — fair condition
80. - 81.	Set of 5-20 colored pencils — poor condition
82.	Bottle — perfect condition, no label, contains vinegar
83. - 84.	Plastic box — excellent condition, contains 50 varicolored and different-shaped children's blocks made of lightweight plastic
85.	Bottle — good condition, no label, 100 proof scotch
86. - 87.	Flashlight — fair condition, no batteries
88.	Plastic box — fair condition, 50-100 assorted nuts, bolts and washers
89. - 90.	Toiletry article — fair condition***
91.	Screwdriver — good condition, phillips head
92. - 93.	Book — poor condition, telephone directory
94.	Book — fair condition, gothic horror/romance/porno/ murder mystery
95. - 96.	Plastic dinnerware, 1-4 pieces — fair condition
97.	1-100 rounds of .22 cal. long rifle ammunition — good condition
98. - 99.	Leather bag — fair condition, holds 5-20 plastic pieces (dice) in perfect condition
00.	Book — good condition, small arms instruction manual

*compact, lipstick tube, lip gloss, eye shadow, rouge, mascara, face creme, cleanser, etc.

**frying pan, sauce pan, kettle, double boiler, pressure cooker, coffee maker, corn popper, teapot, etc.

***comb, brush, toothbrush, razor(blade), razor(electric), deodorant, depilatory, toothpaste, aftershave, cologne, perfume, hair dressing, tweezers, nail clippers, razor blades, dental floss, nail file, bobby pins, nail brush, eyelash curler, etc.



GAMMA WORLD
More Excerpts from the Journals of Hald Sevrin

by Gary Jaquet

It is one thing to play a character in a role playing game, it is quite something else to design a role playing game, and it is something else entirely to try to explain the design process revolving around the creation of a role playing game. Case in point: *GAMMA WORLD*. Simply stated (if that's the phrase), it grew!

The exact point of conception of *GAMMA WORLD* must forever lie somewhere in the shadows of hours spent playing D & D with Tim Kask when we were both students at Southern Illinois University, conversations with Gary Gygax at my first Gen Con, the reading of *Hiero's Journey* in 1976, and the premier of Jim Ward's *METAMORPHISIS: ALPHA*. Somewhere along the line, the idea sparked. From then on, through reams of typing paper, long-distance phone calls, countless cigarettes, at least four typewriter ribbons, and about a year and a half, *GAMMA WORLD* emerged.

I pasted the last stamp on the final manuscript, addressed it to TSR, and with a sigh of relief, dropped it in the mailbox. Jim (Ward) would go over the manuscript, there would be a final edit, it would be sent to the printer, and that would be that. Wrong! Then I started getting phone calls: we need TW judges for Origins; we need GW judges for Gen Con; we're expanding the tournament for GW Origins — can you judge twice as many rounds? And in the midst of all came another phone call: "Jake, this is Tim. Can you write me a piece for The Dragon about the background/development of *GAMMA WORLD?"*

Never being one to refuse Tim (you have to have met him to appreciate his "requests" that border slightly to the right of commands), I returned to the typewriter. And sat. And sat. I lit a cigarette. And sat some more. Seventeen half-typed pages in the wastebasket later, I realized I was having problems expressing myself: how to explain the background for a game concept that came, literally, from everywhere?

Here then, is the best way to gain the background of *GAMMA WORLD* — from the notebooks of Hald Sevrin, written in 2697:

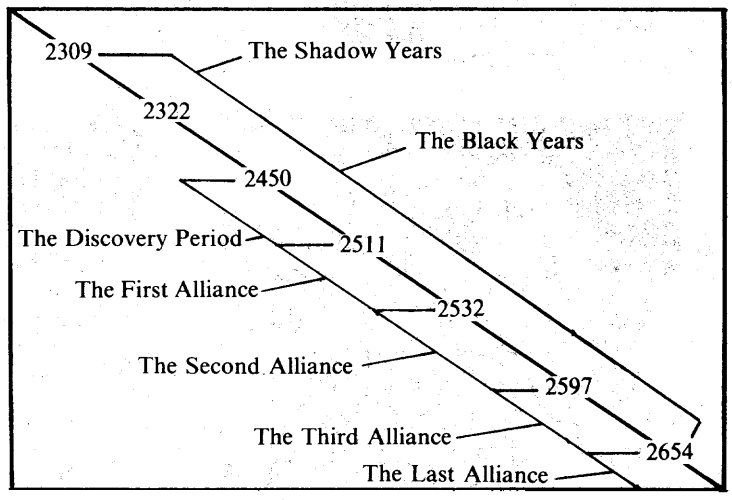
***

The fury of the *Apocalypse* had spent itself. In the days that followed, the few survivors cautiously crept from their hiding places, constantly fearful of, nay, anticipating, a resumption of the unthinkable destruction and toll of death they had experienced, and somehow miraculously escaped. But the air remained still, the ground no longer trembled, and the needs of immediate survival soon pushed needless questioning aside.

The few survivors of the holocaust of 2322 became fewer still; as those without the skills, knowledge, or sheer muscle needed to survive in the post-cataclysmic Earth perished. Survival of the fittest became the prime law of the land once more.

The first few years were the worst. Mutations, both animal and human, appeared. It was a painful, slow learning process to discern the harmless from the harmful, the cruel from the kind, the savage from the tame. The fee for learning was usually paid in blood. Then, too, there were the horrors of the non-living: the robots. Man's ultimate servants, now mindless and unguided, were, in many cases, his ultimate executioner. And perhaps worst of all was that last fleeting thought, as the jaws snapped, as the fangs pierced, as the claws ripped, as unfeeling metal crushed, as pain mercifully faded into the final darkness; the remembrance of the sweet, sweet life so few short years ago.

The years that followed, the Black Years, were in some respects easier for the survivors, and in some respects more difficult. Each succeeding generation found itself more adapted to its environment, both in a physical sense and with the information gained painfully by their forebearers about the world around them. The more hazardous area of the world were shunned, and the survivors had begun to join in small groups, working towards their common goal of survival. Working thus, these small groups found they no longer needed to devote their entire energies towards survival exclusively. Slowly at first, trade and barter between groups of survivors was established. Religions reformed — considerably altered forms of pre-halocaust religions, but religions none the less. There was time for amusements, idle speculations, and for the first altered (at least by most) to include intelligent mutants. Groups of beings cast by the evening cooking fires. But even as the laughter turned to sounds of sleep, a new danger was born, or perhaps an old danger awoke. Man, while perhaps not still *homo sapiens*, was still man. With trade and barter came jealousy and greed. With the organization of religion came organization of religious hierarchy and the concept of class. And man rediscovered the greatest danger on the entire planet: himself.



As further years took their course, the realization of man as his own enemy became more apparent, although the concept of "man" had to be altered (at least by most) to include inteligent mutants. Groups of beings tended to gravitate towards others of similar ideals and distrust all others, although all but the most outrageously foreign were tolerated to such a degree as was necessary for trade purposes — and also as most groups were too weak to display open hostility for fear of retribution. Substantial evidence indicates that various groups or tribes would unite for the purpose of destroying any that posed a violent threat to the uneasy peace that existed at the time. The correlation of actions between pre- and post-2322 man cannot be denied. This period of time, i.e., the gradual banding together of groups of beings towards their own common goods, is now usually earmarked as the Discovery Period of the Black Years and is (admittedly, somewhat arbitrarily) defined as the years between 2450 and 2511 [see time graph]. Prior to 2450, the survivors of the cataclysm of 2322 had not yet banded info groups large enough for sociological study (and indeed, records for study of the Black Years, as maintained by the Restorationists, one of the groups formed during the Discovery Period, go back only to 2443). 2511 is a convenient cut-off year, however, with the formation of the First Alliance by Gad the Provider.

It is with these basic precepts and understandings, then, that we shall proceed into our study of the Discovery Period.

***

excerpted from "The Black Years — A Sociological Examination"
by the author's permission
Hald Sevrin
Sociologist 1
Rakman University
New Boston, M. L. A.

WORMY
EYEEEYEE! WOIMEEE!!
WAH! GETTIM OFFA ME!
KLOB!
YO!
DADGUM! IT'S STILL KICKIN!
URG!
ARF!
RIP!
EK!
WORMYYYY!!
CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Guest Ed. cont.

lower than last year and there were about twice as many games, seminars and movies scheduled. (As of this writing the PAW is still trying to get the university computer people to give them the final attendance count, but by guess is about 1,900 - 2,000 paid.) TSR personnel were new to the location, and the PAW staff were new to conventions, and together we managed to botch all sorts of things!

The light attendance, as well as many of the gamers there being broke from their purchases at *Origins*, made the exhibitors a bit unhappy. When twilight fell and the booth lighting was insufficient they became, shall we say, hostile — or at least a trifle more irritated. We saw where our errors lay, however, and plans are already underway for *GenCon XII* where we'll have a new lower dealer rate, more lighting, a multi-day entry fee of only $10 and all sorts of other inducements for exhibitors and gamers alike to attend — but that is another story you'll read about in *GenCon* ads and reports at a later date. The gamers were generally pleased with both Parkside and *GenCon*, rating the convention as better than past ones and giving Parkside's facilities so high a score as to assure that *GenCon XII* will be held there.

There is no question that MDG and Origins beat *GenCon* hands down in most categories in 1978. For those of you who might get the impression that we got a comeuppance, all I can say is that crow is not unpalatable when properly parboiled and baked in a humble pie and served with homily grits. For those who enjoyed *GenCon* more, I say a hearty thanks, and will see you at *GenCon XII*. Also, WAIT UNTIL NEXT YEAR! We are busily at work on the best *GenCon* ever, and the Convention Committee has been expanded to assure that everything goes as it should. Bob Blake, Len Lakofka, and Will Neibling have agreed to serve on the committee, and we will enlist the services of such excellent MDG personnal as Paul Wood, Mike Bartnikowski, and Bill Somers — all of whom were good enough to help this year too! Added to the staff are also Barry Eynon and Russ Stambaugh, given *Host* status (and responsibilities) for their past contributions to *GenCon.* I am a firm believer that competition can be beneficial. *Origins 78* gave *GenCon* a number of new goals to aim for, just as previous GenCons have set standards which Origins has sought to emmulate. Next year convention attendees will surely benefit regardless of which event they attend!

There is no way to estimate how much attendance damage GenCon XI suffered from the proximity in time and space to ORIGINS 78. We feared that it would have an unpleasant effect, and our fears seem to have been justified to some extent.

One other factor undoubtedly had an effect; there were no cheap dorm facilities. We are working on that problem for next year.

One fact must be pointed out here: the attendees rated this GenCon better than the last, and had good reason to.

GenCon XI had more dealers and booths than ever before, offering the widest variety of merchandize ever seen at GenCon.

GenCon had more events and tournaments than ever, and far more than ORIGINS 78. Needless to say, with the small attendance, no one had too much trouble entering their favorite event, and many events went off as scheduled with fewer entrants than allowed for.

GenCon XI had the largest D&D tournament ever run. That same event has come in for a lot of criticism, some justified and some not. The biggest rap against it was its sanguine nature; only one group survived RD Two. The reason behind the high mortality rate was players' misconceptions, mostly. Too many groups adopted the "hack and chop" mentality, and ran into far more than they bargained for. This tourney relied far more on cunning and stealth than brawn and guts. Too many groups failed to heed their directives, and paid the price.

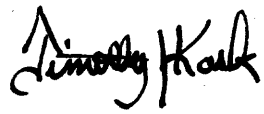
One rap against the event does hold up; it was chaotically run, though Bob Blake did as good as can be reasonably expected of any mortal. There were scoring errors, and there were other errors as well. An article in this issue explains it better than I could. Most of the organizational screw-ups were a result of bad communications between PAW and the tournament people, and none were fatal.

There were other minor problems, such as lighting in the display area. The problem was compounded when some exhibitors took it upon themselves to move some lights, and proceeded to blow out 25% of the circuits, as well as half a dozen spotlights. It was a real smooth move on some idiot's part.

There were a number of disappointed figure painters who never got the chance to have their figures judged for the WINGED VICTORY trophy awarded by WARGAMER'S DIGEST. The people doing the judging apparently just walked around and selected the group they liked from what they saw. Succeeding GenCons will have a whole new area of competition for figure painters sponsored by TSR Periodicals, with at least ten or twelve categories planned.

There was a very interesting, in some cases, and disturbing, in others, phenomenon at this year's con. I refer to the number of people dressed up in costumes and uniforms. The costumes were amusing, even if a few of them were a bit ridiculous. The uniforms were not appreciated. One exhibitor's people dressed in WWII uniforms for most of the convention. It must be noted that the exhibitor was NOT a wargame or figure company: They have more sense than that. I felt the whole charade to be in bad taste, as we, the hobby, have been fighting the "closet-Nazi" image for years, and behavior such as that can only reinforce the negative stereotype when viewed by outsiders. It is interesting to note that all subsequent GenCons will have a dress code prohibiting such apparel as modern-era uniforms and weaponry; too many people are offended, and the hobby suffers from the image.

This is not meant to say that GenCon XI wasn't a great con, because it was. It is meant as an honest appraisal of what went on that weekend. Remember, those attending voted it the best yet, and they are the final arbiter of success or failure.



I was a bit harsh on the MDG in the last *Rumbles* (Vol. III, No. 4) in TD #18, and wish to clarify matters now.

Too many readers thought that I was rapping MDG by not talking about enough of the good aspects of the 'con, which distresses me. Let me say for the record that that was not my intent; I felt that MDG did an outstanding job in the face of multiple adversities and deserves full credit for holding *Origins* together under the weight of so many attendees (undreamed of in planning) and last minute crises.

I had counted a number of MDG members amongst my friends before the last issue; I hope this clarification mollifies any anger unintentionally aroused, as I hope to retain those associates

****

In the section of last month's *RUMBLES* dealing with the new *ORIGINS* steering arrangements, some type was dropped, and an incorrect impression given. Having already pitched that manuscript by the time I'm writing this, this is the *gist* of what that paragraph was supposed to say.

The old steering committee was breaking up, and no group had come forward with a bid to sponsor ORIGINS 79. Howard Barasch, of SPI, and Don Greenwood, of Avalon Hill, stuck their necks out to see that the con didn't die, and took over in the crisis, according to Howard.

He still favors a steering committee composed of all the manufacturers, eventually, but recognized that the present form was not viable.

My apologies, on behalf of the printer, for any false impressions engendered, or any damage done.

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THE LOWDOWN ON *WISHES*

by Kevin Thompson

"Well, this chamber looks safe enough. Alright, you guys take the elves and check the room for secret panels and passageways, while I check this door over here. Hmmmmmm, it just leads to an ordinary closet. Did you guys find anything? Yeah? One of the tiles on the floor is loose, eh? Well, don't just stand there, pry it up. Wait! What's that noise?"

At that moment, in bursts a dozen trolls with two-handed axes. "Oh no, trolls! O Daghdha! We haven't got any more oil left!! O Nuada! O Cuchulain! Oh Mama!! —Go get 'em! Fight em! Smash 'em! Hurt 'em! Mess 'em up!"

The battle ensues, and the trolls are all killed. For the moment, anyway.

"Whew! But loo — they're already beginning to regenerate! Well, since we can't burn them, lets try to lock them in that closet until we're through here. Lug them in. Hurry. Now let's pry up that tile. . . it's giving. . . here it comes! Yes, it's hollow underneath! There's something here. . . a ring. And there's an inscription here in Elven. Let's see. . . Yes!! Wishes!!! Three wishes!!! Oh joy! Oh bliss! Now I can get that barge I always wanted on the Denubian. You know what, I can wish for gallons of oil to burn those trolls! Or better yet, I can even wish for a balrog slave! He can burn them, and still serve me forever! I'll be unbeatable!!"

If you were the Dungeon Master of this game and they made that wish, what would you do? If you were very lenient, you just might give them what they asked for. On the other hand, if you were the type of DM who liked to "keep things moving", you could send him TEN ANGRY balrogs to make things hot. Yea, verrily, a furnace!

Most DM's want to be fair about wishes but don't want Player-characters to take undue advantage. So they kill them. (It's only natural) Well, because of this, I've developed a background to help judge which wishes should be granted totally, dropped entirely, or partially granted in one form or another. (For the more sadistic of our fold, don't worry! This doesn't mean you can't kill them any more, just that you'll have a logical reason for doing it.)

The first thing to consider is how these wishes came to be. To start from the beginning, it is common knowledge that wizardry is every bit as much a science as physics and chemistry (to which it is closely related). Through various gestures, utterances and chemicals, wizards are able to tap the free, natural, invisible forces that give power and substance to their spells. It's no more mysterious to them than it is to us when we plug in the toaster. We're tapping another natural, invisible force. (It's just not free.) Those wizards of much learning and wisdom (hence, wizards) were able to develop for themselves an all-purpose spell that could do many diversified things. These are called WISHES. (Actually, what they created was a WISH SPELL-WS - it's the use of a WS that is called a WISH. A DM's gotta know things like that!)

Next, the wizards created objects that could enable the person with little or no experience in sorcery to accomplish the feats of high level sorcerers. These were rings, staves, and even things less conventional where a WS had been transferred to them from the wizard himself. What a breakthrough! Keep in mind, though, that the WS couldn't possibly be any more powerful than the wizard who created it. Less so, in fact, as some of the power is lost in the transference. There is usually a relation between the ability of the WS to grant a more difficult wish (the WS strength) and the object that is endowed with it. Why bother to put a weak spell in an object that will last forever? Who would put a powerful spell in something that is easily destroyed? Of course, there are always exceptions, but usually a weak wish spell would be in something flimsy, like a ring or a piece of apparel. The stronger an object is, like a sword or armour or a stone orb, the stronger the WS in it probably is. This also applies to objects that are more gawky or cumbersome, as a staff or a drum or a sofa. You tend to protect it more because it's always on your mind (and frequently on your back!). The strongest WS's are likely to be in something immobile and virtually indestructable. Unfortunatley, there aren't too many of those around. The main exception to these rules are ancient artifacts. They tend to be more powerful than their modern day counterparts, but there are usually problems that go along with them, like the possessor changing alignment, shrinking an inch with every use, or

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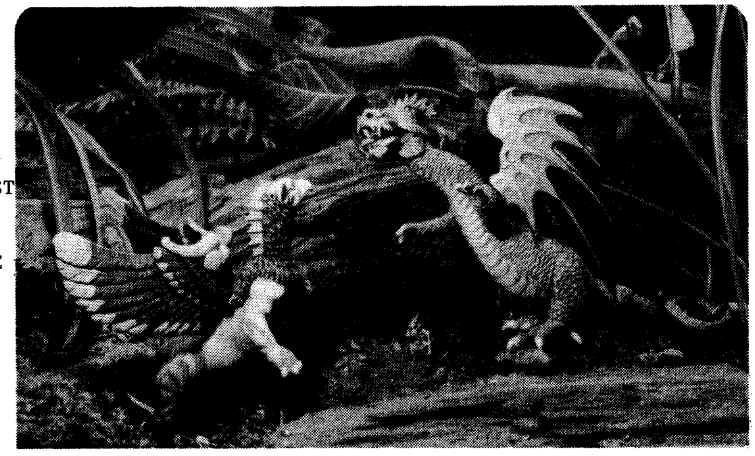

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dying (which can be kind of depressing).

Just as there are matters to help determine the strength of a WS, there are also problems in determining the effectiveness of the wish. Foremost of these is the alignment of the WS compared to that of the possessor of the object. A lawful Wizard would generally empower an object with a lawful or neutral WS. A chaotic wizard would empower an object with a neutral or chaotic WS. A neutral wizard would just empower an object with a neutral WS. As you can see, the odds are stacked in favor of a neutral Wish Spell. This is because there is more versatility in neutral than in lawful or chaotic WS's. A lawful WS only fully grants those wishes within its power that encourage leadership, justice, loyalty, heroism, generosity, and creativity. It strives to have you struggle against the chaotic. A chaotic WS only fully grants those wishes within its power that promote tyranny, deceit, greed, laziness, mercilessness, and cleverness in struggles against ANYONE. It is for the DM to decide, without consulting any of the players, what the motive behind the wish is. Take into account what they say they're going to do with whatever they've wished for, but don't be fooled by a hoax! If you don't believe that the players actual motives suit the listing above, crack down on them!!! (Please excuse me for yelling; I get so excited!) The way to get those bozos (bozettes; the bozettes are often sneakier than the bozos) is to twist their wish right around, making things a little more. . . er, difficult. If the players give you any flack, just say, "Lookit here, buddy (or buddess), I play the gods in this game. You gonna argue with the gods? We'll stike you down! We don't have to take none of this." If that doesn't work, you can always blame it on the dice.

It goes without saying that there are no "morals" to live up to in the neutral WS's. Consequently, wishes are rarely ever twisted around to make things worse for the wisher. Keep in mind, however, that you can include a WS that *only* and *always* twists wishes, or even a type that creates a can of fruit cocktail no matter what the wish is! Such fun. My oh my (yours oh yours!)!

Another important matter in determining the effectiveness of a wish is, of course, the thing wished for. I've divided the various types of wishes into four classifications, the easiest wishes being in Class I, etc. Here goes!

— CLASS I — This WS grants any wishes for purely physical objects. Therefore, you could wish for a sword or a tank or any other non-magical object. In addition, you could wish for occurrances, such as the roof caving in at a certain place, starting a wind (not tornado strength, but strong enough to knock unsuspecting foes off their feet), or even a time-stop. After all, time is purely physical, too.

— CLASS II — This WS can create living, non-magical beings, relatively weak magical equipment (none concerning more wishes), and any magic-user spells up to and including Level 5.

— CLASS III — This WS can create living, magic-oriented beings, but only the weakest of these types will be able to be made into slaves. It can also create moderately strong magical equipment, and can accomplish ANY magic-user spell, and any cleric spell up to and including Level 4.

— CLASS IV — It is rare to find this WS outside of an artifact. This is the most powerful type. It can do almost anything, except granting more wishes in any way, shape or form, and the actual creation of another artifact. (Of course, even a Class I WS could LEAD them to an already existing artifact!) These are all very general classifications and can be interpreted any way the DM sees as fair for the adventure. The DM can and should break down the classifications into sub-classes for his own purposes. (Note: Never tell any players outright what class or sub-class the WS is; let them find out for themselves!)

Still another point to consider in determining how effective the wish will be is how the player started the wish. A powerful wish can be all fouled up by wishing in a too complicated or too simple or too long or too short statement. If the player is getting too long-winded, it's easier to twist or misinterpret his words. If too short, there may not be enough information. However, if the player asks for something relatively simple using the terms in *D&D*, he shouldn't have many problems. WS's have some understanding power, although not too much.

DM's will be at their most inventiveness when attempting to grant a wish in some form when the WS is not powerful enough to fully grant the wish. F'rinstance, if a player asks for a Mirror of Life Trapping and has only a Class I WS, the DM could give him a little mirror attached to a sealed off fishbowl, occupied. If he asks for a balrog slave and he has only a Class II WS, you could send him to the Abyss. Let him get his own balrog slave. (You can be sure we'll never see him again.) But you needn't always be tricky. You can just drop his wish entirely if you can't grant it. Of course, he still uses up that wish.

Well, that's about it. I've just presented a basic outline. For some of you, this will make handling wishes easier. For others, it may be a little confusing. Remember, you don't have to obey this word for word. Get the feel of these ideas and you won't even have to refer to this article very often. The feel of the rules is the most important thing. Wishes should be great news, but yet a harrowing experience. Handle them well!

PLANNING CREATIVE TREASURERS

by Dave Schroeder

Hack, smash, chop-chop. bzzzap. in nomine patris, et filii, et spiri . . .

"Good, they're all dead. Bert, check the bodies, Fred, help me with this chest. Watch our for that trap. I got it. O.K. Eleven ogres. Where's my M & T? Here we go — that's a 1000 gold pieces plus a Type C treasure. 10% chance of 2 magical items. So what's in the box? Humbug, just 1000 goldpieces and another lousy potion. Pack it up boys!"

This scene happens all too often. Lazy referees just roll up most of their treasures by the book and miss out on a lot of the fun that devising special treasures can provide. *The Dragon* has already offered hints on determining the contents of tombs (Jim Ward, *TD* #9) and here are some additional suggestions for creative treasure planning.

First of all, choose a theme. That single, low-level orc carrying lots of mithril and gems that you knocked off could be a runner for the orkish equivalent of the Syndicate. The treasure itself is simple enough, but you could suddenly find an assassin on your tails and not know why. That unguarded gold hoard you discovered might have belonged to a leprechaun, who proceeds to steal back not only his own loot, but also half of yours behind your backs. No one has discovered it as yet, but the third level of one of my dungeons holds a bar with an alchemist for a bartender. The treasure consists of the varied contents of the bottles behind the bar. The alchemist himself isn't a very powerful person, but true to form, the half-a-dozen bouncers he keeps around are 12 feet tall in their hobnail boots — just so the customers don't get too rowdy.

Second, let there be some sort of connection between the various items in a given treasure, as well as a connection between the treasure's contents and its guardian(s). For instance, have a cleric or a healer with a "first aid kit," a dragon horde with lots of swords and armor from unlucky adventurers, or a high-level thief's toolkit for opening locks and chests, or perhaps a "disguise kit" belonging to an assassin (disturb at your own risk . . .).

Let's examine the possible contents of a "first aid kit." Healing potion, certainly. Probably some ammonia smelling salts useful for waking up persons hit by a sleep spell. The odds are good that there would be a bottle of something poisonous — valuable to sterilize wounds but deadly when swallowed. Oil of Slipperyness, when taken internally, relieves constipation, but it also gives you an automatic attack of Montezuma's Revenge with a concurrent temporary loss of charisma. Bandages might be treated with a healing potion, and sometimes the kit should contain first-aid oriented scrolls such as Cure Disease, Remove Curse, Strength, Neutralize Poison, or even a Resurrection.

A thief's toolkit could contain a +1 dagger, a gem that glows in the presence of traps, a set of Gauntlets of Dexterity, a skeleton key that would raise its user's chances of opening locks, or a pair of "waldos", that would allow him to open trapped chests from a distance. Don't forget a periscope for peeking around corners, or perhaps a bag of holding for the loot. Disappearance Dust would be useful, as would a Gauntlet of Etherealness that would let pouches and pockets be picked tracelessly.

An assassin's "disguise kit" could contain a few polymorph potions, a plus +2 dagger, assorted poisons, wigs, makup, a Girdle of Femininity/ Masculinity, a Scareb of Death, and other assorted goodies.

One of my favorite treasure-making plans is to roll up a moderate to high level character, give him or her a few personal quirks, and go from there. One high-level magic-user was so paranoid that his best magical item was a necklace of gems of detection — detect Magic, Evil, Good, Weres, Gold, Secret Doors, Invisible, you name it. A bishop with a fondness for little boys had dozens of bottles of "Youth Potion". The possibilities are endless. Enjoy creating creative treasures!

D&D Variant

THE MYTHOS OF AUSTRALIA IN *DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®*

by Jerome Arkenberg

The mythos of Australia is not that of the white settlers, but of the Australian Aborigines. These were primitive semi-nomadic hunters and foragers living in a hostile, arid environment. There were many aboriginal tribes, widely separated over the continent of Australia. Thus though they had many Gods in common, they also had many others that were peculiar to a certain tribe or area. The following are designed to be compatible with *Gods, Demi-Gods, and Heroes,* Supplement IV to *Dungeons & Dragons.*

SKY-BEINGS

These live in the Sky and occasionally come down to Earth. They have the shape of humans, but are gigantic in stature, with Supernormal powers.

DARAMULUN — The All-Father

Armor Class: -3 Magic Ability: Wizard, 35th Level
Move: 22" Fighter Ability: Lord, 30th Level
Hit Points: 300 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Also knows as *Baiame* and *Nurrundere,* Daramulun created the other Sky-Beings. He is seen as a huge man with his mouth filled with Quartz Crystal. He, along with other Sky-Beings, created Man and Woman.

THE NUMBAKULLA

Armor Class: -1 Magic Ability: Wizard, 20th Level
Move: 20" Fighter Ability: Lord, 18th Level
Hit Points: 225 Psionic Ability: Class 3

The *Numbakulla* are two self-existent Sky-Beings who came down from the sky and made men and women out of amorphous creatures.

NGUNUNG-NGUNNUT — The Bat

Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 18"/30" (flying) Fighter Ability: Lord, 13th Level
Hit Points: 170 Psionic Ability: Class 5

Ngunung-Ngunnut was believed to have created Woman. He is the brother of Gidja. He can use these spells: Fly, Gate, Polymorph any object, Gate.

GIDJA — The Moon

Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord, 14th Level
Hit Points: 180 Psionic Ability: Class 5

Among the several tribes it was believed that Gidja made the first Woman, and not his brother Ngunung-Ngunnut. He can use these spells: Gate, Light, Clone, Polymorph any Object, Strength, Shield, Magic Missile, Time Stop.

MORKUL-KUA-LUAN — The Spirit of the Long Grass

Morkul-Hua-Luan always has his eyes half-closed to protect his eyes from the prickling grass. He has a beak-like nose. He ensures the growth of the long grass. He can use these spells: Create Food, Growth/Plant, Speak with Plants, Charm Plants, and Gate.

YALUNGUR — The Eaglehawk

Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 18"/30" (flying) Fighter Ability: Lord, 10th Level
Hit Points: 130 Psionic Ability: Class 5

Not much is known of *Yulungur* except that she became the wife of *Kallin-Kallin.* She can Fly, and Gate.

KALLIN-KALLIN — The Chickenhawk

Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 18"/30" (flying) Fighter Ability: Lord, 15th Level
Hit Points: 190 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Kallin-Kallin banished *Gidja* to the Night-Sky and took *Yalungur* to wife. He can use these spells: Gate, Fly, Strength, Shield, Magic Missile, and Time Stop.

THE MURAMURA

Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: Wizard, 15th Level
Move: 17" Fighter Ability: Lord, 13th Level
Hit Points: 160 Psionic Ability: Class 5

The Muramura are male and female Skyk-Beings who wandered the Earth creating Man. The most important, of them is *Darand the Rainmaker.* When *Darana* sings it rains. When he places his Boomerang in the ground, the rain ceases.

THE MAMANDABARI

Armor Class: 0 Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord, 17th Level
Hit Points: 175 Psionic Ability: Class 4

The Mamandabari are two brothers who either fly or travel underneath the ground. They wander the Earth, introducing customs and practices. They can use these spells: Gate, Fly, Polymorph any Object, Mass Charm, and Cure Disease.

YURLUNGGUR — The Rainbow Snake

Armor Class: -1 Magic Ability: Wizard, 25th Level
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord, 20th Level
Hit Points: 240 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Known by many other names as well, *Yurlunggur* makes his home (on Earth) in deep rock pools and waterholes. He regenerates nature and Human fertility. He controls the physiological processes of men, and the circulation of blood. He is a great Healer and Sorcerer. His anger is roused if the rules governing relationships between the sexes are broken. Disease and Flood are expressions of his wrath.

MAMARANGAN — The Lightning Man

Armor Class: -2 Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 19"/28" (flying) Fighter Ability: Lord, 19th Level
Hit Points: 230 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Mamarangan lives at the bottom of a waterhole in the Dry Season, and in the Wet Season he rides on the tops of the Thunderclouds. His voice is the Thunder and he strikes down with his magical Stone Axe at trees and people. his axe strikes for 10-60 points of damage and is +3 to hit, and acts as a Lightning Bolt wand. He can use these spells: Control Weather, Lower Water, Part Water, Lightning Bolt, and Teleport.

THE WONDJINA

The *Wondjina* are primal beings who come from the Sky to teach Mankind. They are typically ten to sixteen feet tall. Around the head of each appears a "halo" of red and yellow. The eyes and nose are linked, and there is no mouth.

WODOI

Armor Class: -1 Magic Ability: Wizard, 20th Level
Move: 20"/30" (flying) Fighter Ability: Lord, 15th Level
Hit Points: 200 Psionic Ability: Class 4

Wodoi is a *Wondjina.* He is also a masterful Thief.

DJUNGGUN

Armor Class: -1 Magic Ability: Wizard, 20th Level
Move: 20" Fighter Ability: Lord, 15th Level
Hit Points: 200 Psionic Ability: Class 3

Djunggun is another *Wondjina.* He has boomerang that does 10-60 points of damage when it strikes (+3 to hit).

WALANGDA

Armor Class: -1 Magic Ability: Wizard, 24th Level
Move: 20" Fighter Ability: Lord, 20th Level
Hit Points: 220 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Walangada is a *Womdjina* who went up to the Sky to become the Milky Way.

WAGTJADBULLA & TCABUINJI

Armor Class: -1 Magic Ability: Wizard, 19th Level
Move: 20" Fighter Ability: Lord, 18th Level
Hit Points: 210 Psionic Ability: Class 3

Cont. on pg. 26

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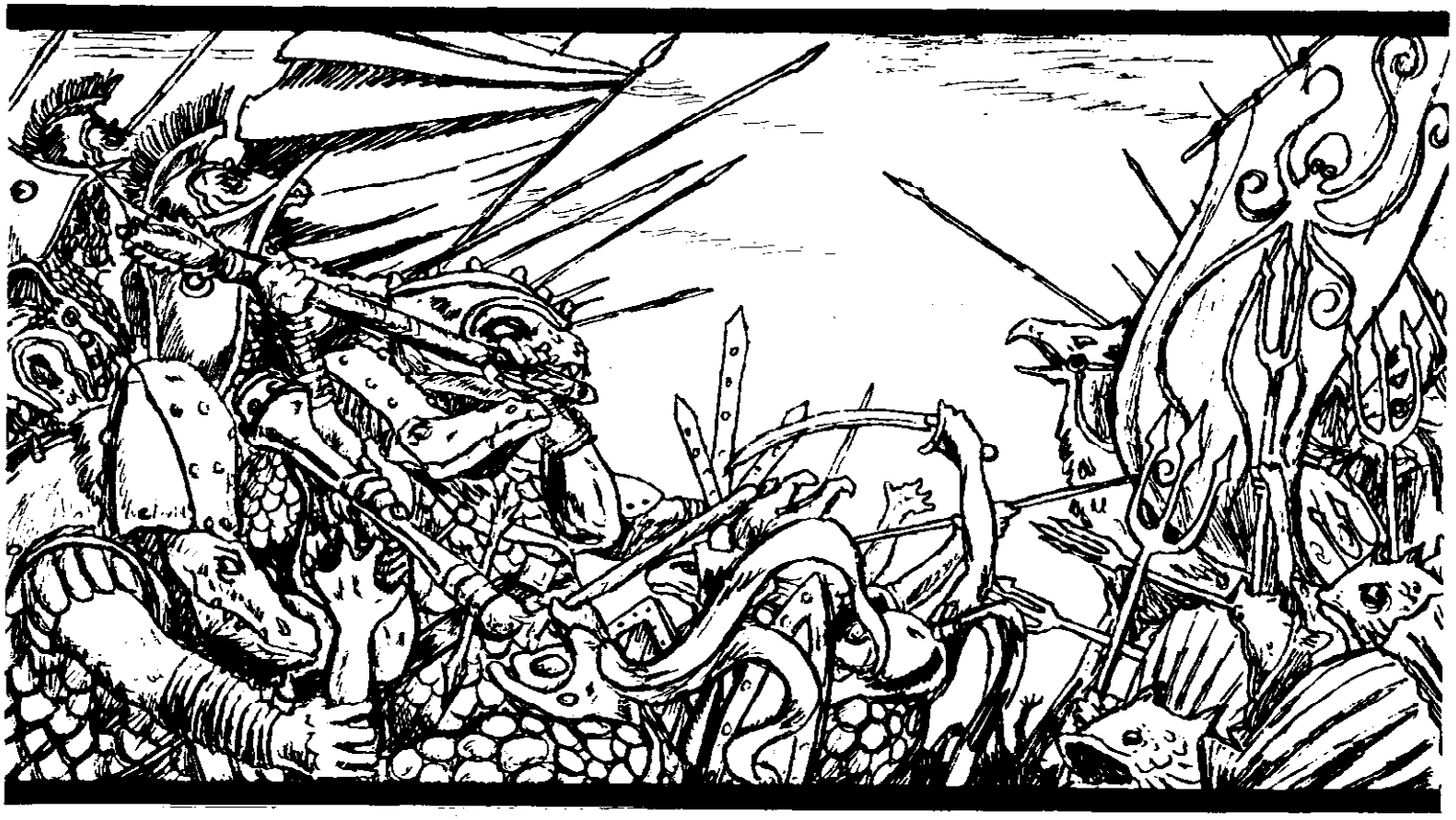

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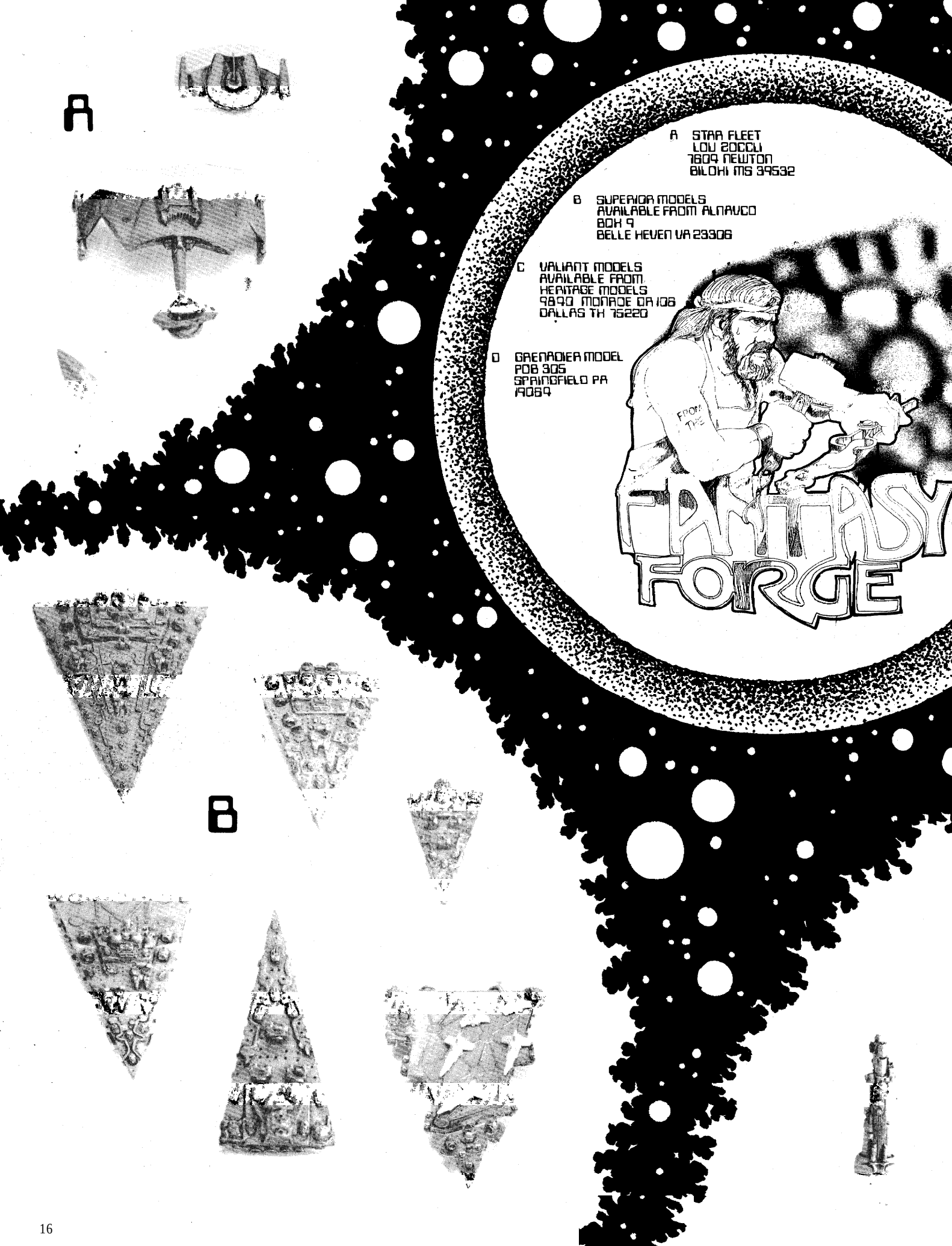
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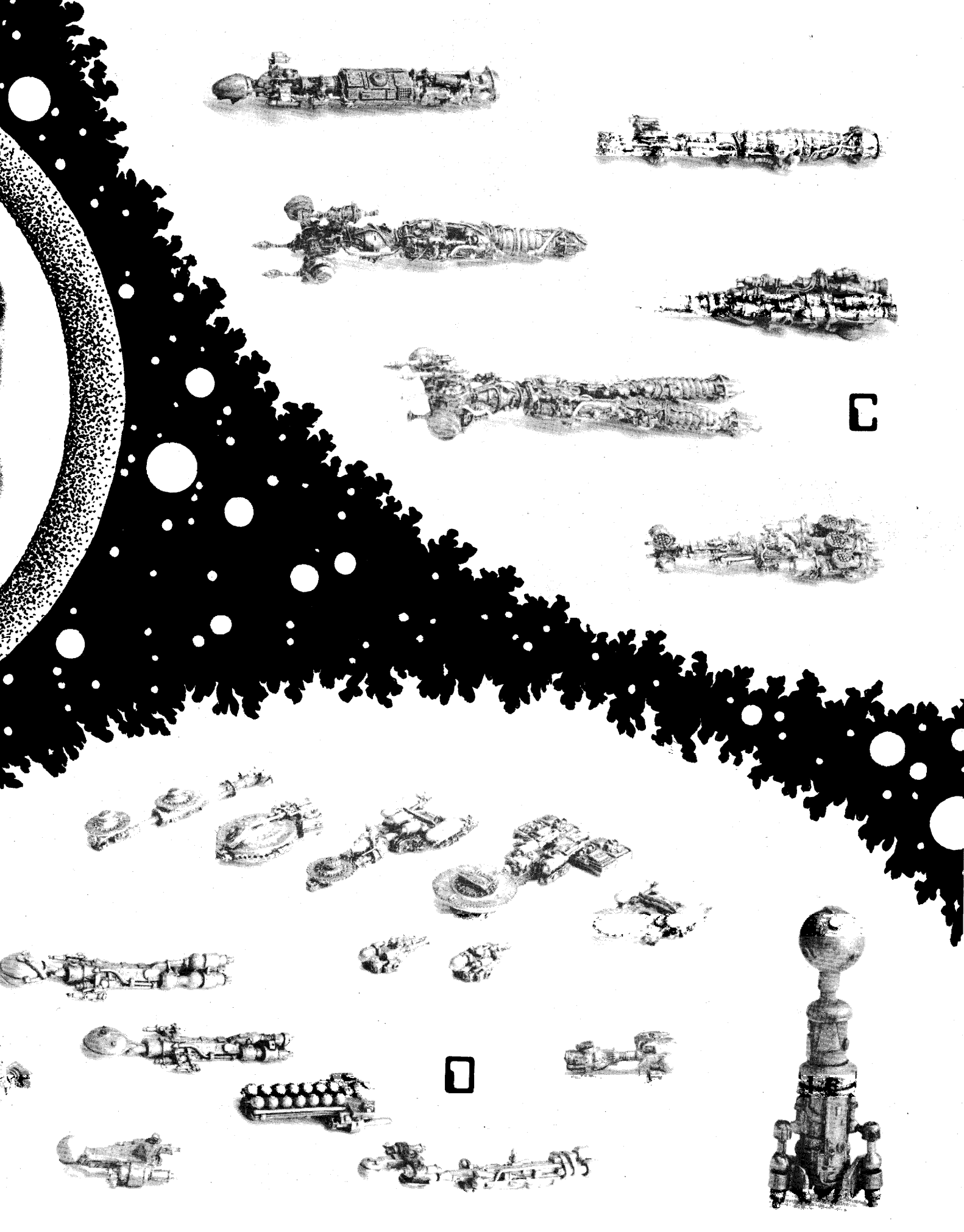

SYSTEMATIC MAGIC
Revised Magic Tables

by Robin W. Rhodes

Wizards such as Gandalf and Merlin can not be assigned to specific levels of magic because they were complex individuals. Not only did they have *physical* strengths and weaknesses but *magical* powers and limitations. Like anyone else, magicians have preferences or specialties which they perform better than others. For example: Radagast the Brown had a strong preference for spells that dealt with nature, while Saruman preferred spells of control and therefore studied and searched for the 'One Ring of Power'. The system of magic that is currently in use does not reflect the wide varieties of magical fields which should logically exist. It is possible to study any particular field of magic, such as they did, because spells of different, unrelated characteristics are lumped together into the same group.

It is easy to understand why the system of magic follows this illogical pattern if we remember the manner in which it was developed. Originally all spells were divided into two groups: Holy and Non-Holy spells. Any spell that was not a Holy spell, obviously belonging to the Clerics, was considered a Magician's spell. Because there was no reason to divide these spells into groups according to the properties of the spells themselves. Instead these spells were separated into different levels based only upon the power of the spell. Later supplements added whole new classes of characters, capable of using magic, along with entire collections of spells for their use. As the system grew inconsistencies developed and as the word implies, the supplements merely expanded the existing system, rather than revamping it or correcting the illogical division of spells which had occurred.

The simplest solution to these discrepancies would be a redivision of the magic spells according to the characteristics of the spells themselves. This new system would not only provide a real sense of progression but would also allow a certain degree of specialization. All of the magic spells now in use fall into one or more of the following catagories: Control, Summoning, Mental, Time/Space, Attack, Senses, Animation, Illusion, Knowledge, Transmutation, Defence, Nature and Holy.

Let's examine the first and second level spells now available to a magician and determine the types of spells they are according to these new groupings:

1st LEVEL SPELLS	TYPE	2nd LEVEL SPELLS	TYPE
Hold Portal	Control	Wizard Lock	Control
Charm Person	Control	Knock	Control
Sleep	Control	Locate Object	Knowledge
Read Magic	Knowledge	Invisibility	Senses
Read Languages	Knowledge	E.S.P.	Senses
Protection/ Evil	Defence, Holy	Detect Invisible	Senses
Shield	Defence	Detect Evil	Senses, Knowledge
Ventriliquism	Senses	Continual Light	Senses, Summoning
Detect Magic	Senses, Knowledge	Darkness 5'	Senses, Summoning
Light	Senses, Summoning	Pyrotechnics	Summoning Nature
Magic Missle	Attack	Web	Attack
Forces	Phantasmal	Illusion	
Mirror Image	Illusion		
Levitate	Nature,		
		Strength	Time/ Space Transmutation
		Magic Mouth	Transmutation, Animation

According to the original rules, a first level magician receives one initial 1st level spell, such as the Light spell (senses, summoning). His advancement to the second level is based upon experience points which are awarded for finding gold pieces and killing monsters. When he reaches the second level, regardless of his success with his initial spell, he receives another first level spell such as a Sleep spell (control). The two spells are usually from unrelated fields of magic and do not therefore provide any sense of progression from one spell to the next. It is difficult to explain how a magic user, who has these two dissimilar spells, can be accumulating enough gold pieces, suddenly develop the power of another unrelated spell such as Levitation (nature, time/space). It would be far more logical for a magic user to master the Rope Trick (time/space, animation), then Levitation (time/space, nature) and finally develop the ability to Fly (time/space). Also notice that the last five spells of the second level belong to the fields of magic that are not available on the first level. Therefore the old system of magic can not base the acquisition of these spells upon the prior use of related spells. The two Defense spells on the first level have no counterpart on the second level.

Here are the magic spells of the Clerics, Druids, Illusionists, and Magic Users divided into the new fields of magic and rated by level. Some spells belong to more than one group, such as Reverse Gravity (nature time/space) and are cross-referenced.

CONTROL (26)

1 Charm Person	
Hold Portal	
Hypnosis	mental
Sleep	
2 Charm Snake	
Hypnotic Pattern	mental, illus.
Knock	
Wizard Lock	
3 Hold Animal	
Hold Person	
Paralyzation	
Suggestion	
4 Charm Monster	
Domination	
Empathy	
Mind Bar	
5 Hold Monster	
Hold Plant	
Mind Blank	
Quest	holy
6 Control Weather	
Geas	holy
Power Word: Stun	attack
Repulsion	mental
7 Charm Mass	
Charm Plants	

SUMMONING (35)

1 Darkness	senses
Faerie Fire	
Light	senses
2 Create Water	
Darkness 5'	senses
Obscurement	
Produce Flame	
3 Call Lightning	nature
Continual Darkness	senses
Continual Light	senses
Monster Summoning I	
Pyrotechnics	
4 Animal Summoning I	
Insect Plague	holy/ attack
Monster Summ. II	
Produce Fire	
5 Animal Summ. II	
Conjure Air Elemental	
Monster Summ. III	
Weather Summoning	
6 Animal Summoning III	
Conjure Animals	
Conjure Fire Elem.	
Conjure Water Elem.	
Monster Summ. IV	
Move Earth	
Summon Invis. Stalker	
7 Aerial Servant	
Creeping Doom	attack
Earthquake	
Fire Strom	attack
Monster Summ. V	
8 Conjure Earth Elem.	
Monster Summ. VI	
9 Monster Summ. VII	

PRIME REQUISITE: *CHARISMA*

MENTAL (27)

1 Aura Alteration	
Body Control	
Hypnosis	control
2 Energy Control	
Hypnotic Pattern	control, illus.
Telepathic Projection	
3 Clairaudience	senses
Clairvoyance	senses
Fear	
4 Body Equilibrium	
Confusion	
Emotions	
Empathy	knowledge
Mind Bar	

TIME/SPACE (27)

1 Reduction	
Rope Trick	animate
2 Expansion	
Levitation	nature
3 Fly	
Haste	animate
Slowness	animate
4 Dimension Door	
Extension I	
Plant Door	nature
5 Contact Higher Plane	holy/ know.
Extension II	

Molecular Agitation

5 Body Weaponry
Chaos
MoIecular Manipu.
Suspended Animation animation
Telekinesis

6 Astral Projection
Feeblemind senses
Mind over Body
Molecular Rearrange.
Repulsion control

7 Astral Spell
Mind Bland

Magic Jar
Pass Plant
Pass Wall
Teleport

6 Extension III
Teleport via Plants nature
Word of Recall

7 Gate
Limited Wish
Phase Door
Reverse Gravity nature

8 Permanent Spells
Time Stop

9 Maze
Wish

PRIME REQUISITE: *WISDOM*

ATTACK (20)

1 Heat Metal animate
Warp Wood animate, nat.

2 Magic Missile
Web

3 Fireball
Lightning Bolt

4 Ice Storm nature
Insect Plague holy, summ.

5 Cloud Kill
Finger of Death
Turn Wood nature

6 Death Spell
Disintegrate
Fireball, Delay Blast

7 Creeping Doom summoning
Firestorm summoning
Power Word: Stun

8 Meteor Swarm
Power Word: Blind

9 Power Word: Kill

SENSES (27)

1 Darkness summoning
Detect Evil knowledge
Detect Invisible knowledge
Detect Magic knowledge
Detect Pits/ Snares knowledge
Gaze Reflection
Light summoning
Ventriliquism

2 Blindness
Continual Light summoning
Darkness 5' summoning
Deafness
Detect Invisible
E.S.P.
Invisibility
Misdetection knowledge
Silence 15'

3 Clairaudience mental
Clairvoyance mental
Continual Darkness summoning
lnfravision
Invisibility 10'r.
Non-Detection knowledge

4 Invisibility 10' Imp.
Wizard's Eye

5 Feeblemind mental
Invisibility Mass

PRIME REQUISITE: *STRENGTH*

ANIMATE (25)

1 Heat Metal attack
Rope Trick
Warp Wood

2 Cure Light Wounds
Magic Mouth transmuta.

3 Cure Disease holy
Explosive Rune transmuta.
Haste time/ space
Slowness
Speak with Dead knowledge

4 Animate Dead
Cure Serious Wounds

5 Raise Dead
Suspended Animation mental

6 Animate Objects
Move Earth nature
Part Water holy, nature
Reincarnation
Sticks to Snakes transmuta.

7 Animate Rock
Raise Dead Fully
Restoration
Simulacrum
Symbol

8 Clone

ILLUSION (18)

1 Change Self transmuta.
Phantasmal Forces

2 Hypnotic Pattern control, men.
Mirror Image
Phantasman forces, Imp

3 Hallucinatory Forest
Hallucinatory Terrain
Spectral Forces

4 Massmorph transmuta.
Minor Creation
Shadow Magic
Shadow Monsters

5 Create Spectres
Demi-Shadow Magic
Demi-Shadow Monst.
Major Creation
Projected Image
Summon Shadow

PRIME REQUISITE: *DEXTERITY*

KNOWLEDGE (23)

1 Detect Evil senses
Detect Invisible senses
Detect Magic senses
Detect Pits/Snares senses
Locate Animals
Locate Object
Read Languages
Read Magic

2 Find Traps
Locate Plants nature
Misdetection senses
Speak with Animals

3 Non-Detection senses
Speak with Dead animate
Speak with Plants nature

4 Empathy mental
Precognition

5 Commune
Commune with Nature nature
Contact Higher Plane holy, time/space

6 Find the Path
Legend Lore
Speak with Monsters

TRANSMUTATION (18)

1 Change Self illusion
Purify Food/Water holy

2 Magic Mouth animate
Strength

3 Explosive Rune animate
Water Breathing

4 Neutralize Poison holy
Plant Growth nature
Polymorph Others
Polymorph Self

5 Animal Growth nature
Create Foor
Rock to Mud

6 Sticks to Snakes animate
Stone to Flash

7 Metal to Wood

8 Polymorph any Object

9 Shape Change

PRIME REQUISITE: *INTELLIGENCE*

DEFENCE (18)

1 Protection/ Evil holy
Shield
Wall of Fog

2 Fog nature
Protection/ Fire

3 Dispell Magic
Prot. / Norm. Missile

4 Protect. / Evil 10' holy
Protect. / Lightning
Wall of Fire
Wall of Ice

5 Anit-Plant Shell
Wall of Iron
Wall of Stone

6 Anti-Animal Shell
Anti-Magic Shell
Blade Barrier

7 Prismatic Wall

NATURE (31)

I Predict Weather
Warp Wood attack, anim.

2 Fog defence
Levitate time/ space
Locate Plant knowledge
Obscurement senses
Produce Flame summoning

3 Call Lightning summoning
Fly time/ space
Plant Growth trnasmuta.
Speak with Plants knowledge

4 Control Temp. 10'
Ice Storm attack
Plant Door time/space
Produce Fire

5 Animal Growth transmuta.
Commune with Nat. knowledge
Control Winds
Pass Plant time/ space
Turn Wood attack

6 Control Weather control
Lower Water
Move Earth animate
Part Water holy, ani.
Teleport via Plants time/ space
Weather Summoning
Word of Recall time/ space

7 Earthquake
Fire Storm

Reverse Gravity	time/ space
Wind Walk	

PRIME REQUISITE: *CONSTITUTION*

HOLY (19)

1 Protection/ Evil	defence
Purify Food/ Water	
2 Bless	
Prayer	
3 Cure Disease	animate
Protection/ Evil 10'	defence
Remove Curse	
4 Insect Plague	attack, sum.
Neutralize Poison	transmuta.
5 Commune	
Contact Higher Plane	knowledge, time/ space
Dispell Evil	
Quest	control
6 Geas	control
Lower Water	
Part Water	nature, ani.
Sticks to Snakes	transmuta.
7 Astral Projection	
Holy Word	

PRIME REQUISITE: *LAWFUL ALIGNMENT*

The rules necessary for employing this new system of magic have been kept as short and simple as possible but can be expanded to suit your own particular concepts of magic.

INITIAL SPELLS

A. Lawful characters begin with two 1st level Holy spells.
B. Neutral characters have their choice of one 1st level spell from each field of magic determined by their highest prime requisite score.
C. Neutral characters with two or more prime requisite scores that tie for the highest score, have the choice of which prime requisite score they will use to determine their fields of magic.
D. A character may never possess more than two new spells at any one time.

MISCAST SPELLS

A. The percentage of miscasting a spell is determined by comparing the level of the spell to the appropriate prime requisite score of the caster. For example: A 3rd level spell, such as Dispell Magic, cast by a character with a dexterity score of 15 would have a 3/15 (one in five) or a 20% chance of miscasting the spell.
B. The exact side effects of a miscast spell are determined by the Dungeon Master.

FATIGUE FACTOR

A. The attempt to cast a spell, regardless of it's success or effect, costs the caster one point of the effected prime requisite score for each level of the spell. The six prime requisite scores will therefore fluctuate to represent the current levels of strength.
B. It is important to remember that the prime requisite scores will now be used to determine two factors:
   1. The ability to cast spells successfully.
   2. The character's actual physical strength (ability to force open doors), charisma (number of followers), etc.
C. When a character uses part of a prime requisite score, such as constitution, to cast a spell, it will also effect the character's *physical* constitution. Until they are recovered, the missing points have the same effect as points lost due to melee or a magic spell/item used against the character.

RECOVERY

A. For every turn not spent in melee, one point is recovered and can be added to any one prime requisite score that is below it's starting level.
B. If all prime requisite scores are at their starting levels, recovery points are lost because they can not be accumulated for future use.

ADVANCEMENT

A. Advancement in one field of magic is completely independent of the other fields.
B. A new spell must be successfully cast once for each level of the spell before the character has the choice of another spell, on the same level.
C. All the spells on a level must be mastered before the next level is opened for use, at which time a character has the choice of any one spell on the next level.
D. To be considered a 'successful' spell, as far as advancement is concerned, the Dungeon Master should ensure that a spell was cast for a valid reason and not just to fulfill the advancement requirements.

NEW FIELDS OF MAGIC

A. Only two fields of magic can be studied at one time. However the ability to advance in one field of magic can be exchanged for the ability to study/advance in another field, when either of the two following conditions have been met:
   1. Possession of a magic item from a new field of magic, that has been successfully used once for each level of the spell.
   2. Successfully casting a spell that also belongs to a new field of magic, at least once for each level of the spell.
B. When a character begins, for the first time, in a new field of magic he has his choice of any one 1st level spell from the new field.
C. Once three or more fields of magic have been opened for study/ advancement, a character may freely change from one field to another, at any time.

PLAYING AID

Because the prime requisite scores will fluctuate according to the use of spells and the replacement of the points used, it would be easier to keep track of their levels by using a graph similar to the one below. Covering this chart with plastic and using a marker to circle the current level of power for each category will give a quick reading of a character's abilities and limitations.

STRENGTH	CONSTITUTION	INTELLIGENCE	WISDOM	DEXTERITY	CHARISMA
20	20	20	20	20	20
19	19	19	19	19	19
18	18	18	18	18	18
17	17	17	17	17	17
16	16	16	16	16	16
15	15	15	15	15	15
14	14	14	14	14	14
13	13	13	13	13	13
12	12	12	12	12	12
11	11	11	11	11	11
10	10	10	10	10	10
9	9	9	9	9	9
8	8	8	8	8	8
7			7	7	7
6	6	6	6	6	6
5	5	5	5	5	5
4	4	4	4	4	4
3	3	3	3	3	3
2	2	2	2	2	2
1	1	1	1	1	1
0	0	0	0	0	0

THE FASTEST GUNS THAT NEVER LIVED, Part III

by Allen Hammack

This article was submitted by Allen before Part II of this series appeared in Little War. In order to make it compatible with the first two articles, I made some minor changes and this can be considered as "official material."

THE FASTEST GUNS THAT NEVER LIVED are brief descriptions of some of the great cowboys and gunfighters of the movies and TV. The ratings are given in terms of Brian Blume TSR'S BOOT HILL rules for gunfighters with miniature figures.

Bart, Bret and Beau Maverick — Played by Jack Kelly, James Garner and Roger Moore in the TV series MAVERICK. They all have gambler ratings of 02 and always prefer to talk their way out of trouble to shooting.

Will and Jeff Sonnet — Father and son were searching for another son, a missing gunslinger, in this short-lived TV series Will (Walter Brennen) claimed the prodigial son was the third fastest gun in the west. "He's good, but Jeff's better — and I'm better than both of 'em."

Eli Wallach — Probably most noted for his role in "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly." He was a scrappy, trouble-making gunfighter.

Charles Bronson — Excellent in many movie westerns, including "The Magnificent Seven." He is always a tough hombre in a fight.

James Coburn — In his best westerns, Coburn is always as "cool as ice." In "The Magnificent Seven", his favorite weapon was a stiletto throwing knife with which he had deadly accuracy and speed.

Robert Vaughn — Also in "The Magnificent Seven", Vaughn portrayed a cowardly con man who overcame his cowardice at the end of the movie (where he was killed). Before play begins, roll percentile dice for his courage and a score of 75 or less indicates that the lower braver score be used.

Tim Straum and Kid Shelleen — In the classic comedy "Cat Ballou" both roles were played by Lee Marvin. There is a 50% chance that Kid Shelleen will be drunk, in which case, use the lower set of ratings for him. Straum is easily identifiable by his silver nose (the real nose was bitten off in a fight!)

Jason McCord — Portrayed by Chuck Connors in the TV series BRANDED. Every time McCord comes into a town, there is a 75% chance that someone will recognize him and will have had a close relative who was killed at Bitter Creek and will challenge McCord to a gunfight.

Good shootin', and keep an eye on that fellow in black over by the bar . . .

Snurre's Hall from pg. 6

entrance where more giants and hell hounds are coming in, the 9th level MU casts *see invisible* to locate Obmi, while the dwarf, fighter, and 9th level cleric fight the gnolls.

On the first part of the next melee turn, the MU yells to the ranger where Ombi is and she moves towards him. The 12th level cleric yells to the group which way is the fastest way out and the group slowly (comparatively) begins to move in that direction, slashing, hacking, and etc. When the ranger reaches Obmi, on the second half of the melee, she dusts him with *appearance dust.* The fighter then moves to join her and help subjue him. The rest of the group still slowly moves towards our excape route, slashing and hacking, while the 9th level MU resumes hitting those enemies entering the doorway.

The next melee round has the fighter and ranger knocking out Obmi (who is not in haste) tying him up and forcing a *potion of invisibility* down his throat. This should take up both halves of our melee turn. The rest of the group continues fighting both halves. At the beginning of the next melee round the ranger takes Obmi, the fighter calls out to our thief and finds his position while we all fight. The second half has the fighter grabbing up the thief and all those fighting disengaging and preparing to run.

On the next turn, all, including the 12th level MU, run for the exit. We figure that even if the elemental is not yet dead, he will have to fight his way through the remaining giants to follow us, and if that doesn't stop him for awhile, then he still cannot keep up with us in our hasted state. From this point on we all run. It will take us less than two melee turns to reach the exit. Because of our hasted state, all this action has taken only a few melee turns. This is fast enough to insure our avoiding those coming up from deeper in Snurre's halls. I should also point out that at the time the game was called, no one in the group was more than 30% damaged, and all had at least two extra healing potions each.

Very interesting. I'm not sure I would have allowed them to do all of that as fast as they did, but the basic plan seems sound, and, since their retreat was not yet completely cut off, they might just have made it. It was, in any case, a very enjoyable way to spend a July afternoon.

While their proposed plan may sound a bit pretentious, I'd have to think that their odds of escape were pretty good. At the risk of giving them all swelled heads, I must attest that their second round, which I DM'ed was one of the best I've ever had the pleasure to DM. They were cohesive, which I think won it for them. They also thought very fast, and reacted quickly, with excellent coordination. I think that the coordination/teamwork aspect cannot be over emphasized; it was crucial. As it turned out, the winning GenCon team clearly won their tournament through exemplery cooperation — but that's another story. My congratulations to the winning Origins team, and my respect for a job well done. ***KE.***

	SPEED	GUN ACCURACY	THROWING ACCURACY	BRAVERY	STRENGTH	EXPERIENCE	ABILITIES
Bret Maverick	89	76	47	88	77	8	E,G,K
Bart Maverick	78	80	42	75	77	9	E
Beau Maverick	85	77	45	72	79	8	E
Will Sonnet	90	99	72	92	58	11+	A,E,H,K
Jeff Sonnet	86	88	76	89	84	5	A,E,H
Eli Wallach	95	85	80	60	78	11+	E,F
Charles Bronson	91	89	74	100	91	11+	A,B,D,E,H
James Co burn	95	83	100	99	92	11+	B,E,H
Robert Vaughn	88	92	68	15/99	85	11+	E,H,K
Tim Straum	90	90	54	82	85	11+	A,E,H
Kid Shelleen	91	92/15	58/33	95	85	11+	E,K
Jason McCord	88	88	79	92	91	11+	E,G,H,J

SPECIAL ABILITIES

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

finieous finger presents

prelude to dragonquest part 1

By JD

A Mixture of Magic and Technology: GAMMA WORLD

A Review by Robert Barger

Ed. Note: Those readers heavily into S-F tandom will recognize the author: he has recently edited and published an excellent little magazine called ***The Silver Ed.*** *It is devoted to the saga of Fafhrd and The Grey Mouser, and to Fritzheiber, their author. There is also a bit by Henry Fischer about the origins of the* ***LANKHMAR*** *game, and other interesting bits as well. It sells for $3.00, and is available from Robert Barge, P.O. Box 8, Evansville, TN 37332.*

Many times I hear the phrase "magic and technology don't mix!" and it really burns me. Remember what Arthur C. Clarke once said: "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic."? This quote could well be the subtitle of TSR's newest role playing game, *GAMMA WORLD*.

I have never been able to really enjoy FRP games, mostly because they tend to concentrate on the middle ages, or rather, on mythical countries and worlds which have technology levels equal to medieval Earth. Taken all together, the middle ages were a dreadfully boring time (though don't try and tell that to a SCA member). Not only that, but the standard "sword and sorcery" story of today (which, supposedly, the FRP game allows the players to create for themselves) is generally a dreadful cliche of thick-thewed barbarians and evil arch-wizards (all of which resemble xerox copies of either Conan, Gandalf, or Saruman to a remarkable degree) with an ocassional naked slave girl thrown in for good measure. Magic swords and rings are also pretty well standardized by now too. I mean I can dig it, especially the naked slave girls, but eventually boredom does set in; something new is needed.

I don't know about you, but some of my very favorite fantasy books are those that have dealt with advanced technology as well as necromancy and medieval times. Remember T.H. White's *THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING?* Tell me, was Merlyn a magic-user or a time-traveller from a technologically advanced future? Recall that his costume on the boar hunt was one that ". . . had been fashionable some centuries later with the University Beagles." Or think about some of the *Harold Shea* stories, or the scene in *THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR* where Fafhrd and the Mouser meet technologically advanced universe-hopper or time-traveller who is intent on capturing some native Nehwon monsters for his zoo? Or recall the quasi-scientifically accurate books of Andre Norton's like *THE BEASTMASTER* and especially, *LORD OF THUNDER*. Was it really magic that operated the portals in the back country of Azor? Recall Clarke's quote at the beginning.

But to get to the point, modern day technology and even advanced SF technology does have a place in FRP games, and *GAMMA WORLD* is the game with all the materials you need to incorporate this stuff into your *D&D* universe. Or, for that matter, with some work by the GM, *GAMMA WORLD* can be used with any other FRP game I know of. And it can easily serve as a spring board for any other SF role playing game, especially the very popular *TRAVELLER*. I do especially like some of the ideas in the rule book, and I plan to incorporate them into my own *TRAVELLER* universe as soon as time permits! Some of the technology and devices in *GAMMA WORLD* are advanced far beyond that of anything in the *TRAVELLER* rules, and I can foresee some interesting (and surprising) campaigns in the near future in my own *TRAVELLER* universe as a result of my having acquired a copy of *GAMMA WORLD*.

Getting back to FRP and especially *D&D, GAMMA WORLD* will allow you to add modern weapons to your current medieval dungeon, though some restraint must be used by the GM so as to make the game believable. Letting a group of characters armed with automatic rifles storm a castle guarded only by a troop of orcs with swords and spears is tacky, all else aside. I'd say that it would not be unreasonalbe to assume that some wizards, some of the more advanced wizards, have the ability to travel between spheres, or universes, and that further, they would not be above bringing back items they thought useful to them. Thus, a party of adventures in a medieval dungeon might find a wizard's cache to contain a say, .357 revolver, or an electric can opener (assuming aforementioned wizard had also had the foresight to bring along with him materials for constructing an electrical generating unit — hydro electric would be the most logical, and set up in the swiftly flowing water around the castle's moat), or a hand grenade. *GAMMA WORLD* has charts for things like that. Charts to determine if your character can discover the use of such artifacts, etc. Leaving a hand-grenade in the way of medieval adventurers would also be tacky though: if they did discover its use they would doubtless blow themselves away in the process.

SO, with caution on the GM's part, *GAMMA WORLD* will allow the introduction of advanced technology into a fantasy universe, or magic (or something indistinguishable from it) into a SF universe. The specific games universes I am thinking about of course are *D&D* and *TRAVELLER*. The rule book to *GAMMA WORLD* says it was designed to compliment *D&D*, and as to *TRAVELLER*, the GM will have to do a little work to make the two games compatible (the effort to do so being well worth the returns, in my opinion).

Of course, you can play *GAMMA WORLD* by itself. In fact, it is *intended* to be played by itself as a campaign game. The above paragraphs of ravings and rantings are just my way of jumping for joy on account of, finally, I can have technology in my FRP universe and "magic" in my *TRAVELLER* universe without having to spend weeks and weeks, even months and months, working everything out. It has all been done — to a reasonable extent — in *GAMMA WORLD*.

GAMMA WORLD consists of a box (nice color illustration on the top, too) a hefty rules book up to the usual TSR standards, a selection of dice, and a large small-hex map of the North American continent. This a world after a holocaust has, eons before, destroyed the high technology civilization which inhabited it. Technology and learning survive only in small enclaves, if at all. The topography of this world is dotted with robot farms, tombs of the ancients, ancient ruins of villages and towns, and even an occasional metropolis. There are also radioactive deserts and mutants . . . Perhaps a spaceport or two lie buried and forgotten among the ancient ruins, remembered only in legend . . .

I could go on and on. *GAMMA WORLD* is worth playing by itself. You can also use it as a spring board to more creative campaigns in other role playing games, both fantasy and SF. With *GAMMA WORLD* rules you can really create a complete world along the lines of Andre Norton's Azor, or her *STARMAN'S SON*, or even as the rule book says, a quasi-mythical world like that in Bakshi's movie *WIZARDS*.

Hmmmmmm. . I wonder if I could recreate Vaughn Bode's *Cobalt 60* and his world from *GAMMA WORLD's* rules? I think so. What an adventure that will make! Watch out, Radio Lopers, here I come!

A Brief Addenda To Faceless Men & Clockwork Monsters

by Gary Gygax

During the frantic rush of GenCon, I was pleasantly surprised to encounter one of the fellows whose characters were sent to the *Starship Warden* at the close of the *D&D* adventure I ran at Winter Fantasy. He was kind enough to send a letter listing the names of the players. Their characters were slightly altered (due to our loss of some notes). These good people are:

Chad Biermann
Jayson Gralewicz
Mark Luderfinger
Edward Mueller

Thanks for the "loan"!

D&D Variant

SPELL DETERMINATION FOR HOSTILE MAGIC USERS OR (Why Did He Throw That Spell?!

by Steve Miller

Once upon a time, many encounters ago, a group of hardy adventurers were surprised in the wilderness by an enchanter (70 yards away) and his minions (all of them "chaotic as the day is long"). After an *ice storm* had decimated the group and a *fireball* was announced arriving, a cry of protest rose from the players. Not only were they upset over the loss of characters, but in the unimaginative and brutish manner in which it was accomplished.

They reasoned that while the M/U might have used the icestorm against the group, why should he use another of his (in this case) "Big Three" spells right after the first one. A lower level would make more sense they argued, as it would leave the spell caster more options to choose from later in the encounter. Agreeing that this would make some sense (a rare occurance for this group) we developed the following system and table to add more sense and imagination to magical attacks by M/U's on the group.

The first step is to determine the level of the spell. To do this, first determine how many spells of each level the magic user in question has *(Men & Magic* page 17 and *Greyhawk* page 10). The enchanter in the encounter has a total of 10 spells to choose from (4 first level and 3 second level . . .). Then roll a die (in this instance a 20 sided one) to determine the spell level (i.e.: 1-4= First Level, 5-7= Second Level, 8-9= Third Level and a 10= The Fourth Level). Thus a conjurer uses a four sided die, a magician an eight-sided, etc. This system has magic users (non-player type) using their more plentiful lower level spells instead of blowing groups away with their big spells immediately.

Once the level has been determined one simply goes to the appropriate column of spells and rolls percentile dice to determine which spell. If the spell rolled has insufficient range, is a dungeon spell during a wilderness encounter or is obviously inappropriate (throwing *feeblemind* on a fighter, etc) a reroll is allowed. The charts can be modified to suit individual campaigns.

In re-doing our previous encounter, the enchanter opens with a *lightning bolt* and disposes of one of the magic users. Next, a *magic missile* stabs out, striking another robed figure (scratch one cleric) and arrows from his archers strike several characters. The group responds with deadly effect (shield, draw weapons, etc.). The players winning the first round of the melee begin to charge, cast their spells and the battle is on.

This system has added some interesting elements to our playing. One wizard, before opening up on the group, *hasted* himself and his henchmen, *invisible, levitated* and then opened up on the group. Later when our bowmen started firing on him he put *protection/normal missiles* on himself and *sleep* on the archers. If little else, it adds some variety to encounters.

FIRST LEVEL

01-05	Hold Portal*
06-10	Protection/ Evil
11-30	Charm Person
31-55	Sleep
56-75	Shield
76-95	Magic Missile
96-100	Ventriliquism

SECOND LEVEL

-01-05	Levitate
06-10	Detect Invisible
11-30	Phantasmal Forces
31-40	Invisibility
41-50	Detect Evil
51-65	ESP
66-70	Darkness 5 Ft. Radius
71-90	Web
91-100	Mirror Image

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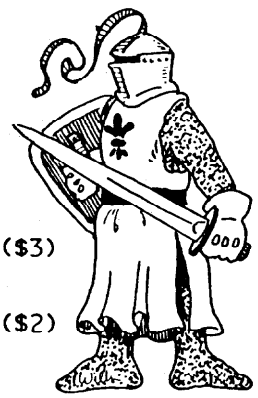

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THIRD LEVEL

01-05	Fly
06-15	Hold Person
16-20	Dispel Magic
21-40	Fire Ball
41-50	Lightning Bolt
51-55	Protection/ Evil 10 Ft. Radius
56-60	Invisibility 10 Ft. Radius
61-75	Slow Spell
76-80	Haste Spell
81-90	Protection/ Normal Missiles
91-100	Suggestion

FOURTH LEVEL

01-10	Polymorph Self
11-20	Polymorph Others
21-25	Wall of Fire
26-30	Wall of Ice
31-40	Confusion
41-50	Dimension Door
51-70	Ice Storm
71-100	Fear

FIFTH LEVEL

01-05	Teleport
06-25	Conjure Elemental
26-35	Telekinesis
36-45	Wall of Stone
46-55	Wall of Iron
56-60	Magic Jar
61-85	Cloudkill
86-95	Feeblemind
96-100	Growth/ Animal

SIXTH LEVEL

01-05	Stone to Flesh
06-25	Invisible Stalker
26-35	Projected Image
36-40	Anit-Magic Shell
41-60	Death Spell
61-65	Geas
66-75	Disintegrate
76-80	Move Earth
81-85	Control Weather
86-95	Repulsion
96-100	Monster Summoning IV

SEVENTH LEVEL

01-10	Delayed Blast Fire Ball
11-30	Reverse Gravity
31-55	Limited Wish
56-75	Power Word Stun
76-80	Charm Plants
81-90	Mass Invisibility
91-100	Monster Summoning V

EIGHTH LEVEL

01-35	Mass Charm
36-55	Power Word Blind
56-60	Symbol
61-90	Polymorph and Object
91-100	Monster Summoning VI

NINTH LEVEL

01-30	Meteor Swarm
31-45	Shape Change
46-50	Time Stop*
51-70	Power Word Kill
71-75	Wish
76-85	Prismatic Wall
86-95	Maze
96-100	Monster Summoning VII

NOTE: If a spell has insufficient range or conditions are wrong for it, re-roll for another spell.

****Dungeons only, re-roll for wilderness encounters.***

CHARTS FOR DETERMINING THE LOCATION OF TREASURE

by Ronald Guritzky

1) The location of the treasure
   - 1-6 Chest
   - 7-9 Urn
   - 10-12 Bag
   - 13-13 Pot
   - 16-17 Loose
   - 18 Carried
   - 19 Hidden (Wall, Floor, Secret Compartment, etc.)
   - 20 Ref's Choice

2) There is a one in four chance that a treasure has a trap in it.

3) Traps
   - 01-20 1-8 Daggers (1 in 6 poison)
   - 21-36 1-6 Arrows
   - 37-46 1-3 Spears (1 in 6 poison)
   - 47-62 Gas
   - 63-78 Poison Lock
   - 79-88 Monster in Chest (Pay attention to monster's size)
   - 89-92 Exploding Chest (2-7 dice of damage)
   - 93-95 Chest Does a Spell At Person
   - 96 Chest Acts as Mirror of Life Trapping
   - 97 Intelligent Chest (2nd -7th Level Magic User)
   - 98 Lose One Level of Experience
   - 99 Lose One Magic Item
   - 00 Roll Twice

4) Gasses (Roll 6 sided die for first digit and 4 sided die for second digit)
   - 11-12 Obscures Vision (Players run into each other, miss treasure, etc.)
   - 13-14 Blinds Player 01-100 Hours
   - 21-22 Fear During Next 2-9 Fights
   - 23-24 Sleep 6-36 Rounds
   - 31 + 1-4 Points to Random Ability (8 hours) (1 in 10 permanent)
   - 32-33 Sick: Return to Surface (1 in 6 in coma)
   - 34 Paralyzation
   - 41 Stone
   - 42 Death!!
   - 43 Polymorph to Monster or Animal 10'R.
   - 44 Amnesia (1-20 days, 1 in 6 permanent)
   - 51-52 Change Alignment
   - 53-54 Slow (As slow spell)
   - 61-62 Haste (As haste spell)
   - 63 Cloud Kill
   - 64 Go Berserk! Attack Friends!

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Austr. Mythos ***from pg. 14***

Tcabuinji is nine feet tall, while *Wagtjadbulla* is twelve feet tall and wears a ceremonial headdress. They both have stripes on their bodies. *Tcabuinji* carries a boomerang which strikes for 5-30 points of damage (+2 to hit), and a stone axe. *Tcabuinji* could split whole trees with his axe when he struck as lightning. The two brothers are great rivals. They also lack a mouth, and attached to their heads are antennae-like objects.

WARAMURUNGUNDJU — The Great Mother

Armor Class: 0 — Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 18" — Fighter Ability: Lord, 14th Level
Hit Points: 210 — Psionic Ability: Class 6

Waramurungundju made the landscape, and produced many children, plants, and animals from her body. She can use these spells: Growth/Plant, Growth/Animal, Create Food, Polymorph any Object, Move Earth, Gate, Teleport.

THE DJANGGAWUL

Armor Class: 1 — Magic Ability: Wizard, 18th Level
Move: 15" — Fighter Ability: Lord, 15th Level
Hit Points: 175 — Psionic Ability: Class 5

The *Djanggawul* are Sky Beings: two sisters and one brother. The two sisters are eternally with child. The brother has white dots on his face and a dilly bag hung round his neck. They are accompanied by Bralbral. They carry with them over the Earth the *ngainmaru mat*, the *Sacred Dilly Bag*, and the *Rangga Emblems* to use in sacred rituals. Where the brother thrusts his Mauwalan (walking stick), water wells up. Wehn the sisters thrust their *Ranggar* into the ground, trees spring up.

THE WA WALAG SISTERS

Armor Class: 2 — Magic Ability: See Below
Move: 13" — Fighter Ability: Champion, 7th Level
Hit Points: 125 — Psionic Ability: Nil

The *Wawalag* sisters are the daughters of the elder *Djanggawul* sister. They are concerned with fertility. The taught Manking language, but were eventually swallowed by *Yurlunggur*. They can use these spells: Growth/ Plants, Growth/ Animals, Read Languages.

THE MIMI

Armor Class: 8 — Magic Ability: Wizard, 10th Level
Move: 14" — Fighter Ability: Lord, 10th Level
Hit Points: 90 — Psionic Ability: Class 4

The *Mimi* are stick-like spirit beings who live in rocks. They are so thin that they are afraid to venture out when it is windy for fear that their necks will snap. They are said to eat men, but their main food is yams.

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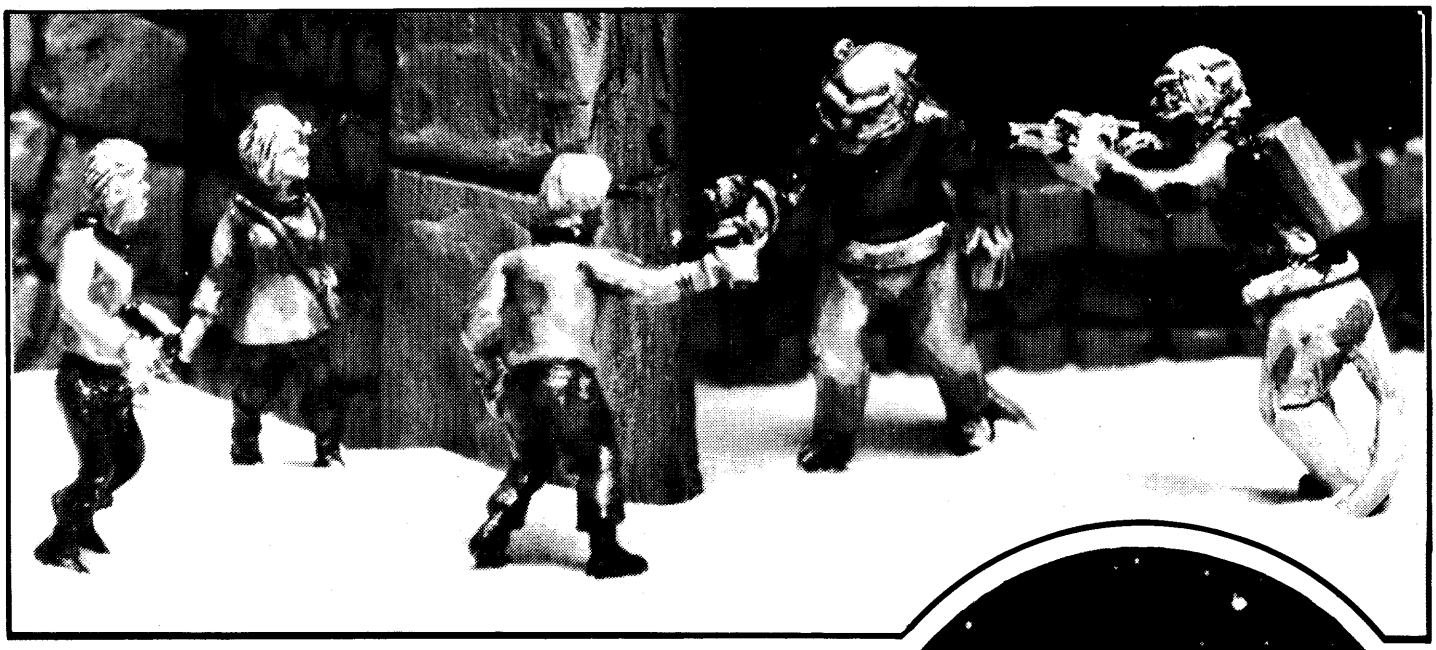

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Footsteps in the Sky

All he could do was walk on the air as normals could walk on land and his four older brothers repeatedly told him that it was the most useless of all mental mutations. After Reveral's long training sessions for manhood, he was finally beginning to believe his brothers' taunts. His oldest brother Fer-in and his next oldest, Serpt, both could teleport themselves vast distances and had easily passed their tests of manhood. Karn, the brother closest to him in age, could read minds and, with great effort, control them, given time. He was even now on his test of manhood, but no one doubted that soft spoken Karn would do anything but succeed. Reveral was starting to be concerned with his own chances at surviving the test.

His tribe, led by his father Meveral, required all adolescents to venture into the mutant-filled regions north of the tribe. This test served to cull out the weak members and gained valuable information on the weak points of the many fierce mutated creatures that continually came out of the forest to attack the tribe. The youths were highly trained in the use of shield, spear, and ax by the weapon masters. Then too, was the birth-gift of the Gods.

The Gods often gave young children powers of the mind ranging from lifting small objects to hurling fire or lightning from the finger tips. Meveral, his father had this last gift, and with long experience and courage ruled his people wisely. His youngest son often thought he noticed a look of sadness in his father's eyes when viewing him, undoubtedly because all he could do was walk the air.

Reveral worked constantly at his weapon lessons to seek favor in his father's eyes in this manner, but even in this he was inept. At spear and ax his efforts were mediocre and while his shield defense was very good, defensive skills were not as favored as offensive ones. Knowing his limitations, he had taken to making secret trips into the fringes of the mutated forest, in hopes of gaining knowledge that would help him in his test soon to come. The danger from the creatures of the forest never came to his mind. All his effort was directed towards passing the manhood test and finding favor in his father's eyes. It was on one of these trips that he met the whispering vine. While his teachers had given him vast amounts of knowledge on all kinds of mutated creatures, no one had told him to expect one of these. He was deep in the northwest of the forest, in territory not well known by his tribe. While he was traveling down a cleared path, he heard and then saw a small vine walking towards him! Fearing the worst, the boy raised his spear and shield and ran towards the vine. Suddenly all thoughts of attacking the mutant were gone in waves of peace that the creature was sending towards the boy with sonics.

Soon the boy discovered that the plant, calling itself Fek, could talk and knew much more than he did about his world and the creatures within it. Fek and Reveral had long discussions in the following weeks about the world far to the North. The plant creature knew about tribes of walking dogs, areas of ground that were instant death to walk on, and God-machines that melted flesh and shattered metal.

The thrill and comfort of his new-found friend was soon diminished by his brother Karn not returning in the normal time. His whole family became very worried and was considering the unprecedented step of all going out on a rescue mission, when his father put a stop to that thought.

"This tribe does not send good after bad," his father said in the tone of a ruler, not the tone of a father. While it was very true that his older brothers could not travel again into the northern regions he could and told his father so. While his time was not for many passings of the sun, no one in the village could fault him his desire and he went off with the ceremonial ax, spear, shield, and dried fruits. Into the forest he went with the kindly advice of his brothers still ringing in his ears. He quickly came to the resting place of his plant friend Fek and told it of his plans. Reveral was all for storming the North until his brother was found. Fek quickly showed him the error of his ways and surprised them both by stating that he would travel with the boy until death or the finding of his brother.

The two set out through the forest with the boy sometimes carrying his small plant friend high into the air, much to the delight of Fek and the irritation of Reveral, who thought that there must be some other use for his ability other than plant portage. The two traveled for many days, until they came to an area with which Fek was very familiar. The plant guided the boy to an area of dense underbrush that opened into a large clearing filled with many of Fek's kind. The boy's ears were then filled with many pleasant relaxing tones as the small plant communicated with its much larger cousins. The plants talked long into the night and Reveral fell asleep easily. The next morning the clearing was empty and Fek was carrying many fruits and nuts for the boy to eat.

"We must go on now, Reveral. My kind is going out to gather information for us and will send it along as they get it. Our job must be to also gather information and power."

The two went from the forest into grasslands that stretched as far as the eye could see. They also began to meet mutations they could not run or hide from. The first of these was a large erect cat-creature. Three of these surprised them from the grass and ignored the boy and bit at the plant creature. Reveral threw his spear in one, an ax in another and smashed the third with his shield. As he did this he felt power much like his father's rip through his body and cause great pain. Fek laid on the ground almost bitten in two, and this made the Boy take another swipe at the cat creature with his shield, forcing it to flee and driving Reveral into unconsciousness. He woke up in dim twilight and the sight of two Feks standing straight and tall near him.

"Fek, what has happened to you, my friend? I had thought you near death by the actions of those strange monsters."

"Know Reveral, that my race needs the threat of near death to stimulate our reproductive abilities," both plants said. "We two have all the knowledge-of the parent plant and are much stronger."

Only one of the new plants came with the boy. Then news of his brother came to Reveral in the form of a huge bird, that came to them in the night. The creature, standing almost five feet tall, and calling itself a Hawkoid, woke the boy as it came to rest by their fire. In its hands was a strange weapon of strings and sticks and sharp stones, that the boy could not figure out.

"Travelers, the one you seek is in the mountains far to the north and west. It is held by a race of man-lizards that delight in the pain of their captives. On your path to these fierce creatures is many areas of death-earth, many mutant-filled regions, and more dangerous than all the rest, there are a few villages of the old Gods in your path. Walk carefully and may the luck of the High Ones be with you."

With this the bird creature flew off and left the two preparing for the next day's journey.

In the morning it rained, as it always did every third day. The rain was welcomed by the pair, on Reveral's part because it washed the grime of travel off of him and on Fek's part because it provided needed moisture to his plant tissues. As the pair traveled on that day, the once plentiful game became scarce. The rolling grasslands gave way to shorter, sparcer forms of grass. This type also gave way to no vegetation at all. When Reveral approached this area he intuitively knew that this was some of the ground that was death to walk on. So again they traveled through the air and the boy began to appreciate his little talent. When they were high in the air a new section of green grass became visible far to the east. Travel towards this grassland also revealed a large black strip of stone, heading as far as the eye could see to the north. While Fek wanted to call this new wonder a highway, Reveral knew that it could only be a God-Road, famed in campfire tales as the path to wonders and great power! The God-Road had no grass growing on it and was not worn on any part of its surface. The boy knew that to travel on this thing was to be lucky forever and that's what they did!

A new lift came to the boy's feet as they went along and he often found himself traveling just off the road in the air, without even trying to use his power. It went to such an extreme that the poor plant Fek couldn't keep up with the pace his friend set. As the

two rested and enjoyed the last of the fruits from Reveral's village, they both noticed a strange flashing light to the east and a little north of the road they traveled on. Later investigation showed them both a huge tower with no visible entrances and waves of cold emanating from its sides.

"It is too cold for plant kind, I will not be able to approach this hut. Do not let this stop you from seeking the entrance. I have learned through others of my type that such structures always contain much in the way of ancient God-Tools."

The flashing came from the top of the tower and circled it at the same rate every few heart beats. The boy walked through the air to the top and was greeted with an open cavity just below the bright light. While the chamber he entered was at first dark, it began to glow with a wierd light, much like that of some insects and creatures of the forest. The numbing cold of the outside was lacking in this area, and much to Reveral's amazement the chamber was made of metal. This substance was so rare in his village that only his father and the village shaman had bits of it! A tunnel showed itself, under further inspection, and he traveled down its length to a set of ledges that led down. The ledges were remarkable in that they were all exactly spaced and of the same metal material. As the boy traveled down this new God-Path he became aware of a curious thrumming sound that grew in intensity the deeper he went. The strange God-Path curved in a circle around itself and then suddenly ended in a large open area with some bits of rectangular gray patches about man height on three distinct walls of metal. These three patches were very much different from the wall metal in that not only were they a different color, they were patterned to look like waves of water. He tried pushing, shoving, and pulling on these strange areas to no avail. He had to give up in disgust and as he sat on the floor he noticed behind the stairs on the floor a curious pile of white powder. He moved it with his spear tip and found a strange bracelet buried in the pile. It was a simple band of metal obviously made to encircle the wrist. At the top of this piece of jewelry was a patch of gray just like the patches on the God-Doors.

The thought came to Reveral in a flash of insight and seemed so natural that he knew it was the correct one. He pressed the bit of gray band to the same gray band of the God-Door and he was rewarded with the portal opening with a sigh of air. He was then smashed to the ground by two hurtling creatures of metal! These things ignored him and flew up the stairs faster than his eyes could travel. He was so astounded to just be alive that he sat on the floor where he had been thrown and looked into the opening he had just created. The chamber within was very small and smelled of some strange liquid that oozed from a small opening on the other side of the wall. Reveral knew enough not to touch unknown substances. The campfire stories were full of tales of burning water or poisoning things that killed simply by touching the skin. He again touched the gray bracelet to the portal rectangle and it sealed itself. Not wanting to leave the God-House without something more tangible, he readied himself and moved the middle portal. He was greeted with two more metal creatures, but this time he was ready for them! His spear came up and hit the first monster square in what Reveral thought was its chest. The boy thought to himself that his masters would be proud at his skill with that hit.

He saw his spear break in three different places and his shield was broken by the claw-like arm of the second monster as it passed by. This time he was smashed unconscious and woke up with his eyes showing stars and his brain all fogged up. When he glanced into the opening he saw another small chamber and another puddle of ooze on the floor. He got up, closed this God-Door and with grim determination opened the last one.

He was greeted with the source of the thrumming, in the form of three more metal monsters putting together other metal monsters. These creatures ignored Reveral and moved bits of metal and thin rope-like strands together into creatures just like themselves. He ran up to the closest one and smashed it over the head, breaking his stone ax in the process.

"Metal thing," shouted Reveral, "if stone and skill can't smash into your hide then I will use like against like to ruin you!"

He grabbed a claw arm from a pile of them and began hitting the monster with it. A huge metal rope came out of the machine and took the metal arm away from his as a parent would take a harmful thing from a child. It then proceeded to again build new monsters with the others. Reveral felt so helpless when facing the power of these metal monsters that he cast around for something, anything to use against these creatures. The room was very large, in fact he couldn't see the end of it on two sides. It was full of metal in all shapes and sizes. Again he had an idea and this time he knew it would hurt these creatures much more than he had been hurt. In the building process Reveral had noticed that a great deal of long thin metal rope was being used. He took a long thin, sharp piece of metal and cut all the rope in sight. When the monster came to get more of the rope it stopped still and shortly began searching through the mess that Reveral had made. It stood up and made a humming sound different from the general thrum of the room and the other metal monsters came over. While this was happening, Reveral had been searching and found two more piles of thin rope, which he made a mess of. The monsters came to these piles and passed their metal arms through the small pieces of rope. With this they stopped dead in their steps and the room became silent. In that second the boy knew something deadly was going to happen. He picked up the nearest metal things to hand and ran straight up the Path of the Gods ignoring the ledges for the quickness his power gave him.

As he came out into the open air he saw immediately that the light that would blind was no longer flashing. The air was warm where it had been cold and he knew that death was in that building. He shouted to Fek, who was waiting at the edge of the former cold area to run or die, and Reveral headed straight into the air as fast as he could. In a few heart beats he felt intense heat to his back and a blast of blinding light blurred his vision for many more. When he could again see he looked back and discovered the tower had turned into a giant puddle of lava. He also saw Fek lying on the ground near the glow in a shrivelled condition. Reveral ran out of the sky to the body of his friend and poured all his water on the plant. He was greeted with Fek's pleasant hum and he knew then everything would be all right.

After resting till late in the day, the two set out for the God-Road and Fek told Reveral what had happened while he was in the tower. It seems that the four metal creatures had flown out of the tower, circled the area once and flew straight north at an amazing speed. Fek was equally amazed at the story the boy told. He could impart no extra knowledge of

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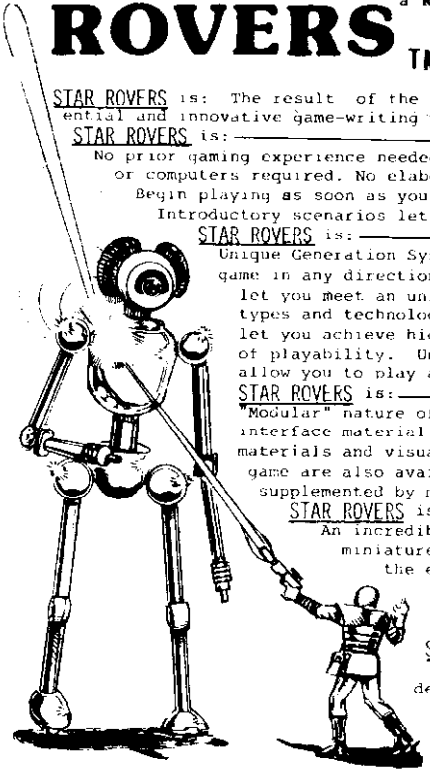

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WORMY
HURRY, WOIMY!
FUMP FUMP FUMP FUM
HEY! YOU LITTLE CREEP!
GET UP OFF OF THAT FELT!
OOOOH..
HEH - RIGHT ON CUE...
SMAK!
... IRVING, GIVE DUDLY A HAND.
TRAMP

the strange monsters or the purpose of the tower. He did know that the gray bracelet was something other tribes called "God-Activators" and it was a thing of Power. With this news, Reveral knew the road had given him luck, and any thoughts of leaving it went from his mind. They traveled on till dusk and the boy was able to bring down a large bird with the metal spear he had picked up in the tower. This led him to investigate the other metal pieces he had completely forgotten about in the day's excitement. The largest thing was a metal cylinder with a clear end, much like hard water would be, if a person could make it hard. The other two bits were small rectangular things, with one colored blue and one colored yellow. The only thing he wanted to keep was the spear, but Fek made him carry the other stuff saying that things like that could prove valuable. As they rested for the night, Reveral could see Fek splitting again, but he was just too tired to watch the interesting process.

The next morning again there were two Feks and again one stayed behind and the other followed along with Reveral. They marched along the road for many days and while Fek was surprised that they had not come across any of the many fearful mutations of these areas, Reveral just passed it off as more luck given to him by the God-Road. He was getting concerned with the length of time it was taking to get to the mountains. Every day he would travel high into the sky looking for some sight of them ahead and always he would be disappointed, until one day he saw in the far distance his mountains, and much closer, what must have been a City of the Gods. Fek was all for going around the city but the boy knew the luck of the God-Road would help them in any dangerous situation. Game in the form of large four-legged beasts was plentiful and they never ran away until Reveral attacked one of the herd. Just before dusk they came upon the City of the Gods and the pair decided to wait until daylight before entering. When the sun disappeared a miraculous transformation occured in the city. The whole thing began to glow with the light of day and the sun was now out of sight!

Reveral, unable to rest with this sight in view, made a reluctant Fek accompany him into The City, as he had begun to subconsciously, refer to it. They traveled down the broad main path and on either side of them were evenly spaced huge huts of some unfamiliar material. Each hut had hard water patches and an entrance that was always closed. The huts were also decorated in many colors and many magical symbols, much like the writings the shaman of the tribe used for her most powerful magic. They traveled down to an intersection where two God-Roads crossed each other. Here they found four structures very different from all the rest. These new huts were not much taller than a man from his village and each was in the shape of a giant shell. At chest height on the right side of each was a rainbow pattern with his gray rectangle represented. He went up to the pattern and pressed his bracelet to the proper color and the door opened with a sigh of air. The well lit small chamber revealed another set of ledges and they both went down them, with the small plant complaining about the insanity of such strange God-Devices. The bottom of the ledges exposed a huge platform with another God-Hut at its edge. This hut had many hard water openings and an open doorway. It, unlike the huts above the ground, was made of metal and was much smaller. They entered and saw row upon row of soft benches. Resting on them was like resting on the softest straw-filled beds of the village. They heard the door shut and then felt the hut moving. They both rushed to the now closed opening, trying to force it open. Their efforts got them nothing, and Reveral sat realizing that the power of the Gods must be great indeed if they could make huts fly like the wind. Then they heard the God-Voice. It sounded like gibberish at first, but words like north, city, and traveling, were quite understandable. The hard water patch to the front of the hut was now colored with many designs and pictures of food, clothes of odd form, and people dressed in these odd clothes. These people were like none the pair had ever seen. The pictures also moved, which Reveral did not find surprising since the Gods had obviously made them. The pictures moved in and out of God-Cities in God-Devices never seen before by the two. During these pictures the God-Voice spoke in a pleasant tone with music behind the voice. Suddenly the small cylinder that Reveral had gotten from the tower was pictured in the hands of a human. This picture showed the human moving one of the small metal things on the cylinder and light shining forth from the small hard water patch. The boy got out his cylinder and copied the picture's actions. A light beam came out of the end and all thought of their movement problem was cast aside in the pleasure of trying out the light-beam-thing. It was impossible to judge the passing of time in this strange hut under the ground, but the two knew they had been traveling for what seemed like a very long time. The thing stopped without warning and opened its door. The two leapt for the opening, fearing that the moving God-Hut would change its mind; and again they saw the platform, just as they had left it. They rushed up the stairs and opened the doorway at the top. The door opened easily and they were stunned to see they were no longer in the city.

Mountains surrounded their position and the shell hut was covered with vines and brush. Reveral climbed into the sky and saw far to the south what could only be the city they had just been in. It was still the middle of the night and the city stood out quite clearly in its own glow. The luck of the God-Road had again helped them and brought them to the mountains in a night. The boy went to sleep with Fek standing guard.

Just before sunrise they were attacked by the furred ones. These creatures were common to the forests near the boy's village and Reveral knew all about them. They must have once been human, because they still retained the same form. The resemblance ended there; they always ran on all fours, were covered in patches of fur, and their hands were now clawed paws with poison sacs at the tips. They usually hunted in large packs that would attack anything moving. This time there were thirty of them and their baying cries filled the night. Reveral leapt up into the air and ordered Fek to remain motionless. He then turned on his light cylinder and flashed it in the eyes of the mutants. The affect was immediate and took the form of fear in any beast the light touched. Soon the whole pack was running in all directions, much to the delight of both travelers. The dawn came and with it the rain that both welcomed.

The problem facing them now that they were in the mountains was which direction should they head. Going the wrong way would loose them precious time and there was no God-Road to help them in this area. The problem was unsolvable at the moment, so they marched towards a large area of vegetation Reveral had seen from the sky. Shortly they were in a forest of small bushy trees and much game. The boy killed several large birds that proved delicious and he ate as they walked. Then from a side trail came the feared jawed plant. This creature was known by his tribe as a thing that was not only to be feared for its tearing jaws, but also its ability to attack mentally and paralyze its victims. The carnivorous plant attacked and Fek was unable to move, caught in its mental attack. Reveral resisted the mental attack and pierced the thing with his spear, while ducking a venom dripping jaw. He resisted another assault on his mind and again stabbed successfully at the plant. One of the two jaws fell lifeless to the ground, but the other grabbed the boy around the waist. Reveral desperately stabbed for the third time into the center of the plant. As his spear sunk home awareness of everything but the venom burned through his veins; then there was only blackness.

He woke up feeling dizzy and disorientated with Fek applying shaman powder to his wounds. This white substance was given every hunter of his tribe to be used when poison entered, or was thought to enter the body. Fek had used it all up in an effort to save his friend and it had obviously worked. They rested all of that day and Reveral coated his metal spear with the juices of the monster plant. Poison of this type was seldom used by his tribe because accidents could easily occur. The boy knew it was necessary in his weakened condition to give himself a fighting edge of some type.

Travel the next day was slow and his wounds kept opening up, causing more delays. That night they glimpsed a glow, much like that of the city, in the woods to the west of them. They approached slowly and Reveral activated his light-cylinder to help them through the brush. Another God-Hut lay in the middle of a clearing and this one was different from all the others they had seen so far.

This hut was made of normal wood, but this wood glowed as the God-Huts of the city. It was much longer than a tribal hut and had a wood roof instead of thatch. There were also two metal monsters resting on the ground in front of the large door.

These were different from the creatures of the tower in size and shape, but they were obviously monsters because they had the same eyes and metal arms. Reveral also noticed rectangles of white on what must be the heads of the creatures and a matching white one at the side of the door. Further inspection showed him that these rectangles were about the same size and form as the gray ones of the tower. He touched his bracelet to the door patch and jumped back, knowing what usually happened when God-Doors opened. The portal remained shut and Reveral tried again, this time holding his bracelet for a longer time, again with no results. With nothing to loose he tried the patch on the metal monster which started humming and moving its eyes towards the two. Then it spoke in much the same manner as the God-Voice in the moveable hut. This voice had many more understandable words from the tribe in its speech. The monster called itself a "servo-meca something", and Reveral from then on addressed it as Servo. The creature (Reveral no longer could think of it as a monster) came over to him and passed several of its appendages over his body stopping several times over his wounds.

"Toxins have entered you system and these abrasions have become infected. This unit is equipped with apparatus to heal you, with your permission."

The boy could only understand one word in every three, but he could tell the creature wanted to help him. Reveral said it was a good idea and the creature opened the side of its body, out came strange thorns that bit into his skin. The feeling left his side and other blades cut away the skin closest to the wounds while light beams came from another part of the creature's arm. With two final thorn stabs the boy feld new energy flow into his body and he thanked the creature for its help.

"Your wounds should heal completely within two days," said the creature, "This unit suggests you proceed to the city for a complete physical, at your convenience." It then turned back to the side of the doorway and again rested on the ground with no hum or flash to its eyes.

The two walked over to it and Reveral asked Fek "Do you think it has killed itself?"

"No, this must be a God-Device and you can never tell about devices of the Gods. First we are walking peacefully along and the road forces us on that moving hut ride. Before that one of their towers tried to burn me to a crisp! I tell you, Reveral, we plants do not favor anything made of metal, just because you can never tell which way the things will jump!"

Reveral was unaffected by his friend's statements. He had heard them many times during the trip

and while some of the God-Machines weren't too safe to be around, most of them were quite beneficial. Sleep was the farthest thing from his mind and so they traveled through the forest using the light cylinder to easily go through the brush. The two walked all night and most of the morning when Fek stopped on the path and turned as if hearing something.

"There is an intelligent creature near us, but the thing is not an animal or a normal plant. I can't even tell where it is, except that it is near and aware of us."

The two saw nothing unusual in the forest except for a large patch of green moss on one of the trees. With this thought in both of their minds they felt the thoughts of the intelligent creature.

"Yes, beings, we have intelligence. Long have we grown and developed our power. Thus we sense all in the forest near us and have young in other parts of the forest that relay to us all that happens within its depths."

"Can you tell me if a race of man-lizards lives near hear or if my brother Karn has gone through in the last twelve passings of the sun?"

"We know of this tribe and of the being you seek, but the price you must pay is the light of the beamer you call the light cylinder. We can use the energy it gives off to grow stronger."

Reveral considered it a fair trade, even though he hated to part with the God-Device. The knowledge of the monster tribe and his brother came into his mind also an unusual request.

"We would like you to take a small part of us with you, in order that we may grow in knowledge from your experience. For this favor you can expect help from us when you are in danger."

Reveral placed a portion of the moss in a spare pouch and they started off through the forest, directly towards the village. Neither one knew how they were going to get Karn out; both thought that problem would have to solve itself when they got there. The village was only three day's travel through the mountain forest and Reveral decided to approach the camp at night hoping that these lizards were like smaller ones around his village that became weaker when the sun went down, taking the heat with it.

The village was dark and smelled of decaying flesh. The huts were made out of large logs stacked together. There were no guards to be seen and Fek and Reveral entered, not quite sure how to find Karn amongst all the huts. The two were looking for a hut different from all the rest, one where these creatures might keep slaves.

"The entity you are seeking is in the hut to the right of this path." came the thought from the moss patch.

That thought also started the sentries howling. *Mind Beasts!*, thought Reveral. These creatures were sensitive to the slightest use of the God-Power. When in the presence of that Power, the creature would howl with all those near suffering damage in the form of skin burns. These Mind Beasts were all stationed on the perimeter of the village and couldn't harm them yet, but their masters would.

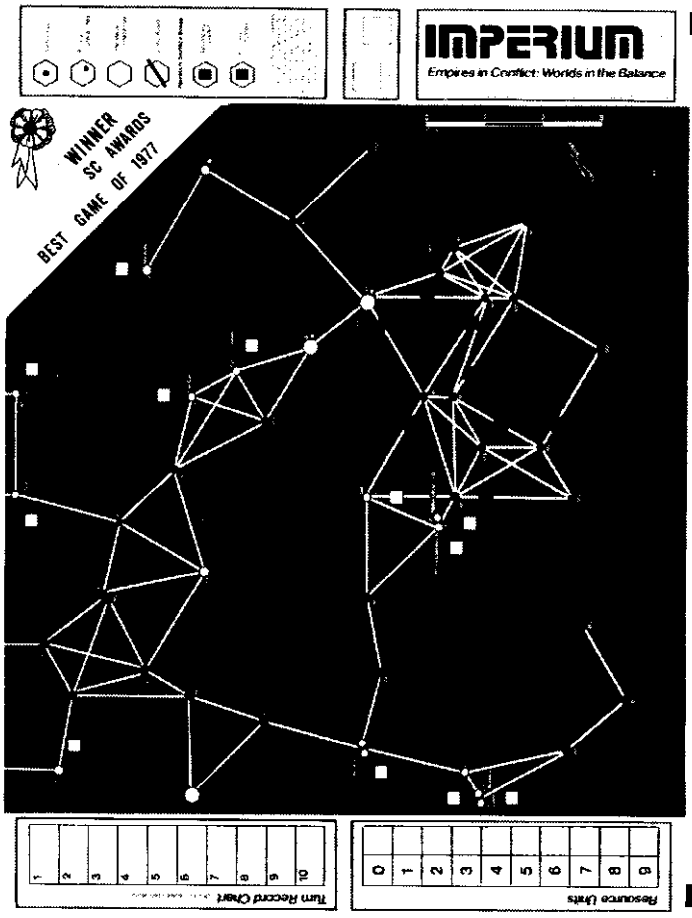
They both hurled themselves into the hut but the moss patch had told them of and were attacked by a lizard man just getting up from the ground. It swung and hit Fek with its club and found that the plant had entangled its vines around the weapon, not allowing the lizard to draw it back. Reveral pierced its throat to its brain and the thing fell dead. A hurried search of the hut found his brother unconscious and tied up on the floor in the corner. By this time there was loud hissing coming from all over the village as the monsters roused themselves and poured out of their huts. Unable to get his brother conscious Reveral lifted him and Fek on his shoulders, ran out the door and up into the sky. Never again would his brother laugh at his power after this story was told. The lizard men noticed him too late to stop his flight, and while a few tried to hit him with thrown clubs, he easily avoided their casts. He was forced to leave his metal spear there, but the dead lizard holding it for his was welcome to it! He walked through the sky, far into the night both to hinder any possible pursuit and to travel as quickly as possible to the God-Devices that cured the sick. He knew that his brother needed help. His skin was covered with cuts and bruises and he still wouldn't wake up, no matter what Reveral tried. When sunrise came he was just too tired to go on any further. The three came to rest in a clearing and Reveral went to sleep while Fek stood guard. In the afternoon he woke and tried again to rouse his brother, but every attempt failed. Reveral knew if something wasn't done soon Karn would die from his wounds. Then the moss patch thought to him.

"If you wish this entity to recover, we can help by taking your strength and giving some of it to the damaged one. The process will weaken you, but will save this other entity's existence."

Reveral gave his permission and the moss patch moved out of the pouch, touched both Karn and Reveral, and strength drained from Reveral's body. He became weak and bruises and cuts formed on his body. His brother, on the other hand, became less pale and started breathing faster and stronger. Then Karn opened his eyes and sat up! The two brothers hugged each other in affection and started speaking at once, each wanting to know what had happened to the other.

***

The trip back to the village was long and arduous but without mishap. The people of the village of the fifth level greeted two *men* with open arms. Reveral would have many tales to tell around the fire in the months to come, and somehow he felt he would do more brave things before he settled down to raise many strong sons for the tribe.



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