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Editorial

Having enjoyed a merry and festive holiday, Adventurer's thoughts turned to religion for this issue.

We have three back-to-back articles on religion for players and GMs, and in our very own fantasy campaign world of SCATOPHAGIUM, we look to the Church Of The White Zone for comfort (?) and solice(!).

To reply to all those who asked for SF, A.J. Bradbury presents a SF scenario which gives your PCs some serious thinking to do. The SF flavour continues with our short story on page 30. It concludes, as always, with Wendy Graham's pedestrian look at topical SF in the media.

The debate on women in roleplaying continues with a look at the female gender of non-human species. All this and our regular features as well as another gem of a cover by Robin Parry. And no poster!
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FRONT LINE:

Essex Miniatures are probably best known to table-top wargamers for their ranges of historical figures in both 25mm and 15mm scales, but for the past few years, they have been producing an interesting range of 25mm fantasy figures, equally suitable for wargames or role-playing games, and with some very eye-catching pieces for the collector.

Essex first appeared in 1980, manufacturing 25mm historical figures designed by Brian Gregory, but it wasn't until 1984 that the fantasy range was introduced. Probably the most memorable feature of these was the great variety of 'monsters' available; a range which rivalled (and surpassed) the old Asgard "Dungeon Adventurers" range, leaving only the random bulk of Citadel Miniatures in this country, and the gradually emerging Grenadier Models (UK) to rival Essex for variety. Quickly following this came the ever-increasing hoards of the Great Scealy Orc Tribe, subsequently surpassed in fame by the memorable busty Barbarian Women Warriors!

After outgrowing their initial nursery unit, Essex moved to their current premises on Canvey Island in 1985, where they are frantically trying to make space for their growing ranges. Although larger than their previous premises, Brian maintains that it seems to be shrinking rapidly! Brian Gregory and his wife Christine run Essex with the aid of six employees. In August 1985, Essex bought Mike's Models' most popular 15mm wargame ranges, and since then have been gradually remaking and remoulding many of the models which weren't up to scratch, giving themselves a pretty comprehensive range.

Quite a large proportion of their output is sold abroad, with distributors in the U.S.A., Australia, France and Germany. At present, it seems that Parla can't get enough of the new fantasy ranges which prompts Mr. Gregory to comment on the good taste of the French gaming public.

These latest fantasy figures, a selection of which are shown overleaf, have been introduced under the code "Q" prefix, designed and manufactured to top quality specifications. The figures come "as they are", not boxed, as Essex's sales philosophy is to sell a quality product, not its superfluous fancy packaging! To quote, "It's up to the customer to look beyond the blister, and consider the quality of the figure he is purchasing."

It isn't often that this humble correspondent lays claim to a scoop (hold the front page and all that...), but I can now name Essex's new ace designer of the "Q" range; arguably one of the finest designers in the country at present (remember, you read it here first...), his name is Bob Olley, and he has a style all of his own: note the Satyr-headed giant for instance (see overleaf). His figures, as with all of the Essex ranges, are slightly larger than most other 25mm figures, and are beautifully sculpted, with items like the chain mail deeply cut, which makes painting them very easy.

New items on Bob's drawing board at the moment include Oriental-style Fantasy Characters, Chaotic Dwarves, Chaotic Fighters, Gladiators and Wolves. Notable among these is the introduction of the "Dwarves from the Kingdom of Termic", designed to produce a consistent army of these sturdy gentle-folk to rival that produced by Asgard a couple of years ago. These will be followed by "Cursa's Orcs", Amazonians, Sorcerers, etc., all with the same consistency of design and scale. Future plans are to release a Legions Of The Undead range of skeletons, zombies, etc. Obviously aimed at both the collector and the gamer who enjoys uniformity and continuity in his campaign, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a campaign pack for the Kingdom of Termic before too long.

Modellers with a taste for the more (shall we say) exotic, will be queuing up for the Chaos Turtle with Dwarven Catapult on its back (Now that's what I call a tank!), and the Chaos Bear with Howdah, occupied by Dwarves, of course.

Before you flood Essex with enquiries, however, there is no set release date for these biggies just yet, but there will be a fully-illustrated catalogue of the new fantasy figures available shortly.

UP FRONT:

"The final appearance of a figure can be enhanced considerably by fixing it to a base. There are several reasons why this could be desirable, the existing base might need to be a specific size to comply with a set of wargames rules, or you might wish to have more room to add embellishments such as boulders, plants or broken weapons.

Figures can be based either individually (for role-playing games) or in multiples of 2, 3 or more (for wargames units). As a rule, it is more convenient to paint single figures after basing and wargames figures before basing.

For square or hexagonal bases I prefer to use plastic card, although balsa wood and art mount board are as good (if somewhat thicker), and for round bases I use coins (1p or 2p pieces) or washers. File the existing base and then stick it to the new base using an epoxy resin, or superglue.

The next step is to obscure the original base by building up the area around it with a suitable filler or putty. Personally, I prefer to use tetron filler, as it adheres well, sets rock hard and has a grainy texture ideal for dry brushing, 'Polyfilla' and 'Fix and Grout' are also suitable. All of these are cheap and easily available from DIY shops. Apply the filler to the base using a small knife blade or small screwdriver and then form it into shape using an old paint brush slightly moistened with water. These fillers can also be thinned with water, making it easier to apply them around fine detail such as feet, claws and hooves.

As an alternative you can use a self hardening modelling clay (DAS) or even an epoxy putty (milliput), although the latter is more suited to making scenic embellishments such as boulders and planets. Both of these items are available from art and hobby shops but are more expensive than, eg, Tetrion so are more suited to single figures than wargames units. Modelling clay is somewhat harder than filler, but can be made more pliable by moistening it slightly with water; it can then be moulded around the figure base using an old brush or craft knife.

One great advantage of clay is that it holds its shape while setting, so it can be finely shaped and textured. E.g., the surface can be 'stippled' using a pin or cocktail stick to give a realistic grass effect.

These bases can be simply finished by painting. For a 'rocky' or 'paved' look, use a grey undercoat followed by a wash of dark brown or thinned black ink or acrylic paint, dry brushed with a creamy white.
Fig. 1. Q84- Giant with pet Giant Lizard on Chain. Painted by Martyn Tetlow.

Fig. 2. Q46- Eastern Sorcerer with Medusa Touch! Painted by Mike Willis.

Fig. 3. Q72- Evil Sorcerer w/Skeleton Head Banner. Painted by Martyn Tetlow.

Fig. 4. Q63- Crowned Zombie Leader with Sword & Shield. Painted by Mike Willis.

Fig. 5. Q35- Orc in Chainmail, w/Cutlass & Dagger. Painted by Mike Willis.

Fig. 6. Detail of 1.

Fig. 7. Detail of 1.

Fig. 8. Detail of 2.

Fig. 9. Detail of 4.
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More Deadly than the Male

Part II Non-Human Females
By Janet Vlallis

This issue, I want to show that women of other races should have their own names and personalities, rather than being merely pale reflections of their male counterparts. At the outset, I stress that these are only suggestions; since all these races are imaginary, whether the products of collective imagination (ie myths and folklore), or individual creativity. Hence, any referee can, of course, do exactly what he likes, without being informed of their historical inaccuracy.

In considering non-human races, an important but obviously point, relating to genetics, is frequently ignored; most individuals will normally prefer a member of their own species as a sexual partner, and be most attracted by members of their own species. Of course, there will always be exceptions, resulting from odd circumstances, especially with races which are physically similar (such as humans and elves), but such affiliations will always be rare. A gnoll will find a human as unattractive as a human finds a gnoll. If this were not so, few of the races would survive for long. Also, half-breeds resulting from these unions are almost certain to be sterile (for example, mules).

Female elves are frequently assumed to be at least as powerful as their male counterparts. It is quite common to see elven society giving different but equal roles to its male and female members. Indeed, some elven societies are even seen as matriarchal (eg, the Drow). Individual elven women are frequently portrayed as having great, if ill-defined, magical powers. In folklore, elven women are primarily beautiful and dangerous (if not actually evil). Their major roles in folk tales are to bring temptation and destruction on to noble (male) heroes who encounter them. There are exceptions, but women who actually take active roles are invariably seen as evil, (does this say something about the frailty of male egos?). But this need not be so. For one thing, can humans be certain that elves share human standards of beauty? Perhaps those alluring elven women are considered plain, or downright ugly by their own people. Does this explain their desire to lure human males? Equally, how can humans be sure that they understand how elven women feel or why they act as they do? An elf is not a human, and elven stretching to human doesn't apply.

To digress slightly, a problem with elves generally, not just elven women, is that they are invariably not given an alien enough feel. They are not simply 'scaled down humans with pointed ears', but something alien and incomprehensible to humans. (The advertisements for Dragon Warriors claimed that the game would give them back their strange-ness, but the game itself simply Waxed lyrical about vast treasure hoards, and included an extremely silly picture). To give elves a feel to be more alien, a GM or player may try to bring across the effects of their long life. A young elf has ten centuries of life ahead of her; as such, there will be ample time for whatever she may wish to do. Humans, with their desperate attempts to complete all their wishes within a handful of decades, should be noted, not despised, by elves. Though, the more likely they are to withdraw from human company. They will find humans immature, obsessed with petty matters such as gold and the opposite sex, and very hurried. Most elves will try to be understanding, being aware of the short lives that humans are cursed with, but still find them brash, annoying and of little consequence.

The longevity of elves has no major effect on the lives of females; children need only be born rarely, and ever allowing for a longer pregnancy and childhood for elves, the female will have far less of their time taken up with family-raising and far more time for other activities. Elven women may welcome this interface in their other activities, or it may interrupt an otherwise all-consuming 'career'.

Because of the similarities between elves and humans, romantic attachments may form. However, elven society at least, is going to be aware of the great tragedy that can result from a relationship between an elf and a human. There is likely to be considerable social pressure, from both communities. However, love can be a powerful force, and there will be couples who choose to ignore the social mores and brave the troubles of a life together. The great difference in life expectancy will be a major barrier. Also, despite physical similarities, the two races are very different psychologically. Traditionally, elves are soulless, and are frequently detached in their outlook. The human partner in a relationship may begin to regard this as coldness. As he grows elderly, he may begin to suspect, whether justly or unjustly, that his still attractive wife is seeking other lovers. The elven partner, on the other hand, will have the heartbreak (assuming that she is capable of such an emotion), of watching her loved one grow old and die, whilst she remains young. She may also come to realise how shallow her human lover is.

The relationship may not survive these strains for more than a few years. All this forms the background into which half-elf children are born, and the atmosphere in which they'll grow up. They are likely to be very aware of the stresses between their parents. The human parent may grow impatient with the relatively slow development of their child. ('Isn't she walking yet?') Scilla's daughter was born two months later, and is running all around the village! Is she stupid, or what?') Without going into details of the psychological effects of such an atmosphere on a child, it is clear that the child could well end up somewhat disturbed, possibly leading it to grow up into a delinquent- such as an adventurer. A female child will have the problem of barrenness, which would be likely to make her unmarriageable, despite her likely good looks.

One still unresolved problem concerning dwarven women is: do they or don't they? Have beards, I mean. Giving them beards would certainly explain the lack of reference to dwarven women in folklore or mythology. Humans just couldn't tell the difference! On the other hand, beardless dwarven women may be easier for players to relate to. However, saying that they have beards does not mean that dwarven men will lust after human women. As I stated above, humans would simply not seem attractive to dwarves. If dwarven men do prefer beardless women, then either dwarven women would have died out long ago, or dwarven women would routinely shave hair. More likely, the dwarven ideal of beauty would include a fine growth of beard. Presumably the advertisement for female dwarves being so rarely portrayed in artwork is that they don't provide suitable material for male adolescents to ogle in the way elven women do...

So much for the appearance of dwarven woman, but are there any person-ality traits common among them? This is perhaps a dangerous area to get into, as all characters should be first and foremost individuals. However, this is not inconsistent with outlining suggestions for general traits. For example, dwarven women may have a characteristic fondness for gems as jewelry of all kinds. They glitter and sparkle in the torchlight of their cavern homes. Also, many dwarven women may have as great a fondness for ale as their menfolk, and when they have been partaking, they have better singing voices. In fact, it is the dwarven women who carry the secrets of the dwarven ales, passing recipes from mother to daughter. Dwarven men tend to be a little patronising and possessive of their women folk. For the most part, the women are equally patronising about their men-folk, knowing that they hold the true secrets of dwarven society. Some dwarven women, however, do fight alongside (or against) their menfolk, and many of these become adventurers. Such females are of course, beyond the pale as far as most dwarven men are concerned.

Turning away from truly mythical creatures, we come to those gourmets of the role-playing worlds, Hobbits. In The Hobbit and 'Lord of the Rings', female Hobbits (as with all Tolkien's other women) are almost invisible. The only one drawn in any depth
or with any personality is Lobelia Sackville-Baggins, and she is painted in an unfavourable light. However, for all her faults, and it is revealed as having reserves of strength greater than many of the hobbit men.

This suggests to me two alternatives for the natures of hobbit women; they might be like their men-folk, but raised to the 'Nth' degree. That is, they are more sneaky, more skilled thieves, and above all, more asexual. So, they will be regarded with awe and perhaps some jealousy by their men-folk.

On the other hand, a female hobbit may be the practical and organised one, regarding her men-folk as childish and juvenile, and may treat them with condescension. Well, somebody's got to keep male hobbits in order, haven't they?... Such a woman will normally stay at home and run the household, only being foolish enough to venture outside her domain when one of her charges has got himself into some serious trouble in the domain of the humans (assuming that she slipped up by letting her men leave home). If anything else, this view of female hobbits gives a very different motive for an adventurer.

Perhaps the most frightening image could be achieved by combining the two. Imagine the scene: The party are feeling pleased with themselves after finally capturing the hobbit thief who had been plaguing them for weeks. They are quite unaware that they have a far more deadly enemy tracking them, as the hobbit's wife/lover/mother seeks revenge...

Certainly, I would expect there to be more female hobbits in fantasy gaming than there actually appear to be; after all, male hobbits are small, cute and bashable (not to mention delicious when baked), and there seems no reason why female hobbits should not fulfill the same role equally well (if not better). This is what feminism should be - letting women take an equal role with their men!

As a general policy, I try to treat members of all races as characters, giving them free will and therefore individuality. With the exception of summoned or certain other magical creatures, no creature is automatically evil. Of course the culture and the dominant religion of a race will mean that members of that race have a particular view of life, but there should be no such thing as a 'racial alignment', only an individual or cultural one. This leads to much more interesting and different role playing situations, as well as interesting people. I could sum up the philosophy with the phrase 'Orcs are People Too!'

Female Orcs occur nowhere (so far as I know) in Tolkien, and I have come across none elsewhere. For some reason, in AD&D, it was decreed that they be far fewer in number than their men-folk. This is quite illogical and ridiculous, especially when combined with the warlike nature of the men. With male orcs forever dying in battle, the women are likely to vastly outnumber them. To say that orcs naturally produce significantly more boy-children than girl-children is one possible answer, but that gives other problems. For instance, orcs are often assumed to breed like normal (as far as constitutes reducing the normal orc mortality rate). Any biologist will tell you that it is the number of females that is the critical factor restricting the breeding rate of a species, so to produce more little orcs you need a large number of orc women.

Irrespective of these numbers, however, they should be thought of as possessing some personality. Assuming for the moment that orcish society is patriarchal, it could well contain orcish equivalents of all the types mentioned last issue. But need orcish society always be patriarchal? Perhaps the reason female orcs are so rarely seen is because they stay at home, sending the menfolk to do the dangerous and difficult works, from which they reap the rewards. Imagine a party, having been captured by an orc band, being presented to their leader, to be confronted with a large, powerful and bejewelled orc woman.

After all, it is natural to look at Hami-Orcs. GMs are often very casual about introducing 'half-breed' characters into their campaigns, without necessarily thinking about where they came from. Half-orcs are usually assumed to be the result of the rape of human women by an orc, but need that necessarily be true? Love, as has been remarked on many occasions, is a very peculiar thing. Imagine a human male wounded, and found by an orcish woman. Maybe she is desponded by, or an outcast from her own people for some reason, and in her loneliness decides to tend the adven- turer. All right, he's no match in looks for an orcish man, but couldn't affection or even love grow between them? Of course, their lives would not be easy, as it is unlikely that either orcish or human society would accept them, and if nothing else, the difference in life expectancy would lead to eventual tragedy, as with the half-elf. He may frequently have to protect her from human adventurers who assume an orc is automatically evil. She may have to protect him from the orcish equivalent. The children of such a couple, too, would have an awkward time, providing ample motivation for taking to the adventuring life. This is perhaps, especially true for the female children. In many fantasy societies the main (or only) virtue a woman can have is good looks; ugliness is often equated with evil. As such, a female half-orc being tougher than a human woman, and with few prospects of finding a respectable place for herself in human society, and with a chip on her shoulder, is ideal adventurer material.

Much about what I have said about orcs also applies to Goblins, Gnolls etc. To let the women be simply pale imitations of their men-folk is wasting an opportunity. Amongst races that are naturally short lived, or in which male members regularly die in battle, the women are going to have to spend much of their time child-bearing. (I find it difficult to imagine the men of these races doing their share of the house-work, but failure of my imagination), but they should still have personality. Remember that their interests and objectives may not be identical with their multi-folk; Many orcs actually are quite pleased that their men-folk fail to return from battle, or may help adventurers escape because they do not enjoy eating them. "Humans are so difficult to cook, it's impossible to bring out the flavour..."

If we take Grendel as the archetypical troll, then Grendel's mother is the archetypal she-troll. Anyone familiar with Beowulf will be aware that she provided the hero with a far tougher battle than did her son; AD&D players could usefully take ideas from Runquest, where the she-trolls are seen as the brains and leaders of troll society. Of course, RO trolls are very different and more complex creatures than the D&D killing machines, but then D&D players could learn some- thing from that, as well. If nothing else, the image of 'hen-pecked' trolls is worth thinking about! (See the cartoon film 'Gnomes')

For some reason, many spirits of nature are portrayed in myth as female. For example Dryads, Naiads, Sylphs, Nymphs, Oreads, and Oceanids are all female. Much mythology shows these women as predatory. And why not? Most nature spirits are powerful and wayward, and should exude an aura of seductive menace. But this does not mean that they should be one-dimensional pin-ups! Think about their natures, motives and wishes. A human (male or female) who has been stuck in the same glade or groto for a few thousand years would by now be certifiably insane. Perhaps the nature spirit is mad. On the other hand, perhaps the spirit has no comprehension of time; she perceives only 'now'. Past and future being meaningless terms. Like elves, nature spirits should not necessarily be human in outlook. Even their interest in human males might have some other motive than might be expected; for example, the presence of an adventurer might enable the spirit to maintain a physical form or experience the ecstatic flow of time. In turn, what effects does this have on the spirit? (A good opportunity for experimenting with schizophrenial).

Medusae, Harpies and Lamia appear to have one serious problem - how do they reproduce? Male equivalents are never seen. Various solutions exist: Invent male equivalents; assume they are somehow magically created; assume they are interfertile with a species that has males; or let them reproduce asexually. Take into account the effect that your solution will have on their numbers, though: If harpies can reproduce at will, why haven't they taken over the world? On the other hand, if Medusae mate with human men, why aren't they extinct? (What man would show any interest in a creature with asps on her head?)

In conclusion, whenever you build up a non-human society, don't forget the 'superior' sex!
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These bonus abilities are balanced by previously unforeseen difficulties and handicaps that players will have to cope with, such as the effects of sleeping in the open and the ease with which a fire can get out of hand!

A short and sensible section entitled Starting from Scratch should be read by anyone who is tempted to design a bit of topography, not only for the step by step method of creating a viable environment, but also for the lucid overview presented. It's not obvious why this section is reserved for the Dungeon Master's eyes only, as it is no more revealing of pertinent facts than the rest of the book. Players can gain or lose as much by reading the rest of the book that they are allowed to see; the 'loss' being the diminution of excitement and suspense that such knowledge causes. How many good players have become overcautious by reading the D.M.G.? It is forbidden fruit!

Weather is dealt with, as completely as anyone but the most niggling simulationist could wish. The system presented is eminently usable and covers (as do all the climatic bits) the tropics, the arctic, and everything in between.

Particularly useful are the tables dealing with encumbrance (for characters and animals), effects of wind on missile fire and waterborne vehicle characteristics, although all the tables should prove valuable sooner or later, including modifiers for thief's climbing rates, climbing for non-thieves, temperature effects and damage, reactions of animals and effects of lack of sleep, amongst others. Most of the tables are reprinted, thoughtfully, at the back of the book, where there are also three pages containing different sizes of hex, and permission is given to photocopy. (Unless you have free access to a photocopier this could prove expensive). Another admirable Jeff Easley illustration graces the cover, the drawings inside range from very poor to good. Printing and production are, as usual: good; no typos or glaring gaps.

Kim Mohan has written a worthy companion volume to Doug Niles' Dungeon Survival Guide, especially considering that his subject is much broader.

Can an Urban Survival Guide be expected next? Or perhaps a Dungeon Master's Survival Guide, which could have an overall index, cross-referencing the vast amount of information now available in the ten (?) official rule books, and perhaps a table or two to roll on when the D.M. runs out of judgement and/or discretion.

ROBIN PARRY

The Watchers Of The Sacred Flame

BY INTEGRATED GAMES

PART 3 OF THE COMPLETE DUNGEONMASTER SERIES

Perhaps the most impressive feature of all the Endless Games/Beast Enterprises stable is the quantity of goodies you get when you open the box. Sacred Flame is no exception. It contains 3 books (scenario, scenes and characters), 12 sheets of floorplans, a GM screen with maps and random encounter tables, etc. and 5 player handout sheets.

At the heart of the game is the scenario, which continues from where parts 1 and 2 (Halls of the Dwarven Kings and Lost shrine of Kasar-Khan) left off, though it is playable on its own. It is a campaign scenario for use with AD&D, D&D or RQ rules, and so benefits more if used as part of the series.

Incidentally, it isn't necessary to play them in order as they build independent units of the whole campaign. Primarily written for serious gamers, with time on their hands to assess the historical and political state of the surrounding lands: in this one, the party finds itself in search of the mystical crystals of Power... without spoiling your enjoyment of the scenario, I will describe the other components forthwith.

The second Book contains all the NPCs required for the various sections of the adventure, including a formidable group of gypsies. These are of the 'Statistics only' variety, not normally the kind I appreciate, but extremely useful as 'adventure fodder', and in keeping with the whole atmosphere of the emphasis is not on personality interaction, but on acting out the plot and fulfilling quests. It is rather reminiscent of the best of the Judges Guild scenarios, but with very nice illustrations and presentation. Those familiar with Tortured Souls or the now extinct Gamesmaster magazine should know what I mean.

The Scenes book contains several glossy illustrations of what the party can see, with possible clues and cues; a nice touch which is sadly lacking with most recent 'glossy' products.

The handouts also add to the feeling of 'being there', including hand-drawn maps and scratchings of letters to lead or mislead the players. I must admit that when I played, I was the one who clutched onto them as though they held the secret of life.

The floor plans are drawn specifically for this adventure, which saves a lot of time in cutting and building all the required dungeon shapes. They also serve as an excellent introduction to the Endless Plans system, one which I praise for their flexibility and usability. In this instance, they add to the convenience of play and the sense of 'being there'.

D.MICHAELS (Gametime Leisure)
Blood Bowl
BY GAMES WORKSHOP (£12.95)

Being a keen board games player and a patriotic lover of American Football, I was thrilled, to say the least, when I learnt of this game, a fantasy football game where two teams of the fantasy world's fittest must do combat on the field, and attempt to score 3 touch-downs to gain glory and blood!

Blood Bowl (inc. note) based on the world of Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay and Battle Rules." The box is well illustrated by Brett Ewins, with an 'Annie Schwarzenegger look-alike' (actually an Ogre), wielding a Lesser Goblin under his arm, as he crashes through the mass of other players - Ewinn style.

The rulebook is equally attractive with illustrations by Aly Morrison, who also did the playing pieces and Gameboard. The six-piece jigsaw board is rather unusual in that it is about twice as long as it is wide (roughly 32" x 16"), which represents the average length of any Hafflings, Dwarves or Hob-goblins with the bottle to "go out there and do it". The gameboard lacks somewhat in character, a plain green/grass surface, with borders denoting starting positions for players, subs., etc. During play, however, I can assure you that this will soon run red, to add a little colour...

The game is designed for two players, who each represent the coach for their appointed team. Both players should select the team they wish to play - which can be of any race of beings listed in the rule-book. All members of each team must be of the same race, with the same initial abilities. Once you have selected your team you then fill in your 'Team Roster', using pregenerated statistics from the rulebook, and adding your 'Star Player Points' as you do a (set amount of points you may award to one or more of the players in your team).

The game contains a series of special teams available, one of which consists of 4 Ogres and 12 Lesser Goblins - hence the cover art on the box, confirming that an Ogre may throw a Lesser Goblin instead of and/or complete with ball, even if he is on the same team.

Your team - of which eleven only may be in play at any one time (the other four remain on the side line as subs), is represented by the familiar card characters with plastic mounts, as is the ball and referee (whom you toss to decide on who plays first).

Actions during play are what you would expect in American Football - movement, throwing, kicking, tackling and attacking (attacking not to be confused with tackling, as it is a pure attempt to maim or kill an opposing team member). At the start of each team's turn, you may move any or all of your players, according to their Movement Allowance and position on the field, possibly to attack or to defend against a charging assailant. In this case, extensive use is made of your ability to stay cool under pressure, (though this characteristic doesn't apply to the severely restricted skeletons, who don't care too much about consequences). You are also able to purchase Magic Items to assist you in your game, although these are mainly to improve your chances of success in 'catching', 'throwing', etc.

The rulebook is warmly written in plain English, and a sequence of play is outlined at the back of the rulebook, with reference to rule numbers etc. Game designer Jervis Johnson talks of how this game has varied drastically by comparison to his initial design, which was much closer to American Football than in its present form. Other ideas have had to be dropped from the game due to the lack of room in the rulebook, which left me a bit disheartened. As the game is rather small in the components department, I would have thought it should have been extended by 20 pages to 24, thus giving a bit more flexibility in the rules, perhaps introducing optional rules whereby strategy may be enhanced with 'dummy passes' and 'palming-off', etc. Having said that, I'm sure the supplements will follow...

Anyway, despite any bad points I may have made, this is a fun game and a must for sporting enthusiasts - that is of course if your idea of fun is a sport progressing somewhat from touch and run, to a cross between Rollerball, Mean Machine and Bedknobs & Broomsticks - and is presented in the slick, professional manner we've come to expect from Games Workshop.

Experience points are awarded for successful use of skills during play, and a campaign and/or league could easily be constructed around this game with ample scope for postal games. An expansion set is also due out soon (you never know, we might get an -other 4 pages yet - but at what price?).

D.MICHAELS (Gametime Leisure)

Lords of Middle-earth
VOLUME 1: THE IMMORTALS
PUBLISHED BY I.C.E. (£7.95)

"Designed as a tool for GMs who wish to introduce major characters from The Hobbit or Lord of the Rings into their campaigns."

A 3-volume compendium, this first one deals with Elves, the Maiar and the Valar, and is Tolkien-based. Primarily for use with ICE's MERP or Rolemaster game system, a short chapter has been thoughtfully included to help convert the 'stats' to other systems. Each of these races is treated to a historical summary of the race from its beginnings in Eru's thoughts to the end of the Third Age and the beginning of the Age of Man. It ties together consistently and plainly the complex intricacies of the Silmarillion in a useable, refereefriendly manner. A brief section on nature of the race, their society and material properties, their home, beliefs, character glossary follows, which details the 14 Valar, from Aulë through Melkor to Varda, with respective stats, personal biography and power influences. The 25 detailed Maiar, perhaps more colourful and useful in play to the GM, includes such notables as the Balrog of Morgia, Tom Bombadil and Sauron himself. Among others of particular interest are the 5 Istars (wizards), including Gandalf, and suggestions are given for using Istar in play.

The section on Elves details nearly 100 NPCs. I found this rather daunting, as to use as chance occurrences or even as active non-player characters, there are too many to be employed with any effect in most campaigns; fine if your quest is set among the immortals Legolas, Celeborn, Luthien, Glorfindel, Gil-Galad or Galadriel etc., but little use otherwise. I would have preferred rather less details on the elves, with possibly a few scenarios involving these major personalities.

Such is the greatness of the evil of Morgoth, Sauron and Ungoliant that they have a section devoted to them; "The Great Evil" and "Great Enemies", and great enemies they are, with a mere 1500 hits for the level 500 Morgoth. No beginner's expedition to tangle with any of these foes, but if the dizzy heights of terror has led to a feeling of nausea, the final chapters deal with the generation and use of High level characters, to give back some control over the balance which Eru prescribed for Arda.

In all, a must for Middle Earth fanatics, but most of it is of no great use to GMs other than as a compendium of back- ground detail, most of which can be gleaned from Tolkien's own writings, and with the quality of existing ICE scenarios and supplements, this volume is rather superfluous to most GMs.

STE DILLON
This is the final, climactic module in TSR's Dragonlance series. The heroes of the lance reach the final battle with Takhisis, the dragon Queen of Darkness, where they must drive her back to her own plane, or face almost certain death.

The cover contains the now usual combined list of monster statistics. Also given are the character details for the two Dragonlance parties, which were split in DL6, and extra characters who have joined the parties since then. This does not mean that the module is run with sixteen characters, but that the players get to choose which characters out of the two groups, they want to use to face the Dark Queen.

The module is split into three sections, each a separate booklet. Firstly, there is the source book, which gives background details about Krynn. There is a comprehensive timeline stretching from the beginning of the age of dreams, to the end of the war of the Lance. Included are two maps of Ansalon, one showing the continent before the cataclysm, and another giving the distribution of creatures after the war. This second map can be used in conjunction with details about the continent, and about the factions left after the war, for planning further adventures in the land of Krynn.

Also given in the source book are combined descriptions of the creatures specific to Krynn, and of the most powerful magical items encountered by the characters during the modules.

The second booklet contains the maps needed to run the adventure. It is handy having the maps in a separate book, and not having to flick backwards and forwards, or having to consult a large map like that presented for the tower of the high cleric. Some of the maps, however, are printed so that the booklet has to be taken apart for them to be easily used. The maps are interspersed with rosters for the whitestone and dragon armies, for use with Battlesystem.

The main plot of the adventure is the attack of the chosen player characters on the Dark Queen's temple in Naraka. However, if Battlesystem is being used, full details are given to allow the rest of the characters to help lead the forces of the whitestone armies against the combined might of the white, green, black, blue and red Dragon armies.

As with the other Dragonlance modules, Dragons of Triumph can be played alone, but is better played as the final part of the Dragonlance saga. Alternatives as to how the Dark Queen can be defeated are given, so that each DM can choose which method fits his campaign best. This also gives DMs the chance to present any players who have read the books, with a different, and therefore more challenging adventure.

When DL1 was released, it showed a lot of promise as a truly epic series, which unfortunately, some of the latter adventure packs have not lived up to. DL14, however, was well worth waiting for. It brings the heroes' quests to a culmination in a final battle against time and the Dark Queen, which could give any party a real challenge.

JOHN S. DAVIES

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**Warhammer Role-Play System**

**AT £14.95 - A GAMES WORKSHOP BARGAIN?**

All the other major games manufacturing companies have their own fantasy rpg, so why not Games Workshop?

Given sufficient media attention in the pages of White Dwarf to make W.F.R.P. an instant 'Big Seller' to all those with the Warhammer Battles rules, I attempted to look at this independently, as a set of FRP rules in their own right. This hardback book (costing a competitive £14.95) is very well presented, with some high quality B/W illustrations (in general, one or two for each of the 365 + pages), mainly by Tony Ackland. The layout of the book itself appears to be well planned, thanks to the Games Workshop Design Studio, though the paper is of the same steady stable as the Paranoia Hardback book.

Following a brief narrative introducing 'The Old World' (where W.F.R.P. is set), it is certainly aimed at the newcomer to both the world of fantasy and the world of FRP gaming. Character generation however, is far more sophisticated than most FRPGs - basic characteristics total 14, as opposed to the normal 6 or 7, extended to include Personality characteristics such as leadership and fellowship; characters can be Human, Elf, Dwarf or Halfling, with appropriate modifiers to the basic statistic; a brief, race history and special racial abilities, languages, etc. It all sounds very familiar to me...

Next, there's alignment (ho, hum!) and Fate - which is the saving factor, to prevent beginning PGs from being Dead-ed, represented by a number of 'Fate Points'.

Next on the agenda is 'Career Class' (Character class if you will) - covering Warriors, Rangers, Rogues and Academics, each with their own restrictions and skills, which are cross-referenced with the character's race - so an Elf Ranger has a better chance of being 'Flat Footed' than any
other race of Ranger, or any other career class of Elf. By the way, the number of skills a PC can possess is dependant upon his age (modified again for race). Told you it was a complex system, but the abundance of tables helps to clarify matters. Wait a minute! More tables, this time to state the actual Career your adventurer has followed - hence a 'Rogue' can be anything, from an agitator to a grave robber! These 63 careers are detailed in full, with additional skills, bonuses, working background, etc.

133 skills follow next, each briefly detailed so that your players know exactly what 'astronomy' is, or "begging", 'bribery', or even 'brewing', and their applications in game terms.

The next section is the GM's information, which includes the heart of the game- the percentile game mechanics a la Runequest/Chaosium games. This is good because there are no success/failure tables to look up; the roll is always assessed against the PC's relevant characteristics, often with a modifier. The shortcoming, however (and it is a big one), is that the GM will often have to improvise a 'Test' to decide whether or not the PC succeeds. Standard tests are detailed in a table, to give you an idea. For example, a character attempts to 'bargain'; this will be tested against his 'Fellowship' characteristic. At the GM's discretion (again), the test can be modified by his Charm, Haggle and/or Seduction skills. 36 such tests are mentioned, but my concern is the amount of 'Hagglng' this system will cause between GMs and players. After all, there are two types of GM: Those who adhere strictly to the book (this test procedure will give him problems); and those who improvise in play (who don't really need this test procedure). To modify or not to modify; that is the question!

The rest of the game mechanics are detailed next, including Moving, Light and Darkness, Buildings, Traps, Fire, Poison, Disease and Insanity (?), Alignment (Law, Good, Neutral, Evil, Chaos), and Experience (exp points and learning, etc.)

Advanced Careers are available, for when your PCs have 'graduated', and introduces new skills, bonuses etc.

Combat consists of initiative and surprise, hand-to-hand combat, the effects of weapons and armour, the effects of damage, mounted and missile combat, and recovery.

A % base hit location is provided, similar to that of the Chaosium Hit Location Chart, and armour is available to protect those parts. Modifiers are given for weapons & tactics, and additional damage is done by critical hits and the like. A very descriptive table explicitly details the implications of a critical hit on each body location. A blow to the head, for example, can vary in effect from a glancing stun to decapitation! The chart makes good reading the first time around, but in all that is needed is to know the effect in play, making the graphic descriptions rather superfluous.

Magic is available to spell casters, of which there are two types - magicians and priests, though other characters may acquire temporary magical powers via a blessing. Mainly though, magic is restricted to wizards, demonologists, elementals, illusionists, necromancers, alchemists, clerics and druidic priests. These spell casters are graded in levels from 1 to 4, which effectively limits the spells at their command.

Spells are cast, by temporarily expending Magic Points (a la Runequest Power points), which in turn are restricted to a maximum for the Power level of the caster.

Some spells can be resisted (test for willpower), some can not, nor can the physical effects of the spell, such as rain or fire, though the spell caster can reduce this resistance by expending more magic points. Victims can similarly increase their resistance.

Spells are split into two types - PettyMagic, which are low impact, easily acquired/cast - including magic lights, flames, locks etc. Battle Magic spells are rather more potent. Next along the line are demonologists' spells- summoning, bargaining, dispelling & binding, and number 18 spells. Elemental spells total 32, and illusionist spells only 19. Necromantically spells count 18 and Druidic Priests' only 14.

Next comes the magic items from the 'all-seeing mirror' to magic weapons, wands, scrolls and potions.

Religion and Belief details the deities of the Old World; Temples and Shrines, Prayers & Blessings. 20 Deities are covered, including human and non-human, good and evil.

This section is rather like a mini 'Cults of Prax' really. The Bestiary contains lists of humanoid, animal, undead, and demonic creatures from the Chaos Beastman to the Warrior of Chaos, from the jelly-like amoeba to the centauroid ZOAT. Illustrations and descriptions rely heavily on Citadel miniatures' impressions of these foes, which makes good commercial sense, but detracts from the 'newness' of it all.

Section 7 is the 'World Guide' and is the chronology, timeline and history of the 'Old World', its culture and its races, from the encroachment of chaos to the development of human society.

Following this is a fairly substantial scenario/adventure set in the 'Old World' to introduce the GM and players to the system and the society.

It seems as though Games Workshop have 'pulled it off' with this one; though little in it is new, its sources lie in the many role-play games that have gone before. It draws heavily on the Runequest flavour for realism and 'togetherness', with some of the traditional aspects of fantasy which made AD&D; character class, experience points system, rewards & punishments, etc. Though not as vast as the AD&D manuals, the book could easily have been split up into two or more parts. As it stands, it includes everything from character generation to the first adventure, with some simple building layouts thrown in. Very well put together and presented.

As I've said though, there's nothing new in it. Sure, it's destined to be a big seller, and it certainly is good value for money, providing you want a new system. Of course, because it's a very 'together' and 'complete' sourcebook, it's also likely that having bought it'll then want to subscribe to White Dwarf, if only for the odd page or so of Warhammer, or pay the full price for the forthcoming details of scenarios and supplements. I know it's cynical of me, but GW appear as though they want 'to steal the market' with this one. As it stands, great. Good value for money. However, if you will then feel compelled to 'collect the set' as it were, then I'd seriously think about it. Just sit back and count up how many AD&D manuals there are. And how much they cost you.

To quote, "Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay will be supported by a series of campaign aids and supplements, and is destined to become a major force in the hobby/games industry."

Games Workshop Limited.

**Punting In The Old World Of Warhammer**
Friends, wargamers and Japanese Meka fans, please take the time to read this review and remember that though I will express my personal views, I recommend the game to you. The genre of giant fighting war machines that look like robots but aren't, is rather new in this country. The Japanese have made many animated series that exploit the theme, but the only time we get such series is after they have been butchered by the TV people to make them very kiddy. For instance the programme 'Battle of the Planets' was known as 'Space Ninja Team Gatcha man' in Japan. Not only that, it was also a serial in which one of the main characters was killed; all the bits about lovable robots were added when the programme was translated. Such is the fate that most Japanese animation meets.

The Japanese have a strong tradition of producing adult animation, which they call 'anima'. One of the most influential anima produced in the last ten years was a series entitled 'Super Dimension Fortress Macross'. There were two sequels, 'Super Dimension Century Orguss' and 'Super Dimension Cavalry Southern Cross'. Another series too had its design roots firmly based on the Macross Saga, this was 'Genesis Climber Mospeada'. The reason I give all this preamble is that a company called 'Harmony Gold' decided it was about time that someone did a decent translation of a Japanese anima.

For lots of technical and financial reasons, they joined Macross, Southern Cross and Mospeada into one continuous narrative. They also tied in with the Revell plastic kit company, who had the licence to produce the models, to present 'Battletech'. Notice any similarities to FASA's Battletech title? Before reviewing Battletech I must tell you a bit more about the eighty-five episode Robotech series, which is divided into three parts.

Part one is the Macross Saga, which deals with the recovery of a crashed alien starship. This event helps to stop WWII, since we earthlings cotton on to the fact that there is someone out there, and they might not be all that friendly. The ship holds many secrets and surprises for its new owners, one of which is Robotechnology. This creates the means to transform fighting machines, which can change from aircraft into walking mecha, including a hybrid flying/walking mode. These Valkyrie variable fighters become the mainstay of Earth's defences when the alien Zentraedi turns up. They have found out about the crash landing of the starship and they want it too.

Part two is called Robotech Master and takes place twenty-five years after the crash. These 'guys' are the real owners of the ship and they want it back, since it had on board the only Protoculture factory in existence. As their whole society is based on Protoculture energy cells, you realise that they are in a mean mood. All does not end well.

Part three is New Generation. It seems that there has been a galactic war of sorts. The Robotech Masters have a mortal foe called the Invild. Rather than fight the Invild themselves they created a police force to do the job for them; who become known as the Zentraedi. These, however, revolted against their creators because they thought that they were second to none. All three fight each other. One snag; the Invild, who are real scumbag alien types, like to eat Protoculture cells - three times a day plus supper if they can. As the Protoculture factory burst all over the earth at the end of part two, our planet has become the equivalent of an interstellar fast food joint. Earth has become very popular with the Invild. New Generation deals with consequences of being the only takeaway in the galaxy.

The quality of Robotech is excellent. Characters develop, get married, have children and die, and you believe in them as real people. To cut a long story short, the programme has achieved fave rave and has become an outstanding success in the States, where the second serial will soon be showing.

Battletech is a revised version of Battledroids. As can be expected of a product from FASA the production quality is high, and you get value for your money. Sharp eyed readers will get great pleasure from noting the various indirect references to Robotech, from which the game takes its inspiration. The rules are presented in four parts, which are as follows:

1) Battlemech training introduces the players to the game sequence which is split into initiative, movement, overheating and combat. You can have your mech walking, running, jumping, or just standing around whilst being shot at. You can only shoot if you have a clear line of sight to the target.
2) Advanced gunnery has a reaction phase added to the game sequence, to allow you to turn the mech's torso to face an opponent. There are also extra pilot skill rolls to make during movement. When firing you can damage the interior of the opposing mech, shoot over or through obstructions and even fire at more than one target. Your mech can also lie prone. Critical hits are possible, and you can kill the enemy mech pilot, and take aimed shots at mechs that have shut down due to overheating. Fun!
3) Expert Battlement adds another phase to the game sequence, physical attack. Now you can punch and kick the enemy mech pilot, and take aimed shots at mechs that have shut down due to overheating. Fun!

Finally there are the optional rules which allow you to use the limb you have just ripped off a mech as a club to beat it with. Or to indulge in a little pyromania and overheat the enemy mechs. In addition you can have pilots with different skill levels and get to improve them through combat. Plus you get rules to make up your own mech designs, just in case none of the fourteen pre-generated mechs take your fancy.

Citytech is export Battletech and shares the good production qualities of its sister game. The rules have been reordered into one part and some bits have been modified.

The game sequence no longer has the reaction phase, where you can turn the mech's torso to face an opponent. Rules are included for fighting in a city and you get to walk all over ity-bity vehicles, and there is even more jollity from jumping or falling on infantry. Tee hee. There are rules covering the construction of vehicles and some more optional rules covering things like hidden movement, falling into basements, being shot at by gun emplacements and so on.

Aerotech is to all intents and purposes, a separate game. As such I will only mention those parts which bear directly on Battletech. There are rules for landing on the battlefield and for fighters to strafe or dive bomb mechs. Ground mechs get to fire back at fighters which are strafing them or dropping inferno bombs on them. Fighters can engage in dogfights over the battlefield and more importantly you get the chance to use...
variable fighters la Robotech. The simple mech landing from orbit rules are also useful.

The game flows very well; the group of players on whom I tried out Battletech enjoyed the game and have expressed an interest in a mini campaign. The way everything is set out engenders a sense of personal involvement with what is going on, and you get a feel for the problems facing you that is not anonymous number juggling. There are certainly role playing aspects to Battletech, aside from the obvious Mechwarrior rpg supplement link.

Battletech is a game that will build a bridge between those who play exclusively either rpg or wargames and this can only be for the better.

There are however, a few flaws or hiccups in Battletech. Although the production values are high there are a lot of typos, especially in the quick reference sheet, which can be a real nuisance when playing. The vehicle reference forms are not good combat stats sheets because they have far too much irrelevant information on them for use during a game. The hex scale to stacking limit is frankly stupid: as each hex represents an area thirty metres across - I can't see why two mechs couldn't occupy the same one. But, saying this, one must take into consideration play-ability, and the stacking as it stands is more playable with the pieces provided. Infantry get short shrift and are just so much mech fodder.

Two other points. The reaction phase has been taken out of the Citytech game and at first glance this seems odd. Actually, it makes a lot of sense after you've played a game. I suspect that this reaction turn of the torso came about after a review of Battletech by the Space Gamer magazine, where it was suggested that this would allow a slow mech to turn its weaker rear armour away from the attacking mech and be both fairer or more realistic. However, when playing Battletech, this sort of circumstance hardly ever occurs, and when it does it is easy enough to state which way the mech is facing. The only time that the direction the torso is facing becomes critical is when two or more mechs surround another, and again a reaction phase is not needed, just a statement as to which way the mech is facing.

The other point that came across whilst playing Battletech is what a good miniature game it would make. It has that miniatures feel to it, and to be honest, some of the rules that are provided are of the type that would be important if played on the table top. This opinion is reinforced when you find out that Ralph Partha makes Battletech miniatures, and I think the game would benefit from the visual aspects if played this way.

It should be apparent that I have enjoyed playing these games, but I have some reservations about them. The Battletech training part of Battletech is not worth playing, as the game only really takes off when you start playing Expert Battlulence. Citytech is therefore a far better buy than Battletech since it is the expert game, and has the advantage of being well-ordered. Battletech's rule layout can have you flicking back and forth to check a rule. Citytech also gives the rules for infantry and vehicles, but not the rules on designing your own mechs.

Aerotech is a misnomer; this game should be called Spacetech, and should you want to have the full rules for engaging in aerial combat, then you will need Top Gun? Yes, a good question. Top Gun is FASA's game that ties in with the film of the same name, and it includes rules for aerial combat that are compatible with Battletech. However, if you want to use variable geometry mechs in your game you will need Aerotech.

I have mixed feelings about the way FASA have marketed Battletech, and consider the presentation of the game in three sets as a blatant milking of people's finances. Rules that you may well want to use together are split into discrete parts in different sets, and inevitably you will end up with a lot of duplicated material.

However, Battletech has real science fiction flavour, and it's not often that the elements of playability and background come together in an SF game. So get Citytech for the combat rules, Battletech you want to design your own mechs, Aerotech only if you want the variable geometry mechs, or want to play the space game. This game could well become a cult classic and I highly recommend that you give it a look.
JAMES OSBORNE, Essex: Would it be right in assuming the absence of Boris the Bold on the cover of Adventurer #6, was not purely to allow a celebrity (Saint Nicholas) to make a personal appearance, and that it might be a result of some foul play - by a furious 'Jennifer Jackson' having not received a free T-shirt for her size 36 bod (LBTS #5). Or is it possible that Boris himself was being fitted for one over the Christmas period.

MARTIN HARROW, Wirral: Okay, the little man on the horse (You mean Boris? -ed.) Santa has put him in his bag hasn't he?

A.J. BRADBURY, Sussex: Kevin Hassal's (LBTS #4) comments on the existence of evil, etc. in the CoC rulebook must surely be a wind-up. After reading his letter, it took less than five minutes to find the following statements:

On Shudde M'ell; "...the most evil of his kind..."

On Y'golonnac; "He... (accosta) the especially perverted and subtly evil..."

On Shubb-Niggurath; "Many diabolical cults...may worship this being..."

On the Shoggoths; "...the demonic Shoggoths...

On the Hounds of Tindalos; "All the evil of the universe was concentrated in their lean, hungry bodies..."

Nothing 'evil' about the gods and creatures of the mythos and their followers? Pull the other one, Mr. Hassal—it's got tentacles on!

JOHN X, Cromer: I suggest (Kevin Hassal) looks through the Cthulhu rule-book again. A quote from Lovecraft at the end of the Cthulhu Mythos chapter states: "They shall soon rule where man rules now... they cause madness and death... are unutterably evil".

Yes, evil is indeed relative, but surely from man's viewpoint. If your arguments about the Aztecs hold true, then it can be used to justify any crime. After all, the Nazis had a 'custom' of slaughtering innocent people—over 6 million of them! Not all of the mythos creatures are active against humanity, and the rule book tells us that the Cthlonians are not so motivated, so the example given by Mr. Hassal is silly. Those creatures most active against humanity are often unable to act in person, and instead are forced to use humans to further their aims, which is where the cults come in, and hence the investigators.

NEIL GRANT, Mid-Glam: In response to Kevin Hassal's letter, the deities of the Cthulhu mythos are not so much evil as totally amoral. They simply don't care if humanity gets in the way. However, many of their followers commit actions (such as murder) that are BY NORMAL STANDARDS evil. Incidentally, Cthlonians probably couldn't wipe out humanity at all, let alone easily. While they could easily destroy all major cities, decimating the population, taking out each individual community with an earthquake is less practical.

Another informative reply from the renegade halfling wizard's academy. Thank you, Neil.

More and more letters have been arriving to let me know exactly what games you want to see covered in Adventurer. With sales of over 30,000 per issue, though, I'm sure you're not all writing... yet.

KIEREN DIMENT, Amersham: How about some articles telling us about minority games and what they are like (a la "Systems Check" in Sound & Fury); basically reviews of old or unpopular games.

Most of the letters I receive are from people wanting to see the latest games reviewed and often accuse us of being 'out of date', so your suggestion is a relatively new one to me, Kieran.

AIDAN HARVEY, Leeds: How is it that Rich Crawley (LBTS #6) got to comment on Adventurer? He states in his letter that he has 'found the rules system' to his tastes. Does that also mean that he has all the scenarios he ever wants to play, or has he by chance come up with the ultimate rules system/scenario that will give both players and GMs maximum pleasure time and time again with no need to play anywhere else? Pardon me, but isn't it a little bit boring to be content with the one rules system?

What I understand him to mean is that he is a D&D/A&D/D fan and with no intention of playing any other rules system. I prefer to collect rules systems and adapt them, cannibalising them to come up with a coherent, consistent gel which, although complete, is by no means resistant to change. To clarify, if I come across a new idea in a scenario/rules set which I can use, I gleefully 'poach' it for my own campaign.

CRAIG JUDY, York PA, USA: I have enjoyed your articles & scenarios on games that I have no idea how to play (the
Stormbringer scenario in issue #3 made very interesting reading and I used the plot line to imagine a story of my own, and I have no desire to see these disappear.

**SECURITY OVER-RIDE!**

**MESSAGE FROM SECTOR-6TN.**

It has recently come to my attention that Adventurers has obviously forgotten to print essential and informative supplements for PARANOIA. Our great, omnipotent and omnipresent Computer, in its infinite wisdom, has sent several packages to STEPHEN-R-DLIN-6. Failure to print these various items in future issues of your 'magazine' on a regular basis will result in the immediate summary execution of said Stephen-R-Dlin-6.

Message received from Paul-U-Stn-3 (Hants Sector)

C.A. KAMPANAOS, Lytham St.Annes: Thank you for a mention of Chivalry & Sorcery in issue #4, something which has been waiting since White Dwarf #19 in the early '80s. Has this excellent system been doomed to anonymity, or is it that it is too complicated for mainstream gamers who would rather not get involved in game mechanics?

**KIEREN DIMENT:** Could we have an article on LARP (Live action role playing). From the information I have so far, it seems to me that LARPers are a bunch of people going around a 'zoo dungeon', monster bashing. Or, instead of one of the pages of Voyages Beyond, how about some reviews of comics? They are becoming more and more related to rolegames, eg. Judge Dredd, TMNT and ALL the superhero games. Talking of comics, are you the same... (No I am not! - ed.)

**PHIL RADLEY,** Essex: I've just received #5 and surprise, surprise! There's no Science Fiction- ignoring 'Voyages Beyond'! Are you going to tell me that there are no SF games? Or that no-one has contributed SF in the 12 months you've been in business? Don't you think D&D is a bit 'old hat'?

That is positively the last letter we are going to print on the lack of SF, because we've done it now. Two Paranoias and a generic SF scenario should see all you 3rd rate SF buffs okay for a couple of years. Perhaps we'll even have another one in our centenary issue! Okay, I'm only joking. Now, about our vampire issue:

**JAMES WIGHT,** Bristol: Aargh! Help, the vampires are coming, what are we going to do? Let's show them 'Once Bitten' or 'Whiplash' or 'Bomber' or even read them some horror fiction by Brian Lumley!

**MARK RYAN,** Hants: Come on now; do you really think the subject of vampires has to be covered in yet another magazine? First it was White Dwarf (37), Imagine (22) and now Adventurer (4). Basically, I think the deadly duo of the werewolf and vampire have had more than enough background, and today's fantasy magazine readers have shown a marked lack of interest to the development of material on other classic, but neglected monsters (ie: the Goblinknoid type creatures, etc.)

**KIERAN O'SULLIVAN,** Chelmsford: Now come on—vampires are powerful creatures, but you don't need to devote a whole magazine to the subject. The D&D adventure was about vampires, Shop Window had 2 out of 5 reviews devoted to vampires, a six-page story by the world's greatest authority in ichthology, and 4 pages on Children of the Night. It's vampire madness! Why don't you rename the magazine 'Vampires Anonymous'? (in heavy print please)

Odd... I thought the idea of a special theme issue was to include as many articles as you could on that theme. Obviously you disagree, Kieran.

**NEIL GRANT,** Mid-Glam: In your article 'Metamorphosis & Lycanthropy' (ADV #5), the idea of using variable-density to explain how a shapechanger can lose most of its size runs into one problem: under this theory, a man might be able to attain the size of a bat, but his WEIGHT would be unaffected, and who needs a twelve stone bat? A better idea lies in the equation E=MC².The excess mass could be shed as heat in the transformation. To return to human size, the shapeshifter draws heat from the environment, creating a local "cold spot" of the type commonly associated with ghosts. Incidentally, I believe that this idea was used (on a much larger scale) in the Dr. Who story "The Daemons".

**JAMES WIGHT,** Bristol: Dave Morris (LBTS #5) has a valid point, but a rather impractical one. There are a good many gamers who find history a boring subject, and so would find in-depth articles on medieval society no better. Most of the scenarios I've seen during 5 years of gaming haven't been too bad as far as realism is concerned. Anyway, even if some scenarios don't exactly resemble the society of the middle ages, then so what! This is fantasy, after all, and I think realism can be forgotten and emphasis put on the fantastic aspects of a scenario.

As regards books, K. Allen Brown is one of the best when it comes to castles, providing many useful examples and many useful designs.

**L. TURNER,** Orpington: Re: Dave Morris (LBTS #5): I think any player or GM who studied such a subject would add more depth and realism to their campaigns. I myself shall check out some of the books mentioned and would welcome articles on such material with open arms.

**NEIL GRANT:** In answer to Dave Morris' suggestion that you run background articles on the medieval period, has it occurred to him that a) very few RPGs apart from D&D and C&S are set in the Middle Ages and b) that the existence of real magic would mean that an originally medieval society would quickly be changed almost beyond recognition. Imagine the effect of a 'Rock to Mud' spell on a medieval castle and you should see what I mean. However, I think that the idea of discursive articles examining the role of things like trade, money, transport etc. in a fantasy world would be very worthwhile.

The only thing wrong here, Neil, is that just as the presence of magic spells can alter the physical properties of a society, such as brick walls, etc., it can also effect the religious and social structure of the society, making it subject to change and adaptations far removed from the 'real' medieval society. With a high presence of curses and healing spells, for example, surely illnesses and diseases would be bought and sold, rather than a random distribution throughout the whole class structure. Similarly, as all role-players should know, transport cannot possibly draw too heavily on medieval days, for in gaming, it has been much embellished with the presence of magic and intelligent beasts to push, pull, teleport or fly man and his vehicles.

**TOM ZUNDER,** Sheffield: I was sorry to see the criticisms of the reviews in #4, since reviewing is always a two-edged problem; one hand wanting to describe everything, the other not wanting to give too much away. I hope the majority of your readers understand this.

Perhaps this next letter will alleviate some of your worries, Tom. Personally, I think we have struck a fine balance for this 'two-edged problem'-subjective criticism of how well a game plays, backed up by a description of the contents, though without 'giving the game away'.

**ANDREW SZLOSAREK,** London: I appreciate good value for money, so when I saw 'Shop Window' and read the reviews, I was impressed. Normally there are only a few short sentences in some magazines, explaining how a game works, but your reviews were very detailed. This helped me decide which one to go for.
On the 7/8/87 the most important event in the P.B.M. calendar will be taking place at the Rochester Center, Queensway, London, W2. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The Second British P.B.M. Conference is upon us and almost anybody who is somebody will be attending. For £1.50, you can come and scrutinize at least 25 of the most major P.B.M. games, examine their rulebooks, and pick up many discounts when purchasing your initial start-up package! You will also be able to come along and chat to the players of over 75 different games, get to know what they think and their favourites.

You can participate in the AD&D open competition, organised and run by The Freedom Warriors, a well known and well respected RPG club based in East London, to see if you can pit your skills against the other entrants and pick up one of the trophies that are up for grabs!! You can watch a LARP club donning their armour and fighting it out on stage. Furthermore, you can have a chat to them at their large stall.

If all this sounds like too much hard work, you could always go shopping!! There will be a large stall stocked will fantasy figures, board games, scenarios, rulebooks, paints etc. run by Games People Play. There is also a leading software company offering a full range of their computer games, a heavy metal record stall as well, and a well known publisher selling comics and books.

All this and a licensed bar with hot food available!! I will be chairing the meeting and I am interested in meeting all *Adventurer* readers who turn up. On with the rest of the column:-

1. *World of Chaos*: run by:-
   C.A.D. Games, 515 Albert Road, Ploughhill, Nr Bude, Cornwall, EX23 9EL.

   This is a D&D single-character fantasy P.B.M. game. You can create a Wizard, Thief or Warrior type character by allocating your initial 16 points to either of the following characteristics: Combat, magical ability, heath and agility. Once you have added a detailed description of your character's looks, beliefs and personality, you set out for off for the big wide world to become an adventurer. Start-up is only £1.50 and the turns are an even more reasonable 55 pennies!!

   However, *Adventurer* readers have a chance to get their grubby little maulers around a free copy of the "World of Chaos" rulebook. The first five readers who write in and correctly state the full name of the legendary King Arthur's most famous knight will be sent the rulebooks gratis!!! So get cracking.

2. Lerts move up-market somewhat now to a game that is one of the most expensive around. "Muskets And Mules" is a P.B.M. game that enables you to take over one of the major countries that were involved in the Napoleonic wars in North Central Europe between the years 1805 and 1809. In essence this game is a over-the-table wargame played by post, and if wargaming is your thing then this game is for you. Although pricey, it is immense value for money. The rule book alone is one of the best I have ever seen, and it tackles a complicated subject with great ease and clarity. The overwhelming feeling of involvement jumps out of the rulebook and grabs you by the throat. There is an atmosphere in the game which is realistic and quite moving. A great deal of research has gone into this game from: Historical Engineering, The Stable, The Temple, Great Wilbraham, Cambridge, CB1 5JF.

   Start up costs £7.00 and further turns, which have set deadlines of 14 or 21 days can range from £11.00 to £14.00 per turn, dependant on which army you are allocated. A game for ardent wargamers but not for novices.

   Further information on the P.B.M. conference (advance tickets at £1.25, cheques payable to "The Second P.B.M. Conference", or any P.B.M. games, news or tips you wish me to print in Adventurer, write to me at:- 59 Kiln Court, Newell Street, Poplar, London. E14 7JP.

By Wayne Bootleg.

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**ADVERTISEMENTS**

*Dragon Con '87*

The Southeast Fantasy Gaming Convention. October 2-4 1987 at Lanier Plaza and Convention Center, Atlanta, Georgia, USA. Guests include: Gary Gygax, Michael Moorcock, Richard "Lord British" Garriott, Robert Asprin and Lynn Abbey, Brian Herbert, and Steve Jackson. Pre-registration (through 9/15/87) is $25 Fan and $20 Game (includes 4 tournament entries).

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**NEMSARION** - A sci-fi/Fantasy PBM by MAIM Games. Send for details or post £4.99 to NEMSARION, MAIM GAMES, 48 Legdons Rd., Slough, Berks. SL1 2RL. For start-up and 3 free returns. Make cheques/PoS payable to L. Napoleon.

**Splitting From The Battlements #4** Christmas issue. D&D/T&T scenario and generic sci-fi scenario. Paranoia and T&T/Runequest solos. Aliens, Harn, Mutant Ninjas, Swords of Fire, Lords of Creation reviewed. Sci-Fi fiction, news, reader's encode, video sheet, 70p. to Duncan Evans, 19 Veronica Road, London SW17 8OL.

**Bubonic Plagiarist:** the only fanzine to go pandemic. Issues 1 & 2 available 75p. each. #3 from February 60p. 40 pages of sheer ecstasy. Runequest, AD&D, Traveller, Cthulhu, Paranoia. 42 Park Hill, Amphi, Bedford. MK45 2PS.

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**CLUB NOTICE BOARD:**

**HERNE BAY:** The Guild Of Meele + Magic meets every Thursday, 7:30 pm - 10:30 at the Druid's Head, Bank St., Herne Bay. Any games played. Age 12+ Admission 50p.

**South Coast Area Role-Players' Association.** Games Meets at Regular Intervals. Details: Michael Jacobs, Boxgrove, Regis (0245) 823006, Also - Bimonthly SCARPA newsletter, as advertised.

**Dragons on the Hill (4)** - Role Playing in South London. We play anything. Meeting on Wednesday nights in New Cross (SE14) Phone 732 - 7092 for details.

The Farnham Wargames Club - meets every Sunday at 2-7pm (ish) at players' homes, so no fee. Average age is 18, but all ages & MF welcome. We play mostly board/wargames, but anything is possible. Contact Alan Grimes on (0252) 711076. 25 Penfold Croft, Farnham, Surrey.

**WEYMOUTH:** Wanted: players and GMs (16+) for any RPGS - with view to starting regular Ad&d club/group. I can GM Bushido, Traveller, GH, RG Car Wars, CoC and more. Please contact in writing or in person: Jon Freeman, 3 Coppice Court, Broadway, Weymouth, Dorset DT3 5SA.

**NEW CLUB - LONDON/ESSEX AREA:** Auto Duellists to form AADA Chapter; Mental age 17+ (either sex); Contact Phil - Inglesburne 43255.
A few first issues to mention before moving on: The first is Critical Hit which has become what's termed 'reborn'. Two issues appeared before this but this issue is the result of the contributors revolting against the previous editors! Anyway, it's a mixed bag of badly presented, but well written articles (sadly perhaps the computer bits), which could do well given more support.

The other new zine is Citizen of Grenada which is both nicely presented and well written. The Toon scenario deserves credit, how many other games give you the opportunity to purchase a live Star Spawn of Cthulhu? Apart from the piece on jazz, this zine is very readable, try a copy today.

Established Zines:
The first is Telegraph Road, a name you must be sick of seeing within these pages. This is simply because it's almost impossible to cover a topic without it! It has been going for more than 21 issues now and centres around the development of Galadra (the ultimate RPG) with postal games and Christianity thrown in. If it's PBMs you want, then this is probably the best time to get a copy, since quite a few are now starting. Overall, a good read and one of the best zanies.

The Zadragorzet is another fanzine which has been around a long time, its odd numbering system makes it hard to tell how long! Zad concerns itself mainly with a PB&M fantasy campaign, but there are also game and book reviews, and a variety of quite useful gaming articles. A nice, if rather short read, which is perhaps a little pricey for its size.

Imazine is another 'Old Timer', which was once based around two lettercols, with a few real gaming articles; it's now changed direction and goes some way towards printing scenarios for the minor systems (Dr. Who and Dragon Warrior), and discursive articles on such topics as campaigns, gaming style, and on writing articles! There's also an emphasis placed upon game reviews and news. A nice, well-presented zine which some believe to be 'leading' the hobby at the moment.

Another 'aged' zine is Superhero UK, and if you play SHFRPGs, it's almost indispensable! Issue #4 contains a lot of useful material such as Scarcity Ratings, a scenario, and a very sneaky article entitled 'wip out', which suggests introducing a NPC to the party as an old comrade who, unfortunately, the players don't remember!... Another point to note is that 'established' writers in pro-zines write for it, including Martin L. Robinson and Phil Masters. The only niggle is the appalling presentation...

COD is on #8 now and is neat in both presentation and writing style. It's nearly always full of interesting discursive articles and on the whole is a very pleasant read. From this issue, the editor plans to move into the weird and wonderful world of... wargames! For those who enjoy wargaming or simply wish to find out more about it, this comes highly recommended.

Tome of Horrors has now reached #6 and looks very smart, with its new word-processed print. This issue sports a rather silly cover titled 'The Party's Over', which alludes either the Games Day Weekend (at my place! - AB) or more likely, to the final installment (11 pages) of the epic 'Lord of the Doorknockers' which has been serialised since #1! Apart from that, there are letters, reviews, some gaming stuff, and an obituary for one of its editors.

Bone of Contention is another light read, and has also got to Issue #6. It's got very little actual gaming material but is concerned with gaming. This issue has a horror cover, chat, game reviews, PBMs, fiction, waffle, and the highlight (almost) - the Special Scenario Section: The Royal Wedding. Miss it at your peril!

Theatre of Pain is a zine concerning itself with music, politics, the occult, PBMs, letters, fiction and chat. It's a fun read, but don't expect anything on RPGs! The editor has a nice, easy style of writing, which makes the whole zine very easy to get through. It's the sort of zine to get if you don't want to read about RPGs, but want something which is connected with the genre.

The last zine to mention is Ivory Tower #7, which was only marked by the whopping 22-page scenario for... wait for it... Flashing Blades! It is a great zine, but if you don't play Flashing Blades ask for Issue #6 or #8?

Hopefully, you'll find something in the above which takes your fancy, it's no means the most comprehensive collection, but there must be something to interest you? if it's SF you want, there's always Cerebr- -AB. Moving on, a couple of interesting zines:

Moronica Ripsnare #2 has finally arrived, a mere six months after its first issue. It's a mixed bag, but pride of place has to go to the hilarious 'Gamesday-Quest' adventure in which you play the role of somebody travelling to Gamesday from Troon. There's also the rules for the Microrpg, PBM, fiction, letters, and chat. Moronica is one of those fanzines everybody should take a look at, it's full of fun!

Fire & Water #3 makes Thunderwind look tiny! 88 pages for 60p. ensure that you just can't go wrong with this. It's based around the editor's PB&M game but there are articles for D&D and T&T too; along with book reviews, letters, fiction, and other stuff too numerous to list. Whilst not all the material is great, there's something in it for everyone (except perhaps the SF fan)!

We have quite a lot of news this issue, the first of which concerns some losses: Transient Quest has folded, it was slow and lingering, but inevitable. Perhaps a greater blow to mainstream RPG zines is the fold of Sound & Fury. Will life ever be the same? Also, Iron Orchid has apparently folded....

Have you voted in the 1986 Rolegaming Fanzine Poll? If not, this is likely to be your last chance to do so, as deadline is February 28th and further details are available from Alex.

Finally, if you are even slightly interested in PB&M, you could do wrong than buy a copy of Mission From God. This is a new zine aiming to review all current PB&M zines, and a few RPG ones. If you're looking for a zine to infiltrate your new Diplomacy variant upon, or just somewhere to get into some fast PB&M, MFG gives you all the information required. We're planning to do a special feature on PB&M zines in the near future, so that's all I can manage to learn about them then too.

Relevant Addresses:
Alex Bardy, 26b Gladsmuir Road, Archway, London, N19 3JX. (Editor of EH, #8 now out @ 40p - PB&M Chat AND Cererebtron. #2 now out @ 40p - SF/FRPGs)
Ben Goodale, Caimmore, Grianlarich, Perthshire, FK20 8GS. (Editor of Utter Drivel, #6 now out, @ 75p - FRPG/Chat)

Telegraph Road: (60p 45p)
Jerome Nuttall, 49 Longdown Road, Congleton, Cheshire, CW12 4CH
The Zadragorzet: (70p 35p)
Michael Jacobs, Elm Lodge, Sylvan Way, Bognor Regis, West Sussex PO21 2RS

Imazine: (75p 30p)
Jonathan Clark, 9 Moulthorpe Road, Chapelton, Lanarkshire, Scotland ML10 1GU

COD: (50p 35p)
Ralph Horsey, 74 Aaron Hall, C.L.W, Llanbadarn Fawr, Aberystwyth, Dyfed SY23 3AS
Tome of Horrors: (60p 40p)
Gary Eggn, 96 Ormonde Avenue, Netherlee, Glasgow G44 3SL

Bone of Contention: (50p 40p)
Iain Smedley, 39 Baker Street, Ilford, Essex, IG1 2DZ

Theatre of Pain: (50p 35p)
Dave Robinson, 66 Lawson Avenue, Church Lawton, Stoke on Trent ST7 3AT
Ivy Tower: (60p 45p)
Neil D. Dean, Digby Hall, Stoughton Drive South, Oadby, Leicester LE2 2NB

Moronica Ripsnare: (70p 50p)
GordenMcLennan, 36 Solway Place, Mainhead, Troon KA10 7EJ
Fire & Water: (60p 45p)
Andrew Hill, Brambles’, 5a Echo Barn Lane, Farnham, Surrey GU10 4AN
Mission From God: (35p)
Pete Tulk, 76 Portland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham B16 9OU
DOOM AND GLOOM
ICE’s plans to produce a rolegame based on the film Brazil could endanger the rather unpleasant but welcome future Games Workshop is designing for the UK. Dark Future is Workshop’s latest rolegame project, and is set on the Earth of 20 years hence. The background embraces aspects of Bladerunner, Brazil, and Gibson’s Neuromancer. The overlap of backgrounds between ICE’s game and Dark Future may well prove to be the latter’s undoing.

But let’s take a look at what Dark Future holds. The world is largely owned and run by the Japanese. Huge companies provide work and comfortable living for everyone; but those who choose to live in the Sprawl turn their backs on the comforts provided by the companies. PCs operate between these extremes; they can be loyal company employees by day, but belong to the Sprawl at night.

The high-tech, run-down capital of the world is a rich setting for adventure, and GW seem at last to have latched on to a vaguely original idea for a rolegame.

REFLECTIVE REALMS
D&D modules expected out soon include X12, Skarda’s Mirror. This adventure, for characters of levels 5-8, allows players 5-7 to venture through into unknown realms, where marauding bandits raid the countryside.

Immortal adventures continue to roll out, with IM2, Wrath of Olympus expected in February/March.

For Oriental Adventures there is OA3, Ochimo the Spirit Warrior. Characters of levels 5-7 have to deal with an unearthly spirit in an adventure that has some haunting moments.

Despite Frank Mentzer’s departure for New Infinitis, TSR plan to release another of his intermediate level adventures in the form of IM11, Eye of the Needle.

CHAINSAW CHAOS
At Games Workshop’s Nottingham base, work continues on Chainsaw Warrior, a solo game in which the player controls a warrior who has to hack his way up to the top of a Manhattan Skyscraper through countless waves of robots and androids. Rippling may not pack for the hardback Basic Runquest are expected. No decision has yet been made whether to release the Expert Expansion or Gods of Glorantha as the first such pack.

From Citadel, look out for Chaos Lords with animal skin trappings. For Warhammer Roleplay there will shortly be models of Filmir and Zoats. These are unusual because very few specific figures will be produced for the game - avid collectors will have already realised that most of the creatures illustrated in the rules are already produced by Citadel.

Weird figure of the month is the Chaos Lavatory, a semi-animate toilet tucking in to a snorting Mad? They must be.

AMERICAN ARRIVALS
Recent Deliveries through the Town Crier’s letterbox include packages from GDW and Malignant Games. Sharper shops will already have them in stock.

The GDW delivery includes Traveller 2300, briefly covered last issue. It uses a similar system to original Traveller, but has more dice, fewer spaceships, and a character generation system that doesn’t kill off characters. The background to Traveller 2300 has been generated by playing a power and politics game to determine the fate of the Earth’s countries.

For Twilight 2000 there are two new booklets: Armies of the Night and RDF Sourcebook. Armies of the Night is an adventure module set in the heart of New York. The devastated city has settled into a system of gang warfare and warfare vying for control. Summary? - the Big Apple reduced to a rotten core. RDF Sourcebook is the first sourcebook for Twilight 2000, and provides the information needed to run adventures in what remains of the Persian Gulf countries.

Mayfair may well have produced the first roleplaying module you can wear. Don’t Ask, a module featuring Ambush Bug, has a cut-out mask of Ambush Bug on the back cover. Another odd feature is that characters are assumed to be the stars of their own comic book. Odd. And the adventure, of course, gets even stranger. Don’t Ask’s companions in the mail were An Element of Danger featuring Firestorm, and Paws of Time, which stars the Legion of Superheroes, Paws is the first of a four-module series. They’ll have crossover modules next.

BIBBY BACK
Following the Town Crier’s report that figure designer Nick Bibby had left Citadel for a French figures company, the Crier finds that he has recently rejoined Citadel. Must be the Nottingham air.

KOAN COMFORT
The date for Koancon ’87 has been fixed for 31 July-2 August, and the convention moves down the road from Warwick University to Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic, benefiting from greater transport facilities, anticipating a larger number of delegates this year. The cost of the convention has also changed, dropping to £22 residential and £7 non-residential far cheaper than Games Fair. Participation games, a film, a quiz and talks from hobby personalities are among the events scheduled to take place. There is a minimum age limit of 16 due to licensing laws.

Information about Koancon ’87 can be obtained by sending a SAE to: Koancon, c/o Trevor Mendham, 53 Towncourt Crescent, Petts Wood, Kent BR5 1PH.

STIRRED INTO ACTION
Laboratory is a new firm which has started up to run fantasy P-B-M games. The game ‘Further Into Fantasy’, is described as ‘a surrealist journey across the planes of space and time’. It is accompanied by ‘What’s Stirring’, a fan-type magazine which introduces both Laboratory and the game.

Laboratory aims to provide quality products rather than quantity of product. The booklet for Further Into Fantasy is at least up to the quality of those for other commercial play by mail games. The Laboratory itself is best left to sum up its own game: ‘It’s a play by mail system that you won’t believe.’

The introductory package for Further into Fantasy costs £5, and each turn thereafter costs £1.20. Details from: The Laboratory, Box 66, 19 Colborne Street, Swindon, Wiltshire SN1 2EQ.

Products planned to arrive later in 1987 include a series of gamebooks. A new roleplaying game is promised for March. What’s Stirring aims to support all those new articles about the games and the game universe; contributions are encouraged.

Other firms are also planning to muscle in on the PBM business. Two companies from the computer games industry, Level 9 Software and Newsfield Publishing, are currently considering running computer moderated games. For the benefit of readers unaware of Newsfield’s background to the games business, well, they produce Crash, Zzap, and Annex magazines.

Games Workshop are currently investigating the possibility of running a Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay PBM game.

BY IAN MARSH
Adventurer Snoop Extraordinaire
It rained, as always, through a dull cloudy sky obscured by night and the dark city blocks. A garish blue light provided the illumination, that flickered and pulsed as the toughened screen matrix showed yet another beer commercial. Far away a wailing police siren dopplered and faded. Another perfectly normal night.

Casser ordered another tall glass of chilled strong beer. He loosened a crumpled grey straggard jacket of two seasons fashion ago and sat back on one of the wooden seats in the Elysium.

The beer came, half of it went down then, after that and with a half satisfied smile, he took a menu, hunted awhile and finally found an unoccupied booth where he sat down and thought about his order.

On the other side of the bar, a few youths played a game of Karate Warbots. Their holographic war machines twirled, kicked and blasted away at each other in a faked arena that resembled downtown Tokyo. One cheered, as his opponent's bot crumbled and fell. Then, without thinking they inserted their cards and carried on.

Casser dozed, it had been a long day. Fingers that didn't feel like his own called up the order. Just a simple dish of vegetable fries, accompanied by a burger of indeterminate origin.

The man with black plastic hair, a deep blue visor and leather trench watched Casser as he ate, and as he drank. He wanted to be noticed. He was.

Smoothing her wench's outfit, the waitress with red hair came over. Casser gave her an out of date card, she frowned. Casser paid in cash. Then, she spun around and went back to the bar as the juke box blasted out the heavily orchestrated strains of a latest release. One of the customers, a non-regular, called her over and whispered in her ear. Smiling, she took his hand and led it forward a little.

He grinned, then screamed as she snatched it forward and neatly flipped him onto his back. A hearty roar of laughter filled the bar.

Later, Casser climbed the steps beneath the exit. He avoided the creaky tread and opened the door. The slim man with gleaming plastic hair put down his drink and silently walked through the subdued light towards him.

Casser had been followed for two days now. Two days of fear and trepidation. Casser had had enough. In his pocket, trembling fingers felt the outline of a SR71 recoiless. Reassuring. He knew why they were following. He had some chips that would probably be very valuable in the wrong hands, and he was stuck with them. His link man hadn't shown up. Most probably, he was dead by now,
littering some alley in this rained out town.
Casser ran across the road and ducked behind an old abandoned truck. He stopped, he heaved time to think time; to; he saw the man in a leather trench. Time to run.
Casser dashed into the litter strewn alley behind him. It was dark and narrow, the kind of place that men like him died in every day. Behind him, came the regular soft footsteps that had haunted him for the past forty eight hours.
Casser fired a fire escape and popped a plus pill in his mouth. No time to fall asleep now, just a bit longer he thought, and I'll get Mr. slick back there. Know his employers, and find his way out of this mess. Just can't sleep for a bit longer yet. He climbed up the fire escape - it ratted with every step.
On the roof, there was a handy air vent to hide behind. From inside the building, echoed party noises.
Fashionable black plastic hair popped up above the flat roof and paused. Eyeless with that visor on, yet definitely perceiving the scene in every detail. "Casser," he said in a rich congolm accent. "Contest. You can't run too much longer. Hand me the chips and I'll be gone."
Casser whipped out the gun and took a potshot. It missed, but not wildly. The man didn't seem to look worried. He spoke again, "Casser, I think you should talk to me, I don't want you dead, I just want the chips."
"Why?"
"Glad to hear you Casser, can't you be a little bit more specific?"
"Why?" said Casser, "do you want the chips?"
"Because I'm being paid to get them, because I need them, because of what your client will do when it gets them. I'm a pro Casser, like you. You've done well. Give me the chips and you can go!"
Casser considered all this. "Can't give you the chips! Who do you work for?"
"You don't need to know, Casser!
Casser fired again, the gun roared its man at flash illuminating the gloom. The man moved, quickly, almost imperceptibly.
He was quick!"You're an arti!" exclaimed Casser. This was bad, an arti would be hard to kill. An arti would be tough and fast, and anyone who could afford an arti, was big. "Which corporation bugman?"
"I don't know, Casser. Nothing will that gun, hand over the chips before I get violent." Casser knew that that soft voiced threat wasn't empty.
The man with black plastic hair did a gymnastic somersault onto the roof, he rolled swiftly behind a chimney. All Casser could do was stare, the movements had been so perfect. His opponent was definitely arti.
"Want to know what's on the chips Casser? Want to know what it is you're dying for?, or are you just a little man doing his job like a good boy?" Casser's hand tensed up against the trigger. But, he did want to know what was on the chips. In fact, he suddenly realised that he hadn't even seen the chips. They were still in the black plastic box that was taped to his torso.
"Scared to answer, Casser. Scared that I might know something you don't. Scared you drop your guard when talking, Casser?"
Casser replied. Three shots from the SR71. Two punching holes in the chimney, the third ricochet-ing off. No noise, then...
"Casser, that wasn't a bad try, but not good enough. Give me the chips." Casser started to tremble. This was fear, real fear. Casser began his search for a way out. He had to lose his tail fast.
No way out just another fire escape a hundred metres away. The arti could probably cover that distance twice as fast as he could. "Come out of there Casser, come on, I won't hurt you." It laughed a deep inhuman laugh. Then the man with black plastic hair started to scuttle nearer the vent.
Casser put his gun into auto mag discharge mode. There were five shots left in it. That was about two and a half seconds worth of fire. He held the gun tight, he turned, took a deep breath and ran for the other fire escape.
Closer and closer, closer, the padding footsteps behind him. The edge of the roof seemed to go further and further away. Casser began to imagine hands closing about his neck. His hands gripped the gun tighter. His nerve broke. Casser turned and dropped to one knee, he squeezed the trigger. The man with black plastic hair had reached him. A thunderous stream of bullets exploded from the gun. Two and a half seconds of time, stretched to infinity. The arti dived down, trying to dodge, a few of the bullets hit, jarring its chest and arms up into the air. Then it fell, sprawling to the ground.
Casser almost tumbled over with relief, as two days of frantic effort tried to assault him. Not a hair on his opponent's head was disturbed.
Casser turned to go. He thought he heard something behind him. Looking back, he thought he saw one of the arti's arms move - Casser ran.
The journey back to the hotel elegance was a long one. The American car drove prattled on about food, the worsening weather and the war. Casser slept, he needed it.
Back in his room, Casser slept again, but not before reloading his gun and locking every door and window in that characterless place.
In the morning rain had stopped, the sky was cloudless and hazy, by the time Casser had wakened. The cosmopolitan crowds had started to play the city's unmelodious theme. Casser showered, the water wasn't really warm enough so he finished quickly. Breakfast was also fast. The hotel wasn't much good on decent food - He'd come to eat.
What to do? The company hadn't given him a return pass. He might be able to get a ticket and a forged passport from one of the finders. Casser mused about going over to the other side. That was imposs- ible now. He'd killed their arti. Anyhow, he didn't even know who the other side was. He considered taking the chips to their destination, wherever that was. Casser decided that it was about time he saw what he was carrying.
The lid fell off the kevlar box after about twenty minutes of fiddling with its multiple catches. Inside, under several layers of make up and encased in transparent plastic, was a single circuit board with embossed memory chips. Its interface was a standard EOS 2402. No decal gave away the board's function, there were no hints of its import.
It might have come from a child's toy, or even a missile guidance system. There was no interface.
Casser stuck the box onto himself with some fresh microcire tape and climbed into a silly Hyens jump suit with large pockets. He RTed to the airport.
The train was fast, silent and crowded. Casser left the airport as soon as he arrived. Around it, in small stalls or the backs of vans were finders. One face - in a black Nissan city wagon with a custom star spray paint job - he recognised.
"Hi there, Chen. How's business? the inscrutable oriental face looked up and smiled slightly.
"Okay there, run boy. You here on business too, I guess, Let me guess, you're trouble at work. What's up?"
Casser liked Chen, but sometimes it could feel that the little man could read his mind. "Right on all counts, Chen. Can you get me a ticket out of here? Don't care where, so long as it's not Latin Quarter or Alaska" Chen disappeared inside his wagon for a few minutes.
"Come back tomorrow, Casser, and I'll have a ticket to London. You need a pass as well?" Casser nodded. "No trouble," says Chen, "It'll just cost you double that's all. Half now, the rest tomorrow. Be here at nine, and ready to fly by eleven.
"Thanks Chen, I needed that."
"Like I said, no trouble, but I do need 900 U.N. dollars off you now. No credit you know."
Casser dug deep into his pocket and pulled out a thick wad of notes. He counted out Cen's 900. "Here you are, Chen, see you again tomorrow."
"Thanks boy, and good luck." Casser merged into the crowd and made his way back to the train.
The next stop was HK central, you could buy anything there. Casser wanted a terminal, with an EOS 2402 interface. Finding a store with what he wanted didn't take long, which was good because he knew that there wasn't much time left to sort this mess and escape. Amstrad with his emergency trip card, he he resented doing that, but he'd have run out of cash without it. After that, he bought a strong coffee with a large vienese pastry and went back to Hotel Elegance. It took five minutes to unpack the terminal, and another five to power it up and hook it up through the manual. Then Casser plugged in the chips.
The usual screen prompts and messages faded into a blaze of colour, which rapidly filled the screen with a psychedelic maze. Slowly, the weird entry routine subduced itself to reveal the purpose of the chips. They contained the - the dossier, or more likely several dossiers merged together. The content was
disturbing, hard to understand, but definitely disturbing.

After about an hour of hard study, Casser began to have ideas about the chips. They contained the virus map. Not a virus program designed to crack a computer system, but a true virus just to get the virus. The sort of thing that had been banned long ago. Not that bans had ever really stopped genetic manipulation research. The virus had a purpose, it was a weapon, designed to attack the peculiar nervous system that was used in artificial people.

Suddenly, Casser wasn't surprised to hear a knock on his door. It was a knock, after all. If this was ever released, then Mr. Slick and all his kind would have been dead in a few years.

Casser carried on reading the supporting material that flowed onto the screen. Most of it came from assorted world Data research files - that figured the anti's had been banned before they were developed. But most corporations still managed to learn how to manufacture them. Right now, it was anti soldiers who were fighting for both sides in the Latin war. But he still didn't know who had tipped the anti off about what he was carrying. Or who had knocked out his link mast. He had a good idea that he met the assailant). Or who this information was meant to go to. Casser decided to dig deeper into the files.

Another hour of work - and three varieties of tea - later, he discovered who had designed the virus. The Salisbury Burma Corporation was one of the riskier stars of the new pharmaceutical industry. The SB Corp had been paid by someone who wanted an effective anti virus weapon that was absolutely deadly. Now, who had wanted that kind of illegal research done? Find out who that was, thought Casser, and he'd have his client. Then all he had to do was deliver his package to HST tomorrow. The company would get him out of London easily and he'd be back to normal, hopefully with some leave to boot.

The phone rang with a shrill tone that reverberated through Casser's spine. He lifted the receiver. "Mr. Casser, sir," it was the receptionist, "I've got an incoming call for you. I know you didn't want to be disturbed, but the caller says it's very important." Casser hung up without replying. No one knew which hotel he had chosen, he'd been followed again. Casser reached for a suitcase and started to pack.

Casser reached the lobby with a suitcase, a man's hand and his new computer in the other. He walked out without paying, or returning his key. Hopefully, that would buy him a little more time. There was a bright red taxi outside. He got in and told the driver to move without giving him a destination. The driver protested, but then he noticed Casser's money, so he drove off quickly.

For a while Casser sat back in silence. He needed some answers, and quickly. "Do you know where a bar called The Elysium is?" He waited. The translator in the cab took a few minutes to ask the driver for him. It sounded like Mandarin, but had such a cheap, tinny voice, that Casser couldn't be sure. When the reply came, he discovered that the translator's English wasn't much better. He wondered why he hadn't noticed it earlier. Such a slip was unforgivable in his profession. Casser realized that he needed to finish this job fast, before anything else went wrong. Fortunately, the driver did know the Elysium. In fact, it sounded like he knew every bar in town.

Twenty minutes later, Casser had paid off the driver and stood outside the Elysium. This time, its screen matrix showed that Casser was in a long honorable line of sleek sports cars. Casser went in.

There were only a handful of customers there, and a barman that Casser hadn't seen before. He asked the barman to look after his bags while he ordered a pizza and gave him a large tip.

He soon found the fire escape again. He climbed it, to the scene of last night's shooting. The roof looked worse by day, but Casser ignored this and looked for the body. It wasn't there. Dead men don't walk, Casser knew that, even if they were anti's. Either the police had called here, or the man with the black plastic hair was still alive.

As soon as from the fire escape made Casser spin around, he didn't like what he saw. Black plastic hair and a blue visor pulled themselves up to roof level with a pair of bandaged arms. The leather trench had been discarded and replaced by a dirty yellow barrier. Its face was distorted by pain. The man with black plastic hair was dead.

"Hello, Casser, looking for some answers?" Casser put his hand in a pocket and drew the SR71. "Yes, and I think I'm going to get them. Do you want to tell me a story?"

The man with black plastic hair took a step forward, Casser let the safety off his gun with an audible click. The man froze. "That's better," said Casser, "now who do you work for?"

"I can't tell you that, but I can make a deal with you!

Casser stared at him, "I don't think I'm that interested, but I do want to know who the chips belong to."

The anti slowly slid his hand into a breast pocket. "Hold it!," screamed Casser.

"It's not a gun," came the reply, "you give me the chips and I'll give you the passport, ticket and card that your linkman had for you."

Casser motioned him to go on. Carefully, the anti pulled a crumpled brown envelope from his pocket and tossed it towards Casser who caught it with his free hand. Opening an envelope while holding a gun on someone is not easy and it took Casser quite a while to ascertain its contents. "Okay," he finally said, "it's real. I won't ask you about my linkman, but I guess you want the chips." The anti with black hair waited, "But you see," went on Casser, "I know you might quite well be a government employee who had been involved in a lot of illegal activity."

"That's right," said Casser, "now who do you work for?

"I can't tell you that, but I can make a deal with you!

Casser stared at him, "I don't think I'm that interested, but I do want to know who the chips belong to."

The anti slowly slid his hand into a breast pocket. "Hold it!," screamed Casser.

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A culture-based campaign:
The weight of background information pertaining to any specific ancient culture at a specific time is vast, and in historical literature, such reference works are definitely not referee-friendly. In contrast, when designing a modern-day campaign, it soon becomes apparent that what is needed to create opportunities for enjoyable role-playing is a well-documented culture with only brief, tentative reference to actual documented events. Imagine, in a game of Call Of Cthulhu, strict adherence to historical or political happenings— if limited by historical accuracy, the player characters would soon find their actions confined severely: there would be no 'stamping out' of Ku Klux clan cultists, no attempts to save (or assassinate) the President or other notable historical figures, nor any attempts to sink ships (or prevent their sinking). These are all common occurrences in CoC scenarios, where the effect of the players' actions more often than not leads to an alteration of political or historical facts.

If this were not the case, one would soon be bogged down in factual detail, and in addition to this, most historical chronologies are so well detailed that the player-characters would have little or no chance to gain reasonable positions of power (such as military, political or religious leaders).

A Bronze-Age Campaign:
Abandoning my Glorantha RuneQuest campaign about two years ago, I adopted a 'historical' campaign; a Bronze-Age setting based on the volatile days of c.1250 B.C. This was about the same time as the Battle of Kadesh, the Biblical Exodus and the Siege of Troy. Central to the campaign was the Greece of myth and legend, probably the most mis-portrayed culture ever, falling prey to the corrupted interpretations of television, the cinema, Ray Harryhausen and role-playing games.

One notable representation (though far from perfect) is that of Kevin's encounter with the Achaean King Agamemnon in TIME BANDITS. One common mistake made by filmic incarnations of such Heroes, (which, incidentally, was also made by the Classical Greeks later on), is to assume that the people of the myths were identical to the storytellers and listeners of this Classical era. To distinguish Mycenean culture from Homer's Dark Age culture, I refer heavily to "From Homer to Mycenaean".

The documented fact of Mycenean (Bronze Age) Greece was recorded on perishable papyrus or wood. This is good news for referees, bad news for ancient historians! This means that the Bronze Age provides a historical setting, allowing the GM to select those few documented 'facts' and incorporate them to his campaign, yet allowing him to improvise and install his own 'facts': such topics as magic, the existence of mythological beasts, etc. based on the Greek myths perhaps, but in the GM's world, facts.

Character Generation:
AGE & SEX:
Maturity came early in the ancient world. For beginning characters, I suggest the age of 14. If players dislike this idea, point them in the direction of Silverberg's Gilgamesh the King, where Gilgamesh began adventuring at that age.

In this male-dominated society, girls often married at a younger age than their husbands, anywhere between 10 and 20 years old. To allow for this, there would be a very small number of female adventurers (most staying at home to tend to husband and master), and very few unmarried women about (who would be scorned by polite society, or else were harlots). The number of widows, however, is probably significantly higher than in medieval adventuring society.

To simulate the lower average life expectancy of these times, (about 40 years), aging should begin earlier and be quite harsh, to reflect poor living conditions and a lack of effective medicine and hospital practices. Poor widows, of course, with no husband to provide for her, would quickly come to grief if she did not re-marry; preferably an active young adventurer- so beware of elderly women!
EDUCATION:
Upon maturity, characters will have virtually no effective education, with only a small minority able to read and write. The literate class at this time varied from country to country; in Egypt, the period of the 19th Dynasty, it consisted of scribes, nobles and priests; in Greece, the aristocracy considered such skills effeminate and unworthy of their attentions; throughout northern Europe, of course, literacy was something for the far future.

The effects of education on the adventurer would be an inability or inaccessibility of magic, unless rigorously trained from an early age. Scribes and wizards would therefore be well-versed in writing, and hence in creative thinking, many of whom were considered great philosophers (the assumption that literacy and philosophy are not compatible attributes). They would also have greater access to the communications networks, able to pass accurate written messages via pigeon or messen-enger boy, a feat unavailable to most commoners.

PRIOR EXPERIENCE:
There are no standing armies at this time, only private bodies of ordinary folk, and mercenaries. The marine equivalent of the mercenaries were the pirates of the Aegean. The most effective of these were the Achaean Greeks themselves, and the pirates of Lukka. Most beginning PCs would, therefore, be of a barbarian or thief type, with exceptions such as royalty, nobility and apprentices to tradesmen, craftsmen and wizards. There may be a small proportion of minstrels and nomads.

WEAPONS:
Some skills and combat changes are necessary for a campaign set in these times. The most fundamental is the employment of bronze (an alloy of abundant copper and expensive tin) for nearly all weapons and metalwork. Metal technology wasn't to improve until the passage of a couple of hundred years (the iron age). Even so, some iron could be smelted in Asia Minor especially, and iron from the occasional meteorite. The Greeks correctly venerated these iron-rich rocks as gifts from heaven. (Zaus?) Iron was rare enough to be placed at a value 50 times the equivalent weight in silver.

There are no greatsword, crossbows, rapiers or flails available. It is strange that many rules systems include javelins as a viable alternative to bows- the only reason they were employed was because the ancients used the bow in such a fashion as to make the javelin just as effective. Greek and Roman archers only pulled the string back to the chest, and cut their effectiveness by more than 50%. Hence, the javelin could be hurled with the same range as this primitive use of the bow, and was far more damaging.

Both self and composite bows were used mainly for hunting, while the javelin was the primary missile weapon. To reflect this, the effective range of a bow should be reduced by 2/3 in the hands of soldiers of the Mediterranean region. Some peoples did pull the bowstring to the ear, including the Scythians of the Classical Era, and this is why Heracles the archer was said to have been taught by a Scythian.

ARMOUR:
A wide range of armour types were employed, including leather, linen (waxed and quilted cloth), cuirboili (wax-hardened leather), scalemail, ring mail, brigandine (metal plates between leather), chainmail and plate mail.

However, these were costly, and would be unavailable to beginning adventurers unless of some financial standing, or else through inheritance.

SKILLS:
Navigation is one skill which requires particular attention. The Phoenicians were excellent sailors; their secret was navigation by the stars- a breakthrough! Prior to 1250 B.C., navigation relied on currents, coasts, winds and the sun's position in the sky. This meant, in effect, that Mediterranean sailors couldn't travel effectively by night, or in fog, and had to make their boats up onto the shore and wait the night out.

Another skill requiring attention is that of Equestrian ability (riding). Throughout the Aegean area, the common breed of horse was the Tarpan (now effectively extinct), which was hardly bigger than today's Shetland pony. A Pylian fresco shows the ears of one such mount level with the shoulders of a standing warrior. Horse riding was rare, practised by couriers, which rendered a heavy reliability on the chariot as opposed to the cavalry. In game terms, equestrian skill should be extended to cover the handling of horse teams- such as those that pull chariots and ploughs, etc. It is well worth looking at Avalon-Hill's chariot-racing game, Circus Maximus for inspiration.

Commerce in the pre-Dark Age era is either a headache or a challenge, depending on how you look at it. The fact is coinage was developed by King Croesus in 550 B.C. and up until this time, a system of barter was predominant. Fortunately, an efficient system of weights had been in use for some time, the heart of which was the shekel. In The Hittites, by O.R. Gurrey, a price list of goods in shekels of silver exists, which can be extrapolated to include all the items in most FRP rulebooks. It is probably suitable to take the cost of a cart horse as a base, and evaluate prices from there.

MAGIC & RELIGION:
These should be as prominent as the GM feels necessary. I prefer to use the RuneQuest cult system, where magic is a gift from the worshipped deity, and is only available to members of at least initiate status. Again referring to Gilgamesh the King, magic is apparent in the eyes of the characters (PCs), but only the author (GM) knows if it exists at all, and to what degree. This simple act of concealment and downplay of the supernatural increases the feeling of mystery and awe within the campaign.

Magic should be both subtle and frightening... Of course, the NPCs and the society in which they abide must believe in it whole-heartedly to get the right effect.

These feelings of uncertainty and ignorance on the players' parts can be carried further; the GM can use it to provide a 'feel' for the campaign. The Mediterranean Sea, for example, was given the name of the Great Green by the Egyptians in the same way we use the phrase 'the Deep Blue Sea'. The GM should always attempt to depict the world from the commoner's point of view. A great way to do this is to provide the players with a map of the known world. See the maps of Ptolemy, Herodotus and Hecataeus for inspiration, and hear your players cry "...but we should have sighted land seven days ago!". Of course, it will be necessary to ban maps and atlases during play (even so, who is to say that the game world is the same as we know it today, or it indeed the world is flat?).

Even if you don't plan an adventure amongst the greats of history; Enkidu, Heracles, Gilgamesh, Kessis the Hunter, Moses (?) and Odysseus, then you are at least now aware of the kind of things which can change with time, and the things that make historical role-playing unique.

ODDS-AND-SODS:
Some of things worth mentioning in passing include the domestication of cats in Achaean Greece (Graves stated that they were not domesticated until Classical times, and that house-hold snakes were used to exterminate mice. However, frescoes exist in Crete which show hunters using large cats to attack marsh fowl); calendars and time-keeping (the Mycenians used a lunar calendar); the lack of inns and taverns of any sort, robbing most adventurers of their usual source of gossip, adventure and employment. This can be replaced with worship at temples, or army 'barracks'; and religion (the Olympian deities were not fully formed at this time, and the majority of worship seems to have been directed at a great Goddess or Mother Nature).

To close, I would just like to inform adventurer readers that the above information is correct to the best of my ability and available source material and reasoning. If any of you can offer complimentary, supplementary or contra-dictory detail, I would like you to get in touch and let me know.

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Religion in fantasy gaming

To kick off our theme on religion, an article for Call of Cthulhu players/carvers which complements the Cults of Cthulhu article in Adventurer #3. This time, it's about religions for PCs to adopt. For those who don't play CoC, it is still a worthwhile read, moreso if your campaign is set in the 20th. Century.

Religion for Call of Cthulhu PCs

For many players of Chaosium's Call of Cthulhu game, one of the main attractions of the game is that it is primarily a detecting game, in which the player-characters are normal people, wrenched from their normally sedate lives and thrust into abnormal nightmares in which they must battle, and hopefully defeat, the minions of some great universal evil. This of course makes for great roleplaying, especially as you watch your heroic investigator, brandishing his all-singing, all-dancing, amazingly powerful, Elder Sign, being once more dispatched by a host of deranged cultists, all of whom are chanting "What's he doing with that funny looking rock?". And, although it is fair to say that the type of defence offered by Elder Signs and the like, when combined with a quick mind and good dice, was very effective in the early days of CoC, those days are sadly no more. I feel that this is due to the fact that as players have become more and more experienced to the ways of the Mythos, the older, dare I say easier, Lovecraftian scenarios present little challenge to the battle-hardened individuals we all have nesting in our character folders. And so the only solution, for Chaosium and its keepers, has been to produce more powerful enemies in their scenarios, and this is, inevitably, what has happened. No problem, I hear you say, as it all balances in the end. The problem, however, is that it doesn't, because when our Mythos bashing characters are seen to be having little trouble in dealing with the run-of-the-mill cultist and slimy monsters, which were so effective in the early days, then the only solution left in the high priest's arsenal is "Oh Mighty Cthulhu, come down, the time is right!" or words to that effect, and once more another character bites the slime.

One solution to this problem is to allow the weaker, beginning characters to obtain some form of natural defence, thereby making them of greater interest to players of these hardened investigators who can then be allowed to retire gracefully and in one piece. As to the source of this natural defence I feel that religion represents the best option, after all if the power of the Mythos can be manifested in physical forms then surely the more normal deities, such as Buddha or Krishna should be able to bestow some abilities upon their adherents. I am not suggesting that cultists allow the game to sink into a sideshow, as the main action revolves around Ailah and Nyarlathotep battling it out somewhere in space. What I am suggesting is that each of the major, and a few of the minor, religions of the world have the capacity to bestow abilities and powers on its chosen followers. This does not mean that Cliff Edge, famed PI and Mythos expert, is also a practising priestess in his spare time, and can perform resurrections at the drop of a hat, but I am suggesting that certain qualifying characters should be given the opportunity to possess certain, semi-magical abilities. Some suggestions for these abilities are given later.

In an attempt to give some idea of the different religions and how they can be used, I have provided a short list of the major religious groups available with a brief description of each.

Christianity

For the purpose of play, Christianity includes Roman Catholicism, Methodist, Anglican, Baptist and the multitude of splinter groups that exist. As most player characters are American or European in origin, it is fairly safe to assume that most of them will be Christians, in one form or another. In game terms however, Christianity is perhaps the weakest of the major religions as it is primarily a passive religion, with policies of 'love thy neighbour' and 'turn the other cheek'. I feel that only certain character occupations, such as clergyman or missionary, will have regular access to the abilities offered by the Christian faith, but all adherents should be able to benefit from them in some way.

Judaism

If a player character is not a Christian, then it is more than likely that he would be Jewish, as this religion has old and strong links with both Europe and North America. For the purposes of play, allow Jewish PCs a few more offensive capabilities than Christians, as one of the main tenets of Judaism is 'an eye for an eye'.

Hinduism

The Hindu faith is practised primarily in the sub-continent of India, and it comprises a multiplicity of cults and sects, all of which are affiliated in one way or another. A good deal of the importance in prayer by a Hindu is devoted to a form of ancestor worship, and because of this, Hindus should have a limited ability to request spiritual aid from character's forefathers. This ability is best represented in play, by the player revealing, by way of dream or riddle, a clue which can assist the PC in his mission. The chance of revealing these hints could be making a roll equal to, or less than, the character's POW.

Buddhism

Although there are several forms of Buddhism practised throughout Asia, they are sufficiently alike to allow them to be considered the same. The main benefit of Buddhism, with regards to play, is that all adherents are taught to use meditation which can be used as a form of 'Mind Shield' against SAN attacks. To use this in play it is suggested that the Buddhist character be allowed to use his POW to modify any SAN roll, this modifier could be something along the lines adjusting the dice roll by 5 percentiles per point of temporary POW expended.

Islam

Islam, like Christianity, has spread right across the globe. The main areas of concentration are Arabia, Northern Africa and Southern Asia. Because Islam preaches that permission to join Him in his heaven, is the greatest gift possible for Allah to grant to his followers, Muslims should expect little, or no help from Him.

Tribal Religion

This represents the various forms of religion that are practised by groups such as the African Bushmen, Polynesian islanders or American Indians. As these represent the oldest religions known to man, in many ways they are the most powerful. Keepers should only allow players to have tribal characters if they can sufficiently justify them, and because of their nature, they should only be allowed to begin play in possession of around 20-30% of Cthulhu Mythos. This is because both tribal and Mythos rituals share similar origins deep within prehistory. In addition to this knowledge of the Mythos, tribal characters should be allowed to enter play in possession of some spells. The decision as to which spells is left up to the keeper to decide. It is recommended that the type of spell should reflect the natural environment of
the characters' tribe, for example: Polynesian islanders can have spells such as 'Contact Deep One', whereas American Indians are more likely to know how to 'Contact Serpent People'.

**Druidism**

Like tribal religions, the practise of Druidism is incredibly old, and therefore quite powerful. This religion is only available to player characters originating from Britain, Ireland and Northern France. Certain restrictions must be met before a PC is allowed the benefits of Druidism. One method is to require the prospective candidate to prove his worth by succeeding in Botany, Archaeology and Occult rolls. Any PC who can succeed immediately be granted the Summon Dark Young of Shub Niggurath spell. Abilities beyond this are up to the Keeper to decide.

**General Abilities of Religions**

All areas of consecrated or Holy Ground should provide limited protection against Mythos creatures. One method could be to cause the creature to suffer a reduction of DEX or STR as they operate within areas blessed with 'God's Power', whilst another is to cause mental damage to these creatures as their will is attacked. These methods could be resolved by assigning a POW rating to a 'blessed area', and then matching this rating against the POW of the target on the resistance table. It is suggested that this POW rating be a fixed amount which must be spread amongst all attackers. Another suggestion is that, if a cleric or priest is available, then it should be possible to reinforce this protective shield by the permanent sacrifice of POW points. These defences should have no effect on normal (?) cultists. Some suggested values for holy buildings are given below:

- **Family Chapel or Shrine**: 1 POW for every 25 years built.
- **Small Country Church or Temple**: 1 POW for every 10 years built.
- **Small Town Church or Temple**: 1 POW for every 7 years built.
- **Large Town Church or Temple**: 1 POW for every 5 years built.
- **Cathedral or Major Temple**: 1 POW for every 3 years built.

**Holy Water** - and incenses should be given some form of power against minor Cthulhoid creatures. One suggestion is to treat this power as a form of poison or acid, which causes physical damage to the servitor races. The strength of these substances should be based upon the POW of the cleric or priest who performed the blessing, as a Parish Priest or wandering monk should have weaker powers than an Archbishop.

**Exorcism** - is best represented in play by the cleric attempting the exorcism pitting his POW against that of the invading spirits on the resistance table. Success for the cleric should force the 'spirits' to vacate the area for a period of time in proportion to the cleric's POW, perhaps 1 day per point. However, if victory goes to the spirit then the cleric should permanently lose 1D3 or 1D6 POW. If a die roll gives a result less than or equal to the priest's power then the spirit should be permanently banished, and if the roll is a fumble, i.e. 96 or higher, then the spirit should become possessed and thereafter be played by the Keeper until a successful exorcism is accomplished.

**Faith** - When a player is threatened with SAN loss, some kind of defence should be offered by 'Prayer Power' or similar displays of faith. One method of utilising this in play is to allow the player to roll under their PC's POW - a success would assume automatic success in any SAN rolls relating to a specific incident.

**Resurrection** - should only be granted to very high ranking clerics and even then only very, very rarely. It is suggested that the power take the form of the spell given in the rulebook.

**Artefacts and Their Powers**

All of the above mentioned religions have some object or artefact which is held in great esteem by the worshippers. Items such as the Heilige Lance or Buddha's Hip Bone are considered, by many, to possess magical abilities. These artefacts can be used to great effect in a campaign, as they could form the focus of play as both player characters and cultists attempt to gain possession and, ultimately, control of some ancient and powerful relic. This idea has been used extensively in books and films such as James Herbert's 'The Spear' or Spielberg's 'Raiders of the Lost Ark', and if it's good enough for them, it's certainly good enough for us roleplayers.

It is not the aim of this article to provide definite rules for the use of religion in play and because of this, we have no intention of providing a list of prayers, rites, spells or potions, as these should be determined by the individual Keepers.

The next article is specifically for RuneQuest II GMs, although it could easily be incorporated into RuneQuest III, and is of use to any campaign where organised religion is of importance.
Knerain - The Cult of Armourers
A Gloranthan Cult for Runequest II
by Mark Fletcher

Knerain was born early during Godtime of Karga To, the god of war, and a daughter of Mostal. He was called upon by the Celestial Court to forge Death. The God resented his great work being hidden away and left the Spike to travel Gloranth, telling of his creation to anyone who would listen. None believed him but Eurmali the Trickster, who then led Humakt to the place where Death was hidden, releasing that power into the world.

During the 'War of the Gods', Knerain forged deadly weapons for all combatants, but took no side in any struggle. When Chaos crept upon the world, the god saw what Death, his creation had ultimately caused and joined the fight against the Chaos Hordes. Since the Great Compromise, Knerain has remained the God of all armourers and smiths who provide weaponry for the warring peoples and nations of Gloranth.

Regarding life after death, no promises are made to Lay members or Initiates, but the spirits of the cult Rune levels will be guided to the great forge-fire where Knerain created Death, there to forge weaponry in readiness for the final battle against Chaos.

This Cult has 'Runes of Death', the tool it creates, and Fire, the power it harnesses to do so.

Nature of the Cult:
As long as there is fighting and war in Gloranth, this cult will still exist to provide weaponry.

The cult has little political power, but during wartime, a cult representative will always sit in council for consultation about the availability of arms and armour.

Chaos cults generally are hated because, although the cult would never admit it, Chaos is often seen as an extension of Death. Humakt is well liked because his cult make a clean and honourable use of Death. However, Zorak Zoran and similar deities hate the cult's dislike because of their indiscriminate use of Death.

Organisation:
There is very little of this due to the fact that each temple will serve a different, and often opposed, power. However, unless restrained, cultists meeting others will pass on new forging techniques etc. Each temple of Knerain is called a Forge, and is headed by the most skilled Rune Lord present.

The only holy place of this cult is the great Forge-Fire where Knerain forged Death. Although this does not exist on the mundane plane it is often sought while on Heralquest.

The holy day for this cult occurs on Fireday of Deathweek in each season, and the High Holy Day is celebrated on Godday, Deathweek of Fire Season.

Lay Membership:
All races except those tainted with Chaos are accepted into the cult.

Lay members must work for one week per season for the cult.

Lay members are allowed access to the cult workshops and the use of armory tools.

Lay members are taught Armour/Weapon/Shield Making at half cost and Hammer at normal cost.

No Spells are taught.

Initiate Status:
Prospective Initiates must have spent at least two seasons as a lay member and have 60%+ in one Armouring skill.

Initiates must work for the cult at least three seasons in each season.

Initiats are allowed room and board at the temple. They may also purchase bronze metal cheaply (5L per ENC point) for the making of personal weapons and armour.

Initiates are taught weapon/ armour/shield making for free, if an equal time is spent working for the cult (above that already required). They are also taught hammer at half cost.

Dullblade and Fireblade are taught at half normal cost, Ironhand at twice normal cost.

Runelord-ship:
Runelords are titled Master Armourers and lead the cult, ranking above priests.

Candidates must have 90% in two armouring skills and any hammer, plus another two skills from the following: a weapon, shield, a third armouring skill, oratory or listen.

Runelords must work for the cult five weeks per season.

Runelords receive the normal benefits of an allied spirit and Divine Intervention.

Runepriest-hood:
Due to the combat-orientation of cult Rune-Magic, priests often organise the temple defence forces.

Candidates must have POW18+ and 90% in one armouring skill.

All DEX-based skills except armouring skills fall to DEXx5. Priests must work for the cult for 5 weeks per season.

All normal benefits are received.

Priests may sacrifice for all 1pt spells and summon small salamanders.

Cult Special Runemagic:
Enchant Rune Metal - Stackable, reusable.

This spell will enchant 15 ENC points per point of spell of a Rune metal (such as lead, gold) to the strength and durability of Bronze.

Crack - Stackable, reusable.

See Cults of Terror p.43

Sever Spirit - 3pts, unrepeatable (only available to High Priests).

See cults of Prax p.37

Spirit of Repriael - Initiates and Rune-levels quitting the cult will be cursed: any weapons and armour they make will appear fine but will actually be poor (1/2 HP/ AP, +1 ENC, -2 damage.

Associated Cults:
Humakt: Knerain Armourers provide finely-made swords for Humakt warriors and in return are taught sword at half cost.

Yelmalio - The cult makes weapons for the Yelmaian soldiery and in return cultists are allowed to learn the skill of 2h Spear and Shield.

Cult Income - Payment for weapons and armour is split 70/30 between the cult and the craftsman.

The above articles include one for the PCs and one for the GMs. Next, we have an article for the players themselves; role-playing has recently been the subject of debate in churches and schools. In particular, the debate has been concerned with the prominence of magic in fantasy role-playing games, and the 'devil-warshipping' connotations of this fascination. Here, Andy Bradbury discusses these charges impassionately, and brings to light the reality of occultism and RPGs.
But there's a second argument against the idea, and one that is even more relevant to the topic under discussion, namely the concept of free will.

Not long ago there was a news item on TV in which a mother was complaining about the negative effect Fighting Fantasy-type books had on her son - Nightmares, depression, etc. Yet no-one had forced him to start reading the books, nor was anyone forcing him to go on reading them. It may have made a good news story, but hardly a convincing argument for the abolition of FF books.

It must be admitted, no matter what your beliefs, that some people who play RPGs and FRPGs do get caught up in the occult. And some of them will go nuts to a greater or lesser degree. But that doesn't in itself prove anything.

Our mental hospitals are full of people who don't even know what RPGs are. And I hardly think that real Satanists break off halfway through their rituals for a quick game of D&D or Call of Cthulhu. The fact is that a direct link between RPGs and occultism or mental illness could only be proved by showing that more people turn to the occult, or suffer some kind of psychological disorder after becoming involved in RPGs than members of the general population. Furthermore, it would have to be shown that anyone so affected was completely well-adjusted, or had no interest whatever in the occult, before beginning to play RPGs. Until someone comes up with that kind of evidence then I for one will continue to view RPGs as being an essentially constructive past-time, for the following reasons:

1) They encourage 'team spirit'

No, I don't mean the old-fashioned, follow the leader and don't ask questions-type of team spirit, but something much more positive where everyone works together without losing their individuality.

2) They encourage creativity.

When I was a school master [boo, hiss!] one thing that really used to bother me was the fact that there was no room on the timetable for lessons that had the sole purpose of teaching students how to think. Everyone's come across the kind of student who regularly gets high marks, but only because they learn everything 'parrot fashion', which has nothing at all to do with real education. RPGs, on the other hand, constantly encourage original thinking - from the GMs who have to make up new problems, and from the players who have to overcome those problems. A good RPG session is like acting in a play without being shown the script in advance. If you want to get through to the end in one piece you've got to think fast and think well - no wonder some schools are actually beginning to use RPGs as part of the curriculum.

3) They deal with reality.

It may sound odd to say that a game like Traveller, CoC, or D&D has anything to do with reality when often players enjoy the games particularly as a chance of getting away from reality - but it's true. It's true because the underlying themes of any scenario must have a basis in reality even though the storyline is about another time and another place. Whether you're in another Galaxy, another Age, or in some fantasy world, the same problems have to be faced as those we find in everyday life: How do you tell good from evil? Do you go for money or for fame & glory? Do you put your own interests first or do you try to work for the good of the group?

In closing, then, I'd like to argue that the average player of RPGs may possibly have a more healthy, saner grasp on life than many of those around him or her. For one would be a lot more impressed by those who argue against RPGs if they put as much effort into trying to end the nuclear arms race, famine in the third world, etc. etc. etc.
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THE Reverend AUMBER AMBSCAE
RETURNS TO THE OBSCURE TEMPLE
HE CALLS HOME.

I MUST FIND A
MORE SECURE
Repository
FOR THIS LOT.

IT CAME OUT OF A NUT!
HERE...PUT IT BACK IN.

ONE IS
TOO STUPID,
THE OTHER IS TOO
GREEDY.

COADEPT

TOO TRUCULENT

NO TRUCULENT

AH! THE IDEAL VESSEL......

COADEPT

THE BREATHTAKING KISS
OF INSATIABLE

SOUNDS LIKE OLD
JAY'S GOT A NEWSONG.

BOUT TO

A BIT NOT INNIT?

OH! HEED WHILE I SUMMON
THE MUSIC TO CALL UP

IT SEEMS NEXT IS QUITE AT HOME
IN THE ONCE BITTER NICE SHE DOESN'T HURT THE TRADE!

I NEED ANOTHER VENUE!
PERHAPS A KID'S PARTY?

NEXT THE MELODY LINGERS ON...
VOYAGES BEYOND
by Wendy Graham

What's Up Doc?

Well, what did you think of it this year? *Dr. Who* I mean? Personally I felt pretty dismayed... It all seemed so shallow, forgettable and inconsistent.

To take the last point first, I'm referring to the last couple of episodes when Gallifreyans and Terrans were popping in and out of the Matrix like Jack-in-the- boxes. I didn't think that one could physically get into the matrix, but just to check, and on your behalf, I dug out my tape of *The Deadly Assassin* from Tom Baker's time as the Doc and it is established in the story that the Matrix is a sort of computer which stores the electrical patterns of the minds of dying Time Lords and is used to monitor and order events on Gallifrey. The Doctor was the first Time Lord to be permitted access to the Matrix (The Master had already done so for his own dastardly purposes) and access to the matrix was via two electrodes placed near the recumbant subject's ears.

In the current story, the Matrix is apparently a new sort of dimension reached by casually popping through one of a number of handy doors, accessible painlessly to anybody, and one enters it physically.

Now this may seem like nit-picking but to me it is a symptom of what has happened recently with *Dr. Who*, for it is just one of many instances of carelessness and sloppiness of production.

Such an inconsistency in a script should have been picked up and corrected - and it could have been fairly easily, with a few minutes at a typewriter, but it seems as though no-one either knew about the Matrix or could be bothered to get the tape from the archives to check.

I checked with the BBC just before writing this and another series is planned, and I hope that there will be a shake-up behind the scenes when production - the shake-up we were promised last year. I am lucky! I have a large collection of *Who* tapes, going right back to *An Unearthly Child*, and recently I sat down for a couple of weeks and catalogued them, which meant watching each one right through.

It is quite clear from watching that the quality of *Who* has dropped considerably in the last few years in terms of creativity and style. *Dr. Who* has slipped to formula and what we see now is a lingering death some regenerations too early.

*Who* has been running for twenty three years now. For most of that time, stories on the whole have been inventive, stylish and creative, but for the past several years, we have had very little that is new - new in the sense of breaking new bounds. The present *Who* is not in competition with its past.

This is not the fault of the actors, who are manifestly doing the best they can, nor is it a question of money, for it costs the same to buy a good script as it does a bad one, and more is spent on special effects, costumes, sets and the rest than in days gone by, but this is icing on the cake of a cracking good story, and that is what we haven't had. Costumes, sets, special effects and the rest were what *Who* was famous for. We loved it in spite of how awful it could be at times. But the scripts were wonderful.

And remember, this view hasn't been arrived at with nostalgia colouring a time-faded and rosied memory. I just watched them all.

I come reluctantly to the view that if this is the best the BBC can do, it is better to finish *Who* now than to watch it die by degrees.

Star Cops...

Still with the BBC, *Star Cops* is still in production, I still don't like the title, and it should be with us in the second half of this year (1987). It is a ten-parter, set 40 years into the future and is about the new head of the International Space Force. The BBC says it is fact not fiction, though they know that about 40 years hence is beyond me. Perhaps it is another manifestation of the 'we are the BBC, and we know best' attitude.
which has taken such a battering at their own hands in the new daytime prog. 'Open Air', where only today, as I type, they announced that the Doctor’s granddaughter was called Anne. I’m still waiting for them to ring back about that!

And Space Police?

Don’t get confused now, but another new series we might hopefully be seeing soon is Space Police. This pilot has been produced by someone we all know and many love, Gerry Anderson, and is now looking for a transmission home. The pilot episode, which stars Shane Rimmer, runs for an hour, with half hour episodes to follow. It is a mixture of live action and Anderson’s forte of puppetry. Starring with Rimmer, who voiced Scott Tracy in Thunderbirds is Catherine Cevalier. I hope to have more on Space Police next issue.

Hopes of a new Thunderbirds series have been placed in suspended animation for now, sadly, but for those who thirst for information on any Gerry Anderson’s productions, past and present, I recommend a magazine called SIG, which is produced by David Nightingale to very high standards and can be obtained from him at: 13 Primrose Avenue, Blackpool, Lancashire, FY4 21J. David had recently expanded his commitment to SF with the opening of a shop, which he has called (groan) ‘Thunderbooks’. He is building up a good stock of magazines and peripherals.

Below: Nuclear Man Z (Marc Pillon,) sporting an all-over aura. Photo © Cannon Films 1986

and can probably get you what you want - if he hasn’t got it - on one of his trips to London. He doesn’t, as such, do small order yet, but if you’re anywhere near Blackpool, the shop is worth a visit and is on the bridge at Waterloo Road, in the south of the resort.

Slipping in a bit of book news, the Venture SF series, which I praised in my last column, is due to re-start in May, with re-designed covers, though personally I thought the old ones were pretty neat.

Superman

Some time ago, Christopher Reeve emulated Sean Connery and said “Never Again” to the cape and visible underwear of Superman. But, just as Connery discovered, never is a short time in the movies; he is back as the Caped Crusader in Superman IV. No finalised release date yet, but the film is just about in post-production. This time the film will have a lot of humour, according to Reeve, who is credited as co-author of the story.

In the ten years (is it really so long) that Reeve has been playing Superman, he has received many letters from children “Superman crosses all cultures, and I have been able to relate to kids, who never cease to amaze me” he said;

“I’ve been KO’d by the courage of children with all kinds of problems, which far exceed those of most adults.”

It was this contact with children which sparked off the idea for the story of Superman IV. Reeve did a TV show in the States called ‘A Message to our Parents’, which was made by 12-year olds, and was about their fear of growing up in this nuclear age.

“I started to think about a child writing to ask Superman why he didn’t get rid of all those weapons, which the adults are having so much of a problem dealing with, and it sort of took off from there.”

In the film, a child writes to Superman (c/o the Daily Planet) asking him that very question, and Superman decides to come off the fence and indeed, do something. The film’s preliminary bumph says this is the first time Superman has ‘interceded in the destiny of the planet Earth’, but I thought every time he saved a life or stopped a volcano or whatever, he was doing just that. Anyway...

Having decided that he will take on new responsibilities for his adoptive home, he finds himself confronted with an ‘old and implacable enemy’ - Lex Luthor - newly sprung from the chain gang, to reappear as a nuclear arms entrepreneur. To help him in this altruistic little enterprise, our Lex - ensconced in a cozy secret lair atop the Empire State Building, which appears in the film as the Metropolis Tower (a man can fly and a building can act), has built himself a nuclear man. Incubated in the core of the Sun this latest civilisation can melt iron bars at a touch (so it says).

During the film, which culminates in a duel encircling the globe, Superman finds time to save a stricken Soviet Space Craft, rescue two children from the Eye of a Tornado, rebuild the Great Wall of China, avert a potentially ugly situation in Red Square, bung up a erupting Mount Etna, survives a battle on the Moon and saves the Statue of Liberty.

Finally, it is interesting, finally to note, that Reeve’s own son isn’t particularly into Superman - “He’s seen enough to go off it a bit,” said Reeve, “he’s more into Transformers...”

Below: Superman, alias Clark Kent (Christopher Reeve) looking worried. Photo © Cannon Films 1986
Reunion

A mention for Emmerdale Farm might seem to go amiss in these pages, but it will be of interest to Who fans however, for due to be reunited are 'Jamie' - actor Frazer Hines and 'Zoe' - Wendy Padbury.
The pair were together many years ago (I'm sure someone out there can be bothered to work out how long exactly), when they travelled with Patrick Troughton, and again for the reunion, birthday special to mark the programmes 20th birthday, The Five Doctors - when they appeared briefly.

And finally - absolutely nothing to do with SF, though certainly daff enough to be considered fictional science-I pass on this little item, culled from a newspaper.

"A glowing plastic ring, 15 miles in diameter is to be launched into space, to mark the 100th anniversary of the Eiffel Tower. The 'ring of light' which will glow in the night sky because of reflected sunlight will be visible for thousands of square miles. It will be rolled up and stowed in the nose cone of a rocket for launching!"

Book Reviews

The Ragged Astronauts - £9.95 (Hardback) - by Bob Shaw.
Published by Gollancz

Oh Robert! that thou hast sunk to a trilogy. This is the first part of same and tells of a world from which the humanoid inhabitants can see its sister as plain as whatever. Faced with a mutative invasion by blobs, which I conceived as being something like the ones which used to roll round Port Meirion in The Prisoner, but which go phfutt and kill you as they get near. These bodes decide to fly off to aforesaid sister world in balloons (would that be getting to the moon was that easy, or has NASA missed something). Central character is your typical hero type, brains and brawn.

Okay, so that is a glib precis of the story, and I in fact did quite enjoy the book, but I'll reserve judgement until the other two come my way - I'm hoping that the hero turns out to have, well not totally feet of clay, but maybe a few more earthy toenails at least. There is at least a good point to be taken about man messing with the environment.

The Cat who Walks through Walls by Robert A. Heinlein
Published by New English Library £2.95 - Paperback

This latest from one of the masters is split into three books (what, a trilogy in disguise??) and I'm going to review it in two parts, because I liked very much the first half of the book and didn't go a very large bundle on the second.

This is the seventh book in Heinlein's Future History sequence and features Richard Ames, writer, traveller and bon viver, with a sense of style somewhat akin to a stroppy John Steed. It's OK to chop off someone's arm if they queer jump you, but not kill them. In fact the book is sub-titled 'A Comedy of Manners.'

The first part of the book indeed lives up to this sub-title, and moves at a lively tempo. But as Ames gets sucked into the Time Corps organisation, much of what's going on gets in a wetter of time-travel complications.

Of the 'she's my grandmother's sister's niece's daughter's aunty' type thing.

About the only thing I liked about the second half was the cat, Pixel, of the title. I would suspect that Robert Heinlein, Patrick Moore and I have one thing in common - we have all been adopted by a cat (they do that you know)! And I like my books to have endings.

Time-Slip - £2.95 (Paperback) by Graham Dunstan Martin
Published by Orion
It is once again post-holocaust. Edinburgh has been spared, and its surviving few have mutated population, go about their fairly normal business, swathed in all-encompassing radiation suits, embracing peculiar and diverse religions.

Into this society one day a random card is thrown in the form of the aptly named Peter Gilchrist, messiah of a new religion where it doesn't really matter if a child is drowned and a pup survives in another time-stream (no pun intended).

In the way it deals with divergent time streams, this book is similar to Heinlein's above, but while in Heinlein's there are people meddling for what they see as the greater good, in this converts to the new religion cultivate an ability to ignore events which would be envied by the archtypical New Yorker who steps over the body of the man, just shot with ne'er a backward glance.

As an exploration of religion, past, present and probably future, the book does indeed have something to say, but as a novel, it is a 'two and half out of five', for characterisation, it is a 'hit and miss', a bit shallow. The characters are puppets, moved around on very thin strings to further the message.

Trillion Year Spree - £9.95 (Paperback) by Brian Aldiss & David Wingrove
Published by Gollancz

This is the book that, had I had the chance to review it in the last issue, I would have nominated as the one I would recommend for every SF fan's Christmas list. As it is, you'll have to put it down for a birthday present. It really is a must.

In some 512 pages, the urban and erudite Aldiss traces the development of the written word in SF from its birth, which he pegs at the time of the publication of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus, right through to the present day. Trillion Year Spree is an updated version of the author's Billion Year Spree, and in it I suspect he will annoy many people by not falling in worship at the feet of certain pre-war American magazine editors, and (what he even mentions certain films and TV programmes. Many to have been trodden on, and a few sacred cows have dried up, but perhaps that is all to the good. This is a serious work of criticism, and one which has been designed as not a genteele and light flip through days gone as, and, Asper's behind you. It's the

House of the Wolf by M.K.Wren
(books three of the Phoenix Legacy)
Published by New English Library £9.5 - Paperback

This concluding third of the Phoenix Legacy is billed on the cover as 'A New Classic'. It has the sweep and power of Asimov's 'Foundation Trilogy'. 'Egd', you cry, and swiftly buy. Well, don't get too excited. Like most trilogies these days, it is an okay story flogged to death, with rather drippy characters leaping about loving or dying, rebelling or being dastardly and doubling back.

And the hero is too good to be true. When I got this book, I had to check in my library to discover that I had indeed read the first two, and as for this one I read it a couple of days before writing this and had to flip through the book to remind myself what it was about. Get the idea?

City of Sorcery - A Darkover novel by Marion Zimmer Bradley
Published by Arrow £2.95 - Paperback

In contrast to the above, I soon slipped back to the planet of Darkover, knowing I had read other stories of life on that mysterious planet and, within a few pages, the pertinent memory cells had fired to remind me of what had gone before.

There is something very brooding and... well, dark - for want of a better word - about Darkover, as a place to live. It isn't just that the weather seems to be even worse than that we in Britain have been hating the last so many years. It is the feeling that sometime in the future, something is going to whossh, turn the planet inside out and there will be light, internal and external for both Terrans and Darkovans. Meantimes, they don't have very happy lives, though that isn't for the want of trying, in most cases.

That comment would seem to give the hint that I don't enjoy reading any of these novels. I do, it is just that, that is the impression with which I am left... hoping that Marion Zimmer Bradley will, someday, wave her magic pen and sort everything out for all these women. They deserve it.
For five years, the armies of the world have fought back and forth across Europe. Three years ago the missiles started flying. Most countries were hit hard in the nuclear exchange, but no one had a decisive advantage and the war went on. Tanks began breaking down and the supply of spare parts dwindled to zero. The sophisticated artillery weapons have exhausted their ammo, and no one is capable of producing any more. Divisions which started the war with 20,000 men are lucky to put 2000 into the field. But the war goes on.

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If only someone else had been sent out into the night, into the swamp to battle this creature...

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BIG TROUBLE
- On A Little Planet

BY A.J. BRADBURY

MODULE 1
Introduction
This scenario is designed for use with any of the leading SF RPG's - Traveller, Star Trek, Space Opera, Star Frontiers, etc., though this isn't the only reason why no player stats are included. To judge by some of the letters appearing in the leading RPG magazines, many Referees and GMs are still locked into a mental straightjacket which makes them try to run any printed game straight off the page - which is a big mistake - or to reject such scenarios because they don't fit into the current game (which is just as daft).

Although the scenario produced here is complete within itself, it is designed to be a source of ideas rather than a finished unit, and is particularly unsuitable for 'unedited use', so to speak. On the contrary, anyone wishing to use this material is strongly advised to read through the entire text before (a) making any and all additions/deletions he/she thinks necessary, and (b) rolling up character points which will tailor the scenario to the preferred game and style of play, and the experience of his/her players. This scenario should ONLY be read by referees - NOT by players.

Now, having got those few thoughts off my chest, let the action commence.

It is assumed that the PCs will start the adventure either on a rest planet or on a relatively unimportant interstellar flight. They will be contacted by 'Headquarters' (which will vary from game to game, of course) and ordered to report as quickly as possible for an urgent briefing.

MODULE 2
The Briefing (1)
Once the players have been gathered together, they will be asked to take a single spacecraft out in order to act as a guard of honour for an interstellar 'schooner' which is bringing in an ambassador from an important outer planet. They will be warned of only two possible sources of trouble attached to this mission:
(1) The ambassador, from one of the outer worlds, is known to be an invertebrate tourist. That is to say, there is nothing he likes less than simply travelling directly from point A to point B without making at least half a dozen stops along the way. The players are warned that they must not allow this at any cost, as the ambassador is due to address a crucially important meeting on a fixed date. This meeting cannot be postponed - except under very exceptional circumstances - without causing serious political upheavals.
Note:
The need to deliver the ambassador to his destination on time is actually only one small part of the mission - as we will soon see. Still, the importance of carrying out this small task successfully (and without offending the ambassador, of course) is all that should be impressed upon the players for the moment - so as to catch them off guard when the real action starts.
(2) A second reason for keeping the ambassador on course is concerned with a newly discovered planet which lies not far off of his flight path. The Federation / Imperium / or whoever are currently negotiating with some of the more enlightened leaders on the planet in order to be allowed to mine a portion of its rich mineral deposits. These negotiations are very close to completion, but full consideration has to be given to the people of this new world - a strange and superstitious race who call themselves the URTHYKNOKI. Sudden visits by anyone could set the whole process back for years.

The Briefing (2)
A complete rundown on the URTHYKNOKI (pronounced ER - THICK - NOY) is still not available. Existing list of facts is as follows:
(1) The URTHYKNOKI people are on the small side compared with human beings - the average height is just under five feet, when they stand on their hind legs, or about three feet from ears to the ground when they're 'on all six'.
(2) As the last note suggests, the URTHYKNOKI have six legs positioned at the shoulder, waist and hip. The front legs double as arms, though they show a fair amount of dexterity in their feet as well. The middle pair of legs seem originally to have served the sole purpose of supporting immature youngsters during travel. As they have progressed, technically, a split has appeared between those who regard these arms as obsolete (and refuse to use them for anything except their original purpose - or not at all), and those who see them as an adaptive bonus and who have learned to use them as a second pair of arms.
(3) The seemingly trivial question of what to do with their central pair of arms is actually a central feature of Urthynoki life - not least because the main political parties are identified by their attitude towards this question. The more progressive faction (the people who are willing to negotiate for the mineral rights) support the use of all six limbs and are therefore known as the 'sixers'. Their opponents, not surprisingly, are known as the 'four only' party (both names are only rough translations from the original 'high Urthynoki' language, of course).
(4) Those members of the four only who are known to be aware of the negotiations haven't shown much enthusiasm for the project - but neither have they openly opposed it. It is essential that any dealings with the Urthynoki take this situation into account and that everything (within reason) is done to avoid antagonising the members of the 'four only'.
(5) Whilst there is no single religion shared by all of the Urthynoki, it is known that many 'four only' supporters also belong to the 'wind from beyond' cult (again this is only a rough translation of the original title).

Followers of 'wind from beyond' share certain ideas found in the Polynesian 'cargo cults' here on earth. For example, whilst no visitor has been openly attacked, Urthynoki cult members have made clear their contempt for the visitors from the federation/imperium/etc. by refusing to meet with them or accept any tokens of goodwill (i.e. diplomatic bribes).

The attitude of the cultists has intrigued the two or three anthropologists who have been allowed to make brief visits to the planet because it seems to be completely at odds with one of their central beliefs: That 'He who was sent' will come on the 'Winds from beyond' with many men and with many gifts for the Urthynoki who have faithfully worshipped him. The only member of the Urthynoki who ever openly commented on this point simply insisted that 'The true He who was sent will make himself known beyond doubt when he comes'.
(6) The Urthynoki are known to have certain, limited, telepathic powers, though their exact nature isn't known.

MODULE 3
The Mission - Part 1
The players should be expecting to meet up with the ambassador's space
schooner shortly after it passes Greyp (pronounced Gree-ip) the home planet of the-Urthynos. In fact they will intercept a mayday call from the Ambassadorial craft several hours before they reach the rendezvous.
The call will make it clear that the ship is about to make a landing on Greyp, but everything else is hopelessly garbled. Even if a recording of the message is re-run with computer enhancement, etc., it will not be possible to tell why the ship is being forced to land or whether the Captain is expecting to make a regular landing or a crash landing. Fortunately, the downed ship is carrying a rescue beacon, operated on one of the regular emergency channels.
Locating the ship, once they reach Greyp, shouldn't present any difficulties for the players. The big question, of course, is: having found the ship, how should they go about rescuing the ambassador and his crew? If the players don't see this as much of a problem, the referee should emphasise the delicate nature of the investigations, and the fact that the appearance of two alien spacecraft in quick succession, might well be interpreted by the xenophobic members of the population as something closely resembling an invasion! At this point, the players might feel that their best bet is to contact HQ for instructions as to how they should proceed. This action will turn out to be an extremely bad idea, as it will hasten the onset of the events described in Module 7.

If on the other hand, the players decide to save time by sending down a search party immediately, they will walk straight into the situation described in Module 4.

**MODULE 4 At Home with the Urthynos**
The ambassadorial spacecraft has landed approximately half a mile north of a small town. The town itself consists primarily of rows of dwellings built into the many banks and small hillsides in the area - a method of construction which leaves half of the habitation effectively underground, and half sticking out from the line of the slope with something that looks vaguely like a thatched roof. If the landing party set down close to the town, they will immediately be surrounded by the local population, who will try to drag them off to the regional governor - who lives 5-6 miles away in the opposite direction from the downed ship.
Close observation of the Urthynos, and a bit of logical thought, will enable any of the players to spot that all the creatures have thin, almost hairless arms at 'waist' level, which almost certainly means that they must be supporters of the 'four only' school. This in turn, should suggest that there is a fair chance that they a) don't like outsiders, and b) are probably very superstitious. On either, or both counts, they obviously need to be handled with great tact in order to avoid what could blow up into a major incident.
In this situation, the players' best move is to accompany the Urthynos voluntarily to the regional governor's home where they will be dealt with more sympathetically. If, on the other hand, the players try to resist - and especially if they try to use weapons of any sort - the Urthynos will swiftly disable them with implements not totally unlike electrical cattle prods. The effect of these implements is to temporarily scramble the central nervous system, thus causing the victim to collapse in a helpless heap. These effects are short-lived (10-15 minutes depending on size, weight, constitution, etc.) and, though unpleasant, have no serious side-effects for a normally healthy person.
Either way then, if the players enter the Urthynos town, they will end up visiting the regional governor. The big difference is that, if the players resist the invitation to visit the governor, then they will be taken to him in chains, and he will be far less helpful than if they go there voluntarily.
If on the other hand, the landing party sets down close to the ambassadorial craft, they will find that the ship is totally undamaged - it has made a near-perfect landing on the reasonably smooth, though unprepared landing site. Unfortunately, there is no sign of the ambassador, his staff, or the crew, and no clue as to where they have gone. (A diagram of the ship and a map of the landing area and village are given in module 5.) The landing party can either return to their ship, or move to the nearby town - with the results described above.
MODULE 5
Ambassador’s Space Schooner and Forced Landing Area
The Space Liner

The four illustrations show; an aerial view, with detail of one wing-mounted drive (a); the storage deck (b), the main passenger deck (c) and the upper deck navigation area (d). The numbered areas are as follows:

A1. Two wing-mounted star drives.
B3. General storage area. Note the two spiral staircases leading to the main deck. Entrance to this area is made through the hinged nose section.
C4. Ambassador’s Quarters.
C5. Captain’s Quarters.
C6. Crew’s recreation area.
C7 & C8. Crew’s quarters.
C9 & C10. Ambassador’s staff quarters.
C11. Ambassador’s work/leisure area.
D12. Navigation Deck - room for Captain or first officer and three crew members at any one time.

MODULE 6
The ‘Wind from Beyond’ Temple

When the players are eventually brought before the Regional Governor, and assuming that they haven’t antagonised everyone in sight, they will learn that the ambassador’s staff and crew have already arrived in the regional capital - but not the Ambassador. It seems that the local headman, who is also a priest of the ‘Wind from Beyond’ cult, has decided that the ambassador is, in fact, ‘He who was sent’, and has had him taken off to the nearby ‘wind from beyond’ temple to await the arrival of the High Priest from the cult’s main temple.

The inner section of the temple is regarded as absolutely sacrosanct, and whilst strangers might be permitted in the outer court, any attempt by the players to go further will meet the total resistance by the Urthynkoi (who would rather die than see their temple desecrated). The ambassador is actually suffering from severe shock and is very unlikely to try to escape from the alcove on the left of the high altar, where he has been made to sit in the ritual ‘throne’, a standard feature of all ‘wind from beyond’ temples (reserved, of course, for ‘He who was sent’).

By the way, in case someone gets the idea of making a back ‘door’ assault on the temple to catch the Urthynkoi off guard - there is no back door, and no back windows either. The temple is - as befits such a rural area - comparatively spartan. It is built of something that resembles ‘wattle and daub’ or dwellings. It follows the traditional pattern, but not with the exactness seen in the stone temples in the cities, and some larger towns. The sections of the temple are as follows:

1. The Main Gate - about eight feet high and six feet across the face of each gate. The gates are kept closed at all times (except on the three special days celebrated by the cult members each year), but they are only locked at night, and only then if no-one is on duty.
2. The Outer Court - a grassed-over area with stone-flagged paths leading to the inner temple. The public rooms and the two ‘offices’.
3. Public Rooms - it is impossible to explain the exact purpose of these rooms without entering into a full blown description of the rituals of the ‘wind from beyond’ cult. Suffice it to say that quite a number of the townspeople will be moving in and out of these rooms as long as, and whenever the temple is open.
4. Priest’s Room - for all practical purposes, this room can be seen as the equivalent of the vestry in an English church.
5. Guard Room - this room is used by all of the officials of the temple, in fact, including half a dozen guards. Only two guards will be present at any given time as they work a shift system.
6. The Inner Temple
7. The High Altar is a plain stone block above which hovers a small cloud-like object which signifies the unknown ‘Beyond’ from which ‘He who was sent’ will come.

KEY:
- Individual Houses
- Shops
- Offices
- Headman/Admin

Rough Map of ‘Crash’ Area
The temple is always in semi-darkness. There are four small windows, high up on the wall behind the altar, and the only light comes from the lamp - the 'Eternal Lamp' in the alcove marked (8).

The second alcove in the Inner Temple is occupied by the Throne of 'He who was sent'. This 'throne' (9) - little more than a straight-backed chair made of iron-wood and Beeth-skinn - is presently occupied by the kidnapped Ambassador.

MODULE 7
The Mission - A Complication
Sooner or later the players should begin to realise that they are not, in fact, the only aliens running around Greyp. But who are the others?

Given its abundant supply of minerals, it is hardly surprising that news of the discovery of Greyp and its riches has spread throughout the length and breadth of the known universe - and probably beyond it too. Unfortunately, this news has travelled just as quickly through the grapevines of the galactic underworld as it has through more conventional channels. Greyp has become an object of unhealthy curiosity and avarice for more than one band of unsavoury interstellar cut-throats, but only one group has actually succeeded in sneaking past the Federation/Imperium patrol cruisers in order to set up a covert base on the planet surface - the Interstellar Craft Appreciation Society (the 'Incas' for short).

As can be seen from the detailed report on the Incas (see module 8), their primary aims are to subvert entire governments or, where this is not possible, to at least stir up armed revolutions against governments who insist on remaining loyal to the Federation /Imperium.

In some respects, they are several steps ahead of the players in the present situation since most of what has happened has been engineered by the Incas.

Firstly, the ambassadorial was forced down because of drive failure brought on by a jamming device invented by Incas' R&D section. Once the ship had landed it was Incas agents who led the townspeople out to the 'crash' site. These same agents - whilst leading the mob against the 'Invaders' - took advantage of the general chaos to break into the ambassador's cabin and tattoo him with the sacred mark of the 'Wind from Beyond' (a cloud shape like the object above the altar in the temple) which convinced the headman that the ambassador was the long awaited 'He who was sent'.

The players face a unique challenge in handling the Incas agents since they occupy the bodies of members of the native Urthynoki population and are therefore indistinguishable from them. This is not an impossible problem, however, though the players will need to attack the 'root' of the problem, so to speak, rather than just dealing with symptoms. Naturally the Incas agents will hold those positions which will do them the most good - as guards at the 'Wind from Beyond' temple. As long as they survive, there is NO way that the players can hope to reach the ambassador to save him. Once the agents have been removed, however, if players can reach the ambassador without causing a general free-for-all in the process then they should be able to remove the tattoo without too much difficulty, thus removing the biggest barrier to the successful completion of their mission.

MODULE 8
The Incas
The Incas title is, of course, intentionally misleading - though not entirely so. The purpose of the organisation is to subvert the governments of the planets within the Federation/Imperium on a gradual basis, at the same time setting up a rival confederation headed by the Incas. The title of the society is designed to divert suspicion from their true purpose when, as they frequently do, they visit the many 'less advanced' planets - supposedly in order to trade for hand-made goods, works of art, etc. to be sold on the richer, inner planets.

Naturally the Incas do buy and sell craft to maintain their cover, but most of their journeys are primarily concerned with placing agents, arranging secret negotiations, arms smuggling and the like.

The Incas already control several of the outer planets, so they enjoy an income which allows them to maintain a very high level of technical progress (though their 'subjects' seldom if ever enjoy any benefit from these developments). They also have extensive training facilities throughout the area that they control partly for general weapons/ space craft drill, but mainly for officers and men training with the items developed by their R&D section. Very often these items are not weapons, as such, though they are always for aggressive use of some kind. One such item which has only recently been released for widespread use - and one which is certainly being used by the Incas agents on Greyp - is the 'Personal Displacement' machine (see module 9).

The personnel of Incas has been recruited from throughout the Federation/Imperium. However, unlike some other organisations, it is not composed entirely of criminals (wanted or otherwise). Many of the Incas are simply self-exiles from their own society - some because they disagree with the political system on their home planet and/or the Federation/Imperium, some because they want adventure, and some (of a more scientific turn of mind) because they want to be free to carry out their research with almost limitless funds and no one to ask irritating questions like "is it useful for anything except making war?"

Incas fall into four main categories:
a) Administration - responsible for running Incas itself plus supplying aid in the running of any of the planets under...
their control. The decision to 'aid' an Incas-controlled planet rests with the administration and not the people of the planet in question.

b) Research & Development - this branch is responsible both for devising/making/ testing and supplying new items, and for the maintenance of all existing equipment throughout the Incas organisation.

c) Branch - the armed branch of Incas aids R&D in testing new weaponry, as well as using it whenever necessary to enforce Incas's power. Combat is primarily concerned with straightforward 'conventional' physical operations, though it does occasional work with and/support operations mounted by Sarognii.

d) Specialised Scanning Services - the last and most secretive branch of Incas. The SSS branch fields all of Incas' spies and agents (i.e. spies work in unfriendly territory, agents work in neutral or friendly territory.) The senior members of the SSS are constantly on the lookout for agents and spies with unusual powers. It was one such recruit who gave R&D the idea for the personnel displacement machine.

Finally, whatever their motives for joining Incas, its members will have been steadily (and completely without their knowledge or consent) brainwashed in order to instil perfect loyalty to the organisation. This knowledge, should it ever leak out, would be very upsetting (put it mildly) for many members of the organisations - possibly even leading them to desert. It should be pointed out, however, that like all efficient brainwashing, the treatment includes instruction to the effect that the victims should never believe that they have been brainwashed. So, if the players want to 'turn' one of the Incas, they will have to do more than just grab one of the enemy and explain that he/she has been indoctrinated.

Module 9
The 'Personal Displacement' Machine

The notion of building a 'personal displacement' machine came as a result of the recruitment into 'specialised services' of a young Malathurk (the secondary race of the planet, Aerabius IXgX) named Lyubi Sarognii.

For some strange reason (no amount of research has yet discovered anything as simple as a straightforward genetic cause), the Malathurks occasionally produce a youngster who shows some degree of ability towards 'personal displacement' (i.e. the ability to transfer oneself to another body). In some cases, this ability fades away as the young Malathurk grows towards maturity, in others the ability can only be applied to individuals from Aerabius IXgX (of any race). But once in a while - a very long while - a Malathurk comes along who can transfer him/herself into, and dominate, any other sentient being within range. Lyubi Sarognii was the first Malathurk to show the ultimate degree of displacement ability in six generations.

Sarognii's parents, only too well aware of the Vartiera's dislike of any signs of undue talent amongst the Malathurks, concealed Lyubi's skill from everyone except an old sage, who, though having only a very limited ability himself, helped Lyubi to develop his ability as far as it would go (The Vartiera are the dominant race on Aerabius IXg.)

As soon as he was old enough to leave home, Lyubi chose to join an 'underground' group of Malathurk dissidents. His training proved to be pretty near perfect (from Lyubi's point of view, at least), as Incas agents started to infiltrate various Malathurk groups only a few months later as a preliminary to inciting a full scale rebellion. Lyubi's talents were swiftly and accurately assessed by the Incas, and it wasn't long before the young Malathurk was on his way to a SSS training camp on Piograt Minor.

It was during the particularly demanding SSS graduation test that Sarognii first tried to use his powers of personal displacement away from his home planet. The reason for this, especially, for for Lyubi's instructors when they found out exactly what he had done. Never one to let a good thing go unappreciated, Sarognii's commanding officer at specialised services sent him - with a covering letter - to his opposite number at R&D. Just under one year, and many, many experiments, tests, dummy runs, etc., Incas 'backroom boys' came up with a portable machine which would allow anyone to simulate Sarognii's astonishing ability.

There will be at least three Incas agents (using Urthyknoi bodies) in the vicinity of the town and/or the temple at any one time, with an Incas ship within radio distance at all times. The Incas agents are, of course, making use of the personal displacement machine - and are therefore subject to one major limitation - they cannot move more than 9.76 Tressards (equal to 3 Earth Miles) away from the place where their original bodies are being bored, during the period of displacement. If they go even a few yards beyond this limit, the host body will become progressively weaker as the Incas invader loses strength. After approximately 25-35 minutes outside the communication link, the Incas invader will lose all power and die - a couple of minutes later, the host body will be restored to its normal state, but with no knowledge or memory of the invasion it has suffered (but the players won't necessarily know about that!) The players have little or no chance of distinguishing the invaded Urthyknoi from their normal colleagues, so the Incas agents can only be incited to kill when the host body is real bodies. These can be hidden (in their place, grey, tubular storage capsules) anywhere the referee chooses, given that they are unlikely to be more than three miles away from either the town or the temple.

Incidentally, whilst the Urthyknoi, being a low-tech society, are unlikely to find the Incas' Storage Capsules - let alone damage them - one of the agents will almost certainly (as a matter of policy) try to visit the hiding place at every second or third day to check that everything is OK.

Module 10
The Death Trauma of the Urthyknoi

The primary purpose of the Incas invasion of Greyp was motivated by the rich supply of minerals which they are already mining in a couple of remote areas. The kidnapping of the ambassador is simply intended to discomfit the Federation/Imperium through the failure of the conference that the ambassador is supposed to be attending. In other words, the Incas aren't particularly interested in the ambassador as such, and have no plans to harm him except if a change of circumstances means that it is advantageous to them to do so. Indeed, they feel strongly that he is best left alive - a living 'P.O.W.' is much more useful than a dead one!

Despite the limited scope of their operations, the Incas must, of course, remove the mined minerals from the planet. Incas make use of the SSS craft, particularly the R&D and/or Imprisonment of agents. On the materials are on board an Incas ship, they will be flown as quickly as possible to the nearest Incas-controlled planet for refining, etc. When the mission starts, these flights will have gone on totally undetected, of course, so this is something else that the players must deal with for themselves in order to complete the entire mission satisfactorily. And naturally, there is a catch.

In anticipation of the moment of the discovery, the Incas transporters carry half a dozen kidnapped Urthyknoi each - including the son of the headman of the town where the ambassador's space schooner set down. These hostages aren't really aware of what they are being used for - they are literally just going along for the ride. Any attempt to interface with an Incas ship will be met with a message concerning the presence of the Urthyknoi. In case any of the players take the hint, Urthyknoi more or less isn't going to make much difference one way or t'other - especially that they are to die far from their own planet and with no-one on Greyp any the wiser - the Incas will, if pushed, supply a second piece of information.

From what the Incas say (and they are, in fact, telling the truth) every member of the Urthyknoi race has the gift of thought transference - but only at the moment of death! This ability - known as the 'Death Trauma of the Urthyknoi' - means that they can transmit a thought picture in great detail and clarity for just a few seconds at the moment of death, and since this information is processed by a special sub-committee of the High Council of Greyp. So, if an Incas ship is attacked and damaged or destroyed by the players, then, if only one Urthyknoi is killed as a result of that attack, it will certainly pass that information back to the High Council of Greyp and bang go any chances of signing a peace and trade treaty!
"Wait!" said Imrahl, the Elf Lord stooped; bringing the flickering torchlight closer to the flagstone floor and the freshly carved runes.

"Then it was as we thought" said Aviolan, "Her heart pounding with anticipation," "They do exist."

"YES" said Imrahl hardly daring to believe "for here it is - written, a new age is now upon us." Floor plans that will fire the imagination of Dungeon Masters everywhere and role-play will never be the same again for those who dare enter their domain. And dropping to his knees Imrahl uncovered the final rune and with a look of astonishment turned to Aviolan.

ONLY £2.50 plus P & P" replied Imrahl.

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TRADE AND OVERSEAS ENQUIRIES WELCOME
Abner Whitlock is returning to Arkham after an absence of thirty-one years. He was seven when he left, and even now would not go back except it has become necessary. Very... necessary!

Soft, wet snow falling, and Abner's feet leave indeterminate tracks in the slushy white layer. Below him in the dusk as he reaches the crest of the hill, Arkham's lights burn dully through falling snow.

The sight of the ancient, crumbling town fills him with memories— but the memories are colder than the snow and bite harder than the chill night breeze.
Those oh so cold memories...

... of Old Uncle Ezekiel Whitlock and the way Abner and his uncle had used to argue, and of how often the arguments had turned to blows - and Abner, only seven, unable to defend himself from the old man's belt. Damn, how that strap had used to hurt!

But for all the beatings, Abner had never really been worried for himself. No, it was Sarah he had felt for. Cousin Sarah. So quiet. So strange.

Sweet little Sarah, who, at the age of six, had been locked up forever. For what she did to baby Luther. Abner never did find out what Sarah did, but it had been enough to make them take little Luther away for good. Least ways, Abner never had seen him since that time.

And yet... Old Ezekiel had been right.

"Yew kin't go boy!" he had used to say. "They world aout thar's fer them what lives in it, an' we live aoutside of it! A boy like yew, alone? No, yew kin't go. Yew need to be among them as is like unto yerself, Abner. Like you got right here. An' the older yew gets the more yew'll need 'em!"

...
Now, descending the hill, Abner skirt's old Arkham and heads for the woods west of town, in the centre of that forest, there stands the old Whitlock mansion, forbidding monument to extinct nobility, decaying now and degenerate as the family name it bears.

He had been one of the oldest. He'd never understood why there were so many children, and all of them Whitlocks.

Inbred idiocy breeding idiocy — but so few adults. Cousins and half-cousins, sisters and brothers and kith and kin galore, but only a handful of aunts and uncles, mothers and fathers.

He grins mirthlessly as he turns up the collar of his coat, and once again his memories go back, back...

And lord over them all, uncle Ezekiel, the hard old bastard!
Yes, and he remembered how old Ezekiel had fled the library one lightning-crazed night, how his eyes had stared and his lips trembled with nameless dread.

"Ef yew do run away, boy", the old man had once told him, "be sure yew'll be back. Ain't no way yew'll fit in aoutside. Yew're different, boy, different. Like all the Whitlocks. An' as time goes on yew'll become more different. Me, I'm least different of all, which is why I'm here a-takin' keer of yew all. Heh, heh, heh."

And slowly, slowly he had pulled the glove off his left hand, the hand he always kept covered...

Abner remembered it now, as he always remembered it: the sight of those five, long, thick white worms twining where Ezekiel's fingers ought to have been!
The fabled systemless scenario presents numerous problems for the referee, and (not least) the player, if the groundwork hasn't been sufficiently well-laid and embellished and statistics inserted by the GM. The main difficulty in writing such an adventure is to assemble material that doesn't render the whole thing exclusive of one or more systems. This could quite easily be done by the inclusion of matter which is incompatible with a specific game. In order to avoid this, it is necessary to be rather general, perhaps even a trifle vague at times, particularly when dealing with such controversial topics as magic and religion.

Nevertheless, this material will attempt to outline the state of faith and deiism in Scatophagium and trust to the referee and his chosen rules to provide the refinements needed for his system.

The first section is a general guide to religions in Scatophagium, and may be read by anyone with an interest in the town. The second section is a description of two religious establishments, either (or both) of which can be used as the basis for an adventure.

### Principal Churches and Sects of Scatophagium:

In a world where the gods are very real and influence the day-to-day lives of the inhabitants directly, by the agencies of priests and their magic, it is to be expected that certain religious factions maintain a firm grip upon the reins of power. Indeed it is surprising that more towns and cities are not like Brennit, a hundred miles north of Scatophagium, a pan-theocratic conurbation completely dominated by several powerful and influential sects. Over two thirds of the population of Brennit is made up of priests and novices - the remainder are laymen and women employed in the various temples and theological colleges, either as menial staff or mercenaries. For the most part, even the defence of the city is accomplished by priest-warriors and reverand marines.

**CHESSUM:**

Many of the churches in Scatophagium have their headquarters in Brennit, where there is a current power struggle between the like creeds of Holy Orthodox Fundamentalists (H.O.F.) and the Sacred Fundamental Orthodox (S.F.O.): both dedicated to Chessum and equally ruthless in their determination to be his major representative. Both cults fervently send out mercenaries to gain converts to their particular doctrine, although there is little difference between the two. Roughly, equal numbers of adherents and shrines are boasted by each of them, and their gross turnovers are similar - this is very important, as the priests of this merchant's creed believe the church is nothing if not a prosperous business.

The Holy Orthodox Fundamentalists have succeeded in converting Vector of Vertex Hall to their faith, away from his outmoded heathen veneration of Manud, and are busy consolidating their position by building a new temple and re-dedicating the Basilica, one of Scatophagium's oldest and most important buildings.

The H.O.F. and S.F.O. together comprise the dominant religious persuasion in Scatophagium, if not in numbers then certainly in power. Both sects offer clear-cut but expensive paths to salvation by the grace and beneficence of Chessum. Several sub-sects exist and most notable are the Reclamants, a secretive group who serve Chessum by disciplined enrichment of the initiated elite, believing that all wealth comes from their god and that to accept it from a non-believer is merely reclaiming what is rightfully his. This, incidentally makes it possible for a true believer to afford Chessum's bounty and grace.

Chessum is characterised by shrewdness and intelligence, thoroughness and diligence in work. His symbols are the balances, the abacus and the coin, and occasionally a closed book and pen signifying the completed work. Colours: Red and Yellow, usually muted to light Brown in the clergy's vestments.

The work of the Chessumite priesthood involves the education of the children of the wealthy in church schools, where the faith is engendered along with mercantile skills. Divination is of prime concern, chiefly that of the fortunes of their various interests and the futures of their commodities. Vast wealth has been accrued in this fashion and most of it is channeled back to Brennit HQ.

The offspring of a union between Imeprath and Manud, Chessum has superseded his father in Scatophagium as he does in legend; the stories of all the gods are intertwined, and the Manudians...
maintain that the descent to the ‘ocean beneath the ocean’ undertaken by Manud enhanced the god’s powers and transformed him - the Chessumites state that the transformation was the result of Manud’s unsuccessful attempt to defeat the entropy tides of ENOC. As Manud is portrayed as emerging fish-headed from his sub-aquatic foray, so Chessum is depicted as helping his poor defeated father from the waves after defending the world in his absence.

MANUD:
Where there now stands a colossal set of golden balances behind and above the high altar of the Basilica, there previously sat the fish-headed effigy of Manud, now relegated to his temple near the Propylon. For many centuries Manud has been worshipped near the banks of the River Scat; in fact as long as there has been a fishing community. Indeed it was fortuitous that the Manudians was in ascendancy on Fulthess when Cathetus Vertex sailed from there and debarked at Scat. The fact that Cathetus’ beliefs coincided with those of the indigineous people alleviated much stress in the first years of Vertex’ rule of the area.

A number of sects worship Manud and have temples and churches in Scat. Principle among these is the Just Hand, formerly Vector’s faith, and still adhered to by some members of his family. This cult once embraced the cream of Scat, Society (such as it was) and held services regularly and, on special occasions, in the Basilica. The Temple of the Just Hand now houses the displaced statue of Manud and though still rich, more people are leaving than are joining. Within the Enceinte, it seems the Manudians will dwindle to the status of a lesser religion. However, towards the other end of town this is not the case.

The Temple of Inspired Sanation does brisk business. This benevolent and austere sect is in close contact with the common people, dedicated to the alleviation of suffering, and has a large, regularly attending congregation made up mainly of labourers and craftsmen.

South of the river, many of the fishers, whose families traditionally worshipped Manud at shrines on the shore at Scatmouth (two miles west where the river meets the Ladron Sea), have entered the established churches, as Scat, has become more urban in the last two hundred years. All Manudian cults hold the principles of truth and justice highly, the priests and pedagogues teaching that an ordered universe is achievable by the awareness of Manud’s will, which constitutes destiny.

Schools exist in many of the churches and temples, where knowledge of all things is prized, though there is perhaps an emphasis on understanding the laws of nature and man. Experimentation is frowned upon, as it is in all the temples and schools dedicated to any of the gods. Only too often have the gods seen novel ideas lead a culture to disbelief in their omnipotence and have had to exert their influence in order to reassert themselves.

The symbols of Manud are the open book revealing the unchangeable word of the father of gods, the Hand and Fish, sometimes blind, and occasionally the Baton of Justice. Colours: blues and greys.

IMEPRATH:
Imepath, also known locally as Lysia the Healer, is the third major deity of Scat. The mother of Chessum and Arneche, she is seen as a naturalistic provider sometimes associated with Manud. Pictured as a noble agrarian peasant protecting children or sowing seed or reaping a harvest. As such, she is worshipped by farmers and pioneers in their homes, and by groups of individuals.

Coming Soon In Scatophatagium:

Next Issue: Out And About A Conjunction of Talents
By Robin Parry & Ste Dillon
coming together with no rigid church environment, although there are 
organised establishments dedicated to her such as abbeys, agricultural 
councils and pioneering alliances.

A Temple of Intimacy, where erotic rites and spontaneous benevolence characterise her worshippers. As many courtesans and 
libertines are among the faithful, the cult is quite powerful. Her colours are 
crimson, illiac and violet. Many symbols are used and include the cat, 
snakes (particularly the Hooded Cobra) and the seven-pointed star 
(Septagram).

SHCUB: The mother of Shcub has no commonly used name. She is referred to very rarely. Dark and mysterious, little is known to the 
initiated of the rites and sacrifices performed by her worshippers. She is 
believed to dominate the night and inspire madness. A small temple stands within a walled garden near the Propylon. It 
appears deserted, but is kept tidy and clean. No images adorn it and its grey 
walls are painted.

Before his union with Imeparth, Manud is 
believed to have consorted with the mother of the night and sired by her and 
her. A dark reflection of himself, Shcub favours retribution and vengeance where 
his father stands for justice; discipline 
and domination replace destiny and order in 
his priorities. Two groups, known as 
Erlmites and Stastrites, are made up 
chiefs of warriors, and worship Shcub in 
his role as Conquerors. Their strict 
 adherence to commandments is notable and 
makes them loyal and dependable 
soldiers. Within their ranks however, 
lurks the secret sect of Corundum 
Stammites, who are outlawed in many 
centres of civilisation due to their 
 predilection for ruthless and careful 
subjugation of whomever societies they 
obtain a toe-hold in. Drawing their 
members from the cream of the 
congregation, the sect is composed of 
high ranking officials and officers. They 
work quietly in their positions of power to 
advance their fellow members’ interests, 
using intimidation, assassination and 
coercion to achieve their aim of a strictly 
disciplined elite, and a world held in thrall 
by themselves in the name of Shcub. 
The Hall of Conquerors is bedecked 
with weaponry and armour, trophies and 
pennants. A suit of fine and costly 
armour, draped with offerings of the best 
weaponry, is in focus of devotees, and 
stands out in the Hall in place of an altar 
or statue. It is believed that the armour 
will be imbued with the spirit of their god 
or servants in times of need. Symbols 
are the chevron and the hammer, and 
his wear - red and silver.

DIXUS: 
Sometimes erroneously associated with 
Arneche, Love Lies Bleeding is an order dedicated to Dixus, the god of lust 
and greed. It is outlawed in some places 
(but not Scat), due to its sadistic and 
unconstrained rites which involve blood 
sacrifice, enraged beasts, various 
narcotics and brutality. A temple with 
grounds is located south of the river near 
the Hippodrome, where the order 
perform their rituals.

Several Cruel Houses, as they are 
known, are scattered about the town 
for ministration to the needs of the faithful, 
the finest of these is to be found 
behind one of the temples in the Enceinte. 
The whip and the cange are symbols 
of Dixus, whose priests and priestesses 
wear any colour, quite often in startling 
combinations. The mule is considered a 
sacred animal by the order.

FOSS TYNAN: 
Both Dixus and Foss Tyan are 
offspring of the mother of Shcub, though 
who is responsible for fathering them, if 
this was indeed necessary, is not known. 
Conjecture has it that the mother was 
united with Noneness in order to 
conceive the pair, or that ENOC is the 
embarrassed father; if so, he does not 
claim them.

The Church of the White 
Zone (for loading and unloading only) venerates 
Foss Tyanan. Poorly organised, this cult 
provides self interest above the good of 
the church (which has been used as a 
factory, whorehouse, prison and shop). Their 
cynical creed, that any means may be 
employed to gain power, frequently leads 
to schism within the priesthood, hence 
the opportunities to exploit supplicants to 
the utmost is never allowed to pass.

The church is tolerated as it rarely 
becomes enough to present a threat to 
the established orders. The culling 
process, which is the result of mutual 
predation, i.e. the upper echelons are, 
almost without exception, 
ruthless and rapacious individuals. They 
are without the scruples or dedication 
neccesary to maintain the deity’s 
interest, hence the continual replacement 
of high priests.

There is only one Church of the 
White Zone in ScoL, and that is close to the 
Pipe Market, towards the western end 
of town. The clergy wear what they 
choose. A threaded nut and bolt like 
ornament adorns their alars.

FATHER JOHN: 
No established church is dedicated to 
the Gallimain, or Father John as he is 
also known, but his itinerant priests may 
be found on the road, in theatres and 
innns, in refugee camps etc. Some 
established havens exist, such as Holy 
Way stations and shrines. Referred to 
as an itinerant juggler, he is the patron 
of travelling performers, entertainers and 
musicians, believed to walk the earth in 
various guises - usually accompanied by 
a small dog (OZNOb). This romantic 
and humourous deity is also the 
spiritual champion of chance and dexterity, and so 
is revered by some gamblers and 
professional gamblers.

Stories are told of him and his many 
exploits (usually involving a cheerful 
disregard for the wills of the other gods) 
but are not written, for his tradition is oral. 
Laughter is regarded by his devotees 
as his sign, as is a wheel (sometimes 
broken), the rhododendron and small 
monkey dogs. Jugglers’ clubs and 
benign mushrooms are also taken as 
tokens of his religion.

SLEARTEI: 
Members of the Thelman creed 
venerate Slearstei in temporary free 
houses established where the capricious 
priests choose. Somewhat ineffectual 
through their lack of culture, and regarded 
as a last resort for the religiously 
estranged, there are those dedicated to 
the creed who will be found, when funds 
permit, holding impromptu services in 
public houses, bordello, etc.

Frequently drunk, the whimsical clergy 
exhibit fits of kindness and cruelty, often 
speaking in tongues, occasionally 
entering the temples of other religions, 
during services, in order to make 
conversions or just for the crack. The 
creed flourishes in gaols.

Offspring of Arneche and Dixus, 
Slearstei is the patron of sleep, freedom 
and trickery, held in high esteem by 
many thieves and con artists. The priests 
are known as ‘fellows’ and employ vials, 
mirrors and smoke as symbols.

ENOC: 
Amongst the other temples situated 
near the Propylon, there rears a dark 
and brooding structure known as the 
House of Extinguished Flames, 
where the obisdom figure of ENOC peers 
from beneath a cowl at all who enter, 
reminding them that he will visit everyone 
in time with his gift of death. His huge 
statue stands at the end of a wide and 
lofty hall built of bricks made from the 
ashes of the dead, furnished with many 
urns and caskets. No windows pierce the 
walls, and it is said that no flame will 
burn within them. Light is provided by lanterns 
stocked with phosphorescent insects, 
but these soon die even when provided 
with ample food and water.

ENOC is the god of death and is 
worshipped by those who fear his 
proximity, and those who wish to further 
his cause. His colour is black and his 
symbols include a candle snuffer 
and an Inverted trident.

OTHER SECTS: 
Dark and nameless cults exist wherein
Goroth, Nos and Tch'h are honoured. In towns and cities these are usually secret, and Scat, is no exception. The members of these cults seek to promote suffering for the unintiated through their joint creed of hate, impotence and ignorance. The more pain that is caused thereby, the more favour an adherent receives with his gods. Little or nothing is heard of these groups for months, then a gross and pointless act of destruction will proclaim the continued existence of the Acolytes.

The signs of this deplorable triad are continually changing, but a burning ship and disembodied animals have been its most common tokens.

A number of nature cults exist, and the druids and priests are encountered in Scat, from time to time, but these are not represented by temples in the town.

The Encelinte

The Encelinte is the larger walled area surrounding the Motte, an enormous elevated and predating human habitation. The area is roughly eight hundred by four hundred yards, kidney shaped, and within the walls dwell the upper classes of Scat. Within the Encelinte, and atop the motte, is a smaller walled area enclosing Lord Vector's Hall, the Bath and the Battery.

Entry for the Encelinte via the Propylon is allowed on payment of a fee, for which a character receives a dated pass whereon his name and stated business will be recorded. He must leave the Encelinte before sunset on that date. Passes of non-residents are checked regularly within the walled area by the men at arms of the Battery, who also patrol the walls.

The temples are situated between the wall that runs roughly parallel to the river and the Propylon Way. All the temples (with the possible exception of the House of the Mother of Shub) will be inhabited and guarded by priests and their assistants.

They are open to any plausible visitor during the hours of daylight. It is likely that an adventurer's pass may be examined, or if he looks impressive enough, he might be asked to sign a visitor's book.

The Temple of Inspired Sanation

A flat roofed building with an overhanging, plain upper storey supported by a square columned ground floor. It stands just off the Byrne, a thoroughfare that deviates the middle classes from the lower, and the Temple is on the periphery of the very lowest class area of Scat.

The temple's work of healing and caring for the sick is over-seen by the arch-priest, Father Pharatric, a lean and tall white-haired man of middle years. Grey robes embroidered with a small white Hand motif are worn by all the staff of the Temple, and Pharatric bears no symbol of office other than a ring fashioned as a hand grasping a fish, possibly with protective properties. The priests generally bear no weapons, but most are skilled with staff and net, which they use to subdue rather than harm possible attackers. Assaults on these benevolent fellows are rare.

Local Doomerst (justiciars) were, until recently, drawn from the ranks of the Manudian priesthood, but are now replaced by Chassusiets. Pharatric was a respected doomerst, and despite his not being one now, his word is still accepted by the authorities and plaintiffs alike when he gives judgement in a dispute.

The Temple does a small trade in the sale of rare herbs, but as with their healing, they will only deal with their own flock and other Manudians, or those they know to be reputable citizens.

Twelve (or more) novices live in the building, and several others associated with it, travel about, doing the work of Manud (and the occasional bit of adventuring).

Of the resident priests, Kerrivine ranks second to Pharatric and performs the function of scribe and record keeper; he is small, thin and dark-haired, slightly balding with an intense manner, but quick to laughter. He is of middle years.

Next in the Temple's Heirarchy are Stunsail the elderly chief healer, and Lume van Toliseld, the powerfully built giant of a hermabaster - whose poor but very loud singing can often be heard coming from the flat roof where he tends his plants. He likes nothing better than a practical joke, and will create showers with his watering can for those below on sunny days, or dangle a string with a powerful magnet attached, to the annoyance of passers-by wearing helmets, etc.

Third is the beefy cook, whose knowledge of legend is unsurpassed. Follard is Stunsail's deputy in the infirmary and, although of no more than a medium build, is the temple's most able warrior; he was a military man for many years before turning to Manud in his maturity.

The remainder of the priests are mature young men serving as assistants to the aforesaid. The novices under Kerrivine's supervision maintain the building, run errands, help in the infirmary and herbarium, and on top of this spend many hours learning the Manudian rites and invocations.

GROUND FLOOR:

All the ground floor rooms have ten foot ceilings and grey tiled floors. Most of the walls are whitewashed.

1 and 2. The temple has two vestibules or porches which are open to the street, where supplicants can come and congregate with priests. Beggars sleep here at night and plead for arms during the day.

3. An office for donations and temple business. It has a table and four chairs, several ledgers, pens and ink. No more than petty cash is ever kept here. Kerrivine, or more likely, his young assistant underscribe Gevern, will be working here during the day.

4. The Main Hall is plain and airy. The walls in the hall are painted pale blue, whereas the other rooms are white-washed. A large table and three heavy chairs are at the north end, where Pharatric, Stunsail and Kerrivine sit when giving judgement. In the centre of the hall sits the image of Manud, carved of grey veined serpentine with a head resembling that of a salmon.

Services are held here every seven days, on the days preceding each quarter. They are witnessed by all and take place at the new moon, particularly the first and last of the year (as noted elsewhere, the largest moon waxes and wanes each of the 28-day months of the Scatogahgium calendar. The night of the 28th is the "dark of the moon"; "new moon" or "no moon". There are thirteen months).

Two trees and a pond are visible through large windows in the west wall, which has doors at either end leading to the cloister.

The openings to the north and south of the Hall are archways, the southern of these leading to:

5. This is used as a shop for the sale of herbs and medicines. The faithful enter through here when attending services. Half a dozen staves and nets are kept here under a table, on which are numerous small pots, bottles and bundles.

6. The Cloister gives access to the stairs leading up, and to the gardens where two weeping ash trees flank a deep pond stocked with black and grey carp. Priests will sit out here on pleasant days discussing or meditating beside the pool.

7 and 8. The Infirmary is comprised of four rooms, and boasts two wards; the northern of the two (7) is reserved for special patients (contagious, dangerous or wealthy) and is occasionally used to put up ebulie and grey carp. Priests will sit out here on pleasant days discussing or meditating beside the pool.

Large corridor rooms are stores and surgeries where healing arts are practised, medicines are stored, and novices sleep at night, caring for the nocturnal needs of the sick.

1st FLOOR:

All the upper floor rooms are eight feet high, have wooden floors, whitewashed walls and heavy beams spanning the ceiling.

Broad steps lead up from the cloister then divide, north and south; both passages leading to:

9. The Balcony, from where it is possible to look down into the garden from the openings between the pillars. The roof overhangs the balcony by about three feet.

10. Pharatric's rooms are clean and sparsely furnished and lit by a large (six foot square) skylight fashioned of muscovite (Micha) in an iron frame (all rooms on this floor except 17 & 18 have these lights, and no windows pierce the outer walls).

Facing the door is a table covered by an embroidered cloth, upon which is a large and finely made book of the Manudian law, two candlesticks, shaped like hands holding a Milch-shaped candle (they are not obviously valuable, but are made of grey onyx), a plain maroon rod with a small white metal hand at one end (a potent object against wrongdoers) and a casket (not locked) which contains some valuable trinkets. Also in the room are a large
table and six chairs, wine and goblets.

A door in the east wall leads to Pharatic's bedchamber, where there are a few personal belongings, a plain bed and a locked chest - in which are fine robes and cememets, a goblet and chalice and other churchly items. All are blessed and have magical auras, though they are not very valuable in themselves.

11. This is a priest's dormitory where Stunsall and three younger priests sleep.

12, 13 and 14. These are common rooms for the temple clergy (13 is a dining hall).

15. This is another dormitory where Follard, Throyd and three others sleep.

16. Kerrevine's chambers, in contrast to Pharatic's, are cluttered and untidy; the walls are hidden by bookshelves, scroll stands, and charts; many interesting items are scattered about the tables and shelves and include an astrarabe, bottles of herbal extracts (some lethal), scrolls, strange bones and some ecclesiastical chimes precariously balanced on a chair, just out of sight under the edge of a table.

Through the door to the east is Kerrevine's bedchamber which he shares with Lume. Equally cluttered, this room has three beds, the third is not used for sleeping. Rather, its hollow base is the stout receptacle for the temple's funds as well as a number of enchanted items collected by the church over the years, either in payment for services, or found by the peripatetic clergy on their travels. The emaciations from this treasure trove disturb the sleep of any who would use the bed, and although sealing glamour are cast about the box, the effusion is merely muffled.

17. This Small Kitchen has shelves with foodstuffs and crockery, a small range, a water barrel and a table with drawers holding cutlery.

18. Still in the room adjoining the kitchen there steps which lead up to the roof. Under the steps (behind the door) is a storage space for herbs, drying out in bunches hung from hooks.

19. A low (5 feet high) room. This is used to store Lume's tools, and some tender valuable specimens.

20. The roof (or the Herbarium as Lume refers to it). A four and a half foot wide floor surrounds the outer edge and a three foot wall the inner. The roof is made of flags laid on cross-beams and sealed with pitch. Water drains to the corners and down narrow conduits in the walls. The skylights are raised above with the level of the roof brick surrounds. Clustered about them, and all over the roof, are pots, troughs, and planters and such where grow many different herbs. All of these flourish under Lume's care and he is able to grow plants not usually able to survive in the area. A number of water barrels stand around collecting rain. A slate table and bench near the door, which is locked and barred at night, are the doors in 3. and 5.

SCENARIO HOOKS:

1. Adventurers meet Loz the Cormornant (secretly a Goroth cultist), a sleek fighter who will complain of the avarice of the temple of Inspired Sanction, and how recently, when in need of aid, he was taken by unWISE friends where he was stripped of all his wealth and a priceless enchanted bow. The facts of the matter are that Loz entered the temple as one of the faithful during a service and slipped into the garden, where he attempted to defile the pool. He was subdued and judged. In order to pay his fine he had to hand over his bow. The bow is quite ordinary and has been kept for him by the priests in case he returns with the fine (which was slightly less than the worth of the weapon). He will promise the players vast booty if they assist him in regaining his 'prize'. If they fall for this, he may assist them to enter the Temple, but will insist on defiling the pool once inside, an unreliable ally at best.

2. Possibly as a result of the above, if the players don't go for Loz's plan, and inform the Temple of his intentions, they may be hired to guard the place against Loz and his cronies, who, even if the players aren't enlisted, will attempt his mischief with some others. The temple are aware of his ill-regard for them and may have heard that he is planning something. The offer of employment can be made to the characters if they visit the temple without ever encountering Loz.

3. Enrulkan the Hyacinth is an extremely rare and efficacious herb. It is known that it is used for some hundred miles to possess a specimen? Right? - and he takes it downstairs with him at night (no fool our Lume!).

The bulb is poisonous in its raw state, but sends up a cluster of green tubular flowers once a year. These are carefully dried to a pale powder (some of which is in room 16), for this is used by mysticalists to visit other spheres. The plant has powerful medicinal properties and the Temple will not sell either the powder or the bulbs.

Wrestlingthrust of Pothe - who lives south on the Byrnes - an otherwise law-abiding Sage of early maturity, would give a great deal to possess the plant or its by-products. He is tall and wiry, shabby and impatient, well versed in metaphysics and the law of the planes, and has some knowledge of wizardry. He knows little of the plant other than its use in ritual magic, its description and that Lume has some. He will not tell the players he is penniless.

The Church of the White Zone (for loading and unloading only)

The Church of the White Zone is a peculiar place, even by Scaphognamus standards. Situated on the North Dock Road, its anonymous facade looks out over the river. It is two stories high and is set back from the road. In front of the heavy double doors is a small square of open ground flanked on the west by stables and on the east by a shop - both of these are single storied.

1. The Square is whitened with ashes and lime, and it provides a convenient place for travellers to step off the busy North Dock Road for a momentary rest or to get their bearings. If any characters are unwise enough to step onto the white zone, they stand a high chance of being hailed from the building behind the welcoming friendly looking man in a plain off-white smock and gaiters. He is the middle-aged Ecclesiarch Serpulo who, when he has nothing better to do, waits for unwary strangers to stray onto the white zone. He will approach with an ingratiating demeanour explaining that alas, the church has had to be spiritually cleansed upon sanctified ground. Although that is quite a serious matter, it can be put right by the offender(s) merely by stepping into the church for a very brief blessing. He will be quite insistent in a firm, but gentle manner, and if he manages to get anyone into the church, will proceed to offer wine to them while they await the ceremony to be prepared. The wine will be drugged and if drunk it is doubtful that the character will be seen again.

Serpulo is a man of middle size who wears leather armour under his smock. He has ample spells to defend himself and to perform the god's will, which is that his church must explore the world for everything possible. Serpulo will walk with an innocent-looking staff, that can administer staggering damage if need be. He and all the staff are heavily perfumed.

2. The Hall. The steel-reinforced oak doors lead to the Hall - which has a wooden floor, plastered walls and ceiling - with a guard tower on the north and the benches provided. There is a heavy scent of incense. Here they will be made comfortable while the chapel (3) is prepared. If a visitor to the church does not drink the wine, but is still persuaded to attend a ceremony, they will be eventually ushered into the chapel, which is dominated by a large altar with a nut and bolt-like centrepiece. Hung on the walls are many crutches and braces, false noses and eye patches, which Serpulo may explain, have been left by the invalids cured by the worship of Foss Tynan. Incense is burned here continuously. If a ceremony is in place, then assisting Serpulo will be Clarina Papilla Wen, a shrewed and ancient woman in long robes. She has the power to identify enemies of the church and deal with them swiftly and cruelly. This small fanatical woman is protected by magical means and despises any non-humans. Up to six church 'deacons' will attend the ceremony, filing in at the back of the chapel and closing the doors. The deacons are mercenary thugs hired by the church, and will assist any of the clergy if called.

3. The Confessional. A small anteroom to the south of the chapel leads to the confessing room, which is locked and the door is usually locked. A trapdoor in the floor provides quick escape for the staff if necessary.

5. Anteroom. To the north of the chapel, a door leads to another anteroom, where some manacles, chains and weapons are stored, with eight strange
vestments (maroon, with the back and abdomen cut away).

6. A Narrow Passage. This has a secret door in the wood panelled south wall leading to the crypt.

7 and 8. Offices. These deal with the church business and have desks, writing materials, ledgers of accounts and some samples of products (white zone snow storms, ointments, crutches, and wooden legs etc.) The drugged wine is also kept here.

9. The Watchroom is where the deacons' lounge around when not actually assaulting personnel. A cupboard holds some food and wine for the consumption of the deacons. A back door leads to a tiny yard where there are two large barrels full of water. Twenty five feet west of the yard's gate is a public well. A door to the south of the watchroom leads into the stableyard. Both of these doors and the double front doors are locked, bolted and barred at night.

10. The Stables have walls to the north where four horses and two wagons are kept along with some feed. A roof runs around the east, south and west walls, creating a covered area where crates and kegs are stored. Double gates open onto the road.

11. A small door to the west of the stable yard leads into a 'house of ill repute', whose clients may leave their horses in the stableyard.

12. The clients are escorted upstairs to the Louge, where they will meet a priest of the White Zone. This priest will take the money for the services rendered; and also invites them to the White Zone for more fun (He may employ a simple ruse such as the client's wife has come looking for him and that there is another way out). A passage connects the two buildings, running over the stables, emerging onto the landing (13) of the church.

The client will be asked to descend the stairs (either for fun or to escape) and will encounter the deacons, who will detain him as a tresspasser. He must hand over all valuable items to avoid a beating or worse.

14 to 17. are priests' cells, where their possessions are kept (valuables are either well hidden or hidden otherwise).

18. The Dining Room has a long table and ten chairs, and The Storeroom (19) has a small stove, fuel and foodstuffs to the east, while the west side of the room is piled with old clothes, saddles and blankets, weapons, backpack - in fact all the less valuable booty from the church's victims, which is sold bit by bit, by way of wages.

20 and 21. Serpulo's chambers are comfortably furnished, although nothing of value is left lying around.

22. Papilla Wen's room is empty except for a white square painted on the floor (where she sleeps) and a small flail.

The four priests - one to each cell - are all eager to do their bit for Foss Tynan and are capable fighters or magic wielders, though of low order. The Deacons sleep in (11.) and there are nine all together, three off-duty at any one time.

Serpulo, Papilla and the priests will keep the doors to their chambers locked whether in or out.

23. The Crypt is divided up by pillars and brick walls into a number of areas. There is a disgusting smell that may be evident as soon as the secret door is opened. All doors are kept locked in the crypt. The large area is a workroom, where four indented children are chained to benches and forced to make items for sale.

To the south of the stairs, the door leads to a small office. This in turn leads to a storage area with a secret door to the south east. This trapdoor (24.) is above a ladder to the south. The door to the north leads to an area where victims' bodies are sometimes kept before disposal. The odour emanates from the final chamber, to the east, and is of nauseating intensity here. Slurping noises may be heard beyond the stout door, which is trapped, and double locked. Serpulo has the keys.

Beyond the door the smell is overpowering. An alcove forms the eastern end of the small room where boiling fumes of dark colours writh and roll, almost filling the space with a vertical wall of oily smoke, protruding from which is the Eunecution of Serpulo, the manifestation of a part of the god, appearing as a flabby body diluting from completely closed to a diameter of three feet every ten seconds. Pale and slimy, it is covered with excessences and growths. It has enormous power which, if the demoned god has a mind to employ it (and he hasn't most of the time), can draw a player into the Eunecution towards a fate both disgusting and terminal. If Foss Tynan is coherent (about one day in three), the Eunecution can implant suggestions in a player's mind. Anyone coming this far will have a sickening body odour for many moons, regardless of the god's awarenesses. The duct will withdraw to its own plane or universe if hurt, but since it is virtually indestructible, this is not likely. The duct (when open) exerts a powerful sucking draught which will be hard to resist. Serpulo's treasures are hidden within the fumes in three small caskets and include gems and jewellery. The bodies of the victims of the church are sometimes fed into the Eunecution, where they become one with the deranged deity. Bodies not deemed fit for the god are weighted and dumped in the river.

The secret door leads to a passage that runs south and descends some steps. The door to (24) is open and insides are oars and poles, a bundle of clothing and some preserved food in a sack near the door. There could be a supernatural or undead warden at this point.

At the end of the passage, the door is locked. It leads to a small subterranean quay, where a small rowing boat (no oars) is moored. The level of the water rises and falls with the river. The level is generally higher in spring and autumn, and it's at its lowest in summer, when the boat can be rendered useless by the lack of water in the channel from the river. A heavy grating bars the channel further south, which is secured by a catch on the inside. The channel emerges as one of the openings in the bank of the river. Most of these openings discharge water and waste into the river from conduits under the town.

Dealings with the White Zone could involve rescuing the children (their indentures are legal, by the way), or investigating a disappearance of someone last heard of on his way to the 'house of ill repute' (Known as Blanch's).
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