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EDITORIAL

976, 977, 978. Zzzzz... Wot?!
Another issue already? But I haven't finished looking at all those response forms, and my computer's locked in a time-warp calculation. Oh, well, since the Taskmaster's woken me up, let's have a look and see what we've got. There's the final part of Women In Roleplaying - that'll please the chauvinists. But I don't think that's the last we've seen of Janet Vials. And there's an article by another woman; that Ann Broomfield who did that thingie about poisons in issue #6. Yeah, that was really good.

Hrm. A scenario for Call of Cthulhu, and the Scat. fantasy campaign deals with money - that should make a good scenario for my thief character.

I see Brian Lumley's back in this issue, and so is Whiplash! With a new scriptwriter! Looks better than ever. Ah, but I see Ian Marsh has gone. Who's replacing him, then? Me? On page 26? I'll see you there then!

Steve Dillon.

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A Wilderness Enjoyment Guide

INTRODUCTION:
There have been a number of articles recently (well, within the last year or so) on how to make the most of NPCs, both human and non-human. This is great, and I for one read them with interest. But what about our four (or six-, or even 100-) legged friends? Non-sentient creatures, especially the non-magical sort, often get virtually ignored in FRPGs, probably because most GMs aren’t experts on animal behaviour and so consider them to be rather dull. For me, the real eye-opener was Elfquest (and the first human out there to say “Aaah! Cute little comicbook elves!” gets fed to the wolves!). There are no weird monsters on the World of Two Moons, just familiar modern fauna plus a few mammoths and sabretooths, and as a Zoology graduate, I had no excuse for not knowing how these beasties might respond to pointy-eared adventurers! However, not everyone is a budding David Attenborough, so here is a beginner’s guide to animal behaviour and ecology for anyone who would like to use our non-sentient friends in a more plausible manner.

HUNTER OR PREY?
Firstly, I suspect that most campaigns have far too many predators and not enough prey. OK, carnivores, and especially man-eaters, seem more frightening: it is quite understandable that humans, as top carnivores in many food chains, should have this nagging fear that something out there wants to eat them. But for the most part, this is sheer paranoia. Admittedly, a few people are eaten every year by tigers in India, but the victims are generally terrified peasants, not armed men (which is what most adventurers are, after all). Any intelligent predator (and evolution ensures that most are more intelligent than their prey) is quite capable of recognising a competent opponent when it sees one, and will probably steer well clear. For example, a healthy adult moose is a pretty powerful creature armed with hefty hooves and horns. It has a very good chance of holding off a pack of wolves, because these ‘bloodythirsty killers’ have the sense not to risk severe injury; even if a wounded wolf survives, the pack’s hunting ability is greatly reduced and they may all starve. For this reason, most predators prey only on the weak, the sick, the old or the very young—after all, if they were invincible, their prey would soon die out and the predators too would become extinct. So who’s afraid of the big bad wolf now?

On the other hand, it is easy to dismiss herbivores as placid vegetarians. This is a grave mistake (sometimes literally!). Admittedly, people are at little risk from deer and such like because unlike other animal predators, people can kill without even coming within range of horns or hooves, and the prey normally only fights back when absolutely necessary. However, there are other species that have taken to heart the saying that “the best means of defence is attack”. The first example to spring to mind is the rhino, but others can be found nearer home. The traditional Medieval boar hunt was a hazardous affair to say the least; a fully-grown male boar weighs 400-750 lbs, has a tremendously thick hide and is armed with razor-sharp tusks that have been known to slice off a hunting dog’s tail with almost surgical precision. Even our domesticated animals, most familiar in the form of the placid female or neuter (eg. gelding, ox), have males of considerable ferociousness. Bulls are notoriously dangerous, but
stallions, boars and even rams can also turn nasty. In short, one can't assume that an animal is not deadly just because it has no intention of eating you. So, perhaps we should be afraid of the three little pigs instead?

However, to consider animals only in the light of whether or not they will attack adventurers is to short-change your players. Animals exhibit a wide range of behaviour that can be used to provide atmosphere, to give the players clues, or simply to create a less run-of-the-mill encounter to amuse or interest.

The notes below summarise a number of behavioural patterns and suggest their game use. The basic ideas can be used to determine monsters' actions too - even the weirdest monster usually has some reason for acting as it does.

**ATMOSPHERE:**

Often, the mere presence of animals can add to the atmosphere of a good game - anything that lends itself toward realism does this, whether it be explicit details of the surrounding countryside or a detailed character portrait of the battle-scarred NPC the party are bartering with.

Think of your average day: how often does a day go by when you don't see a gang of dogs chasing each other, or when you're not threatened by a particularly ferocious bulldog, or you have to do 'the doggie dance' through town to avoid spoiling your new shoes? These are all realities, details which can give the GM amusement, a brief respite whilst he's preparing his players for a real encounter, and they all add to the atmosphere of a good game. Those who have played the scenario **Cats** in **Adventurer #9** will be aware of the heightened sense of paranoia caused just by the presence of our feline friends. Or the increased palpitations and adrenalin caused when, as you're crawling through a low-rooted cavern, there is a sudden rush of scurrying feet, or the flapping of dark shapes clashing into your face - bats and rats both increase the players' fear levels, especially if in sufficient numbers.

**THREAT DISPLAYS:**

Combat is a risky business, so many animals delay the dreadful moment (or avoid it entirely) by elaborate displays. These are normally intended for members of its own species, but could just as easily be used against unfamiliar and therefore potentially threatening creatures, eg a party of unsuspecting adventurers. The display usually involves the animal trying to look as big and fearsome as it can. In small animals (such as a guinea pig) this may appear merely amusing, but in a large beast it can be genuinely terrifying. Imagine the prospect of a hippogriff rearing up and clawing at the air whilst flapping its wings and screeching deafeningly. If the threat doesn't work, the creature may well turn and run, although this response cannot be guaranteed (most animals above the level of fish have some degree of individuality). In any event it gives the threatener a few moments to assess the situation whilst its opponent hesitates.

**LURES:**

A common trick for a mother with eggs or young is to lure predators away by feigning vulnerability. If a party are following a trail (which happens to run past a nest of young) and simultaneously looking out for lunch on the hoof, they might be lured astray by just such a trick and perhaps get lost. Of course a character with an **Animal Lore** skill may be able to see through the ruse and guess that there are more vulnerable prey nearby.

**MATING:**

Some female animals behave very strangely whilst on heat; calling seductively, rolling around on the floor or nuzzling any large object (treestumps, sleeping adventurers, etc.). Male animals can behave almost as strangely; many fight rivals in flamboyant but seldom fatal skirmishes. Up to 30 male squirrels may chase a single female through the trees until the leading male drives her to exhaustion. Some insects and spiders carefully prepare gifts for their ladylove to avoid being eaten themselves (although sometimes there is nothing inside the fancy gift-wrapped box!). The possibilities for amusement, danger, or just complete battle-meat are endless, especially if one invents bizarre behaviour to suit weird monsters.

**SURPRISE:**

This isn't so much a trait of behaviour as an idea for GMs. The adventurers are walking along a forest path. Suddenly an animal crashes from the undergrowth, dashes across the path, and disappears into the bushes. Is there a fearsome predator nearby? Is this the first hint of the stampede that heralds the forest fire? Is the beast mad with rabies? Or is it just plain skittish? Whatever the answer, it will probably stop the players from falling asleep.

**ALARMS:**

Many species have special calls that warn others of their kind of approaching danger (I'm sure most readers will have heard the warning "chuk-chuk-chuk!" of a blackbird as it flees their approach). This is another one that could be very useful to PCs, and makes a change from the cliched deadly silence, adding an element of cautious anticipation to those on watch duty overnight in an otherwise secluded, eerie, silent wood...

**MOBBING:**

Small birds often gang up on predatory birds (usually owls, but also magpies) in an attempt to drive them away. Such behaviour could again be a warning of nearby predators, or perhaps a friendly creature, or even the PCs themselves could be treated this way.

Like NPCs, most animals have far more sense than we generally give them credit for. I recently read a book called 'Cry Wolf', in which an Inuit wolf-shaman claimed to be able to understand the wolves' long-distance howls. Not only did he really seem to be able to do this, but the wolves' speech was surprisingly complex; they could convey such subtle messages as 'The Hunting's good here. I won't be home until midday.'

Good Hunting!
The ever popular 'Cry Havoc' game, now part of a whole series of interchangeable wargames, was originally sold at wargames conventions in a zip-lock bag. The demand was so unprecedented that it was re-issued in a boxed version and Standard Games was born.

Each of the characters in the Cry Havoc game is represented by a card counter illustrated with a full colour picture and his or her name. It wasn't very long before some players...
started to use 25mm miniatures instead of the counters to add even more individuality, and it was quite a natural progression for Standard to release their own models especially suitable for their games.

The Standard Miniatures range has expanded steadily since it was started in early 1985 and now has a wide range of Medieval types in both 25mm and 15mm scales.

The figures shown here all come from the Age of Dark Blades fantasy ranges which complement the Dark Blades skirmish game, but are obviously suitable for most Fantasy Roleplaying Games and accompanied by the mounted figures and chariot, make particularly good armies for fantasy wargames (Standard also include set fantasy armies on their lists).

Their own F.R.P.G. 'Dragonroar' is also now supplied in 25mm scale, which includes the notorious War Hedgehog and Killer Penguin!

Most of the fantasy figures were designed by Steve Tricket, but other designers are used on other ranges and Standard are always willing to consider any new high quality design, so if you think you have a talent for producing original work, you could probably do worse than drop them a line.

Their next major release will be a Great Horned Dragon, which, weighing in at 1.3Kg (!) Standard believe this will be the largest dragon model available anywhere.

A Mon-Oger Battle Chariot and various Mon-Oger Tiger riders are also produced in this range.
Part V: Summing Up
By Janet Vials

More Deadly than the Male

A FEMALE FUTURE:

I have seen the future—and it is female.

This month, the final column in my series on women and roleplaying, I’m covering a number of bits and pieces I’ve previously missed. Firstly, I’m going to turn to the “poor relation” of roleplaying, the science fiction game. The Science Fiction games are, I’m afraid, often just as sexist as their fantasy brethren, which strikes me as somewhat odd. On the face of it, there is even less excuse for a science fiction society being biased on grounds of sex than in a fantasy society.

In a technologically-advanced society, women are at least as capable of pushing buttons or reading VDUs as men; why shouldn’t women fly starships or handle lasers alongside the men? In a technological society, differences in physical strength are largely irrelevant.

Unfortunately, not all science fiction writers seem to have realized this. These writers (even, I am sorry to say, some female ones) are often technologically very inventive, but socially conservative, and assume that society will always consist of men doing things, with women on the side-lines (if they are there at all). Prime culprits in my library include Poul Anderson, James Blish, “Doc” Smith, Jack Vance, Andre Norton, Anne McCaffrey, and AE Van Vogt to pick only the major names. For that matter, there are a few authors, yes, I am thinking about Heinlein) who ought to ignore women, since they appear quite incapable of portraying realistic women or understanding female psychology. (Quote from Friday - “Being raped is fine,” thinks heroine Friday - “if only the guy doesn’t have bad breath.” Need I say more?). This is quite separate from many writers (such as Arthur C. Clarke) who are totally unable to create any people with any depth.

However, the reason for this savage attack on parts of the science fiction community is that they have left SF looking like a male preserve, where only men are allowed to be seen doing anything. With a few honourable exceptions, the SFRPG reflect this. Most are based on space operas rather than on the more complex and deep Science Fiction novels. (Fantasy is just the same, actually). Fictional space operas, in the main, tend to assume that women are prizes rather than proponents. Many, in fact, are identical to fantasy pulps, with double-talk science replacing magic! However, even in space opera there are exceptions: try James Schmitz’s The Witches of Karres. Sometime, I’ll write a scenario based on that! The SFRPGs also tend to have an excessively militaristic tone, again borrowed from the space operas. As I said last time, I don’t personally think that many women are particularly interested in playing at being soldiers.

RAMBO GAMES!

Traveller is a good example of what is wrong in SFRPGs, and is, unfortunately still the most popular.

1. Firstly, it forces all characters to pass through a military or para-military background, which anarchists like me find somewhat distasteful.

2. Secondly, the skills structure leaves Traveller characters unsuited to anything other than stealing starships and killing people. (Try designing a journalist under the basic Traveller system: unless you create about ten new skills and a new character generator to give the character those skills, it is impossible. This is stupid!!)

3. Thirdly, supplements such as Mercenary seem to stress that the emphasis is on powerful weapons systems such as plasma guns and powered armour to the exclusion of all else. The basic feel seems designed not to appeal to women, but simply to adolescent Rambo.

Traveller also exhibits one very common trait in Science Fiction rules: paying lip service to equality, but no more. Rules often state that women should be treated equally to men, but then set about ignoring women or tactically assuming that men are the only people that matter. Another beautiful example is Paranoia. "There are no sex distinctions in the complex."

Oh yes? Find an illustration in which the women out-number, or even equal the men. Tokenism rules! For that matter, why do the rules assume that Ultra Violets will be male? (Spot the reference, on page 32 in the Games Workshop printing, to UVs keeping harems! The fact that it is the concubines having the children shows that it is the men who are the UVs). Really, all I’m saying is that Science Fiction game designers ought to show a bit more imagination!

THE UNBIASED SOCIETY:

Clearly, in a science fiction society, it ought to be possible to approach the Utopia of any unbiased society. To be fair to the SF community, there are some novels where such societies do exist, at least to an extent. Niven’s ‘Known Space’ is a good example, as are the books of Robert Silverberg or Vonda McIntyre, or Ursula Le Guin’s ‘The Dispossessed’. The problem for the referee is simply one of habit. The normal assumption is that a character is male; it is very easy to end up with a 90% male cast of NPC’s, only using women in exceptional circumstances. My suggestion to referees is that they roll a d6 whenever designing a character; if the roll is even, the character is female. (I normally don’t go in for dice rolling when designing NPCs, but here it could be useful to help break the male bias). After all, in an unbiased society, the numbers of active men and women will be equal;
So the numbers of characters encountered should be equal. Another interesting exercise is to write a scenario or two assuming that all the NPCs are female, unless there are extremely good plot reasons for making them male. Such a scenario could be run in a Science Fiction campaign with absolutely no comment from the referee, just to see if the players notice.

On a more positive note, there are some systems other than Traveller which are more to my liking. The recent Ringworld game is mechanically one of the best systems around. Its emphasis on characterisation, and on skills other than combat, should have opened up possibilities for Science Fiction gaming, certainly in areas more interesting to female gamers. Unfortunately the 'Known Space' background was just too safe and orderly to write scenarios for, and games set on the ring itself risk quickly degenerating into a pseudo-fantasy structure. As a result, the game has not sold well.

Dystopias are far more interesting, and far easier to write scenarios for. If you design a society where part of the unpleasantness is sexual bias, decide why the bias is there. All too often, scenario designers simply assume that men will be in charge. If you want to be sexist, justify your stance! For example, a particular society might demand that women be subservient to men on the basis of the local religion. (A technological society can still be strongly religious — think about Heinlein's Revolt in 2100, or Leiber's Gather, Darkness!). In another example, a post-holocaust society (assuming you can justify such a thing existing) might well hold male domination as responsible for the disaster, and therefore keep careful rein on its men.

THE TYRANNY OF PREGNANCY:

Think about the effects of the sex differences on a future society. In societies such as in Huxley's Brave New World, reproduction and sex may have been separated; this is one method that ought to lead to women being free to take any role that a man can take. On the other hand, it may well de-humanize that society. In societies where there is some form of immortality, or merely very long life spans, child-birth will be far less important. Again, women will be free to an extent from the tyranny of pregnancy. This is a dangerous road to take; immortality is one factor guaranteed to alter the very nature of society. Think carefully about the effects! One aspect of all this will be fertility control, where a woman is in perfect control of her own fertility, she is far freer to choose her own goals. Similarly, in men who control their fertility, they are less vulnerable to the forms of emotional blackmail (see Vonda McIntyre's Dreamsnake for more details). In either case, the birth of an unwanted child is likely to be a disgrace to BOTH partners.

Less pleasant societies (such as that of Paranoia) may seek to limit a citizen's sexuality, so that drugs curb sexual demand. This could result in men and women being treated precisely identically, since any physical difference will be unimportant. Physical differences might even have been bred out, leaving a race of hermaphrodites or asexuals. I personally don't like this idea; it would create a particularly dull world!

Finally, there is always scope for really strange societies. This is not an area for hard and fast rules; all I can do is suggest examples of the societies that are possible, if a referee is prepared to be adventurous. The first example is the Kzinti (from Larry Niven's Known Space), where one sex is non-sentient. (Why Niven had to decide that the non-sentient sex would be female I do not know. Shame. My experience suggests that, in our world, more men are non-sentient than women...)

The second type are the people of The Left Hand of Darkness, Ursula LeGuin's superbly evocative exploration of a trans-sexual society.

(If you haven't read it, go out and buy it NOW). Setting a scenario on Winter is an exercise I recommend only to experienced referees.

My third suggestion is the Tyrenni, from James Tiptree's Up the Walls of the World, which I mentioned earlier in the series. Again, characters, especially the adolescent Rambo, who contact the Tyrenni are in for an interesting experience.

HISTORICAL GAMES:

Games set in a more or less accurate historical background provide serious problems for the feminist, since historical accuracy rears its ugly head. I freely admit that some societies were extremely sexist, and that there is little a referee or player can do about this. Part of the interest in these games comes from the realistic historical background. The ultimate example is probably Privateers and Gentlemen, where female characters are virtually impossible. On the other hand, don't let 'historical accuracy' prevent the appearance of any female characters in historical games. Throughout history there have been a few maverick women, ranging from Boudicca through Jeanne D'Arc to the Victorian travelling ladies right up to the suffragettes. There is no reason why a female character should step outside the norm, though she may well suffer serious pressures. The women who do break away from the norm are likely to be extremely interesting and strong personalities. Make the most of the opportunities, and take care with designing them; let the quality of female characters make up for the lack of quantity. For that matter, don't forget that the typical women of those societies were still people, with their own feelings, aims and personalities. I find it particularly important to develop detailed and interesting personalities for female characters in more sexist societies, simply to remind players that the women do exist.

Whilst on the edge of historical games, I ought to mention Pendragon. Pendragon is clearly a fantasy game - but its feel, and the insistence on its background justifies its inclusion here. The two problems with Pendragon, so far as I am concerned, are firstly that it largely seems to ignore warrior maidens (such as Spenser's Britomart), and secondly its assumption that wives are only for the production of heirs, rather than having any major importance in themselves. As a referee, I find the statement that wives may be left nameless and characterless incompl-
possible in a society where relationships between men and women are particularly formal, that the men would be unaware of what their women are doing. Such matters only add to the interest and variety within a game...

**GENDER AS A CENTRAL MOTIVATION:**

It is quiet possible to use gender differences as a major force within a campaign. All games need sources of conflict, and the 'sex war' certainly has possibilities here. For instance, our campaign world includes two cities which are in a semi-permanent state of undeclared war. One is an 'Amazon style' matriarchy, the other is the holy city of a religion that holds the inferiority of women as one of its central tenets! A referee probably needs to take care when introducing such an overt manifestation of the sex war into his/her campaign. Not all players will be happy with such a structure, and some may find it a little close to the bone. It may be sometimes necessary for the referee to remind players that the attitudes of the campaign societies are not necessarily the GM's own! On the other hand, a sex war does provide an interesting background, with plenty of opportunities for PCs to take sides. Making neither society totally good or totally evil can make these choices more complex than they might first appear. One risk, of course, is that a mixed party will be split along gender lines. Again, giving other

characteristics to the society can be helpful here. For example, even the most sexist Druidess could be persuaded to help a patriarchy that has respect for nature, whilst the other is systematically destroying forests. On the other hand, she may set 'interesting' conditions on that aid.

At a more personal level, religions such as the one mentioned above can certainly provide motivations and targets for individual female PCs. A female ranger of my acquaintance is both hunting and hunted by the followers of that particular religion.

Another area where gender can provide motivations is in that of romantic interest. Certainly, a woman might find the rescue of her lover gives her a stronger motivation for becoming involved in a situation than simple greed for treasure. It could also lead to a more interesting and subtle contest than a straight 'kill the monster and steal the treasure' structure. On the other hand, don't assume that all relationships between men and women will be sexual, or even romantic. Platonic relationships can also be very deep and long-lasting, and give strong reasons for actions.

Other relationships, equally dependant on gender, can be used similarly. I recently ran a 'rescue the lady' scenario (yes, even I sometimes run things that way round!) in which the lady in question was the mother of one of the PCs. A formidable, forceful, and stubborn lady she is, too, (I decided she was at least partly responsible for those traits in her son) and I've got more plans for her in the future... Other possibilities would involve the mother rescuing or seeking revenge for a child, or brother-sister rivalry (frequently very strong) being at the base of a conflict the PCs are entangled in. There are many other possibilities inherent here.

I'm going to finish with a quote from Joanna Russ, which although it was made about writing fantasy/science fiction, applies equally or perhaps even more, to writing scenarios. It comes from the introduction to The Adventures of Alyx, published by the Woman's Press.

"Long before I became a feminist in any explicit way, I had turned from writing love stories about women, in which women were losers, and adventure stories about men in which the men were winners, to writing adventure stories about a woman in which the woman won. It was one of the hardest things I ever did in my life."

I hope that, in the roleplaying field at least, these articles have helped make that change of attitude a little less hard.
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INTRODUCTION:
Motivating his players is always a problem for the conscientious GM; the best form of motivation is that from within the player: whether it be a desire for revenge, or a wish to accomplish something, this is surely the heart of a good game. Failing such internal motivation, the one guaranteed method of keeping the players' interest going is to hit them in the pocket! The following is designed to do just that, possibly injecting a little avarice if that is at all necessary. In addition, this is an attempt to overcome some of the problems associated with the varying currencies used in the major RPGs.

"Scatophagium is a frontier town and has been for centuries. Things move slowly in a world where gods shape the people’s futures, and where intelligent, supernatural and mighty enemies are to be displaced. Furthermore, humans have been this way before, a slow tide washing over the land in centuries, only to be beaten back by formidable and relentless foes. The seventeen thousand years that have passed since the arrival of human kind on the Prevenient Shore far to the North East have seen at least three such floods and ebbs, and the evidence of previous human and inhuman inhabitants of the land is apparent, if looked for."

-Further notes from Incantor Whak’s "Persuasals of the Continuum"

As a frontier town and a base for adventuring, Scatophagium finds itself flooded with various currencies. Strange coins and tokens are spent by mariners from far shores, intrepid traders return to town with fancifully shaped ingots appropriated in dealings with demi-humans, and residents of inns settle their bills with silver stamps torn from a sheet of paper, thin metal or a pinch of tiny pearls.

As the town's coffers fill up with assorted monies, confusion and distrust surround most financial dealings. No rate of exchange can be

fixed with all these currencies, as new ones appear and others cease to be spent. Amid this atmosphere of anxiety and doubt, Lord Vector's bright idea (with a little help from the Holy Orthodox) to establish a uniform currency comes as a ray of hope for the troubled tradesmen. No longer will they have to worry whether the Apan fire flip piece is worth more or less than the Estover Sheckle. And no longer will Lord Vector or the Holy Orthodox Fundamentalists have to worry about the state of their finances, with wagon loads of unadulterated metal trundling into the Fossick Mint, as the old coineage is exchanged for the new; One in three of these wagonloads effectively unload straight into their pockets.

MONEY CHANGERS:
Whilst adventuring in Scatophagium, the players won't be able to miss the notice which is posted at all major crying posts and notice boards, and is also read aloud in public places by officers of the Town's civil service (who are almost exclusively worshippers of Chessum, god of Prosperity):

There are other money changers in Scat, but the ones who are favoured with "approved" rating will of course get the lion's share of the business, not to mention that the others will be operating illegally. Clearly, the "approved" dealers are those to whom Vector perhaps owes a favour, or who have paid dearly for the privilege.

All the money-changers of Scat are well defended both magically and physically, but do not maintain a guild of their own.

APPROVED CHANGERS:
- Osham the Comfortable serves the centre of town, north of the River.
- Inflamed Wound, the Barbarian Usurer is in a state of war with the Brothers Fracture south of the River.
- Selim Rupya is the most influential money-changer on the Street.
- The Jon's Son Mathi Bank is a mercantile concern dealing mostly with Guilds, merchants and soldiers, and is situated near the River Scat toward the Enceinte (GM: Refer to your maps in issue 5 and 7).
- Nearby is The Bank of Amber Roses which serves the Temples and Tradesmen and townsfolk.
- Discreet Fiscal Transactions (Scat.) Ltd. is a concern run exclusively by the Holy Orthodox Fundamental sect of the Chessumite religion and a number of offices will be opened in town shortly. This is the
sect that Vector adheres to, and it would not be surprising to find out that Lord Vector and the Chessumites control and own Discreet Fiscal Transactions Ltd. as well as the mint.

THE FOSSICK MINT:
This has been established in a large Alchemical workshop close to Vertex Hall, at the extreme NE of the Enciente. The various coins and tokens collected from the town in taxes, fees, tolls, etc. are melted down in the furnaces and re-struck, after the metal is de-based 2-1, as the following 'new coins':-

-Bittern - a large golden coin the size of a gingersnut with a Bittern bird stamped on one side and a galleon on the other.

-Egret - a silvery coin the size of a 50p. piece with a heron on one side, a plum weight and pair of dividers on the other.

-Grouse - a copper plug, crudely fashioned, the size of a bottle top or crown cork, with a vaguely discernible likeness of the gamebird on one side and the double 'V' of Vertex on the other.

All the new coins, for the sake of easy calculation weigh about a tenth of a pound, although the copper coins are a little lighter than the silver, and the silver slightly lighter than the gold. There are ten Grouses to an Egret and ten Egrets to a Bittern:-

1 Bittern = 10 Egrets
1 Egret = 10 Grouses
1 Grouse = not a lot!

Within a week of circulation, the new coins will acquire the local names of 'boomer' for the Bittern due to its dull note when dropped or fiddled; "Sally" for the Egret due to the tarnish it acquires rather quickly and "plug" or "groat" for the Grouse.

As might be expected, the light brown robes of the Chessumite clergy are to be seen throughout Scat. during this period of financial turmoil, and it is fairly certain that these ubiquitous priests will make it their business to see that the new laws are not flouted, and that the new coinage is used. Town officials and guards will also see that no illegitimate currencies are used, assisted by informants, spies and general busibodies, eager for a more wholesome reward.

THE MONEY WAGON:
Transportation of large amounts of money has always proved to be a problem; certain spells might be effective, but could the caster be trusted? Might the spell misfire? Flying is not a viable plan due to the vulnerability of flying creatures and the weight involved. In the end, Lord Vector has decided that the answer is a straightforward, secure moveable receptacle, an armoured wagon, fortified with whatever magical wards and guards that are possible, useful and cheap enough not to make too big a hole in the profits.

A dozen loyal volunteers will accompany the wagon, and at least one officer will be in charge, possibly assisted by one or more spell users, disguised as handlers or drivers. The wagon has the added advantage of being very cumbersome and would prove very difficult to steal.

The wagon is a sturdy (1/2" thick) steel peak-rooted box with a rear door, secured on the inside by a complicated lock, operated by the guard inside who responds to a correct signal from the outside. It is 6' long, 5' high and 4' wide, weighs about two and a half tons, and is pulled by two draft horses. Two drivers sit at the front and one guard hangs on the rear. The accompanying force will not allow an approach to be made within 10' of the wagon, and the door, measuring 2' x 3' will only be open for the minimum amount of time; there is a small grill in the door. The amount of cash in the wagon will remain fairly constant as it does its rounds.

Bitterns, Egrets and Grouses are taken from the Fossick Mint and are exchanged for the other currencies from approved agents en route. The total quantity may be from 10,000 to 50,000 coins, possibly more, but the wagon's defence force should increase proportionally if the GM wants it to contain more cash.
SCENARIO HOOKS:
Anyone wishing to pay for items or services in Scat, will, of course, have to visit a money changer and obtain some of the new currency, or deal illegally. There is a 50% chance of any non-Chessumite inhabitant of Scat accepting other currencies so long as they are approached fairly discreetly and the currency is of sufficient value. But of course, not all of Chessumites' worshippers wear the brown robes of the priests. In fact, not all the priests do. There will, however, usually be some clue, either a ring with the symbol of the scales engraved on it, or the deliberate closing of a book and placing of a pen upon it. These signs are shown to let other Chessumites know of their allegiances without alerting worshippers of other gods. But they may be noticed anyway. Another sign, a verbal one, which a Chessumite may say is "It must all add up in the end". Among merchants, there's a 60% chance he will be a Chessumite, among tradesmen this is 40%, mercenaries soldiers only 10% and town volunteer soldiers 15%. Clerks and officials are 80% Chessumites, and peasants only 2%. An approach made to a Chessumite involving an illicit deal will almost certainly lead to the offender being reported, arrested or denounced at the very least.

Discreet Fiscal Transactions will open offices in Chessumite Temples (surprised?) and give better rates of exchange to members of their own religion. This can either be of use to the players (if they're Chessumite) or frustrating and annoying if they find out that Chessumites are getting it cheaper than they are!

The money changers get the new coins weight for weight from the wagon, and then supply them to their customers with as much 'mark-up' or profit as they can get away with (average about 20% profit). Thus a character wishing to exchange a pound and a half of good silver coins for Egrets might get as many as twelve for his money, but the money changer will be able to exchange the good silver for fifteen Egrets from the wagon. It might be easier to work it out on a commission basis where the trade is done on a weight-for-weight basis exchange with the customer, and then 25% (or so) charged for the service.

The new coins are supposed to be of a similar value to the old coinages, and have the same buying power. Thus a Bittern will buy a lavish meal in a posh eatery, or a night's lodging at an above-average inn, or get someone totally legless in most taverns. But, as the new coins are introduced, prices will be increased by the traders and merchants to account for the commissions paid and the loss of worth experienced by the traders when buying from non-residents of the town, also to take into account the loss of personal savings.

Opportunities will of course be seen by the less lawful members of society to avail themselves of some of this wealth. Despite dire threats of terminal punishments, counterfeiting will be rife, 'alternative mints' being established in a number of hidden cellars in Stump's Patch and around the docks. The coins from these operations will be of varying quality and purity, and may be offered to characters at attractive rates or find their way into players' possession without their knowledge amongst change, etc. The forgery may be noticed at some later point when the player attempts to spend it.

No arrangements have been made to exchange Bittens, etc. for other currencies, and a poor rate of exchange will be had for them outside Scat. One may still buy gems and jewellery with the coins, but the increase in prices will, in this case, be at a maximum (up to 100%, but more likely around 50 -60%)

THE CREDITCOIN CAPER:

Hasty Ralph, a competent but impetuous artificer, and member of S.T.U.M.P. experimented to blend alchemical methods and the forgers' craft with a little too much success and came up with the Creditcoin, which has the amazing effect of gaining the possessor unlimited credit as long as he is in the immediate vicinity. Once the possessor of the coin leaves the presence of those whom he has taken goods or services from, the effects wear off and they may realise their mistake. A person won't be affected twice, unless they are extremely gullible.

Having discovered the effects of the coin, which resembles a Bittern but has a spiral design, Ralph was making good use of it when the gods decided that his innovation was a little too scientific for their liking, and they reduced him to a vegetable (rather like a green pepper, only Ralph-shaped). An urchin discovering the 'corpse' duly pocketed the pickets and discovered the creditcoin. Recognising it as non-legal tender, the urchin got his big sister to change it at Selim Rupya's. The only person other than Ralph to know of the coin's powers is his mother, Collumbine, who is of strange stock and possesses a limited clairvoyant ability. Discovering what remained of her son in the secluded alley behind her home, she receives the image of the urchin, who is known to her. After patient questioning, he has told her what has happened to the coin. Now Collumbine intends to retrieve it. She will need help, but cannot involve her son's fellow members of S.T.U.M.P. as Selim Rupya pays hefty sums to them. Any member of the Scatophagium Thieves Union for Mutual Protection would be cast out of the guild if they hit Selim's, although one or two might risk it...

Collumbine, although of advancing years, has kept spry and agile, and is still adept with the staff as a weapon, even though it is now used predominantly as a walking stick.

The armoured wagon delivers the Bittens etc. in exchange for foreign coins once a week, which will cause Collumbine to make haste, for if Selim has not discovered the coin's properties, it will be stored somewhere within the Money Broker's, possibly to be sent to the mint the next time the wagon calls.

Lord Vector pays no large sums to S.T.U.M.P. and therefore the wagon will be seen as fair game by the thieves guild. An attempt to rob or heist might be made directly after its call to Selim Rupya's place, so as not to disrupt the moneychanger's business. The wagon does a round of the approved moneymachers establishments, calling at Selim Rupya's first, and then travelling south over the river. East of the Streat, the thieves are thickest and more than one enterprising band might have the same idea. S.T.U.M.P. take 10% from members; 100% from non-members! For security reasons, an occasional
dummy or decoy run may be made in the armoured wagon. All will proceed as normal, with heavy bags being taken in and out, passer-bys kept clear, etc.

If the wagon is robbed then retribution will be swift by Vector. Searches and arbitrary arrests will follow, rewards offered and informers paid, coercion and force will be brought to bear in areas deemed likely to yield results.

Ospin the Quick, a high ranking but maverick member of S.T.U.M.P. plans to take the wagon by force and trickery, just as soon as conditions are right. This could pre-empt or clash with plans laid by criminally inclined characters, or involve players in the mayhem.

Collumbine may approach players for assistance, or they may stumble upon Ralph's remains, even as his mother is trying to "read" what has happened.

Fent is obnoxious when drunk, and may take a dislike to any character for no good reason, if he encounters them in the Looming Gloom for instance. He might cause problems for them if they have to visit the money broker's. Cullough is a little trigger happy.

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE:**

*Non Player Characters:*

**SELIM RUPYA** - Money changer, Usurer, banker, financier. He is a stout man of later middle years, and dresses lavishly and adorned with jewellery. Of middle height and slightly overweight, Selim has invested a portion of his considerable wealth in magical protection for his premises, family, and person. He has a grand moustache, which he takes great pride in, and speaks with a slight eastern accent. Another portion of his wealth is invested in 'Insurance' ('protection' in less polite circles) thus he is relatively secure in relation to the thieves' guild S.T.U.M.P. He is generally friendly and approachable, but an extremely shrewd businessman, who dislikes merchants and priests (nevertheless, he has become a Holy Orthodox Fundamentalist, presumably for business reasons).

**THOO NERRI RUPYA** - Selim's wife, she is also slightly overweight but small and attractive, loves children and spending her husband's profits. She reluctantly attends the new Chissumite temple (still under construction but holding services), situated between her house and Beast Market, where the head Priest, Rotwang holds her in great esteem (his interest in her, is rumoured to be the reason for Selim's 'Approved' status). Selim is devoted to her, and she possesses great personal charm which will be apparent to, and effective upon any character spending more than a little time with her. She is of middle years, a bit younger than Selim.

**TADZI RUPYA** - the only child of Selim and Nerri, is a tall, lazy youth, who grudgingly helps with the family business. When not working, Tadzi is to be found, usually when it is fine, practising the Formby (a sort of giant ukulele) near the well.

**MORE NPCs:**

**SANVIDOR** - Selim's trusted friend and scribe, he is a wiry man, quite a bit younger than his employer. He works diligently and thoroughly, and plays a lot of chess in the evenings with Selim. A dabbling in dark arts, he has formed a romantic attachment to Cullough. He is a worshipper of Manud.

**CULLOUGH** - A superb crossbowwoman from distant Bunberg. She is employed to guard Selim's property, which she does with two loaded light crossbows at the ready. Tall and fair, she wears light armour when working, and she prefers Sanvidor when he is not working at some conjuration. *Imprathil.*

**FENT** - Selim's personal bodyguard, when occasion demands, is muscular and tall, though of middle age. A veteran soldier, he is very fond of the Looming Gloom's waves; he is in charge of the security of the premises.

**CAPPOL, REFOURSIR, PAULUS and TED** - These are guards employed by Selim Rupya. They live on the premises, and all except Ted are competent fighters. Ted is the youngest and still training, he shows promise.

**OVELOPE CHUNDERGARDENER** - The cook, housekeeper and overseer of the two maids, is an avowed spinster of the Manudian faith, strict and tidy. She is a very light sleeper.

**HINNY and VERAMM** - Two maids employed for household duties which Ovelope ensures take up nearly all their time.

**THE MONEY BROKER's.** (See plan) Selim Rupya's establishment has a broad front on the street. A sign showing a single large coin hangs over the door to his place of business, open during the hours from midnight to dusk.

1. The shop - This is a large room, divided by a counter built between two pillars. The northern pillar
contains a device similar to a
dumb-waiter (a small pulley lift) which
emerges under the counter, to bring
cash up from the cellar (11). When
Selim requires cash from his vault
during business, he will write the sum
required on a slip of paper, and add
some marks of his own. He will then
put this into the dumb-waiter and
release a brake. To the casual
observer, it seems as though he is
opening a safe, out of the customers'
range of vision, and in fact he keeps a
number of strong boxes under the
counter filled with copper, which he
will unlock and transfer while waiting
for the silent lift to bring the required
sum. Savador frequently assists
Selim in the shop and stands in for
him when he is not able to be there.
The room is hung with a muslin
fabric, which is off-white in colour,
which is also stretched across the
ceiling, concealing a large opening
over the customers' side of the
counter.

2. Fento's room- The material in
the shop (1) also conceals the door to
this room, which is open during
business hours, allowing Fento swift
access when needed.

3. The Guards' Room- The door
to this room is similarly hidden and two
of them are always on duty here. Ted
sleeps in this room.

4. The Guards' Bedroom- This
has three beds and the possessions
of the three ranking men.

5. The Yard is kept clean and tidy.
There is a rain barrel, a bench and
double gates surmounted by spikes.
Two small but noisy dogs live here.

6. The Stables house two horses
(one draught and one riding) in the
southern part; a wagon is kept in the
centre, and the northernmost room is
a store for fodder etc. This building is
made of wood.

7. The Kitchen- This opens out
onto the yard, where from dawn,
Hinny and Verram will be busily
working under Ovelope's super-
vision. A steep set of stairs ascend
from here to the Girls' Room (15).

8. The Dining Room is richly
furnished with tapestries, heavy oak
furniture, framed pictures and
carpets. A large oak sideboard
contains silverware and is kept
locked. Selim and Ovelope both have
keys to this and the back door.

9. The Living Room is large, and
four decorative pillars support the
ceiling. Two sumptuous chairs are set
before a grand fireplace. Many other
bits of furniture clutter the room.
L-shaped stairs lead up from here to
the landing (12), and where the
carpeted steps make a turn, there is a
trap door leading down to the cellar
(10). This is well concealed, and
requires skill to locate and open. A 3'
square passage has a ladder fixed to
the wall. In a cupboard beneath the
stairs, a large bell hangs, attached to a
rope which leads through the floor to
the Small Cellar.

10. Small Cellar. Steps lead
down from the foot of the ladder to
the stone floor. In the small space
beneath the stairs is a cot, occupied
at night by one of the guards, who
take turns at this chilly duty. Over the
cot, hangs the rope to which the bell
is attached.
A steel door with complicated locks
and wards prevents access to the
cashroom.
11. The Cashroom. During business hours, either Tadzi, Sanvidor or Nerri will work down here, sometimes two of them, transferring the cash from the safe to the lift, and vice versa. When there is only one of the above working here, they will be assisted by one of the guards. Only these three can understand the secret marks made by Selim on the notes sent down in the lift. These marks indicate the denominations and quality of coins to be sent up, the situation in the shop, and the identity of the customer. Records are kept down here of all transactions, and the workers lock themselves in.

When the shop has closed for the day and the books are balanced (With Selim descending to the cellar to oversee the cashing up), the safe is locked and the traps set.

The safe is a hefty steel box built into an alcove. Apart from its clockwork lock, the safe is protected by three traps:

a). The lock incorporates a flask of acid and a sachet of brainbane. The sachet is immersed in the acid if the lock’s chronometer is advanced or otherwise tampered with, and produces a pungent gas, one whiff of which can cause hysteria and hallucinations, followed by unconsciousness.

b). If a door is opened, without a special retaining pin being inserted in a hole in the wall to the right of the safe, a heavy iron grating drops in front of the open door and locks in place.

c). The interior of the safe is about the same size as a large wardrobe, and has eighteen locked drawers, each holding different monies or valuables. When unlocked, each drawer must be pushed in before it is pulled out, in order to remove it without triggering a deluge of deep-staining glue dye. The dye will colour anything it contacts, and is extremely difficult to remove. In fact, it only wears off the skin by the shedding of epidermis with time. Scrubbing may help, but a good few layers of skin are affected. The dye is contained in a reservoir hidden above the safe. There is a dozen gallons of the liquid, which if upset, will cascade over the immediate area, splashing beyond.

The door to the south of the cashroom is stout, and locked by night, beyond which is the dumb-waiter and pulley ropes. Also in the cashroom is a table, two chairs, a number of small cash boxes (empty), ledgers, pens, inks, and a large iron chest containing low denomination coins (locked).

The traps and obstacles may be added to, if a greater challenge is desired; a venomous or supernatural guardian might not be out of place.

12. The Landing is 'L' shaped and windowless. A closet beside the stairwell contains bedding and candles. A smaller set of stairs ascends from the landing to the attic (22).

13. Storeroom. This contains some furniture and bolts of cloth.

14. Ovelope’s room is spick and span. Sparsely furnished with a hard bed, dressing table, chair, chest and bedside closet. A connecting door leads to the maids’ room.

15. The Maids’ room is an attic with two dormer windows. Verram and Hinny’s few possessions are kept by their beds. Stairs lead down to the kitchen.

16. Tadzi’s Room is untidy and cluttered with half-completed projects and models.

17. The Guest Room is not occupied. There is a bed, cupboard and chair.

18. The Anteroom has steps leading up to Cullough and Sanvidor’s chamber, and is sometimes used by Selim and Sanvidor when working late. This windowless room has a heavy polished table with a game of chess in progress standing on it. The door to the south is barred at night.

19. Selim and Nerri’s Bedroom is well furnished, with two wardrobes, a number of chests, and a large comfortable bed. A dressing table has a trinket box containing low value jewellery. More valuable possessions are kept in the safe.

20. The Workroom is located directly above the shop, with an opening in the floor, and two pillars. The windows are kept shut when Cullough is at her post near the opening, during business transactions. With this room dark and the lower room well lit, Cullough can see all that transpires below without being seen herself. Steps lead down from here to (3), and a small door leads to an attic storeroom (21), where surplus furnishings etc. are kept.

22. The Attic is used by Nerri as a workroom, where she makes tapestries and rugs.

23. Sanvidor and Cullough’s chamber is stocked with their gear, including Cullough’s weapons (when she’s not working) and Sanvidor’s grimoires and paraphernalia.

24. A Flat Roof opens out from here, through a door. This is where Sanvidor and Cullough spend time when it’s fine.

GENERAL: All the windows in the house are unglazed, and have heavy internal shutters. The floors downstairs are tiled, whilst upstairs they are varnished wood. The walls are generally plastered and painted white, and hung with pictures, tapestries and hangings.

Knowledge of the traps in the cashroom and how to disarm them is confined to Selim, Sanvidor and Nerri, and one of these is always last out at night, and first in in the morning.

Selim has a large keyring with him when he is not working. During business hours, whoever is working in the cashroom has these keys. Nerri has a duplicate set hidden in a plastered-over cavity in the wall of the attic (22).

THIEVES: For GMs wishing to run this adventure as a one-off, it is recommended that you use the following NPCs. If not, the players could always do with the extra pair of hands and/or expertise, especially if set in Scatophagium and the PCs aren’t used to the town.

ONE-HAND MIKE:
This guy is a bit of a rogue; he’s been around for a long time and has seen the other side of Scot. Justice many times. He is mainly renowned for his safe-cracking abilities, which he can accomplish successfully without explosives or listening devices. Basically, he is assisted by a magic charm, which he holds in his left hand
whilst making an attempt on the safe (or other locked compartment, such as the wagon). He is successful 65% of the time with the most difficult locks, but his skill is enough to match most simple devices (95%). Mike lost his right hand whilst recovering the charm from a wizard's strong-box using a form of dynamite. Without the charm, he is only half as good as he was. He is a very difficult man to contact, but easy to spot, and doesn't come cheaply to hire. Unshaven, hardened and downright thorough.

THE FACE MAN:
This guy is your average professional con-man, who relies heavily on disguise and his charming good looks and manners. He is often used to infiltrate the guard system when attempting big robberies (such as the money wagon), but if his disguise is ever blown, he is well known to the Scat. militia. He is usually very expensive to hire, but can be bartered down in price if the job is challenging enough (he loves a good opportunity to prove he's the best). Smooth, slick and extremely professional. A tactician all the way. Impossible to get hold of, he'll contact you if the job is right.

ZED:
A downright psychopathic assassin type who loves being in on the action. Unstable but very effective. If you need some strong-arm tactics. Readily available and very, very cheap (you might get him to do a job on the promise of an ice-lolly).

MAN WITH NO NAME:
The dirty Harry of the bunch, this guy seems himself as a persecuted fall-guy for society and the Scat government. He's a rebel, and is always on the look-out for a way to get back at Vector Vertex. He's quite easy to get hold of - you just have to ask around, saying that you've got a plot to rip off the government. The only problem is, he tends to get a bit involved and will take any opportunity to execute his own sense of justice, even at the sacrifice of the project.
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### NOVELS:
9. RETURN OF THE DEEP ONES, in serial, in 'Fantasybook' No.s 1, 2, and 3 of Vol. 3.

### SHORTS:
16. MYLAKHRION THE IMMORTAL, in 'Fantasy Tales' No. 1, 1977. (and most recently seen in Adventurer #3).
17. KISS OF BUGG-SHASH, Cthulhu 3; Spectre 1978.
20. RECOGNITION, in 'Weirdbook 15', 1981. (and more recently in Adventurer #8).
26. DE MARIGNY'S CLOCK, in 'The Caller of the Black'; (see 12).

### NOVELETTS:
33. HAGGopian, in 'Mag. of Fantasy & Sci-Fi', June 1973. (and most recently seen in Adventurer #5).
34. BORN OF THE WINDS, in 'Mag. of Fantasy & Sci-Fi', Dec 75.
41. DYLATH-LEEN, in 'The Caller of the Black'.
42. IN THE VAULTS BENEATH, in 'The Caller of the Black'; (see 12).
43. STATEMENT OF DR. HENRY WORTHY, in 'Horror at Oakdeene', (see 35).

### POETRY COLLECTION:
44. GHOUL WARNING & OTHER OMENS, Spectre, 1982.
With the exception of "Ghoul Warning and Other Omens", Brian Lumley's pieces come omitted; however, one poem has to be mentioned, namely: 'City out of Time'. "City" is so Mythos-redolent that we produce it here, with the author's permission:

1st Published in Fantasy Tales 2, 1977.

Brian Lumley's principal additions to the Cthulhu Mythos consist of several 'famous names', a number of 'eldritch tomes', and not least, a trio of 'gods' from the dark spaces 'out there!'

In the first category we find Sir Amery Wendy-Smith, that ill-fated seismographer whose study of earthquakes brought him to 'The City of the Surroundings'; he was one of the first to tell the world (or to try to tell us) about 'The Burrowers Beneath'!

Then there's 'Titus Crow', one of the world's most foremost occultists, finally forced to flee from this sphere of existence by 'Ithaca the Wind-Walker' on the night that Evnne House (Crow's bungalow retreat) literally was blown right out of this world in a 'freak localised storm...'

Crow, too, before he incurred the wrath of Ithaca, had stumbled on the secret of the Chthonians. In order to escape the 'Wind-Walker, he used a device once owned by 'Etienne Laurent de Margny', the famous New Orleans mystic - 'de Margny's Clock'! Incidentally, Crow's somewhat younger protege in occult matters is none other than the son of that same mage: Hanni-Laurent de Margny. Anyone who read the story 'The Mirror of Nitocris' in an early issue of 'Imagine' will know why Henri has a strong dislike for looking-glasses. (And also possibly why imagine is now defunct!)

Lumley also gave us Ithaca's arch-enemy Hank Silberhutte, in the memorable novels 'Spawn of the Wind' and 'In the Moons of Borea'. Hank is about to make a comeback in 'Elysia', soon to be published in USA. This is the big novel which pulls all of the Titus Crow books, the Primal Land books, and Lumley's 'Dreamlands' series to a compelling conclusion - when the stars finally come right and Cthulhu is set free.

Of course, the above mentioned 'names' are only the good guys - but Lumley has given us some bad guys, too - and some of these are beauties. Anyone fortunate (unfortunate?) enough to own copies of the 'Cthulhoid Aquadingen', a transcribed 'Gh'arne Fragments' and possibly the '7th Book of Dh'arris', will already know something of these pantheon-prowlers. Probably too much!

We suggest he burn said books and enter a monastery soon!

The Bad Guys (old ones) we're talking about are of course (no SAN points for guessing) Shudd-M'e'll, the 'Prime Burrower' and 'Lord of the Cthlonians', Yibb Ts'tli of the 'Vaccilating Eyeballs', and Bugg-Seth who's a mite too free with his kisses! Shudd-M'e'll first saw light of print in Lumley's short story 'Cement Surroundings'; but he kept on burrowing right through the novel 'The Burrowers Beneath'. He leads the subterranean Chthonians, creatures like faceless squids that can tunnel through rock like a warm knife through butter.

Incidentally, on the spelling of 'Chthonian':

Lumley's 'Primal Land' stories (House of Cthulhu & Other Tales of the Primal Land) make use of several primal 'gods': Mab - the Mother of gods; Yibb-Ts'tli who controls the unwilliong night-gaunts; Cthulhu, and so on. In these tales, the 'God of Darkness' is Cthon, "who sits beyond the edge of the world waiting to snare the sun in his nets each night and pull him down." Cthon is therefore the god of subterranean things'. Cthonians take their name from this god, not from the classical 'Chthonian' gods of Greek myth. In fact, the latter probably derives from Chthonian and not the other way about, for the primal land existed aeons before the first Greek or Achaeans!

We make this distinction especially for RPG gamers, so that now on they'll know they were right first time, no matter how it's spelled on the cover of certain books...

And so back to books:

The British Museum has a copy of the Cthulhoid Aquadingen, (Aqua: Latin, 'Water'; and Dingen: German, 'Things') and so does (Did?) Titus Crow. Crow's copy was bound in human skin - which went right on sweating! Who could blame it? The book is mainly a compendium of spells for raising up water beings (Cthulhu, Dagon, Deep Ones, Krakens, Naids, etc) but its more instructive chapters are so well encoded that only a master linguist and cryptographer could ever transcribe them. Well, let's all thank Azathoth (clap of rolling thunder!) for that!

The Cthulhoid Aquadingen is probably Lumley's best known addition to the Mythos, but it shouldn't be allowed to overshadow the Gh'arne Fragments. Originally, these were in the form of many fragments or shards of shattered stone, found on the site of dead Gh'arne in Africa. The first explorers of the region gathered them up and brought them back to England, and Sir Amery Wendy-Smith discovered (and disrupted) several caches of star-shaped stones, many of which they also brought back. Except -

They were the 'star stones of Mnar', which kept Shudd-M'e'll and the Cthonians imprisoned in their deep, dark...

...Ah! But that's a Mythos tale you can read for yourself in an up-coming issue of Adventurer! Yes in the not too distant future, we plan to reprint for the first time since 1975, the story which first gave to the world Shudd-M'e'll and the Burrowers Beneath. Look out for Cement Surroundings, by Brian Lumley, in Adventurer soon!

Ed's note:- Latest books of horror by Brian Lumley, and available in your local bookshop or by ordering now, are: Psychomach, Psychosphere, Psychamokl, and the massive, monstrous... "Necroscope". And for those who haven't yet bought a copy, there's still a chance to get Hero of Dreams, Ship of Dreams and The Compleat Crow from the Adventurer Club. Don't miss them.
CITY OUT OF TIME:

Betrayed by dreams I wander weirdling ways; Beneath the fronds of palms in jungles old
When Earth herself was young and brave and bold. Where hybrid blooms sway serpentine I gaze
On ruins which no other eyes have seen. Whose black foundations sink in primal green.
A-erant with elfs of prehistoric days.

Beyond odd-angled ruins ceaseless pound The waves of frenzied ocean freshly borned,
Which never yet Man's ancestor have spawned. And here I find strange mysteries profound:
These monoliths of which I stand in awe—Who builded them upon this primal shore?
And what wild secrets have the ages drowned?

From Books in waking words I know the name Of such a city lost in oceans deep,
Where Ancient Ones in unquiet slumbers keep The Lore of dark dimensions and the flame
Of elder magicks burning, 'till a time When upward from the neon-silled slime
Vast shapes will come—as once before they came.

Aye, and that lane of evil was L'lyeh, Where dreaming Chthulhu lies in chains that bind,
Sending his nightmares out to humankind, Drowning their noble dreams in nameless mire.
And dreaming still I start as from the pile Snake tentacular arms and in a while—
A face that crowns the bulk of Evil's Fire!
For those who aren’t skilled in the art of foreign language, perhaps the title illustration will give you some idea what this column is about: the problems that crop up during the editor’s working day and the production of Adventurer, coupled with news and quickie reviews to keep you in touch with the world of fantasy and science fiction. This will replace the Town Crier column which Ian Marsh has more than adequately provided us with since issue 3. Amicably retiring from this post, no doubt we will see more of Ian’s articles and reviews in future issues.

THE DARK NORTH:

I took a trip to Accrington (Nr. Burnley) one Sunday to see what was happening at The Realm, the latest of what seems to be a never-ending stream of Live Action Role Playing groups. I was disappointed, after my 1½ hour drive from Liverpool, to find that there was no adventure on that wet, oh-so-early morning.

Apparently, a group from Manchester had let them down. Still, I took the opportunity to look around their indoor labyrinth, which looked very promising, as the wall sections can be moved around quite easily to avoid players getting used to the layout. Still rather basic facilities, the club is looking for new members over the age of 16. If you live in the area, it’s worth a visit, but ring first to check there’s something arranged!

FURY ACROSS THE MERSEY?

Nick at Games of Liverpool was rather stumped when asked for news of forthcoming items in their (huge) stock list; the only relevant goodie he promised was Energy Curve for Traveller: 2300.

Of course, his unerring aspect could have been affected by the bombshell dropped in last month’s (April Fool edition) White Dwarf that Games Workshop are opening yet another retail outlet- this time hot on Games of Liverpool’s doorstep on the banks of the river Mersey. Another Games of Liverpool spokesman said that he was only disappointed that there hasn’t been more independent games shops opening in the bigger towns and cities over the past few years, and feels that this has influenced Games Workshop’s policy considerably; obviously not unnerved at all.

Whilst across the water, I decided to enquire about the latest news over the Miniature Paints war between the Liverpool giants Games who have been trading with this fine range of paints since September 1985, and relative newcomers D.B.I. under the banner of ex-Games of Liverpool employee Cliff Thornton. Action is currently being fought for ‘passing off’, and a separate action over the trade mark rights. How does all this affect you and I? Well, it’s just causing a lot of confusion in the trade at the moment, which is further complicated by unpleasant untruths which are apparently being spoken over the affair.

10-YEAR OGRE!

Steve Jackson Games are proudly boasting the news of OGRE’s 10th anniversary by holding the “OGRE Challenge”, which involves the man himself playing simultaneous games of OGRE against 10 different opponents at various games conventions. At OrcCon in Los Angeles, for instance, only 8 challengers took the dare, and Steve won 5 games, which disappointment he hopes to avoid in future.

The OGRE Reinforcement pack will appear shortly, to provide extra maps, counters and scenarios for only $4.95

HONEYMOON HORDERS:

The news that my good self will be hanging up my bachelor
booties and engaging on adventure of a different kind will hardly shake the role-gaming world. However, to coincide with my honeymoon in July, we’re planning a special issue of Adventurer to appear. This will be non-topical in as much as there will be no up-to-date news or reviews (for obvious reasons), and one of the special features planned is an exclusive short story by the mythos master himself, Brian Lumley. This will be specially written for us, and should make Adventurer #13 (the August edition) a collector’s item. We will be taking advance orders (for Adventurer, of course, not the honeymoon!).

**BATTLE OF THE DRAGONS!**

There seems to be an ever-approaching dragon-war going on at the moment between the figures manufacturers. Tabletop Games are selling “The Dragon” for £14.95, which boasts a 250mm wing span. Grenadier’s ‘Ultimate Dragon’ Terronus weighs in at 1kg, with a 235mm wing span for £12.95 and Standard Games’ Dragon outweighs even this with a hefty 1.3kg bulk!

Next issue, we begin a special feature called “weight training for figure-painters!” Grenadier UK have unleashed yet another dragon recently— their War Dragon with rider costs £4.50, and

**Dragonlords collectors may well recognise this as the free dragon you received if you collected the set of 12 dragons.**

**PUBLIC IMAGE:**

Convention groupies planning to attend the Liverpool University War Games event in July 1987— unfortunately, this has been cancelled. I don’t know whether it was the news that I was going to be there which caused other trade peoples to pull out, but apparently the idea didn’t catch on— this lack of enthusiasm seems to be typical of the hobby trade at the moment.

Not one to be put off, though, I will be attending the Dragon-daze event being organised by Armchair Adventures in Newport, Gwent. This will take place on Saturday 29th August at St. Mark’s Church Hall, Queen’s Hill. It’s for one day only, from 9-6pm and is very much a local event, although we do hope it may grow into something much bigger. With admission only £1, it should be worth going along to.

**FANZINE’S VENOM:**

I was particularly hurt to see a bitter attack launched at Adventurer in one of the fanzine pages recently— Apparently, because a particular game review didn’t get printed, and another more in-depth one was used in its place, the fanzine editor suggested that Adventurer’s reviewing policy must be biased! It’s incredible that this editor thinks that we shouldn’t send out for at least two reviews of a game, or that because a game is reviewed that we must print it!

All I can respond with is— come off it. Leave it out, mate. Get on with your own job.

**3-TAILED BEN!**

Ben Goodale, one fanzine editor who knows what he’s talking about, was like a dog with three tails thanks to the news passed on by Paul Borresen of The Laboratory; the one-paragraph mention of What’s Stirring in Fanazines Forever #8 got more response than either of The Laboratory’s adverts in Adventurer or White Dwarf! Perhaps some people do appreciate our independant stance and place a lot of trust in our unbiased reviews...

**MARATHON D&D**

I’ve news of another world record attempt for D&D playing this time in Wolverhampton. It’s a function to raise money for the P.D.S.A. and there’s a minimum time limit set at 48 hours. To find out more, if you want to take part or sponsor this event, ring Mr. I. Taylor on (0902) 21200 (2pm to 7pm on Sunday May 31/June 7, 14 or 21st only)

**NATIONAL GAMING CLUB:**

Their first meet is a collaboration with SCARPA and takes place on 24th October 1987 at the Wesely Central Hall, Fratton Rd, Portsmouth Hants. Looks interesting.
PREAMBLE:
Hello, and welcome to the Fanzines fanzine column for this issue (you're right Ben, it does always appear in the funny lettering...). Whereas the last few months have seen a decline in 'fandom-ings', it's nice to know that at least this month we have some particularly interesting stuff to write about. In fact, so interesting that we're gonna skip first issues and take a look at them next time. First off, we've got something of great interest...

TEAM-UP:
It concerns a team-up between Pandemonium and The Chronicles of Chaos; no ordinary team-up mind you, but a fully fledged Transatlantic one. Yes, 'tis true! A real fandom first - a team-up between a British and an American zine. The latter, of course, (?) is the American one... Anyway, the zine works well and means that both sets of readers get to see what the other's up to. As one editor put it, 'forget the political boundaries, we're all tied together by something we all consider important, RPGs' - or words to that effect!

FANZINE POLL:
Another thing that went down well was the 1986 Rolegaming Fanzine Poll, which forms the basis of this issue's column (no groaning y'here?).

1st IM AZINE (#16)
2nd UTTER DRIVEL (#6)
3rd DAGON (#16)
4th SOUND & FURY (#5)
5th TELEGRAPH ROAD (#22)
6th TOME OF HORRORS (#6)
7th DIE RUBEZAIH (#3)
8th IVORY TOWER (#7)
9th BALROG RANTER (#7)
10th BONE OF CONTENTION (#7)

For those interested, although there were no ties in the top ten, CEREBRON, COD and MORONICA RIPSMORE all tied for 11th...

FANZINES
there, why not treat yourselves to articles like 'The Sinister Secret of Shoggoth Street' and, wait for it... 'I Chthulhu, or What's A Tentacle-Faced Thing Like Me Doing In A Sunken City Like This (latitude 47°0'S, longitude 126°43'W)?!! Need we continue...?'

Slotted into fourth place was Sound & Fury, now sadly defunct, though an issue #6 will be produced to explain the reasons for the fold, and anything else James can think of. It was always a decent zine, starting off with a bang after an advertising blitz in such places as White Dwarf, and Imazine. Although many took it upon themselves to use it as a vent for their frustrations, it would always strike back with vengeance. We think it's left a pleasant impression on the hobby however, and James has plenty of copies of #4 and #5 if you haven't tried it.

Fifth came last year's winner (when it was run by the editor), or more accurately, it's new version. We are, of course, talking about Telegraph Road, which this time last year was still called DEMON'S DRAWSL. As we've said before, it's now dedicated itself to producing the 'Ultimate' RPG, and isn't doing too badly at said purpose. It's not too late to join in, though it will take a bit of time before you pick up the 'feel' of the game. Apart from that, the addition of discussion on Christianity, and some postal games, and the promise of a different music column, all add up to make TOAD (as we not-so-affectionately call it), a well placed fifth.

Sixth place was snatched by Tome of Horrors, a madcap rag which excels in fun, humour, and silliness. Presentation has recently undergone a dramatic improvement, and with 'Lord Of The Doorknockers' finally over (well...) no doubt another will begin - perhaps 'The Sillymarion'? The forthcoming issue (#7) just happens to be a team-up with MORONICA RIPSMORE and... um... UTTER DRIVEL - what better chance to sample all three? (Ben, these chains are beginning to hurt me.) Anyway, TOH generally provides a light-hearted view of the hobby, but occasionally prints something
serious... occasionally... sometimes... now and then... at long intervals...

Picking up a well-earned seventh is *Die Rubezahl*, #3 of which arrived right on time for reviewing purposes. It’s a very well-produced affair, and being A4 size definitely helps. DR provides a refreshing read, though it has to be said that you have to fairly broad-minded, since it has some weird contents! There were two scenario’s in #3 for *Call of Cthulhu* and *SRFPGs*, as well as instructions on how to write a Fighting Fantasy book and get rich quick, a couple of discursive articles, *Judge Plunkett* (cartoon), and plenty of other stuff. Very good value-for-money, and by far the best DR yet. Great illustrations by Martin McKenna, of *Return To Arkham* fame.

Ivory Tower came in at eighth, and is a predominantly hardware zine (scenarios, etc.), and one that deserves respect at that. It is living proof (sort of) that a hardware zine can do well in Fandom - all the stuff it contains is of a uniformly high standard, and the majority of great interest to players of games other than those covered. It also has its own ‘mini-campaign’ which is worth following, and the artwork and layout throughout is quite impressive. This comes recommended, especially for Fantasy gamers.

Wot? Balrog Banter came ninth! Well, what can we say? This is a notorious zine, originally noted for its incredibly poor layout, presentation, and writing style. It seems that #7 should be noted for its attack on various hobby persons for their sarcastic comments about BB, where there are no less than four (4) remarks, about a certain *Ben Goodale* (that should help sales...)! And Ben’s not the only one either! BB offers a lot of rules stuff for games like AD&D, Laserburn, and Judge Dredd, and if you don’t like reading lots a stats, you won’t like BB, though it does contain some ‘chatty’ bits, including Live Action Roleplaying reviews, lager debates, and voodoo (?)! It’s definitely improved, is well printed, and has some good artists too; quite a few reasons to pick up a place in the top ten we think...

ZINE-PACK:
The Adventure Zine Pack offers you the unique opportunity to sample five top fanazines at a reduced price. Of the top ten in the poll, five have been included in the pack at one time or another, and of the top eleven, seven have (?). If you have any particular subject which you’re interested in (SF, Humour, etc.), we will endeavour to help out as best we can, though we can’t guarantee anything. Send either cheque or postal order for £2.80, made payable to BEN GOODALE, to Ben at the address below. Would overseas readers please add £1 to help with postage costs.

RELEVANT ADDRESSES:

ALEX BARDY,
28b Gladsmuir Road, Archway, London N19 3JX.
(Ed of EH! #9 now out @ 40p - PBM/Chat, Ed of *Cerebreton*, #3 now out @ 75p - SF/SRFPGs, and Ed of *Slave*, #1 now out @ 50p)

BEN GOODALE,
Cairnmore, Crieanarich, Perthshire, FK20 8QS
(Editor of *utter Drivel*, #7 now available @ 60p, team-up with *Tome of Horrors* and *Moronica Ripsnore*, and Ed of *Slave*, as above).

PANDEMION / THE CHRONICLES OF CHAOS
(50p, 44 A5pp)
Matthew De Monti, 42 Kings Lane, Little Harrowden, Wellingborough, Northants, NN9 5BL

IMAINE
(75p, 24 A4pp)
Paul Mason, Top Flat, 19 Rusholme Road, Putney, London SW15 3JX

DAGON
(85p, 48 A5pp)
Carl Ford, 11 Warwick Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, TW2 6SW

SOUND & FURY
(?) James Wallis, The Manor House, Little Bealings, Woodbridge, Suffolk, IP13 6LL

TELEGRAPH ROAD
(60p, 40 A5pp)
Jeremy Nuttall, 49 Longdown Road, Congleton, Cheshire, CW12 4H

TOME OF HORRORS
(see Ben, Above)
Gary Egan, 96 Ormande Avenue, Netherlee, Glasgow, G44 3SL

DIE RUBEZAH
(£1.30, 44 A4pp)
Pete Blanchard, 4 Holly Acre, Prey Heath, Mayford, Woking, Surrey, GU22 0SL

IVORY TOWER
(65p, 64 A5pp)
Geoff Dean, Digby Hall, Stoughton Drive South, Cadby, Leicester, LE2 2NB

BALROG BANTER
(60p, 68 A5pp)
Paul Evans, 22 Five Fields Road, Willenhall, Wolverhampton, WV12 4PA

BONE OF CONTENTION
(50p, 32 A5pp)
Stephen Rawlinson, 28 Merryhills Drive, Enfield, Middlesex, EN2 7NT

& BEN GOODALE
Single Character Fantasy Games

1) Try to create a character with a set objective in mind. Map out mentally what you want him to be like. Decide what class he is going to be, his strengths and weaknesses. Then give him a name. For example, Malgarry the Wizard, who will be good at magic, very dextrous but useless in physical combat. His aims are to help rid the world of evil.

2) Now think of your character's personality. This should fit in with his aims. To give Malgarry the Wizard a nasty, greedy streak would go against his main objective, so I would stick to goodly virtues. E.g. he is honest, if thrifty, law abiding but has a vigilante streak.

3) Religion next. Personally start off by worshipping a god from the world go. This puts you in the gods' favour and gives you a strong ally in the church. You can be either an atheist or agnostic, but in the P.B.M. worlds, gods usually have a very large sphere of influence. Select one which is relevant to your character's aims. In Malgarry's case, I would pick the god of magic or science. You should pray to your god at least once a round. By this I mean, pray not ask for something. For example, Prayers should be like this "Lord and master, I confirm my eternal faith and belief as you are the true god" rather than like this "Lord, you are the most honest and generous of all gods so I would therefore like a plus 25 vorpal sword with unlimited wishes attached". I can tell you for a fact that in any game, the Gods get most peeved about this kind of request. If you get on well with your deity, the world will seem a lot better in your eyes. Also, regular attendance to church, sacrifices, remembering holy days and prayer in general will go a long way.

4) The physical aspects of a character are also important. I make all my characters look as bland and normal as possible. They are usually 'Mr Average'- average height, weight and build. If you have a 7 foot tall, green haired, one-eyed, tattooed warrior walking about town, he's going to stick out like a sore thumb and be easy to spot by the police/military/guards. More importantly, he can be picked out by other characters who may be after him and who probably want to kill him!

Malgarry would be slightly balding, around thirtyish, have a small beer-gut and dress plainly.

In a SF single character P.B.M. you will probably be offered a mutation. Make sure that you get one that isn't outstanding, or your character is as good as dead.

Only when you are hard enough, powerful enough and rich enough should you indulge in such luxuries that will single you out. I know one guy who has an evil character that has black plate mail, with incy winsey gold lamé trim around the edges!!! I ask you.

5) Detail. The more that goes into creating your character the better. It gives the G.M. and yourself a lot more scope for roleplaying. Give your character quirks, habits or attitudes that will make him more interesting. Also keep notes on what equipment, spells, money and artifacts he has. There is nothing more annoying than saying that Malgarry tries to use his 50ft of rope to swing across a cavern only to find out when your round is returned that you used it a couple of rounds back, but you forgot to cross it off your equipment list!

Computer-moderated P.B.M.

You should always read the manner in which the computer processes your orders. If you send in your instructions in the wrong order, your whole turn could be rejected by the computer with disastrous results.

Write out your instructions on a piece of scrap paper first and check them over when you are finished. Once they are deemed O.K. go ahead and fill in your round sheet. Always plan ahead. If you are going to attack someone, do your recruiting, moral raising and weapon storage the round before you actually attack them.

Keep an eye out for 'bugs' in the computer programs. No P.B.M. program is perfect and you can often find a 'bug' that is to your advantage - This isn't cheating, just making your way in the world.

General Points

Try to make at least a couple of player character friends, who will come to your aid if you are in trouble. You can travel around together and it is always safer in numbers.

Try to join an organisation. Even if you don't agree with its aims. It's nice to have friends and membership of an organisation will do the trick.

Don't annoy characters who have played the game for a lot longer than you. You could meet up with them and you can wave goodbye to your character.

Inject a little of yourself into the character and don't expect him to attempt to do things you wouldn't do. I.e. if you see a bar room brawl between 50 drunken beer bottle wavin' maniacs, don't dive in and don't try to stop it!!

When you write your character's instructions, always number the points 1), 2) etc. in chronological order, as this saves time. Also write neatly, printing is ideal. If a plan which you submit is complex, include a basic résumé of it for the G.M.

Always have an escape option prepared if something goes wrong. A backup plan is a must.

Re-read your round sheets on a regular basis as you may find out things that didn't click the first time you saw them.

Finally, when watching T.V. or video keep a pen and paper handy. You never know when an idea may crop up on the box, which could be translated into a good idea for your character.

The London P.B.M. Pub meet

Just a reminder that the London P.B.M. pub meet takes place on the first Friday in each month upstairs at The Crown Pub, Brewer St, Piccadilly, London W1. If you're over the age of 18 you are more than welcome. You'll pick up a lot of tips, hints and rumours in the process of having an enjoyable night out. At the last count 125 players of both sexes turned up. This is your chance to talk to the G.M.'s whilst they are under the influence of large quantities of alcohol and extract all kinds of useful information!!!

Well that's it for this month. Next month it will be back to actual P.B.M. game reviews and more bargain offers. Finally, it always pays to buy your G.M.'s a drink, as bribes, especially alcohol based bribes, work wonders. If your G.M. is a computer-tough!!!

See ya in thirty (or so)
NATIONAL GAMING CLUB:
Six magazines and newsletters; competitions; offers; Show: October 24th. Wesley Central Hall, Fratton, Portsmouth. Membership £5.00. For role players everywhere! Cheques: National Gaming Club, PO Box 54, Southsea, Hampshire, PO4 ONA.

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I wish I was in ESPADIRIUM

News From The Bottom 2, the second newsletter for Trolls Bottom Play By Mail, is now available. It includes the first RECIPE from the Trolls Bottom Recipe Book! Send two 18p Stamps to Project Basilisk, PO BOX 24, Sheerness, Kent.

LARP Clubs - interested in the Games Festival in France? Contact Adventurer, Enc. Air Mail Stamp.

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

CLUB NOTICE BOARD:
"The Guild of Melee & Magic." Role-Playing Game Club. We meet above the "Druid's Head" pub, Bank St., Herne Bay, Kent. New members welcome, ages 14+ (due to licensing laws), sax unimportant (but no hermaphrodites). Meetings every Thursday at 7.00pm onwards.

West Wickham Games Club - Meet every 2nd & 4th Monday each month; 7.15 to 10.45pm, at Gates Green Rd Assembly rooms, West Wickham, Kent. Ages 12+. Contact: Andrew on 01-482-6915.

DORCHESTER DREAM WARRIORS
Meet: Wed & Mon(?) 7ish-10ish
Place: Players' houses
Games: Anything you want/got + extras.
Contact: Doorchester 65153
Notes: Must be able to travel.
NB: asap, as we are 3 against the world of evil!

Contact: Pete on (0530) 61438 (evenings). For full details.

FRP club starting up in the Telford Area needs new members. We play all major RPGs and meet on Saturday afternoons.

Enquiries to Chair-Thing, 18 Gloucester Avenue, Dawley, Telford TF4 2HU. Beginners Welcome.

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.

New Milton RPG Club (Hants.) Games: Mainly AD&D, CoC but many others played (wargames etc.) included.
Time: Tuesday evenings 8:00-10 pm
Place: New Milton Institute (room 5)
Contact: Rob Lunn (0425) 601006 or; Mark Ryan (0459) 43422

PERSONAL MESSAGES:
If you want to tell the world you love someone, say it in Adventurer. If you want to tell the world your character has just reached 11th level, say it in Adventurer. If you want to say "Hello Mum" to your (or somebody else's) Mum, say it in Adventurer. If you're a full member of the Adventurer Club, you can say up to 10 words free of charge (maximum 2 lines of text). If you're not a full member of the Adventurer Club, why not? Join at once! Or send 50p to see your message in print.

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In 1925, female suffrage. The Charleston. Liberated days for young ladies. Two years ago a liberated young lady called Cassandra Bellingham rescued Denny Whiplash from the madhouse.

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In two years, she's faced death from cultists, criminals, Bolshevik spies, even an honest to goodness vampire.

Once Denny told her she'd spoken to a demon in a dinner jacket. Exciting? Yes, but they all looked like people.

These don't.

Whiplash
The Gathering

Written by Paul Havles.
Illustrated by Stewart (Staz) Johnson.

The artwork for this episode of 'Whiplash' is dedicated to Joanne Calton—a love lost, but never forgotten. Staz Johnson, Feb 1987.
She can feel it's grip. Hard, cold flake of putrescent skin, dead grey skin, have fallen on her shoulder.

This thing wants to kill her. She wants to retch.

It's fingers are tightening on her windpipe. She can smell its stench. The smell of death.

When she was a girl, when Nanny used to take her on Sunday afternoons to hold her grandfather's hand for an hour, to watch him rot, riddled with cancer. My god! She's being strangled and she's thinking about her childhood!!

No!
I AM BEGINNING TO HAVE THIS AWFUL FEELING, HARRY, THAT MAYBE WE ARE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT TO THE VILLAGE...

HARRY OLD CHAP, HOW MANY DAYS IS IT TO THE BANK HOLIDAY?

AT A TIME LIKE THIS - GOD KNOWS! WHY?

BECAUSE I THINK THESE PEOPLE SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN THEIRS EARLY...
A DOZEN MONSTERS DOWN AND NOW THIS.

THE COURT SAID TWELVE. THIS ONE IS NOT OUR JOB.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO... ER, I MEAN I'LL GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY.

DESIST! I KNOW THIS LADY!

MAMA M'BOTE! GODYESA!

DESPITE THE LADY!

AGROPHILES STILL BURN EEFIES OF YOU!

YOU KNOW THE AGROPHILES STILL BURN EEFIES OF YOU?

DO THEY REALLY? GOSH. WHAT A TEAM WE WERE!

THE BEST! BEEN ANYTHING OF NIK THE GODDEATER?

NO, BUT I HEARD HE WAS RUNNING A LITTLE EMPIRE ON CBET SIXTY THREE.

OH HELLO! WE ARE ALL GOING BACK TO MAMA'S PLACE, AND WE WILL ALL GET STRAIGHTENED OUT, OK?

WHAWASSAT?

ZOUNDS! I MISSED! CAN'T TRANSMIGRATE AGAIN UNTIL I REGAIN MY STRENGTH.

OO-ARR... AN' O'LL'AVE A BAG O'TURNIP SEED.

NEXT: YOU READ WHAT YOU SOW.
NEXT ISSUE:
In next month's action-packed issue, Wendy Graham interviews Terry Pratchett, author of The Colour of Magic books, while in Scopophobia there's a look at the legal system of our very own campaign world—well worth it if you are one of those GMs who likes to keep your players on their toes. If you like the new-look Whiplash in this issue, it really comes up next month. There's also an article on designing scenarios, and a cameo Science Fiction scenario to panic about.

Now for the bad news; due to recent increases in paper supply and a work to rule by Adventurer’s workforce of elves and dwarves, we've been forced to increase the cost of the magazine from next issue. It will now cost £1.20 per issue, and subscriptions will increase to £6.65 for six issues. Subscribing will ensure a regular delivery, and even save you money. If you do have trouble obtaining copies of Adventurer, just ask your newsagent or shopkeeper to reserve a copy each month.

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS!
If you've ordered a copy of Brian Lumley's "Mad Moon Of Dreams", it won't be available until late Summer, but it is worth ordering in advance to make sure you get a copy.

One book which is available, though, is Darrell Schweitzer's "Tom O'Bedlam's Night Out and other Strange Excursions". This is highly recommended if you like zany fantasy with a humourous fairy-tale air!

"Pultime" is one for H.P. Lovecraft fans who want an insight into the author as a man. In this he shares a fantastic adventure with Sherlock Holmes, as told through the eyes of his real-life best friend, F.B. Long, and includes a foreword by him illustrated by Stephen Fabian.

Special Offer! Any orders for Hardback or Deluxe edition books received by July 18th and accompanied by the proof of purchase below will receive 10% discount off their order value—the more you order, the more you save!

Subscriptions for Fantasy Tales and Shock Xpress are now available—6 issues cost £5.95 for F.Tales and £4.10 for Shock Xpress.

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Really though, the best reason to join FIF is its originality as a PBM. It has other features like game book scenarios, role play scenarios, and hides an untold message... A definite end for those that find it? The rule book has a colour cover and is produced from the highest quality materials, it's something worth keeping. Turn price is £1.50 and all turns are processed in 48 hours without fail. The forces are rising to challenge the very face of Dorm. In her desperation the planet has scanned the universe and settled on earth. Few are the chosen and they must not deny their destiny. The time is upon us to decide.

If you want more information phone (0793) 37798.
Or Contact: 'The Laboratory', Box 66, 19 Colbourne Street, Swindon, Wiltshire. SN1 2EQ

FIF UPDATE
Every other month, the top FIF players will be printed in Adventurer:-

1 ETRAL DEATHSEVALON
2 SCORKAS USHGARIN
3 BYRIN
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6 DAMIEN FANG
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J.B. NOBLE, Maidstone: Heretic! 'UZ' not know about Griselda, Wolfhead, Kroked, Flychar, Simba! (Pikat Yaraboom... etc...!!!) Humph!!! How dare you, you chaos-spawned disease-ridden broo-loving goat-headed lesser-spotted reptile... mungush!!! If you continue takin' that attitude little 'uman, Grunch is gonna have to teach you some respect (wiv 'is little mau, hur hur!!) Grunch likes Griselda and her gang, Grunch not like lunnars or dumb-editor-chaos-creatures...!!)

If you think your readers don't know what Oliver Dickinson is talking about (L.B.T.S. #8) then it's certainly is time for your readers' poll.

Please thank Mr. Dickinson for some excellent writing in the past, and I for one am very interested in the continuing story of Griselda etc., as I am sure are many other of us old-timers- it gives us something to read in our bath-chairs you know!

Bring back Griselda!!

What a way to start a lettercol! I guess some of you do still take your role-playing seriously, huh?

D. MICHAELS, Wirral: Quote: "I should have known the gremlins would strike again, laying all my plans to waste."

Adventurer #5, Editorial.

D.K. what happened to my room numbers? (Adventurer #8 - 'Cocoon'). Only joking, Ste! Adventurer is not alone when it comes to Gremlins; a curse often inflicted on editors, as you will see by the following quote:

Friday, September 30, 1938

The Daily Express declares that Britain will not be involved in a European war this year, or next year either"

Daily Express Issue #11,970.

MARK CLAYTON, London: What is this outrage? What has happened to the 'ye olde shoppe' that used to adorn the top of the 'Shop Window' page? It now looks like a baby's first impression of a shop using building blocks™. Do something about it, or I might crawl over to your office and hit you over the head with my rattle...

You wouldn't believe how much time and effort goes into the design process of your magazineall that hard work and creative input, only to be threatened by an intantile attack with a rattle?

Seriously, Adventurer has had a visual overhaul since the early issues and it might be interesting to find out what more of our readers think about the 'new look'.

TOM ZUNDER, Sheffield: A very competent review of RuneQuest III (Shop Window #8), and a good summary of the first really accessible edition of that game. I think you're right that the Avalon-Hill edition was disastrous, not in content but in price and presentation. Oliver Dickinson is right (L.B.T.S. #8) that Glorantha can still be played with RQIII, and in my opinion it is better than before, but that what RQIII always needed was more general applicability- and now it has got it. Griffin Island is proving excellent with new players to RQ, and as a scenario pack has a lot going for it. I must admit, though- I miss the Lunars...

STEVE HATHERLEY, Sidmouth: Regarding the Traveller: 2300 review (ADV #8), it was most interesting, but I feel I ought to point out that there are considerably more than 3 mistakes contained- the game was clearly rushed out to meet the U.S. Christmas market and has suffered in editing. Fortunately, though, they're all mistakes that any reasonably smart GM can work out. One large flaw becomes obvious- combat is very safe. To remedy this (for all those Refs. like myself who like lethal combat), the simple alterations are: 1) Cut by half the conscious shots and Life Levels and 2) Double all weapon Damage Point values. This makes combat 4 times more lethal. Much better.

PETER and JANET VIALLS, Huntingdon: Heresy was very good indeed (ADV #8); however, we disagree with Philip St. Leger's conclusions. We don't like running a campaign with a Christian background because, firstly, it means that mages are automatically in opposition to priests. Secondly, medieval Christianity was just too damned unpleasant. (Consider its attitude to women and its general intolerance, rigidity and narrow-mindedness. Remember, also, that medieval Christianity regarded ALL non-humans as demons and devils. If Christianity is real, these perceptions must be correct). Characters should not have to face a world where there are NO good gods (unless they are in Call of Cthulhu). Thirdly, there is too much chance of offending practising Christians (or Muslims or Hindus).

However, the various benefits that Philip St. Leger mentions can be used just as
Neil Grant, Mid-Glam: It is worth noting that the division between polytheism and monotheism is often very blurred; the Greek pantheon was technically polytheistic, but many Greek philosophers viewed it as monotheistic, explaining the multiple popular gods as aspects of the one, and this was not considered a heresy. Also, the Knights Templar were suppressed for political reasons, under cover of a charge of heresy.

Steve Hatherley: "Heresy" was most interesting, but then I found as was reading it was applying the principles to cults in Call of Cthulhu. From that point of view it was very interesting — though I'm not sure that was what the author intended. I have two minds as far as religion in games goes. With my CoC cap on, I like the 'mondo Uberwelt' idea. Simon Nicholson summed it up (LBTS #8). With my Traveller hat on, I like the idea of playing with oddball futuristic religions. I certainly don't go into it in any detail, though the thought of the Second Coming being an alien appeal (especially if those aliens are currently awaiting the 47th coming...).

Jason Bishop, Kenilworth: Please don't brush off Superhero games simply because of their childish image. It annoys me to see the attitude that people take to comic books, due simply to the Superman films and the Batman TV series. I agree that these are juvenile and idiotic, but don't let them be the only side of comics that you see. Would your AD&D players like to have their system ignored because of the D&D cartoon series, or trashy sword & sorcery films?

Personally, I prefer to play the stereotyped avenging warrior of many fantasy novels, but this is difficult when every time you advance a level there is a monster in the next adventure which can wipe the floor with you.

The answer? I enjoy reading comic books and have done so for years. I recently bought a copy of GH and tried to play it, but one of the players wanted bombs built into his costume and another hung back for fear of getting killed. I suspect that this paranoia is due to games such as AD&D, which promote such fears and reactions. Eventually, I convinced the players of their power, and handed around a few of my comics to give them a taste of how they ought to not. Soon they gained in confidence, and began to enjoy the freedom of being able to do the things they always dreamed of doing, such as punching thugs through walls, seeing bullets bounce off their cheeks, and so on.

Maybe if people read some comics before making judgements on these games, I would see a few more super-hero scenarios in my magazines.

Firstly, Jason, I'm proud to confess to being a one-time Marvel-lite myself, as well as being an ex-member of F.O.O.M. so I know what comics are all about, ok? Secondly, all RPGs will suffer from a poor referee, or a discrepancy between players' expectations and the GM's perception of a good campaign. If you want to play a mega-powerful hero then that's fine. Personally, I prefer subtle interactive scenarios using characters with social or physical handicaps, as I feel these give the most opportunities for good roleplaying. I don't insist, however, that all players should do the same.

Finally, the reasons why we apparently 'ignore' Superhero games is that a) They are generally less popular than fantasy games b) We've had very little decent SH material and c) We have no wish to do anything. It's nothing to do with biases on the grounds of public image.

Ann Macy, Newport: I have to admit that the greatest impression I have from the letters pages is that all the fun seems to have gone out of roleplaying. All these letters writers are so serious about a game. I play games to relax after a hard days work. I am Treasurer of our local The Celtic Crusaders (yes, I know who would make a Hobbit their Treasurer?) and what I want from a RPG is a few hours' enjoyment. The charts and tables in issue 8 letters page just left me cold. When I play, if the GM says something happens then it does. I mean, they know, they've got the book. I just react. When I run a game, then I expect my players to do the same. For example:

"You are walking quietly through the caverns when there is a sudden simultaneous flash and a bang! You all have a ringing noise in your ears and everything is black. What do you do?"

The players don't know at this point if it was a fireball, lightning bolt, gas explosion, or cannon fire, and I ain't saying. Which means that they won't know. This gets them worried; it could have been a trap, an ambush or sheer bad luck, and makes great fun. Playing the same game with no application of imagination would be like this:

"You walk through the caves. There is a flash and a bang as your torch ignites the methane gas. Take 1 wound and you're blind and deaf for 6 turns."

The players then decide to stay until their eyes and ears return to normal. The other way, they try to keep quiet, to listen, to hide and not to panic much more fun.

Without getting too serious, I think Ann was referring to R.G. Lowe's tables on damage from falling (LBTS #8), which was met with some response, not least of which were the following:

David Hallwell, Co. Down: This modification table is unsuitable on three counts:

1. Science: He assumes that damage from falling is proportional to speed of impact, but either a muscle is strained or it is not, a bone breaks or not, and these effects are not related to speed in such a simple way (not even using F=mAx -ed.)

2. Game Balance: A tenth level fighter faced with a choice between a formidable opponent and an apparently bottomless chasm would choose the chasm any time, with such a low limit to damage. This doesn't normally fit in with fantasy literature.

3. Concept: AD&D hit points are very strange things anyway, and most of the rule books point out that they aren't just related to physical resilience, but to luck, protections and skill. It's probably safe to assume that the Lancaster tail gunner had a lot of hit points due to luck that day! Probably a better system would be a% system based on the normal total HP, with positive modifiers for distance fallen, and negative modifiers for class and level.

Phil Masters, Stevenage: It is only fair to point out that this lucky individual fell through the branches of a tree before landing in a snow drift—good for some reduced d6 in any system I think.

Which goes to prove that there are 3 elements to be considered in balanced role-playing rules: the characters, the mechanics and the environment. What if the tail-gunner had been falling through a vacuum or an alien anti-grav environment? He would suffer no damage at all then. Mr. Lowe, the offender who started all this with his letter, has sent another, clarifying and amending the tables we printed, along with the following:

R.G. Lowe, Aberdeen: Many readers may complain that the damage is too slight using my system, and that characters with 36 hit points or more can survive a fall from any height. This is also true, however, of the old system where characters with 121 HPs can survive any fall.

Leaving one debate to burn itself out and moving swiftly on to Women in Roleplaying, I came across this quote from the Irresponsible Miss Little:

Linda Little, Redhill: Paradoxically, it is not the blatant chauvinist who causes female gamers most problems; such people can usually be silenced by a few well-chosen words. Besides, the guys who
are involved in role-playing tend to be less chauvinist than most.

Far more difficult to deal with are the genuine 'nice guys' like Douglas Thomson (LBTS #8). These are the sort of people who deluge you with articles on 'the female in role-play', blash tomsin because the latest games book has a sexist cover and glare pointedly at any male who mutters something stronger than 'bother whilst you're present. The sad thing is that they really want to make you feel welcome, but end up making you so self-conscious that you begin to wish you'd spent the evening at the local pub, elbowing your way past the chauvinists to the bar.

Hmmm... not quite the sort of letter I'd expect from a female. Oh, is that a sexist statement? I can't decide. I think, Linda, that Janet Vials' articles on Females in the hobby is potentially far more valuable to our male readers; in fact, it's probably of most value to chauvinists... But then, I wonder if many chauvinists have read it?

PHIL MASTERS: Janet Vials' piece (WIR #8) was as interesting as ever. Two male SF writers who have used relevant ideas, if only in passing, are John Varley, with the community of 'witches' described in Wizard and Demon, and Cordwainer Smith, with the brief but horrific description of the all-male Arachsians in The Crime and the Glory of Commander Suzdal--in my opinion, the finest SF short story ever written.

MARK SAMUELS, Sydenham: Janet Vials' articles are superb. I always love something that shocks you because it's there all the time but you don't notice it till it punches you between the eyes. With a ratio of 80:1 in RPGs in favour of males, the male perpetually thinks in terms of himself. To have a female across the table instead of a half-drunk male GM would blow the players' minds for sure. Not a bad idea. Forget the classic 'and the 10 black death-frenzied ninjas you just killed have jumped up as black death-frenzied ninjas liche!', or the equally delicious 'oh, dear, was a magically dark rain filled with blinding fog bearing poison fungus overdone then?' Imagine the scene of nightmare terror as a female brings monstrous REASON into the game. Aaargh!

LAURENCE G. TILLEY, Coventry: What venom! Janet Vials has a terribly unsympathetic view of the adolescent male sexuality. I have a frightening vision of an Edwina Currie-type vampiress pursing horny schoolboys into dark alleys, armed with a huge pair of shears! How ize are the terms in which she speaks of the figure's nipples showing through the leather armour--obviously only males have x-ray vision!

STUART LORIMER, Kincardineshie: I thought the articles seemed well thought-out and considered, but I agree with Geoff Turner (LBTS #9), that Janet didn't go far enough in dismissing the sheer 'other-worldliness' of non-humans, especially elves, which are poorly represented and portrayed in RPGs generally (Dragon Warriors being an exception). I think Janet covered the subject well, but this type of article can be extended to cover other aspects of fantasy worlds which need serious discussion. The AD&D world, in particular, is ill-considered, as it is TSR's policy to use anything and everything in their game, whether it fits in coherently or not. Giant insects, for example, are frequent in the various Monster Manuals, but couldn't exist naturally. Consider that the average insect or arachnid has to consume many times its own weight just to stay alive. Giant insects would have to eat whole herds of cows, etc. just to get sustenance. Also, given the rate at which insects breed, and without the usual natural predators, giant insects would literally be crawling everywhere. Perhaps they can only exist in high fields of magical energy, or they are freak 'mutants', but there must be some limit!

How did we go from Janet Vials to giant insects, Stuart? Still, since we have, I can only argue on TSR's behalf by saying that AD&D and Basic are as coherent wholestic campaign game, just as rules for fantasy gaming, whatever your preference. Hence, if you like giant insects in your campaign (and I certainly believe they are at least as plausible as vampires and zombies, etc.) then use them. If you don't like the idea, leave them out. Of course, if like Guilliver, you visited a place where everything is bigger, then the average insect would appear to be a lot larger than your average garden caterpillar...

STEVE BLEASE, Clevedon: For someone bombasting the ignorances and prejudices of male role-players, Janet Vials displays a remarkable amount of ignorance and prejudice herself, not to mention a complete lack of tact. In ADV #9, she slams wargaming as 'juvenile'. Obviously, she feels that 'playing with the soldiers' is childish. No more than pretending to be an elf. Wargaming requires a fair amount of intelligence, and necessitates an extreme depth of research and knowledge. We do not fire matchsticks out of toy cannons, you know!

Wargaming and roleplaying are not separate entities, but merely extended variations of the same primary game. In certain situations, wargamers need to role-play Generals and their aides, whereas RPGers may end up in the middle of a war. The boundary here is as artificial as that between SF and fantasy and should be broken.

The letters delivered to Live By The Sword are getting rather political of late, dealing with such familiar topics as women in gaming, social issues, and more controversial epistles such as--

DAVID HALLIWELL: I urge you not to change your magazine to suit those people who stop off at role-playing games for a few years on their way between BMXs and play. The whole purpose of wargaming as a fashion is the role taken by other magazines, and when the craze ends, they will find they have been abandoned by the genuine gamers that they themselves abandoned last year. The trouble with the 'fast buck' is that it leaves as quickly as it arrives, as the manufacturers of skate-boards, frisbees and choppers have discovered in the past. I hope you don't follow this road.

J.B. NOBLE: Concerning the much maligned TWILIGHT 2000- Please do something to assist in the popularity of this excellent games system by covering it on the pages of LBTS. I know many people out here in the 'Real World' seem to have taken the bigoted and biased reviews of the game to heart. A few short articles on the state of civilization in Europe and the rest of the world as it stands in Twilight 2000 will, I hope, go to show the game is very logically constructed with no real winners in any part of the world. It may also go towards dispelling the belief that you can only role-play Good old American boys fighting for freedom, the American way and Mom's Apple pie; but that you can play any nationality. Some of my players are Gru and Spetsnaz (Russian military intelligence and special forces respectively) who spend their time dodging NATO forces. In fact, you're not even limited to Europe for the area of operations.

The game contains rules for many different combat modes, so there's something in it for anyone wanting a modern combat RPG system, no matter what the historical and political background. It seems such a shame to see so excellent a system suffer in this way at the hands of biased reviewers and editors (Yourself and Mike Willis quite definitely excluded), who should know better, as their opinions are often taken as final by many readers wanting to know about a new product.

We who were in at the start (well, very nearly) look to magazines such as yours to do true justice to the games industry, and to those who play them, so that a similar situation never arises in this country as has arisen in the U.S. regarding action groups like the Moral Majority and their 'burning' leaflets.

Finally, to Joseph Vale (LBTS #8): Vell you see, Mein Herr, such a RPG does exist, it is called Behind Enemy Lines, and it is not tasteless.

That's enough politics for this issue. Keep in touch, Ste Dillon.
THE LAKE OF MIST

A CALL OF CTHULHU SCENARIO FOR KEEPERS WHO WANT TO GET THEIR OWN BACK...!

BY STEVE HATHERLEY

The ghost which haunts an unnamed lake near the tiny village of Garrow on Bodmin Moor is a particularly unpleasant one. The lake, known to the locals as Devil's Pool can only be reached by walking a long and tortuous path from St. Breward first to Garrow and then to the lake beyond. The lake is only around 200 yards long and is perpetually covered in fine swirling mists.

It was during the sixteenth century that a local girl was tried and found guilty of witchcraft. She lived by the lake and supposedly conversed with the "Great Daemon trapped beneath." She lies in an unmarked grave in a lonely part of the churchyard.

Not long after her burial, a series of bizarre deaths shook the tiny village. All those who persecuted the girl died a horrible death, their bodies covered in "hideous sucking wounds that never healed."

The lake is now shunned and the locals believe that walking the lakeside at night brings the devil's curse.

"The Moor has its own share of stone circles, too. The Hurlers, a group of three stone circles on the eastern side, are the most famous. They are said to be men turned to stone for playing the cornish game of Hurling on a Sunday. There are about thirty or forty stones, but no one knows for sure. Less famous are the Trippet Stones which lie beyond St Breward. Local superstition has it that by walking round the circle nine times brings good luck.

On top of these, each village on Bodmin Moor has its own favourite ghost or demon to haunt it. The south western peoples are a superstitious group - more so than any other even in this enlightened age and their heritage dates back thousands of years. Bodmin Moor has a timelessness quality about it that enables the casual visitor to catch just a glimpse of the past, and understand the centuries of myth and superstition which govern this strange land."
“Another source of madness and insight is Devil’s Pool at Garrow in Great Britain’s Westcountry. There is a great source of knowledge hidden beneath this unpleasant lake, ever mist-shrouded from the breath of its trapped inhabitants. The lake is a mirror, of that I am certain, a mirror to see the Gods with. Devil’s Pool is watched over by the Guardians, men and half-men and not-men of ancient and terrible power living in the tiny, shadowed Garrow. Do not cross the Guardians.”

This quote is believed to come from one of the forbidden books, although it is not clear which.

“We are saddened to learn of the sudden death of my fellow journalist Terrance Greer who was struck dead last weekend while holidaying in his native Cornwall. Mr Greer was a well-respected occultist and member of the Golden Dawn society. He wrote the occasional article in occult journals and had a regular column in this paper.

He was found in his room at Jamaica Inn by friends. He had been researching for a book on haunted lakes and had just visited Garrow.

We shall be reprinting a series of his best articles from the past issues of The Scoop.”

THE SCOOPE, MAY 1923

KEEPER’S NOTE:

There is more to this story than meets the eye. By researching further, the players can find out that Mr Greer was wearing his walking clothes, that he was muddy and had evidently just come from the moors when he died. Worse, upon his face was such a look of terror that it was diagnosed (correctly) that he simply died of fright. Although (it was supposed) that it would take a very great shock to frighten one as such as the great occultist.

Terrance Greer was not an important member of the Golden Dawn. Neither was he the great occultist that The Scoop would have you believe. The Scoop itself is a London tabloid, dedicated to printing lurid stories and blowing them all out of proportion.

Mr. Greer did, however, have a diary on his person when they found him. It is now kept by his only surviving relative, his brother Ronald Greer.

DATE: 14th.

“Garrow is a truly lonely place. Set in a desolate part of the Moor, it seems to attract only old folk. I haven’t seen anyone below 60 years of age here. They are all private people, willing to talk about the world, but strangely reserved when talking about themselves. The only sense that I got of them about the lake, is that I shouldn’t go there at night.

I have booked a room at the Inn. It was a long and tiring walk from my car in Middle Candia to this ghastly place. Despite the locals’ almost desperate warnings, I shall brave the twilight and see the lake at its best. This could be some really useful information for my book.

My first impressions of the lake: It is a short walk from Garrow to the lake (I managed to glean from the innkeeper that they call it Devil’s Pool) through the gentle mist. In this twilight world, the lake has an almost magical quality about it. Swathed in swirling mists, the surface of the pool - what I can see of it - is as smooth as glass. This is a truly unhallowed ground: diseased, twisted, slime-draped trees; mysterious tracks on the ground; a sense of timelessness; and the swirling mists. I thought I just saw someone beckoning. I must investigate further, the locals never said anything about anyone living up here.

I found nobody, but a series of footprints leading to the water’s edge.

He must have been wearing strange footwear because of the strange, almost clawed, imprint that he made. I have called out, but my voice is swallowed in the mists.

The air is so invigorating here. I feel wonderful.

I can hear voices. Low and guttural, they chant something. The mists part briefly to reveal figures, the villagers, holding aloft burning brands. They begin to circle the lake. Ereie.

I can hear something. A faint rippling or gurgling, I’m not sure which. The figures pass in the mist, their torches throwing shadows all around me. There is a truly loathsome stench wafting from the lake. I can see something vast in the mist.

They are not human! The guardians - they are not human! One of the strange hooded watchers came close and I saw! I ran, but I can hear the sounds of pursuit.

The thing in the mist! It is all true, all of it!

The Guardians!”

This is the last entry in Terrance Greer’s diary.
Mr. Creer's car was found in Middle Londo next morning, so it can only be assumed that he walked over the moors to his room at Jamaica Inn. This is a trek of maybe a mile and a half, over some very treacherous ground. How he managed to navigate the marshes unaided at night, and in the state that his diary indicates, we shall never know.

The man was standing in the yard when he was found. Richard J. Hellicar was found by the farmer, R. Jansen of Roughland Farm early Tuesday morning. Mr. Hellicar appeared to be suffering from shock, or had experienced a great fright. He had evidently been walking the moors.

The Devon and Cornwall Constabulary were called out to find Lucy and Mabel Palmer yesterday. The two girls went missing on Bodmin Moor during a walk with their parents. The police so far, have found no trace of the two girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and their daughters were staying with relatives in St. Breward on Bodmin Moor, when they decided to go for the walk. Lucy and Mabel, 8 and 10 respectively, strayed too far and have not been seen since.

They were wearing pink and blue, light summer dresses. Residents are keeping a watchful eye for the girls.

Accomplished painter, Lawrence Beard, was so taken with the Bodmin Moor during his stay a week ago, he has decided to move there. Beard, well known for his portraits of fictional characters, says he will continue his work as soon as he has finished moving. He moves to St. Breward tomorrow. 
they give is not to go anywhere near Devil's Post, especially at night. Of the seven locals, only three will talk for any length to the players: Lawrence Beard, Father McKenzie and John Dawson - owner of the Garrow Tor.

LAWRENCE BEARD
The youngest, and newest of Garrow's residents, he still paints. His paintings have turned to the macabre since he moved here. Indeed, the players may be familiar with some slumbering countryside steeped in history. Its enthusiasts consider it to be the most beautiful place in Britain. Bodmin Moor (once known more accurately as Fowey Moor) appears in every Cornwall myth and legend: stone circles, granite tors, hut circles, Cheesewring Quarry, Dozmary Pool...

Garrow is a tiny village just below Garrow Tor. To reach it, one must travel to St. Brevward. From there you head east onto the moor, then a rough track to Middle Cardin (little more than a farm). From here a path leads past some hut circles (believed to be King Arthur's Hall) to Garrow.

Garrow is not on any maps, and consists of nine houses (two uninhabited and derelict), a small church and an inn. The buildings are made from moorland granite and are all small, well built buildings quite capable of standing up to the savage Cornwall weather. There are no cars in Garrow. A couple of the villagers have horses and they travel between here and St. Brevward for supplies, post and news.

There is no one under the age of sixty living in Garrow. Services are held in the church on Sundays. The small graveyard is full of Garrow people, all elderly. The exception is three unmarked graves of varying ages. Buried here are strangers who died wandering the moor.

The Inn (The Garrow Tor) has only one small room and isn’t geared to cater for guests. It comes alive during the evening, when all seven villagers congregate. It is closed Sundays.

The people of Garrow are private folk. They have all been drawn to Garrow for some reason, most don’t know why. They never go up to Devil’s Post, it is too dangerous. Strangers to Garrow are always a cause for concern; they are always interested in the lake and too much interest in the lake is very bad.

Most locals will avoid the players, the only information...
of his works. None of his paintings overtly display anything to do with the Cthulhu Mythos, but tend to hint subliminally at things better left unseen.

It welcomes newcomers to his home, and is pleased if they show interest in his (sometimes disturbing) paintings. Garrow is a little cut off, so news is always welcomed.

He will avoid talking about himself, and will warn the players to stay away from the lake. It is better left undisturbed.

Lawrence believes that something lives in Devil's Pool, and at night has nightmares about something rising from its depths. His paintings sometimes reflect his nightmares.

FATHER MCKENZIE

A large genial man, often given to drinking. His profession means he cannot turn away from the players, but it is clear that he would rather avoid talking about Devil's Pool. He considers himself as God's agent, watching over the pool. He is very unlikely to tell the players this, and never goes up to the lake.

The church has records of all who died here (they are buried in the graveyard). The three unmarked graves are recorded as unknown people—evidently people affected by the lake. The rest of the graves are Garrow villagers and the occasional outsider.

JOHN DAWSON

Owner of the Garrow Inn, Garrow's one and only inn. He has a rather limited selection of drinks to offer, he only rarely goes into 'town' to restock. The inn has only one tiny room, accommodation for just one. This is the only place that players can spend the night in Garrow— the locals will not offer rooms for the night.

Dawson is not a happy man and his pessimism spreads. He will foretell that the players will come to tragedy. It tells the players that they will never leave this place and will end up in one of the unmarked graves. He gets worse when he drinks, but never mentions any names or any specifics about the lake.

THE LAKE OF MIST

The lake is about a mile out of Garrow. There is no track or path. After crossing some potentially dangerous marshy ground, the players can reach it.

Perpetually covered in fine, swirling mists, Devil's Pool is an eerie sight. The lake itself is about 200 yards long, and is supplied at one end by a trickling stream. Stagnant pools surround the lake, giving the area a miasmatic smell. There are no birds or animals. The plants seem twisted and unhealthy, the shrivelled trees bare and draped with slimy-like moss. There is an atmosphere of almost tangible evil and malevolence.

There is nothing mysterious or evil about the pool at all. However, Devil's Pool seems to work on people's imagination, and to begin to see things that aren't there. The ordinary trees become alive and festering, marks on the ground become footprints, the stagnant air becomes a loathsome stench. It is all imagination. There are no watchers, there is no great Daemon. Fuelled by reports and their imagination, visitors to the lake believe they see the watchers, see the Daemon. This includes the players.

If the lake is eerie and threatening during the day, then it becomes full of the stuff of nightmares during the night of darkness. For the players, the lake will act as a catalyst for all their worst nightmares to come to haunt them.

Staying and watching brings terror and madness. The players have enough warnings. If, after the reports of so many people going insane, they still go up to Devil's Pool at night, then they deserve all they get.

What the players actually see, depends on their previous exploits. It also depends on their expectations. If they have been dealing unsuccessfully with Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath in the past, then one (or more) will come plodding out from the darkness. If they expect in-human guardians, then the in-human guardians. If they expect a great Daemon beneath the waters, then let Mighty Cthulhu heave his greedy bulk out from beneath Devil's Pool.

Give the players what they expect, and make it worse. Human sacrifices, disgusting rituals. People they know are dead, loved ones being disembowelled... No limits.

If the players are so foolish as to fall asleep, then the Keeper can really go to town. While they may be shocked and medicated by what they see whilst awake, at least it is all mental damage. The players are never in any physical danger (although they should not realise it).

While asleep, however, such assurances are gone. The players become the sacrifices, become the disembowelled. Horrific things happen to them time and time again. Let them wake up, think it was a dream, then do it all again. No limits at all...

Should any players survive, they will be haunted by the memories forever. There really is no way to defeat the lake, but there then isn't anything to defeat. The best way of escaping the madness is not to go there. But then, the players were amply warned...

Acknowledgements
100 Years on Bodmin Moor - E.V. Thompson
Unknown Cornwall:- Michael Williams
Devon and Cornwall Illustrated:- Robin A. Fenner
VOYAGES BEYOND
by Wendy Graham

"Spock and Kirk assessing the problem with a little help from their Spectrum Plus."

"Spock, dressed in Hindu garb whilst trying to sell the Captain some dubious merchandise, just because his own bridge is no more."

HOMEWARD BOUND:
The new film Star Trek IV: The Way Home involves an earth-menacing probe which emits a sound something like the call of a hump-backed whale, a species which (unfortunately) died off in the 21st century. So, what options are open to the Star Trek Command? Obvious innit? Spock and Kirk go back in time to the 'primitive' San Francisco of 1986 in search of hump-backed whales to talk with this alien probe. The problems they face in acquiring a couple of whales and transporting them 300 years back to the future is ludicrous enough to guarantee a smash hit. - Ste Dillon.

DOCTOR WHO?
The law of libel being what it is in this country, I must be somewhat circumspect in what I write about the new Doctor Who. However, the law allows we journalists to comment on matters of public interest, and I think I can safely assume the announcement of a new actor to play Dr. Who is of interest to 'Adventurer' readers, so I fearlessly comment with typewriter keys at my fingertips:-

To say that I'm underwhelmed would be an understatement. This Sylvester McCoy appeared on an afternoon chat-show just after the announcement that he would be the next Dr. and seemed unable to sit still while being interviewed, and at the end of the programme stood around pulling silly faces at the camera.

The 43-year old actor has reportedly signed a three-year contract with the BBC, and has been quoted as saying he wants to turn the character into a combination of David Bellamy and Magnus Pyke. Well, fair enough, and I can see those as archetypes for the role. In fact, I could almost see Dr. Bellamy in the role for a moment if I shut my eyes and imagine hard enough, though I suspect he would have problems with vegetative alien baddies. However, it seems to me that this actor has the wrong idea of the meaning of the word 'eccentric'. We are probably all agreed that the Doctor is the merest smidgit eccentric, but I don't think this means he should be pulling faces at TV cameras.

McCoy, who is a 5ft 6in. Scot, used to appear on such children's TV programmes as Tiswas and the comedy series Big Jim and the Figaro Club, and his showbusiness speciality was reported to be stuffing ferrets down his trousers.

GLASS GLOBES:
Back into real space and time, and the last lunar landing, our surprising scientists, I hear. Apparently, they recently opened up yet another core sample brought back by astronauts, and out popped several hollow glass spheres. They've found glass a-plenty on the moon before, but never hollow glass spheres. Perhaps they're used for lunar goldfish?

WORLDCON:
And now, probably the most important event on the calendar for SF in Britain this year - the 45th World Science Fiction Convention is being held in Brighton from August 27 to September 1. Up to 10,000 people attend a Worldcon, held annually at a different location somewhere in the world. This year's event, dubbed 'Conspiracy '87' has been in the planning stage for two years, since the organising committee beat off opposition from bides from the U.S. and other countries, to host SF's biggest event.

No other genre can match SF in its tendency for like-minded folk to gather together, and at a worldcon, one can expect not only the most dedicated fans from all around the world to be in attendance, but also just about all the professionals, for just about all SF writers and artists, plus publishers, agents and even we few SF journalists.

It is usual too for film companies to use Worldcons as a launching pad for new films, bringing along actors, SFX people...
and displays.

Some of the highlights of the Brighton convention so far announced include a display of '50 years of Fandom', and one surviving attendee of that 1937 convention will be the fabled Arthur C. Clarke, who will be contributing his recollections of the event.

One of (if not the) highest awards in SF literature is the Hugo Award, named after Hugo Gernsback, and is the equivalent of an Oscar. These are what might be called peoples' awards, as they are awarded by members of the Worldcon by voting. Among the categories are Best SF novel, novella, short story, artist, media presentation, and many others.

The Conspiracy committee is also hoping to organise performances of works related to SF by theatrical, balletic and operatic companies, in particular they hope to organise the staging of one of the operas based on the work of Guest of Honour Doris Lessing.

In a lighter vein, there may even be a firework display on the seashore!

You're amazed at all this, I can tell, and want more information on how to get involved in such a wonderful event. Never fear, just send a large SAE to Conspiracy '87, PO Box 43, Cambridge, CB1 3JJ. In return, you'll get your registration form and lots of details (Don't forget to mention Adventurer, by the way...). For the six days, you will have to pay something in excess of £25, but I'm not sure what, as I don't have the latest details. Also, there's substantially reduced hotel rates available if you need them. There is a crêche available, too, if you're thinking of bringing the little 'uns, and children also get reduced admission. Hope to see you there.

BOOK REVIEWS:

By Jonathan Wylie
Published by Corgi.
£2.50. Paperback.

This was the first book of this batch to be reviewed and I skated around it. I really dodged this book; I feinted, weaved, ducked and bobbed. Not another trilogy. Not another book with a magician. Bleah! Do I have to read it? Must I? But it stayed there, on the 'to-be-read' pile. I spring-cleaned, made cakes, learned to yodel, but it stayed there.

So when I did get around to reading it, what did I do? I looked up in the Corgi lists to see when the next part is due out (either August or July this year, depending on what you believe in the Corgi lists.)

The truth is, it isn't too bad, and I quite enjoyed it. The magic isn't too magic, the magician is quite human (as are the humans), and it is quite an imaginative tale. I'm not going to go jumping through hoops about it, but it's not too bad, not bad at all. What's it about? The island,

...
Last and First Men is the story of billions of years of man's future. Man mutated, genetically engineered, man ever changing, usually progressing, sometimes regressing.

Stapledon got some things wrong with his own immediate future—our recent past; he didn't have man venturing into space just 30 years later, for example, but in other predictions, he hit the nail right on the head.

This is a hard book to read. Every single word must be read; there can be none of the 'scan and skip' speed reading, and sometimes there is a clumsiness of grammar which necessitates a backtrack to make sense of the sentence.

The jacket cover bears little resemblance to the story, which makes me wonder if cover artists ever read the books they're elected to illustrate.

If Stapledon was living now, this one 327-page large format book would undoubtedly be expanded into a trilogy or more, as at times, millions of years of development are dismissed in a page or two.

I found the story was very gloomy on the whole. We all know that there is much wrong with mankind at present, but there is much about us which gives rise to cautious optimism as well, and Stapledon seems to be overly enamoured of the romantic view that suicide is a noble gesture, both individually and racially at times.

I'm glad I read this book, and will remember more than a one-sentence summary of it, but I'm not sure if I'll ever read it again.

TIME OF THE TWINS: Volume 1 of the Dragonlance Legends By Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman Published by Penguin £2.95. Paperback.

This trilogy is the sequel to the Dragonlance Chronicles, by the same authors (in case you didn't know), and picks up soon after the end of the war of the Lance. This is the first volume, and details the heroes' attempts to battle with the baddy archmage Raistlin.

Crysania is a beautiful cleric who promptly falls in love with the baddy, and is convinced she can save him (shades of the Darth Vader); Caramon is, at the beginning of the book, a drunken slob who used to be a brave warrior (no doubt he's a drunken slob because he is Raistlin's twin brother) and Tasslehoff is a Kender, a non-human sort of dwarf character who ends the book in big trouble.

The cover is fairly awful, but the story isn't bad, considering that I am so tired of magicians and all that stuff. Isn't anyone writing good straightforward SF any more? The next two parts are due out May 28 and July.

THE COLOUR OF MAGIC
COMPUTER ADVENTURE
Produced by Phirha

The only computer activities in which I can work up an interest are adventure games, and I had high hopes of this game, based on the Terry Pratchett book.

However, I'm sad to report that the digitised version is pretty useless. The programme seemed clumsy and annoying, and long-winded from this side of the keyboard. For example, to converse, you have to enter "Talk to X, say whatever", and there's no provision for what we have come to expect as standard abbreviations.

Playing with book in hand, I still got nowhere very slowly, and a chump to whom I passed the game reported that he didn't think much of it either, and also gave up in vexation very early on.

THE WIZARDS AND THE WARRIORS: Chronicles of an Age of Darkness: Volume 1 By Hugh Cook Published by Corgi £2.95. Paperback.

Judging by the title, this is the kind of fantasy pulp I normally stay well away from. However, once I opened it and began to read (referring to a very poor quality map of the area which I pulled out from the book), I realised the title didn't do it any justice at all. This is a story about personalities, not powers, about people more than politics. Wizards are real, and so are warriors; they each have their strengths and weaknesses, their likes and dislikes, ambitions and conflicts.

A fast-moving book comprised of many climaxs during the tale, which is really about the power and implications of the Death Stone, and the struggles to control it, with all the implications of nuclear warfare and its resultant damage and chaos (Political messages were coming through here, but weren't too heavy or prolonged).

There is such a climax at the end of the book that one wonders whether part one of the Age of Darkness won't also be the final part; surely Hugh Cook can't top that! There's no loose ends, no mysteries unsolved, no pieces to pick up.

Hugh Cook's style of writing is very moralistic and romantic; he takes pains over the turmoil caused by Blackwood's heightened sensitivity, the guilt of Morgan Hearst and the burdens of the wizard Milphon, who are the three principle characters. If, like me, you love to hate the villain of the piece and see him get what he deserves, you won't be disappointed as there's plenty of 'come-uppance' being doled out.

Perhaps the only real bad point is the idyllic preservation of justice and punishment for wrong-doers; it has a sort of adult fairy-tale ending which just doesn't happen in reality. Does it?

Review by Ste Dillon.
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