BASIC SET

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS
Swords & Sorcery Role Playing Game

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BEGIN PLAYING D&D*

- full set of dungeon geomorphs
- set of five polyhedra dice
- for levels 1-3
- revised D & D* rules book
- monster & treasure assortments

* T.M. Reg. App. For

All in a beautifully illustrated full color box

$9.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling

AT BETTER HOBBY AND BOOK STORES EVERYWHERE OR DIRECT

☐ DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, Game $9.95
  of wizards, superheroes, orcs, dragons and more! For 3 or more
  adult players. +

☐ THE DRAGON, Magazine of swords $9.00
  & sorcery, fantasy, and science
  fiction gaming and fiction. Six issue
  subscription. 1.00

☐ COMPLETE GAMING CATALOG $2.00
  Role playing and battle games, rules, miniature figures and wargaming
  accessories. Price refundable with first $10.00 or more miniature
  figures order.

Enclose check or money order:
TSR HOBBIES, INC.
Dept. D
P.O.B. 756
Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Name ____________________________
Address _________________________
City ______________________________
State _______ Zip ________________
Overseas: Write for address of local distributor
MINIFIGS is proud to announce the release of its brand new range of figures - THE ONLY OFFICIAL DUNGEONS & DRAGONS FANTASY FIGURES! All of these beautifully sculpted figures are just the way the creators of D&D want them to look. Our designers worked directly from artwork supplied by TSR Hobbies, Inc., and we hope you enjoy...

Set #1 - 5 DIFFERENT DWARVES $2.09
Set #2 - 5 DIFFERENT DWARVES $2.09
Set #3 - 4 DWARF COMMAND $2.09
Set #4 - 5 HIGH ELVES $2.09
Set #5 - 5 WOOD ELVES $2.09
Set #6 - 4 ELF COMMAND $2.09
Set #7 - 5 DIFFERENT GOBLINS $2.09
Set #8 - 5 HOBOGoblins with POLEARMS $2.09
Set #9 - 5 DIFFERENT HOBOGoblins $2.9

Set #10 - 4 HOBOGoblin COMMAND $2.9
Set #11 - 5 ORCS with POLEARMS $2.9
Set #12 - 5 DIFFERENT ORCS $2.9
Set #13 - 4 ORC COMMAND $2.9
Set #14 - 4 DIFFERENT GNOLLS $2.9
Set #15 - 4 DIFFERENT GNOLLS $2.9
Set #16 - 10 KOBOLEDS $2.49
Set #17 - 10 GNOMES $2.49
Set #18 - 10 HOBBITS $2.49

AND WATCH FOR THE MANY NEW SETS TO COME!

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® 25mm Fantasy Figures

Available at better hobby shops and book stores everywhere or direct from:

MINIATURE FIGURINES LTD
BOX P, PINE PLAINS, N.Y. 12567
PLANT & OFFICES - E. CHURCH ST.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED!
Please use your business letterhead when contacting us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Next Issue, DRAGON goes to 40 pages, and along comes SNIT SMASHING, a hilarious multi-player game drawn from the unique mind of Tom Wham, creator of FLOATING IN TIMELESS SPACE, our new weird cartoon. In fact, this episode should give you hints about the game itself. Another new regular strip debuts in this issue. ‘Wormy’ is the brainchild of Dave Trampier, our newest artist here at TSR. It is planned that ‘Floating . . .’, ‘Wormy’ and Finieous will all be regulars, in TD’s own comic section.
Alignment troubles a considerable number of Dungeon Masters, possibly due to the value judgements which are involved, and certainly due to the activities and pressures of the players participating in the campaign. Because of this I thought a few words might help those DMs struggling with the problem, and at the same time confirm alignment variation and interaction with those referees not particularly troubled.

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

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

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

While there are some areas where nearly all creatures encountered will be of like alignment, most places will contain a mixture of alignments, good and neutral, evil and neutral, or all of the varying alignments. A case in point for the latter mixture is the “Free City of Greyhawk”. This walled town was the area trade center and seat of feudal power, then began to decline when the overlordship transferred from a
suzerain to the city itself, but is now undergoing a boom due to the activities of adventurers and the particular world system events (a new struggle between lawful good and chaotic evil, with the latter on the upswing). The oligarchs of the city are neutral in outlook, if not in alignment, viewing anything which benefits their city as desirable. Therefore, all sorts of creatures inhabit the city, commerce is free, persons of lawful alignment rub elbows with chaotics, evil and good co-exist on equitable terms. Any preeminence of alignment is carefully thwarted by the rulers of the place, for it would tend to be detrimental to the city trade. There are movements and plots aplenty, but they are merely a part of the mosaic of city intrigue, and player characters can seldom find personal advantage in them, let alone assume a commanding position in municipal affairs.

Consider the following examples: An enterprising cleric establishes a small shrine where he spends his non-adventuring time. He attracts a few devotees and followers of his professed god, and after a few weeks the religious establishment he has engendered makes a small profit from contributions and the sale of holy water, blessings, and so forth. This sort of operation is not really meaningful in the overall society of the town or city in which it operates, and the enterprising cleric has benefited by cutting his expenses to zero — if not actually showing a small profit — and has probably gained also in his ability to find new hirelings and successfully bring them into his service. Now, however, the cleric begins to rise in his level and ambition. He builds a substantial edifice—a temple or church — proclaims himself its patriarch or high priest, and seeks mass conversions in order to create a powerful following and amass wealth. This activity immediately arouses the enmity of other leading clerics in the city and attracts the attention of the government. His enemies seek to thwart his gains, and it is quite possible that assassination attempts will begin to occur. The leaders of the metropolis will look upon his activities with suspicion. Taxes will be levied. Bribes will have to be paid by the cleric in order to maintain a hope of survival in the morass of hatred and intrigue he has become immersed in. If hostilities come to open conflict, the city leaders may eject him as an undesirable influence, and at the very least bribes would skyrocket. It is desirable to have powerful player characters shape some of the "world" events in a campaign, but a worthwhile DM will not wish to yield the campaign to these individuals, so the player characters will act and react within a frame which is developed and controlled overall by the D.M. (The terms "DM", "judge" & "referee" are all synonymous in D&D; largely a matter of choice. ED.) The stage is set by, and the flow of action directed by, the DM; but the acts and lines are mutable, provided that the player characters have the force to alter what is scripted, and the final act is entirely open to revision by the players.

Ideally, then, the DM will set up the campaign in order to display a complete variety of alignments, emphasizing whichever of the alignments he or she desires in order to fit personal views. Most governments will at least tolerate variation of alignment, compromising in order to assure the continued viability of the state. In a well-run campaign, player characters will, perforce, likewise have to tolerate alignment variation. The authorities will view disruptive activities with a very jaundiced eye. Value judgements must be left in the hands of each individual DM, and each DM must always keep in mind that he or she is the moving force behind the campaign. All that takes place in the campaign is subject to intervention by the DM, and players must always understand that fact. The influence of any player character, or group of them, is proportionate to their power in their own area, and the overall effect is relative to the importance of their area to the whole of the campaign world. Influence upon alignment is quite allowable, but dictation is not.
After a few seconds, Lucius let go the frame. He stood blinking in a dazzling sun. For a few seconds, he looked both ways. Nothing moved. He coughed to find out where and when he was, right here and now, if it were possible.

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

Lucius could see that she was one of those fat-bodied people, dressed in blue, bloomers, and a mean temper. She waddled to the door and stared out between the bars.

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

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

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

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

He said, “Ah! Gracious Lady, we are none of the persons you describe so poetically. On the contrary! If you are the Mother of Al-Ad-Din, widow of the renowned Sultan of the East, the great dreamers, of whose exploits so much is heard, I am not a tax-collector! No! Not a tax-collector, nor a collector, nor a saleswoman, nor a Brother-in-law, as possible. I am a tax-collector! I am a tax-collector, and I bring you gold!”

She noticed that he was correct, and then noticed the clink of the gold. She asked, “How much?”

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

She said, “Just shove the money through the window, if you please! Yes, you are speaking to the Noble Lady of the departed Nort-ad-Din. How much is it?”

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

Lucius drew back the pouch just a little, keeping it where no one could see. She thrust a greedy palm at him again. She would have none of it. Then she snatched the coins away with greedy hand and tested them with quick tooth-bites. He was very pleased that his plans were working out so perfectly.

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

Mrs. Adin shot two massive bolts, and without moving her gaze from the pouches, motioned Lucius to proceed her. She was dressed in ankle-long baggy trousers, of some coarse material, embroidered with improbable animals picked out in tarnished silver thread. Tiny sandals peeped out at the bottom; her bulging arms were bare. She wore a short vest over a sleeveless, sordid-pink, shirt-like garment; her oily black hair was loosely coiled on top of her head. Lucius mopped his wet face, settled his dappled-edged turban, and deliberately dropped the smaller pouch on the flat stone pavement with an audible clink. While the eyes of Mrs. Adin were riveted on the pouch he stole a glance at the tiny watch concealed in the bracelet on his left wrist. In exactly sixteen minutes Aladdin was due to be on hand with the Lamp. "Noble Lady," Lucius tried to remain calm, "your worthy son has roused the interest of certain great and influential persons whose names may not yet be mentioned. It is enough for you to know that they are lavish with gold, and that there interest extends to the welfare of the Mother of Al-Ad-Din."

"Why should anyone, heighborn or lowborn, want to pay gold to such a lazy lout as my worthless son?" she screeched. "He is too much of a slug to try and peddle my work, or even to deliver what I have managed to sell! He dreams all day, except when loafing or listening to the worthless fables of the Story-Tellers. He is little good, except to eat up my poor earnings! You go and get him another loaf of bread! He needs more sleep; he does not wake. He is also a fool! How much gold did you say?" She had been waving a red slipper as she talked.

Lucius continued, "The amount of gold depends much on how your poor fatherless son will allow it to be spent! You have no further control over him! He is the only son of a wealthy and famous family, and he may be true, but remember: great dreamers sometimes make great deeds. Where, Noble Lady, is your dear boy at this moment?"

He poured three small silver coins into one of his palms and stretched out his hand across the narrow pool. Her hand flashed under his like a striking fish. She shrieked, "Do not touch the sun’s heat he swallows in the shade, in his hole under the house!" She raised her shrill voice, “His ears are deaf to any calls of mine. You heard me clap for him to come. Did he? No! He dreams and sleeps. Go call him! I’ll have none of it! I’ll have none of it!" Lucius smiled at her huskily; she snatched the coins away with greedy hand and tested them with quick tooth-bites. He was very pleased that his plans were working out so perfectly.

He stood up, gave Mrs. Adin a low bow, and said,}
“With your gracious permission I will speak with your son, the worthy Al-Ad-Din.”

He pocketed both pouches and walked jauntily into the low, pink-mud, house. It was a very small doorway. There was one sizeable room where the cooking, eating and living was done; a rough-topped floor. At the far end, attached by a crude leather thong or thin rope, run through a staple in the ceiling beam, was a two-foot wide opening in the floor. At the far end, attached by a crude leather lace in his eyes came from his own Wand of Power.

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

He grasped the Wand of Power with his right hand and plucked it from his belt. His turban was like a string-cut puppet. The Wand rolled flickering across the mud floor and stopped at the feet of a crouching fat boy.

Aladdin had captured a Demon.

The shrill tenor voice commanded, “Go, Slave. Prepare your Master’s couch.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lucius thought, “A true son of his Mother,” and replied, “Silver and gold, and many other marvels. Is this the renowned Aladdin at whose feet I sit?”

He was getting cramped and desperate, and the beam of light did nothing to help his aching head. He was getting cramped and desperate, and the beam of light did nothing to help his aching head.

Is this the renowned Aladdin at whose feet I sit?”

Lucius groaned. The Wand pointing at him made every word truth so long as Aladdin possessed the Lamp. The light centers on a slim rope, dangling through the cellar ceiling.

“Pull Slave,” Aladdin commanded, “Open the door.”

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

“Up, Slave!” commented Aladdin, reset.

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

Lucius scrambled and leaped to the steep ladder, his soiled white turban cocked to one side, his knees and elbows grimy. He painfully climbed up into the house. Now, to lie in wait, and kick Aladdin in the chops when he came upstairs!
Aladdin swallowed his cud and came across to the doorway of the room where Lucius waited. The light of the Wand had been turned off. Just how much longer was there to be before Aladdin discovered its mighty powers? He was ungraciously grabbing it exactly right for Disguises and Small Transformations, (those using only the material at hand).

Aladdin said thoughtfully, “A proper Demon should have horns!”

Lucius felt his turban lift as he obligingly gave two horns from the top-front of his skull. The sprouting was painless and over in a jiffy; it tickled just a little bit and even made the headache feel better. Lucius rolled up his eyes but the horns were out of range. To his relief the boy tucked the Wand inside his robe, and Lucius felt he was getting more control over things inside felt pretty much as always.

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

Lucius heard his shirt rip as his shoulders and chest became massive and bulged brawny with muscle and sinew. The tips of fingers and ears tingled as talons and hairy points grew on them. Lucius could suddenly scratch his knees without bending. He hoped Aladdin would stop at the waist-line. He could suddenly scratch his knees without bending. He wished Aladdin would stop at the waist-line. He wished he had not bitten any of them; magic money was beyond suspicion, it seemed.

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

“Your Master is pleased, O Jinni,” said Aladdin. Lucius was gratified to note that Aladdin was asking questions instead of issuing blunt commands.

“Tell me of the other marvels,” said Lucius desperately. “First the silver and the gold, O Master, then the other marvels; and in time . . . magic money was beyond suspicion, it seemed.

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

Lucius had his turban lift as the enormous golden eyes swept over the changed creature burst from the golden sphere and puffed to pigeon-size before Lucius could move.

Quicker than a cornered gangster Aladdin made the fastest shoulder-holster draw that Lucius had ever seen. His bracelet clinked musically on one of his new horns as he was cautiously finger-plucked like hungry chickens at the coins. Lucius rubbed the jewel of the Ring with his right palm and breathed out the doggerel verse, mentally whisper. “You know my boy Hal. Bring him back as fast as you can fly. He is in the place where we last met. Enter by any of the old Gateways. Now go!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

The boy was learning new tricks fast.

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

This particular use of the Wand was new to Lucius, and he tried not to think about certain possibilities. It was already a reality; when was the proper word probabilities? Or even certainties? He tried not to think about them. There were too many more important worries for his thoughts. For instance his new talons. Very unhandy and dangerous. Why not retractable claws like a cat? He felt this way under full moon, and it seemed to Lucius to serve Aladdin and himself once more to never think in that way.

Lucius took this opportunity to explore his new look, as well as he was able, by the touch-system. This was a mistake. His bracelet clicked musically on one of his new horns as he was cautiously finger-
QUAZAR — a massive wargame of science fiction conflict set in the future. A galaxy is at stake and you must either take it or save it. Quazar includes 840 die cut counters, eight charts, rules folder and 4 maps fitting together forming nearly 18 square feet of playing area. (2 players or more).
The gold and silver are mine. Mine alone!

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

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

“Mine! All mine!” she screamed.

Lucius was fascinated by the display of motherly love. He hoped she would, at the very least, K.O. her fat and foolish boy.

“Don’t touch anything at all! But nothing occurred.

He only succeeded in causing the Ring to glint as he grabbed up the gold circlet, and he heard him say, “Now give me the golden band on your robe as he grabbed the gold pieces.

Lucius tried to bend his hand to conceal his wrist; but the Arrow pointed down to where the Magic Wand had been scuffed out by some idle foot, and he turned her face towards the wall.

“Where is he? And my Ring that he snatched the Ring and some gold. The neat little stacks were scattered.

“Mine! All mine!” she screamed.

Lucius was fascinated by the display of motherly love. He hoped she would, at the very least, K.O. her fat and foolish boy. She slapped him with a full round-armed swing from the right. It slammed like a door, and his chins wobbled. He raised his hands to protect his face and she snatched the Ring and some gold. The neat little stacks were scattered.

“Mine! All mine!” she screamed.

Lucius was fascinated by the display of motherly love. He hoped she would, at the very least, K.O. her fat and foolish boy. She slapped him with a full round-armed swing from the right. It slammed like a door, and his chins wobbled. He raised his hands to protect his face and she snatched the Ring and some gold. The neat little stacks were scattered.

“A dutiful and thoughtful son,” thought Lucius. He quietly spread a mat and rolled the rigid Mrs. Adin onto it, being very careful with his talons. Then he dragged mat and mother into the farthest corner.

Mrs. Adin was still breathing, and her popped, little black eyes were agleam with greed and rage, shining like hot, tiny lamps. Lucius deliberately turned her face towards the wall.

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

He looked directly at Lucius and said, “Jinni, I am hungry! Bring me savory foods.” He licked his lips slowly as if recalling something. “Bring me platters of wonderful foods, prepared by master cooks, on silver dishes. Bring me cool drinks and icy sherbets to please a Prince’s palate. Bring enough to stave off hunger!”

“To hear is to obey, O Master!”

Lucius dashed out through the kitchen with an idea, so simple, so obvious, flashing in his mind, so simple, so obvious, flashing in his mind, so simple, so obvious, flashing in his mind. The lights at once and started flinging open several cupboards and one pantry door, peering and rummaging, looking for the things he needed.

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

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

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

The largest silver platter, a white elephant inherited from some forgotten Finzer, would do for a starter. He paused and remembered his own mission and yelled for Hal and Margo — then he remembered, his new look. He hid behind a cupboard door, concealed from the waist up. He could do with help as he labored for his good Master, his hungry Master; and he must waste no time.
There was an answering shout from Hal, and Lucius heard the swinging door slammed open and several people clattering and voices, “Who’s there? Lucius? Where are you? Are you going to eat and other things?”

Lucius thoughtlessly thrust out one grisy limb, palm out, and called, “Wait!”

They waited, and Lucius heard sharp murmurs of wonder and the shrill sound of Swithin. “It’s a monster. Catch it, don’t kill it!” Then the sharp question of Margo, “What are you doing in here, anyway?”

The deep voice of Hal, “Did you call? Could it be . . . ? Yes, it is . . . Lucius!” Hal had looked down at the visible legs and feet of the hidden person and they looked very like his father’s might.

Lucius had snatched back his taloned, hairy hand and loudly said, “It’s me, Lucius!” very ungrammatically and without knowledge of his own unknown knowledge. Remember, I may even be forced to fight against you when you come; against my will of course, but I cannot tell how the Powers of Aladdin will become. He is a clever and wicked boy; born to magical skill. I will watch for Andrew and Charly and attempt to warn them if I can. It is indeed good fortune that Aladdin cannot yet wear the Ring — however, he may find out its secret, and then we face great odds indeed. Try and save me from this misfortune now. I know he has his problems, but I cannot go looking for lost children. Margo, get out all the silver cups and dishes we have and . . .

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

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

Hal explained what had happened at the auditing in a few sentences and ended, “Well, what’s your story now? What happened?”

Margo added, “You come as close to her voice, “Make it good, Lucius, where is your grandson? What have you done with Andrew?”

“Calm down everybody,” Lucius pleaded. He quickly told about the unfortunate loss of the Wand of Great Power, his dazed escape from being sent to wherever Demons are sent back to, his enslavement of Great Power, his dazed escape from being sent to the door were tipped with steady shining lights.

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

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

Then Aladdin leaned back, patted his bulging belly, and, hefting one of the silver goblets, said, “Ah, much better. That will stay me until you can provide a proper feast. And good for you these Jinni cooks, fit for a Prince.”

The tireless wingbeats of Sharlumanugash lulled them back again, the long way around. He took a short break for a rest and then we’ll take a look outside. This is the worst mess since the Finzers got hold of my Ring. I just don’t know what Lucius, if it is Lucius, is going to think about getting Andy in place of Hal. So you aren’t Hal! But you do have a Wand and the Hat, and the Hat is more than just a Gateway. Well it’s too late now. Here we are. Hop off!”

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

They had stopped on a small plateau, very like a miniature air-strip made by bulldozing off the top of a hill; only, in place of hard concrete, green, soft grass covered the ground. On either side of the miniature air-strip made by bulldozing off the top of a hill; only, in place of hard concrete, green, soft grass covered the ground. On either side of the miniature air-strip made by bulldozing off the top of a hill; only, in place of hard concrete, green, soft grass covered the ground. On either side of the miniature air-strip made by bulldozing off the top of a hill; only, in place of hard concrete, green, soft grass covered the ground. On either side of the miniature air-strip made by bulldozing off the top of a hill; only, in place of hard concrete, green, soft grass covered the ground.
maybe other beasts, could think of nothing to say except, "No, I’m not sick. In fact I feel fine. Just a little hungry. And it was water — used up water. You must know. Don’t you, Charly?..."

Charly snorted out a stream of beautiful red sparks. "Of course not. How silly! We use up..."

Andrew tapped the Hat with the Wand and spoke the proper word as he reached into it. With a pleased look, he felt the seed and produced it with a flourish for his audience of one. Charly clicked a claw in approval.

"Playthings," he muttered, "toys for amateurs —

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

Charly snorted out a stream of beautiful red sparks. "Of course not. How silly! We use up..."

Andrew tapped the Hat with the Wand and spoke the proper word as he reached into it. With a pleased look, he felt the seed and produced it with a flourish for his audience of one. Charly clicked a claw in approval.

"I thought you knew!" said Charly in surprise. "We are inside the Ring — at the very Gate itself. Climb on and you’ll see. Now remember, as long as you are mounted on my back, we will grow or shrink together."

Charly snorted out a stream of beautiful red sparks. "Of course not. How silly! We use up..."

Andrew tapped the Hat with the Wand and spoke the proper word as he reached into it. With a pleased look, he felt the seed and produced it with a flourish for his audience of one. Charly clicked a claw in approval.

"By Golly, he’s a Slave!" exclaimed Charly, sup...
COMING SOONER THAN YOU THINK!
STILL MORE GREAT FANTASY:
ORIENTAL FANTASY (SAMURAI)!
DARK AGES, 15mm!
MICHAEL MOORCOCK’S ELRIC!
AND MUCH MUCH MORE!

Send S.A.S.E. for catalog • Wholesale Inquiries Invited
clockwise, from above:

1. Tom Loback General Artworks  
   150 West 26th Street #502  
   New York, New York 10001

2. McEwan Miniatures  
   840-W. 17th St.  
   Salt Lake City, UT 84104

3. Stan Johansen  
   4249-E. 177th St.  
   Bronx, NY 10465

4. Archive Miniatures  
   POB 93  
   Burlingame, CA 94010

5. Grenadier Miniatures  
   POB 305  
   Springfield, PA 19064

All figures 25mm. scale.
He discovered he could not move! He had joined Mrs. Adin and the rest of the insects. His red Jinni eyes glittered like sparks as he listened to his Master snore.

"If you feel that way we will go together. Certainly you are not going alone. This is a ticklish and dangerous adventure."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's why I'm going!" declared Margo. " Decide what you need and let's get started. You take the Magic. I'll depend on my own wits." She went to the kitchen where Swithin and Gay were de-
bating who should go first through the Window (that is first after Hal and Margo). Margo stopped this with a shocking display of cold temper. She shooed both children to the living room, picked up her ration, and went to dress.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You don't understand!" explained Hal. "This is one of the Master Spells; it extends above and below, like some great hollow tube, so far as needed to protect its weaver. I shall try to breach it with my Wand from Aladdin!"

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

"Perhaps," said Hal, "but that would be very dangerous; it would certainly wake up Aladdin.

"We are inside the Garden, now. Is there any danger? Can you hear me?"

"Ah," Lucius said softly. "I've spun a web of silence."

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

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

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

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

"Perhaps," said Hal, "but that would be very dangerous; it would certainly wake up Aladdin."

"For the first time Aladdin looked through the doorway. He spied Hal and Margo, frozen like spot-lighted deer. Hal's Wand glimmered like a faint star against thick steel walls and machine-guns."

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

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

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

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

For the first time Aladdin looked through the doorway. He spied Hal and Margo, frozen like spot-lighted deer. Hal's Wand glimmered like a faint star against the wall of the Magic Circle. Aladdin swung the Wand of Great Power. The tiny star went out. Lucius fell forward against the invisible, dangerous; it would certainly wake up Aladdin."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Perhaps," said Hal, "but that would be very dangerous; it would certainly wake up Aladdin."

"For the first time Aladdin looked through the doorway. He spied Hal and Margo, frozen like spot-lighted deer. Hal's Wand glimmered like a faint star against thick steel walls and machine-guns."

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

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

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

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

For the first time Aladdin looked through the doorway. He spied Hal and Margo, frozen like spot-lighted deer. Hal's Wand glimmered like a faint star against the wall of the Magic Circle. Aladdin swung the Wand of Great Power. The tiny star went out. Lucius fell forward against the invisible, dangerous; it would certainly wake up Aladdin."

NEW! The game you've all been waiting for!

**NOMAD GODS**

Barbarian riders upon their fantastic mounts wage ancient warfare upon each other in their eternal fight for precious herds and chattel wealth...

Ancient deities, derelict spirits from extinct pantheons stalk the plains in silent destruction, ready to trade their services to any who can find them...

**NOMAD GODS** is fantasy boardgame which continues the trend established by **WHITE BEAR & RED MOON**. Complete game includes: a 72-page illustrated rulesbook; a 22" x27" four-color mapboard; and 252 unit counters. All in a convenient zip-locked plastic bag.

Only $9.95 when ordered directly from:

**THE CHAOSIUM**

PO BOX 6302-D

ALBANY, CA 94706

California residents must add appropriate 6% or 5½% sales tax. Postpaid in the US and Canada. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Also available from the CHAOSIUM:

**WHITE BEAR & RED MOON** for $9.95
They saw him turn, with evil, narrowed eyes, towards a place down beside the door, hidden from them by the wall. All his anger was directed there.

“Evil Demon!” he screamed! “You have betrayed me! You have wickedly deceived your Master! I shall kill you! I shall break the spell!”

He bore his teeth like a rodent, “Only just a little at a time!” His arms were straight at his sides.

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

“Quiet, everybody,” he said. “One last look at the Show after he had disappeared. Hal obliged, as-sicled, and Charly and Gay, with swift grabs, began to scrabble for coins, even before she sat up.

Charly dived again, and diving, became larger. The Wand landed neatly in Andrew’s lap. He clutched it with both hands as Charly swooped across the room in a tight turn. They soared to dizzying heights, whirled, skidded, dived down into the glowing amber sphere like a jewel. The Ring’s golden globe dangling, like an upside-down balloon, under him for a second. He dived down into the glowing amber sphere like a crimson dart, pulling the golden hoop with one talon after another. The Ring’s golden globe dangling, like an upside-down balloon, under him for a second. He dived down into the glowing amber sphere like a crimson dart, pulling the golden hoop with one talon after another. The Ring’s golden globe dangling, like an upside-down balloon, under him for a second.

“Thank you, Ex-Master. This is not the end; you have lost a servant but gained a friend!” and Charly began to diminish. He called to all of them in turn, “Good-bye! See you again! So long Andy! Watch this closely now!” His voice grew shriller and shriller as he leaped up to the ring, and a pale cloud of tiny golden hooves, hovered small as a humming bird. The Ring’s golden globe dangling, like an upside-down balloon, under him for a second. He dived down into the glowing amber sphere like a crimson dart, pulling the golden hoop with one talon after another. The Ring’s golden globe dangling, like an upside-down balloon, under him for a second.

Sharlumanugash and his Ring disappeared. “Neat!” exclaimed Swithin, before anyone else could speak. “He pulled the hole in after him!”

“Charlie, said, “This was not the end!” Andrew recalled and turned to his Grandfather Lucius, “Will you see him again?”

“I don’t know,” said Lucius, “He is his own Master now. Time and Space mean nothing to him. Who can say . . . ?"
It was inevitable that Tékumel, the world of “Empire of the Petal Throne,” should arouse curiosity and bring on a deluge of questions. I have tried to respond individually to many who wrote — often nine or ten single-spaced pages of detailed questions. These queries have been most beneficial to me since they have encouraged consistency, helped me to plug up holes, and have led me to think of matters which I had never thought through before.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Very close to it. This spell detects an object’s magickal alignment: it tells the caster only whether the item contains friendly or hostile magic power. A spell’s alignment is hard to define, but if it is not “charged” with hostile magic, this spell would detect it. A “good” person thus detects friendly or inimical power in a magically charged object, and so does the “evil” person.

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

Yes, but not very clearly. We think in words largely, plus fragmentary pictures — at least that’s how I think, and others tell me it is the same with them. Thus, players can “see” glimpses of what the person ESPeed is “seeing” in his/her mind. If the language is different from the ESPer, then he/she can understand the words too. If the person does not know the language, then the referee should let him/her only comprehend snippets of the subject’s mental pictures: e.g. “You see a ship; there is the face of a stern-looking man wearing a metal helmet . . .” Monsters do not have visually interpretable thoughts; you get nothing at all by ESPing them. If a human tries ESPing a nonhuman intelligent being, he gets only static and garble — the ESPer may indeed catch a bit of a human’s language, then the referee should let him/her only comprehend — but again don’t ask me if there is a separate “interface” of visual thought picture, but it may be wildly different from one’s own language, then the referee should let him/her only comprehend — but again don’t ask me if there is a separate “interface” of visual thought picture, but it may be wildly different from one’s own.

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

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

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

The Neutralise Poison spell is different from the Cure Disease spell and from the Cure Light/Serious Wounds spells. The first of these cures the effects of vegetable or mineral (and also animal) poisons which enter the body from outside. The second cures germ-caused diseases. One can argue that germs are also external poisons, but for game purposes I work it this way. The Cure Wounds spells are for such physical damage as cuts, contusions, abrasions, burns, etc. Recently I had a party pass through a radioactive “hot” ruined city just south of Bayársha in the jungles. They tried both Neutralise Poison and the Cure Disease spells, but I finally decided that neither of these would work on radiation damage, since this was not caused by a substance entering the bloodstream or stomach, nor was it caused by bacteria or the like. The party simply suffered radiation burns and thus introduced the concept of having the spell work only upon unworked “natural” earth, stone, water, etc. It then does not transmute one element into another (e.g. one cannot transmute a field of radioactive “hot” mud into gold), but rather it transmutes one substance (and these I limit to the aforesaid earth, etc.) into another form of the same substance. Without quibbling over sneaky details (e.g. can one transmute a heap of carbon into a diamond?), thus, I allow players to change dirt into mud, water into ice or into steam, etc. It is useful to turn water into ice in front of an enemy ship and thus cause a very satisfactory sinking of the Titanic. I then insist on a roll to see if the ice block is shock-headed or just hit a glancing blow by the bow of the oncoming vessel.

(6) How do persons of one alignment (“good” or “evil”) behave towards followers of the other?

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

(7) Why don’t members of one alignment attack members of the other on sight? Do priests of the “good” Gods attack those of the “evil” deities, or vice versa?

Certainly haven’t been there and don’t want to go!
Somewhat outside of all of this, the Temples of Dmlélish and Hrihával have in common the Society of the Emerald and Silver Crown — a group apparently devoted primarily to the destruction of the clan and family structures and the establishment of licentiousness and sensual pleasure as the main goal of life. They thus attempt to thwart Áváinte’s Girdle of Purity Society but take little part in the rest of the politicking. The Temple of Belkhiána also has a secret society, the Group of the Amber Glow, but its aims are purely political and do not preclude secret machinations — and certainly not secret violence in the shadowy reaches of the Underworlds beneath the old cities. This is winked at, and few if any complaints are ever brought before the Council of the Priesthoods in Béy Sý. Once out of sight, either in the labyrinths below the cities or in some out-of-the-way jungle, one may count on little support from the law. Even in the cities, in broad daylight, one may attempt violence upon an opponent — but if one is caught or identified, then the offender becomes a public outcast and law and can expect no aid from his/her own temple, friends, etc. This polite hypocrisy allows for a certain amount of intrigue and adventure while at the same time maintaining the social order, something very dear to most folk both on Tékumel and on this planet. Brawling, insults, and breaches of the peace between adherents of the two alignments are thus not tolerated, although minor offenses may receive a lesser sentence than would violence which results in death or loss of face.

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

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

(9) Do the Ssó Hlyss, and other “hostile” races worship the same deities as the humans?

No. For game purposes it is easier to allow friendly races, such as the Shin and the Pé Chós, to worship the human deities (or rather their own race’s equivalents) but the inimical races are simply outside of this system. They are always hostile, and their deities make no sense to mankind. If one is having a campaign involving Ssó or Hlyss players, then one indeed has to allow them Divine Intervention from their own gods, but otherwise one is free to impose religious and political restrictions upon them.

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

I insist that a small flask of oil cannot do much to a large creature, or even to a small one which is not automatically afraid of fire — after all, these flasks are not ten litre tins! I must, further, that there are several large “ifs” to the practice of throwing oil flasks at an attacker and then setting them conveniently on fire with a torch: does the little clay flask break when it hits the creature? Does it spread over a lion’s coat in an instant? How many flasks did the attacker throw? Did any burst on his/her own clothes? These questions must be considered, and only as a concession to gaming can I agree that this method would work. Try an experiment: fill a small clay bottle with petrol or kerosene, throw it at a tree trunk some ten-fifteen feet away; if it breaks, then try it again and again. If it doesn’t burst, set the oil on fire — while having one’s friends hop up and down in front trying to distract you, and while you yourself are jumping about. If the red paint daubs the stem, then you have scored a hit, otherwise not. It is not as easy as it seems. There are also those who insist that they have had very fragile glass flasks — better pack those in cotton, since a flask made — better pack those in cotton, since a flask to shatter. If a flask is assumed to be about a quarter litre in capacity, then not much damage could really be done to a large creature. It might disconcert him, however, and would certainly hurt if it hit his head. The son of the headman or chief of the clan and family structure would benefit Tékumel greatly. The Girdle of Purity Society of the Temple of Áváinte has in common the Society of the Crystal of Pure Light Society of the Temple of Hnálla (to which the Emperor is said to have belonged before his accession to the Petal Throne) are against violence.

I tend to think that no experience should be granted for the use of one’s skills — otherwise players could employ each other endlessly back and forth using the same sum of money and thus go up to the highest levels without ever having done a thing! The use of a skill can indeed earn money: if one is an architect, one can build houses, public works, etc. and earn money. This should increase one’s proficiency in the skill and add to one’s finances. If the architect has built well, others in the society will begin to seek his/her services and pay higher and higher sums for work done (sort of a Tsoyáni Frank Lloyd Wright), but if I were refereeing that person, I would not allow these earnings to count for “experience” to take the player up “levels.” The “level” idea is currently based on a combination of age, experience, and money. These services are usually free for a day or two, but if one plans to stay longer, a Kátár or two per day per person is expected. So far as gaining aid from the village (e.g. guides, hunters, etc.), this must depend upon the season (adults being needed in the fields during harvest times) and upon the general disposition of the village towards the stranger. In most cases villagers will not join a party of travellers for any mission which takes them too far from home or which might be dangerous (unless it is in their own interest, such as the slaying of a dangerous beast in their area). The behaviour of the villagers will also depend very much upon the apparent rank of their guests: respect and deference are due a noble visitor, high level priests, etc., while less of this is observed for merchants and lower level people. Really low level visitors, adventurers, wandering mercenaries, and others (who may be criminals or escaped slaves) usually receive a curt welcome, a bit of food, and a polite hint that they should be on their way the following morning.

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

For The Finest in Fantasy

Whether you need to fiendishly stock your favorite dungeon or raise your own heroic legions against the armies of the dark powers, you cannot conjure up better than WIZARDS & WARRIORS.

Hobbits
Dwarves
Men
Fighting Men
Specialists
Orcs
Goblins
Elves
Hobgoblins
Werecreatures

Monsters
Sorcerors
Magic Users
Bards
Thieves

Siege Weapons
Accessories
Treasure
Weapons
Chariots
Mammoths
Furniture
Ghouls
Ogres
And More

Dice Sets
Rule Books
Games
TSR Products
ZM Press on Flags & Shields
Fantasy Games Unlimited

For our Fantasy Catalog of over 100 Fantasy Figures and related items send $1.00 or for full catalog of all Grenadier Products send $2.00 to:

Grenadier
PO Box 305
Springfield, PA 19064
Dept. 2

Inquiries Invited
THE FASTEST GUNS

THAT NEVER LIVED (PART II)

By Brian Blume

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

**GUN THROWING**

| Don “Red” Barry | 92 | 96 | 66 | 98 | 59 | 11+ |
| Wild Bill Elliot | 95 | 90 | 78 | 96 | 84 | 11+ |
| “Hoot” Gibson | 88 | 90 | 81 | 98 | 91 | 11+ |
| William S. Hart | 89 | 90 | 72 | 96 | 77 | 11+ |
| Tim Holt | 91 | 91 | 48 | 94 | 63 | 11+ |
| Rocky Lane | 97 | 90 | 52 | 95 | 97 | 11+ |
| Col. Tim McCoy | 88 | 99 | 69 | 94 | 82 | 11+ |
| Joel McCrea | 95 | 94 | 59 | 95 | 77 | 11+ |
| Tom Mix | 96 | 90 | 88 | 98 | 98 | 11+ |
| The Durango Kid | 97 | 95 | 42 | 96 | 45 | 11+ |
| Bob Steele | 99 | 96 | 55 | 97 | 59 | 11+ |
| Lee Van Cleef | 98 | 98 | 63 | 99 | 77 | 11+ |
| The Cisco Kid | 88 | 96 | 66 | 96 | 67 | 11+ |
| Poncho | 38 | 66 | 34 | 34 | 76 | 11+ |

**ACCURACY**

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

**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

A | B, E, H |
--- | --- |
B | A, E, F, H |
C | A, E, F, H |
D | A, B, E, H |
E | A, E, F, H |
F | A, E, F, H |
G | A, B, C, E, G, H, J, K |
H | A, E, F, H |
J | B, E, H |
K | A, B, E, G, H, J |
L | G |

---

Vol II No 3
Tombs & Crypts
by James M. Ward

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

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
Gold Pieces - 1 5 20 25 20 25 20 25 20 25 30 45
Gems 10 15 20 25 40 30 35 40 45 20 40 45
Maps - - 5 5 10 20 25 10 25 10 - 30 40
Jewelry - 1 0 5 - 1 0 15 25 10 5 5 20 30
Magic Item -15 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 10 15 10 15 20 30
Magic Item -15 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 10 15 10 15 20 30
Special Item -14 -12 -11 -10 -9 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5
Artifact No No No No -9 -5 -4 -4 No - 5
Tomb Itself -50 -40 -30 -20 -10 -10 -10 -10 -10 -30 30 45
Guardian -31 -25 -25 -20 -20 -10 -10 -10 -10 -20 30 45

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

Gold Pieces Magic Item Maps
1-50% 1-100 pieces 1-100 None 1-80% None
51-60 1-100(x2) 50-100 Sword 81-100 Judges option
61-70 1-6 Thousand 61-70 Armor as to what map contains.
71-80 1-12 Thousand 71-80 Misc. Weapon
81-90 1-20 Thousand 81-90 1-6 Potions
91-99 2-40 Thousand 91-99 Ring
100 100,000 Thousand 100 Good Misc. Magic item.

Gems Jewelry Misc. Magic Item
1-50% 1-6 base 100 1-60% None
51-60 1-6 base 500 51-60 Sword 81-100 Judges option
61-70 1-6 base 1,000 61-70 Armor as to what map contains.
71-80 1-6 base 5,000 71-80 Misc. Weapon
81-90 1-6 base 10,000 81-90 Misc. Magic Item
91-99 1-6 base 50,000 91-99 Magic Item (wizard lock, curse, etc.)
100 1-6 base 100,000 100 Roll again

Special Item Guardian
1-85% None 1-30% None
86-100 Any item of the judges own manufacture. 1-60% Magic spell (wizard lock, curse, etc.)

Artifact
1-90% None 1-60% Magic spell (wizard lock, curse, etc.)
91-100 A judge made object of great power

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

At last, the world famous epic of Elric of Melnibone is available as a board game for the enjoyment of both gamers and fantasy fans. ELRIC is based upon the creations of world renowned Michael Moorcock, who has authorized and endorsed this game. Unique systems of area movement, leadership capabilities, magic, and ally mustering combine with the Chaosium artistry to create a fast moving and colorful game.

Game includes a dazzling full color map of the Young Kingdoms, two sets of playing pieces, a beautifully illustrated deck of magic cards, eight sheets of individually drawn Battalia sheets, and a illustrated rulebook with scenarios for two or more players. Available for $12.50 from:

THE CHAOSIUM
PO BOX 6302
ALBANY, CA 94706

California residents must add appropriate 6 or 6 1/2% sales tax. Postpaid in the US and Canada. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

ALL THE WORLD'S MONSTERS

An illustrated guide to OVER 350 MONSTERS! This contains all specifics necessary to adapt them to almost any role-playing game. This book comes on loose-leaf pages for easy insertion into your DM notebooks, and to facilitate the addition of the supplements planned for future release. Monsters are listed alphabetically, and also indexed by Dungeon Level and by Type. Also included: a random Monster Creation Table. Artwork is provided by five artists, including a superb cover by professional George Barr.

Edited by
Steve Perrin
and Jeff Pimper

$7.95

THE CHAOSIUM
P.O. Box 6302
Albany, CAL.
94706
Floating in Timeless Space

OK, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT OUR CHARACTERS ROLLING, I'LL MAKE UP THE RULES!
WHAT IS THIS UNFAIR!
I THINK I'LL CREATE MY OWN WORLD

I'M LEAVING!
REDICULOUS!
FOO!

ONLY TWO OF YOU LEFT, EH? WELL, HERE'S HOW TO PLAY...

A DESERTED BEACH...

ENTER BOLOROTOMO...

BOLOROTOMO...

I THINK THERE SHOULD BE MORE OF YOU DOWN THERE!

WELL, NOW THAT WE'RE HERE... WHAT DO WE DO?
MORE OF US WILL APPEAR

THIS GOES ON FOR SOME TIME...

TIME FOR YOU TO APPEAR!

SNIT!

HOW COME ONLY ONE UP-HEE-HEE, AND A BUNCH OF THEM?

YOU CAN REPRODUCE?

STICK YOUR SNOTCH IN A SNANDERGRAB!

SAFE BELOW...

AS NERD AS I CAN FIGURE IT, WE LIVE IN THIS OCEAN AND THESE MONSTERS LIVE UP THERE

I WAS OVERCOME BY AN UNCONTROLLABLE URG TO RUN OUT THERE...

AND WHEN I DID...

AND STICK MY SNOTCH IN A SNANDERGRAB!

YOU GUYS POPPED OUT!

Meanwhile...

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

MEH...

I THINK I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

GOOD HEAVENS!
EH! WOIMY!
WHACHA PLAYIN?
SNOOKER...
WANNA PLAY?

NO TANKS.
ME NEITHER, BUT I
COWLNT FIND ANY
BIGGER BALLS.

EY!
I TINK I HOID
DA DOORBELL!

WOIMY!
DA DWARVES
WANT DER
BOWLIN
BALLS BACK!

TELL THEM I MOVED
TO PITTSBURG.
Finieous Fingers in: The Trouble With Trifles
Or!, Do Hobbits Make Bad Company?

Well, finieous, hows the sword wound... Hmm... I see...

Well chief, no sweat, nothing a little healing potion couldn't fix...

Now finieous, listen up!

Do you recognize this?

Why yes chief, it's the standard issue trifles guild boot, model A4 described by title 8 of the...

Yeah! That's right! I did notice it was kind of funny that he didn't wear his boots.

Did you notice anything else?

Yes, hairy feet! Wait! You don't mean... hey a...

Right!!

Chief! A hairy midget in our...

No? You idiot, a Hobbit!

Wait! Did you say...

Yes! Hobbits, they're all over and they're working right under our noses!

You mean?

They'll do anything to win the competition!!

Well, never fear chief you've got the finest blade on your side...

Yes, they're short... and they want to take the city...

Yes but, ah... hack... ack! Ugh, ack!

Hmm, bad cough you've picked up there chief...

To be continued...(ack)...

---

Feb. 9, 10 & 11, 1978
Robert Meyer Hotel
Jacksonville, FL.
Endorsed by TSR.
Contact:
Cowford Dragoons
5333-Santa Monica Blvd.
N. Jacksonville, FL. 32207

---

The Articles of War
2525 Delaware AV  Buffalo, NY 14126
M: 6-9  Sat: 10-?  Sun: 1-?

Games, Figures, Rules, Models
Dungeon open every Friday

---

FLORIDA'S LARGEST
Fantasy and military wargame shop: Airfix • Archive • A-H • Battletile • C in C • Garrison • GDW • GHQ • Genadier • Heritage • Mecwan • Metagaming • Minifig Ral Partha • SPI • Superior • TSR • WRG and others. Quantity discounts. Catalog 50c-refundable first order.

MODELERS MART — Dept D
760 N. Indian Rocks Road
Belleair Bluffs, Fl 33756
(St. Petersburg Area)
RAL PARTHA

NEW RELEASES

FANTASY LINE

ES 22 ELF LORD
ES 23 SHIELD MAIDEN
ES 24 "FOREGUM" SUPER HERO
   (BARE-CHESTED)
ES 25 SUPER HERO IN PLATE ARMOR
   ON ARMORED SUPER HEAVY
   WAR HORSE
ES 26 ADVENTURESS RIDING HORSE
ES 27 RANGER OF THE NORTH RIDING
   HORSE

1200 AD LINE

1153 FRENCH CROSSBOWMAN
1201 MONGOL MEDIUM CAVALRY
1210 MONGOL INFANTRY
1221 SUNG HEAVY CAVALRY

For catalog or complete line of Fantasy, Medieval, and 15mm Napoleonicss write:

RAL PARTHA ENTERPRISES
3642 Hyde Park Avenue • Cincinnati, Ohio 45208 • Phone 1-513-271-2083

Dealer Inquiries Welcome
STAR EMPIRES

It is the far future - - a time much different from our own. Space ships of all kinds and sizes - - peopled by all manner of races - - criss-cross the galaxy, searching for and exploring new worlds. In some places across the vast expanse of space, great star kingdoms reach out and collide in cataclysmic cosmic battles for stellar domination.

This is the setting for STAR EMPIRES, the game of galactic conquest by TSR. Long-awaited (and years in the preparation), STAR EMPIRES takes its place as a successor to TSR's popular STAR PROBE - - and further expands the concepts and possibilities of that game. But STAR EMPIRES stands alone as well!

STAR EMPIRES is jam-packed with fascinating concepts and ideas from the prolific mind of author John Snider (designer of STAR PROBE). It is, in essence, a game "kit" which allows players to use part - - or all - - of its contents to undertake fantastic space campaigns of their own.

Make no mistake about it, STAR EMPIRES is the space gamer's ultimate game. Only a few of the myriad topics covered in the game include: space exploration, intelligence, financial budgeting, sabotage, production and logistics, hyperspace, starship design, and weapons research. It is a relatively free-structured game, suitable for any number of players and a referee - - and even adaptable to larger games by mail using a gamesmaster and elements of limited intelligence. To be sure, this is not a game that is simply set up and played - - It requires preparation and considerable attention to detail. But it is precisely this aspect that will make STAR EMPIRES appeal to the serious enthusiast!

Besides the 70-plus page game booklet, the complete STAR EMPIRES includes a star map backed with a hex grid, a set of blank unit counters (for tactical game adaptations), and record book outline sheets. For those already having the map along with STAR PROBE, the booklet is available separately.

Available from:
TSR HOBBIES, INC.
P.O. Box 756
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin 53147

STAR EMPIRES, complete in plastic zip lok envelope $7.50
STAR EMPIRES, booklet only $5.50