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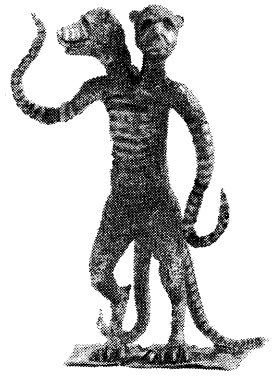

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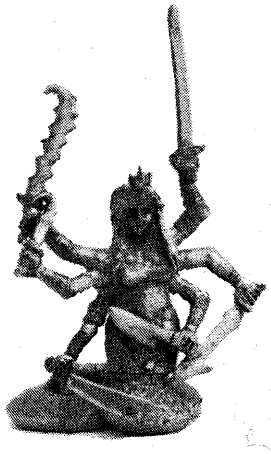

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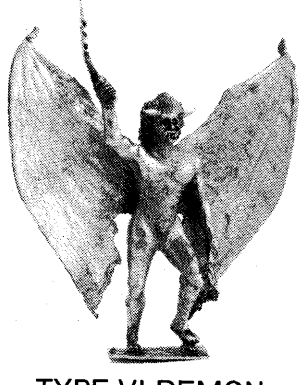

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It is with the greatest personal pleasure that I welcome the distinguished Fritz Leiber to the pages of *THE DRAGON*. *SEA MAGIC,* beginning on page 17, is the next story in the Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser cycle following the latest book, *-SWORDS & ICE MAGIC.* In following with our recent policy of bringing you fiction from the top authors, Fritz Leiber joins Gardner Fox, who has already had two stories in our pages. (Incidentally, the first Gar Fox story has been anthologized by Lin Carter in his newest collection of *World's Best Fantasy* or *Year's Best Fantasy;* the exact title escapes me at the moment and my copy is nowhere at hand.) Next month we have an excerpt from Andre Norton's new "D&D" novel, to be published either in the spring or fall of '78. Without tipping off the entire story line, I can say that for some *D&D* players, the game becomes a shade too real for their tastes. It is some of the most intriguing fiction to flow from Andre Norton's pen in some time.

SNIT SMASHING has proved popular beyond our wildest dreams here at TSR Periodicals. The game has proven popular virtually everywhere in the country; we have even gotten excellent comments from outside the U.S. Tom Wham, designer of the game, still doesn't believe me when we discuss it. It was a very popular tourney at the con in Schenectady, and we heard many good things about it at *Wintercon* in Detroit. All you "SnitFreaks" should be ecstatic with this month's sequel/companion game — *SNIT'S REVENGE.* We have also included a SNIT ERRATA sheet with some playing tips and such. We will also be having two giant snit tourneys at Winter Fantasy here in January (see Con sked). *SNIT'S REVENGE* can be played by itself, or in conjunction with *SNITS MASHING.*

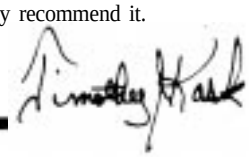
The biggest news around Periodicals is the fact that we are now a two man operation. Joe Orlowski is the new Editor of *LITTLE WARS,* while I remain Managing Editor. This means that LW is now primarily Joe's responsibility, while TD remains primarily mine. Actually, both of us work on both 'zines, just in differing amounts on each. Joe has brought some much needed organization to our operation here. We are almost current on our mail. though I may never be current in responses; our books are in order, and we are trying to locate everyone owed money on either magazine. Right now, we have a giant stack of checks going out to artists and authors, and are missing some addresses. Next issue, we will publish a list of checks for which we have no mailing addresses.

The increase in staff is going to have one salutary and immediately visible effect on TSR Periodicals: our publishing schedule is increasing this coming spring. *LITTLE WARS* is going back to bi-monthly, and *THE DRAGON* will be coming out monthly!

Next issue, #12, will contain the winners from our first "Name That Monster" contest, as well as Contest #2. We had an extraordinary response to the contest, and it has taken some time to judge that many entries. Prizes include a $25 credit with Ral Partha Miniatures, an autographed copy of the new *MONSTER MANUAL,* and a twelve issue subscription to TD. There are also some smaller prizes for Honorable Mentions.

As of this writing, we have reached an agreement in principle, verbally, with L. Sprague DeCamp to reprint the missing Harold Shea story from the "Incomplete Enchanter" series. Titled *The Green Magician,* it was last printed in a now defunct s-f magazine in the early Fifties, and excluded from the collection published under the title of *THE COMPLEAT ENCHANTER.* The story is rooted in the mythos of Ireland and to all the countless fans of the team of DeCamp and Fletcher Pratt (with whom DeCamp collaborated on the Harold Shea stories) the prospect of reprinting this seemingly lost story is tremendously exciting. Even the most expert of Dungeon Masters can learn from this amazing collaboration series how to set adventures within an entire mythos. Any *D&D* player that has not read *THE COMPLEAT ENCHANTER* is missing out on a sure bet. We highly recommend it.

Timothy J Kask
Editor



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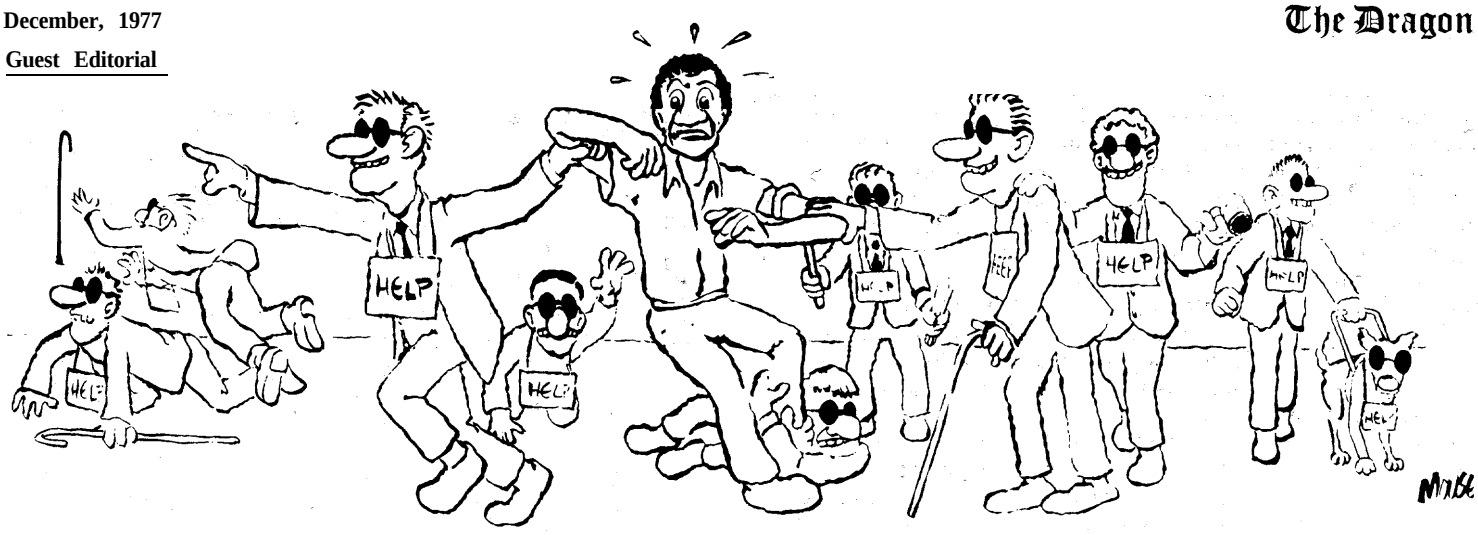

VIEW FROM THE TELESCOPE WONDERING WHICH END IS WHICH

E. Gary Gygax

It is not uncommon to read tirades in amateur press association magazines and semi-irate letters in the letter columns of "small" journals berating TSR in general and — at times, anyway — me in particular for uncharitable (to phrase it politely) attitudes regarding use of our copyrighted material by others. Shocking! What villians we are to resent infringement on our legal rights by others! After all, all these *Good Fellows* wish to do is to *steal* from us — just a few crumbs or a *small* slice which we wouldn't miss anyway. Pretty nervy, huh? What the hell do we mean by trying to protect our rights and deny some enterprising plagerist a windfall, anyway?! Permit me to move backwards in time a ways, and put the whole affair in perspective.

D&D was designed and developed when Guidon Games was a thriving entity. As Lowry's "Miniatures Rules Editor", I urged him to immediately publish the game, for I viewed it as something really new and different and envisioned it as having great potential — just how great I must admit I did not conceive at that time. Don turned it down. When Guidon ceased active publishing, I mentioned *D&D* to Avalon Hill, but the reception was a trifle chilly. The reaction to fantasy battle reports in such magazines as *WARGAMER'S NEWS LETTER* and *PANZERFAUST* had stirred up a good deal of controversy, and one fellow had gone so far as to say that not only was fantasy gaming "up a creek", but if I had any intelligence whatsoever, I would direct my interest to something fascinating and unique; the Balkan Wars, for example. Nonetheless, I persisted, but the "establishment" was not about to jump into something as different and controversial as fantasy — neither *D&D* nor *DUNGEON* were salable commodities. Having aspirations of forming my own wargaming company anyway, rejection did not daunt me. Tactical Studies Rules was founded, and the second title published by that firm was *D&D.* Don Kaye, Brian Blume, and I staked the whole of our company on this venture, for it took every bit of capital we had to produce the game. We also spent hundreds of hours readying it to print — hours we could not spend gaming, or with our families, or in pursuit of some other form of relaxation and enjoyment. It was long, hard work done late into the night and on weekends. It was nobody else but the three of us who stood this hazard. One thousand copies of the game were printed, and it took some eleven months to sell those first sets of *D&D.* Although this was not exactly a "hot" reception, we were satisfied, for it was a start. Wargarmers were not exactly *flocking* to fantasy role playing, but a few came into the fold, and we were "recruiting" players from outside the hobby. The next thousand run sold out in a tad under six months . . .

From then on the events surrounding the growth of *D&D* are pretty well known. We did a supplement to fill the gaps in the initial booklets, and more of them followed due to a very great demand. *D&D* became a very hot property, for the game attracted devoted players. Players were so devoted that they would buy virtually anything with the *D&D* name on it or which might be somehow usable by them to improve their campaign or playing ability. TSR is proud that it did not take advantage of this tendency in its *D&D* players by sending forth a stream of junk products to attract more money. We have never believed that the sale of shoddy products can be justified by a fat profit. While some of the material we have produced is less than perfect, the overall content has always been as good as we could make it. Thus, more supplements could have been produced, demand was there, but we thought it better to refrain-because the content of such works would not improve the game but only tend to confuse an already cluttered system. Mind you that the profitability of additional supplements to *D&D* was never in doubt; all of them we produce make money for TSR; the object was to not do a disservice to *D&D* enthusiasts, foregoing profits was not too much to expect.

Imitation is claimed to be the sincerest form of flattery, and *D&D* has ample reason to be flattered. Foolish imitations are demeaning however, and shoddy ones are worse still in that to the extent that they are associated with the imitated, they lower its character and repute. Similarly, *DUNGEONS & DRAGONS* is an entity with excellent repute, and we stringently protect it. This is done from both paternal pride and profit motivation. Not surprisingly, we take the view that the creators and publishers know best how to develop the creation. To this end we have promoted and advertised the game. Two years ago we determined to revise the whole of *D&D* in order to clean up the errors and fill in the holes. The project is a long and complicated one, a task not accomplished overnight. Some players have impatiently demanded immediate release of such material, but we are not about to step into that mess again — *D&D* originally came out as it did because of *demands* from those who had tested it and fallen in love with the concept. *"Basic" D&D* was the first step, and the release of *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, MONSTER MANUAL* is the next. I am personally developing the next two volumes, and perhaps they will be ready for release in summer. So while care is being taken, TSR is by no means resting on its laurels. We, too, recognise *D&D* as a true innovation in gaming, a game which added a whole new series of vistas to the hobby. But we are by no means satisfied with what has been accomplished, and work at improvement is constantly being done. This brings me to our detractors once again.

Quite a few individuals and firms have sought to cash in on a good thing by producing material from, or for, *D&D.* Others have parodied the game. For most of these efforts TSR has only contempt. For saying so we are sometimes taken to task quite unjustly, but I suppose that is to be expected from disgruntled persons prevented from making a fast and easy buck from our labors — or from those persons responsible for *cheap imitations* whose work we rightly label as such. This is not to say that we resent inspirational use of *D&D.* A notable example of such inspiration is *EN GARDE* by Game Designers Workshop. It is an excellent game, and I personally admire the application of role playing which they devised. Likewise, *TRAVELER* is an imaginative game, and if it *was* inspired by *D&D,* it can be considered an imitation by no

possible stretch of the imagination. TSR respects GDW as an ethical concern which simply saw the possibilities inherent in role playing and went on to devise unique and interesting games from this concept. In fact, there can be no doubt that *D&D* in particular, and the success of other fantasy and science fiction games from TSR in general, was the prime motivation for many miniatures firms to begin production of figurines in the genre. The appearance of fantasy and science fiction games in the title lists of Avalon Hill and Simulations Publications Inc. can also finds its proximate cause in the D&D success story as well. TSR is quite willing to face competition. We founded our company with a bit of money, a lot of ideas, and no outside help. Our growth has been because we furnished products which gamers found desirable, not because we got any help from anyone else, and possibly in spite of suppression of what we were doing by actively ignoring all we did. These days TSR is too big to be ignored, *D&D* is too popular to pass by. We feel that competition will only sharpen our collective face, and because of it we will furnish better products which will be more popular still. By no means do we desire suppression of fair and genuine competition!

Are we suppressing competition when we turn down schemes to compile or rehash copyrighted *D&D* material into some form which will be printed and sold by another firm? Not hardly. First, it is *our* material. Second, the proposed works have been of questionable value to players anyway — although their profitability to their publishers is unquestioned. Is it surprising that we do not wish to lend our name, or the *DUNGEONS & DRAGONS* name, to "supplemental" books which have little or no merit? Which further confuse and diffuse the methods of playing D&D? TSR desires to maintain quality and consistency of play in D&D. We know the limits of the game and how best to expand its parameters without sacrificing uniformity from campaign to campaign. Imagination and variety are desirable, but a thousand variant games are anathema. Furthermore, we will not lend our name to accessory products which we do not find to be of high quality. We have spent thousands of dollars advertising the game, thousands of hours have gone into its development, handling, and growth. We are entitled to a just profit from such expense and effort. Recognising the need for certain playing aids and accessories, TSR took steps to license certain firms to produce accessory materials; furnishing art work and careful consultation to *Miniature Figurines Ltd.*, for example, so that what we considered to be the best figures for D&D miniatures gaming would be produced. Also, *Judges Guild* products now have TSR approval, for we review all material which bears the *D&D* logo before it is published by them. These products add to the enjoyment of playing the game and are helpful. Products which confuse things, which we do not view as falling within the game system of D&D, product offerings which rely upon our copyrighted material to sustain them — or attempt unauthorised use of our trade name for sales appeal — will meet with a jaundiced eye from us. Should it be otherwise?

I cannot resist the analogy of a lion standing over its kill. The vultures scream, and the jackals yap, when the lion drives them off without allowing them to steal bits of the meat. Perhaps a hyena will manage to successfully grab off a mouthful, but that is all. Other lions may also prey upon the same herd and make even bigger kills, but that is the law of the land. Pardon me, please, if you find the picture not to your liking. From my end it seems most *apropos*, for I hear a good deal of screaming and yapping. TSR was the lion which brought down the prey, and we intend to have the benefits derived therefrom. If we share with anyone, it will be on our terms. The hunter which fails to bring down its kill dies itself.

So to restate our position, TSR does not object to honest competition. We will not praise our imitators, but neither will we try to drive them out of business. Frankly, we are too busy running our own affairs to worry overmuch about competitors. TSR co-operates with certain firms in order to produce *D&D* associated products, offerings which add to the game. For this co-operation and for the right to display the *D&D* logo, we receive a small royalty to compensate us for our past and present expenditures in time and money. Under no circumstances will we permit individuals or companies to make unauthorised use of our materials. If changes or additions are in order, we believe that we are more capable than any other of handling the matter. Help in the form of ideas, suggestions, or even actual work such as J. Eric Holmes did for us is always welcome. We desire first and foremost to produce the best possible game for *D&D* enthusiasts, and in this regard we maintain

Cont. on pg 30

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D&D Variant

BRAWLING: THE EASY WAY "OUT" IN D&D

by Robert J. Kuntz

Brawling in Dungeons and Dragons has always been left up to the respective referee to determine. Though I'm sure that players and referees' alike have been distressed over this fact for some time no one had complained too bitterly about this lack of such an important function in D&D. If one is to go about resolving all conflicts with spells and swords in place of a good punch or kick how does anyone expect to emmulate our forerunners like Conan who prided himself on a good brawl! Though this is in no way an overly explicit offer towards that end goal it will serve as a starting point for you 'Rope a Dopes'.

The only requirements for brawling is each player's Strength, Dexterity and Constitution. Each of these categories effects the end result either with each other or separately. What is needed besides these characteristics is two six-sided dice.

First Move

Compare the two opponents dexterities. The player with a dexteritv + 2 or more comparatively gets to move first. If dexterity scores are

equal roll dice to see who moves first. He may:

1. Grapple

(Combine dexterity and strength of both players. Average them and compare the difference on table A. Roll 2 six sided dice and note the score. This is the number of points subtracted from the players' constitution. If he reaches zero constitution points he drops unconscious.)

Example:

A fighter getting first move elects to grapple. His dexterity is 14, his strength 13. Combined, averaged and rounded-down his total grappling score is 13. He faces an opponent which has a 15 strength but a 10 dexterity. Combined, averaged and rounded down his score reads 12. The difference is + 1 in the attackers favor. He then consults the Grappling Table under the proper plus category. Finding the + 1 table he throws the dice. A three is rolled meaning that he has successfully grappled and inflicted 2 points damage to his opponent. The defender marks 2 points off from his constitution score. The defender may then grapple only or attempt to break the grapple. He elects to break the grapple and consults the ***0 or below table*** since the difference between his score and his attackers is -1. He must roll a G2 (grapple 2) to break free or else he is held and does no damage. He fails to break free. His attacker elects to continue the grapple next turn. An 11 is rolled which indicates he has failed to hold his grapple. The defender may then choose to punch or grapple and play continues as normal, alternating between attacker and defender.

2. Punch:

If punches are thrown the one moving first (the one with the higher dexterity) must see if his dexterity in comparison to his opponents doubles or trebles it, etc. If it does he gets that many more punches (although at -1 to the die roll). Experimentally, a person with an 18 dexterity fighting one with a dexterity of 3 would get 1 strike at no penalties and 5 additional strikes, all at -1 per die roll!!

One must roll a 2-7 to hit, any score above that indicating a miss. Those taking second punches (or more) need a 2-6 to hit. After a hit is rolled compare the strength of the person striking to the constitution of the defender and note the difference on table B. That score is the number of constitution points taken away from the total score.

Note: Constitution scores change as damage is accrued and recomparisons must be made during the next round of fighting if the damage accrued lessened an opponents constitution score. Thus a person who easily sustained damage when he had an 18 constitution is handicapped by the 2 points of damage he received since that lowers his score to 16.

TABLE A: Grappling

Die Roll	+ 4 or higher	+ 3	+ 2	+ 1	0 or lower
2	G4	G3	G3	G2	G2
3	G3	G3	G3	G2	G2
4	G3	G3	G2	G2	G2
5	G3	G3	G2	G2	G2
6	G2	G2	G1	G1	G1
7	G2	G2	G1	G1	G1
8	G2	G2	G1	G1	NG
9	G1	G1	G1	G1	NG
10	G1	G1	G1	NG	NG
11	G1	G1	NG	NG	NG
12	G1	NG	NG	NG	NG

G1-G4 = Grappled for that many points of damage. A G2 or higher is needed to break a grapple or a NG on the attackers part if he attempts to continue his hold.
NG = No grapple

TABLE B: Damage Accrued From Punches

Strength - Constitution Difference

Die Roll	+ 4 or higher	+ 3	+ 2	+ 1	0 or less
2	-5*	-4*	-3*	-2*	-1*
3	-3	-3	-2	-2	-1
4	-3	-3	-2	-1	-1
5	-3	-2	-2	-1	-1
6	-2	-2	-2	-1	-1
7	-2	-2	-1	-1	-1
8	-2	-1	-1	-1	0
9	-2	-1	-1	0	0
10	-2	-1	0	0	0
11	-1	-1	0	0	0
12	-1	0	0	0	0

0 = missed punch, no effect

0 = missed punch, no effect
-1 = light punch
-2 = medium punch
-3 = heavy punch
-4 = solid punch
-5 = "Haymaker"

**A roll of snake eyes is a possible automatic knockout roll. Compare the score that you inflicted when punching; if you were on table +3 you have a 40% chance of automatically knocking your opponent out, that is the score netted (-4) times 10%, or 40%. A person striking successfully with snake eyes on the 0 or less table would have a 10% chance of knocking out his opponent.*

Next Issue: Long-term effects of having your clock cleaned in Sorcerers Scroll.

How Do You Stop That Thing? or Defending Against the Ogre

by Tony Watson

Trying to halt the armored monstrosity called, and not affectionately, the Ogre, is not easy and seldom learned quickly. Defending players must sit and bear the hoots and jeers of their opponents as the Ogre rambles on, smashing defenders right and left, on its inexorable route to the Command Post.

The defending player must sullenly endure, doling out units like one throws crackers to a bear.

But there is a difference: a bear can only eat so many crackers; an Ogre never gets full.

The nice thing about OGRE is that after you've played a game there's usually time for one more. Thus, you can rectify percieved flaws in your defense or experiment with a new mix or set-up immediately, while the new ideas are still fresh in your mind. Such experimentation is always interesting, and certainly the best way to learn good play.

Playing the defense is always a challenge. The lucky Ogre can do what comes natural: maim, crush, kill, destroy and other friendly activities, but playing the defense takes a little practice.

Below you'll find my perceptions on defending units and strategy. You may have discovered some very different ones and I certainly won't portend for a moment that my offerings are somehow sacrosanct. I still lose to the Ogre with great regularity. It is just that I have found my play definitely improving after using these ideas and I believe you will too.

I. Units

To defend well and make a wise choice in the initial mix of defending units, you must understand the types of units and their strengths and weaknesses. The fact that each type of unit is a little different from the others is readily apparent; capitalizing on these differences and recognizing the use of each type is very often the key to winning.

Units come in two basic types: armor and infantry. I'll deal with the former first.

While on the surface, heavy tanks are the most powerful unit due to their high attack value and good defense, they are in actuality, very vulnerable. Heavies are the only armored unit that must get within, and stay in, the Ogre's gunfire and ramming range. GEVs can slip in and out, missile tanks can hang on the periphery, but the heavies have to go toe to toe with Ogres.

They *need* those large factors!

The tank's defensive value of three equals the firepower of an Ogre secondary battery, so it will cost the Ogre in fire allotments to blow the tank away. But the tank's worst fear is of being rammed. A ram followed up by a secondary or two (if needed) will usually dispatch the poor tank.

Another factor against tanks is their high cost. You can select two GEVs for the same price.

But heavies do have their place. They are the only single mobile unit that can take on the Ogre's main battery at one. to one odds, and they have the less positive value of requiring more fire to be allocated against them to insure destruction.

The slow speed and short range dictate that heavy tanks are best used when the Ogre has already been softened up and slowed down.

Having the longest range of any mobile armor unit, missile tanks make excellent snipers. Their fire factor of three allows them to attack missiles and secondaries even on, while more than one can team together to up the odds.

It is important for these units to stay out of the Ogre's range, and move behind or alongside the advancing Ogre. That way, if the cybertank wants them badly enough, he'll have to divert course from the CP to get within battery range, and that will gain you a turn or two.

While fire factor and range are the missile tank's best features, its speed and defense are its liabilities. Two secondaries or a missile guarantees a result of some kind against them, with a 66% chance of destruction. While useful singly, they're best in fire groups of two or three or as additional attack factors to beef up the attacks of other units. If using them in groups, try and keep them dispersed; that way, if the Ogre turns on them, he won't get shots at all of them.

GEVS are the mosquitoes of the game; one is just a nuisance, but a group can be a major problem.

The GEV has two advantages, and they must be recognized as linked to be useful: its high movement factor and its move/shoot/move turn sequence. It is the only unit in the game that benefits from this special rule, and it makes it pretty obvious what they should be used for.

These unique qualities should be exploited to form an elastic defense, with groups of GEVs rushing up to the Ogre, firing their guns and then scurrying away before the cybertank tank can reply. Remember, GEVs are the only vehicles that are faster than an undamaged Ogre. Once the Ogre's main battery and missiles are gone, the GEVs are just about home free unless the Ogre can corner them in constricted terrain. If GEVs fire from a range of two and retreat their full movement factor away from the Ogre in the second movement phase, the smart-tank is never going to get closer than three hexes, out of the range of the numerous secondaries.

On attack, remember that two GEVs together can go one to one on the Ogre's main battery; three can form two to ones on missiles and secondaries. They're also useful for picking away at movement points or providing the needed couple of factors to raise an attack an odds column.

It is vitally important to keep the GEVS out of the Ogre's range with hit and run tactics, if you want them to last any length of time.

Remember, the word with GEVs is "move/shoot/scoot/".

Howitzers are the only non-mobile defensive units in the game (not counting the CP). They are units of opposites: superior fire and range coupled with poor defense and no mobility. Howitzers can be very useful in the later portions of the game, when the Ogre is slowed and will have to spend a number of turns in the field of fire of a well placed gun, But you'll have to get in your licks while the getting is good because the poor defense of the gun makes it very vulnerable. One missile is assured to destroy it and a single gun is guaranteed to get a result against it.

Offensively, howitzers are excellent against secondaries and missiles, achieving two to one odds by themselves, and if you are rolling 5's and 6's, very instrumental in slowing down the Ogre.

Placement is all with howitzers, for once you set them up there they'll stay 'til death do they part. They should be set up in a position where they will have a wide field of fire, and be able to cover the approaches to the CP. Don't, however, place them so close to the CP that they wind up smack in the middle of the Ogre's path of advance. Place them such that if the Ogre wants them, he'll have to make a side trip.

One important point against the inclusion of howitzers in the initial mix is their high cost. One is expensive enough and two or three are prohibitive, especially in Mark III scenarios.

Infantry is a somewhat limited unit, but not as limtied as might first appear. When stacked to the maximum of three units it has a formidable attack and defense of three, and its movement value of two is as good as any of the tank-type units.

Its biggest shortcoming is its range, which severely limits its deployments and use in the game. For the most part, the Ogre can choose when and where he will engage infantry and when he does, he has the powerful advantages of overrun and anti-personnel weapons. And of course, the complement of regular guns and missiles can be brought to bear. The infantry is forced to get so close that the Ogre *has* to be in range for the next turn and can bring a lot of firepower to bear on the brave boys in the powered armor.

Yet mass infantry attacks can be useful; full strength counters can be used against secondaries and movement treads, and, if the points can be spared, against anti-personnel, making the going a little easier for future turns.

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II. Strategy

Once the potential of each unit type is realized, the defender must meld them together to form a coherent and viable defensive strategy. Ideally, this strategy should exploit the strengths and minimumize the weaknesses of defending units.

The various units in the defender's mix can very roughly be broken own into those units that are fast enough or possess long enough ranges to engage the Ogre at a distance and those that are slow and short ranged and must come directly to grips with the cyber-tank. The first I term screening forces and the second, the final line of defense.

The screening force consists of GEVs and missile tanks. They are best placed somewhere along the line formed by the beginning of the rubble hexsides; much closer and the Ogre can sneak right in and dislarge his missiles. Try to work it that your GEVs get in the first shot. he hovercraft should be placed along the forefront of the screening force, the missile tanks in a central reserve behind them. Placing them too close to one edge of the map invites the Ogre to slide up the opposite side and it will be a few turns before you can react. Of course, try to lace your units in places where terrain won't unduly cramp their mobility.

The last line of defense (not actually as grim a bunch as the name implies) is made up of the infantry, heavy tanks, and howitzers. They should be placed somewhere behind the crater line.

The initial placement of immobile units is of prime importance. It ill very often dictate the Ogre's path of advance and thus the terrain to be fought over. I think it safe to say that the majority of OGRE players have already decided on hexes 0802, 0801, and 0901 as the best for the CP because of the terrain advantage they afford. These positions at least offer some protection against ramming and anti-personnel weapons. The howitzers should be placed in relation to the CP, since their main function is to guard the approaches to the command center. They should be placed no further than eight hexes from the map edge closest to the CP placement; this cuts off the chance of the Ogre making an end run and getting a shot at the CP without braving howitzer fire. But don't place them too close to the CP — you want him to make side trips to destroy the howitzers and placing them too near the CP makes it

When using the above mentioned CP placement hexes, hexes 0706 and 0705 serve well as howitzer positions.

The rest of the last line forces, tanks and infantry, should be held behind the crater line. Why? Because they are most useful against a slowed Ogre. Infantry has to keep pace with the Ogre because of their short range. Any infantry that is placed in the front lines will be able to fire one or two turns and then be left in the dust as the Ogre races on to the CP. By the time they catch up the post will be a smoking ruin and then it's just a matter of how big a victory the Ogre gets.

Tanks need to be held back because they are most useful against an Ogre only moving one hex. In this case they do not have to fear being rammed (they simply stay two hexes distant) and can hope for their good defensive factor to keep them going as they trade shots with the Ogre.

As the Ogre beings his advance, start the move/shoot/scoot sequence with the GEVs, and maneuver the missile launchers into range to begin their bombardment.

At this point your target should almost exclusively be movement. Have each unit fire separately; that way you don't have to gamble on a few rolls of many attack factors. Firing just at movement means the Ogre is going to blaze away with his guns unanswered. You'll probably take some losses, especially in missile tanks. Grin and bear it.

After-a few turns, some high percentage shots against the main battery may be helpful, as its destruction will lengthen the longevity of GEVs. If you're doing well and already slowed the Ogre down to two hexes a turn, some pot shots against the missiles are warranted. Perhaps you'll be lucky enough to cream a few, or, more likely, scare him into firing them at expendable GEVs and missile tanks rather than the vulnerable CP or howitzers.

As the Ogre advances, spread the missile tanks alongside and behind. If he wants to get them with secondaries he'll have to turn back or veer to the side and you'll have gained a little time. By all means, keep the screening forces dispersed. Don't allow him shots against most of your forces every turn. If he can attack only a portion, he can hurt only a portion. Remember to concentrate your attacks on movement. The slower the Ogre is moving the more time you'll have to deal with his weapons later.

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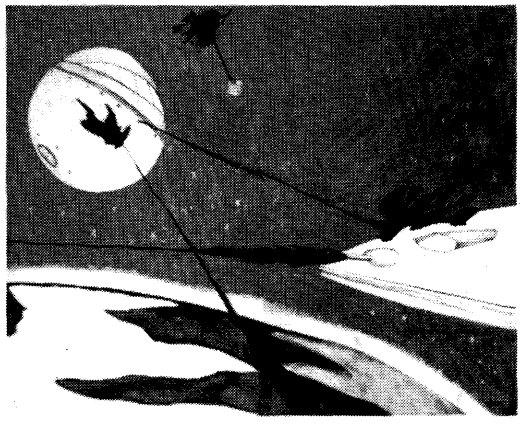

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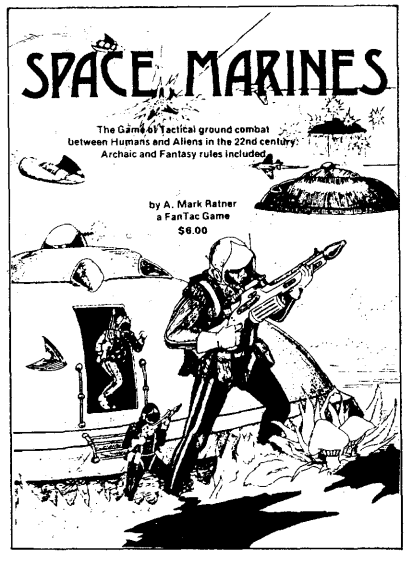

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As the Ogre enters the middle part of the map you'll have to make some decisions as to what will be your targets. This will depend on many variables; the Ogre's speed and condition of your screening forces being some of the more obvious. If you have been lucky enough to slow the beast down, you can start switching to attacks against batteries and anti-personnel. If not, you may still have to direct a large portion of your attacks against the treads. As the Ogre gets closer to your infantry positions the most forward can be committed. Be careful however to maneuver the infantry so they attack ***first,*** before the Ogre gets a crack at them. This means holding them back from the Ogre until they can rush forward to make their attacks. This is not always possible, but certainly desirable.

While in this middle, obstructed area, the Ogre should come within range of your howitzers. Lash out as soon as he does; you can't afford to waste six attack factors any turn!

When the Ogre crosses the crater line, things are getting very tight. Missiles and main batteries, if still remaining, should be prime targets in light of their long range capability; he's getting very close to the CP now. Tanks and infantry should be flung forward, with every unit attacking when possible. The situation is at the wire now and you have to stop that thing! Tanks should stay at two hex range, and if you've been able to slow the Ogre down to one hex per turn, this should keep them immune from ramming. Your howitzer (as long as it lives) will be very important against secondaries and movement. If you are in a situation where the fire of two or three units together will slow the Ogre down a step, roll it on one combined throw. Better to hope for one five or six than a string of them.

At this stage of the game its important to think ahead. If the Ogre can get in range of the CP on the next turn, either knock out the weapon or the movement, whichever is easier. The fighting will be desperate by this time; you'll just have to plan your attacks as best you can and hope that all works out. Maybe your boys will come through; perhaps they won't.

I'll sum up the major points:

1) Use units for what they are best for — light forces for screening and harassment, slower, heavy forces for closein fighting around the CP.

2) Take advantage of terrain. Hide behind craters to prevent being rammed and try not to get boxed in by the rubble.

3) Initially, go for the Ogre's movement slowing down his rate of advance. Gradually switch to weapons, missiles and main batteries first, secondaries and anti-personnel later, as the cybertank gets closer.

4) Hope for good luck with the die. The best strategy can be rendered useless if you can't get those fives and sixes when you need them. There's no way you can increase your odds when attacking movement so all you can do is hope for the laws of probability to work out for you.

The defender in OGRE is faced with coordinating various types of units into a viable defense against a concentrated and very nasty opponent. He should take a combined arms approach to the problem, using each unit to its maximum. Coordination, a proper force mix, and a little luck will allow him to stand up to the nearly ominipotent, unfeeling machine they call simple "Ogre".

Editor's Note: ***It is highly recommended that any person desiring to master this intriguing and challenging game beg, borrow or steal (figuratively speaking, of course!) a copy of The Space Gamer, #12. It is full of Ogre articles, but the one by Steve Jackson bears special scrutiny. TSG is $1 per issue, available from Metagaming Concepts, 3100A Industrial Terr., Austin, Texas 78759.***

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Design Forum

The Play's the Thing . . .

by Thomas Filmore

The dreamer's art, the ability to cut loose from the restraints of reality and touch new shores and lives, is the essence and lure of D+D. It is the challenge of pitting one's skills and common sense against a strange and sometimes hostile universe where death awaits with open arms. Numerous times have we died, those of us who love the game, only to rise again to battle as a new character. As our character grows in experience and memories, so does his depth of personality, becoming more individualistic and unique. Role playing is a side of D+D which gives it much of its flavor. As a player defines his character's desires, his hopes and fears, weaknesses and vices, his commitment to him becomes deeper and this investment leads the player to more dangerous but satisfying exploits. Much is missed by those who play their characters always with the same personality, never trying on new faces or actions.

When you roll up your next character, try investing more in him than just the six die rolls. Try to create a colorful background for him. Give him a purpose and reason for being where and what he is. Could it be that he is a rich bastard, always getting his way due to position and wealth and expects to do so now? Or was he a serf that rose up and killed one of his Lord's men and is now an adventurer/outlaw? How would your character react to authority, what does he want in life? Does he have a drinking problem? Does he chase women? Is he brave? Greedy? Tricky? Just what does he want from adventuring? By investing a few minutes into developing your character, you can extend the game down hundreds of new avenues.

Role playing is part of the game right now. Many of the rules are there to define the limitations and advantages of different classes. By causing different strengths and weaknesses in each character type, the author encourages the player to adopt different strategies in playing each character. The brave fighter with his extra hits and armor, the cautious magic users with his spells for protection, the thief with his abilities to sneak and hide are examples of this. Others have gone farther, providing tables for discovering background information and ramdomly giving each character various advantages and disadvantages. But all of this information is just the raw data, it is still the player who must incorporate it all and reflect it in his playing of the character.

There is a danger here, one which is the weakness of the players in the game. Too often do memories slide over from an old character to a new one, and revenge is sought for acts committed in a previous game which this character would have no way of knowing. On occasion, vendettas have begun where the game becomes a backdrop for one player's efforts to kill another player's characters. Memories should end when the life a character ends or as a player begins a new character. This is an important part of role playing, to keep that personality and its memories in a tight box which does not leak over into other characters or games.

But if this danger is understood and accepted then let yourself go. Try to be someone you are not and see how it feels. For example:

Saltair: Lowly dwarf of the Seven Hills who had always been underground for most of his life and is uncomfortable outside. He was a miner in the hills, before that son of an orc Tasp got killed and the blame went to him. To solve his problem, he took to drinking and everytime he is outside he usually hits the stuff hard. He is belligerent, hates almost everything, and justs wants enough money to keep him in drink while he looks for the big strike. Then he will head back to the hills and pay off everyone and their brother and live the rest of his life in those hills. Between drinking and gambling, he rapidly loses most of the money he gathers by adventuring.

So, personalize your next character, play the part of a saint or demon, vary your characters as much as possible to experience the range of excitement available in the worlds of D+D.

Next Month . . . an excerpt from *"QuagKeep"* — Andre Norton's new *D&D* novel

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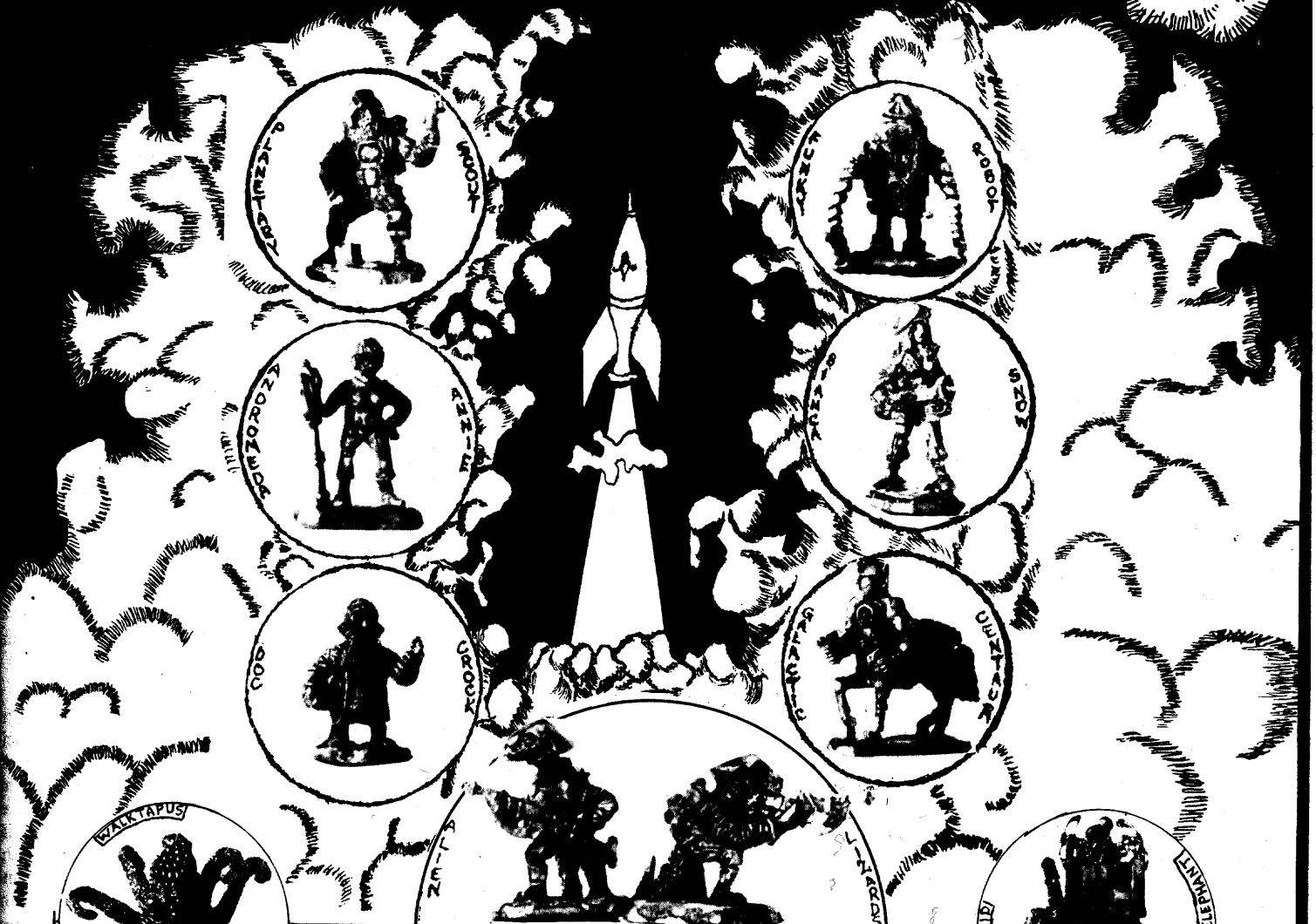

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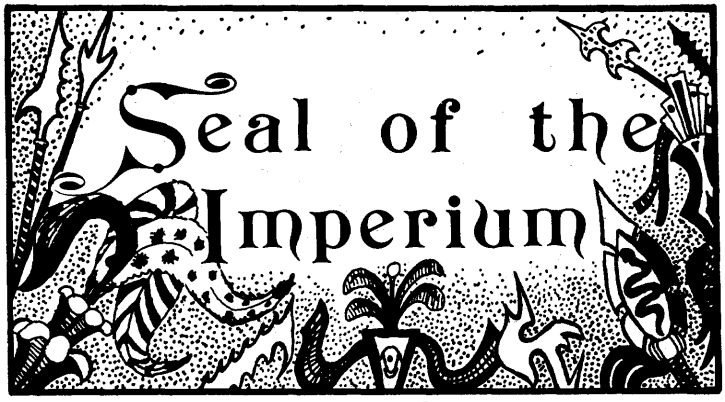


By M.A.R. Barker

In this edition I shall carry on with the answering of questions put by players via the mails. If anyone has other queries about "Empire of the Petal Throne," "War of Wizards" (which fits into the game scheme as a one-on-one duel between two wizards), or TSR's new set of miniature rules, "Legions of the Petal Throne," please do send them in, and I shall try to reply.

(1) One sentence was left incomplete by the typist in the rulebook for "Empire of the Petal Throne": p. 52, in reference to the Shin's tail. How many hit dice does the tail do, is a saving throw against poison (etc.) needed, and is it possible for a Shin to coordinate his combat, allowing him to use both his tail and some other weapon in the same combat round? [Paraphrased from a letter from Mr. Dale Dunn of Palm Bay, Pa.]

The Shén tail ends in a mace-like horny elongated ball, rather similar in texture to a pineapple. It is hard and is swung with great force, but it is not very heavy. Therefore, if a tail hits, I let it do one four-sided die of damage (no damage plusses on this). The Shén tend to lash their tails in battle-rage and cannot thus consciously coordinate both the tail and their other weapons in a fight. Indeed, if the Shén has a low dexterity, I would roll each round to see if he accidentally hits one of his companions — probably not doing much damage but knocking the comrade's aim off, disconcerting him, etc. To check this (and other dexterity problems), roll percentile dice, and if the score is less than the being's dexterity score, then he has no difficulty; if it exceeds his dexterity, then — he has accidentally struck a companion, failed in what he was attempting, etc. No saving throw is needed for a Shen tail blow since the thing is hard and mace-like and thus not poisoned. To see if it hits, use the table for nonhumans, etc. in Sec. 720. I allow no hit plusses or damage plusses for this sort of involuntary tail-lashing, but referees may modify this if they wish.

(2) On page 28, paragraph five under Sec. 710, you say that "nonhumans having a basic potential of two dice are thus intrinsically twice as strong and resistant to wounds, and they rise in levels accordingly." Does this mean that "point-wise" for every level a Hlýss rose, a human would have risen two? [Also from Mr. Dunn's letter]

No, I never considered that nonhumans would rise at a different rate than men; only that they could go up in levels like men, and when they achieved a new level they would have more. hit-dice than men. Thus, when a Shén reaches 2,001 experience points, he will be Level II, and if he is a warrior, he will have four dice of hit-points to a man's two. My use of the word "accordingly" is admittedly a source of confusion here. The problem is that "monsters" do not go up levels or attain experience, while intelligent nonhuman races should certainly do so.

(3) Is it not too difficult for players to attain really high levels in the game? Reduced experience points make it next to impossible for one to climb from Level X to Level XI, for example. [From an unknown questioner at GenCon]

The answer is that I more or less deliberately tried to keep players (and nonplayer allies and henchmen) from rising far too fast for the game. I have played in D-and-D campaigns in which we all shot right up to 27th level wizards or whatever, and — in my opinion — the fun was lost. As a result, I may have made it TOO hard for players to get up into the rarified atmosphere of the Imperial court. On the other hand, looking at it more realistically, a foreigner who has just got off the boat a few months ago could hardly rise to be president of Standard Oil, be elected to the U.S. Senate, and be ordained a bishop of the Catholic Church all within a year could he? The higher levels should only be achieved by those who stay in a campaign, play intelligently and use all of the possibilities, and who gradually become known in the Empire for their abilities. — It is also true that it is more entertaining to remain at a comparatively lower level where one has more freedom of action and can move around. Not so low, however, that any passing critter can do the player in, but still below that point in one's career where the temple authorities lay a pile of parchments upon one's desk and say, "Your daily administrative tasks, m'lord." There is a fine balance between making the game too easy and too hard: if one is permitted to rise too quickly, the court intrigues and Imperial bureaucracy can be deadly, and if it is made too difficult then one's players all die too easily and become discouraged. To solve the latter problem, it is wise to search for helpful nonplayer characters who will accompany a party of low-level people, loan them magical devices (in return for some goal, of course), or who will provide them with troops and flunkies to take the brunt of the action. Some of our most enjoyable adventures have been in the company of aspiring nobles, greedy tomb-robbers, devious scholars, and Imperial officials on some sort of mission. The only limitations are those of the referee's skill in developing a "scenario."

(4) Who — or what — are the "Demons" you mention here and there? Are they allied with the gods and cohorts?

I have no complete list of Demons; I only know of about a hundred of them thus far, and there are others I do not want to know about! Some of these creatures are only "monsters": i.e. single entities of a purely physical sort which inhabit areas of one or another of the ancient labyrinths, a particular remote outdoor area, etc. Others are minor beings of the same interdimensional sort as the gods and cohorts — but of far less power and usually of limited potentiality of appearance. A number of these beings are under the control of the inner circles of one temple or another, set as guardians of treasure or secret shrines, etc. They are invariably hostile to man, and the wizards and high level priests who control them run terrible risks. Of course, there are also "purely legendary" beasties which are simply fictional and play. a part only in the epics and the mythology of the five empires. The development and placement of these "Saturday Night Specials" should be the job of the referee — who will hopefully take pity upon his unfortunate players by making each such demon somehow vulnerable or amenable to neutrality.

(5) How are the Ssú organized, where are their cities, etc.?

Ssú cities are mainly underground — they go on for miles. The Ssú live in large nest-groups, and not much is known about their social organization. Since they are basically inimical to man, their deities and other such matters are unknown. I have had players who wanted to start the game as Ssú, but this is difficult in that no Ssú can ever cooperate with a human, or vice-versa. If one is fighting a miniatures battle (with The Old Guard's excellent figure of a Ssú — and the armoured Ssú may be coming soon as well), then their military organization becomes relevant: they usually carry the weapons shown in the book, but they may have halberds, maces, long spears, and even pikes. They also use missile weapons (shortbows and composite bows, light and medium crossbows), and in their burrows they have light bolt throwers (ballistae) with which to defend their tunnels. "Legions of the Petal Throne" provides a rough percentage breakdown of these forces.

Ssú society, so far as is known, is divided into workers and fighters; the latter category is subdivided into warriors and magic-users, with administrators being chosen from the latter group. Their means of reproduction is oviparous, their young being born in leathery sac-like eggs. Current theory has it that there are only two Ssú sexes, plus the neuter workers, but this is not proved so far as I know.

Ssú cities exist under the rocky wasteland of hexes 2931, 3032 3133, 2934, and a few off the map to the east. Not much shows or the surface - a tunnel mouth here, a few rounded, alien-looking surface structures there — except at the place humans call just "Ssú" in hex 2932. There, I am told, there are crumbling black obelisks and monolithic tumbled ruins. The ruins of Ssuganár, now in human-occupied Pecháno (hex 2831) are of this same type. They are

connected by the underground tube-car system with various other Ssú cities. Indeed, these means of transportation, mostly relics of the days when human technology was at its height on Tékumel, are well known to the Ssú, who use them with considerable skill. They have mapped out some of the routes and know a great deal -about cities halfway around the planet. Both the Ssú and their cousins the Hlýss make use of these vehicles for exploration of the ruined cities of their human neighbours, and they have laid traps in some tunnels for unwary human adventurers.

The Ssú are mainly an underground race and would come out to fight a pitched battle only if they were forced to do so; otherwise they simply retreat into their labyrinthine burrows and await any human party with considerable relish.

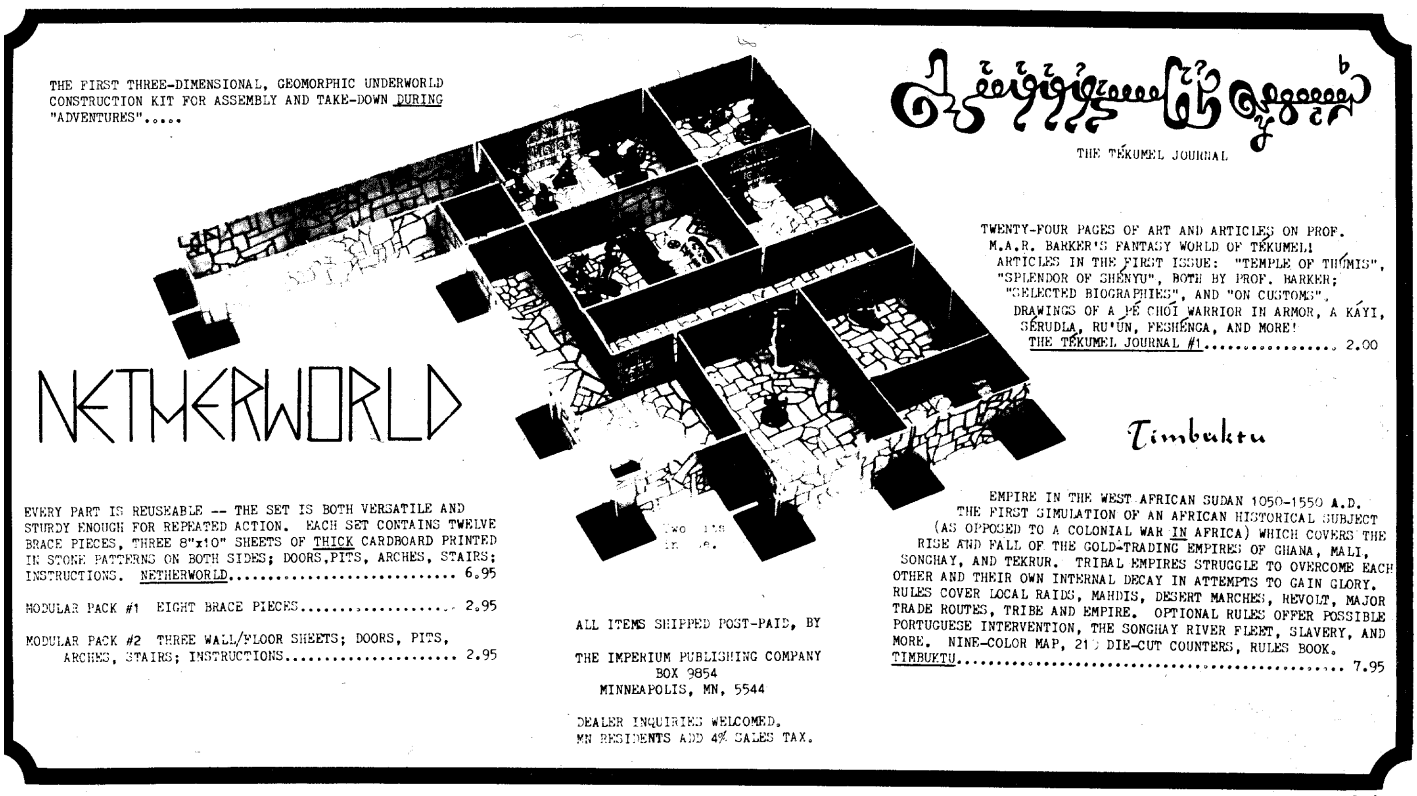
The larger subspecies of the Ssú, the Black Ssú, occupy an area on the other side of Tékumel, reachable only by underground transport. They are much larger (approximately eight feet or so in height), and their ragged integument is dark grey ranging to black, rather than the grey or brownish grey of the Ssú seen in the five empires. Their region is largely an island or series of islands, and they prefer to remain there, sending out only rare forays into human territory. Their scouts have contacted the human peoples of the nearby mainland; these people are culturally at about the same stage as the early middle ages of Europe, a somewhat loose feudal confederation, living in small villages under the protection of petty lordlings. Their only real advantage is that they possess a primitive form of cavalry: the Denebian Bazháq, mentioned on p. 4 of the book. This six-legged, rather reptilian-looking beast is slower and somewhat weaker than a horse, but it provides pretty good riding stock, and the local people have used it for centuries. They have never developed formed cavalry, however, because their social structure is so fragmented — hostile lordlings and localized clan control. The Black Ssú prefer not to fight pitched battles in any case and content themselves with sending scouts and small parties to harass and destroy human settlements. There is an ancient human city (with a subterranean transport depot still in barely operable condition) in the vicinity of this region, but only one of the vehicle routes leads to this place, and thus far only one group of player characters has found it — and they have yet to get back! This will take some considerable ingenuity since the Bazháq are too large to fit into one of the little cars.

(6) Who does the female warrior figure just produced by The Old Guard represent?

She is a Yán Koryáni javelin-girl, a common troop type in their light infantry. Clans in Yán Kór are often matriarchal, and their legions (called Gurék) may contain both men and women. Both sexes receive military training from childhood on, and adolescent girls frequently fight alongside the boys as slingers and javelin-throwers — skirmish troops. Older women serve with their husbands and brothers as well, and there is one legion, the Gurék of Lord Dáiche Hetrudákte, which permits only couples in its ranks; should one partner be captured or slain, the other must remarry at once or leave the legion. This legion is based at the village of Gregeésa in hex 5727, but it is now in hex 5112. Should one fight against this unit, the figures for it would be approximately half male and half female! Almost any Yán Koryáni battle array should contain a good percentage of light female infantry, plus some medium troops and even some heavies. Yán Kór also has some good women generals: e.g. Lady Si' Zi'ris Qáya, the "princess of the North," whose Lorún Gurék (based in hex 6120, now at Tléky Miriyá) is considered a good unit; it is composed of the Lorún, the semi-nomadic hunters and fishers of the northern steppes. Lady Si' Zi'ris Qáya is a rival of another female general, Lady Mmi'r Qayél, the Baron's current mistress and the sister of Lord Ssá Qayél. She commands the Second Gurék of Mighty Yán Kór, and he is in charge of the First Gurék. Her troops are famed as heavy infantrymen, and the unit also contains some good heavy bowmen. A third woman officer of note is Lady Déq Dimáni, general of the Gurék of Vrídu. This legion is based on the island of Vrídu and is now at Kái in Pijéna. These troops consist of priests and priestesses devoted to the Lord of Sacrifice, a local variety of Vimúhla, and they fight as fanatics. Female figures are thus needed in order to simulate a properly balanced Yán Koryáni army.

(7) Who writes the magical scrolls which are found on Tékumel? Are the priests of Ksaral still actively making the Underworld creatures of the ancient days (e.g. the Hrá)?

Scroll-writing is a secret art in several temples, particularly Thúmis and Keténgku for the "good" aligment and Ksárul-Gru-



gánu for the "evil." Other sects occasionally produce scrolls as well, though they are not famed for it. It requires much preparation, special training, and ascetic dedication to the art to produce a magical scroll. Upon attaining about XVth level (by the standards given in the book) a priest might enroll himself-herself with one of the scroll masters. It then takes a year or two to learn: the making of special paper and ink, the ceremonies connected with the production of a scroll, instruction in the secret forms of calligraphy and writing which make it efficacious, the purification of the writer so that his own imperfections do not creep through into the scroll, etc. It then takes a few years more to master the art of writing higher and higher level scrolls. Really powerful scrolls may take a year in themselves to write and are done by a team of priests. The referee must set up special rules for those who wish to enter this field. So far as the priests of Ksárul are concerned, much of their ancient skill is now lost — or so well hidden that it cannot be seen by others. There are rumours of concealed laboratories in which Hrá, Vorodlá, and others are produced — often to be sold to the priests of Sárku, who have much to do with the Underworlds — but none of these places is known to the Imperium, so far as I know. Creatures encountered by the players are thus usually centuries old — possibly millenia — and could not be constructed today, at least so Lord Fereshma'a hiKúrodu, High Priest of Ksárul in Jakálla, confided to me. I suspect that there may be some very secret workshops yet, but I doubt whether players in the game could find them, so well are they guarded.

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MITSCS WinterCon VI — Jan. 13-15, at the MIT Student Center, Cambridge, Mass. Featuring Dungeons & Dragons, Victory in the Pacific, Napoleonics, Godsfire, Third Reirch, Russian Campaign, Diplomacy, Armour Miniatures, Open Gaming & our very own Tactics PI. Cost $5.00/weekend, $1. Fri. $2.50 Sat. $1.50 Sun. Discounts for preregistration, AWA MITSGS. For more info contact Paul Bean, 13 Grove, Apt. 7, Boston, MA 02114.

The Return of ORCCON — Jan. 13-15, Cal. State Univ., Fullerton. D&D, miniatures & boardgames. $2 for pre-registration, $3 at door. For more info, write James J. Meyers, 13718 Norbeck Dr., La Marinda, CA 90638.

Winter War V — Jan. 20-22, Foreign Language Building, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill., Dungeons and Dragons, Diplomacy, WWII armour, Napoleonics miniatures, a marathon Terrible Swift Sword game (to be judged similar to a miniatures game), and the new space/economics game Hyperspace Explorer refereed by the designers. In addition sponsored tournaments will include Traveler (sponsored by GDW) and naval miniatures (by Cin C), computer game demonstrations, auctions, a variety of game dealers, and a series of seminars on all aspects of historical simulations. Entry Fee is $2. for the weekend, plus $1. for any tournament entry. No advanced registration required. For further information, including parking, lodging, and how to get there write to: Tony Svajlenka, 2020 N. Mattis, #201 M Champaign, Ill., 61820, Phone: (217) 359-6307.

War Con IV — Jan. 27-29, College Station, TX, at Memorial Student Center, Texas A&M University, $1.50 Advance $2.00 at Door. Tournaments: Kingmaker, D&D, Third Reich, Empire of the Petal Throne, Patrol, Panzer Leader, Stellar Conquest, Fight in the Skies, Chickamauga, Features: Auction, Seminars, Naval Miniatures, Armour Miniatures. For further info: write Gromets, Memorial Student Center, Box 5718, College Station, TX 77844. (713) 845-1515.

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

DunDraCon III — Feb. 19-21, 1978 DunDraCon, the science-fiction, fantasy, and role-playing game convention, returns for the third year; bigger and better than ever! We've moved to the Leamington Hotel so we have more room for Hucksters, Seminars, and the Tournaments. There will be plenty of room for all night games and expeditions. We have even added a film program! Memberships cost $6 until February 1st. Memberships at the door will be $7.50 for all 3 days, or $3 for a single day. We have firm room rates at the hotel: $18 single and $22 double. Please contact the hotel for reservations: Leamington Hotel, 19th and Franklin, Oakland, Ca. 94612, (415) 835-5200. For information, write: DunDraCon III, 386 Alcatraz Avenue, Oakland, California 94618.

TEXCON — March 10, 11, 12, 1978, sponsored by the Austin Brigade of the Republic of Texas (ABRPT). Held at the historic Stephen F. Austin Hotel at Seventh and Congress, Austin, Texas.

TEXCON will feature: Boardgames; Miniatures; Diplomacy; seminars by such personalities as Howard Thompson and Steve Jackson of Metagaming Concepts, Forrest Brown of Westwall Enterprises, and Duke Siegfried of Heritage Models; Auction; Numerous Dealers; Commemorative TEXCON stamp cancellation; fully embroidered TEXCON patches; New games and miniatures releases; Mil Militaria; Art Room; Door Prizes; Exhibitions; Costume Competition; two full days of movies; Custom Trophies; Figure and Diorama competition in most nationally recognized categories. For further information phone Dan Kagan, (512) 926-4321 or write TEXCON, P.O. Box 12385, Austin, Texas 78711.

SNIT DEPT.

From the Chronicles of Emaj the Rotund

"On the Derivation of Snit Sub-species"

It came to pass, as it does with many things, that the watchers floating in timeless space were being watched in the finite infinity. These watchers were similar to the first set, but loved to change whatever they saw and that is just what they did.

There came to pass that a Snit named Xerxes was created and allowed to speed back to the ocean. From him came the "Legions of the Snit" and he was the first Snit to be loved and revered by his descendants.

Xerxes Snit begat Gregg, Bob, and Bruce Snit. Xerxes was pleased with his young and gave them extra care and training before *the "URGE"* struck them again. Gregg was small, but very fast (3-7) and Xerxes thought that this one would be the one to live to old-Snit-age. While Bob was the runt of the litter, he too was fast (1-7) and Xerxes didn't fear for him either. It was Bruce that had the least chance of the three. Bruce was strong, but the slowest of the lot (5-3). Little did their father know that it would be Bruce that would rear a race of mighty Snits.

The "URGE" came on them all and they madly dashed for the Snandergrab. With a zig and a zoom Xerxes and Gregg quickly planted their Snotches. Bob was smashed by the action of a fast moving Bolotomi and the only Snit left in the open was Bruce, who plodded on with short zigs and zeeps and Bolotomi smashing all about. Well, they must have felt sorry for poor Bruce or maybe they had all smashed their quota of Snits because they let him get to the Snandergrab and plant his Snotch.

Gregg begat Randy (5-6), Dennis (3-6), and Jimmy (5-6). Xerxes begat Rose (4-8), Bob (1-3), and Dennis II (4-8). All of these were smashed flat on the way back. Bruce begat Shaal-Baa1 (6-5), Ethelrud (3-5), and Herc (1-3). Back in the water, the mighty Xerxes viewed his descendants with mixed wonder and surprise. Then much later, Bruce came sloshing in, amazed at his own success,

The young Snit children romped in the water and the elder Snits floated and talked of former fantastic runs. Xerxes was now the oldest and most respected of all the Snits and passed out wisdom to all who would listen (and there were quite a few). It was well that he did, for *the "URGE"* struck them all sooner than any had expected and the race was again on for the Snandergrab.

The Bolotomi were thick on the beach that day and Xerxes, the father of all the Snits around, was smashed by a particularly vicious Bolotomous. Shaal-Baa1 was so horrified at seeing her respected mentor smashed flat that she forgot herself and reacted in a very un-Snit-like fashion; she threw herself at the offending Bolotomous!! This purely hysterical action was later to be highly praised by the living Snits not because it hurt the huge creature, but because another Bolotomous, in its haste to smash Shaal-Baal, ran into the first one and badly bruised it. Even though it was a type of negative damage done by a Snit, it was damage done by a Snit. This new concept was to revolutionize the lives of all the Snits yet unborn. Shaal-Baa1 was, in way of historical reference, one of the first bent nose Snits to exist. NOTE PICTURE!

The Snits that made it back to the ocean were sore and tired. The smashing had been particularly fierce that day. Herc had begat Arthur (6-7), Dave (5-7), and Orcus (6-7). Ethelrud begat Xerxes II (2-6), Christy (3-7), and Zeus (4-6). Gregg begat Zeke (6-6), Mike (2-3), and Tim (6-8). All of Herc's young showed the bent nose trait to an amazing degree. Dave's was the hardest of the lot and he was very proud of it, and constantly poked it out of the water to harden it.

These Snits swarmed out of the water as they got *the "URGE"* determined to repeat the successful tactics; while several tried the ploy of Shaal-Baal, none of them were successful.

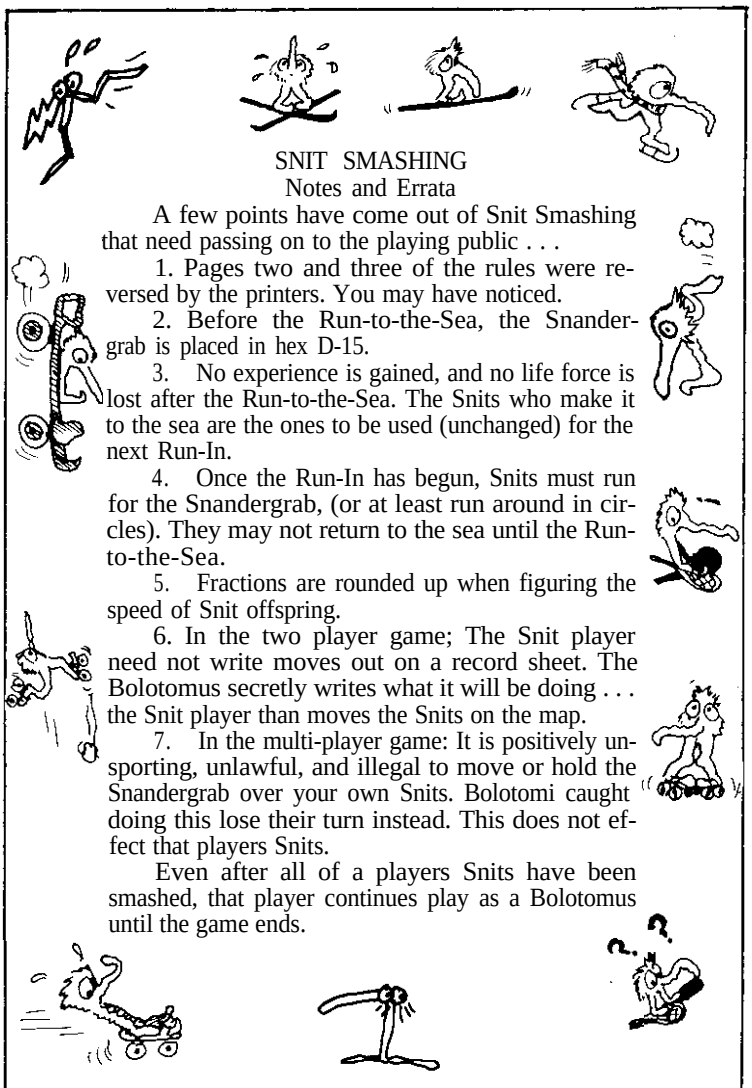
It was bleak day for Snit-dom; Xerxes II and Dave were the only ones to come back alive. The two Snits held a long counsel on what they could do. After reviewing all the legends they had heard and talking over the tactics involved in the run, they decided that there was just nothing else to be done, but hope for the best. Unknown to them and the watchers of timeless space, the watchers of the finite lent a hand. The world would soon experience the "Legions of the Snit". These mighty Snits were of two types: the racing Snit and the Warrior Snit.

Xerxes II easily made it to the Snandergrab and created Lung-ro (3-9), Gro-org (3-8), and Fu-shen (6-9). All of these Snits had extremely long legs and an innate quickness to everything they did. Dave also made it to the Snandergrab and created Horus (6-5), Ra (6-4), and Kali (6-6). All of these Snits had horns plus their noses! They all made it back to the ocean, as only one Bolotomous was on the beach that day and it was old and almost blind.

The "URGE" entered the Snits after an unusually long time and those that raced out were quite different from those that had gone before. The Bolomoti were thick on the beach that day, and this was the only reason they were able to smash two of the Racing Snits. Of his prototypical litter, only Gro-org lived to plant his Snotch, begetting Ugg (4-8), Shorty (2-8), and Meta (5-10). All of these flashed back into the ocean before the Bolotomi knew what happened. Ra and Kali were able to also enter the Snandergrab and were able to watch their brother Horus die as a true Warrior Snit. As the Bolotomous smashed him, he was able to jab with his horn and wound the smasher so badly a drop of blood fell. All the Snits cheered from their hiding places. Life became much better for the Snits until the day of the Great Bolotomi Debate.

Here ends the fragment.

Translated by J. Ward



SNIT SMASHING
Notes and Errata

A few points have come out of Snit Smashing that need passing on to the playing public . . .

1. Pages two and three of the rules were reversed by the printers. You may have noticed.

2. Before the Run-to-the-Sea, the Snandergrab is placed in hex D-15.

3. No experience is gained, and no life force is lost after the Run-to-the-Sea. The Snits who make it to the sea are the ones to be used (unchanged) for the next Run-In.

4. Once the Run-In has begun, Snits must run for the Snandergrab, (or at least run around in circles). They may not return to the sea until the Run-to-the-Sea.

5. Fractions are rounded up when figuring the speed of Snit offspring.

6. In the two player game; The Snit player need not write moves out on a record sheet. The Bolotomus secretly writes what it will be doing . . . the Snit player than moves the Snits on the map.

7. In the multi-player game: It is positively unsporting, unlawful, and illegal to move or hold the Snandergrab over your own Snits. Bolotomi caught doing this lose their turn instead. This does not effect that players Snits.

Even after all of a players Snits have been smashed, that player continues play as a Bolotomus until the game ends.

by Robert J. Kuntz

Greetings my fellow D&D'ers! This is a first for both me and you; namely, a column (regular, I hope) dealing with *Dungeons and Dragons.* The growing need for such a column has been long existent and, I might add (being a Dungeon Master myself), long overdue. I hope to do many things in this column and you can help by first filling out, or in some way answering the questionnaire at the end of this column, and secondly by wishing me luck and giving me as much cooperation as is D &D'ingly possible. Now to the progress of D&D as of late . . .

TSR's latest project to date is the *MONSTER MANUAL.* As I write this the printers are having their difficulties with it but it should be around shortly. The *MONSTER MANUAL,* as conceived by Gary Gygax with stupendous art by David Sutherland, David Trampier, and Tom Wham with extensive editing from the 'boys' at TSR, will be this company's greatest achievement since *Empire of the Petal Throne.* Listing all monsters alphabetically, the author includes those that appeared originally in D&D, its supplements, those from the old Strategic Review as well as *The Dragon* and those that he has added to round out this truly extensive work. The artists have added immensely to it and most explanations are followed by an illustration. Its arrangement is such as to make finding a monster, finding out all about it, and in most cases what it looks like that much easier and fun to boot!

More news is that Brian Blume is involved on an outdoor map for D&D. For those of you that might not know, Brian is an accredited author and did all of the map graphics for Little Big Horn and Lankhmar. The map looks to be a dandy. Also, Monster & Treasure matrices for levels 7-9 are in progress right now. The big wait still continues over the final release date of *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS.* A "guesstimate" brings the work to a final conclusion early next summer, but who knows? Gary continues to work upon this *humoungus* project daily and many changes and additions are being injected into it to make it more playable and interesting for those that have waited so long. Fighters will now take 10-sided dice to determine their hit points and clerics 8-sided, etc. The magic system has undergone some alterations, as well as an addition of new spells, bringing the total spell count to 180! These are just some of the changes and it is hoped that the people who play the game support this effort, for it is aimed at making D&D game-playing that much more easy and fun for the beginner as well as the hard core 'addict'.

Away from the home front, Judges Guild continues to saturate the D&D market with new variants. New material, such as prospecting, cave formations, keen sighting, determining types of ruins, assorted monsters and other detailed material appear within their publications. Judges Guild, in cooperation with TSR, has undertaken to make their new rule variant/additions that much more refined and interesting to the hard core D&D player.

It is worth mentioning that many attempts have been made to rival D&D. The closest yet may be Fantasy Games Unlimited's Chivalry & Sorcery. This jam-packed work does well in its representation and mechanics but falls short due to its "smallish" print . . . A notable success none-the-less.

D&D abroad continues to do quite well. Notably, Games Workshop out of London maintains an incredible sales distribution of D&D ma, terial as well as publishes a magazine dealing exclusively with D&D TSR has distributors located in Switzerland, Australia, Canada and has licensed some game companies abroad to produce D&D and its supple, ments.

I have gone to some extent to inform the masses of the business/buyer aspect of D&D as well as to whet your appetites about up coming D&D line products. This was, in part, what I had in mind to do. It sets the stage for me to better ascertain what you want out of this column. You tell me. A list of sorts is appended below. Rate each selection 0 for low to 9 for high. This will give me an idea on how to proceed in the future. If this column is to be based upon reader response I will need all of your letters, be they good or bad. Send them to *THE SORCERERS SCROLL* c/o The Dragon. Do not include any other business or material in these letters; just stuff for this column. May you never be caught in a dead end by an iron golem!

Rate 0-9:

New magic items	New player classes
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New gods or demi-gods	New psionic additions
New monsters	New artifacts
Question-answer	Mapping the dungeons
Combinations of the above	Others (list your suggestions)

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SEA MAGIC

© by Fritz Leiber

On the world of Nehwon and in the land of Simorgya, six days fast sailing south from Rime Isle, two handsome silvery personages conversed intimately yet tensely in a dimly and irregularly lit hall of pillars open overhead to the darkness. Very strange was that illumination — greenish and yellowish by turns, it seemed to come chiefly from grotesquely shaped rugs patching the Stygian floor and lapping the pillars' bases and also from slowly moving globes and sinuosities that floated about at head height and wove amongst the pillars, softly dimming and brightening like lethargic and plague-stricken giant fireflies.

Mordroog said sharply, "Caught you that thrill, sister? — faint and far north away, yet unmistakably *ours.*"

Issisi replied eagerly, "The same, brother, as we felt two days agone — our mystic gold dipped deep in the sea for a space, then out again."

"The same indeed, sister, though this time with a certain ambiguity as to the out — whether that or otherwise gone", Mordroog assented.

"Yet the now-confirmed clue is certain and bears only one interpretation: our chiefest treasures, that were our most main guards, raped away long ages agone — and now at long last we know the culprits, those villainous pirates of Rime Isle!", breathed Issisi.

"Long, long ages agone, before ever Simorgya sank (and the fortunate island kingdom became the dark infernal realm) — and their vanishment the hastener or very agent of that sinking. But now we have the remedy — and who knows when our treasure's back what long sunken things may rise in spouting wrath to consternate the world? Your attention, sister!", snapped Mordroog.

The abysmal scene darkened, then brightened as he dipped his hand into the pouch at his waist and brought it out again holding something big as a girl's fist. The floating globes and sinuosities moved inward inquisitively, jogging and jostling each other. Their flaring glows rebounded through the murk from a lacy yet massy small gold globe showing between his thin clawed silver fingers — its twelve thick edges like those of a hexahedron embedded in the surface of a sphere and curving conformably to that structure. He proferred it to her. The golden light gave the semblance of life to their hawklike features.

"Sister," he breathed, "it is now your task, and geas laid upon you, to proceed to Rime Isle and regain our treasure, taking vengeance or not as opportunity affords and prudence counsels — whilst I maintain here, unifying the forces and regathering the scattered allies against your return. You will need this last cryptic treasure for your protection and as a hound to scent out its brothers in the world above."

Now for the first time Issisi seemed to hestitate and her eagerness to abate.

"The way is long, brother, and we are weak with waiting," she protested wailing. "What was once a week's fast sailing will be for me three black moons of torturesome dark treading, press I on ever so hard. We have become the sea's slaves, brother, and carry always the sea's weight. And I have grown to abhor the daylight."

"We have also the sea's strength," he reminded her commandingly, "and though we are weak as ghosts on land, preferring darkness and the deep, we also know the old ways of gaining power and facing even the sun. It is your task, sister. The geas is upon you. Salt is heavy but blood is sweet. Go, go, go!"

Wherewith she snatched the goldy ghost-globe from his grip, plunged it into her pouch, and turning with a sudden flirt made off, the living lamps scattering to make a dark northward route for her.

With the last "Go," a small bubble formed at the corner of Mordroog's thin snarling silvery lips and slowly grew in size as it mounted from these dark deeps up toward the water's distant surface.

* * *

Three months after the events aforenarrated, Fafhrd was at archery practice on the heath north of Salthaven City on Rime Isle's southeastern coast — one more self-imposed, self-devised and self-taught lesson of many in learning the mechanics of life for one lacking a left hand, lost to Odin during the repulse of the Widder Sea Mingols from the isle's western shores. He had firmly affixed a tapering, thin, finger-long iron rod (much like a swordblade's tang) to the midst of his bow and wedged it into the corresponding deep hole in the wooden wrist heading the close-fitting leather stall, half the length of his forearm and dotted with holes for ventilation, that covered his newly healed stump — with the result that his left arm terminated in a serviceably if somewhat unadjustably clutched bow.

Here near town the heath was grass mingled with ankle-high heather, here and there dotted with small clumps of gorse, in and out of which the occasional pair of plump lemmings played fearlessly, and man-high gray standing stones. These last had perhaps once been of religious significance to the now atheistical Rime Islers — who were atheists not in the sense that they did not believe in gods (that would have been very difficult for any dweller in the world of Nehwon) but that they did not socialize with any such gods or harken in any way to their commands, threats, and cajolings. They (the standing stones) stood about like so many mute gray grizzle bears.

Except for a few compact white clouds a-hang over the isle, the late afternoon sky was clear, windless, and surprisingly balmy for this late in autumn, in fact on the very edge of winter and its icy, snow-laden gales.

Gale accompanied Fafhrd in his practicing. The silver-blonde thirteen-year-old girl now trudged about with him collecting arrows — half of them transfixing his target, which was a huge ball. To keep his bow out of the way Fafhrd carried it as if over his shoulder, maimed left arm closely bent upward.

"They ought to have an arrow that would shoot around corners," Gale said apropos of hunting behind a standing stone. "That way you'd get your enemy if he hid behind a house or a treetrunk."

"It's an idea," Fafhrd admitted.

"Maybe if the arrow had a little curve in it —" she speculated.

"No, then it would just tumble," he told her. "The virtue of an arrow lies in its perfect straightness, its —"

"You don't have to tell me that," she interrupted impatiently. "I keep hearing all about that, over and over, from Aunt Afreyt and cousin Cif when they lecture me about the Golden Arrow of Truth and the Golden Circles of Unity and all those." The girl was referring to the closely guarded gold ikons that had been from time immemorial the atheist-holy relics of the Rime Isle fisherfolk.

That made Fafhrd think of the Golden Cube of Square Dealing, forever lost when the Mouser had hurled it to quell the vast whirlpool which had vanquished the Mingol fleet and threatened to sink his own in the great sea battle. Did it lie now in mucky black sea bottom near the Beach of Bleached Bones or had it indeed vanished entire from Nehwon-world with the errant gods Odin and Loki?

And that in turn made him wonder and worry a little about the Gray Mouser, who had sailed away a month ago in *Seahawk* on a trading expedition to No-Ombrulsk with half his thieves and *Flotsam's* Mingol crew and Fafhrd's own chief lieutenant Skor. The little man (Captain Mouser, now) had planned on getting back to Rime Isle before the winter gales.

Gale interrupted his musings. "Did Aunt Afreyt tell you, Captain Fafhrd, about cousin Cif seeing a ghost or something last night in the council hall treasury, which only she has a key to?" The girl was holding up the big target bag clutched against her so that he could pull out the arrows and return them over shoulder to their quiver.

"I don't think so," he temporized. Actually he hadn't seen Afreyt today, or Cif either for that matter. For the past few nights he hadn't been sleeping at Afreyt's but with his men and the Mouser's at the dormitory they rented from Groniger, Salthaven's harbor master and chief councilman, the better to supervise the mischievous thieves in the Mouser's absence — or at least that was an explanation on which he and Afreyt could safely agree. "What did the ghost look like?"

"It looked very mysterious," Gale told him, her pale blue eyes widening above the bag which hid the lower part of her face. "Sort of silvery and dark, and it vanished when Cif went closer. She called Groniger, who was around, but they couldn't find anything. She told Afreyt it looked like a princess-lady or a big thin fish."

"How could something look like a woman and a fish?" Fafhrd asked with a short laugh, tugging out the last arrow.

"Well, there are mermaids, aren't there?" she retorted triumphantly, letting the bag fall.

"Yes," Fafhrd admitted, "though I don't expect Groniger would agree with us. Say," he went on, his face losing for a bit its faintly drawn, worried look, "put the target bag behind that rock. I've thought of a way to shoot around corners."

"Oh, good!" She rolled the target bag close against the back of one of the ursine, large gray stones and they walked off a couple of

hundred yards. Fafhrd turned. The air was very still. A distant small cloud hid the low sun, though the sky was otherwise very blue and bright. He swiftly drew an arrow and laid it against the short wooden thumb he'd affixed to the bow near its center just above its tang. He took a couple of shuffling steps while his frowning eyes measured the distance between him and the rock. Then he leaned suddenly back and discharged the arrow high into the air. It went up, up, then came swiftly down — close behind the rock, it looked.

"That's not around a corner," Gale protested. "Anybody can do that. I meant sideways."

"You didn't say so," he told her. "Corners can be up or down or sideways right or left. What's the difference?"

"Up-corners you can drop things around."

"Yes indeed you can!" he agreed and in a sudden frenzy of exercise that left him breathing hard sent the rest of the arrows winging successively after the first. All of them seemed to land close behind the standing stone — all except the last, which they heard clash faintly against rock — but when they'd walked up to where they could see, they found that all but the last arrow had missed. The feathered shafts stood upright, their points plunged into the soft earth, in an oddly regular little row that didn't quite reach the target-bag — all but the last, which had gone through an edge of the bag at an angle and hung there, tangled by its three goosefeather vanes.

"See, you missed," Gale said, "all but the one that glanced off the rock."

"Yes. Well, that's enough shooting for me," he decided and while she pulled up the arrows and carefully teased loose the last, he loosened the bow's tang from its wood socket, using the back of his knife blade as a pry, then unstrung the bow and hung it across his back by its loose string around his chest, then fitted a wrought iron hook into the wrist-socket, wedging it tight by driving the head of the hook against the stone. He winced as he did that last, for his stump was still tender, and the dozen last shots he'd made had tried it.

As they walked toward the low-roofed, soft-colored homes of Salthaven, the setting sun on their backs, Fafhrd studied the gray standing stones and asked Gale, "What do you know about the old gods Rime Isle had? — before the Rime men got atheism."

"They were a pretty wild, lawless lot, Aunt Afreyt says — sort of like Captain Mouser's men before they became soldiers, or your berserks before you tamed them down." She went on with growing enthusiasm, "They certainly didn't believe in any Golden Arrow of Truth, or Golden Ruler of Prudence, or Little Gold Cup of Measured Hospitality — mighty liars, whores, murderers, and pirates, I guess, all of them."

Fafhrd nodded. "Maybe Cif's ghost was one of them," he said.

A tall, slender woman came toward them from a violet-toned house. When Afreyt neared them she called to Gale, "So that's where you were. Your mother was wondering." She looked at Fafhrd. "How did the archery go?"

"Captain Fafhrd hit the target almost every time," Gale answered for him. "He even hit it shooting around corners! And I didn't help him a bit fitting his bow or anything."

Afreyt nodded.

Fafhrd shrugged.

"I told Fafhrd about Cif's ghost," Gale went on. "He thought it might be one of the old Rime goddesses — Rin the Moon-runner, one of those."

Afreyt's narrow blonde eyebrows arched. "You go along now, your mother wants you."

"Can I keep the target for you?" the girl asked Fafhrd.

He nodded, lifted his left elbow, and the big ball dropped down. Gale rolled it off ahead of her. The target-bag was smoky red with dye from the snowberry root and the last rays of the sun setting behind them gave it an angry glare and Afreyt and Fafhrd each had the thought that Gale was rolling away the sun.

When they were gone he turned to Afreyt, asking, "What's this nonsense about Cif meeting a ghost?"

"You're getting skeptical as an Isler," she told him unsmiling. "Is something that robs a councilman of his wits and half his strength nonsense?"

"The ghost did that?" he asked as they began to walk slowly toward town.

She nodded. "When Gwaan pushed into the dark treasury past Cif, he was clutched and struck senseless for an hour's space — and has since not left his bed." Her long lips quirked. "Or else-he stumbled in the churning shadows and struck his head 'gainst the wall — there's that possibility too, since he has lost his memory for the event."

"Tell me about it more circumstantially," Fafhrd requested.

"The council session had lasted well after dark, for the waning gibbous moon had just risen," she began, "Cif and I being in attendance as treasurer and scribe. Zwaaken and Gwaan called on Cif for an inventory of the ikons of the virtues — ever since the loss of the Gold Cube of Square-Dealing (though in a good cause) they've fretted about them. Cif accordingly unlocked the door to the treasury and then hesitated on the threshold. Moonlight striking in through the small barred window (she told me later) left most of the treasure chamber still in the dark and there was something unfamiliar about the arrangement of the things she saw that sounded a warning to us. Also, there was a faint noxious marshy scent —"

"What does that window look on?" Fafhrd asked.

"The sea. Gwaan pushed past her impatiently (and most discourteously) and then she swears there was a faint blue smoke like muted lightning and in that trice she seemed to see a silent skinny figure of silver fog embrace Gwaan hungrily. She got the impression, she said, of a weak ghost seeking to draw strength from the living. Gwaan gave a choking cry and pitched to the floor. When torches were brought in (at Cif's behest) the chamber was otherwise empty, but the Gold Arrow of Truth had fallen from its shelf and lay beneath the window, the other ikons had been moved slightly from their places, as if they'd been feebly groped, while on the floor were narrow patches, like footprints, of stenchful black bottom muck."

"And that was all?" Fafhrd asked as the pause lengthened. When she'd mentioned the thin silvery fog figure, he'd been reminded of someone or something he'd seen lately, but then in his mind a black curtain fell on that particular recollection-flash.

Afreyt nodded. "All that matters, I guess. Gwaan came to after an hour, but remembered nothing, and they've put him to bed, where he stays. Cif and Groniger have set special watch on all the Rimic gold tonight."

Suddenly Fafhrd felt bored with the whole business of Cif's ghost. His hind didn't want to move in that direction. "Those councilmen of yours, all they ever worry about is gold — they're misers all!" he burst out at Afreyt.

"That's true enough," she agreed with him — which annoyed Fafhrd for some reason. "They still criticize Cif for giving the Cube to the Mouser along with other moneys in her charge, and talk still of impeaching her and confiscating her farm — and maybe mine."

"Ah, the ingrates! And Groniger's one of the worst — he's already dunning me for last week's rent on the men's dormitory, barely two days overdue."

Afreyt nodded. "He also complains your berserks caused a disturbance last week at the Sea Wrack tavern."

"Oh he does, does he?" Fafhrd commented, quieting down.

"How are the Mouser's men behaving?" she asked.

"Pshawri keeps 'em in line well enough," he told her. "Not that they don't need my supervision while the Gray One's away."

"*Seahawk* will have returned before the gales, I'm sure of that," she said quietly.

"Yes," Fafhrd said.

They had come opposite her house and now she went inside with a smiled farewell. She did not invite him to dinner, which was somehow annoying, although he would have refused; and although she had glanced once or twice toward his stump, she had not asked how it fared — which was tactful, but also somehow annoying.

Yet the irritation was momentary, for her mention of the Sea Wrack had started his mind off in a new direction which fully occupied it as he walked a little more rapidly. The past few days he had been feeling out of sorts with almost everyone around him, weary of his left-hand problems, and perversely lonely for Lankhmar with its wizards and criminous folks, its smokes (so different from this bracing northern sea-air) and sleazy grandeurs. Then night before last he'd wandered into the Sea Wrack, Salthaven's chief tavern since the Salt Herring had burned, and discovered a certain comfort in observing the passing scene there while sipping a pint or two of black ale.

Although called the Wrack and Ruin by its habitues (he'd learned as he was leaving), it had seemed a quiet and restful place. Certainly no

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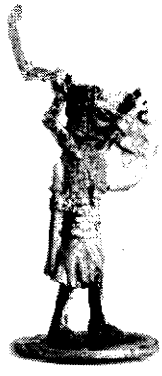

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disturbances, least of all by his berserks (that had been last week, he reminded himself — if it had really ever happened) and he had found pleasure in watching the slow-moving servers and listening to the yarning fishers and sailors, two low-voiced whores (a wonder in itself), and a sprinkling of eccentrics and puzzlers, such as a fat man sunk in mute misery, a skinny graybeard who peppered his ale, and a very slender silent woman in bone-gray touched with silver who sat alone at a back table and had the most tranquil (and not unhandsome) face imaginable. At first he'd thought her another whore, but no one had approached her table, none (save himself) had seemed to take any notice of her, and she hadn't even been drinking, so far as he could recall.

Last night he'd returned and found much the same crowd (and the same pleasant relief from his own boredom) and tonight he found himself looking forward to visting the place again — after he'd been to the harbor and scanned south and east away for *Seahawk.*

At that moment Rill came around the next corner and hailed him cheerily, waving a hand that showed a red scar across the palm — memento of an injury that had created a bond between herself and Fafhrd. The dark-haired whore-turned-fisherwoman was neatly and soberly clad — a sign that she was not at the moment engaged in either of her trades.

They chatted together, at ease with each other. She told him about today's catch of cod and asked after the Mouser (when now expected) and his and Fafhrd's men and how Fafhrd's stump was holding up (she was the one person he could talk to about that) and about his general health and how he was sleeping.

"If badly," she said, "Mother Grum has useful herbs — or I might be of help."

As she said that last, she chuckled, gave him an inquiring sidewise smile, and tugged his hook with her scarred forefinger, permanently crooked by the same deep burn that had left a red track across her palm. Fafhrd smiled back gratefully, shaking his head.

At that moment Pshawri came up with Skullick behind him to report on the day's work and other doings, and after a moment Rill went off. Some of Fafhrd's men had found employment on the new building going up where the Salt Herring had stood, a couple had worked on *Flotsam,* while the remainder had been cod-fishing with those men of the Mouser's who were not on *Seahawk.*

Pshawri made his report in a jaunty yet detailed and dutiful manner that reminded Fafhrd of the Mouser (he'd picked up some of his captain's mannerisms) which both irritated and amused Fafhrd. For that matter all the Mouser's thieves, being wiry and at least as short as he, reminded Fafhrd of his comrade. A pack of Mousers — ridiculous!

He stopped Pshawri's report with a "Content you, you've done well. You too, Skullick. But see that your mates stay out of the Wrack and Ruin. Here, take these." He gave the young berserk his bow and quiver. "No, I'll be supping out. Leave me, now."

And so he continued on alone toward the Sea Wrack and the docks under the bright twilight, called here the violet hour. After a bit he realized with faint surprise and a shade of self-contempt why he was hurrying and why he had avoided Afreyt's bed and turned down Rill's comradely invitation — he was looking forward to another evening of watching and spinning dreams about the silent slender woman in bone-white and silver at the Wrack and Ruin, the woman with the so distant eyes and tranquil, not unhandsome face. Lord, what romantical fools men were, to overpass the known and good in order to strain and stretch after the mysterious merely unknown. Were dreams simply better than reality? Had fancy always more style? But even as he philosophized fleetingly of dreams, he was wending ever deeper into this violet-tinged one.

Familiar voices raised in vehemence pulled him partially out of it. Down the side lane he was crossing he saw Cif and Groniger talking excitedly together. He would have stolen onward unseen, returning entirely to his waking dream, but they spotted him.

"Captain Fafhrd, have you heard the ill news?" the grizzle-haired harbor master called as he approached with long strides. "The Treasury's been looted of its gold-things, and Zwaaken who was guarding them struck dead!"

The small russet-clad woman with golden glints in her dark brown hair who came hurrying along with him amplified, "It happened no longer ago than sunset. We were close by in the council hall, ready to share the guard duty after dark (you've heard of last night's apparition?) when there came a cry from the vault and a blue flash from the cracks around the door. Zwaaken's face was frozen in a grimace and livid burns came out on his corpse. All the ikons were gone."

It was strange, but Fafhrd barely took in what Cif was saying. Instead he was thinking of how even *she* was beginning to remind him of the Mouser and to behave like the Gray One. They said that people long in love began to resemble each other. Could that apply so soon?

"Yes, now it's not just the Gold Cube of Square Dealing we lack," Groniger put in. "All, all gone."

His bringing in that roused Fafhrd again a little and nettled him. Altogether, in fact, he strangely found himself more irritated than interested or concerned by the news, though of course he would have liked to help Cif, who was the Mouser's darling.

"I've heard of your ghost," he told her. "All the rest is news. Is there any particular way in which I can help you now?"

They looked at him rather strangely. He realized his remark had been a somewhat cold one, so although he was most eager to get by himself again, he added, "You can call on my men for help if you need it in your search for the thieves. They're at their dormitory."

"On which you owe me rent," Groniger put in automatically.

Fafhrd graciously ignored that. "Well," he said, "I wish you good luck in your hunt. Gold is valuable stuff." And with a little bow he turned and continued on his way. When he'd gone some distance he heard their voices again, but could no longer make out what they were saying — which meant their words happily weren't for him.

He reached the harbor while the violet light was still bright across the sky and realized with a throb of pleasure that that was one reason he had been in such a hurry and impatient of all else. The few folk about moved or stood quietly, unmindful of his coming. The air was still. He crossed to the dock's verge and scanned searchingly south and southeast to where violet sky met unruffled gray sea in a long horizon line, with never a cloud or smudge of haze between.

No sign of a sail or hint of a hull, not one. Mouser and *Seahawk* remained somewhere in the seaworld beyond.

But there was still time for sign or hint to appear before light failed. His dreamy gaze wandered to things closer. East rose the smooth salt cliffs, gray in the twilight. Between them and the low headland to the west, the harbor was empty. Off in that direction, to the right, *Flotsam* was moored close in, while to the left, nearer, was a light wooden pier that would be taken up when the winter gales arrived and to which a few ship's boats and other small harbor craft were moored. Among these was *Flotsam's* small sailing dory, in which Fafhrd was in the habit of going out alone — more training in making do with a hook for a left hand — and also a narrow, mastless, shallow craft, little more than a shaped plank, that was new to him.

The Violet light was draining away from the sky now and he once more scanned the southern and southeastern horizon and the long expanse of water between — a magical emptiness that drew him powerfully. Still no sign. He turned away regretfully and there, coming across the dock so as to arrive at its verge a score of feet from him, where the pier extended into the harbor, was his silent, tranquil-faced lady of the Sea Wrack. She might have been an apparition for all the notice the few dock-folk took of her, she almost brushed a sailor as she passed him by and he never moved. Behind her, faint voices called to her from the town (what were they concerned about? —a hunt for something? Fafhrd had forgotten) and the shadows came down from the north, driving out the last violet tones from the heavens. The silent woman had a pouch at her hip that chinked once faintly while her pale hands drew round her a silver-glinting bone-white robe that also shadowed her face. And then as she passed closest to him, she turned her head so that her black-edged green eyes looked straight into his, and she put her hand into her bosom and drew forth a short gold arrow which she showed him and then slipped into her pouch, which chinked again, and then she smiled at him for three heartbeats a smile that was at once familiar and strange, aloof and alluring, and then turned her head forward and went out onto the pier.

And Fafhrd followed her, not knowing behind his forehead, or really caring, whether her gaze or smile had cast an actual enchantment upon him, but only that this was the direction in which he wanted to go, away from the toils and puzzlements and responsibilities and boredoms of Salthaven and toward the vasty south and the Mouser and Lankhmar — *her* way and whatever mysteries she stood for. Another part of his mind, a part linked chiefly with his feet and hands (though one of them was only a hook), wanted also to follow her on account of the golden arrow, though he could no longer remember why that was important.

As he stepped down onto the wooden pier she reached its end and stepped onto the new narrow craft he'd noticed, and then without casting off or any other preparatory action, she lifted wide her arms as she faced the prow and the pale gray twilight, her back to him, so that her robe spread out to either side, and it bellied forward as if with an unseen wind, and she and her slight craft moved away toward the harbor mouth across the unruffled waters.

And then he felt on his right cheek a steady breeze blowing silently from the west, and he boarded the sailing dory and cast off and let down the centerboard and ran up the small sail and made it fast and then, taking its sheet in his right hand and controlling the tiller with his hook, sailed out noiselessly after her. He wondered a little (but not very much) why no one called after them or even appeared to watch them, their craft moving as if by magic and hers so strangely and with such a strange sail.

Exactly how long they glided on in this fashion he did not know or care, but the gray sky darkened to black night and stars came out around her hooded head, and the gibbous moon rose, dimming the stars a little, and was for a while before them and then behind (their craft must have turned in a very wide circle and headed north, it seemed), so that the moon's deathly white light no longer dazzled his eyes but was reflected softly from his dory's wind-rounded sail and made the Sea-Wrack woman's bone-white silvery robes stand out ahead on her shining craft as they ever bellied forward to either side of her. Very steady was the silent wind that did that, and under its urging his craft gained upon hers so that at the last they almost seemed to touch. He wished that she would turn her head so that he could see more of her, yet at the same time he wanted them to go sailing on enchantedly forever.

And then it seemed to him that the sea itself had tilted imperceptibly upwards so that their noiselessly locked craft were mounting together toward the moon-dimmed stars. And at that point she turned around and moved slowly toward him and he likewise rose and moved effortlessly toward her, without any effect whatsoever on the dreamlike motion of their two craft as they mounted ever onward and upward. And she smiled the wondrous smile again at him and looked at him with love, and beyond her hooded head great weaving streamers of soft red and green and pale blue luminescence mounted toward the zenith (he knew them to be the northern lights) as though she stood at the altar of a great cathedral with all its stained glass windows shedding a glory upon her. Glancing fleetingly to either side, he saw without great surprise or any fear that their two craft were indeed mounting toward the stars on a great tongue of dark solid water that rose with precipice to either side, like a vast wall, from the moonlit sea far below. But all he had thought for was her proudly smiling face and daring, dancing gaze, enshrined by the aurora, that summed up for him all the allure of mystery and adventure.

She dipped then into the pouch at her waist and brought up the gold arrow and proffered it to him, holding it by either end in her dainty slim-fingered hands, and the moonlight showed him her small pearly teeth as she smiled.

Then he noted that his hook, which seemed to have a will of its own, had reached out and encircled the short shaft of the arrow between her hands and was tugging at it, while his right hand, which appeared to be operating with like independence of his bewitched mind, had shot forward, grasped the bulging pouch by its neck, and ripped it from her waist.

At that, her loving gaze grew fiercely desirous and her smile widened and grew wild and she tugged sharply back on the arrow so that it bent acutely at its midst, and the blue component of the aurora flaring behind her seemed to enter into her body and flash in her gaze and glow along her arms and hands, and the golden arrow glowed brighter still, a blue aura all around it, and Fafhrd's hook glowed equally, and there was a dazzling shower of blue sparks where hook and shaft met. Glad was Fafhrd then for the wooden wrist between his stump and his hook, for his every hair rose on end and he felt a prickling, tickling strangeness all over his skin.

But still his hook dragged blindly at the arrow and now it came away with it, sharply bent but no longer blue-glowing. He snatched it off the hook with forefinger and thumb of his right hand, which still clutched the bag. And then as he backed away into his dory, he saw her loving countenance lengthening into a snout, her green eyes bulging and moving apart, swimming sidewise across her face, her pale skin turning to silvery scales, while her sweet mouth widened and gaped to show row upon row of razorlike triangular teeth.

She darted at him, he thrust out his left arm to fend her off, her jaws met with a great snap, while those dreadful teeth closed on his hook with a wrench and a clash.

And then all was tumult and swirling confusion, there was a clangor and a roaring in his ears, the solid water gave way and he and his craft plunged down, down, down, gut-wrenchingly, to the sea's surface and without check or hindrance as far again below it — until he and his dory were suddenly floating in a great tunnel of air floored, walled, and roofed by water, as far below the sea's surface as the water-wall had risen above it — and extending up to that surface just as the wall had stretched down to it. This incredible tunnel was lit silver by the misshapen moon glaring down it and greenish yellow by a general phosphorescence in its taut, watery walls, from within which monstrous fish-faces moped and mowed at him and nuzzled the dory's hull. The other craft and the metamorphozing woman were gone.

The weirdness of the scene (together with the horrid transformation of the Sea-Wrack woman) had banished his bewitchment and brought all his mind alive. He knelt in the dory's midst, peering about. And now the roaring in his ears increased and a great wind began to blow up the tunnel from the deeps, filling the dory's small sail and driving it along toward the mad moon. As this infernal gale swiftly grew to a hurricane, Fafhrd threw himself flat, anchoring himself by gripping the base of the dory's mast in the bend of his left elbow (for his hook was gone and his right hand had other employment). Silvery green water flashed by, foam streamed back from the prow. And now a steady thunder began to resound from the deeps behind, adding itself to the tumultuous roaring, and it flashed through his frantic thoughts that such a sound might be caused by the tunnel closing up behind him, further increasing the might of the wind blowing him up this great silvery throat.

Space opened. The dory leaped like a flying fish, skiddingly struck roiled black water, righted itself, and floated flat — while from behind came a final thunderous crack.

It was as if the sea herself had spat them forth, then shut her watery lips.

In shorter space of time than he'd have thought possible without magic, before even his breathing had evened out, the sea calmed and the dory rode lonely and alone on its dark surface. Southward the moon shone. Its rays gleamed on the fracture where his hook had been bitten off. He realized that his right hand still gripped the neck of the

bag he'd grabbed from Cif's ghost (or the Sea-Wrack woman, or whatever), while still clipped between his thumb and forefinger was a bent gold arrow.

Northward a ghostly aurora was glimmering, fading, dying. And in the same direction the lights of Salthaven gleamed, closer than he'd have guessed. He got out the single oar, set it across the stern, and began to scull homeward against the steady breeze, keeping wary watch on the silent black waters all around the dory.

* * *

Fafhrd was once more at archery practice on the heath of gray standing stones, companioned by Gale. But today a brisk north wind was singing in the heather and bending the gorse — forerunner more than likely of winter's first gale . . . and still no sign of *Seahawk* and the Mouser.

Fafhrd had slept late this morning and so had many another Rime Isler. It had been past midnight when he'd wearily sculled up to the docks, but the port had been awake with the theft of civic treasures and his own disappearance, and he'd been confronted at once by Cif, Groniger, and Afreyt — Rill too, and Mother Grum, and several others. It turned out that after Fafhrd's vanishment (none had noted his actual departure — an odd thing, that) a rumor had been bruited about (though hotly denied by the ladies) that *he* had made way with gold ikons. Great was the rejoicing when he revealed that he had got them all safely back (save for the sharp bend in the Arrow of Truth) and an extra one besides — one which, as Fafhrd was quick to point out, might well be the lost Cube of Square Dealing, its edges systematically deformed to curves. Groniger was inclined to doubt this and much concerned about both deformations, but Fafhrd was philosophic.

He said, "A crooked Arrow of Truth and a rounded-off Cube of Square Dealing strike me as about right for this world, more in line with accepted human practices."

His account of his adventures on, above, and below the sea and of the magic Cif's ghost had worked and her horrid last transformation had produced reactions of wonder and amazement — and some thoughtful frowning. Afreyt had asked some difficult questions about his motives for following the Sea-Wrack woman, while Rill had smiled knowingly.

As for the identity of Cif's ghost, only Mother Grum had strong convictions. "That'll be somewhat from sunken Simorgya," she'd said, "come to repossess their pirated baubles."

Groniger had disputed that last, claiming the ikons had always been Rime Isle's, and the old witch had shrugged.

Now Gale asked him as they collected arrows, "And the fish-lady bit your hook off just like that?"

"Yes, indeed," he assured her. "I'm having Mannimark forge me a new one — of bronze. You know, that hook saved me twice — I'm getting to feel quite fond of it — once from the blue essence of lightning bolt coursing through the sea monster's extremities and once from having another chunk of my left arm bitten off."

Gale asked, "What was it that made you suspicious of the fish-lady, so that you followed her?"

"Come on with those arrows, Gale," he told her. "I've thought of a new way to shoot around corners."

This time he did it by aiming into the wind so that it carried his arrow in a sidewise curve behind the gray standing stone hiding the red bag. Gale said it was almost as much cheating as dropping an arrow in from above, but later they found he'd hit his target.

ELEVENTH HOUR SHOPPING GUIDE

It never fails! The Season is upon us and still, for many of us, the gift selection process remains uncompleted. I'm not talking about gifts for Uncle Harry and Aunta Bertha. I'm talking about gifts for those gaming buddies who for one reason or another deserve more than a hearty handshake. To help you in your dilemma, we at TD have come up with a list of recent game releases which we think would make a noble addition to anyone's collection, even your own.

FANTASY GAMES:

Middle Earth Folio *(War of the Ring):* SPI, $20.00 A folio of three games, the centerpiece dealing with Tolkien's Trilogy. Remarkably faithful to the plot. An excellent gift for boardgamers or fantasy buffs.

Basic Dungeon and Dragons Set: TSR $10.00 This set is an excellent way for people to be introduced to D&D. However, oldtimers will appreciate it also as the booklet (available separately, $5.00) has new spells and acts as a well organised refresher course on the basics of the game.

Judges Guild: Both the *City State* and the *Wilderland Campaign* (available for $9.00 and $8.50) are useful aids for a Dungeon Master as a source for ideas.

Cosmic Encounter: Eon, $10.00 For the Science Fiction buff. 15 different aliens interact in this game. You must think like an alien in order to win. No mean feat.

HISTORICAL GAMES:

Jerusalem 70 A.D.: Historical Perspectives, price unknown. A three scenario seige boardgame on the same scale as Alesia by AH. An excellent game and an excellent lesson in assaulting a fortified city.

Warlord: Robert B. Williams $14.00 A multiplayer game using Medieval Germany as the playing area. Up to six players can play. Moderate complexity.

African Campaign: TSR $9.95 A well balanced two player game covering the period from O'Connor's gallop to two months after El Alemein. Really depicts the seesaw nature of the campaign.

STOCKING STUFFERS:

Ogre and *Rivets:* $2.95 Metagaming. *Ogre* is loosely based ala the Bolo series by Keith Laumer. *Rivets* is pure cybernetic warfare after a nuclear holocaust. These games last under an hour with the issue always in doubt.

Snit Smashing: $1.50 TSR Have to see it in order to believe it. A FUN game. You get a free back issue of The Dragon in the bargain.

MINIATURES:

For the miniatures buff you can not do better than the following:
Ral Partha — Ancients
Miniature Figurines Ltd. — Figures for D&D.
Grenadier — Medieval.

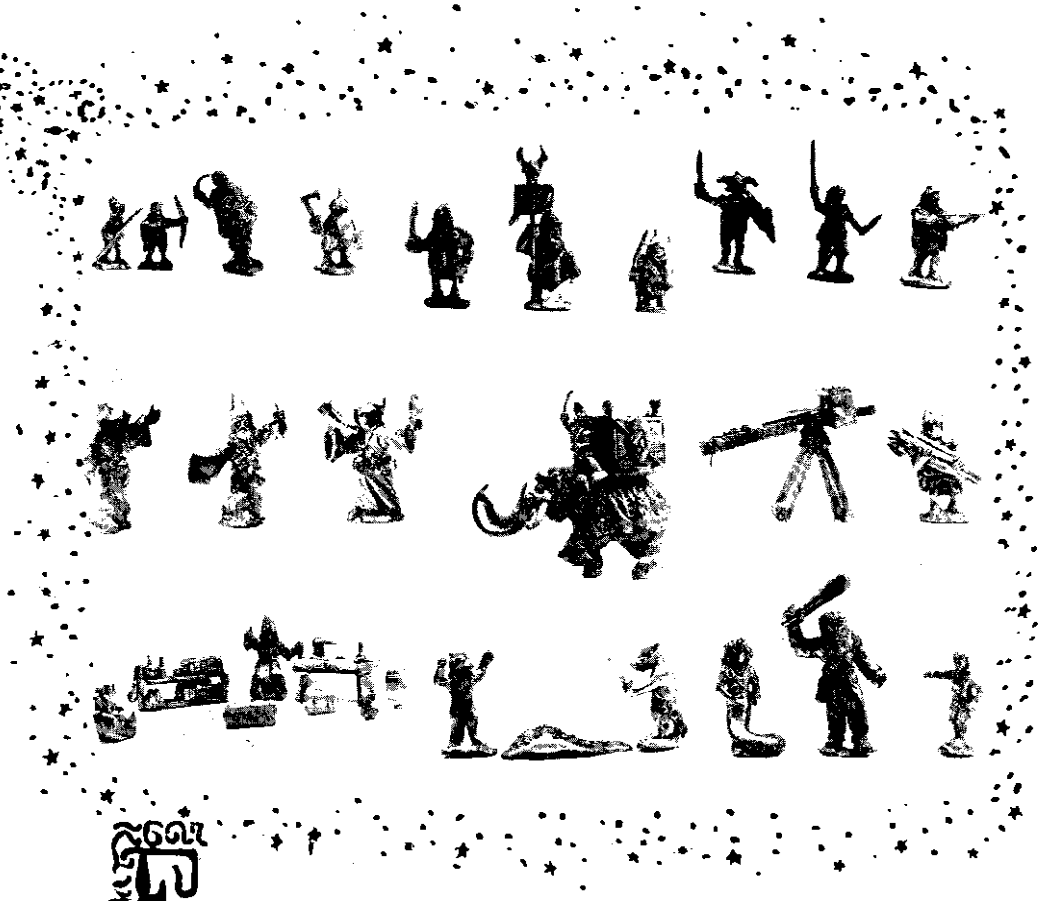
FAMILY GAMES

Rail Baron: Avalon Hill, Monopoly with railroad? Far from it. You have to make the trains run on time, in order to get your money, in a big way.

Warlocks and Warriors: TSR $6.95 — What can the children do while the "old folks" play D&D. This is the perfect answer (Adults can play it too).

WIZZARDS & WARRIORS

by Grenadier



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 WIZZARDS & WARRIORS.

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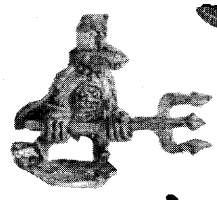

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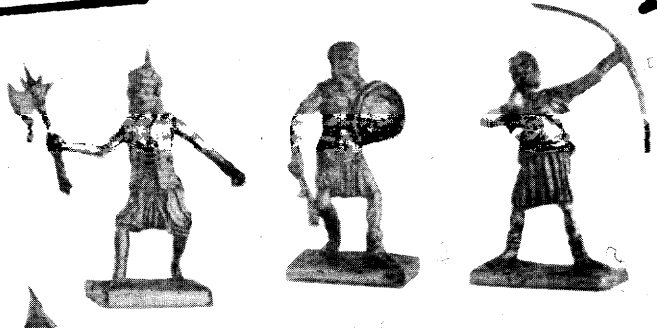

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clockwise from upper left

1. Squadron/Rubin Minia.
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2. Archive Miniatures
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   Burlingame, CA 94010
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3. Mini-Figs Ltd
   Box P
   Pine Plains, NY 12567
   25mm D&D Range
4. Tom Lobach General Artworks (Dragon tooth)
   150 W 26th St #502
   NYC 10001
   25mm
5. Legions of the Petal Throne
   formerly by Old Guard
   now by Ral Partha
   3642-Hyde Pk. Av
   Cincinnati, OH 45208
   25mm

QUARTERSTAFF FIGHTING RULES

by JAMES M. WARD

In medieval England the art of staff fighting was taken to its highest form. This set of rules is an attempt to reflect some of the skill and art of this bruising sport.

Strength, dexterity, and constitution are all functions of the game. These factors are determined by rolling three six sided dice for each. A person with a large strength roll (18-17) naturally does more damage when he hits, over and above what a player with average or less strength does. Players with high dexterity scores (18-17-16) not only hit with greater precision, but they are able to defend themselves far better than the average staffer. Players with strong constitutions (18-17) are so much hardier that they can absorb punishment with little or no affect. All of these factors are reflected in charts that are to follow.

Experience in the art of staffing and natural talent are reflected in the three stages of the art with stage one the least talented and stage three the most. These stages are given plusses for hitting purposes. Increased experience in the use of the quarterstaff naturally causes a raise in ability for any given player. 50 matches with a person or persons equal to or better than any given player where the player wins 30 of the 50 matches raises a first stage player to the second stage. Double the above situation allows a second stage staffer to advance to the third stage.

In any melee situation either fighter has three choices: they may attack twice (written as A-A), attack and defend (written as A-D), or defend twice (written as D-D).

These two choices are carried out in the same melee turn by both staffers. Attacking is merely a matter of rolling a 20 sided die and noting the number. The first stage of staff proficiency allows the player to hit on a roll of 12 or more. The second stage player needs a roll of 11 and the third stage player needs a roll of 9. When a hit is scored the successful player rolls a six sided die for the amount of damage done to the other player and adds any strength bonuses. An unmodified hit of 20 adds one point of damage to the six sided die.

If a player attacks twice in the melee turn, he rolls the 20 sider twice. Two hits would result in two six siders being thrown for damage on the other player. In this double attack option, since players do not use their staff for defense, they must take an extra three points of damage if they are hit in that melee turn. Note that they do not take an extra three points per hit as a result of the other player also attacking twice and hitting twice. Usually a staffer will attack and defend in any given melee turn. The defending process is merely a matter of rolling a six sided die and subtracting it from any damage done by the opponent in that melee turn. This defending roll is only used in that melee turn. The third option of defending twice has the defender rolling two six sided dice for a total score used against any damage done to him that turn.

If in any given melee turn that a staffer strikes twice and does more than four points of damage to his opponent, that opponent is forced to defend twice in the next melee turn.

When a staffer defends twice in his melee turn to negate all the damage done to him, he hits with a plus one on his first strike in the next melee turn.

The total amount of damage taken by any player is represented by the players constitution and strength scores added together (referred to as the Combat Index). This score is used when damage points are subtracted. A player may fight until he is down to one point; at this point he is considered out cold.

Staffers usually wore little or no armor (except in some cases, a helmet of stout leather or steel), but for those who wish it, the use of chainmail absorbs four points of damage every time a player is hit. The use of platemail absorbs six points every time the player is hit. However, a player wearing chainmail must add 3 to his roll; plate adds 5.

In any given melee the player with the highest Combat Index states what option he is using and then the other player states theirs and they both roll the dice. All combat is simultaneous regardless of any first hit on either side. A suggested option to this battle method is to secretly write down every melee turn what each player plans on doing.

CHANCE OF HITTING USING A 20-SIDED DIE:

First stage staffer needs a 12 to hit.
Second stage staffer needs an 11 to hit.
Third stage staffer needs a 9 to hit.

STRENGTH BONUSES:

18 strength — plus 2 on damage
17 strength — plus 1 on damage

CONSTITUTION BONUSES:

18 constitution — absorbs 2 points of damage every melee turn
17 constitution — absorbs 1 point of damage every melee turn

DEXTERITY BONUSES:

18 dexterity — plus 3 on hitting and plus 2 points absorbed in damage
17 dexterity — plus 2 on hitting and plus 1 point absorbed in damage
16 dexterity — plus 1 on hitting and no pluses absorbed in the melee turn

EXAMPLE OF STAFF BATTLE:

Little John and Will Scarlet of Robin Hood's band decided to have a friendly match with staves.

Little John
Strength — 18
Dexterity — 18
Constitution — 18
Third Stage of proficiency
Combat Index — 36

He hits on a roll of 7 or more.
He absorbs 4 points of damage every melee turn.
He does 2 extra points of damage every time he hits.

Will Scarlet
Strength — 17
Dexterity — 18
Constitution — 17
Third Stage of proficiency
Combat Index — 34

He hits on a roll of 7 or more.
He absorbs 3 points of damage every melee turn.
He does 1 extra point of damage every time he hits.

John: A-A 13-2 John does 6 points plus 2 for his strength	Will: A-D 18-(2) Will does 1 point of damage plus 1 for his strength and plus 3 since John attacked twice this turn

After subtracting for absorption, John took 1 point of damage and Will took 5 points — 2 points for Will's defense.

The following rounds went as follows:

J: A-A (5-6)	W: A-D (18- (3)) Total: 4 plus 1 plus "3"
J:5 W:3	
J: A-D (3- (4))	W: A-D (20- (4)) Total: 6 plus 1 plus "1" for the 20
J:5 W:3	
J: A-D (20- (6)) Total: 6 plus 2 plus "3" plus "1"	W: A-A (14-11) Total: 4 plus 1 plus 5 plus 1
J: 6 W: 11	
J: Defend-Defend (3)- (6) "He doesn't have to do this because he was hit twice last turn and took less than 4 points damage."	W: A-A (2-15)

The most notable of all the worlds staffers would have to be Robin Hood and the famous members of his band. For your use in historical simulations their probable qualities are supplied.

ROBIN HOOD:
Strength — 17
Dexterity — 18
Constitution — 17
Third Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 34

He hits on a roll of 7 or more.
He absorbs 3 points of damage every melee turn.
He does 1 extra point of damage every time he hits.

LITTLE JOHN:
Strength — 18
Dexterity — 18
Constitution — 18
Third Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 36

WILL SCARLET:
Strength — 18
Dexterity — 17
Constitution — 17
Third Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 35

WILL STUTELY:
Strength — 17
Dexterity — 17
Constitution — 15
Third Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 32

FRIAR TUCK:
Strength — 18
Dexterity — 16
Constitution — 17
Third Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 35

ARTHUR-A-BLAND:
Strength — 17
Dexterity — 18
Constitution — 18
Third Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 35

DAVID OF DONCASTER:
Strength — 17
Dexterity — 17
Constitution — 17
Second Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 34

WAT OF THE CRAB STAFF:
Strength — 17
Dexterity — 16
Constitution — 18
Third Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 35

MUCH THE MILLERS SON:
Strength — 17
Dexterity — 17
Constitution — 17
Second Stage of Proficiency
Combat Index — 34

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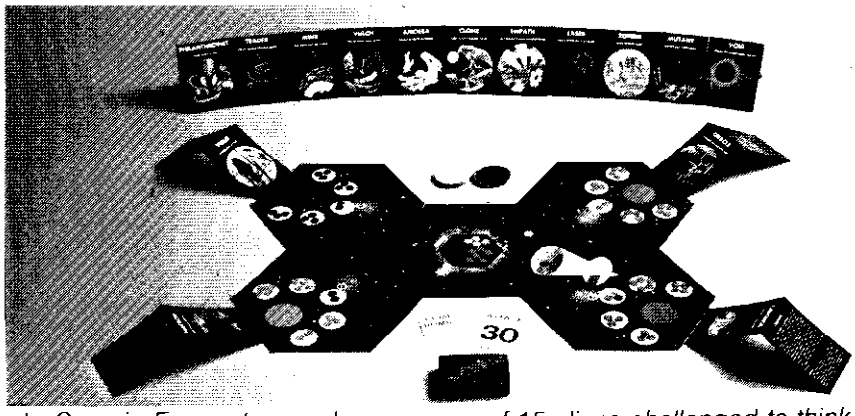

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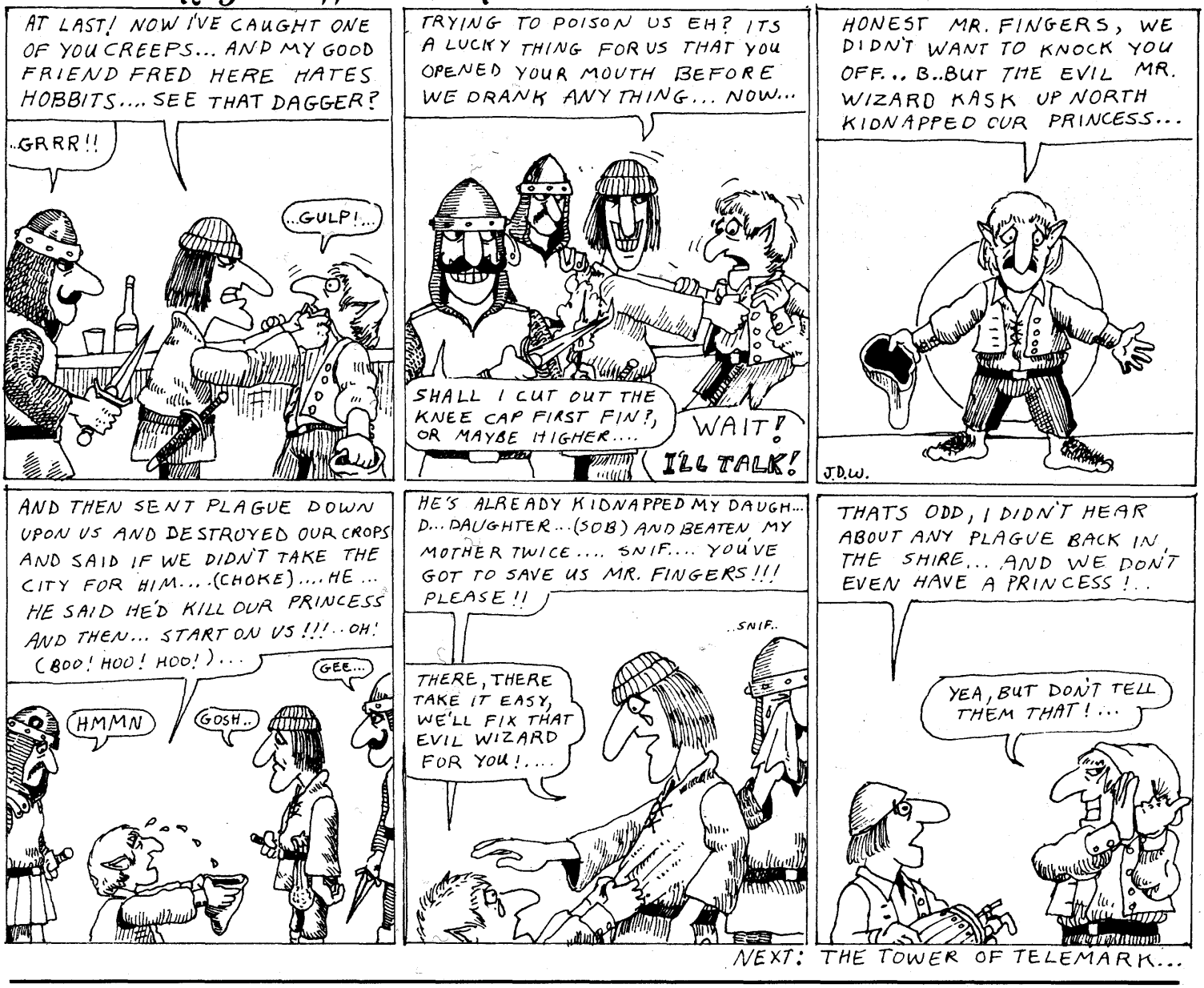
WORMY
ALL TOGETHER NOW!
WHAT DRAGON HATH NO LUST FOR GOLD WOULD SWIPE INSTEAD THE BALLS WE BOWLED, OH WORM, TAKE HEED! THY WICKED DEED HATH FORCED OUR SUMMER LEAGUES TO FOLD!
WHO TOLD YOU ROCKEATERS YOU COULD GET DRUNK IN MY FRONT YARD?
WELL MET, SAURIAN! NOW WOULDST THOU BE SO BENEVOLENT AS TO TENDER YON BOWLING BALLS OR MIGHT I NEED LODGETH MY TRUSTY FALCHION IN THY RIGHT ANKLE?
YOU MIGHT JUST NEED IT LODGETHED UP YOUR NOSE! THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL EVER GET 'EM BACK IS BY FOILING THE DRAGON'S CONUNDRUM.
SKR/TCH!
UHH!
HOW NOW? A RIDDLE? WILT THOU WAGER ALL TWO-AND-TWENTY BALLS UPON A MERE PUZZLE? HA! METHINKS SUCH FOLLY SHALT AUGUR THY RUIN! PRITHEE, RIDDLER, PROCEED!
ALL RIGHT... (PUFF PUFF) WHAT WEARS CHAINMAIL (PUFF)... AND LOOKS LIKE BLACK PUDDING?
SHOOT! I DUNNO ... WHAT?
SQUASHED DWARVES!! HEE HEE HEE
EYAAA!
HOOG!
TRAMP

Finieous Fingers, Fred & Charly counter attack!
Or: Dorothy goes off to see the Wizard



REVIEW

NBC'S THE HOBBIT

Nothing is more disheartening than to see someone spend a great amount of effort, time and/or money on a project only to do it wrong or badly. Sad to say, that is just what happened with the Rankin/Bass collaboration recently aired on NBC.

The first few minutes gave incredible promise — the art was beautiful and showed that the animators had spared no efforts in bringing fine art to adult cartoons for prime time consumption, It is too bad that a similar amount of effort didn't go into the story development or to verify authenticity. To be honest, I would be most interested to know just whom they did consult. The pre-screening hype stated that they had faithfully followed J.R.R. Tolkein's epic fantasy and had consulted with a committee of so-called Tolkein "experts" to insure that the finished product we had beamed into our homes would be authentic.

They failed miserably. If someone new to fantasy were to sit down and watch that show, they would get some serious, incorrect impressions. Tolkein buffs (among whose numbers I sometimes place myself) were sure to be horrified to see what had been done. The Dwarves in the Rankin/Bass production were puny, cowardly and nearly craven in demeanor. Their physical "sameness" was very distressing; one of the joys of reading THE HOBBIT was JRRT'S fascinating descriptions of these intriguing visitors of Bilbo's. Their rather pacific behavior is a far more serious deviation.

Dwarves weren't the only ones to suffer from a lack of character development. Nowhere in the NBC production does the viewer get any impression of just how different from normal hobbits Bilbo is. In what is seen as basically a morality play by many people, to fail to develop the character in this light is unforgiveable. The whole impact of what Bilbo did in simply leaving his snug hole is completely lost on the uninformed viewer. That his unique character would be responsible for the entire *LORD OF THE RINGS* Trilogy, and all the repercussions this would have on MIDDLE EARTH, is totally wasted on the viewer that did not already know the story.

That a fantasy even got a prime time at all is a fine indication of its resurgent popularity. Nothing could make this reviewer happier than to see more quality fantasy and science fiction on the boob tube. Many viewers that were unfamiliar with the story complained that they had difficulty in following some of the compressed action. The device of compressing action into a song, such as the one when the Dwarves were

at Bilbo's house, is a nifty innovation, but fell short of its intentions.

Some serious liberties were taken with the story. Some of these were necessary to get a 90 minute production; some were unforgiveable. Beorn is one of the more interesting and mysterious characters, yet the writers excised all traces of him. Gandalf is depicted as calling up the dawn, rather than tricking the trolls into arguing until dawn. Not even the most vociferous of Gandalf's defenders have ever made the claim that he was powerful enough to summon the dawn. Gollum didn't look anything like the former Hobbit that he was. Instead, we had some oversized frog-like creature that seemed to bellow; a far cry from Tolkeins whining, sniffling wretch. The Arkenstone, that fabulous Dwarven treasure around which the entire confrontation between the men of Dale, the Elves, and Thorin's dwarves is resolved was also completely excised, along with all the attendant morality.

In summary, what we got was an inaccurate, poorly developed rehash of one of the finest fantasy novels ever written. Xerox, the sponsor, did not get its money's worth in material. They did, however, get great Neilsons. Pity . . . TJK.

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an open mind. On the other hand, as the persons who pioneered the whole fantasy role playing game concept, the designers and developers of *D&D*, the best selling game in its field, we hold to our rights and also believe in our ultimate ability to maintain our premier position with respect to new fantasy and science fiction role playing games. The test of all this, however, will come with the release of *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS*, *GAMMA WORLD*, and various other projects still some time off as of this writing. The final arbiter of all such matters is the consumer, for if people do not buy, there is no appeal of the decision. Meanwhile, we will continue to be innovative and create our own material and designs. It is not too much to expect that others do the same. The next time soneone complains about TSR not allowing them to publish or produce some *D&D* related item, perhaps you should ask that individual why he or she doesn't create their own game instead of trying to steal what is the property of another.

Monsters, Monsters, and More Monsters!

Here is a compendium of monsters, spirits, and minions that no serious **DUNGEONS & DRAGONS** enthusiast should be without!

The **MONSTER MANUAL** for **ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS** *is an encyclopedic* listing of over 350 monsters for use with D & D, giving a background outline of each, a rundown of applicable specifications for game purposes (all in advanced format), and - - in many cases - - an illustration. This vast collection takes in a wide variety of listings, all in alphabetical order - - men of various classes, elves, dwarves, halflings, devils and demons, and a horde of fearsome creatures. This massive compilation embraces the listings of the **DUNGEONS & DRAGONS** game itself, the several supplemental booklets published previously, the numerous "creature features" appearing in back issues of **THE STRATEGIC REVIEW** and **THE DRAGON** magazines, plus a considerable number of new and fascinating creations.

To illustrate the completeness of the material in the **MONSTER MANUAL**, here is a sample listing of a single monster:

CARRION CRAWLER

FREQUENCY: *Uncommon*
NO. APPEARING: *1-6*
ARMOR CLASS: *3-7*
MOVE: *12"*
HIT DICE: *3 + 1*
% IN LAIR: *50%*
TREASURE TYPE: *B*
NO. OF ATTACKS: *8*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *Paralysis*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *As above*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Nil*
MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Standard*
INTELLIGENCE: *Non-*
ALIGNMENT: *Neutral*
SIZE: *L (9' long)*
PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
Attack/Defense Modes: *Nil*

Carrion crawlers strongly resemble a cross between a giant green cutworm and a huge cephalopod. They are usually found only in subterranean areas. The carrion crawler is, as its name implies, a scavenger, but this does not preclude aggressive attacks upon living creatures, for that insures a constant supply of corpses upon which to feed or for deposit of eggs. The head of the monster is well protected, but its body is only armor class 7. A carrion crawler moves quite rapidly on its multiple legs despite its bulk, and a wall or ceiling is as easily traveled as a floor, for each of the beast's feet are equipped with sharp claws which hold it fast. The head is equipped with 8 tentacles which flail at prey; each 2' long tentacle exudes a gummy secretion which when fresh, will paralyze opponents (save versus paralyzation or it takes effect). As there are so many tentacles with which to hit, and thus multiple chances of being paralyzed, these monsters are greatly feared.

The **MONSTER MANUAL** features the original artwork of no less than 3 illustrators - - David C. Sutherland III, D.A. Trampier, and Tom Wham. Their work is showcased in over 200 drawings appearing throughout the book, in addition to a full color cover.

All in all, the **MONSTER MANUAL** runs to well over 100 pages of material, in 8½ x 11" format. And this volume sets new standards for quality, durability, and value as a game reference work, since it is **hard bound**. This makes the **MANUAL** useful and valuable for years to come. If you play D & D, you won't want to be without a copy!

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Floating in Timeless Space

Somewhen, long, long, away, or within, or close, or not close (depending on why you're from), a bunch of Snits ran out of a sea to reproduce in a Snandergrab. After a few such trips, the local residents ashore, the Bolotomi (that's plural for Bolotomus) began smashing Snits for sport (as there was little else for them to do). The Snit God did not like this. He appealed to the almighty gamemaster, Bulbous, for a rules change, and the result was...

SNIT'S REVENGE®

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A game for 2 players
Copyright 1977, The Dragon Magazine

PREPARE FOR PLAY

Carefully remove the mapsheet and rules from the center of your copy of the Dragon. Cut the playing board away from the playing pieces. For best results, the playing pieces should be glued to a sheet of card stock before cutting them out. A self-adhesive vinyl floor tile makes an ideal backing and can be cut with a hobby knife or-even a pair of scissors. You will need some six sided dice, and, for the Advanced Game, a 12 sided die, paper and a pencil or two.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME

Snit's Revenge is a two player game. One player assumes the role of a single Bolotomus, fighting off an infestation of Snits. The other player commands the Snit onslaught. The exact number of Snits attacking may be kept secret until after the game. The Bolotomus sets up the Snorgs (little thingies that are in charge of the internal organs of the Bolotomus), each in its appropriate organ. The Snits, now bent on the destruction of a Bolotomus, do not run for the Snandergrab as before. Instead, they rush under the nearest Bolotomus and enter its body through any or all of the orifices thereon.

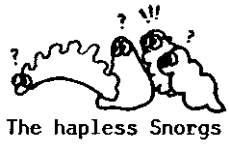
Once inside, the Snits proceed from organ to organ, via the canals and channels, kicking the snot out of the hapless Snorgs. When a Snorg dies, its organ ceases to function. When enough organs cease to function, the Bolotomus dies.

The first time Snits attacked a Bolotomus, it died a quick and painless death, since it had no defenses once the Snits were inside its body. (You can play that scenario by leaving out the Makums and Runnungitms.) **A loud** squawk from the God of the Bolotomi, however, persuaded Bulbous to zap a new organ into the remaining Bolotomi... the Lapotum. The Lapotum converts Makums (created elsewhere in the body) into Runnungitms. nungitms convert Snits into meals.

THE PLAYING PIECES

There are six different types of playing pieces:

The invading Snits



The hapless Snorgs

The nasty Makums

The hungry Runnungitms

The Splops

The Spark of Life

Snits, Snorgs, Makums, and Runnungitms are all motile (capable of movement). The Splops and the Spark are placed, face down, underneath four different Snorgs before play begins. Once in place, they may not move.

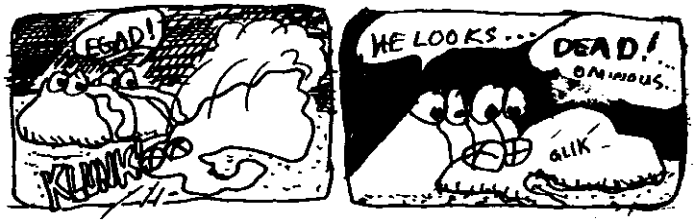
There should be 1 Spark, 3 Splops, 3 Makums, 15 Different Snorgs (one for each organ), 18 Runnungitms, and an infinite number of Snits. NOTE: We did not include that many with the game. If you need more Snits, swipe them from your SNIT SMASHING set or draw your own.

THE PLAYING BOARD

The game board is actually a cutaway view of the inside of a Bolotomus. The major features are the 16 organs and the many passageways connecting them. wider channels allow as many as two playing pieces to pass through them during a player's move, The narrow canals allow only one playing piece to pass through them during a player's move. The blue canals leading out of the Lapotum are impassable to Snits. (They're lined with Snit-resistant cilia.)

SET UP

The Bolotomus places one Snorg in each of its organs. It then secretly places the Splops and the Spark, face down under any four different Snorgs. The Spark may NOT be placed under the Snorg in the Lapotum. The 3 Makums and the 18 Runnungitms are placed next to the board-for use and re-use throughout the game. The Bolotomus takes one "duty" Runnungitm and places it in The Lapotum.



The Snit player assembles the invading Snit force on the table near the playing board. This may be covered with a sheet of paper to keep the exact quantity of attackers a secret. The number of invading Snits is determined in any one of the following ways, provided both players agree:

1. Snit player rolls 3 six sided dice and adds one spot to the number rolled. This yields 4-19 Snits.
2. The Snit Player gets as many Snits as he can balance on his nose in 30 seconds. The Bolotomus player may not touch, but may tell jokes.
3. Play a game of *SNIT SMASHING.* After each Run-to-the-Sea, flip a coin: Heads = invade with all Snits in the Sea, Tails = play another round.

SEQUENCE OF PLAY

Snit's Revenge is played in game turns. Each game turn is composed of two player turns. During a turn, players move their pieces about the board, from organ to organ, kicking and chomping at each other, in the following sequence:

Snit Player's Turn

1. MOVE SNITS — The Snit player moves some, all, or none of his Snits. Each Snit may move to an adjacent (connected by a channel or canal) organ. Going from outside the Bolotomus into an organ, or vice versa, is a move. On the first turn, then, a maximum of 5 Snits can be moved: two into the Antephellum, two run into the Glut, and one brave Snit may attempt a mad dash into the Fleotis (see GETTING INTO THE BOLOTOMUS).

2. SNIT KICKING — After all Snit movement is completed, any Snits occupying the Same organ as a Snorg may try to kick the snot out of it. Roll a die for each Snit. A roll of a 1 or 2 indicates that the Snorg has expired. Remove it from the playing board. Snits may attempt to kick Runnungitms in the same manner, but there's a rub. If a Snit kicks at a Runnungitm and misses, the Runnungitm immediately CHOMPS at the Snit out of turn. A group of Snits may declare that they are all going to attack a specific Runnungitm. This is called a *pack attack.* Snits making a *pack attack* roll all their dice at once. If they kill the Runnungitm, it gets no CHOMP. If they all miss, the Runnungitm may CHOMP at any one of the Snits that missed.

When multiple Snits encounter several thingies, such as Snorgs, Makums, and/or Runnungitms, Snit kicks should be rolled one-at-a-time unless making a *pack attack,* If enough Snits are present, everything in the organ may be attacked. Only one kick per Snit, per turn, please!

Bolotomus Player's Turn

1. MAKUM/RUNNUNGITMS — All Makums in the Lapotum are removed and replaced with Runnungitms.
2. COMPOSITORS COMPOSE — Each functioning Compositor may replace one Snorg or produce one Makum (place the new piece in the Compositor). A Compositor may only replace a Snorg if the Snorg in the organ has been killed. If several organs are knocked out, the Bolotomus may choose whether to build Snorgs or Makums, or a combination of both in different Compositors. The Bolotomus is not required to replace Snorgs, but failure to replace enough can be fatal... be careful.
3. MOVE THINGIES — The Bolotomus player may move some, all, or none, of the Runnungitms, Makums, or replacement Snorgs. Each may move from one organ to an adjacent organ, but may never leave the body of the Bolotomus.
4. CHOMPING — After all movement is completed, anywhere a Runnungitm is in the same organ as a Snit, the Runnungitm may attempt to catch the Snit and devour it. This is the infamous CHOMP, spoken of earlier. A die is rolled for each Runnungitm. A roll of 1, 2, or 3 indicates that the Runnungitm has eaten the Snit... remove both pieces from play. (Sad, but true. A Runnungitm lives only to eat a Snit. That done, it passes on, having fulfilled its mission in life.)

If several Runnungitms encounter several Snits in an organ, roll the CHOMPS one-at-a-time, specifying targets by name.

5. HAS ANYBODY WON YET? — Both players now check to see how many organs are not functioning. Any organ without its Snorg is not functioning. If the number of non-functioning organs equals or exceeds the number necessary to kill the Bolotomus (see HOW TO WIN), the Snits have won. If all Snits are dead, the Bolotomus wins. If no one has won, proceed to the next turn.

GETTING INTO THE BOLOTOMUS

At the outset of the game, all Snits are assumed to have run underneath the Bolotomus. Jumping from the ground into the Glut or the Antephellum is an ordinary move. Entering the Fleotis is another story. As long as both the Eye and the Prolobosinator are still functioning, the Bolotomus may smash at each Snit running for the Fleotis. The Bolotomus player rolls a die for each Snit. A roll of 1 thru 5 indicates a smashed Snit. A result of 6 and the lucky devil makes it!

If either the Eye or the Prolobosinator are not functioning, the Bolotomus smashes Fleotis bound Snits only on a die roll of 1. If both the Eye *and* the Prolobosinator are knocked out, the Bolotomus cannot smash, and Snits may freely come and go through the Fleotis.

MOVEMENT RESTRICTIONS

1. Snits, replacement Snorgs, Makums, and Runnungitms may all move only from one organ to another adjacent organ in a single move.
2. A Snorg may not leave its organ. However, replacement Snorgs may take any route they wish while returning to duty. They may want to wait until the Snits have moved out of the way.
3. A maximum of two creatures may pass through a channel on a player's move. (two for each player)
4. Only one creature may pass through a canal on a player's move. (one for each player)
5. Any number of creatures may occupy an organ.
6. Blue tinted canals leading to the Lapotum may not be used by Snits.
7. Only Snits may exist outside the body of the Bolotomus. (Gowangitms are in the next game.)

SPLOPS AND THE SPARK OF LIFE

Anytime a Snit kicks the snot out of the Snorg with the Spark of Life hidden under it, the Bolotomus immediately dies and the Snits have won the game. The Spark may not be hidden in the Lapotum, for obvious reasons.

Anytime a Snit kicks the Snot out of a Snorg with a Splop under it, that's just what happens... Splop! The Snorg explodes, killing itself and the unfortunate Snit that kicked it.

HOW TO WIN

Either side wins by exterminating the other. Anytime the Spark of Life is Killed, the Bolotomus dies. A small number of attacking Snits has little chance of getting to the Spark. They are more likely to be able to kill the Bolotomus through System Shock, The point at which death by System Shock occurs, varies according to the following table:

Invading Snits	1-6	7-9	10-12	13-14	15-16	17-18	19+
System Shock*	5	6	7	8	10	12	14

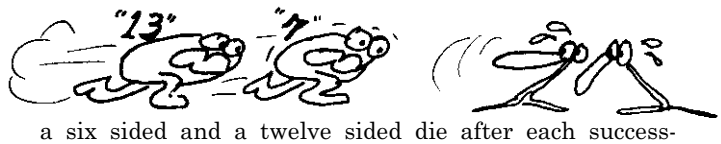
* The number of non-functioning organs needed to kill the Bolotomus. Players check for System Shock at the end of each complete turn. You will find it helpful to mark all non-functioning organs with a penny.

ADVANCED REVENGE!!

The following rules may be added to Snit's Revenge at the players' discretion. They add more personality to the creatures and time to the play of the game.

RUNNUNGITM NUMBERS

With a fine marker, number your Runnungitms, one through eighteen. These numbers represent the metabolic value of each Runnungitm. They also represent the number needed as a saving throw, when the Runnungitm is kicked by a Snit. The Bolotomus player rolls



a six sided and a twelve sided die after each successful Snit kick against the Runnungitm. If the total number rolled on both dice exceeds the metabolic value of the Runnungitm, it dies. If not, it lives, but does not get a free CHOMP at a Snit. It is bouncing around from the sheer force of the Snit kick.

THE RUNNUNGITM POOL

Before the game, all Runnungitm pieces are turned face down on the table near the playing board. Whenever a Makum is converted to a Runnungitm, draw one at random from the pool and place it in the Lapotum. When a Runnungitm dies, throw the piece back in the pool, face down.

HIDDEN SPLOPS AND THE SPARK

The Splop and Spark pieces are not placed on the board. Instead, the Bolotomus player notes on a bit of paper, where they are hidden, revealing their locations only when they are exploded or killed.

SNIT ABILITIES

Those familiar with SNIT SMASHING (the game in Dragon #10) already know what this involves. If you are carrying Snits over from a game of SNIT SMASHING, you already have these abilities prepared. The following methods for obtaining Snit abilities should not be used if you are linking the two games,

All Snits should be named. Use imagination and write the names directly on the Snit pieces. Each Snit can now be given two factors common to all Snits, Life Force and Speed. Keep a record of your Snits on a piece of paper.

Roll a six sided die for each Snit. That is its Life Force. Life force is a measure of how long the Snit will live.

Roll two six sided dice, adding one spot to the number rolled, for each Snit. This is the speed of the Snit. In this game, the speed of a Snit is its ability to avoid getting devoured by a Runnungitm CHOMP. After each successful CHOMP, the Snit player rolls a 6 sided and a 12 sided die. If the total number rolled on both dice exceeds the speed of the Snit it gets eaten by the Runnumgitm. If not, the Snit loses one point from its Life Force and escapes.

SUPERSNITS

On the sheet with the Snit values, keep a record of all Snorgs, Makums, and Runnungitms killed by each Snit. Also record each time a Snit survives a CHOMP by making its saving throw, and each time a Snit survives an exploding Splop.

For every three kills and/or wounds sustained, a Snit adds one spot to its ability to kick, and one spot to its speed.

EXPLOSIVE SPLOPS

When a Snit kicks the Snot out of a Snorg with a Splop, instead of instant death, the Snit in question rolls a 12 sided die and subtracts that many points from its Life Force and/or Speed factors. A Snit must have at least one point of each to remain in play. A Snit with no Life Force is dead. A Snit with no speed factors cannot move or kick.

PUPUS

You may have wondered what happens to the remains of a Snit/Runnungitm after a successful CHOMP. The gorged Runnungitm sort of melts into an amorphous blob called (for ecological reasons) a PuPu. Simply flip over the dead Snit to represent the PuPu on the playing board. PuPus must be expelled from the Bolotomus as quickly as possible.

PuPu Flow

PuPus tend to flow naturally out of the Bolotomus in the direction of the nearest way out. Before each Bolotomus player turn, the Bolotomus rolls a 6 sided die for each PuPu that could possibly flow (some get stuck). Only one may flow through a canal, or two through a channel in a single turn. A result of 4, 5, or 6 passes a PuPu thru a Canal. A result of 3, 4, 5, or 6 passes a PuPu thru a Channel. In cases where a PuPu is an equal number of organs away from more than one orifice, the Bolotomus player may decide which way PuPuS flow.

Lodged PuPus

A PuPu which fails to get the result necessary to flow through a passageway, lodges in that passageway, and blocks all movement there until it is dislodged by the efforts of Snits, Snorgs, Makums, or Runnungitms.

During the Snit Kicking phase of the Snit player's turn, any or all Snits in an organ, may attempt to kick a lodged PuPu on through to the next organ. A successful kick of 1 or 2 on the die, dislodges the PuPu, and forces it into the adjacent organ (or out, if the PuPu was stuck in an orifice).

During the CHOMPING phase of the Bolotomus player turn, any Snorg or Makum, and any Runnungitm that is not CHOMPING at a Snit may attempt to push lodged PuPus on through to the next organ. One die roll is allowed per thingie. A result of 1, 2, or 3 frees the PuPu. No creature is ever required to push or kick at PuPus. Only the Flow is mandatory.

Tactical Use of PuPus

All creatures, during their Kick or CHOMP phase, may attempt to Kick or push free-floating PuPus (ones that are waiting to flow and are not lodged) through passageways to adjacent organs, or out. On a roll of 1 or 2, Snits can kick free-floating PuPus through passageways. On rolls of 1, 2, or 3, Bolotomus thingies may push free-floating PuPus through Passageways. However, for each free-floating PuPu traveling through a passageway, an additional die must be rolled to see if it lodges, just as though the PuPu were Flowing through the passageway.

The Bolotomus can use this rule to try to lodge PuPus in the way of oncoming Snits. For the Snits, the reverse is true. It can be very handy to have PuPus blocking the way of Runnungitms now and then.

MULTI-PLAYER SNIT'S REVENGE

Using either the Advanced or the Basic rules, several bands of snits may attack one Bolotomus. One player assumes the role of the Bolotomus. All other players are separate bands, or tribes, of Snits. YOU will need to make extra Snits.

Play is the same as two player, with the following changes and additions:

1. Every Snit player turn is preceeded with dice rolls to determine the order of movement for the various bands of Snits. High roll moves first each turn. No kicking is allowed until after all Snit players have had a chance to move. Movement restrictions apply to the Snit players as a whole. Once one player's Snits have used a passageway, no other Snits may use it until the next complete turn (two different players could share a channel).
2. Snit kicking occurs in the same order as did moves.
3. The Bolotomus wins if it lives. All bands of Snits are totalled to figure how many organs are needed to kill the Bolotomus by *System Shock*.
4. A Snit player wins by being the first to escape the body of the Bolotomus with the Spark of life.
5. When the Bolotomus dies, remove all thingies, leaving only the Snits, the Spark, and the PuPus (which no longer flow). Each Snit band now has its own turn to move and then attack. Snits are now allowed to kick at each other using the same kicks and saving throws as before. No pack attacks by Snits against Snits are allowed. Killing the Snit with the Spark gives possesion of the Spark to the killer.

CREDITS

Nobody wanted to take the credit for this... the following people were not involved:

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Development, playtesting, and other venerable aid: Rob Kuntz, Tim Kask, Brian Blume, Skip Williams, Ernie Gygax, Dave Sutherland, and Mike Carr.

Representing the Polish National Front on the East

Inspirations: EGG

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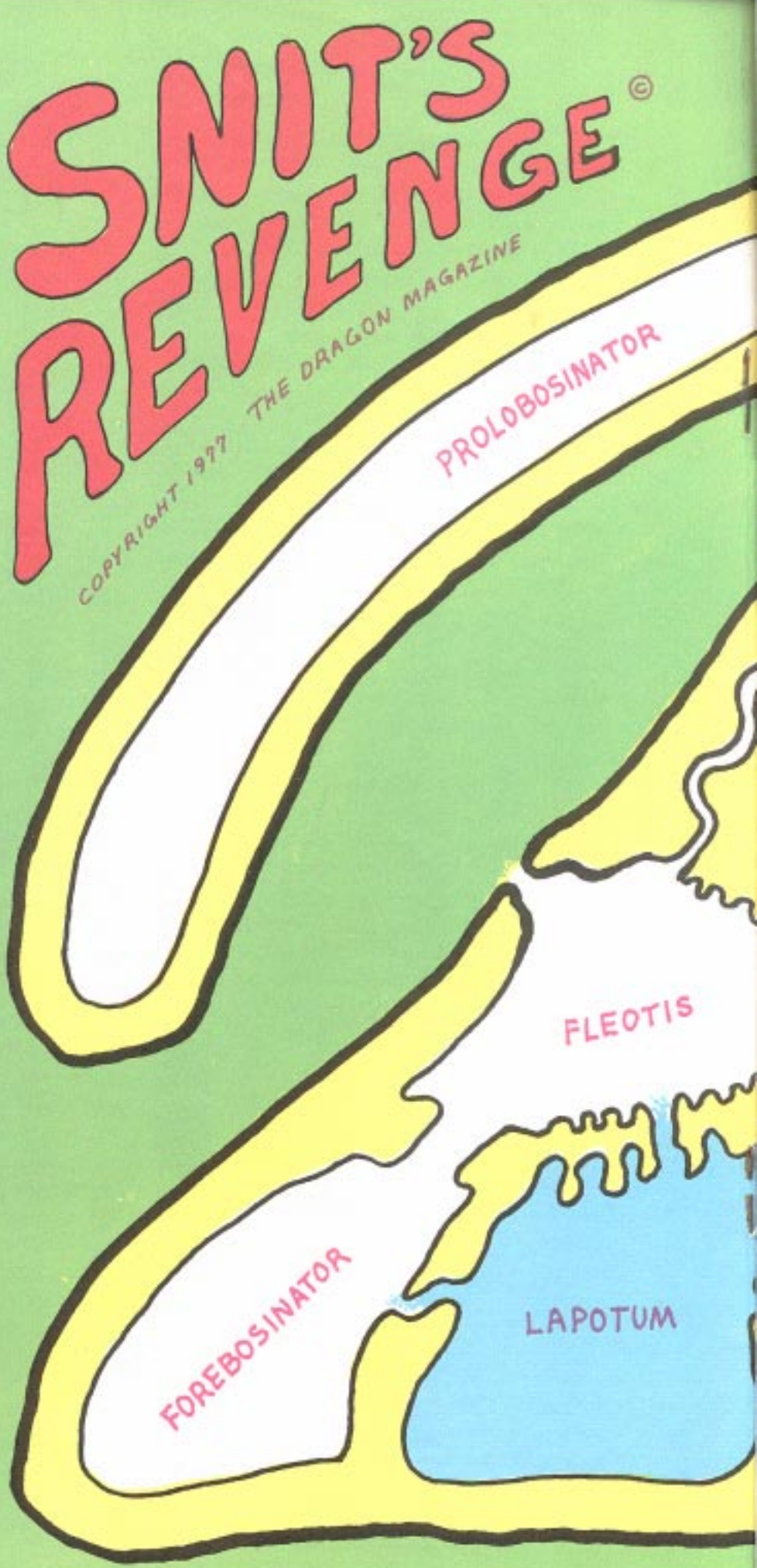

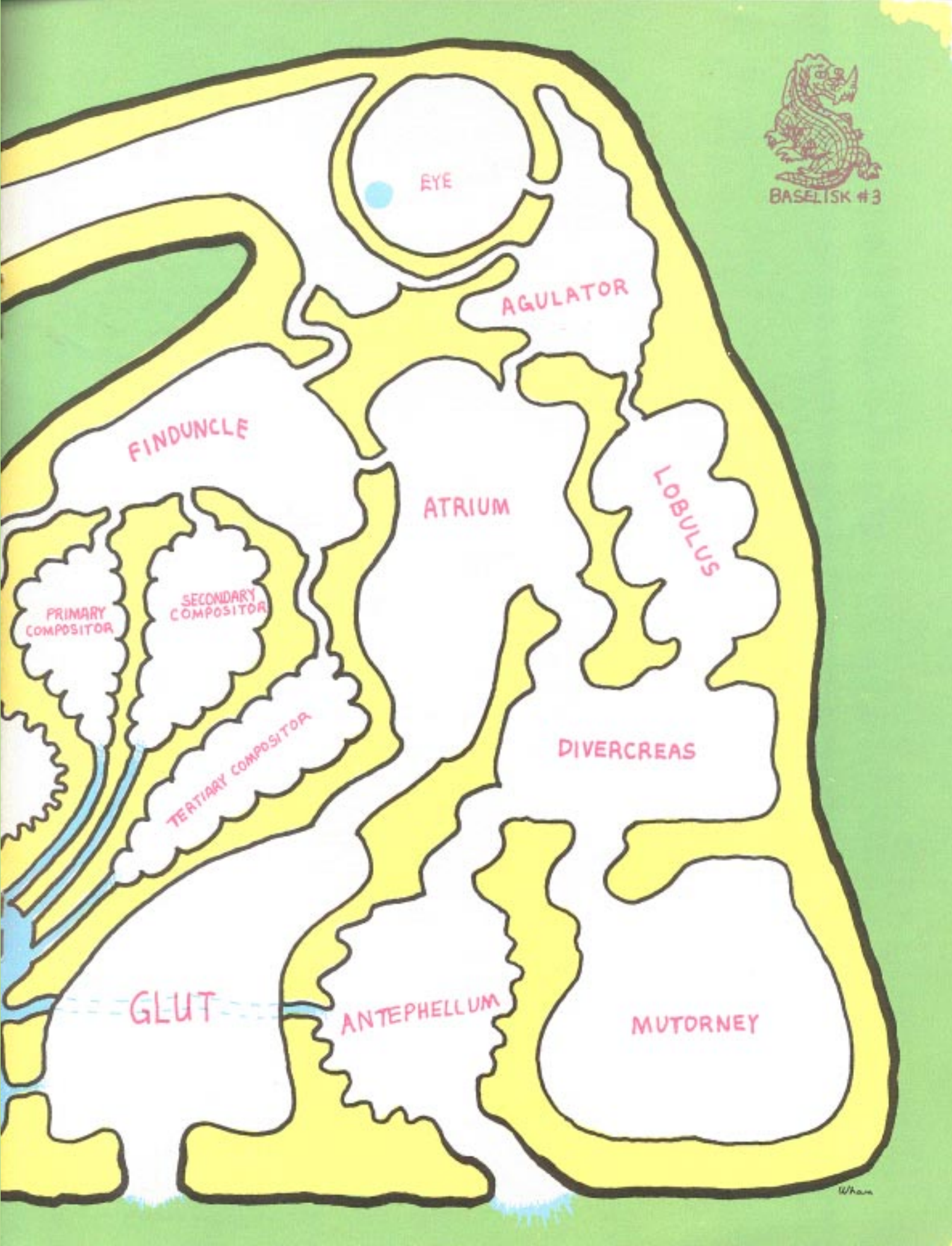
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