The Dragon

#12

Vol. II No. 6
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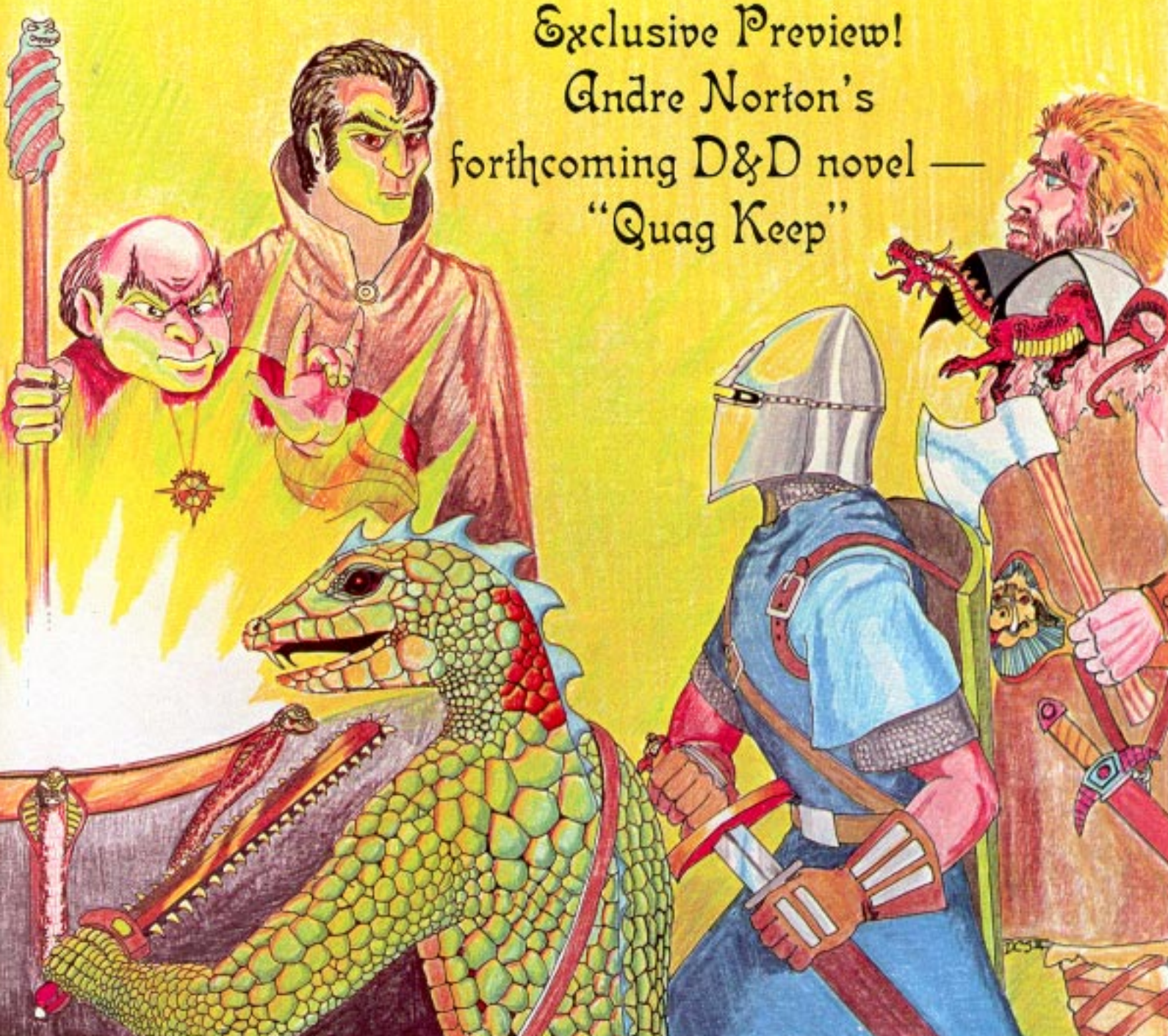

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Andre Norton's forthcoming D&D novel — "Quag Keep"

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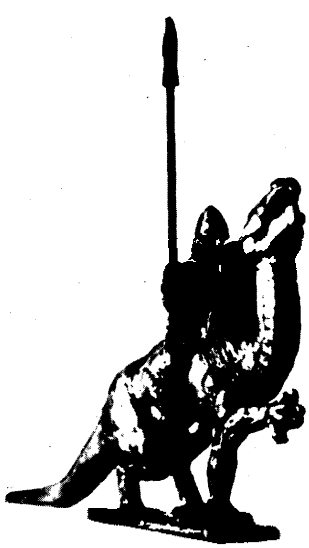

ES-35
Land Dragon
with Lancer

ES-1 — Evil Wizard

ES-41
Wing Lord

ES-42
Paladin

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On page six of this issue, you'll find our first statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation, as per Second Class mailing regulations. Check those numbers out carefully, and then pat yourself on the back, for it is to you, the readers, that TD owes it phenomenal success. Your support has made TD the largest non-organ in the field and placed it behind only ***The General, S&T*** and ***MOVES.*** We are quite satisfied with that position, particularly in light of the fact that all three of those magazines have had many years to get where they are.

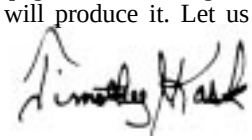
To maintain our position, we are going to increase our publishing schedule to monthly in April. You are reading this in Feb., if you are on time, and the magazine is also. The cover date of TD 13 will be April, and we plan to be mailing it out during the last week of March or a little earlier, though that is unlikely. From then on, TD will be appearing monthly. This means a number of things to you as readers, and more to any writers that may be reading this. For one thing, once we hit a monthly schedule you should notice better regularity in delivery. However, this means that more of each issue's content will be selected and typeset one to two months before publication. This may or may not nave an effect on how soon we can cover "new" releases, time alone will tell. Two or three pieces will be selected closer to printing time, so perhaps that problem will never arise. For any writers, or would be writers, this means that we are going to use a lot more material in a calendar year. Our content has shifted some in recent issues, and we hope to see it continue. However, if we don't receive the articles we can't print them. Therefore, we are making our bi-annual appeal for good quality material. We need good material on all FRP (fantasy role playing) games that are popular, including additions, variants, etc. We also need some good reviews, as well as some good analysis-type articles on currently popular fantasy, S&S and S-F games. We can also use good satire and humor pieces, as well as art. Recent authors will attest to the fact that we are now paying good money, upon publication and not months later as has sometimes happened in the past.

Effective April 78, subscription prices will double, because the frequency has doubled over the original schedule. When we started, we were bi-monthly and a year's sub was $9. Now, however, a year consists of twice as many issues, hence the sub price of $18 for 12 issues. Price remains the same per issue (what other mag can say they haven't raised prices in well over a year?) it's just a bigger chunk.

We've been kicking around the idea of having some TD T-shirts made. They would probably have some Snits doing something on the front, with the logo-dragon and logo on the back. We were also considering them in two colors plus white (similar to the TSR shirts). If you think you'd be interested in having/acquiring one, let us know. If the interest is there, rest assured that we will try to supply them.

Another project we have on the drawing board is a reprint of all the best material from the first volume of TD (1-6). We are also letting the old SR go out of print, so there is a good chance we would also cull them for good material. We envision a 64 or 56 page volume, selling for $2.50-$3.00. If the interest is sufficient, we will produce it. Let us Know . . .

Timothy J **Kask**
Editor



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THE MORE HUMOROUS SIDE OF D&D, or, "THEY SHOOT HIRELINGS, DON'T THEY?"

by Leon Wheeler

There is, undoubtedly, a humorous side to dungeon expeditions. This being the standard comedy routine provided, unwittingly, by the characters for the amusement of the D.M.

First, I would like to thank the innovator of the Denebian Slime Devil (whose name escapes me) for the shrieks of dismay, numerous acts of Hari-Kari, and shouts of "Why me Lord?" that occur in my dungeon.

Upon one occasion, a cleric, a fighter (myself) and their respective hired fighters came upon the door to a room that they knew to contain numerous orcs. (having been badly chewed up here before) Remembering their past two experiences with said orcs, and not wishing to receive any more scars, the fighter quickly spiked the door solidly shut. (seven spikes) After this was finished, the cleric, using every point of his seven intelligence, decided to stir up the orcs inside by banging on the door with his mace. As the fighter consulted his hireling (a former carpenter) as to whether more spikes might be needed, the cleric soundly rapped the door as he had planned, while the rest of the party looked on with horror.

Much to the cleric's pleasure, the orcs scrabbled madly at the door, trying to get out. The cleric thought this so humorous that he proceeded to rap the door again, getting an equally violent reaction from the orcs. Two spikes came loose and fell to the floor.

At this point the fighter was reaching for his length of rope, eyeing the beams overhead for their strength, and attempting to remember how to make a hangman's noose.

The cleric, chuckling to himself, decided that such great fun shouldn't stop and so repeated his act. Now the spikes remaining began to bend, and the door to bulge before the furious onslaught of the orcs. The fighter had decided that his sword would be much quicker, and was drawing it.

Then the cleric, oblivious to any danger, rapped the door a fourth and final time. For the furious orcs, this was the last straw. The door burst open and out rushed six seething-mad orcs.

At this point the bravery of the cleric shined true as he grabbed his hireling by the arm (not wishing to lose an investment) and beat a hasty retreat up the hall. And so the battle was on. Both fighters hacked and sliced furiously, and, with a twinge of guilt, the cleric halted his retreat and ordered his hireling to load up his crossbow and try to hit an orc or two.

In the end, all the orcs were slain, (one by a crossbow bolt I might add) but alas, so was the fighter. His dying words were addressed to his hireling, and they were, "get that cleric!" Unfortunately, when one is faced with a loaded crossbow, he loses his former loyalty.

As an epilogue, this same cleric convinced the slain fighter's son to accompany him back to the same dungeon and room. As before, the door was firmly spiked, but this time when the cleric raised his mace to repeat his act, he received a quick sword-pommel between the eyes. This seems to have cured him of the habit of door-banging.

At other points in time, this guy, (as a fighter) performed other feats of amazing stupidity. At one time he locked a Hobbit and his pet wolves in with a Balrog. Luckily for the Hobbit, he had enough magical weaponry to defeat it, but when he got out of the room he was seething mad. (wouldn't you be?) Another time, when his hireling had been snatched up by a giant praying mantis, he whipped out his crossbow and began to fire. Although he missed the mantis with both shots, on the second shot he managed to hit his hireling in the back, killing him instantly.

And, for those of you D.M.'s who have never encountered such a creature and are skeptical as to the existence of more than one, I offer a second case whom I'll call Tallman. On his first expedition, Tallman's character set off on his own. Upon searching a small junk-filled chamber, he found two items that he felt were of importance, an old broom and a secret door. He proceeded to beat and kick on the door, but it absolutely refused to open. All else having, failed, he snatched up the old broom and charged the door with it in hand. (like a mounted lance) All he got for his troubles was a temporary -3 on his dexterity score for splinters. As he decided his next course of action, he happened to lean against that door, which swung open immediately. The fall he took cost him 1 hit point. Thankfully, this character was killed a few turns later by a N'gruths.

On his second expedition, as a magic-user, Tallman continued in his fine comedic tradition and even got funnier. On said expedition, he was accompanied by a 14th level wizard called Elross the Green, a Myrmidon whose name I never did learn, and several of Elross's hirelings.

The first room they visited was empty, but Tallman (the peon of the group) wouldn't even get within ten feet of it. Since it was empty anyway, Elross let it go at that. After they had opened the door of the next room, however, he bravely volunteered when I mentioned that they was coins on the floor. Unfortunately, Elross had different plans, and tripped Tallman before he could get to the door.

The coins having been collected, they moved on to the next door. Elross, having been here before, had encountered one of my footpads who lurk over the door so as to leap down on unsuspecting foes, and as such was very cautious.

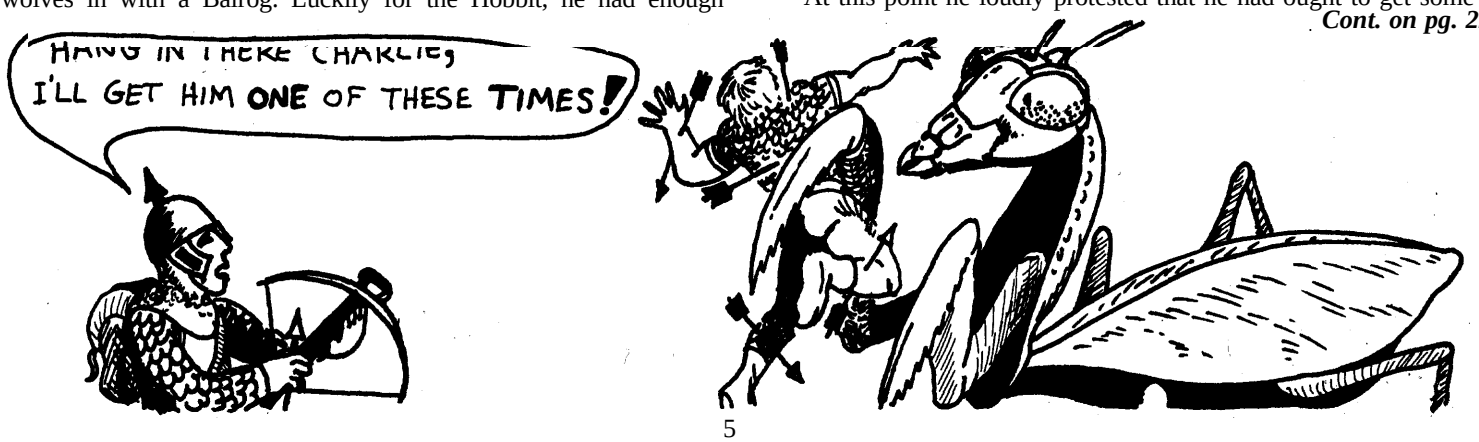
The footpad was pried off the wall with a ten foot pole and, thanks to two archers in Elross's employ, a slaughter ensued. After the footpad was finished off, Tallman was told to search the room. Tallman refused, making a rude noise and calling Elross an old, shriveled up, two-bit fraud. At that, Elross decided to prove that he could use magic, by POLYMORPHing Tallman into a small stone. He then picked up the stone, chucked it into the room, dispelled the POLYMORPH, and then slammed and WIZARD LOCKed the door.

So there he stood, naked and shivering, in a cold and damp room all by himself, all the time giving us his rendition of the old "what-did-I-ever-do-to-deserve-this?" routine. Having nothing better to do until they let him out, Tallman searched the room, finding a bag that appeared to be filled with silver.

He then asked a thoroughly rhetorical question, "What should I do?" To which the Myrmidon quickly replied, "Quick, Tallman, sleep the bag!" He then did so, using his only spell.

At this point he loudly protested that he had ought to get some-

Cont. on pg. 22



D&D Variant

A New Look at Illusionists

by Rafael Ovalle

Illusionists are magic users who have specialized in those spells pertaining to illusion, deception, the mind, sensory distortion, and visual and sonic effects. Spells in this region are usually lower level than comparable magic user spells because specialization decreases the amount of magical focus involved in casting.

In fact, due to their long association with the art of illusionary magic, illusionists have an innate ability to discriminate between those spells thrown by an illusionist and the same spells thrown by a magic user or a cleric, i.e. an illusionist can recognize the handiwork of a colleague. Magic users don't have the experience to recognize such subtleties.

It is more difficult to discern illusions used by other creatures such as Rakshasa, succubi, and leprechauns or to recognize a polymorphed object. Illusionists have a 7% chance per level of recognizing such disguised creatures or objects upon seeing them, though what caused the disguise will still be a mystery.

But illusionists do have limitations. Because of their specialization, illusionists cannot use fireballs or lightning; not that they need to. For that matter, magic users cannot research spells similar to the hypnotic pattern except at very high levels. In short, offensive spells cannot be traded without great penalty.

On the other hand, defensive spells can be traded with less penalty, i.e. shield is a fourth-level illusionist spell and improved invisibility is a fifth-level magic-user spell. Spells which are informational, like detect magic, contact higher plane, or legend lore are freely tradeable and remain at the same level. Vision as an exception can never be researched.

When it comes to fighting, illusionists have one advantage over all other classes: the ability to attack astral and ethereal monsters. The astral, ethereal, and real planes, though physically out of phase with one another, have light in common. Astral and ethereal monsters can usually see everything in their own plane and in the real plane. As they can be stoned by basilisks, so are they also affected by those spells of a purely visual nature. Hypnosis, hypnotic pattern, gaze reflection, vampire and umber hulk gaze, eyes of charming, symbols, etc. all have their appropriate effects when looked at. An ethereal party can safely walk over a symbol on the real plane but will suffer the consequences if caught looking.

Finally, when the class illusionist was constructed few provisions were made for those magic items which they could use. Illusionists, in correction, can use those items designated for all or magic users with the exception of those items which duplicate non-illusionist magic-user type spells.

Specifically the illusionist can use Rods of Rulership, Cancellation and Beguilement; all Wands of Detection; Wands of Illusion, Fear, Polymorph and Negation; Staffs of Command and Striking; Crystal Balls, Talismans of the Sphere and the Wizard's Robe for hypnosis and polymorph. Illusionists cannot use any other magic-user items, even the cursed ones.

To play an illusionist is very difficult and treacherous but there is more room for creativity. With these additions the risks are worth it.

Illusionist Spell Tables

1st level
Read Magic*
Read Language*
Mirror Image*
Pyrotechnics*
Ventriloquism*
Phantasmal Force*
Color Spray**
Light*
Detect Magic*
Gaze Reflection***
Detect Invisible*
Wall of Fog***
Displacement***
Hypnotism/Suggestion***

2nd level
Protection/Evil*
Continual Light/MU*
Illusionary Script**
Blindness**
Misdetect**
Hypnotic Patterns**
Deafness**
Rope Trick*
Blur**
Dispel Illusion***
Locate Object*
Displacement 10'R***
Continual Darkness (MU)*
Personal Silence***
Magic Mouth*
Invisibility*

3rd level
Continual Light (Clerical)*
Invisibility 10' R*
Imp. Displacement***
Confusion*
Fear**
Paralysis**
Continual Dark (Clerical)*
Polymorph***
Sensory Deprivation***
Nondetect**
Hallucinatory Terrain**
Phantasmal Killer**
Dispel Exhaustion**
Silence 15' R*
Multiple Hypnosis/Suggestion***
Discord***
Hypnotize Monster***

4th level
Feeblemind***
Project image*
Protection/Evil 10'*
Shield*
Imp. Invisibility**
Massmorph*
Shadow Monster**
Shadow Magic***
Minor Creation**
Emotions**
Gaze of Umber Hulk***
Extension I*

5th level
Summon Shadow**
Major Creation**
Chaos**
Demi Shadow Monsters**
Demi Shadow Magic***
Create Spectres***
Geas*
Simulacrum*
Beguilement***
Contact Higher Plane*
First Level Spells***

6th level
Legend Lore*
Polymorph Object*
Symbol***
Power Word Blind*
Power Word Stun*
Basilisk Gaze***
Second Level Spells***

7th level
Gate*
Astral Spell*
Prismatic Wall**
Prismatic Spray**
Maze**
Vision**
Alter Reality***
Anti Magic Shell*

*MU equivalent **Normal ***New spell interpretation

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Explanation of Spells

Note: For those spells which use the eyes as a point of focus the caster need not speak or use overt hand motions.

1st level
Wall of Fog:
As before but with 3-12 plus level of illusionist turns in duration after concentration ceases.
Gaze Reflection:
Can be used as a mirror to bounce visual spells or rays of light, not other magic.
Hypnotism/Suggestion:
Hypnotism as before, posthypnotic suggestions can then be placed to take effect after hypnosis is released (Save for each suggestion. On saving charm is broken.)
Displacement:
Illusionist can cause his image to appear 0-10 feet from his true location and vary distance at will. Duration 1-6 turns plus level of caster.

2nd level
Dispel Illusion:
As before but can be used against any illustion-type spell. Will automatically dispel MU-cast illusionist spells.
Displacement 10' radius:
As clerical silence in description, duration and range, but the effect is displacement.
Personal Silence:
As clerical silence for caster.

3rd level
Improved Displacement:
As displacement 10' with unlimited duration.
Sensory Displacement:
Save against magic or victim will be Blind, Deaf and Disoriented until dispelled.
Discord:
Save against magic or victim will act as if wearing rings of delusion and contrariness.
Multiple Hypnosis:
As Hypnosis/Suggestion, affects 1-4.
Hypnotize Monster:
Affects all creatures, treat as charm monster +2

4th level
Feeblemind:
As MU feeblemind but with Magic User — 30% off saving throw; Cleric — 10% off; Illusionist — normal saving throw
Shadow Magic:
Same as before but include:
Finger of Death: cause disease or affects 2 levels
Blade Barrier: 1-8 point damage
Cause Serious Wounds: 1 point damage
Gaze of Umber Hulk:
Treat as umber hulk. Illusionist can be affected by reflection. Must meet eyes. Duration, as long as the illusionist concentrates. Range, as far as can be seen 6" or 12".

5th level
Demi Shadow Magic:
same as before but include:
Power Word Kill — Affects 1-4 hit points
Holy Word — 2-16 first-level types
Prismatic Wall — 2 or 4 points damage
Ice Storm — 1-6 points of damage
Symbol — no effect
Beguilement:
As Rod of Beguilement

First Level MU Spells:
Due to the complex&s of the alien symbols, before the caster can write the spell in his spell book, he must save against magic or wait two game weeks before attempting it again. Once done he must save by intelligence (using psionic table) or wait two more weeks. Thereafter, illusionist is able to use any first level MU spell as a first level. The effect never wears off unless level-drained, feebleminded or dispelled.

Create Spectres:
Same as before; this spell is the equivalent of an Animate Dead. Spectres so created have no draining ability. They cannot however be harmed either by weapons or magic save haste which shortens their life span by half or time stop which destroys them.

6th level
Symbol:
Insanity, same as MU
Fear, same as MU
Confusion, same as Fear
Discord, same as MU
Paralysis, same as Power Word: Stun
Basilisk Gaze:
Same as Umber Hulk Gaze except save against turning to stone.
Second Level Spells:
Same as First Level Spells except double time penalty.

7th level
Alter Reality:
Same as before but full wish not limited wish.

In the spring a young man's thoughts turn to . . .

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D&D Variant

THE PERSIAN MYTHOS

by Jerome Arkenberg

The ancient Persian religion, Zoroastrianism, is a dualist system. This means that the Persian Gods are either Good (Lawful), or Evil (Chaotic). Ahura Mazda, the Archangels, and the Yazatas are opposed to Ahriman and the Archdemons, who try to destroy Ahura Mazda's creations.

THE FORCES OF GOOD

AHURA MAZDA or OHRMAZD — The Wise Lord
Armor Class: -2 Magic Ability: Unlimited Spells
Move: 20" Fighter Ability: Lord — 40th
Hit Points: Unlimited Psionic Ability: Class 6

Ahura Mazda is characterized by his great Wisdom. He is bounteous and perfect goodness. He is the Creator and is eternal, but is not omnipotent for he is limited by his Arch-enemy, Ahriman. Ahura Mazda wears a star-decked robe. The "swift-horsed sun" is his eye. His throne is in the highest heaven, in celestial light.

The Archangels — These are the sons and daughters of Ahura Mazda, and usually take the form of beautiful young men and women in their twenties.

VOHU MANAH — Good Mind
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Vohu Manah sits at the right hand of Ahura Mazda. He protects useful animals in the world and also deals with men. He keeps a daily record of Men's thoughts, words, and deeds.

ASHA — Truth
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18' Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Asha is the most beautiful of the Archangels. Those who do not know Asha can never enter heaven. Asha preserves order on Earth for he smites disease, death, fiends, sorcerers, and other evil creatures.

KSHATHRA VAIRYA — the Desired Kingdom
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18' Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Kshathra Vairya represents the might, majesty, dominion and power of Ahura Mazda. He helps the poor and weak and protects metals. Through him Ahura Mazda allots final rewards and punishments.

ARMAITI — Devotion
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Armaiti sits at the left hand of Ahura Mazda. She represents faithful obedience, religious harmony and worship. She rejoices when the righteous cultivate the land and rear cattle, or when a righteous son is born.

HAURVATAT & AMERETAT — Integrity & Immortality
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Haurvatat, Integrity, is associated with water. Her gift is wealth. Ameretat, Immortality, the other half of this closely entwined pair, is associated with vegetation. Her gift is herds of cattle.

SRAOSHA — Obedience
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Sraosha is a warrior in armor, armed with a Battle Axe (+3). Sraosha protects the world at night when the demons are on the prowl.

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MITHRA — Contract

Armor Class: 2	Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250	Psionic Ability: Class 1

Mithra preserves Truth and Order in the world by fighting against Deceit. He is a strong warrior with a pike of silver (+1), gold armor (+3), and strong shoulders. He judges the dead.

The Yazatas

VAYU — The Wind

Armor Class: 2	Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th
Move 18"/36"	Fighter Ability: 15th
Hit Points: 250	Psionic Ability: Class 2

Vayu rides in a swift chariot drawn by 1000 horses. He produces lightning and makes the dawn appear. Vayu is a fearsome, broad-breasted warrior and carries a sharp spear (+1), and weapons of gold (all +2 to hit). If properly propitiated, he will deliver those who call upon him from all evil assaults.

TISHTRYA — The Rain

Armor Class: 2	Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th
Move: 15"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 14th
Hit Points: 225	Psionic Ability: Class 2

Tishtrya is a beneficent force. He can take three forms: that of a young boy of fifteen, that of a bull, and that of a horse. In any form, he is a great fighter, but only if animal sacrifices are made to him, for they sustain him.

ARDVI SURA ANAHITA — The Strong, Undefiled Waters

Armor Class: 2	Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th
Move: 15"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 11th
Hit Points: 175	Psionic Ability: Class 2

This goddess is the source of all waters, and thus of fertility. She is strong and bright, tall and beautiful. She wears a golden crown, and a golden necklace.

VERETHRAGNA — Victory

Armor Class: 2	Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th
Move: 15"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250	Psionic Ability: Class 2

Verethragna is the aggressive, irresistible force of victory. He has ten forms: 1.) A strong wind; 2.) A bull with yellow ears and golden horns; 3.) A white horse; 4.) A burdenbearing camel; 5.) A sharp-toothed male boar; 6.) A fifteen year old boy; 7.) A raven; 8.) A wild ram; 9.) A fighting buck; 10.) A man with a golden sword.

RAPITHWIN — Lord of the Noon-Day Heat

Armor Class: 2	Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th
Move: 15"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 14th
Hit Points: 225	Psionic Ability: Class 2

Rapithwin is the Lord of the ideal world. It was at Noon that the world was created, and it will be Noon when Ahriman is destroyed. Rapithwin's chief enemy is the Demon Winter.

ATAR — Fire

Armor Class: 1	Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th
Move: 18"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 14th
Hit Points: 250	Psionic Ability: Class 1

Atar is the Son of Ahura Mazda, the sign of His presence. He is 10 feet tall, has a head of blue-white flames, but looks like a young man of fifteen in all other respects.

HAOMA — Plant & God

Armor Class: 3	Magic Ability: Wizard — 12th
Move: 15"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 10th
Hit Points: 175	Psionic Ability: Class 3

Haoma is both plant and god. When, as a plant, he is pressed, he dies and causes the defeat of evil for the faithful. Those who have pressed Haoma before, have been blessed with a great son. As a God, Haoma makes offerings to the other gods, and is present at every offering of the faithful.

The Heroes — The following Heroes have the following statistics in common.

Armor Class: As a Normal Man	Magic Ability: Nil
Move: 12"	Fighter Ability: Lord — 12th
Hit Points: 100	Psionic Ability: Nil

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YIMA — STR: 18_{85}; INT: 17, WIS: 9, CON: 17, DEX: 17, CHA: 17. Yima is the ideal prototype of all Kings. But he was too proud and sinned before Ahura Mazda, so he died.
HOSANG — STR: 18_{90}, INT: 17, WIS: 13, CON: 18, DEX: 17, CHA: 16. Before the might Hoshang all sorcerors and demons flee.
TAKHMORUW — STR: 18_{50}, INT: 16, WIS: 12, CON: 16, DEX: 16, CHA: 16. Takhmoruw attacks idolatry, wizards and witches, and demons, and is usually successful.
THRITA — STR: 15, INT: 17, WIS: 18, CON: 15, DEX: 12, CHA: 12. Thrita drives away sickness, fever, and death from Man.
FARIDUN — STR: 18_{55}, INT: 14, WIS: 8, CON: 17, DEX: 17, CHA: 15. Faridun is invoked against the itch, fevers, and incontinency.
KERESASPA — STR: 18_{75}, INT: 14, WIS: 12, CON: 17, DEX: 17, CHA. 17. Keresaspa is destined to kill the Archdemon Azhi Dahaka and save all Mankind at the end of the world.

THE FORCES OF EVIL

AHRIMAN or **ANGRA MAINYU** — The Wicked One
Armor Class: -2 Magic Ability: Unlimited Spells
Move: 20" Fighter Ability: Lord — 40th
Hit Points: 300 Psionic Ability: Class 6

Ahriman's aim is the ruin and destruction of the world. He dwells in the "abode of wickedness". Ahriman is the Archdemon of Archdemons and the arch-rival of Ahura Mazda. Ahriman can appear as a lizard, a snake, or a 15 year old boy.

The Archdemons

AESHMA — Fury
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

Aeshma is the demon of wrath, fury, and outrage, constantly trying to stir up strife and war. He accompanies those influenced by intoxicants. His Arch-rival is Sraosha.

AZHI DAHAKA — Deceit
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

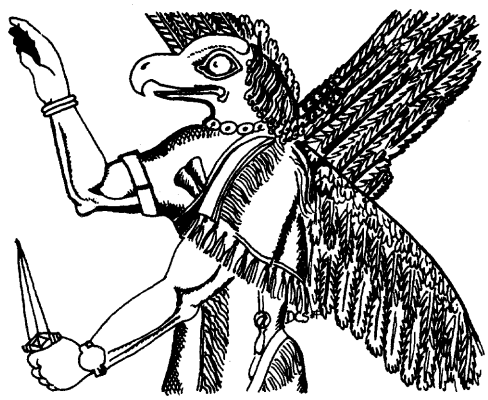
Azhi Dahaka has three heads, six eyes, and three jaws. His body is filled with lizards and scorpions, so that if he is cut open the world would be filled with these creatures. His chief desire is to depopulate the world.

Other Archdemons — The following Archdemons have the following statistics in common. No more is known about them than their name and what they represent.
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 20th
Move: 18" Fighter Ability: Lord — 15th
Hit Points: 250 Psionic Ability: Class 1

AZ — Wrong-mindedness; **AKAH MANH** — Vile Thoughts; **INDRA** — Apostasy; **SAURA** — Misgovernment, Anarchy, and Drunkenness; **TAROMAITI** — Crooked-mindedness; HUNGER: THIRST:

The Demons — The following Demons have the following statistics in common. In some cases, not even the Persian names are known.
Armor Class: 2 Magic Ability: Wizard — 14th
Move: 15" Fighter Ability: Lord — 14th
Hit Points: 200 Psionic Ability: Class 2

DRUJ NASU — The Corpse Demon; **JAHI** — Debauchery; **JEALOUSY; ARROGANCE; LETHARGY;**



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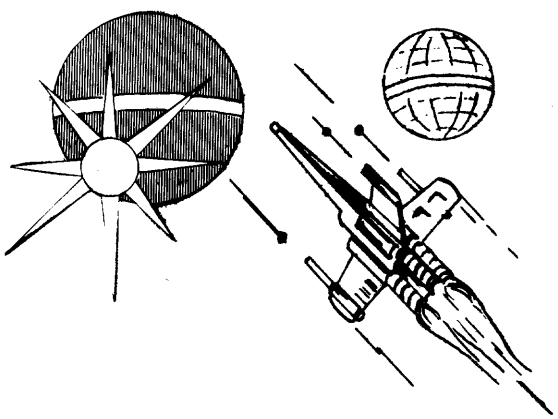

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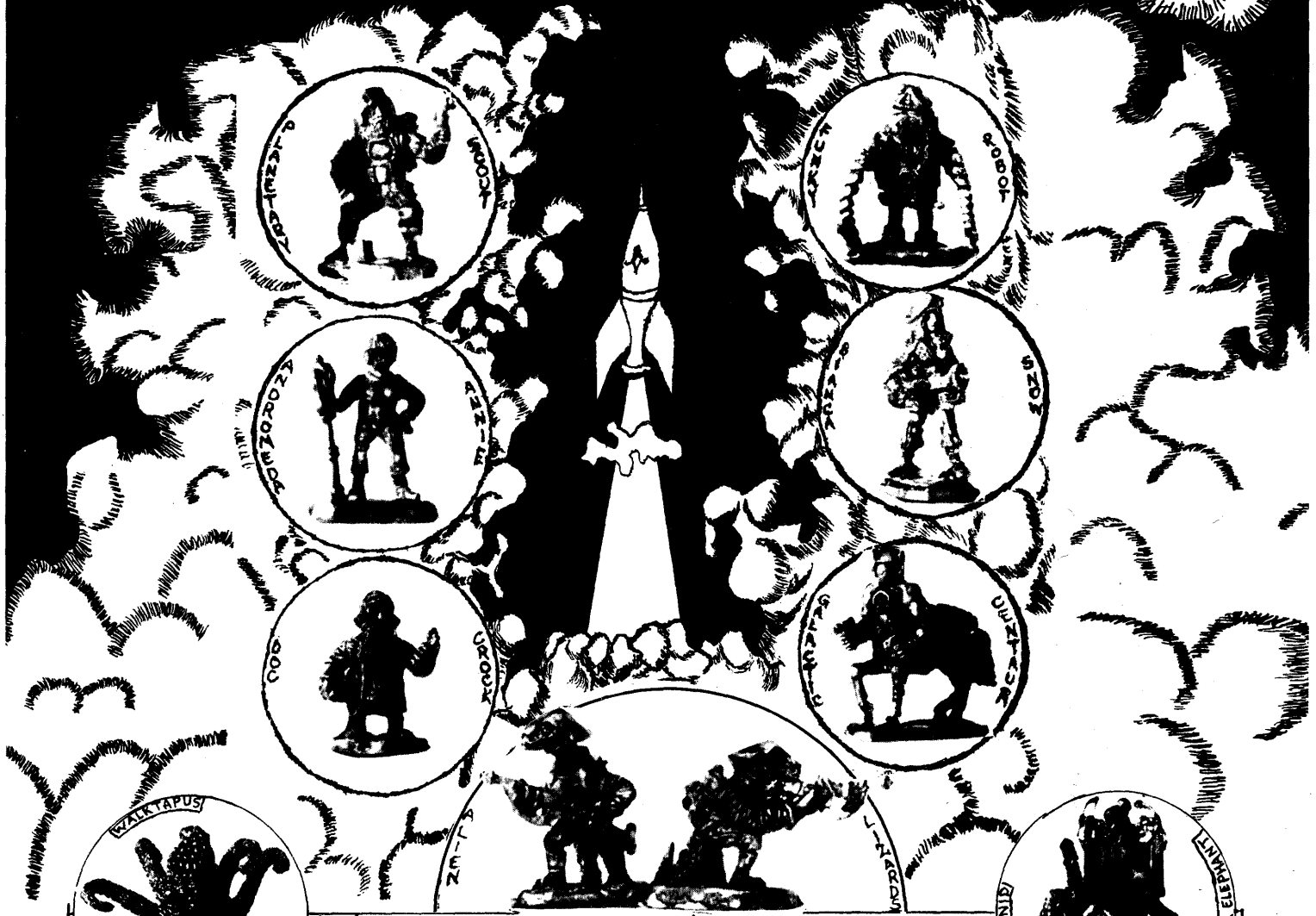

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Design Forum

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SPEED OF A LIGHTNING BOLT

by James Ward

For a very long time now many judges and players alike have maintained the idea that, all things being equal when a wizard and a fighter round the same corner in a dungeon pity the poor wizard because he will never get his spell off in time! Since I usually always play magic users in any given game this concept naturally had me worried. Then, (and may they keep on sending out these great ideas) *Eldritch Wizardry* came out and the magic users life was given another chance.

Within those pages is a short section on the melee round, and "never has so few pages done so much for so many magic users." I myself upon first and second reading, just passed this section off as more stuff to slow down a game, and went on to those magic items, (that are truly deadly). After using the melee round chart in my game, I realized that they have great potential for all the downtrodden and unarmored arcane masters.

Take any given fighter with a dexterity of 15 and any given magic user (able to cast lightning bolts and taking one) with a dexterity of 15 and make them round corners at the same time with 40 feet of space between, now use the chart. Adjusting for dexterity gives us a zero. The magic user does not have his spell ready and it is a third level spell, so the chart says he has a minus two in getting it off and he was not surprised so he falls under the minus 5/minus 1 section and gets the bolt off in the fourth phase of the round, (and may the fighter not make his magic saving throw)! The strong (and most likely vicious) fighter is wearing plate mail, giving him a minus 6, and is using a large shield, (because his type usually does) and gets a minus 3 for that. He was carrying a torch so his weapon was not at hand or ready, but the chart does not provide for penalties for drawing his weapon (which is not fair, but thats life) and he was not surprised either, so has a minus 9 which puts his turn in the fifth movement phase. Notice, that I am not even counting the section on movement and its effect on turn segments, because it is only a matter of a fraction of a phase and not worth bothering with.

After taking all things into consideration, that magic user is going to blast the fighter to smithereens! Even if the fighter is not dead, let us say that he is at least wounded 50%. The fighter gets his turn and usually hits any given magic user. The next melee turn the magic user does nothing but run (if he lives and is not wounded that 50%), and his new dexterity score is in the 0/ plus four column. The fighter on the other hand still has the minus 9, gets a plus 2 for his weapon in hand, and now has that minus four because he is wounded. His new dexterity rating is minus 11 which puts him on another scale and he strikes in the sixth phase while our good friend the magic user is running like the wind in the third phase!

Then we come up against those Conan types! The mighty fighter that wears little or no armor, preferring speed and quickness in battle, to the security of a metal "tin can". It is possible to still come out on top if the magic user is smart. We give the Conan in our example a dexterity of 18, leather armor, and that large shield, (he likes to carry this around because he doesn't feel the weight). The magic user in this case will also have a dexterity of 18, but all other things will be the same. The mighty fighter now has a minus two for the leather, a minus three for the shield, was holding that torch so has a zero for his weapon, and is not surprised. Now he is moving in that fourth movement phase and ready for an easy kill! The magic user, having fought Conan types before, knows he has big troubles and cannot afford to let the fighter get simultaneous chops, switches his tactics and uses a first level spell. This gives him no minus's of any type and he moves in the third movement phase. The choice of spells is a tough one, because he can use the charm person or the magic missile. The charm person is great, if it works, and that is a big if! The magic missile spell is good, because the arrows have a good chance of hitting the lightly armored fighter and if they wound him past the 50% or 75% mark, that's a plus for the magic user the next round. Thought must be given to the number of arrows sent out. The wizard type that sends more of those magic missiles should choose it over the charm spell, but the little magic user should possibly favor the charm spell.

In the second example, the magic user was a 13th level wizard and he pitched the arrows with all of them hitting. The fighter didn't seem too bothered by them and slashed and hit the magic user. The next round naturally the magic user ran for his life, but at least he made the fighter bleed a little bit.

SHIP'S CARGO

by James Endersby and John Carroll

Variety in the types and amounts of treasure can often enhance the enjoyment of Dungeons and Dragons. On the high seas, an encounter with an alien merchant ship leads to a brisk battle, after which the victorious party examines the cargo hold to determine their booty. This captured treasure can turn out to be either highly valuable or next to worthless. The following outline was developed for a voyage to Japan which was never completed (although the characters involved passed off Nubian slaves as captured Japanese peasants).

Cargo can only be determined *after* grappling and surrender or annihilation of enemy forces. Small merchant ships can hold up to twelve units of cargo, while large merchant ships can hold up to thirty units. Roll a six-sided die for each kind of treasure possible; each roll of a one means that there are from one to six units of that particular type of cargo on board. If the total number of units of cargo is greater than the capacity of the ship, neglect the least valuable cargo.

Cargo	Value per Unit Gold pieces	Comments
Spice		
Silk	1000	
Precious Stones	1000	Amber, flint, jade, marble, emeralds, etc.
Ivory		
Precious Wood	300	Only 1-4 units; ebony, teak, balsa, etc.
Tea	350	
Cotton	250	
Jewelry	1000	This is primitive and low-grade stuff, not the jewelry used in normal D&D campaigns.
Cloth	250	
Livestock (exotic)	250	Camels, falcons, peacocks, monkeys, ocelots, Arabian horses, etc.
Fruits and vegetables	100	Spoilage may occur, especially over long voyages.
Foreign slaves	—	20-60 people.

Also, roll for treasure — type A.

There is also a 15% chance that a few passengers are aboard ship. These passengers can be merchants, adventurers, or noblemen.

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THE DRUIDS

by James Bruner

EDITORS NOTE: It has always been our opinion that the best D&D playing came about when everyone has a feel of what and who his character is. The Druid PC can add a whole new dimension in PC interplay when handled right in a campaign. The following is offered in an attempt to offer new avenues of interplay amongst players, for we should learn our best lessons from history, and grow and build from there.

Druid! The very word conjures up images of shadowy oak groves and ancient altars smoking with blood and gore; of gaunt, gray-bearded, white-robed priests wielding bloody daggers and invoking the names of the Eldritch Gods. These are the druids as they have come down to us over the last two thousand years, but they are not the historical druids of antiquity. These "literary" druids are the product of the fertile imaginations of the historians of the last two millenia. From a mere handful of classical references these writers have produced literally thousands of volumes of druidic lore, and it may safely be said that no two of them interpreted the same piece of data in the same manner. The "literary" druid is indeed a gore-splattered priest of the Old Gods, working dark magics upon quailing mankind from the depths of inhospitable forests and the safety of mist-drenched islands. In order to rediscover the real druids it is necessary to go back well over two thousand years to the classical authors of the Mediterranean.

The druids are first mentioned c.200 B.C. in the writings of the philosopher Sotion of Alexandria. It has been postulated with some certainty that in addition to contemporary sources, Sotion had access to written accounts of the druids dating back at least to the early third century B.C., and apparently even to the mid fourth century B.C. In the only surviving fragment of his work concerning the druids, he names them along with the Magi of Persia and Brahmins of India as the originators of the study of philosophy.

The next classical reference to the druids occurred in the lost *histories* of the stoic philosopher and ethnographer Posidonius of Syrian Apamea (c.135-c.50 B.C.). Posidonius is known to have visited Gaul, but it is unlikely that he had any personal contact with the druids. He was the first writer to associate the druids with human sacrifice, an association that would be grossly exaggerated by following generations of authors.

The War Against Gaul by Gaius Julius Caeser (102-44 B.C.) provides our most complete picture of the druids. Caeser drew on the works of earlier writers like Posidonius as well as from his friend Divitiacus, chieftan of the Aedui, whom Cicero and others name as a druid.

Caeser states that druidism may have come from Britain and that many druids who sought deeper knowledge went there to study. The druids of Gaul formed an association headed by an arch-druid. Upon the death of the arch-druid the leadership passed to the druid who possessed the greatest dignity. If there was no outstanding candidate the succession was decided by election or force of arms. Each year the druids would gather on a sacred spot near the center of Gaul within the tribal boundaries of the Carnutes, near modern Chartres. Here they sat in judgement of those who appealed the rulings of civil authorities. Those who refused to accept their verdicts suffered the equivalent of medieval excommunication and outlawry. Convicted murderers were sentenced to be sacrificed to the Gods.

The druids' central belief was in the indestructability of the universe and the souls of men. They taught that when a person died their soul would be reborn in a new body. Caeser attributed the Gauls' ferocity and utter recklessness in battle to their belief in reincarnation. A later Roman historian, Ammianus Marcelinus (c.A.D. 330-390), reported that the Gauls lent each other sums of money repayable in the next life.

The druids employed the Greek alphabet for corresponding with the Roman authorities, but refused to commit their teachings to writing. Caesar believed that this was in order to keep them from becoming common property, but the real reason can perhaps be found in the druidic teaching method. They were professional teachers whose students ranged in numbers from three to one hundred. The students were primarily the sons of the Celtic aristocracy and they remained with their teachers for periods ranging up to twenty years. Like all students in the ancient world they learned their lessons by heart, without the aid of books. The druids, then, saw no need for a written doctrine, preferring the more esthetic oral tradition.

The druids were members of one of the three distinguished classes of Gaul and as such were accorded special privileges. They were exempt from taxes and military service and their perscn was inviolable.

Timagenes of Alexandria, writing in the late first century B.C., provided a valuable reference work for later writers. While his works have been lost they were used extensively by Diodorus Siculus (c.8 B.C.) and Ammianus Marcelinus. Diodorus, in his *World History*, was the first to equate the druidic philosophy of reincarnation with Pythagorean philosophy. The two philosophies were remarkably similar, leading numerous historians to develop several theories concerning their origins. Historians of antiquity, with access to countless sources now lost to us, were of the consensus that the druids developed their philosophy independently of any outside influences, and may indeed have imparted their philosophy to the ancient Greeks. Modern historians, on the other hand, point out that the Ionians of the sixth century B.C. were the exponents of Pythagoreanism and may have imparted knowledge of it to the Celts via the Greek colony of Masillia (Marseilles). The city was founded by the city of Phocaea in Asia Minor in the seventh century. It served as an important trading center for all of Gaul and it is well known that new ideas flow along with trade goods: hence it is possible that Pythagorean philosophy was imparted to the Gauls in this manner; the question remains unsolved for the present.

Diodorus and his contemporary, the historian-geographer Strabo (c.63 B.C.-A.D. 21), were the first to divide the druids into three classes: the druids, vates, and bards. The bards were heroic panegyric poets equal in social standing to the druids according to Caesar, but were not druids themselves. The vates were soothsayers and natural

philosophers. They predicted future events by various means, including: the flight of birds; the squawking of domesticated ravens or wrens; the appearance or shape of clouds; the use of ciphers or numbers; and the smoke and flame of fires. Tacitus reports that after a fire on the Capitoline Hill in Rome in A.D. 70 during the reign of Vespasian, the vates announced that it portended the "passage of the sovereignty of the world to the peoples beyond the Alps." Tacitus and others laughed at their quaintness and the prophesy was all but forgotten four hundred years later when Alaric Teudesson led the Teutonic hordes through the burning avenues of the "Eternal City".

According to Diodorus and Strabo the druids proper were philosophers, astronomers, and teachers trusted with the education of the sons of the Celtic nobility. Their successor, Pliny the Elder (A.D. 24-79), in his *Natural History,* first connected the druids to magic. He is the first to emphasize the importance to the druids of the oak tree and mistletoe and leaves us with highly interesting and imaginative accounts of their rites and sorceries.

Pliny's account of the ritual cutting of the mistletoe serves as an example of his sensational form of history. After mistletoe was observed growing on an oak tree the rite would be scheduled for the sixth night of the next full moon. When the appointed night arrived two white bullocks were sacrificed to the Gods in preparation. After the sacrifice, one white-robed vates climed the tree and cut the mistletoe with a knife. He was careful to cut the sprig with his left hand, if he had fasted for a set number of days; or to cut it with his right hand pushed through the left sleeve of his tunis while he was barefoot. The mistletoe was caught on a white robe when it fell.

The School of Alexandria, beginning in the first century B.C., took a more favorable view of the druids. The scholars of this school had access to the sources of Posidonius and Sotion and their writings are less biased politically than those of the Romans. Like Sotion, the Alexandrian scholars linked the druids to the Magi, Egyptians, Brahmins, and even the Pythagoreans. The school's most famous spokesman, St. Clement of Alexandria (c.A.D. 150) believed that the Greeks had adopted the study of philosophy from the barbarians.

Beginning in the first century A.D. the Roman writers begin to associate the druids with deep woods and groves and other places shunned by mankind. The druids' movement to these unfrequented places was the result of Roman persecution. The druids had always been a strongly conservative and nationalistic force opposing Roman Imperial policy. As the teachers of the future leaders of Gaul they had considerable influence of Gallic politics. At the time they made up the strongest opposition to Rome within the boundaries of her empire.

Augustus forbade any citizen from taking part in their ceremonies. in A.D. 21 they instigated a rebellion of the Aedui and Treveri against the emperor Tiberius; an act for which their leaders were executed. In A.D. 54 the emperor Claudius formally abolished druidism, but it persisted as an organized force until well in the next century, its adherents retreating farther and farther from the haunts of men. They continued to incite the Gauls against Rome, encouraging rebellions in A.D. 69 and 71. In A.D. 60, Seutonius Paulinus, the administrator of Britain, marched against the last real stronghold of the druids in Britain, the remote isle of Mona. While the Romans were suby slaughtering the entire population of the island for the greater glory of Seutonius Paulinus, other druids were hard at work in the center of Britain/ During Paulinus' absence, the Iceni and other tribes, encouraged by the druids, rose under Queen Boadicea to throw off the Roman yoke.

Irish legends provide another source of information on the druids. In Ireland they were intimately connected with magic, being credited with the ability to raise storms, lay curses on places, kill with spells, and create magic obstacles. Their person was sacrosanct and they were used widely as ambassadors. They also served as physicians, teachers, and criminal investigators. Even though they opposed Christianity, they frequently held important positions in Christian courts. As Christianity gained a stronger foothold in the land Christian priests inherited their property and many of their duties. The druids are never mentioned in Irish sources in connection with human sacrifices, and Ireland is the only place in which female druids were mentioned. Irish druids carried yew staffs and the magical serpents egg, a powerful talisman secreted by a mass of twining serpents under a certain moon.

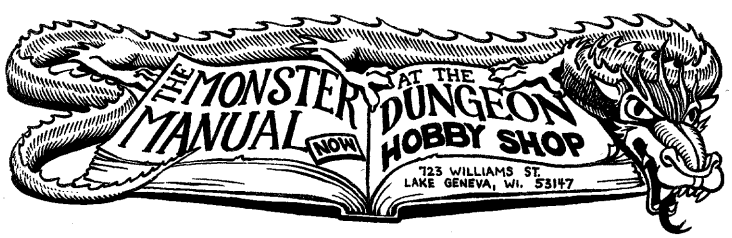
The druids of the British Isles were frequently associated with Stonehenge in southern Britain. Stonehenge is the product of the mysterious Megalithic Proto-Civilization, which reared similar edifices throughout the whole of Europe. It was begun between 1900 and 1700 B.C. and completed c.1500 B.C. Its exact purpose remains unknown after hundreds of years of speculation. The association of the druids with Stonehenge remains entirely speculative, for over one thousand years separates the construction of Stonehenge from our first accepted reference to the druids.

It is necessary at this point to dispel the myth of the druids and human sacrifice. None of the classical writers refers to the druids as *sacerdos,* or priests. While they were nearly always present at sacrifices to prevent miscarriage and excess, they took no actual part in the bloodletting. The Celts slew most of their war captives out of hand in the belief that the Gods would exchange the lives of the prisoners for those of the badly wounded Celts. Most sacrifices were made to Lugh, the Sun God. He was the God of war, healing, fertility, and the guardian of His people against pestilence and hostile arms. His offerings were hung in oak trees, ritually wounded, and then slain. It is easy to see how the druids came to be associated with these "barbaric" practices, especially by the unsympathetic Roman writers.

In order to break the hold of the druids upon the Celtic aristocracy the Romans founded public schools on the sites of the old druidic teaching centers. The first was established c.12 B.C. at Augustodunum (Autun) on the site of Bibractae, the ancient capitol of the Aedui. Other Roman schools soon sprang up at the old druidic sites of Tolosa (Toulouse), Burdigalia (Bordeaux), and at Lugdunum (Lyons), the ancient sanctuary of Lugh. Once these schools were established they successfully broke the hold of the druids on the Celtic aristocracy and paved the way for a complete Romanization of Gaul.

One last important point needs to be made concerning the classical writers and their knowledge of the druids. All of the known writings deal with the druids during the period of their decline. The decline may have begun as early as 121 B.C. when the pan-Gallic league under the Arverni was destroyed by Rome. With the military decline of the Gaulish nation came a corresponding cultural decline. Roman culture and ideas spread throughout Gaul long before Julius Caesar subdued the people. The druids were already in a state of decline when his legions crossed the Alps, an act that may have breathed new life into the druidic organization.

In the works of the classical authors we are able to glimpse the druids as they actually were: doctors, philosophers, and teachers; not the red-handed literary demons of the last few centuries. The druids have served to fascinate mankind for the last two thousand years and promise to provide fuel for our imaginations for centuries to come.



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by Rob Kuntz

THE LOVECRAFTIAN MYTHOS IN DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

Those of you who have read H.P. Lovecrafts stories based around his fallen gods, The Great Old ones, will know what it means to finally get them into a form which in they are understood and compatible with the D&D system. J. Eric Holmes (known for his work with Basic Dungeons & Dragons) with additions by my humble self bring you parts of the Cthulhu Mythos. They are laid out to be compatible with Dungeons & Dragons supplement IV "Gods Demi-Gods & Heroes." For all of you Lovecraft enthusiasts here's what you've been waiting for. For all of you not familiar with the Cthulhu cycle here's a new experience.

The Lovecraftian Gods, the Great Old Ones

The Great Old Ones of the Cthulhu Mythos are completely evil and often times chaotic. They were banished or sealed away by the Elder Gods. Subsequently, however, the Elder Gods appear to have abandoned this part of the universe, and the worshipers of the Old Ones predict that they are soon to return and re-establish dominion over the earth. Evil clerics or magic users who call upon the Old Ones, using the spells from the Necronomicon or the other books of elder lore, run a 25% chance of being destroyed by the gods they evoke. (The Dungeon Master may revise this probability downward for priests of Cthulhu, high level evil magic-users, etc.) 50% chance of one of the servants of the Old Ones appearing, 25% of the god appearing and cooperating. If the god attacks he will then ravage the countryside for 1-6 turns and disappear.

Only Lovecraft's major gods are described here. There are many minor deities: Chaugnar-Faugn, Lloigor, Tsathoggua or Shudde-M'ell in the works of Lovecraft and his literary disciples, which could be called upon in a Lovecraftian D&D campaign.

Azathoth, Creator of the Universe

Armor Class — minus 2	Magic Ability — none
Move — infinite	Fighter Ability — 20th Level
Hit Points — 300	Psionic Ability — resistant to all psionsic attack.

Azathoth is a blind, mindless, amorphic mass, the size of a star, floating at the center of the universe. It is attended by satellite creatures that provide an ethereal music, like the sound of idiot flute players. Azathoth is immaterial but might be attacked by someone operating on another plane of existence. If so attacked It will defend Itself. Azathoth's saving throw against all forms of magic is 5 and It is mindless and totally resistant to mental attack. If Azathoth is destroyed the entire universe will collapse back to a point at the center of the cosmos with the incidental destruction of all life and intelligence.

Cthulhu

Armor Class — 2	Magic Ability — (see below)
Move — 12"	Fighter Ability — 15th level
Hit Points — 200	Psionic Ability — Class 1

Cthulhu is a bloated humanoid form 100 ft. high with an octapoid head and a face a mass of feelers. He has a scaley, rubbery skin, prodigious feet and curved talons on hands and feet. A pair of folded batlike wings protrude from between the shoulders.

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wagh'nagl fhtagn." — "In his house a R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming." R'lyeh is a great sunken city of non-Euclidian geometry somewhere in the Pacific. So bizarre is its construction that anyone entering the city must make saving throws against fear and insanity. Cthulhu lies in a huge stone structure sealed with the Elder Sign (see below). If the Seal is broken and the god released, everyone in a radius of 100 miles must make a saving throw or go insane.

Cthulhu usually attacks both physically and psionically. He can regenerate 10 hit points per *melee round*. He can teleport up to half a mile and is totally resistant to water, cold and vacuum. He can call up from the sea 10-100 of the Deep Ones. He will retreat into his lair if confronted with the intact Elder Sign, another of the Old Ones such as Hastur, or some natural catastrophe, such as the re-sinking of the city of R'lyeh into the sea.

Hastur the Unspeakable, Him Who Is Not To Be Named

Armor Class — 2	Magic Ability — (see below)
Move — 12", Fly 36"	Fighter Ability — 20th level
Hit Points — 200	Psionic Ability — resistant to all psionic attack.

Hastur, half-brother of Great Cthulhu, lies imprisoned by the star-shaped Elder Sign in a crypt at the bottom of Lake Hali near the city of Carcosa on a dark planet in the constellation Hyades. He appears as a huge reptilian form, 100 feet high with massive tail and gigantic talons. Hastur's head is a fleshless, eyeless, reptilian skull with great curving horns.

Anyone encountering Hastur must make a saving throw against fear. He can teleport anywhere within the physical universe, across interstellar distances instantaneously, as indeed, can all of his minions. In addition to fear, he casts spells of cold and darkness as a 15th level magic user and is immune to cold and vacuum. He regenerates 5 hits per *melee round.* He can call up from Lost Carcosa and dread Yuggoth 1-10 of the Byakhee or the abominable Mi-Go. Hastur will retreat from his half brother Cthulhu, from the Elder Sign or from others of the Old Ones if they should chance to oppose him.

Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos, the Messenger of the Gods

Armor Class — 2	Magic Ability — 15th level
Move — 12"	Fighter Ability — 15th level
Hit Points — 150	Psionic Ability — Class two

Nyarlathotep appears as a tall dark man, often dressed as a pharaoh, but is sometimes portrayed as a faceless sphinx. His appearance in the world is said to fortell the return of the Old Ones from their imprisonment. He charms humans, humanoids and non-magical animals by his mere presence. (Saving throw applicable; this Power extends to cover a 30' radius and once a saving throw is made it never need be checked again. All checks are made at -2 to the die roll.) Those falling under his spell either obey him or behave in a purely chaotic manner. Thus his progress across the face of the land is followed by riot, war, mass murder, suicide and insanity. The god is believed by some students of the occult to have various guises and to be the Dark Man of the European witchcraft rituals. He can call up at will an army of wild beasts or mindless humans, 10-1000, completely subject to his command, willing to march to certain death.

Shub-Niggurath, Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young

Armor Class — 4	Magic Ability — (see below)
Move — 6"	Fighter Ability — (see below)
Hit Points — 300	Psionic Ability — Class 2

Probably identical with the god Abhoth of ancient Hyperboria and Ubbo-Stahla the unbegotten source, this fountain of uncleanliness is a huge grey pool, 100 feet across, in the caverns beneath Mount Voormithadreth, constantly bubbling and putting forth mouths, limbs, pseudopods and whole creatures. 1-10 small monsters are created from the pool per melee round and go crawling, flopping and flying away up to the surface. Some fall back into the pool which then grows mouths and devours them. These are 1 die monsters. In 10 more melee rounds they will grow to 2 die monsters, in 20 more to three, etc. All the while, Abhoth (Shub-Niggurath) is producing a 10 sided die of monsters each round. Thus the god is the source of all the foul and unclean creatures of the earth. The growing little monsters usually ignore strangers, but they will attack on Shub-Niggurath's command. Shub-Niggurath is intelligent, telepathic and throws charm person or monster spells of the 15th level, once per turn.

The Necronomicon by Abdul Alhazred

Alhazred, the "Mad Arab," was a magic user around AD 700. After ten years alone in the desert he wrote a book called Al Azif — a word used to denote the nocturnal sounds of insects which may be the voices of demons. Alhazred was seized in the streets of Damascus by in-

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DEPT. 2

visible demons and devoured horribly in front of many witnesses. Those who have studied his writings have sometimes met a fate nearly as terrible. The book was translated into Greek in AD 950 by Theodorus Philetas of Constantinople and re-titled The Necronomicon. No known copies of the Arabic text exist, the Greek translation was banned and all known copies burned. A Latin translation was published by Olaus Wormius AD 1228 and there was an English translation by Dr. John Dee in the early 17th century. A few copies of the Latin text are known, one is at the library of the Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts.

The book gives a description of the pre-human worship of the Old Ones, their banishment by the Elder Gods, and their imminent return. It would appear that spells are given for summoning all of the Old Ones and their minions and some spells for their control and dismissal, although these later are not always effective. The revelations of cosmic horror contained within its pages are so intense that there is a probability of characters below level 5 changing alignment to chaotic/evil or going mad (25% adjusted by the DM for intelligence, experience and alignment).

In addition to the Necronomicon there are a number of other magical books of similar type, including: The Book of Eibon, The Celaeno Frament, Cultes des Goules by the Comte d'Erlette, De Vermis Mysteriis by Ludvig Prinn, The Dhol Chants, The Pnaknotic Manuscripts, and Unausprechlichen Kulten by Von Junzt. All of these have powers similar to, but less than, the Necronomicon itself.

The Elder Sign

"Armor against witches and daemons, against the Deep Ones, the Dholes, the Voormis, the Tcho-Tcho, the Abominable Mi-Go, the Shaggoths, the Ghasts, the Valusians and all such peoples and beings who serve the Great Old Ones and their Spawn lies within the five-pointed star carven of grey stone from ancient Mnar which is less strong against the Great Old Ones themselves."

— the Necronomicon

These small grey stone stars are a powerful talisman, acting on the evil minions of the Great Old Ones as a powerful charm spell or as a crucifix will act on a vampire. The stars are highly resistant to destruction — armor class minus 2, broken only by magic or by incredible force. The Elder Sign was used by the Elder Gods to seal off those places where the Great Old Ones were imprisoned or where they might "break through."

Cthuga, Lord of Fire

Armor Class — 2	Magic Ability — see below
Move — 12"	Fighter Ability — 17th Level
Hit Points — 175	Psionic Ability — Class 6

Cthuga appears as an ever changing mass of fire, being indistinguishable at times from a pillar (20' high by 5-8' in diameter) of bright red flame with additional blue and yellow flames coursing up and around his body. Cthuga's varied powers consist of using all fire connected spells (as per "Greyhawk") 3 times a day for each spell. He may summon up to 8 12 hit die (8 d12) fire elementals (flame creatures) who act intelligently and serve the Lord of Fire fanatically. He may do this summoning only once per week, though. Cthuga may only be struck effectively by +3 or better weapons, all other magical weapons doing no damage and requiring a saving through so as not to disintegrate. Metal, non-magical weapons melt upon touch. Cthuga strikes once per melee round dealing out 3-30 points of fire damage and he ignites flammables within a 10 yard radius of his body. He may sustain all types of fire attack, accruing no damage, but for every die of cold damage sustained he must add 1 point extra per die of damage and 2 points extra per die of damage caused by water based attacks. Cthuga dwells in his Palace of Fire which is located somewhere beneath a volcano deep within the bowels of the earth.

Ithaqua, Lord of the Air, Windwalker

Armor Class — 2	Magic Ability — see below
Move — 12" + Special	Fighter Ability — 16th Level
Hit Points — 175	Psionic Ability — Class 6

Ithaqua is referred to in some areas as the Wendigo and is second only to the Great Hastur himself regarding supremacy of the air. Ithaqua may **wind walk** (as the spell) anytime he wishes. He may summon one 16 die air elemental per day which acts much like an invisible stalker in that it will obey a limited number of commands, but unlike other elementals can go beyond the controlling range of Ithaqua with no concentration required on his part. Ithaqua may also **control weather** (as the spell) with double the range and effects. Ithaqua strikes twice per melee round doing 2-16 points of strong buffet damage per hit. The Lord of Air is especially damaged by magical fire attacks taking 2 hit points extra per die of magical fire damage accrued. He wanders the skies, remaining quite aloof from the other gods of this mythos.

Yig, Supreme God of Serpents

Armor Class — 3/5	Magic Ability — see below
Move- 18"	Fighter Ability — 15th Level
Hit Points — 125	Psionic Ability — Class 6

Yig is represented as a great (17+) long snake, although he (it?) may alter shape slightly to appear as a Naga **(see Monster Manual),** with the upper part of the body appearing as a human and the lower that of a snake. Yig moves silently, detects enemies and tracks as a ranger, all with 100% efficiency. He surprises opponents on a six-sided die roll of 1-4. Yig controls all serpents within a one square mile radius of himself. When encountered near his lair he will be attended by 2-20 (4-6 hit die) giant snakes (always of the venomous variety). Yig strikes for 2-11 hit points fang damage plus a poison injection upon a successful hit. This roll is at -3 to the die roll and all those failing to make their saving throw die immediately. Yig's armor class (as explained above) is 3 for the head and 5 for the chest and underbelly.

Yog Sothoth, the Key and Guardian of the Gate

Armor Class — 2	Magic Ability — 15th level
Move — 24" (see below)	Fighter Ability — 20th level
Hit Points — 300	Psionic Ability — Class 1

Yog Sothoth exists on a fourth dimensional plane which allows him to enter the universe at any point in space and any point in time. His fourth dimensional shape appears as a congeries of irridescent globes like giant soap bubbles. When he takes shape in our universe he is partly material and partly ethereal and appears as a gigantic mass of feelers, legs and stalked organs. In this shape he will mate with human beings, producing the Spawn of Yog Sothoth (The Dunwich Horror). He is highly intelligent but extremely chaotic and unpredictable. He can gate in, out of time and space, any of the spawn or subject races of the Old Ones, or any of the D&D demons from the sub dimensions of hell, one per melee round. Yog Sothoth is not subject to the laws of space and time and can, for example, appear at various parts of the universe simultaneously.

Inhuman and Partly Human Races of the Cthulhu Mythos:

Byakhee

Armor Class — 5	Magic Ability — (see below)
Move — 36" (see below)	Fighter Ability — 10th level
Hit Points — 100	Psionic Ability — Class 5

These are huge, furry bat-winged servants of the god Hastur. They can fly through interstellar space and can teleport anywhere within the known universe, carrying human beings with them on their backs or in their great talons. They, and those they carry, are protected from cold and vacuum. They are intelligent, telepathic and will obey those who carry the Elder Sign or who appeal successfully to Hastur. They strike with their talons doing 2-12 points of damage per and their beak does 2-9 points of damage.

The Deep Ones

Armor Class — 3	Magic Ability — none
Move — 12", 36" in water	Fighter Ability — 3rd level
Hit Points — 10	Psionic Ability — none

Amphibious, humanoid worshipers of Cthulhu, the Deep Ones inhabit the ocean in great numbers and occupy certain coastal towns (Innsmouth). They appear in great numbers — 1-100, and are inimical to humans, although they frequently intermarry with them. The Deep Ones are frog like in appearance with webbed hands and feet. As they grow older they spend more time in the ocean and become more icthic in appearance. They are potentially immortal, as are their half-breed offspring. They often have great treasures salvaged from the sunken cities of the deep. Every large group will have at least one evil clerical type, level 3-10.

The Great Race

Armor Class — 5 Magic Ability — (see below)
Move — 12" Fighter Ability — 6th level
Hit Points — 30 Psionic Ability — Class 1

These creatures (The Shadow Out of Time) populated the earth a billion or more years ago and their cities still exist buried in the great Australian desert. They are ten foot high cones, ten feet wide at the base with four ten foot tentacles at the top. Two tentacles end in lobster-like claws, one in trumpet-like ears and one in a yellow globe two feet in diameter with three eyes along its circumference and a set of manipulating tentacles dependent from it. The creatures move rapidly by expanding and contracting the muscular base of the cone. These creatures are highly intelligent, telepathic, and scientifically advanced. They have no magical powers but many technological devices such as air ships and energy beams. They can project their minds backward and forward in time and across interstellar space. They then seize control of the mind of any intelligent creature, displacing the other mind into the body of the member of the Great Race. Such captive minds are well treated, encouraged to teach the Great Race about their own time and eventually sent back to their original bodies with memory of the experience erased. Unlike the servants of the Old Ones, the Great Race is lawful and neutral.

The Old Ones — *A misnomer, since this refers not to the ancient gods, but to a minor race of interstellar beings.*

Armor Class — 5 Magic Ability — none (see below)
Move — 12" Fighter Ability — 8th level
Hit Points — 50 Psionic Ability — none

These bizarre looking creatures are an interstellar race who once settled at the South Pole, where their deserted cities still lie beneath the polar ice (At the Mountains of Madness). They are barrel-shaped, six to eight feet long with wings and tentacled arms growing from the circumference of the barrel and five star-fish like tentacles growing from each end of the barrel. The upper set of tentacles end in eyes and mouths, the lower set are muscular legs with triangular feet or fins. The Old Ones are intelligent and scientifically advanced and once had a highly technological civilization. They were exterminated by a form of artificial life which they had created themselves: the Shaggoths. The Old Ones are basically hostile to other intelligent races, but they are lawful, not chaotic.

The Mi-Go, the Fungi from Yuggoth, the Abominable Snow Men

Armor Class — 3 Magic Ability — (see below)
Move — 15", fly 30" Fighter Ability — 8th level
Hit Points — 35 Psionic Ability — Class 5

Eight foot high, many legged, red, crab like creatures with two great bat-like wings, the Mi-Go are found in mountain wilderness, the Himalayas and Vermont. Their main base of operations in this solar system is on Yuggoth (the planet Pluto). Immune to cold, dark and vacuum, they can fly in interstellar space and teleport across interstellar distances. They can not speak but they possess certain machines that produce a buzzing imitation of human speech **(The Whisperer in Darkness).** They mine minerals or other items from the earth and will try to make alliances with human races. They sometimes kidnap humans and carry off their living brains in metal cylinders for study.

The Shaggoths

Armor Class — 4 Magic Ability — none
Move — 18" Fighter Ability — 8th level
Hit Points — 70 Psionic Ability — resistant to psionic attack.

Huge, 15 feet across, transparent, intelligent amoeba, the Shaggoths are a form of artificial life created to serve the Old Ones. Originally telepathic, they lost this ability, rebelled and killed their masters. The inside of the amoeba appears like a series of bubbles or other included matter. The surface grows organs as needed, eyes, mouths, legs, sword-like weapons, etc. They guard the buried and drowned cities of the Old Ones near Antarctica.

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vol 2

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ADVANCED D&D MONSTER MANUAL

Let me qualify this review by explaining that I had absolutely nothing to do with the design, layout or editing of this product, In the very beginning, I had the pleasure of reading the ms. and correcting spelling, punctuation and grammer errors. That was the last time I saw it, and I was knocked out by it when TSR took delivery from the printers. — Ed.

The long talked about MONSTER MANUAL is now out in the shops and available by mail. The wait was worth it; the finished product is a radical departure from the norm in wargame publishing.

The title page says it all — "An alphabetical compendium of all the monsters found in ADVANCED D&D, including attacks, damage, special abilities, and descriptions." Author Gary Gygax, in his prefatory remarks, spreads the credit around, but the majority of the kudos should be heaped on his shoulders.

The book is HARD bound, and stitched, and has a full color cover, an alphabetical table-of-contents and an index and contains over 200 illustrations! The hard binding makes it ideal for a mapping surface, and insures that it will hold up a long time. The illustrations are outstanding and profuse, and in themselves would warrant the cover price of $9.95. An absolute must for every D&D enthusiast everywhere.

Hirelings cont. fr. pg. 5

thing for the expended magical energy. I agreed, but had to politely inform him that doggie biscuits were not standard fare in my dungeon, but he continued to protest. Finally I said, "All right Tallman, but don't complain again!" I then rolled percentile dice and an idea was born. I looked up with a big grin on my face and said, "The bag has fallen over and one coin has fallen out, also you hear a snore from the bag." "Congratulations Tallman, you've just invented the sleeping bag!" Also my favorite pun is the one that came to mind when a character was incinerated by a strange beam of light. I commented, "Well, he certainly made an ash of himself!"

The list is almost endless. I myself have pulled one on a D.M. while in his dungeon. I played his favorite album quietly while the expedition was in progress. I have never won so many melees so quickly in my life. After the expedition, as we were figuring experience, I asked what the experience points would be on a subdued D.M.

With all this humor going on in the dungeon, is it any wonder that a certain figurine company's "Lesser Orc" figures have what we affectionately call the "Snaga Smile?"

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Sneak Preview

Quag Keep

©by Andre Norton*

Milo Fagon, swordsman, and Naile Fangtooth, were-boar berserker, have met in an inn in the Thieves' Quarter of Greyhawk. They have one thing in common, each wears on his wrist a wide copper bracelet in which are set a number of unusually shaped dice. Puzzling over this strange bond, they are also uneasily aware that something momentous is about to happen to them both, though they cannot see that any of the other people in the inn are paying any attention to them.

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Wizard's Wiles

The newcomer approached them directly. His pale face above the high standing collar of his cloak marked him as one who dwelt much indoors by reason of necessity or choice. And, though his features were human enough in their cast, still Milo, seeing their impassivity, the thinness of his near bloodless lips, the sharp beak curve of his nose, hesitated to claim his as a brother man. His eyelids were near closed, but, as he reached the table, he opened them widely and they could see that his pupils were of no human color, rather dull red like a smoldering coal.

Save for those eyes, the only color about him was the badge sewn to the shoulder of his cloak. And that was so intricate that Milo could not read its meaning. It appeared to be an entwining of a number of wizardly runes. When the newcomer spoke his voice was low pitched, and had no more emotion than the monotone uttered by one who repeated a set message without personal care for its meaning.

"You are summoned —"

"By whom and where?" Naile growled and spat again, the flush on his broad face darkening. "I have taken no service —"

Milo caught the berserker's arm. "No more have I. But it would seem that this is what we have awaited." For in him that expectancy which had been building to a climax now blended into a compulsion he could not withstand.

For a moment it would seem that the berserker was going to dispute the summons. Then he swung up his fur cloak and fastened it with a boar's head buckle at his throat.

"Let us be gone then," he growled. "I would see an end to this bedazzlement, and that speedily." The psuedo-dragon chittered shrilly, shooting its forked tongue at the messenger, as if it would have enjoyed impaling some part of the stranger on that spear point.

Again Milo felt the nudge of spinning dice at his wrist. If he could only remember! There was a secret locked in that armlet and he must learn it soon, for as he stood now, he felt helplessness like a sharp set wound.

They came out of Harvel's Axe on the heels of the messenger. Though the upper part of the city was well lighted, this portion was far too shadowed. For those who dwelt and carried out their plans here knew shadows as friends and defenses. As the three of them passed along they followed a crooked alley where the houses leaned above them as if eyes set in the upper stories would spy on passerby. Milo's overactive imagination was ready to endow those same houses, closed and barred against the night, and with seldom a dim glow to mark a small paned window, with knowledge greater than his own, as if they snickered slyly as the three passed.

Before they reached the end of the Thieves' Quarter a dark form slipped from an arched doorway. Though he had had no warning from the armlet, Milo's hand instantly sought sword hilt. The newcomer fell

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into step with him and the very dim light showed the green and brown apparel of an elf. Few, if any, of that blood were ever drawn into the ways of Chaos. Now better light of a panel above the next door made it plain that the newcomer was one of the Woods Rangers. His long bow, unstrung, was at his back and he bore a quiver full of arrows tight packed. In addition both a hunter's knife and a sword were sheathed at his belt. But most noticeable to swordsman, on his wrist he, too, wore the same bracelet which marked the berserker and Milo himself.

Their guide did not even turn his head to mark the coming of the elf, but kept ahead at a gliding walk which Milo found he must extend his stride to match. Nor did the newcomer offer any greeting to either of the men. Only the pseudo-dragon turned its gem point eyes to the newcomer and trilled a thin, shrill cry.

Elves had the common tongue, though sometimes they disdained to use it unless that was absolutely necessary. However, beside their own speech and that, they also had mastery over communication with animals and birds — and, it would seem, pseudo-dragons. For Naile's pet — or comrade — shrilled what must be a greeting. If the elf answered, it was by mind-talk alone. He made no more sound than the shadows around them — far less than the hissing slip-slip of their guide's footgear which was oftentimes drowned out by the clack of their own bootheels on the pavement.

They proceeded into wider and less winding streets, catching glimpses now and then of some shield above a door to mark a representative of Blackmer, a merchant of substance from Urnst, or the lands of the Holy Lords of Faraaz.

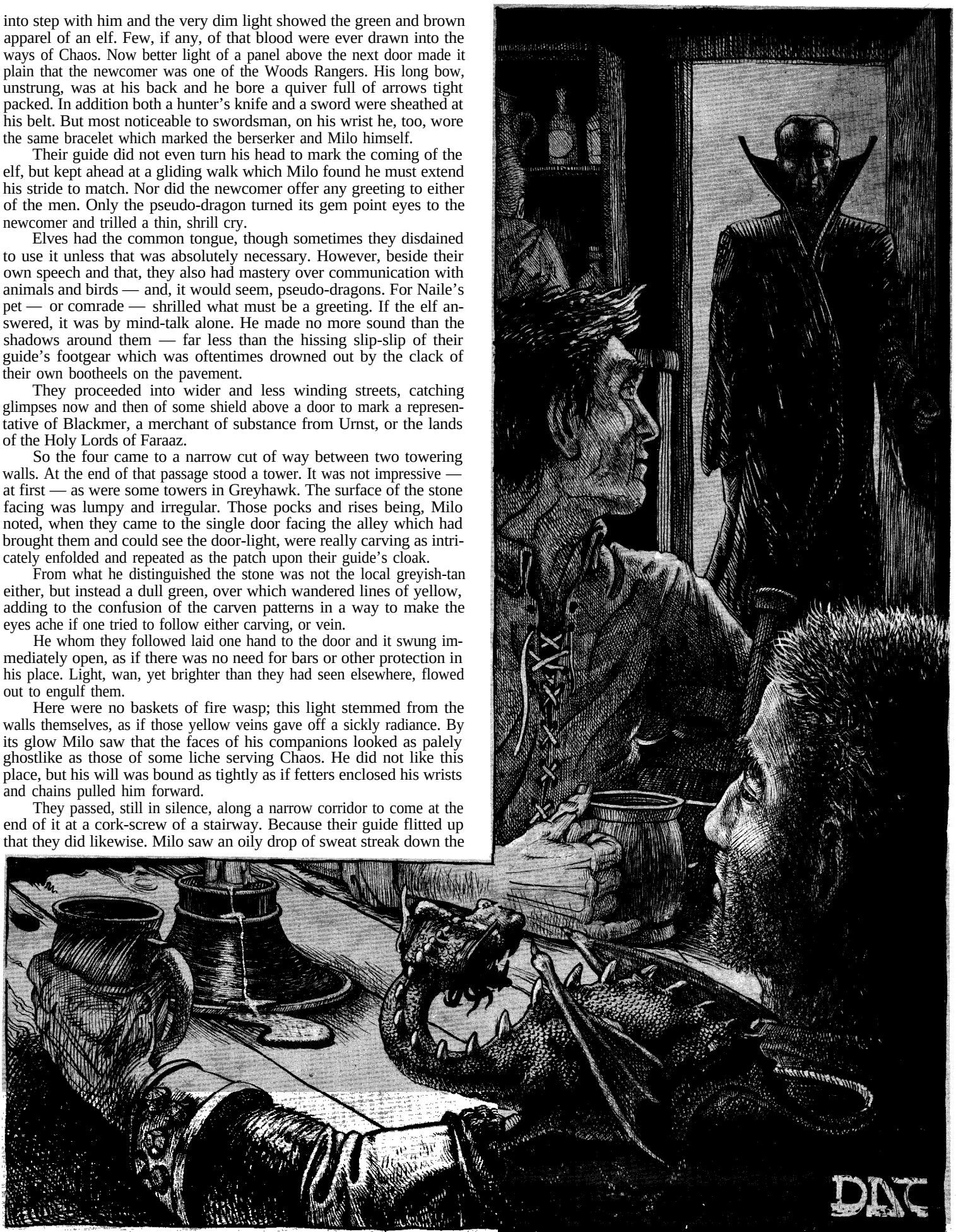
So the four came to a narrow cut of way between two towering walls. At the end of that passage stood a tower. It was not impressive — at first — as were some towers in Greyhawk. The surface of the stone facing was lumpy and irregular. Those pocks and rises being, Milo noted, when they came to the single door facing the alley which had brought them and could see the door-light, were really carving as intricately enfolded and repeated as the patch upon their guide's cloak.

From what he distinguished the stone was not the local greyish-tan either, but instead a dull green, over which wandered lines of yellow, adding to the confusion of the carven patterns in a way to make the eyes ache if one tried to follow either carving, or vein.

He whom they followed laid one hand to the door and it swung immediately open, as if there was no need for bars or other protection in his place. Light, wan, yet brighter than they had seen elsewhere, flowed out to engulf them.

Here were no baskets of fire wasp; this light stemmed from the walls themselves, as if those yellow veins gave off a sickly radiance. By its glow Milo saw that the faces of his companions looked as palely ghostlike as those of some liche serving Chaos. He did not like this place, but his will was bound as tightly as if fetters enclosed his wrists and chains pulled him forward.

They passed, still in silence, along a narrow corridor to come at the end of it at a cork-screw of a stairway. Because their guide flitted up that they did likewise. Milo saw an oily drop of sweat streak down the

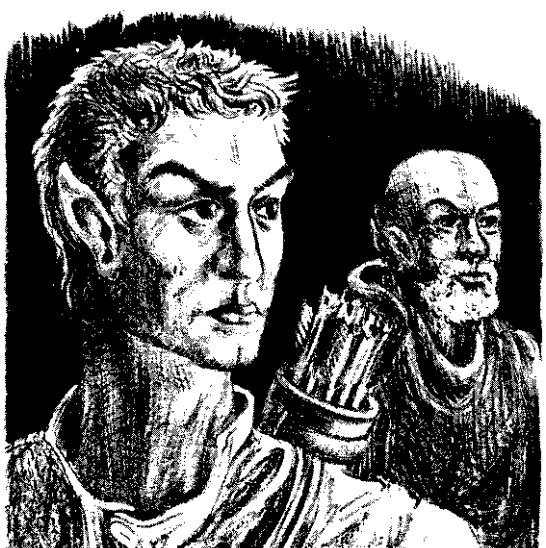


berserker's nose, drip to his chin where the bristles of perhaps two day's of neglected beard sprouted vigorously. His own palms were wet and he had to fight a desire to wipe them on his cloak.

Up they climbed, passing two levels of the tower, coming at last into a single great room. Here it was stifling hot. A fire burned upon a hearth in the very middle, smoke trailing upward through an opening in the roof. But the rest of the room — Milo drew a deep breath — this was no lord's audience chamber. There were tables on which lay piles of books, some covered with wooden boards eaten by time, until perhaps only their hinges of metal held them together. There were the canisters of scrolls, all pitted and green with age. Half the floor their guide stepped confidently out upon was inlaid with a pentagon and other signs and runes. The sickly light was a little better, helped by the natural flames of the fire.

Standing by the fire, as if his paunchy body still craved heat in spite of the temperature of the chamber, was a man of perhaps Milo's height, yet stooped a little of shoulder and completely bald of head. In place of hair the dome of his skin covered skull had been painted or tattooed with the same unreadable design as marked the cloak patch of his servant.

He wore a grey robe, tied with what looked like a length of plain yellowish rope, and that robe was marked with no design nor symbol. His right wrist, Milo was quick to look for that, was bare of any copper, diceset bracelet. He could have been any age (wizards were able to



control time a little for their own benefit) and he was plainly in no cheerful mood. Yet, as the swordsman stepped up beside Naile, the elf quickly closing in to make a third, Milo for the first time felt free of that compulsion and constant surveillance.

The wizard surveyed them critically — as a buyer in the slave market might survey proffered wares. Then he gave a small hacking cough when smoke puffed into his face, waving a hand to drive away that minor annoyance.

"Naile Fangtooth, Milo jagon, Ingrege," it was not as if he meant the listing of names as a greeting, but rather he might be reckoning up a sum important to himself. Now he beckoned and, from the other side of the fire, advanced four others.

"I am, of course, Hystaspes. And why the Great Powers saw fit to draw me into this netting—" He scowled. "But if one deals with the Powers it is a two way matter and one pays their price in the end. Behold your fellows!"

His wave of the hand was theatrical as he indicated the four who had come into full sight. As Milo, Naile, and the elf Ingrge, had instinctively moved shoulder to shoulder, so did these also stand.

"The battlemaid Yevele," Hystaspes indicated a slender figure in full mail. She had pushed her helm back a little on her forehead, and a whisp of red-brown hair showed. For the rest her young face was near as impassive as that of their guide. She wore, however, Milo noticed, what he was beginning to consider the dangerous bracelet.

"Deav Dyne, who puts his faith in the gods men make for themselves." Their was exasperation in the Wizard's voice as he spoke the name of the next.

By his robe of grey faced with white, Deav Dyne, was a follower of Landron-of-the-Inner-Light and of the third rank. But a bracelet encircled his wrist also. He gave a slight nod to the other three, but there was a frown on his face and he was plainly uneasy in his present company.

"The bard Wymarc—"

The red headed man, who wore a bagged skald's field harp on his back, smiled as if he were playing a part and was slyly amused at both his own role and the company of his fellow players.

"And, of course, Gulth—" Hystaspes' visible exasperation came to the surface as he indicated the last of the four.

That introduction was answered by a low growl from Naile Fangtooth. "What man shares a venture with an eater of carrion? Get you out, scaleskin, or I'll have that skin off your back and ready to make me boots!"

The lizardman's stare was unblinking. He did not open his fanged jaws to answer — though the lizard people used and understood the common tongue well enough. But Milo did not like the way that reptilian gaze swept the berserker from head to foot and back again. Lizardmen were considered to be neutral in the eternal struggles and skirmishes of Law and Chaos. On the other hand a neutral did not awaken trust in any man. Their sense of loyalty seldom could be so firmly engaged that they would not prove traitors in some moment of danger. And this specimen of his race was formidable to look upon. He was fully as tall as Naile, and in addition to the wicked spear, the sword of bone, double-edged with teeth, which he carried, his natural armament of fang and claw were weapons even a hero might consider twice before facing. Yet on his scaled wrist, as on that of the bard and the cleric, was the same bracelet.

Now the Wizard turned to the fire — pointed a forefinger. Phrases of a language which meant nothing to Milo came from his lips in an envoking chant. Out of the heart of the flames spread more smoke but in no random puff. This was rather a serpent of white which writhed through the air, reaching out. It split into two and one loop of it fell about Milo, Naile and the elf, before they could move, noosing around the heads of the three of them, just as the other branch noosed the four facing them.

Milo sputtered and coughed. He could see nothing of the room now nor of those in it. But—

* * * * *

All right, you play that one then. Now the problem is—

A room, misty, only half seen. sheets of paper. He was—he was —

"Who are you?" a voice boomed through the mist with the resonance of a great bell.

Who was he? What a crazy question. He was Martin Jefferson, of course.

"Who are you?" demanded that voice once more, there was such urgency in it that he found himself answering it"

"Martin Jefferson."

"What are you doing?"

His bewilderment grew. He was—he was playing a game. Something Eckstern had suggested that they practice upon for the convention —using the new QK figures.

That was it—just playing a game!

"No game—" the booming voice denied that to leave him be-w wildered, completely puzzled.

"Who are you?"

Martin wet his lips to answer. There was a question or two of his own for which he wanted an answer. The mist was so thick he could not see the table. And that was not Eckstern's voice — it was more powerful. But before he could speak he heard a second voice.

"Nelson Langley."

Nels — that was Nels! But Nels had not come tonight. In fact he was out of town. He hadn't heard from Nels since last Saturday.

"What do you do?" Again that relentless inquiry.

"I'm playing a game —" Nel's voice sounded odd — strong enough and yet as if this unending fog muffled it a little.

"No game!" for the second time that curt answer was emphatic.

Martin tried to move, to break through the fog. This was like one of those dreams where you could not get away from an ever encroaching shadow.

"Who are you?"

"James Ritchie —"

Who was James Ritchie? He'd never heard of him before. What WAS going on? Martin longed to shout out that question and discovered that he could not even shape the words. He was beginning to be frightened now — if this was a dream it was about time to wake up.

"What do you do?"

Martin was not in the least surprised to hear the same answer he and Nels had given — the same denial follow.

"Who are you?"

"Susan Spencer. " That was a girl's voice, again that of a stranger.

Then came three other answers: Lloyd Collins, Bill Ford, Max Stein.

The smoke was at least beginning to thin. Martin's head hurt. He was Martin Jefferson and he was dreaming. But —

As the smoke drifted away in ragged patches he was — not back at the table with Eckstern — no! This was — this was the tower of Hystaspes. He was Milo Fagon, swordsman — but he was also Martin Jefferson. The warring memories in his skull seemed enough for a wild moment or two to drive him mad.

"You see," the wizard nodded as his gaze shifted from one of the faces to the next.

"Masterly — masterly and as evil as the Nine and Ninety sins of Salzak, the Spirit murderer." The wizard seemed divided, too, as if he both hated and feared what he might have learned from them, still a part of him longed for the control of such a Power as had done this to them.

"I am — Susan —" the battlemaid took a step forward. "I know I am Susan — but I am also Yevele. And these two try to live within me at once. How can this thing be?" She flung up her arm as if to ward off some danger and the light glinted on her bracelet.

"You are not alone," the wizard told her. There was no warmth of human feeling in his voice. It was brisk in tone as if he would get on to other things at once now that he had learned what he wished of them.

Milo slipped off his helm, let his chain mail coif fall back against his shoulders like a hood so he could rub his aching forehead.

"I was playing — playing a game —" he tried to reassure himself that those few moments of clear thought within the circle of the smoke were real, that he would win out of this.

"Games!" spat the wizard. "Yes, it is those games of yours, fools that you are, who have given the enemy his chance. Had it not been that I, I who know the Lesser and the Larger spells of Ulik and Dom, searching for an answer to an archaic formula, you would already be his purpose. This is a land where Law and Chaos are ever struggling one against each other. But the Laws of Chance will let neither gain full sway. Now this other threat has come to us, and both Law and Chaos are no boundaries for him — or them — for even yet we know not the manner or kind of what menaces us."

"We are in a game —" Milo rubbed his throbbing head again. "Is that what you are trying to tell us?"

"Who are you?" snapped the wizard as if he struck with a war axe without any warning.

"Martin — Milo Jagon." Already the Milo part of him was winning — driving the other mamory far back into his mind, locking and barring doors which meant its freedom.

Hystaspes shrugged. "You see?" And that is the badge of your servitude which you yourselves in your own sphere of life set upon you, with the lack of wit only fools know."

He pointed to the bracelet.

Naile dug at the band on his wrist, using his great strength. But he could not move it. The elf broke the short silence.

"It would seem, Master Wizard, that you know far more than we do concerning this matter. And that also you have some hand in it or we would not be here gathered to be shown that there is what you deem sorcery behind it. If we were brought to this world to serve your unknown menace, then you must have some plan —"

"Plan!" The wizard near shouted. "How can a man plan against that which is not of his world or time? I learned by chance what might happen far enough in advance so that I was able to take precautions against a complete victory for the enemy. Yes, I gathered you in—he-it-them are so confident that there was no ready part waiting for you, The mere fact that you were here perhaps accomplished the first purpose towards which the enemy strikes. By so little am I in advance of what is to come.

"Tell us then, follower of sorcerous ways," the cleric spoke up, "what you know, what you expect, and —"

The wizard laughed harshly. "I know as much as those who serve those faceless gods of yours, Deav Dyne. If there are any gods, which is problematical, why should they concern themselves with the fates of men, or even of nations? But, yes, I will tell you what I know. Chiefly because you are now tools of mine — *mine!* And you shall be willing tools, for this has been done to you against your will, and you have enough of the instincts of life-kind to resent such usage.

"Karl!" He clapped his hands. From the darker end of the room moved the messenger who had led Milo and his comrades. "Bring stools, and drink, and food — for the night is long and there is much to be said here."

Only Gulph, the lizardman disdained a stool, curling up on the floor, his crocodile snouted head supported on his hands, with never a blink of his eyelids, so that he might have been a grotesque statue. But the rest laid their weapons down and sat in a semicircle facing the wizard as if they were a class of novices about to learn the rudiments of a charm.

While Hystaspes settled himself in a chair Karl dragged forward, to watch as they drank from goblets fashioned in the form of queer and fabulous beasts and ate a dark, tough bread spread with strong smelling, but well tasting, cheese.

Though Milo's head still ached, he had lost that terrible sense of inner conflict, and for that he was glad. Still he remembered, as if that were the dream, that once he had been someone else in another and very different world. Only that did not matter so much now for this was Milo's world and the more he let Milo memory rule him, the safer he was.

"The dreams of men, some men," the wizard began, smoothing his robe across his knees, "can be very strong. We know this, we seekers out of knowledge which has been found, lost, hidden, and found again, many times over. For man has always been a dreamer. And it is when he begins to build upon his dreams, that he achieves that which is his greatest of gifts.

"We have discovered that it may be entirely possible that what a man dreams in one world, may be created and given substance in another. And if more than one dreams the same dreams, strives to bring them to life, then the more solid and permanent becomes that other world. Also dreams seep from one space-time level of a world to another, taking root in new soil and there growing — perhaps to even great permanence.

"You have all played what you call a game, building a world you believe imaginary in which to stage your adventures and exploits. Well enough, you say, what harm lies in that? You know it is a game, when it is done, you put aside your playthings for another time. Only — what if the first dreamer, who 'invented' this world according to your conception, did instead gather, unknowingly, dream knowledge of one which did and does exist in another time and space? Have you ever thought of that — ha?" He leaned forward, a fierceness in his eyes.

"More and more does this dream world enchant you. Why should it not? If it really is a pale, conscious-filtered bit of another reality? Therefore it gains in substance in your minds, and in a measure is drawn closer to your own. The more players who think about it — the stronger the pull between them will be.

"Do you mean," Yevele asked, "that what we imagine can become real?"

"Was not all very real to you playing the game when you have played it?" countered Hystaspes.

Milo nodded without thought, and saw that even the lizard head of Gulth echoed that gesture.

"So. But in this there is little harm — for you play but in a shadow of our world and what you do there does not influence events which happen — well and good. But suppose someone — something — outside both of our space-times sees a chance to meddle — what then?"

"You tell us," Naile growled. "You tell us! Tell us why we are here, and what you — or this other thing you do not seem to know very much about, really wants of us!"

Geas Bound

"In so far as I have learned it is simple enough," the wizard waved his own hand in the air. His fingers curved about a slender stemmed goblet which appeared out of nowhere. "You have been imported from your own time and space to exist here as such characters your imagination would select for these games you have delighted in. The why of your so coming — that is only half clear to me. It would seem that he — or it — who meddles seeks thus to tie together our two worlds in some manner. The drawing of you hither may be the first part of such a uniting —"

Naile snorted. "All this your wizardry has made plain to you, has it? So we should sit and listen to this —"

Hystaspes stared at him. "Who are you?" his voice boomed as it had earlier through the smoke. "Give me your name!" That command carried the crack of an order mouthed by one who was entirely sure of himself.

The berserker's face flushed. "I am —" he began hotly and then hesitated as if in that very moment some mazement confused him. "I am Naile Fangtooth —" Now a little of the force was lost from his deep voice.

"This is the city of Greyhawk," went on the wizard, an almost merciless note in his voice. "Do you agree, Naile Fangtooth?"

"Yes —" The heavy body of the berserker shifted on his stool. That seat might suddenly become not the most comfortable perch in the world.

"Yet, as I have shown you — are you not someone else also? Have you no memories of a different place and time?"

"Yes —" Naile gave this second agreement with obvious reluctance.

"Therefore you are faced with what seems to be two contrary truths. If you are Naile Fangtooth in Greyhawk — how can you also be this other man in another world? Because you are prisoner of *that!"*

His other hand flashed out as he pointed to the bracelet on the berserker's wrist.

"You, wereboar, fighter, are slave to that!"

"You say we are slaves," Milo cut in as Naile growled and plucked fruitlessly at his bracelet. "In what manner and why —?"

"In the manner of the game you chose to play," Hystaspes answered him. "Those dice shall spin and their readings will control your movements — even as when you gamed. Your life, your death, your success, your failure, all shall be governed by their spin.".

"But in the game," the cleric leaned forward a little, his gaze intent upon the wizard, as if to compel the complete attention of the other, "we throw the dice. How can we now control these so firmly fixed?"

Hystaspes nodded. "That is the first sensible question," he commented. "They teach you a bit of logic in those dark, gloomy abbeys of yours, do they not, after all, priest? It is true you cannot strip those bits of metal from your wrists and throw their attachments, leaving to luck, or to your gods, whichever you believe favor you, the result. But you shall have a warning of an instant or two before they spin of their own accord. Then — well, then you must use your wits. Though how much of those you can summon," he shot a glance at Naile which was anything but complimentary, "remains unknown. If you concentrate on the dice when they begin to spin, it is my belief that you will be able to change the score which will follow — perhaps only by a fraction."

Milo glanced about the half circle of his unsought companions in this unbelievable venture. Ingrge's face was impassive, his eyes veiled. The elf stared down, if he were looking outward at all, at the hand resting on his knee, the bracelet just above that. Naile scowled blackly, still pulling at his hand as if strength and will could loose it.

Gulth had not moved and who could read any emotion on a face so alien to human kind? Yevele was not frowning, her gaze was centered thoughtfully on the wizard. She had raised one hand and was running the nail of her thumb along to trace the outline of her lower lip, a gesture Milo guessed she was not even aware she made. Her features were good, and that escaped tress of hair above her sun-browned forehead seemed to give her a kind of natural aliveness which stirred something in him. Though this was certainly neither the time nor place to allow his attention to wander in *that* fashion.

The cleric had pinched *his* lips together. Now he shook his head a little, more in time, Milo decided, to his own thoughts than to what the wizard was saying. While the bard was the only one who smiled, as he caught Milo's wandering eyes, that smile became an open grin — as if he might be hugely enjoying all of this.

"We have been taught many things," the cleric spoke with a faint repugnance. He had the countenance of one forced into speaking against his will. "We have been taught that it is true mind can control matter. You have your spells, wizard, we have our prayers." He drew forth from the bosom of his robe a round of chain on which dull silver beads were set in patterns of two or three together.

"Spells and prayers," Hystaspes returned, "are not what I speak of — rather of such power of mind as is lying dormant within each of you and which you must cultivate for yourselves."

"Just when and how do we use this power?" For the first ime the bard Wymarc broke in. "You would have not summoned us here, Your Power-in-possession" (He gave that title a twist which hinted that more than common civility might lie behind his use of it, perhaps satire) "unless we were to be of use to you in some manner."

For the first time the wizard did not reply at once. Instead he gazed down into the goblet he held, as if the dregs of the liquid which it now contained could be used as the far-seeing mirror of his craft.

"There is only one use for you," he stated dryly after a long moment.

"That being?" Wymarc persisted when Hystaspes did not at once continue.

"You must seek out the source of that which has drawn you hither and destroy it — if you can."

"For what reason — save that you find it alarming?" Wymarc wanted to know.

"Alarming?" Hystaspes echoed. Now his voice once more held arrogance. "I tell you, this — this alien being strives to bring together our two worlds. For what purpose he desires that, I cannot say. But should they so coincide —"

"Yes? What will happen then?" Ingrge took up the questioning. His compelling elf stare unleased at the wizard as he might have aimed one of the deadly arrows of his race.

Hystaspes blinked. "That I cannot tell."

"No?" Yevele broke in. "With all your powers you cannot foresee what will come then —?"

He flashed a quelling look at the girl, but she met that as she might a sword in the hands of a known enemy. "Such has never happened — in all the records known to me. But that it will be far more evil than the worst foray which Chaos has directed, that I can answer to."

There was complete truth in that statement, Milo thought.

"I believe something else, wizard," Deav Dyne commented dryly. "I think that even as you had us brought here to you, you have wrought what shall bind us to your will, we having no choice left in the matter." Though his eyes were on the wizard, his hands were busy, slipping the beads of his prayer string between his fingers.

Ingrge, not their captor-host, replied to that. "A geas, then," he said in a soft voice, but a voice which carried chill.

Hystaspes made no attempt to deny that accusation.

"A geas, yes. Do you doublt that I would not do anything within my power to make sure that you seek out the source of this contamination and destroy it?"

"Destroy it?" Wymarc took up the challenge now. "Look at us, wizard. Here stand an oddly mixed company with perhaps a few minor arts, spells, and skills. We are not adepts —"

"You are not of this world," Hystaspes interrupted. "Therefore you are an irritant here. To pit you against another irritant is the only plausible move. And — remember this — he — or it— who brought you here knows alone the way by which you may return. Also, it is not this world only which is menaced. You pride yourself enough upon

your imaginations to have played your game of risk and fortune — use that imagination now. Would Greyhawk — would all the lands known to us — be the same if they were intermingled with your own space-time? And how would *your* space-time suffer?"

"Distinctly a point,'" the bard admitted. "Save that we may not have the self sacrificing temperament to rush forth to save our world. What I remember of it, which seems to grow less by the second, oddly enough, does not now awake in me great ardor to fight for it."

"Fight for yourself then," snapped the wizard. "In the end, with most men, it comes to self preservation. You are committed anyway to action under the geas." He arose, his robe swirling about him.

"Just who stands against us, save this mysterious menace?" For the first time Milo dropped his role of onlooker. The instincts which were a part of the man he had now become, were awake. Know the strength of your opposition, as well as the Referee might allow, that was the rule of the game. It might be that this wizard was the Referee. But Milo had a growing suspicion that the opposition more likely played that role. "What of Chaos?"

Hystaspes frowned. "I do not know. Save it is my belief that they may also be aware of what is happening. There are adepts enough on the Dark Road to have picked up as much if not more as I know now."

"What of players?" Yevele wanted to know. "Are there dark players also?"

A very faint shadow showed for an instant on the wizard's face. Then he spoke, so slowly that the words might have been forceably dragged from his lips one by one.

"I do not know. Nor have I been able to discover any such."

"Which does not mean," Wymarc remarked, "that they do not exist. A pleasant prospect. All you can give us is some slight assurance that we *may* learn to control the fall of these," he shook his hand a little so that the dice trembled on their gimbles but did not move, "to our advantage."

"It is wrong!" Naile's deep voice rang out. "You have laid a geas on-us wizard. Therefore give us what assistance you can — by the rule of Law, which you purport to follow, that is our right to claim!"

For a moment Hystaspes simply glared back at the berserker as if the other's defiant speech offered insult. Visibly he mastered a first, temperborn response.

"I cannot tell you much, berserker. But, yes, what I have learned is at your service now." He arose and went to one of the tables on which were piled helter-skelter the ancient books and scrolls. Among these he made a quick search until he located a strip of parchment perhaps a yard long which he flipped open, to drop upon the floor before their half circle of stools. It was clearly a sketchy map, as Milo began to recognize by that a queer mixture of two memories which he privately wondered he would ever become accustomed to.

To the north lay the Grand Duchy of Urnst, for Greyhawk was clearly marked nearly at the edge of the sheet to his right. Beyond that swelled the Great Kingdom of Blackmoor. While to the left, or west, were mountains scattered in broken chains, dividing smaller kingdoms one from the other. Rivers, fed by tributaries, formed boundaries for many of these. This cluster of nations ended in such unknown territories as the Dry Steppes which only the Nomad Raiders of Lar dared venture out upon (the few watering places therein being hereditary possessions of those clans). Farther south was that awesome Sea of Dust from which it was said no expedition, no matter how well equipped, had ever returned. Though there were legends concerning its lost and buried ships and the treasures which still might exist within the petrified cargo holds of those.

The map brought them all edging forward. Leaning over the parchment Milo sensed that perhaps some of this company recognized the faded lines, identify features which to him were but names, but which existed for them in the grafted on memories of those they had become.

"North, east, south, west!" exploded Naile. "Where does your delving into the Old knowledge suggest we begin, wizard? Must we wander over half the world perhaps to find this menace of yours in whatever fortress it has made for itself?"

The wizard produced a staff of ivory so old that it was a dull yellow and the carving on it had been worn by much handling to unidentifiable indentions. With the point of that he indicated the map.

"I have those who supply me with information," he returned. "It is only when there is a silence from some such that I turn to other methods. Here —" the point of the staff aimed a quick, vicious thrust at the southwestern portion of the map beyond the last trace of civilization (if one might term it that) represented by the Grand Duchy of Deofp, a place the prudent avoided since civil warfare between two rivals for the rule had been going on now for more than a year, and both lords were well known to have formally accepted the rulership of Chaos.

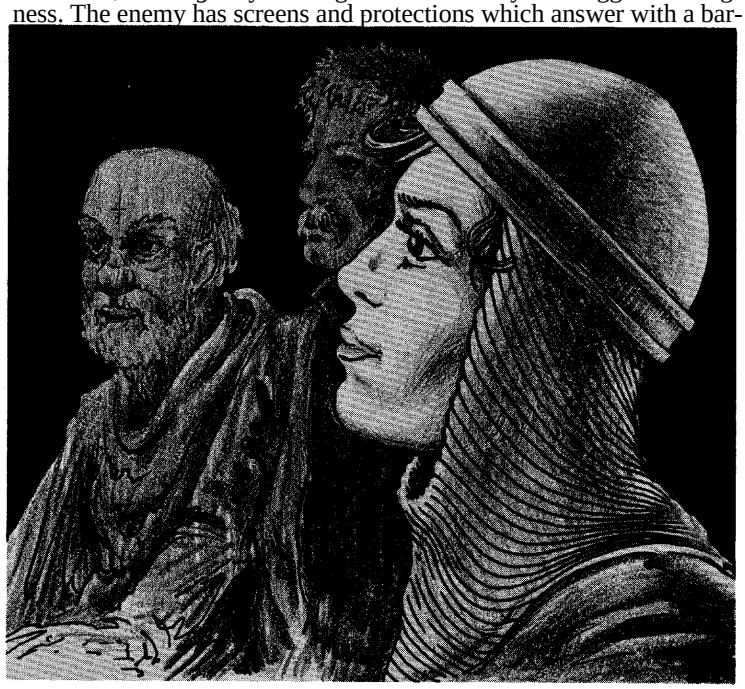
The Duchy lay in the foothills of the mountain chain and from its borders, always providing one could find the proper passes, one might emerge either into the Dry Steppes or the Sea of Dust, depending upon whether one turned either north or south.

"Deofp?" Deav Dyne spit out as if he found the very name vile. As indeed he must since it was a stronghold of Chaos.

"No. Chaos rules there, yes. But this is not of Chaos. Or at least such an alliance has not yet come into being —" Hystaspes moved a pointer to the south. "I have some skill, cleric. in my own learning. What I have found is literally — nothing."

"Nothing?" Ingrge glanced up sharply. "So — you mean a void." The elf's nostrils expanded as if, like any animal of those woods his people knew better than Hystaspes might know his spells, he scented something.

"Yes, *nothing.* My seekings meet with only a befogged nothingness. The enemy has screens and protections which answer with a barrier not even a geas burdened demon of the Fourth Level can penetrate."



Deav Dyne spun his chain of prayer beads more swiftly, muttering as he did so. The wizard served Law, but he was certainly admitting now to constraining demons for his service, which made that claim a little equivocal.

Hystaspes was swift to catch the cleric's retraction to that and shrugged as he replied. "In a time of stress one uses the weapon to hand and the best weapon for the battle that one can produce — is that not so? Yes, I have called upon certain ones whose very breath is a pollution in this room — because I feared. Do you understand that?" He thumped the point of his staff on the map. "I feared! That which is native to this world I can understand, this menace I cannot. All non-knowledge brings with it an aura of fear.

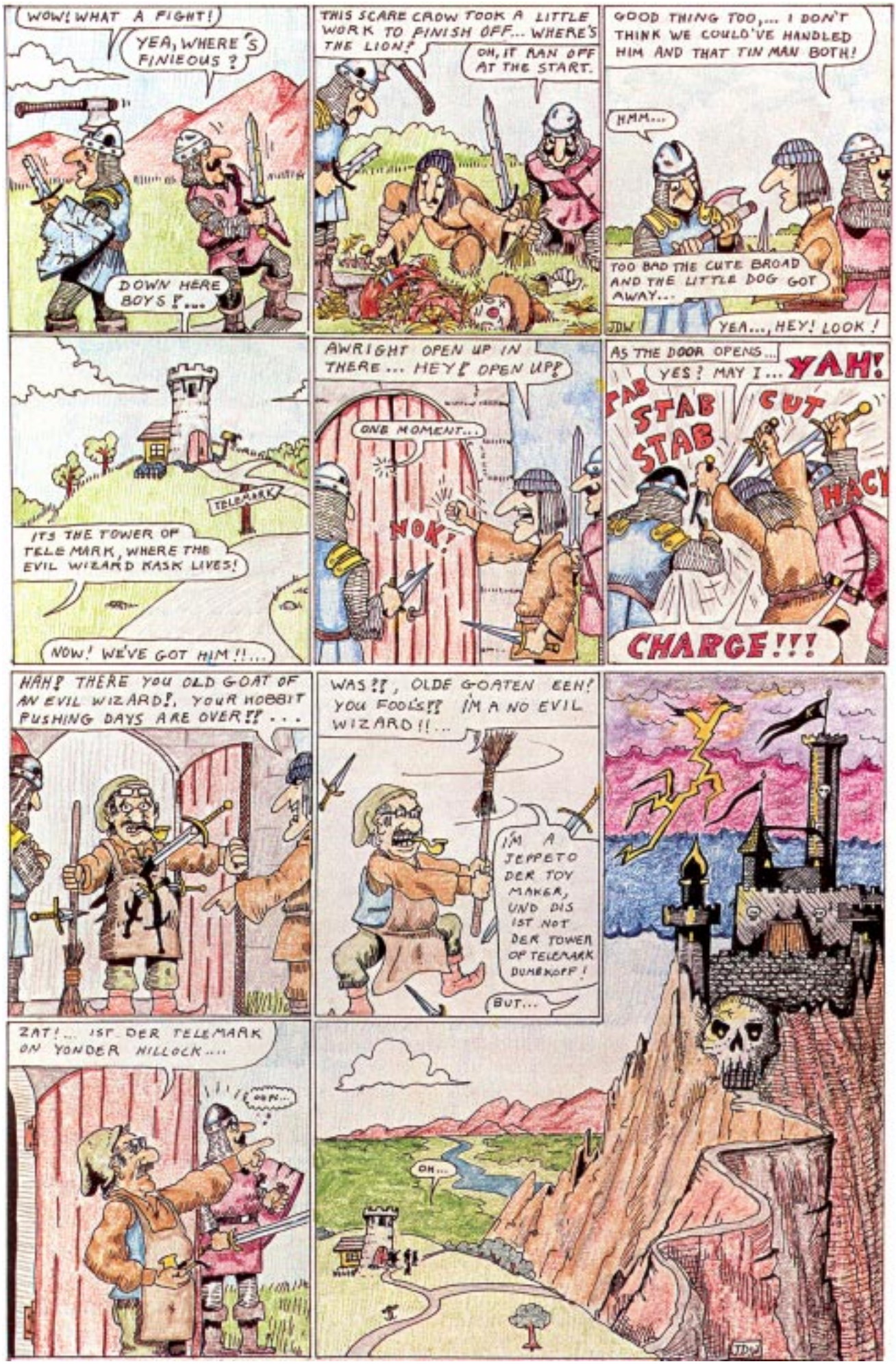
"The thing you seek was a little careless at first. The unknown powers it called upon troubled the ways of the Great Knowledge, enough for me to learn what I have already told you. But when I went searching for it, defenses had been erected. I think, though this is supposition only, that it did not expect to find those here who could detect its influences. Even I have but recently come into possession of certain scrolls, rumored to have once been in the hands of Han-gra-dan —"

There was an exclamation from both the elf and the cleric at that name.

"A thousand years gone!" Deav Dyne spoke as if he doubted such a find.

Hystaspes nodded. "More or less. I know not if these came directly from a cache left by that mightest of the northern adepts. But they are indeed redolent of power, and, taking such precautions as I might, I used one of the formulae. The result —" his rod stabbed again on the map, "being that I learned what I learned. Now this much I can tell you

WORMY
NOW THERE'S SOMETHIN' YA DON'T SEE EVERYDAY, DUDLY ...WORMY'S OUT IN HIS FRONT YARD DOIN' A FLAMINGO DANCE.
YEAH? IF YA ASK ME IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THE FRUG.
WUDDAHELL IS HE DOIN', STOMPIN' AROUN' LIKE THAT?
SEARCH ME, FRANK... MAYBE HE'S PUTTIN' OUT A BRUSH FIRE
WORMY? PUT OUT A FIRE? THE GUY'S A PYROMANIAC. HAW! I'LL BETCHA HE'S JUS' HAVIN' ONE OF THEM APPLE-EPTIC SEIZURES! C'MON— LET'S GET A CLOSER LOOK—
WHAT! YOU GOT ALL THE BRAINS OF A KUMQUAT! IF WORMY'S HAVING A FIT, THIS IS PLENTY CLOSE RIGHT HERE.
HMMM.... YOU GOT A POINT THERE -HEY- LOOK SHARP! HE'S GOIN' OUTA CONTROL HEADIN' RIGHT FER US!
QUICK BEHIND THIS ESCARPMENT
C'MERE YOU LITTLE BOOGER
GYAAAAAAAV!
AHARF!
EPILEPTIC SEIZURE! AHARF! ARF! ARF! MAYBE YOU DON'T GOT ALL THE BRAINS OF A KUMQUAT!
AAASHUDDUP
GETTUM WORMY!
TRAMP



Finieous Fingers, Fred and Charly in: Attack on Telemark, or, one day in the wilderness

— there is a barrier existing somewhere here, or about the sea of Dust."

For the first time the lizardman croaked out bearly understandable words in the common tongue.

"Desert — a desert ready to swallow any venturing into it." His expression could not change, but there was a certain tone in his croaking which suggested that he repudiated any plan which would send them into that fatal, trackless wilderness.

Hystaspes frowned at the map. "We cannot be sure. There is only one who might hold the answer, for these mountains are his fortress and his range. Whether he will treat with you — that will depend upon your skill of persuasion. I speak of Lichis, the Golden Dragon."

Memory, the new memory, supplied Milo with identification. Dragons could be of Chaos. Such hunted men as men might hunt a deer or a forest boar. But Lichis, who was known to support Law during thousands of years of such struggles (for the dragons were the longest lived of all creatures) must have a command of history which had become only thin legend as far as men were concerned. He was, in fact, the great lord of his kind. Though he was seldom seen now, and had not for years taken any part in the struggles which swept this world. Perhaps the doings of lesser beings (or so most human kind would seem to him) had come to bore him.

Wymarc hummed and Milo caught a fragment of that tune. The Harrowing of Ironnose, a sage of legend of men, one which might have been true history of a world crumbled now into dust and complete forgetfulness. Ironnose was the Great Demon, called into being by early adepts of Chaos laboring for half a lifetime together, who was intended to break Law forever. It was Lichis who roused and did battle. That the battle had raged from Blackmoor, out over the Great Bay, down to the Wild Coast, ending in a steaming, boiling sea from which only Lichis had emerged.

Even the Golden Dragon had not come unwounded from that encounter. For a long time he had disappeared also from the sight of men. Though before that disappearance, he had visited the adepts who had given Ironnose being. Of them and their castle was left thereafter only a few fire scorched stones, and an evil aura which had kept even the most hardy of adventurers out of that particular part of the land to this very day.

"So we seek out Lichis," Ingrge remarked. "What if he will have no word for us?"

"You," Hystaspes swung to Naile, "that creature of yours." Now he pointed the staff at the psuedo-dragon curled against the berserker's thick neck just about the edging of his mail, as if it had turned into a torque, no longer a living thing. Its eyes were mere slits showing between scaled lids. And its jaws were now firmly closed upon that spear pointed tongue. "In that creature you may have a key to Lichis. They are of one blood, though near as far apart in line as a snake and Lichis himself. However," now he shrugged and tossed the staff behind him, not watching, though it landed neatly on a table top. "I have told you all I can."

"We shall need provisions, mounts," Yevele's thumb again caressed her lower lip.

Hystaspes' lips twisted. Perhaps the resulting grimace served the wizard for a smile of superiority.

The elf nodded, briskly. "We can take nothing from you, save that which you have laid upon us — the geas —" With that part of Power Lore born into his kind he appeared to perceive more than the rest of their company.

"All I might give would bear the scent of wizardry," Hystaspes agreed.

"So be it." Milo held out his hand and looked down at the bracelet. "It would seem that it is now time for us to test the worth of these and see how well they can serve us." He did not try to turn any of the dice manually. Instead he stared at them, seeking to channel all his thought into one command. Once, in that other time and world, he had thrown just such dice for a similar purpose.

The sparks which marked their value began to glow. He did not try to command any set sum from such dealing. Only sent a wordless command to produce the largest the dice might yield.

Dice spun — glowed. As they became again immobile, a drawstring money bag lay at the swordsman's feet. For a moment or two the strangeness, the fact that he had been able to command the dice by thought alone in this matter, alone possessed him. Then he went down on one knee, jerked loose a knotting of strings, to turn out on the floor what luck had provided. Here was a mixture of coins, much the same as any fighter might possess by normal means. There were five gold pieces from the Great Kingdom, bearing the highnosed, haughty faces of two recent kings; some cross shaped trading tokens from the Land of the Holy Lords struck out in copper but still well able to pass freely in Greyhawk where so many kinds of men, dwarves, elves, and others traveled. In addition he saw a dozen of these silver, halfmoon circles coined in Faraz, and two of the mother-of-pearl discs incised with the fierce head of a sea-serpent which came from the island Duchy of Maritiz.

Yevele, having witnessed his luck, was the next to concentrate on her own bracelet, producing another such purse. The coins varied, but Milo thought that approximately in value they added up to the same amount as his own effort had produced. Now the others became busy. It was Deav Dyne, who by his clerky training was best able to judge the rightful value of unusual pieces (Gulth had two hexagons of gold bearing a flaming torch in high relief — these Milo could not identify at all) who tallied their combined wealth.

"I would say." he said slowly, after he had separated the pieces into piles, counted and examined those which were more uncommon, "we have enough, if we bargain skillfully. Mounts can be gotten at the market in the foreign quarter. Our provisions — perhaps best value at the Sign of the Pea Stalk. We should separate and buy discreetly. Milo and — shall we say you, Ingrge and Naile — to the horse dealers, for with you lies more knowledge of what we need. Gulth must have his own supplies —" He looked to the lizardman. "Have you an idea where to go?"

The snouted head moved assent as the long clawed hand picked up coins Deav Dyne swept in his direction, putting them back into the pouch which had appeared before him. Unlike those of the others it was not leather, but fashioned of a fish which had been dried, its head removed, a dull metal cap put in that place.

Milo hesitated. He was armed well enough — a sword, his shield, a belt knife with a long and dangerous blade. But he thought of a crossbow — And how about spells? Surely they had a right to throw also for those?

When he made his suggestion Deav Dyne nodded. "For myself, I am permitted nothing more than the knife of my calling. But for the rest of you —"

Again Milo was the first to try. He concentrated on the bracelet, striving to bring to the fore of his mind a picture of the crossbow, together with a quota of bolts. However, the dice did not fire with life and spin. And, one after another, saving only Wymarc and Deav Dyne — the bard apparently already satisfied with what he had — they tried, to gain nothing.

The wizard once more favored them with a grimace of a smile. "Perhaps you had already equipped yourselves by chance before that summoned you," he remarked. "But I would not waste more time. By day it would be well for you to be out of Greyhawk. We do not know what watch Chaos may have kept on this tower tonight, nor the relation of the Dark Ones to our enemy."

"Our enemy —" snorted Naile, swinging around to turn his back on the wizard with a certain measure of scorn. "Men under a geas have one enemy already, wizard. You have made *us your* weapons. I would take care, weapons have been known to turn against those who use them." He strode toward the door without looking back. His mightly shoulders, with the boar helm riding above, expressed more than his words. Naile Fangtooth was plainly beset by such a temper as made his kind such deadly enemies.

THE END?

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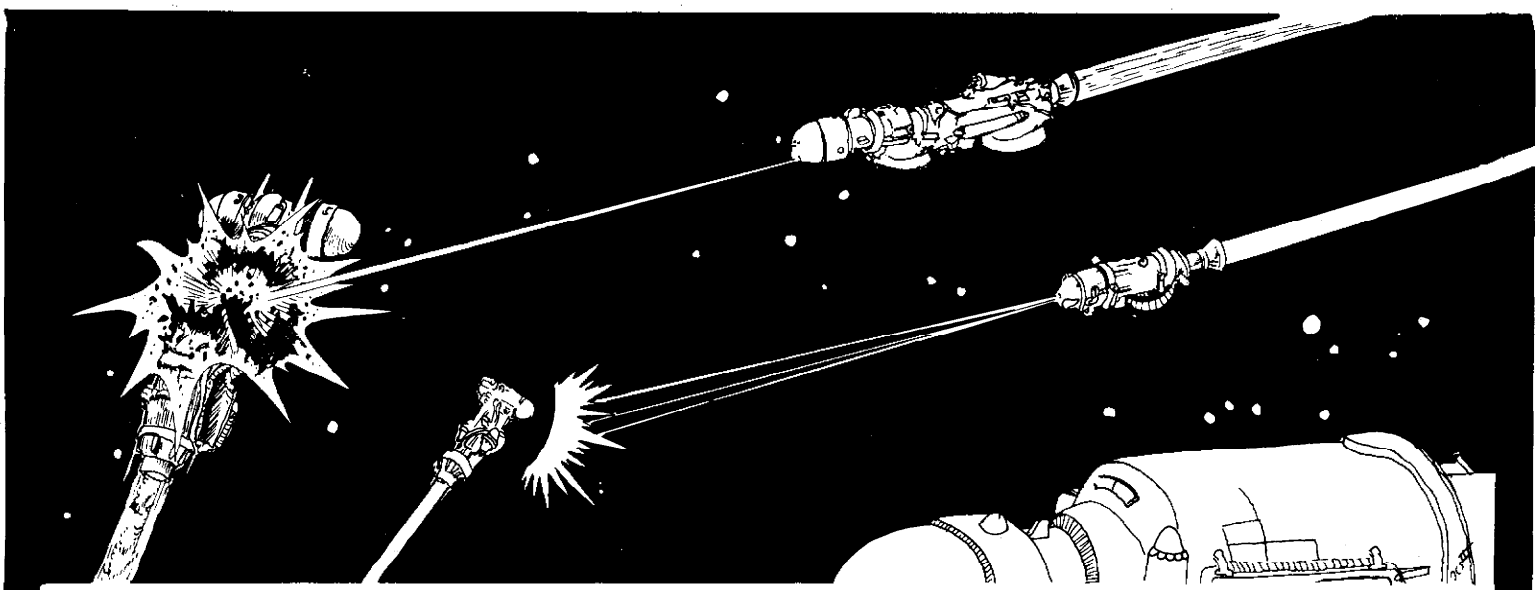

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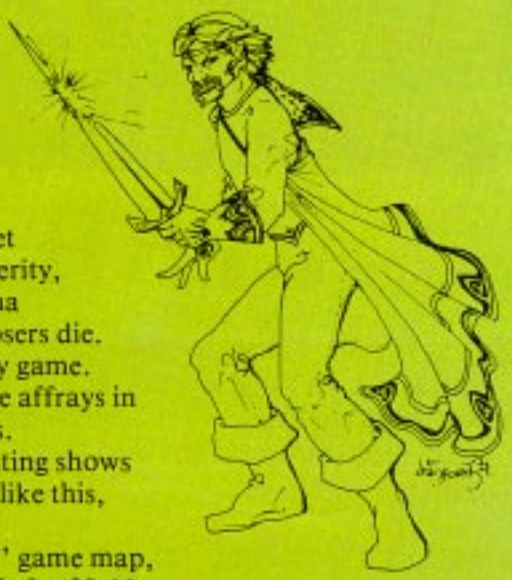

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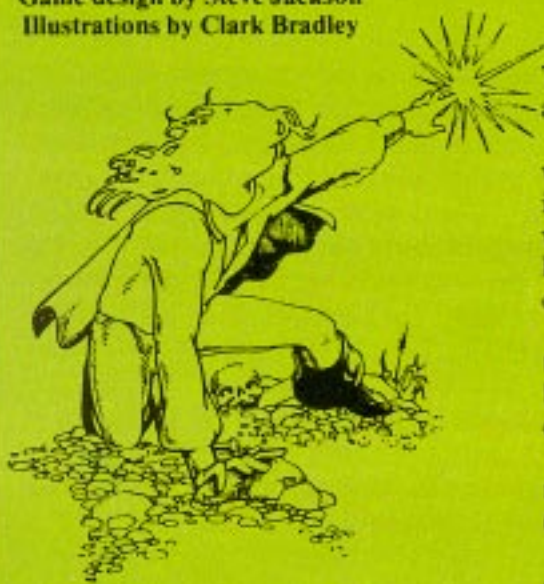

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