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CREDIAS / CONTENTS:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Stewart Wieck ASSISTANT EDITOR: Stephan Wieck ART DIRECTOR: Richard Thomas STAFF ARTIST: Kathy Luzzi CARTOGRAPHER: Ken Cliffe **COVER ARTIST: Richard Thomas** TYPESETTING: Stewart Wieck

WRITERS: Roger Baker, Michael DeWolfe, Richard Disbrow, Jim LaFond, Andrew Leker, Chris Page, Merle Rasmussen, Stephan Sechi, Melinda Stewart, Jim Townsend, Stephan Wieck, Stewart Wieck

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WHITE WOLF Magazine (ISSN 0897-9391) is published bi-monthly by White Wolf Publishing. The mailing address for all items is: White Wolf Publishing, 1298 Winter Place, Anniston, AL 36201. The phone number is (404)-832-9994. WHITE WOLF is distributed through subscription and distribution services throughout the United States and Canada. Overseas subscriptions are available. All subscriptions are priced as follows: any U.S. address= \$22, any Canadian address= \$32, overseas via surface mail= \$45, overseas via airmail= \$80. All rates are for twelve issues. Checks or money-orders should be made payable to White Wolf Publishing. Subscribers are given constant notification of the last issue of their current subscription by the number following their name on the ad-

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Welcome to our second Halloween issue. Issue #4 was the first such issue, but that one was done back in 1986. Let me quickly interject an apology for the short length of this issue. We are pretty certain that we have overcome the mail problem that we had been having, but we wanted to make sure that you got your Halloween issue by Halloween. Makes sense, eh? In order to accomplish this we had to push the schedule of the magazine up a week and thus had to shorten the issue a bit.

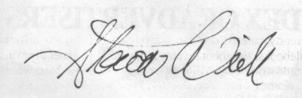
This is the first issue of WHITE WOLF which has been done entirely on computer. Yes, we finally stepped out of the Dark Ages by making this move. Feel assured that the content of the magazine will remain in the Dark Ages (at least as far as our fantasy content is concerned). Working with the desktop publishing actually means more work for the staff here at WW, but we feel that the quality of the magazine has improved as well. The magazine is even more under our control now as we

do not have to try to catch mistakes made by our old typesetter. Nell's Composition served us well, but we did encounter several problems with them.

Good news for those of you interested in writing for WHITE WOLF. We have re-established our contest column, "On Your Mark", and it will remain a permanent fixture in WHITE WOLF.

To clear up something that may have confused you in issue #11- we announced the article "The Order of Hermes" as the first of a regular column. That was a truth, but because we had trouble coming up with a title for the column, no logo appeared at the top of that article. The second installment of the column, "The Keepers of the Law", does carry the logo- People of the Land.

To close, I would like to give a quick thanks to David Argall who has taken his time after each issue to send his opinions of the articles and the content of the magazine to us. We would like to see more of this as it gives us a better feel for what you want. After all, though we write the magazine, we write it for you.



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Capsule Reviews

by Stewart Wieck; Stewart is the Editor-in-Chief of WHITE WOLF

Ironhedge

Empire Wargames, Box 94, Marne, MI 49435

designer: John Brooke price: \$25

Ironhedge is an interesting game that is presented in a form unlike other RPGs. Let me explain- the game consists of the following items: a stand-up map/GM screen, index card sized characters and encounter cards, five differently colored d6, two pocket-sized rulebooks, and about seventy index card sized "world cards" (my own term).

Ironhedge is a complete RPG game. All the rules are here and an entire world is presented. The game system itself is a little simplistic, but this seems to be the goal of the game- to cut down on unnecessary complications. The system does serve it purpose.

The attractive feature of Ironhedge is the material for Ironworld, the campaign setting provided. A map of Ironworld appears on the GM's screen. Numerous places of interest are marked on this map (e.g. Skull Castle, Hun Tomb, Yin Pyramid, etc.). Each of these places then has one or more "world cards" devoted to them. The cards map the entire structure and describe the contents. This means a truly phenomenal amount of material. Some of these cards are also devoted to Moonworld, an actual moon which revolves around Iron-

A major drawback of the package is its tiny size. The rulebooks are about 3 1/2" x 5". While this makes them easy to carry, it also serves to make them distracting to read. Empire Wargames offers a basic game option for \$6 which gets you one rulebook and a few character and encounter cards. My recommendation is to ignore this offer. The strength of the game lies with the detailed "world cards" and the campaign setting. Either go for it all, or for-

Pandora's Dice Wheel

Pandora's Treasures, 315 W. 400 South, Smithfield, UT 84335 price: \$14.95 or \$34.95

Pandora's dice wheel is a gaming aid which takes the place of dice (or supplements the use of dice). The product is an actual wheel about 5" in diameter which is marked in progressively larger rings to represent d3, d4, d6, d8, d10, d12, d20, d30, and d00. A spin of the wheel will bring a number for each one of the possible dice underneath a pointer. Therefore you can now spin instead of

Two different kinds of wheels are generally available. First, there is a plastic base wheel (\$14.95) and a wooden base wheel (\$34.95). My only experience has been with a plastic base wheel, and the pointer broke after a short time of use. However, the wheels now use a flexible pointer which my original wheel did not have, so this problem has been alleviated. I have seen the wood base wheels and they do seem greatly superior to the plastic ones.

While Pandora's Dice Wheel will not cause you to drop your dice and use it exclusively, you might consider it as a game aid to supplement the use of dice (to speed things up a bit) if you are prone to the use of such aids.

The wheel also comes with a short booklet titled "Pandora's Futurescope". The book just lists some tables which might be used in conjunction with the wheel for the state of a day's affairs.

The Adventurers' Guild

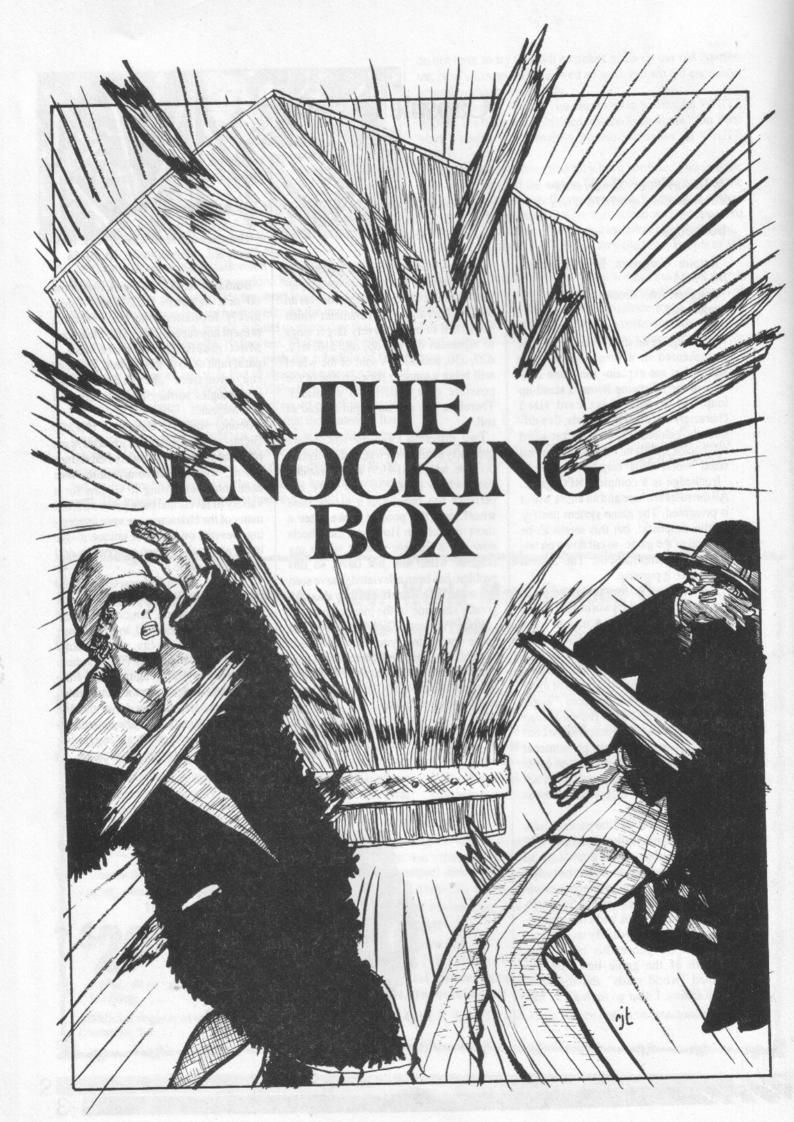
The Adventurers' Guild, 401 New Castle Rd., Marshalltown, IA 50158

Bestiary (\$2.95): This book lists some 60 new monsters for FRPGs. While nicely formatted, the book doesn't present any especially unique creatures. Most receive little more than a paragraph or so of description. Some of the monsters are from actual mythologies so they are interesting in that respect.

Bounty Hunter's Handbook (\$3.25): Eighteen high level fantasy bad guys are presented in a sort of fantasy FBI top ten listing. The supplement would have been more interesting if villains for a variety of levels had been presented, but many of the characters are very interesting. Several own new or unique magic items and each is given a monetary and experience value.

Tome (\$5.50): 300 character bust pictures; something around 1000 character names; and weapon, armor, and shield diagrams are presented in the Tome. While of lesser quality, the character pictures could be used as visuals to help players focus on the fact that they are talking to an actual person, not a faceless bystander. If you have trouble naming characters, then the list will do you good. The diagrams are interesting and apparently historically accurate.





The Knocking Box

a Call of Cthulhu Adventure

by Michael DeWolfe; This is Michael's first appearance in WHITE WOLF. The last minute acceptance of this scenario caused Ken Cliffe's "And Hellspawn Cometh..." to be delayed.

Player's Information

This scenario is set on a train in the 1920's and is for one to three investigators. It should take one or perhaps two sessions to complete. Players should stop reading here.

Keeper's Information

This scenario is set on a train that has a 3+ day long trip to complete. The destination and departure points of the train are not important; only the ride itself matters. The map for the passenger car (found in the Call of Cthulhu sourcebook) will serve well for this adventure.

Play out all of the encounters below. Timing is important as players should not see what is in the knocking box until near the end of the scenario. This scenario is meant to be a filler during one longer adventure or between two shorter ones.

Departure

The train departs from its station with all of the passengers aboard and all baggage in the baggage car. The characters share state rooms in the same car. There are other state rooms in the car with unremarkable passengers. But one of the state rooms houses the central NPC of this scenario: Simon Mourd.

Simon Mourd

and the said

Simon is a man in his early forties. Balding and bespectacled, he has a thin build- lean and almost bony. He wears a suit that must have been made no later than 1920 as it looks both worn and out of style.

Simon is a quiet man who in public spends much of his time reading. He is not very talkative and in fact shys away from conversations when they present themselves. If the PCs try to talk to him he'll be barely polite and nothing more. He travels alone.

STR 09 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 19 DEX 12 EDU 18 APP 09 SAN 44 HP 10

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Dagger 75%, Fast Talk 15%, Listen 45%, Occult 60%, Sneak 20%.

Spells: Contact Mi-Go, Elder Sign, Find Gate, Summon Byakhee

Mourd's Secret

Simon is actually a hunter of Cthulhoid horrors. He has caught a mi-go and holds it in a crate in the baggage car. It is bound into the box by a series of incantations and the use of an Elder Sign on the box lid itself. The Elder Sign is covered by a packing manifest. If the manifest is peeled back and a successful Occult Lore is made then an investigator can recognize the Elder Sign.

Simon is a man who keeps much of his knowledge to himself. He keeps a journal for the benefit of his colleagues or anyone who finds him after his death. He would prefer death at the hands of one of his otherworldly enemies to summoning the aid of innocent bystanders.

The Visits

Every night Simon sneaks to the baggage car and performs ceremonies to keep the now starving and weak mi-go imprisoned. Investigators in the next stateroom will hear Simon leaving with a listen+25% skill roll (it is crucial that they hear him). If they don't hear him leaving, make a roll upon his return about an hour later. They can follow him by making a sneak+10% skill roll. If they fail, Simon notes their presence and continues to the baggage car where he has a cigarette before promptly

returning to his stateroom. He will try to sneak back three hours later.

The first time the PCs enter the baggage car you can ask for Spot Hidden or Listen rolls from a few of them. If anyone is successful tell them that something is wrong. Then make a d00 roll vs. their SAN. If it fails tell then that the box, the knocking box, rattled of its own accord. If it was successful tell then that it must have been their imagination. The SAN roll is meant to simulate how detached from reality they are and thus how willing they are to accept the improbable.

If Simon gets to the baggage car and he thinks that he is free from notice. he'll perform his ceremony. The ceremony begins as soon as the Elder Sign is revealed and involves chanting and throwing powders over the box. It takes 30 minutes and costs viewers 1d3 SAN. When completed it binds the migo in its place for the length of another day and shields it presence from Cthulhoid creatures. If the ceremony is interrupted, it must be begun anew immediately. If it doesn't begin again within the caster's POW minutes, the mi-go is free to act. It will attempt to get our of the box and escape.

Distractions

One important device in this scenario is the need to frustrate the characters' attempts to get at the mi-go. What follows are several ways to delay the PCs from getting to the box before it's too soon.

Necessary Delays: The characters have to spend some time throughout the day and night eating, sleeping, and attending to themselves. Force them to deal with these things. If they don't get six hours of sleep a night make a CONx3 d00 roll. If it fails then they suffer a -10% to all their rolls for that day. If the roll is a fumble then the penalty is -25%. That night, if they try to stay awake, make a (100)-CONx(6-# of hours of sleep) roll for them. If the roll

fails then they fall asleep involuntarily at some quiet point during their watch.

The three daily meals on the train are served at regular times throughout the day. You might add tea time if the train is in the UK. Each meal lasts a little bit less than one hour and if the characters miss a meal then they will be hard pressed to get a snack between meals.

A character has to spend at least an hour each day attending to themselves (washing, dressing, etc.). This time can be split up but must be spent or the reactions from NPCs they meet will suffer.

Friendly Passengers: A character may be in the parlor or lounge when a fellow passenger, Reginald Baker, takes an interest in them. Baker will try to strike up a conversation and will ramble on about any subject until the character shifts to something else. Baker is here (in a design sense) to frustrate the PCs attempts to watch Simon. Reginald could become Regina if you wish to create a love interest for male characters.

Reginald Baker

Baker is in his mid-thirties. He is a bookkeeper and fancies himself the protector of knowledge. He could well prove to be hours of boring conversation if given a chance to discuss his favorite experiences, uninteresting world events, etc.

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 10 DEX 10 EDU 12 APP 12 SAN 40 HP 11

Skills: Accounting 60%, All sciences 15%, Credit Rating 55%, Debate 30%, Fast Talk 30%, Speak French 30%, Spot Hidden 20%.

Visitors: While the investigators are in the baggage car they'll receive several visits meant to interrupt their snooping. A visitor who reappears often is Beneby, the conductor. He comes in and look over the condition of the car. Hiding PCs need to make Hide rolls. Beneby also gets a Spot Hidden (at 60%). If a character fails or Beneby notices him, the conductor will ferret out all of the characters present. He warns that they are not supposed to be here and are to leave immediately. If there's trouble he'll sound his whistle and 1d6+2 crewmen will show up within minutes (along with a crowd of curious onlookers). You can guess where this could lead-confinement to quarters, then charges, then trial, and finally a jail sentence. If Beneby doesn't notice them he'll sit on a crate and have a few cigarettes. Allow him a 45% Listen during this time if any of the characters move, speak, or fumble a skill roll.

Conductor-Malcolm Beneby

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 10 DEX 10 EDU 09 APP 10 SAN 40 HP 13

Skills: Fast Talk 40%, Hide 30%, Listen 45%, Punch 50% (damage 1d3+1d4), Spot Hidden 60%.

A couple, Efram Mitchell and Frances Geoffrey, sneak into the baggage car at some point (in time to interrupt the PCs). If the investigators hide, the couple won't notice them and will make use of the privacy. If the PCs show themselves, Mitchell asks them to leave. If the PCs won't leave or if the turn the argument around, the man summons the conductor and asks him to deal



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Matthew J. Costello ANALOG Magazine, Sept. 1986

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with the characters. The end result is that everyone must leave.

Man-Efram Mitchell

A man in his mid-twenties, Efram is quiet, set in his ways, and has a propensity to be pig-headed.

STR 11	CON 10	SIZ 13
INT 12	POW 11	DEX 10
EDU 12	APP 11	SAN 50
HP 12		

Skills: Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 65%, Punch 45%, Listen 40%, Sneak 20%.

Woman-Frances Geoffrey

A woman in her early twenties, Frances is average in appearance, attitude, and dress to her contemporaries. She is not assertive and tries to avoid confrontations whenever possible.

STR 09	CON 11	SIZ 11
INT 12	POW 12	DEX 11
EDU 11	APP 12	SAN 45
HP 11		

Skills: Dodge 35%, Listen 50%, Sneak 30%.

A hobo is stowed away in the baggage car. When the characters enter, they find him lying on the mi-go box with a vacant smile on his face. If questioned about the smile he'll say, "Gee, this feel awful weird and awful good." If provoked even slightly he'll fight the party no matter their numbers, weapons, or ability.

Hobo

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 12
INT 10	POW 10	DEX 11
EDU 10	APP 10	SAN 30
HP 11		

Skills: Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 15%, Knife 55%, Listen 40%, Sneak 20%.

Mourd's Room

If Simon's room is to be searched, the characters will first have to pick the lock to gain entrance. This requires a Lock-picking roll (the base chance is 15%). Once inside, the characters might find Simon sleeping. He is here three times a day for a few hours at a time. Simon or the conductor might catch the characters performing their mischief and alert someone.

A look through the cabinets and drawers only reveals linen, a set of

toiletries, and a change of clothes. Searching through Simon's suitcase will reveal beads, vials and artifacts with a successful Luck roll. A Cthulhu Mythos or Occult roll will tell the characters that these are of occult origin. None of these are enchanted, but a skilled magician might be able to make use of them.

The Journal

One evening while the characters are in the passenger car, Simon will be found there as well. He is in a seat writing in a journal. Someone can try to look over his shoulder from the seat behind Simon... if only it weren't for a distraction or two.

First, as soon as the characters spot Simon (ie, when you tell them he is sitting in the car), point out that the seat behind him is vacant. If they make for it, have a passenger absently get in the way and take that important seat. The passenger will get up and leave ten minutes later. This leaves the seat open. However, as soon as they sit down have a troublesome passenger take the seat next to or across from the character. Baker is a good choice. This NPC will make as much conversation as possible about the least interesting of things. If the PC turns to see what Simon is writing, the NPC will interrupt and lecture the PC on being nosy and troublesome.

Eventually, Baker will leave. If the investigator now makes an attempt to see what Simon is writing he may make a Spot Hidden roll. Success allows him to see some of the following page. For each five percentiles by which the roll succeeded, read the player two sentences.

into the vast reaches of space.

The Fungi is the most distressing organism. It requires constant and draining castings. I feel as though my power is failing and my ability weakening. The creature is too weak. It has been starved of its extraterrestrial sustenance for days now. The sensory deprivation too has reduced its ability to act. This specimen may actually make it to the laboratory for testing. Though the Fungi are common agents of the Horrors, they've been found only rarely. This could mean that they are actually fragile. It could instead mean that they decay rapidly upon death. Or,...

If the Spot Hidden roll is a fumble, Simon looks at the character, frowns, and stuffs the book into a coat pocket. At any rate, this is all the characters will be able to see of the book. After completing his entry, Simon will get up and return to his room.

The Second Night

The second night of the journey (or two nights before the end of the trip) the following occurs: while Simon is in the baggage car casting his spell (without the characters' knowledge- he snuck by successfully) he is murdered.

What happened is that while casting his spells, Simon was located through the powers of a cultist. The cultist then created a gate to Simon. Simon was able to stab the man in the back and the cultist's dying act was to utterly destroy Simon-turning him into a carbon shadow against a wall.

The characters are tipped off to this murder by hearing several of the crew pass by their cabin in the middle of the night. One of them grumbles, "A murder! That's all we need. Let's be quick about this!" They walk into the baggage car.

The murder scene is a mess. Some bags and boxes are knocked out of their places. Simon's box is still here but the paper which covered the Elder Sign is gone. A Spot Hidden, Occult -10%, or Cthulhu Mythos roll allows it to be noticed. All present investigators should get a try.

Lying on the floor is a dead man. His identity is unknown as he was not a passenger. He is well-dressed so could not be a hobo. Lodged deep in his back is a silver ceremonial dagger. At the end of the hilt is a spherical, mounted gem. The gem has a flaw which makes it appear like a cat's eye. Whenever a character looks into the gem, make a POW roll. With a success the eye of the gem blinks causing 1/1d6 SAN loss. The dagger is very well made and is worth \$100. It can deliver 1d4+2 damage.

Against one wall of the car is a carbon shadow which can be detected with a Spot Hidden roll. Someone seeing it should make a SAN roll or lose 1d3 SAN realizing that it could well be the sign of someone killed by magical means

If the PCs have staked out the baggage car in hopes that Simon visits, this incident does not occur as previously detailed. The characters are instead alerted by hearing the crew make their way through the baggage car to the passenger cars. The murder took place in Simon's cabin and the carbon shadow is there.

The Mi-go Escapes

As soon as Simon is killed, the mi-go begins to strengthen. It is weak from starvation. Within hours its starts to move in its wooden prison. After half a day its starts trying to free itself and actively shakes the box. Anyone in the baggage car making Listen+20% will notice this.

Within a day it will break free of the box. It pushes the lid off and pulls itself free. The characters should be here to witness this rebirth. SAN rolls are applicable.

Mi-go

STR 06 CON 06 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 12 DEX 09 Move 7/9 HP 9

Weapon: Nippers 30%, 1d6+grapple Armor: none, all impaling weapons do half damage

Spells: Brew Space Mead

Sanity: 0/1d6

Once free, the mi-go will stagger away. If attacked it will defend itself and return the fight. If it sees a way to escape it will take that route (such as the side door). Otherwise it will make its way through the train searching for a way out. It will terrorize all those who see it.

The mi-go won't listen to anyone and acts as though it knows no human language. If caught or restrained it will fight for its freedom. It won't talk or plead for its freedom.

If killed, the mi-go will dissolve within an hour and a half.

If the mi-go escapes to an open area, it will spread its wings and fly off, never to be seen again.

Conclusions

If the characters kill the mi-go, allow them to regain 1d4 lost SAN. If the creature escapes they regain nothing.

This scenario can be treated as an isolated incident, a battle in the war vs. Cthulhu, or perhaps something even greater: the jumping point for a whole campaign. The PCs could pursue the matter further and beyond the scope of the scenario. They might want to backtrack to discover who Simon Mourd was and what he did. They might try to find out more concerning the dead cultist. If they want to go to all this trouble then you must determine what they find.



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sense imminent success.

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it's nearly here...

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NUTZ & VOLTZ! Spare Parts

by Merle Rasmussen; Merle and wife Jackie's NUTZ & VOLTZ! game appeared in WHITE WOLF #10. Merle is the designer of the original Top Secret game by TSR, Inc.

Jackie and I were pleased to see NUTZ & VOLTZ! appear in WHITE WOLF #10. I enjoyed the artwork illustrating the game, especially the cyborg on page six by Leonardo da Vinci. The most humbling part of the whole thing was to see my name included with writers such as Asimov and Howard in the Credits.

To enhance your playing of NUTZ & VOLTZ!, the following spare parts are included in this issue.

Page 18

ACTION RESULTS EXPLAINED-The third sentence under "A" should read, "If ACC scores are equal, they swing simultaneously and must both make ACC attribute checks."

Page 18

The following section should have appeared after ACTION RESULTS EXPLAINED:

Example of Proximity Combat

A robot is attacked by a human being. The robot has two extensions and a VEL of 150 (speedier participant). The human has four limbs (two arms and two legs) and a VEL of 100 (slower participant). The robot may choose three actions (1 per extension and 1 for having 50 points of VEL or more than the human). The human may choose four. The robot secretly chooses SWING, BLOCK, and BLOCK. The human secretly chooses SWING, SWING, BLOCK and SWING. Comparing the two lists, we see that the human's last

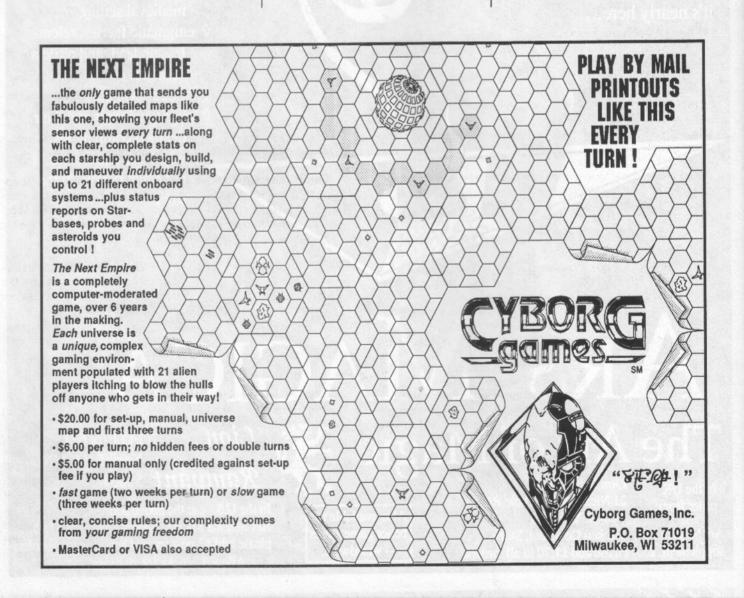
swing is not matched by the robot so the robot does NOTHING.

Robot	Human	Result
SWING	SWING	A
BLOCK	SWING	В
BLOCK	BLOCK	F
NOTHING	SWING	C
Page 18		

GRAPPLING, The second paragraph should begin, "If one participant's FOR exceeds another's by 150 or more and a FOR attribute check is successful, the more forceful participant may pin, hold or crush the other.

Page 24

ROBOTIC ROGUES AND MANUMISSION- The last sentence of the last paragraph should read, "Such a significant theme is ideal for mature, veteran role-players. Clone, cyborg and mutant riots or revolts (and their control) make an entertaining emancipation campaign.





Presents SEGMENT JORUNE



Welcome to Segment Jorune! To fully recover after GenCon, we've trimmed our length this month to four pages. We'll return to our eight page format with the next issue of White Wolf.

A long awaited piece of news: Earth-Tec Jorune is out and available in stores. This book covers devices found in the underground Earth-Tec caches, tec-tons (robots from Terra), power stations, energy weapon technology, and Bio-Tec. For real technology freaks, we've included details on the construction of the Jorune colony and some corporate logos.

The Bio-Technology in Earth-Tec Jorune will be followed up by essays in Segment Jorune. The ideas are different from the main stream bio-tec found in most role-playing games and the flavor is definitively Jorune. Please send feedback especially what topics you'd like covered in greater detail.

Our featured articles this month include:

1. An introduction to Jorune

2. Interview with one of Earth's finest weapons designers in the 21st century, John Rieker

3. What the captain told his men about the crugar.

4. Perfect for any Encounter (six non-player characters from Jorune).

Amy Leker's continuing essay on Iscin and Gauss will continue next issue.

Read and remember: questions and comments are welcomed. Please address all correspondence relating to SEGMENT JORUNE to the address noted at the close of the Segment.

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO JORUNE

The following are excerpts of the saga of Jorune for readers not familiar with this world. We will run background pieces from time to time.

In the Earth year 2116, interstellar travel had become a reality. New technology had paved the way for the first large-scale colonization of another planet. Unmanned probes made the selection: a planet with a gravity and atmosphere similar to our own, a planet lush and seemingly hospitable. The probes brought no information about the planet's inhabitants, but general opinion among the colony planners was that any other-worldly contact, should it occur, would most probably be benign. The colony was equipped with much research equipment, and some weaponry, although the role of the military technology was downplayed.

The first colonists to explore Jorune contacted many races; most were not apparently highly developed. The most advanced race, the shanthas, showed little interest in the humans who made contact. They made it clear that they expected the colonists to respect certain boundaries in their eagerness to build

and explore.

When the eighty main colony sites were finally completed, more than 20,000 humans had come to Jorune. They expected that the much of their high-tech supplies would come regularly on shuttles from Earth. As the colonists settled in, catastrophic war broke out on Earth.

The colonists on Jorune were quick to comprehend the desperation of their situation. The supply ships they had counted on would never arrive.

The frantic colonists ignored the shanthic restrictions. They needed raw materials now that Earth supplies would be unavailable. They began to clear native Jorune vegetation. They began mining operations on lands forbidden to them. The shanthas sent an emissary to warn the humans to cease their transgressions. But the humans ignored the emissary, as the shanthas had yet to demonstrate any technology equal to the defenses of the Earth colonists.

The colonists sadly underestimated their hosts. Soon after humans started refining ore from shanthic lands, a wave of attacks employing energies of nearly nuclear proportions were launched against each of the eighty colony settlements. Thousands of humans were killed. In quick retaliation, the colony released biological warfare agents into the upper atmosphere. They were quite successful; over 99% of the shanthas died, leaving only thousands of a once populous race.

Communication between colony sites was destroyed. It appeared that the shanthas had focused their destructive energies on all uses of technology. Tools and weapons were abandoned by humans, who sealed them into caches they hoped to open when it became safe to do so.

Thousands of years have passed between the time of the human/shanthic war and present-day Jorune. Only now are the humans, forced through the past millennia to recreate their societies, finally finding the wealth of power left to them by their ancestors.

History and Control of Earth-Tec on Jorune:

After the Earth colonists abandoned their technology, it was 3500 years before humans were to regain the feel for what tools so advanced had to offer. The first samples of Earth-Tec were discovered in caches by the Dharsage (with the help of the Thriddle), and were soon put to use in the Energy Weapons War. This sudden imbalance of power between the human and all other races was finally minimized in the year 3445 P.C., when the Accord of Klein Khodre established the Council of Ten, and the human government in Ardoth was forced to restrain its imperialistic tendencies. Since that time, items of technology have continued to turn up. The Burdothian government has expended a good deal of its resources in an effort to

111

control and study the old Earth technology. Some items are publicly displayed in Ardoth, as the Dharsage proudly reminds its citizens of the power wielded there. Many items have been secreted away as different plots unfold between nations and races. Earth-Tec remains uncommon and is always a sign of prestige for its owner — unless the coveted items are needed or wanted by the government, unlicensed by a non-drenn user, or under the watchful eye of some other not-so-well-meaning agent of any number of causes or governments, mercenaries not excluded.

Interview with Thorne fiction by Mark Wallace, Andrew Leker

The following is an interview with Greg Thorne, President of Rieker, Thorn and Chular, the consulting firm that is responsible for weapons development for the upcoming Jorune colony. The interviewer is Andrew Mansfeld, a writer for Galaxy Week magazine published out of Huntsville Alabama. The interview appeared in the September 19, 2127 issue.

I: Why did you decide to start RTC?

T: Well, at the time we thought that Encompass had a fairly unrealistic attitude about the weapon's requirements for the Jorune colony.

I: What in particular?

T: Although we're still fairly certain that there are no threatening life forms on Jorune, the type of weapons that Encompass Technologies was designing were oriented towards essentially just security aboard the ship. They viewed the colonists themselves as the only serious threat to other colonists. The weapons they were developing had little or no firepower, and although we don't want to set up a colony with a threatening attitude toward other life forms, it is likely that there could be some really dangerous creatures. There are lots of other issues, like not intervening with other life forms. They're going out as observers, but they have to live there, and they won't be coming back. Putting the colonists in a position where they are endangered by their environment is an unacceptable risk.

I: And you thought it was your responsibility to do something

T: Our intention at RTC is to put together practical technology that works. All three of us started out with the Encompass Plasma Weapons division, and we know what the state of the art is. There's really no excuse for sending those colonists out there without state of the art weapons.

I: Some people have raised question with your entire design philosophy. Why create weapons with such ghastly firepower when slug projectiles will do. I mean, why is it necessary to blow things up, rather than immobilize them?

T: We have been criticized for our preference against kinetic energy weapons. KE are easy to design, and very reliable, but at this time we have the technology to create plasma and beam weapons which are equally effective, and actually have a higher degree of reliability. With a plasma weapon

or a beam weapon we don't have to deal with the problem of a buildup of chemical residues. So, these weapons won't have to be cleaned and will be very low maintanence. Mean time between failure should be in the tens of thousands of hours of use. My feeling is that these systems simply won't break during normal use, any more than a flashlight would break.

I: I understand that your company is working on several non-lethal weapon designs. Could you describe them to me.

T: Well there's our electrostatic weapons which are really very similar to the weapons being used currently by police forces. The only real difference is that we believe that they are much more reliable and have much lower energy requirements. They should also require little or no maintenance compared to those used by police departments.

I: And the field ram?

T: Well, the field ram is a completely new concept in weapons design. It directs a well focused shock wave capable of knocking a man down in a fairly confined target region. It's actually a concept of Chular's, before now there hadn't really been an occasion to develop the concept.

I: What does the field ram do? How does it work in layman's terms?

T: Chular had the idea that it might be important to have a non-lethal weapon that could be used against creatures regardless of their biological structure or their nervous system. The electrostatic weapons didn't really fit the bill. Because they might be lethal or might have absolutely no effect on creatures of a different biology than earth creatures. We think the photosonic shock weapons provide more reliable, non-lethal stopping power when dealing with an alien creature.

I: I understand that you turned down the position of chief security adviser for the Colony's first landing team. Why?

T: At some point I may be interested in personally participating in interstellar travel, but a lot of the mission philosophy of the Jorune colony is something I really don't think I could be in tune with.

I: How do you think the Jorune colony will fare? Say one hundred years from now? Remember, a few centuries ago America was just a small colony of England's.

T: I feel that there is enormous possibility for expansion on Jorune, but at this point in time, I think that the mission goals for the colony need to be much better defined.

I: Answer the question.

T: I expect we'll need multiple follow up missions over a long period of time to establish any meaningful presence on Jorune.

I: Answer the question.

T: If we send more people with more resources, I think they'll do fine, but I don't think that small a colony could be self-sufficient in one-hundred years.

I: Thank you for your time. I understand you have a full scale weapons test this afternoon so I'll leave you to your work.

What the Captain said about Crugar

fiction by Mark Wallace

A soldier's reminiscence of combat duty on the Temauntro Border, Crith 7, 3484.

The mission our squad had been assigned this time looked really rough. I had only been on the West Face a few weeks. I had never even talked to anybody who had been this deep into Temauntro. We would get a few hours sleep tonight, but everyone was really nervous about what we would be up against in the morning.

I began to think about the Captain's lecture on crugar. It had gone straight over my head at the time, but I could see now that what he had been saying was really important...

The Captain's lecture on crugar:

"Before we start, I want to make it clear that the content of this briefing is confidential information. You are not to discuss this information in public, you are not to discuss it with civilians. This is a summary of the essential information that the Burdothian Army has collected about crugar: their physiology, their habits and temperament, and their social structure. While parts of this summary may seem to be common knowledge, our coherent view of the crugar should be kept confidential.

"Most of you have been here on the West Face for over a week. By now, all of you have seen crugar, some of you may have spoken to crugar, but probably none of you have seen crugar in combat. A crugar in a tavern and a crugar in combat are completely different animals. Your average crugar is just as rational as most people — don't underestimate them, they're clever, sly, and they make good decisions. In a fight, though, a crugar can become more enraged than the most temperamental of men. They become obsessed with a single-minded drive towards victory. They are often willing to risk anything, their lives or the lives of their comrades, to win a fight once it has begun.

"Don't get the impression, though, that crugar lack all prudence. First of all, they rarely pick a fight unless they're sure they can win. Also, if at some point they become convinced they will lose despite their best efforts, they will bolt without hesitation. They don't fear death, but defeat. Rather than lose the fight, they'll run, on the chance that they may get another shot at you when the odds are better.

"At this point I've drawn a fairly frightening image of crugar in combat. Keep in mind, though, that our strategist think that man for crugar, a Burdothian military unit is superior to any equally armed crugar force of the same numerical strength. There are very good reasons for this, and I want to go over them one by one.

"First, let's compare your average crugar infantryman to his Burdothian counterpart. On balance, the crugar is probably your physical equal, but he is vastly different, with different strengths and weaknesses. The crugar is probably quicker than you are: he can move faster, sprint faster. He's a few inches shorter than you, maybe a little lighter, but no less strong.

"You have the upper hand in stamina and physical constitution. A crugar may be able to sprint away from you, but stay on his trail for a few hours and you can wear him out. If you've been wondering why we've been putting all of you through this high altitude endurance training, that's what it's all about.

"Crugar don't hold up to injury or loss of blood very well. If one of you takes an arrow in the side, we expect to carry you off the field alive. A crugar's chances aren't as good of surviving a major injury. Even minor wounds will slow down a crugar unit considerably. They are aware of this, and often leave their wounded behind. Don't be surprised if you see this in the field—the crugar do expect to come back and get their wounded. Usually they will apply a field dressing and leave their wounded with plenty of chri root to chew on. Chri is a pain killer that can keep even a badly wounded crugar happy for a few days. It has the additional benefit that it causes any crugar that falls into our hands to talk nonsense for several days.

"It is in the area of sensory perception that you and the crugar will differ the most. The crugar are used to living in the woods and fields, so they will be more alert that most people. For instance, while a crugar's hearing isn't any more acute than yours, he's probably better at listening. If you pay attention to noises and think about what you're doing, you can hear just as well as a crugar.

"The crugar has a very good sense of smell. His nose is better than yours, so don't give him a chance to use it. If there are crugar nearby, you must be very careful about smoky fires or hot food that may give away your position. Don't move upwind of crugar, they may smell you.

"Your eyes are better than the crugars'. Their color vision is weak, and they apparently see with lower resolution than humans. They have weak depth perception, and are not good at tracking several objects at once. They are, however, very good at detecting isolated motion. What does this mean to you? One: as long as they don't smell you, there's a good chance you'll see crugar before they see you. Two: it is possible to camouflage yourself very effectively from crugar. If you stay perfectly still and blend in with your environment, they may not notice you even at close range. Some of you probably remember from basic training how difficult it was for you to see through camouflage -- it's even more difficult for crugar. Three: the crugar aren't very good with range weapons such as bows or spears. Part of this is due to their physical structure, but it is mostly due to their inferior depth perception. Because of his speed and agility, a crugar will be better than most of you in hand-to-hand combat, but your ability with bows, crossbows, of any thrown weapon will be superior to those of the crugar. Keep this in mind -- don't let a crugar close on you if you can get him at a distance."

"Well, aside from the fur and all the other obvious differences, we've discussed most of the important physical differences between you and the crugar. You should keep these differences in mind: I'm sure your combat instructors will discuss them in more detail. Don't exaggerate these differences in your mind, though, and remember that there are always exceptions: some crugar may have better vision than most humans, and some humans can sprint faster than even a crugar on all fours.

"The differences between crugar and humans that are most important to our tacticians aren't physical; but behavioral. Crugar are apparently less social than humans, and they don't cooperate nearly as well in small or large groups. All of you who are good soldiers understand the importance of following orders. Most crugar don't -- a crugar may do what is generally expected of him, but often with small variations that can foul up their plans and leave weaknesses we can exploit. A crugar commander is a good bit more likely to try

something stupid than your sergeant is. The crugar leadership recognizes this problem, which is why they usually opt for a direct assault with few complex tactics. You can take maximum advantage of this crugar weakness by always following orders precisely."

"The traditional crugar social unit is the clan. A crugar's loyalty is to his clan, often above his personal interests or even his immediate family. There are, of course, independents. We've all seen the crugar in the villages. But keep in mind that even they may sometimes have clan loyalties that are not immediately obvious. A crugar clan may be made up of anywhere from a few dozen to a few thousand crugar. Often the clans are nomadic, having seasonal camps that may move through a large area over a period of several years. They consider their hunting grounds to belong to the clan: they will always return to these grounds, and are vigilant in their defense even if they have been away for years. If hailed by crugar in crugar territory, you should make it clear that you intend to pass through without hunting or trapping. There are a few human trappers out here near the border, but they have agreements with the local crugar clans.

"It is only when several clans cooperate that the crugar mount any major military action. Recently, several clans from eastern Temauntro have mounted a joint action in an attempt to drive our settlements from the west face. That's why you're

here now.

"The only crugar in recent history to overcome this clan loyalty and unite almost all of the crugar was Chaln Docha -- he almost took all of Burdoth. We hope that doesn't happen again, so we try not to alienate all the clans at once.'

"That's all for today. I want you all to report to your lieutenants and regroup with your squads. Prepare for a high altitude training run at fifteen hundred hours.'

> Perfect for any Encounter: Some Humans, Muadra, and Boccord gaming resource by Andrew Leker

Character's Name: Race: Human Age: 31

Nalla Man-ander Status: Tauther Born: 3457

Place of birth: The city of S'nabla (S'sydra province in Lu-

Nalla was born and raised in the city of S'nabla. Her family made wine from the pihl berry until the land was destroyed during the Ramian Invasion of 3472. The Man-ander family moved to the Bohod Klades in Ardoth at the end of that year and began working for Shoukt wine making klade. Their experience with the pihl berry of S'nabla was so valuable, Nalla's parents were recently moved to the Klade's headquarters in Gauss.

Now 31 years old, Nalla works for the Oriem cream klade in the Cassadon area of the Klade Bay. She works part time there (runs one of the boilers) and spends the rest of her time working toward drennship. Her most notable challisk mark came from Yan Gizer Tarsory II back in 3486 for alerting the Heridothian Consulate of a plot against Yan Gizer's life. The plan was said to be the work of Heridothian limitate runners operating out of Miedrinth. No arrests were made.

Character's Name: Voceridith Dern Race: Muadra Status: Tauther Age: 26 Born: 3462

Place of birth: Ardoth (South Side).

Voceridith grew up in a rough neighborhood in Ardoth's South Side. His home off of Vintch Street offered a view of street brawls, run down illidges and easy access to Ardoth's seediest kerning bay, Cobenall. It was here that Voceridith Dern met Win Tenser, Copra of Desti. Voceridith was a dyte until the age of 17. Since then he as learned much from Win, including the mastery of the "Closed Bolt," a weakened bolt of lightning blast twisted into the shape of an orb that can hold its power in stasis for several minutes. Any strong disturbance will trigger the orb's release. It can be sent to hover around target, releasing its bolt of Desti if the target moves.

Voceridith has recently become a tauther, although he has no challisk marks to show for it. He studies the tauther guide regularly, and tells friends what new things he learns each

The Dern family moved away from Ardoth four years ago. Voceridith stayed. He had a pet dharmee once. It died.

Character's Name: Race: Human

Age: 25

Jainis Halby: Status: Tauther Born: 3463

Place of birth: Sychill

Jainis has a long history of nautical exploration, beginning at age 8, when he stowed away on a barge headed for the Dobren city of T'lon. This misadventure lasted four months when a hurricane left the freighter's crew ship-wreaked on the island of Sood until a Dobren searching party found them. Young Jainis took a strong liking to such outings, and vowed to continue a life on the high seas. His parents thought otherwise and implored him abandon the ocean for a life of Iscin pursuits. The family of three finally compromised - they moved to the safe waters of Ardoth on the agreement that Jainis would finish his Iscin schooling.

The yacht that Jainis bought with his graduation money has taken him far throughout Ardoth Bay. He has a favorite spot in Ellemin that he travels to each summer with friends.

Jainis now lives in Sobrin, bordering Danes. He works each day in the Port Services office of the Chell, in Port Gate. Although the pay is mediocre, he has time to sail and is attempting to complete his tothis.

Earth/Jorune

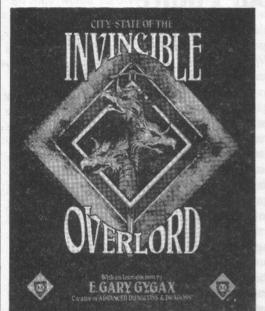
We appreciate any feedback you may have relating to the segment. Please address all correspondence to: SKYREALMS/WW, PO BOX 5543, Berkeley, CA, 94705

Written and produced by: Amy Leker, Andrew Leker, Mark Wallace.

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Is There a Dragon in Your Future

by Chris Page; Chris is a writer new to the pages of WHITE WOLF. He makes his home in New Hampshire.

Another Wrtiter Said

In most fantasy games, as one writer astutely noted, dragons offer the lowest risk for the highest gain. According to this writer, a dragon is often found sleeping in its lair and its most powerful weapon is usable only a few times per day. Thus, concluded the writer, the dragon is easy prey for a well-equipped party. In an effort to make this great beast the fearsome creature it rightly

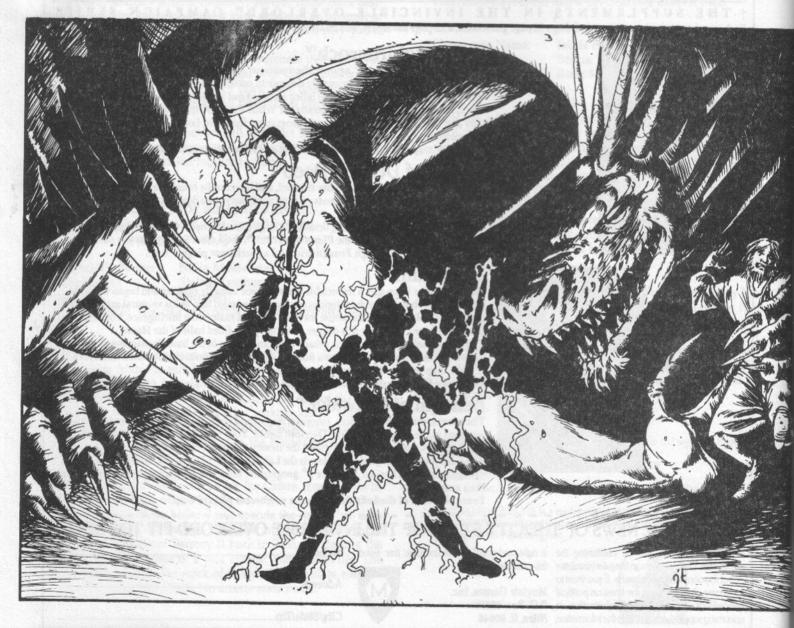
should be, I present my own ideas for tuning up the dragon.

Natural Weapons

First of all, to give high level characters a classic creature to duel, increase the maximum Dice possible. Four new size classifications could be used: "great" (huge plus two dice), "giant" (great plus two dice), "monstrous" (giant plus two dice) and "titanic" (monstrous plus two dice). Under this system, a titanic, ancient red dragon would have 19 Dice and 152 body points-- truly a challenge even for high level characters. Current rules already provide for the possibility of a mated pair, so the prospect of a combined

breath weapon blast of 304 body points, should have even the strongest warrior shaking in his boots.

Increased damage of claws for larger dragons was discussed in another article about "beefing up" dragons, and the idea could be extended to the larger dragons mentioned above. A great dragon might do four times normal claw damage, while a titanic dragon could easily cause seven times the normal damage. Thus, a titanic red could do 7d8 points of damage with a claw while even a titanic white could do 7d4-- very impressive figures. If you find them a bit too impressive, you could rule that once a dragon goes beyond huge size, the damage multiple only increases once every two size steps; great and giant



dragons would do four times normal damage and monstrous and titanic dragons would do five times normal damage. Bite damage could be similarly increased. A bonus of 1d10 for every size above huge should be plenty.

The Breath Weapon

The breath weapon is at once a dragon's most powerful weapon and its greatest liability. By using it, the dragon may severely injure his foes. However, smart characters can split up so only a few at a time are hit by the deadly breath, and players will undoubtably calculate the beast's body points by the damage the breath weapon causes, allowing weaker characters to plan a strategic retreat. You could vary the damage done by the breath weapon by using the following system: subtract twenty from the dragon's body points (without actually weakening the creature) and add the result of 2d20 to the remaining points. The result is the damage done. Thus, damage can vary up to twenty points from the creature's actual body point total (which can give players a nasty surprise). Also, it is my opinion that no matter how low the dragon's body points, damage done by its breath weapon should never be less than one-fourth of the original total. Another option is to base the number of times a dragon can breathe every day on its age level. Thus a very young dragon could breathe but once a day, while an ancient could devastate characters with eight blasts every day.

Spell-Casting

Spell-using dragons might gain bonuses on spell damage, based on species. For example, a white dragon's cold spells could cause 150% normal damage. A dragon who knows the magic mouth spell might well set up an early warning system so it will not be caught snoring. Even non-spell using dragons could rig alarm bells-- or have them set by servants. Worse, an alerted dragon could feign sleep and give its assailants a shocking surprise. Animate dead could be used on adventurers previously slain to battle on the drgaon's side. Numerous spells exist which could be used to booby trap a wyrm's sleeping quarters. Contingency, if found a scroll by the dragon (well, stranger things have happened), could be combined with an attack spell to guard the lair's entrance. Spells like fire trap work equally well. Fire shield is very useful in melee combat and the globes of invulnerability can do wonders for a dragon's life expectancy

While we are on the subject of magic, there is no doubt in my mind that larger dragons should have greater skill with magic than the younger of their kinds. Therefore, I suggest the following adjustment. First, determine how many spells per level are normally possible. This would be four for white dragons and three for blues (despite the fact that they only get two third level spells, the average is used). Then add spells slots, one per size level over huge. If this would give more spells than normally possible for one level, give the dragon a spell of the next highest level. Thus, a great blue dragon would have three spells of each level one to three, while a titanic red would have two each of levels one to six. This gives the dragon a much needed boost in magical powers.

In many fantasy novels I have read, dragons are very skilled with magic, in fact more so than most human wizards. While Merlin should be able to defeat a dragon in a magical duel, Diltrazim the Thaumaturge should not. However, I do not recommend adjusting the chances for magic use. Magic in most fantasy games is sufficiently difficult to master that only the strongest and most intelligent of a race should even attempt to study it.

Seeing the Invisible

An oft ignored ability of dragons is their power to see invisible objects (and nasty little assassins). Keep this to yourself and surprise some poor sap the next time you play. The result may be that the thief's player screams in terror as the supposedly safe character is blasted into ashes.

Color Changes

Another final suggestion, and to leave no stone unturned, one could consider the idea of varying dragons' color. A pink dragon might be used for humor, though it could still be dangerous, while an albino red dragon could be especially dangerous especially if the players mistake it for a white and use lots of fiery spells. A cunning dragon could use the color cantrip for an intentional disguise.

Final Notes

So end the suggestions for protecting dragons. As the dragon is everyone's (well, so they say) favorite monsters, high level characters will certainly enjoy the continued appearance and increased toughness of a classic fantasy monster. Please note that not all dragons will have all these "extra" abilities. Titanic, ancient, spell-casting, albino red dragons should be VERY rare.

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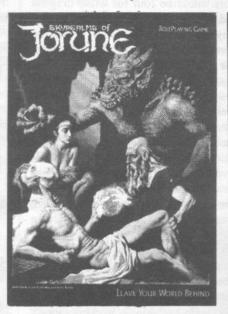
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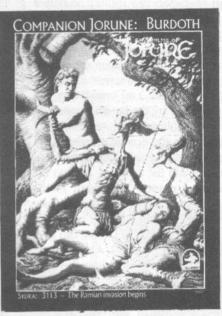
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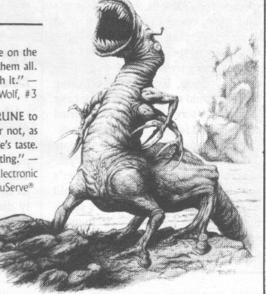
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by Jim Townsend; Jim is the owner of his own PBM company, Pfodd Enterprises. He writes "The PBM Corner" for each issue of WHITE WOLF.

In the dark ages of PBM, most games were moderated by hand in a pure textin, text-out format. That is, a player would simply write what he wanted his character (be it a space cadet, dragon, or whatever) to do and the gamemaster would sit down and write back what happened as a result of these actions. This was fine for about a dozen players, but what happened when a hundred people signed up to play in this fantastic game?

The moderator really had three choices:

- 1) He could fold up his company and call it quits.
- 2) He could hire another gamemaster to help him process turns.

3) He could limit the number of players in his game.

Believe it or not, the first option is the best. In the second, he has to try to find and hire another person who can A) understand the game system as well as the creator (impossible), B) write very well with good punctuation and grammar (near impossible), and C) work for peanuts (the most probable of all). Also, after this person works to a point where he burns out, as everyone will, the original gamemaster has to go through the entire process again. And, no matter how much the original gamemaster loves his job, he will eventually burn out as well and the game will die.

The third possibility is plausible only for someone who does not have to work for a living. If you think about processing turns for, say, twenty players once every third week (we'll say twenty days for ease of calculation) for three dollars a turn, you will be making a grand gross total of three dollars per day. Your net profit will be much, much lower. Even if you could triple the number of players

you moderate you would gross nine dollars a day (netting five if you're stingy) but your work also triples. Soon, you're in the same boat as the second option: burnt out and out of business.

Business, that's the word. The business of business is business. You must devise an item which costs you, say, \$2 to produce and you charge \$4 to customers. That, my friends, is profit, and profit making is the only way you, or anyone else, is going to stay in business.

Presently, there are about a dozen PBM companies that are making money in the United States. In England I doubt if there are a handful. Ditto for Australia. All the rest (there are over a hundred at last count) are really hobbies for their owners and operators.

Of the dozen or so US PBM firms in the black, only one to the best of my knowledge runs a human moderated game. And it cannot handle thousands of players because it is all done by one devoted gamemaster. Does this give you the idea that human-moderated games are not viable in modern PBM? Good.

Computer-moderated games, on the other hand, can and do make profits. For this invaluable asset they lose two main things to human-moderated games: ease of order writing and lack of personalized replies.

Orders in human-moderated games are written as you would write a novel. You write the actions of your character based on what happened last turn and the gamemaster replies to your actions. In computer-moderated games you must format your orders so the computer can decipher them and process the turn.

For instance, to move your starship from one world, through another, and to a third in Starweb, the venerable giant of PBM, you write "F1W3W4". F1

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means "tell fleet #1 to do something". W3W4 means "move fleet #1 from wherever it is through world #3 to world #4". In short, the difference is learning a new way to write your novel.

Lack or personalized replies is a result of the lack of capabilities of modern computers. A human can use his complete imagination to write while the computer must rely on what it has been programmed to do. Most computer moderated games make no attempt to emulate a human with the results of your turn. Instead, they produce tables, charts, lists, and other data.

There is, however, a third choice for moderation. This is a combination of human and computer moderation. This method has the advantages of human imagination and computer data storage. This method of moderation is coming into its prime right now with several popular games. However, let me make a wager or three:

1) Human/computer combined moderation will go the way of human

moderation for the same reasons that complete human moderation went down the drain: eventually the moderators will burn out and the game will die. And whenever you have two or more people doing the same things, conflicts in ideas will arise. One gamemaster will think that doing a certain thing is wrong, while another might decide that it is not. Gamemaster contradiction is the name of the game.

- 2) Both human and human/computer moderation will never quite go away since there will always be those who will try to gamemaster their own RPG spinoffs. And there will always be a segment of the general gaming population that is ignorant of the realities of such a business.
- 3) Computer moderated games will continue to expand and dominate the PBM market as they have since the beginning. The games themselves will improve and become more human-like in appearance with the improvements to

the technology of computers. Orders and their formats will remain practically the same for the foreseeable future, but the printouts themselves will become more user-friendly.

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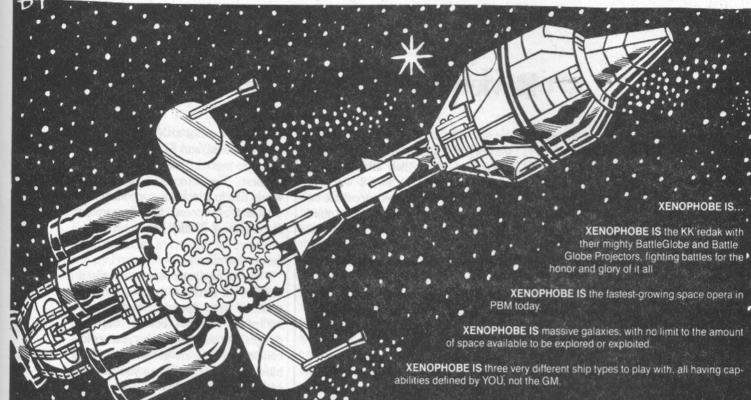
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Review: Duelmasters

a PBM game by: Reality Simulations, Inc., Box 27576, Tempe, AZ 85282

by Jim Townsend; Jim is the author of WHITE WOLF's "The PBM Corner".

Reality Simulations, Inc., the moderators of the Hyborian War PBM game, has a very different PBM game called Duelmasters. The near-uniqueness of the game has brought huge numbers of players in from all areas of PBM gaming.

Duelmasters is a game of gladiatorial combat where you, as the manager of a stable of warriors, give your men the weapons, armor and tactics you think they will need to win their fights. All managers do this, the turns are processed, and the results are sent back to all managers. It is the planning, though, that makes the game.

Planning includes obtaining information on those warriors that you challenge in order to defeat them, assigning tactics, weapons and armor to your warriors, and successfully training your warriors' abilities in order for them to become better at what they do best: fight. The focus of the game is defeating other managers' warriors. Duelmasters has a sort of a "binary solution set" when it comes to fighting: either you win or you lose. You cannot "tie" a fight.

Your warriors begin as a set of random numbers on a character sheet ala D&D. There are seven areas of importance for every warrior, these being strength, constitution, size, wit, will, speed and deftness. When the computer rolls up your warrior, it will randomly assign 70 points among the seven areas. You are then given 14 points that you may add as you like to flesh out your warrior.

After you have placed your points, you must name your warrior and assign him a fighting-style. There are ten fighting styles available in Duelmasters, ranging from the powerful offensive styles of lunging, slashing and bashing to the more passive styles of total parry and parry-strike. While adding your 14 points to your warrior, you should choose a fighting style and accentuate

the strengths of that style. Offensive warriors will generally require higher strength to power their attacks home, while the defensive styled warriors would be more likely to concentrate on higher deftness in order to parry more blows and, cynic that I am, higher constitution to take the blows that elude your guard. Don't forget, though, that all warriors need a better-than-average wit to learn skills quickly and a better-than-average will to train the other stats easily. Any Duelmasters player can tell you, in all honesty, that you'll never have enough points to spread around.

After you design your warriors (up to five) and send them into Reality Simulations for processing, you will receive a copy of your arena's newsletter and your character overview sheets. The former item is a listing of all warriors in your arena, all the managers in the arena, personal ads (read: personal threats), and various tables and charts detailing who fought that turn, how they did, and the like.

Character overviews are simply computer printed assessments of your warrior's abilities. You might be told that you fighter is naturally quick, does great damage with every blow, seems to think out every move before he makes it, etc. With careful attention paid to this sheet, you can try to deduce how your warrior likes to fight. Unfortunately, you will probably not have a clue until you have played many, many turns of Duelmasters.

After you get your overviews, you can submit a turn for each of your warriors. This consists of choosing weapons and armor, back-up weapons you would like to bring along, detailing the area in which you wish to train (either try to increase a stat like strength or try to learn skills), challenging one or two other warriors, and trying to avoid one or two other stables. Then, for each warrior, you do the real meat of the turn: your strategy.

You strategy consists of tactics for five individual minutes of combat, a strategy for the sixth minute and all subsequent minutes, and a desperation strategy. For each minute (desperation is also considered a minute's worth) you decide

upon your warrior's Offensive Effort, Activity Level, and Kill Desire. All of these are ranked from 1 (lowest) to 10 (highest). You also decide where you would like to attack your opponent and what area of your own body you would like to protect. Finally, you can select an offensive or defensive tactic to use during that minute.

When the computer runs your fight, it matches the tactics of your warrior and those of your opponent and swings weapons, smashes bodies, blocks, dodges, etc. until the combat reaches its conclusion. You are given a blow-by-blow report of the fight so you can see exactly what happened.

In my mind, there is but one drawback to Duelmasters. That problem is the very steep \$10.75 turn fee demanded by Reality Simulations to run your five warriors. Yes, you can run fewer warriors, but doing so will cost you more per warrior. I don't see this price remaining this high forever as there are certain to be competitors that will sprout up and force the prices down.

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Review: Warp Force Empires

a PBM game by: Emprise Game Systems, Box 9078-51 ep, Van Nuys, CA 91409-9078

by Stewart Wieck; Stewart is the Editor-in-Chief of WHITE WOLF.

Warp Force Empires (WFE) is a completely computer moderated PBM game in which you control an interstellar empire. While the rulebook states that the main goal in WFE is to have fun, the more competitive among you will keep an eye on the number of victory points you accumulate. The player with the most victory points at the end of the game is declared the winner.

There are several sorts of positions to be played in WFE so the game can be played several times before you exhaust your options. Each player controls an empire of a certain motivational and environmental type. The motivational types are utopian, despot, xenophobe, and searcher and control of each requires a different strategy. Environment types are A, B, C and D. These are important for several reasons and will be discussed a bit later.

When you begin a game of WFE you are sent a map which displays the entire galaxy. The galaxy is made up of between 30 and 98 star systems and each system can have up to four planets. The star systems are linked together by means of warp lines and movement between systems is possible only along these warp lines. You control your movement through the galaxy by indicating the number of the star system which you wish to move to. Unfortunately, the map you receive at the beginning of the game does not show the number of any star systems. Each player must reason by means of his beginning system and the systems he moves into where he is on the map.

Also, movement from one system to the next is only possible if you have a warp engine in the system you are leaving. You can think of it as if the warp engine were hurling you into the connected star system. Maintenance of your warp engines is very important as

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enemies could destroy them and strand various portions of your space fleet.

Each player's space fleet is divided into two categories-- warships and transports. Warships come in light and heavy varieties. These ships as well as your warp engines and a few other things are all built on your homeworld.

A player's motivational type determines much about the way he might play the game. For example, xenophobes earn victory points by capturing enemies' colonies. Therefore, a xenophobe player who plays through an entire game without ever attacking anyone has very little chance of winning. Your environmental type also has some say in how many victory points you gain because every player earns points for owning planets. Since each planet also has a code A-D, a player gains more points for owning planets of the same environmental code and less for the others. These codes also determine how well your colonists will prosper when placed on a planet. B colonists are well-suited to B worlds, poorly suited to A worlds and all die on C worlds.

Each game lasts from 17-35 turns. There is no way to determine the exact length because the length is determined with some random numbers. This is a sort of interesting aspect of the game for you never know exactly when the game is going to end.

The most innovative part of WFE, however, is the manner in which diplomacy is handled. Unlike in other PBM games where the other players in the game are just a phone call or letter away, you did not know the real world identities of the other players in WFE. All diplomacy in WFE is handled through the game via CORrespondence GAmers SYmbolic Language (or COR-GASYL). In CORGASYL you code various two letter permutations which each stands for a word in the COR-GASYL dictionary. Possessives, tones of voice (e.g. hostile, friendly, etc.), and other things may be established through use of other symbols. CORGASYL should be considered especially a blessing for those of you new to PBM games. Some of the other games on the market

have established fraternities (or sororities, if you please) of players who often take advantage of new players. In WFE, no one will know if you are new or not.

As a final note I want to mention the reason why I have given no specific details about the game(s) of WFE I am in. In order for the idea of not knowing real-life identities to work, all players in WFE are requested not to give detailed information about any game they are in. However, feel assured that I will be in several WFE games to come and if we end up facing one another we will only know it at the end of the game.

Though a bit slow the first few turns, WFE heats up quickly and is definitely a fine PBM game. I won't feel any regret about recommending it to all comers. Hey, it's my favorite!



by Stephan Wieck; Stephan is the Assistant Editor of WHITE WOLF and the Contest Chairman for life.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am proud to announce the beginning of this column in WHITE WOLF. The response we have gotten from our monster and trap design contests was so great that we have decided to create a small column to keep you updated on our current creative contest. Since I personally get to judge the contest entries, I hope that all of you continue to rattle your brains and come up with the most innovative and useful designs imaginable. WHITE WOLF will also try to make it fun for you and worth the time you spend on your contest entry.

Before I formally announce the contest we are currently sporting, let me announce the winner of our second contest. Bob Kindel of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio will be receiving this issue of White Wolf and eleven more free of charge for designing K'ndull's Morbid Cylinder which took first place in our trap design contest. Bob's trap along with several others, which gave the Morbid Cylinder a run for its money, will be printed in WHITE WOLF #13. The winning monster descriptions from our first contest will also be printed in this issue.

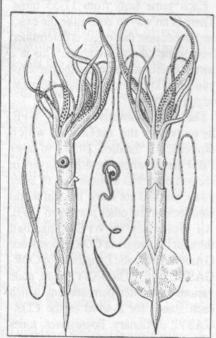
As for our current contest, careful readers of issue #11 will have noticed that it was announced in last issue's RUNES. But for those of you who missed out, WHITE WOLF is sponsoring a scenario design contest. All you have to do is send in an outline of the most innovative adventure you have created or thought about designing. Send your adventure outline to: WHITE WOLF MAGAZINE - SCENARIO CONTEST, 1298 WINTER PLACE. ANNISTON, AL, 36201. Outlines

should concisely describe the plot of your adventure and give general statistics for major NPCs and enemies. Outlines under one page are probably not long enough, and outlines over two pages will be frowned on by the blearyeyed judge. The outline should be accompanied by descriptions of any new creatures or items integral to the adventure. Keep in mind that while new creatures and items are nice, the emphasis here is on the adventure and how innovative and fun it is. Plot should be the focus.

Now for the good part, the prize the winner receives. The winner gets our normal contest prize, a twelve issue WHITE WOLF subscription, plus the winner will be asked to flush his outline into a full adventure for publication in

WHITE WOLF. The winning adventure will be printed in a special issue of WHITE WOLF along with several of the runner-up entries still in outline form. The winner will receive our standard payment for his adventure when it is printed.

So get to work. Write up that outline. It won't take you long to do and could lead to glamorous results. By the way, standard contest rules apply. All entries become property of WHITE WOLF Magazine, and the decision of the judge (that's me) is final. Deadline for the scenario contest is December 31, when the apple reaches the bottom in Times Square. I look forward to seeing your brilliant ideas.



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FIG. 4.—CHIROTEUTHIS IMPERATOR (ABOUT ½ NATURAL SIZE)



KRAKEN (krā-ken), noun 1. In Norwegian folklore, a seamonster believed to haunt the coasts of Norway. The description given in 1752 by the Norwegian bishop Pontoppidan suggests that the myth was based on the appearance of a giant cephalopod (see FIG. 4). 2. In Canada, a MAGAZINE FOR FANTASY ROLE PLAYING GAMERS who are interested in useful and informative

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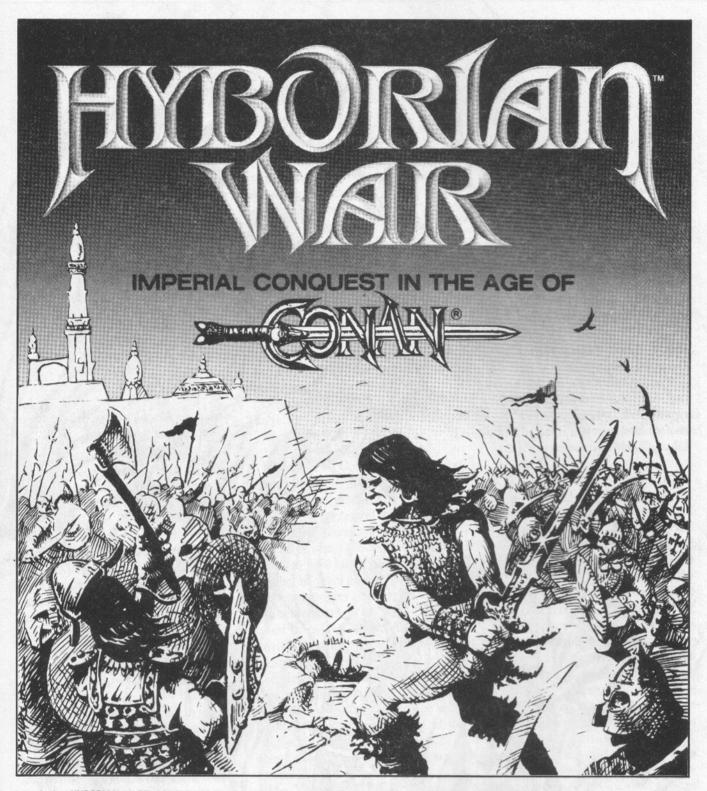
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Adventures in Talislanta

by Stephan M. Sechi; Stephan is the Creative Director of Bard Games, the publishers of Talislanta. He agreed to write this overview of Talislanta for WHITE WOLF.

"Through a veil of blue mist did I first behold Talislanta: dreamlike and surreal, as if suffused in Amberglow. At once it became my goal to investigate and explore this radiant new world, to unearth its ancient mysteries, to marvel at its myriad colors. And so I embarked upon a journey that would take me through many lands and across many miles. All manner of strange sights did I encounter along the way: seas of ice, firefalls, lakes like polished green glass, and mountains of black basalt. You hold in your hands the results of my travels: The Chronicles of Talislanta."

So begins one of the more unusual odysseys in the history of role playing games, a saga described in words and pictures in Bard Games' The Chronicles of Talislanta. The Chronicles presents a uniquely different fantasy milieu as seen through the eyes of Tamerlin- explorer, chronicler, self-styled wizard, and the book's narrator. Within are depicted the people, places, flora, and fauna of an extra-dimensional world known as Talislanta.

The Chronicles were designed to provide experienced role players with an alternative to the typical "elves and dwarves" based campaign settings found in so many other FRP games. This entailed the creation of an entirely new world, complete with its own races, cultures, legends and lore- an ambitious undertaking to say the least. After the better part of three years, the central focus of the project has been completedthe major continent of Talislanta, a fantasy setting which affords players and gamemasters with practically limitless opportunities for discovery and adventure.

History of Talislanta

In the words of Tamerlin: "The history of Talislanta, I am afraid to say, is some-

what less than certain, particularly as regards the land's distant past. The reason for the distinct lack of data regarding ancient times can probably be attributed to the occurrence of a most unfortunate event referred to by Talislantan scholars as "The Great Disaster". The cause of the Great Disaster remains a source of heated debate among scholars. The most common explanations include a terrible war between the two ancient kingdoms of Sursia and Acimera, a combination of plagues, natural disasters, and other misfortunes, and the ill-advised tamperings of an incompetent wizard named Rodinn.

Other highlights of Talislantan history, as related in the accounts of Tamerlin include:

"The Age of Confusion": A period during which the survivors of the Great Disaster scattered in all directions, abandoning the central regions (including the Red Desert and the Wilderlands of Zaran, where the worst destruction seems to have taken place). An untold number of years passed before various races and peoples began again to establish settlements. In the west, Phaedran tribes united and drove the Wildmen northwards beyond the Sardonyx Mountains of Yrmania. The Ur clans fled Narandu, seeking escape from the Ice Giants. In the east, the barbaric Mazdak tribes waged war upon each other ceaselessly, much to the relief of the neighboring clans. Most of the races of men showed talent for procreation and

The Year 100: Religious uprisings rock the capitol of Phaedra on the city state's 100th anniversary. The sorcerer Kabros resigns as ruler. In a stirring speech to his supporters (primarily magicians, wizards, and other sorcerers) Kabros advises them to consider "an exit, and a hasty one at that." By the following morning, he is sipping nectar on the Isle of Thaecia. Fearing for their lives, his advisors disguise one of their number as Kabros, successfully maintaining the ruse for eleven years.

The Year 383: Armies of the Quan plunge north into Harak, hoping to establish a safe route to L'Haan, rich in

blue diamonds and adamant. Fierce bands of Harakin, mounted on winged dractyls, oppose them every step of the way. Finally, the Quan turn back, convinced that the prize is not worth the effort.

The Year 400: The mystic Xanadas leaves his followers, vowing on his death bed to return after visiting with the gods. Beginning of "The Long Wait".

Talislantan Geography

The Great Disaster left in its passing any number of geographic anomalies, the majority of which are located in or around the region known as the Wilderlands of Zaran. Some of the more unusual features associated with the continent are described by Tamerlin, as follows:

The Aberrant Forest: A weird and grotesque woodland, the origins of which may be attributed to a magical mishap of unparalleled proportions. All manner of rare and exotic vegetation can be found in this place, though nothing that grows or lives here is as nature intended it to be. The plants and trees of this region appear heedless of natural law, growing to immense proportions or becoming impossibly gnarled and twisted in form. Murky streams flow uphill, stagnant ponds move slowly across the land, and the very ground seems to undulate as if alive. From the underbrush, animate tendrils of tanglewood reach out to ensnare the incautious traveler, and hedgerows of serpentine thornwood make swift passage through these woodlands an implausible stratagem. Less easily identifiable types of flora and fauna make known their presence by biting, tripping, speaking in tongues, or through even more unusual methods.

The Lost Sea: Along the eastern borders of Yrmania lies the flat wasteland region known as the Lost Sea. By all accounts this area does indeed appear to be a dried-up seabed, littered with the ancient skeletons of giant sea dragons and other aquatic monsters. Some claim that half-sunken sea vessels of unknown origin can be found in isolated parts o

this region, many containing fabulous artifacts and treasures from a lost age. As bands of Wildmen, Darkling hordes, and Ur clan war parties sometimes traverse the Lost Sea, adventurers should exercise caution, if not outright discretion, when traveling in these parts. The fearsome nocturnal strangler is reputed to be found here as well, as good a reason as should be needed for not dallying in this region.

The Kharakhan Wastes: This is a region despoiled by firestorms and other unnatural phenomena during the time of the Great Disaster. The burnt and blackened ruins of Kharakhan, a city once occupied by a race of demi-giants, stand here like massive tombstones, dismal monuments of a bygone era. Where once flowed mighty rivers, winding chasms now cut across the plains and lowlands. Here, giant land dragons

graze on dry grasses, heedless of crag spiders and other noxious predators.

The Isle of Garganta: The largest of the Thaecian Isles, Garganta is a great and irregular mound of volcanic rock. Here live the gigantic stone beings known as Monoliths, believed to be the oldest creatures in the world. Generally silent and implacable, Monoliths can sometimes be persuaded to reveal a portion of their knowledge, which is said to be quite comprehensive. Normally a period of several days or even weeks is required before a Monolith will deign to respond to any query; less if the Monolith is one of the few demented sorts who are occasioned to acts of violence. As fewer than one in five Monoliths is predisposed to such irrational behavior, the chances of attaining enlightenment at little cost are fairly good. Beware the wind demons, however, who come here to mate during certain times of the year.

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Inhabitants of the Continent

One of the most striking aspects of the Talislantan milieu is the great diversity of intelligent and semi-intelligent races native to the continent and its surrounding environs. in The Chronicles, Tamerlin describes over sixty such races, some of the more notable of which include:

-the four-armed Ahazu tribes of the Dark Coast...

-the Araq, sorcerous hybrids combining the worst attributes of Men and Saurans...

-the Ariane, a race of mystics who possess the ability to read past lives, and are able to converse with all things in nature...

-the Ardua, an avian species currently in the process of devolving into a race of ground dwellers...

-the Beastmen, fierce predators who prowl the Plains of Golarin...

-the Bodor, musicians of unsurpassed skill, who possess the uncanny ability known as "sound sight"...

-the shrivel-skinned Kasmir, a miserly folk regarded as the most astute money-lenders in Talislanta, who live in windowless stone towers...

-the Quan, decadent rulers of a vast empire run by their puppets, the warlike Kang...

-the Black Savants of Nefartus, a mysterious race of diabolists, and perhaps the most feared denizens of Talislanta...

-the seven foot tall Sindarans, dual-encephalons possessing the most remarkable mental faculties...

-the Xambrian Wizard Hunters, who bear an age old vendetta against the descendants of an ancient race of Black Magicians...

These are but a few of the many colorful races which can be found in Talislanta. The Talislantan Handbook contains stats for more than eighty diverse character types, all of which may be used as player or non-player characters in a Talislantan campaign.

Flora and Fauna

Similarly, the continent of Talislanta is home to a wide variety of flora and fauna. Domesticated species which have proven useful to the various humanoid races include the Greymane and Silvermane, reptilian-equine crossbreeds valued as steeds; Land Lizards, a variety of squat quadruped employed as a burden beast; the Tarkus, a vicious beast used by the Kangs; and the bi-pedal creatures known as Striders.

Among the less-benevolent species native to the continent are the Exomorph (quadrupedal carnivores with chameleon-like abilities), Vorls (vile creatures comprised of animate mists), and the fearsome Nocturnal Stranglers. Corpse-eating Necrophages haunt the tombs of ancient Khazad, and the forests of Werewood crawl with Mandragores, Banes, and Werebeasts. Those seeking to traverse the Volcanic Hills region would do well to watch for Raknids, a species of humanoid insects which preys upon man. The Sand Demons of the Red Desert likewise pose a hazard to the incautious traveler as does the Yaksha, a hill-dwelling creature renowned for its mindlessly violent nature.

Some of the more common varieties of Talislantan flora include the giant Viridian, a plant having numerous practical uses; D'oko, living plant houses of the Green men; Thistledown, from which is derived the fine cloth known as spinifax; and several magical varieties of Lotus. Plants better left untouched include the noxious Yellow Stickler, the aptly-named Deadman and Stranglevine, Violet Creeper, Need-

The Park of the Pa

leleaf, and the virulently poisonous Devilroot. Talislantan scholars have as yet reached no consensus of opinion regarding the Scarlet Sporozoid, which has alternately been classified as a plant, an animal, or neither of the two.

Magic in Talislanta

In the Talislantan world, magic is considered an inexact science, dangerous and unpredictable at best. Most of the peoples of the continent, being more or less superstitious by nature, regard practitioners of magic with suspicion. In certain lands, this appraisal would seem mild by comparison.

The prevailing attitude regarding magic use can be credited in large part to the Great Disaster, a catastrophe of epic proportions which is widely believed to have been caused by some magical mishap. The Great Disaster brought to an end the fabled first civilizations of ancient Talislanta and laid waste to half the continent. The legendary grandeur of this bygone era has never been recaptured by the people of the New Age, a condition which has done little to foster enthusiasm for magicians.

Nonetheless, the study of magic remains popular in certain regions, particularly in Cymril of the Seven Kingdoms. Here is located the Lyceum Arcanum, Talislanta's foremost institute of magic. The Crimson Citadel of Dracarta, where the Dracartan thaumaturges use their arts to transmute the very nature of matter, is likewise an important center of occult knowledge.

In fabulous windships, the Phantasian Dream Merchants sail across the skies to far-distant lands, bearing their precious cargoes of dream essence. The blue-skinned Mirin of L'Itaan are adept in the alchemical arts, as are the Sindarans. Neither can one dismiss the talents of the Enchanter and Enchantress of Thaecia, who imbue delicate glassine orbs with illusory images and panoramas of the most wonderous clarity.

The Artist's View of Talislanta

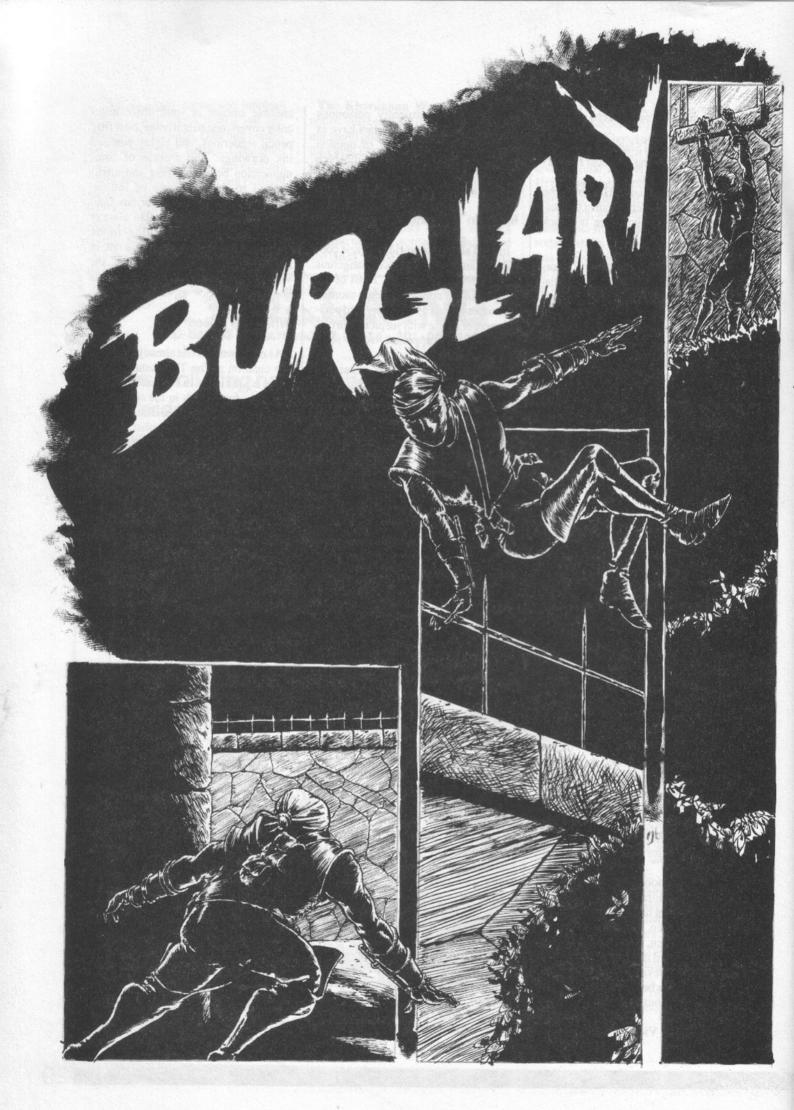
Perhaps the most striking aspect of the Talislanta series is the art of P.D. Breeding (or Breeding-Black as she is now known). In the eighteen months or so which it took to complete the initial stages of the project, Pat produced an in-

credible amount of work: three water color covers, one pencil cover, over fifty pencil renderings, and eighty pen and ink drawings. The process of communication between writer and artist-limited to the exchange of letters, sketches, revisions, corrections, and long distance phone calls- always seemed to leave something to be desired. The results certainly did not; in P.D.'s paintings and illustrations, the vision of a fantastic alien milieu has come to life.

What Lies Ahead

As much work as has already gone into the creation of the Talislantan milieu, there is still more to follow. There are currently four books in the series: The Chronicles of Talislanta, The Talislantan Handbook, The Naturalist's Guide to Talislanta, and the new Talislanta Sorcerer's Guide. A full-color atlas and campaign supplement, The Cyclopedia Talislanta, is scheduled for release in late '88. Currently in the works is a ten book series of adventure and campaign modules, to be edited by W.G. Armintrout (formerly of Steve Jackson Games).

There are also the Unknown Lands, lying to the east and west of Talislanta, still to be revealed in future publications. And best of all... no elves.



Burglary!

a FRPG Adventure

by Roger Baker; Roger goes back several issues with WHITE WOLF; his short story "Gaming Realism" appeared in WW #6. He currently lives in California.

"Burglary!" is a fantasy adventure designed for a single thief and gamemaster. The thief should be of levels 3-5. This adventure was not designed with combat in mind. The use of stealth and secrecy is essential for success. The Free City of Elado can be easily fit into any existing campaign since the only real concern is the house detailed in the adventure.

History

Long ago, the Free City of Elado established a system of government that consisted of a popularly elected eight member City Council. The city was divided into eight parts and each received a seat on the council. For the past two hundred years, elections have been regularly held every year. They have been honest for the most part.

Most Councilmembers are easily reelected, barring scandal, trickery and some particularly heated local issue. Currently, all but one district is safely in the hands of the incumbent. The only district which may see a spirited campaign is the fifth, encompassing the Merchant's Quarter and some of the upper-class residential areas.

A new challenger, Hans Nosferatu, has recently entered the political arena. In stark contrast to the incumbent, Thomas Wells, he has only lived in the city for a few years. During that time, however, Nosferatu has been able to build a small but loyal political constituency that, combined with his wealth, could seriously threaten Councilman Wells' bid for re-election. It promises to be a very close race.

Background

The following can be read verbatim to the player or the situation could be roleplayed.

A little thief in a big city, you are a charter member of the Thieves' Guild. Although it sometimes seems to take a sizable percentage of your bounties, the Guild provides services which makes the loss of a few gold pieces every now and then bearable. Besides, sometimes you get a little action thrown your way.

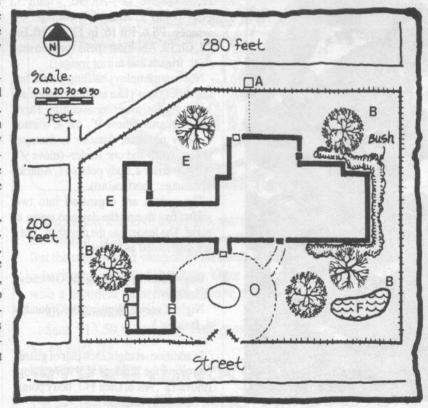
That's how it is now. You were told to come to the Rusty Spade Inn and wait. Apparently, someone has need of your particular skills.

Several hours have passed and it is growing late. Finally, a small man approaches your table. "My name is Aldrich. I am a... shall we say... supporter of Councilman Wells," he begins. "As you may know, he is facing a very tough opponent in the coming election and he will need some help. The devil Nosferatu could win if something isn't done to even the balance.

"I know more than most about Nosferatu. He is a dangerous man, and if allowed to enter this city's government he would surely bring dark times. This is not the first place to be the object of his devious designs..." His voice drops off as if recalling some past event.

Suddenly, his attention returns. "Anyway, back to the business at hand. Nosferatu and his family will be away from their residence for the next few nights.. sort of a vacation before the real fight begins. This is a perfect opportunity. What I want you to do is break into his office at his home and steal the book which contains his campaign plans. That should put some mud in his brew. I'll pay you 300 gold if you are

MAP 2: DM'S MAP





successful. If you are caught, however, you're on your own. You'll get the cash when I've got the book in my hands. Interested?"

Once you agree to take the job, the man continues, "I can provide you with a rough floor plan of the house, but it lacks many details and is not trustworthy. All I can say is that the book is bound in red leather and is located in his office, which is clearly marked on the map."

"I can give you some advice before I go. Nosferatu is a devious character, that I know from dealing with him. If you first find an obstacle which insurmountable, search for a way around it or another way to meet it. Second, I do not advise tangling with his guards. They know how to earn their keep. That is all I can tell you. I will meet you here in two days in these same seats. Good luck." With that, he leaves you.

GM's Notes

Just as his house may hold many secrets, Nosferatu is not all he seems. Some players may pick up on the fact that the name "Nosferatu" is connected with vampires. There is no truth to this in Hans Nosferatu's case. he is just a normal human, ordinary in every way except for his deviousness, shrewdness, fiery temper and small stature. Nosferatu- (move 12", AR 10, wizard 3, body points 9, Attacks 1, damage: by weapon, PS 6, Kn 16, In 13, Ag 10, En 12, Ch 12, Abilities: spells (unseen servant, friends and mirror image)).

Nosferatu employs halfling guards because he doesn't like anybody, especially his guards, towering over him. There are 11 guards- (move 9", AR 4, warrior 1, body points 6, Attacks 1, damage: short sword) and one leader- (move 9", AR 4, warrior 2, body points 11, Attacks 1, damage: short sword).

The guards are organized into two shifts: five during the day and seven at night. The leader has the day shift. They are distributed as follows:

Day- Gate= 2, Walking the Grounds= 2, Inside= 1

Night-Gate=2, Walking the Grounds=4, Inside=1

In addition, at night each pair of guards patrolling the grounds will have a dog-(move 12", AR 6, Dice 1+1, body points 7, Attacks 1, damage 1d4). The guards are bribable, but only at outrageous prices (upwards of 300 gold apiece). Then again, if the character is in position to bribe the guards (ie. they have caught him), they may just take all of his possessions anyway.

When they patrol the grounds, the guards generally take fifteen minutes to go all the way around the house. At night, the two teams of guards will remain roughly opposite one another in relation to the house. They will also take a different route each time they pass through the garden. The dogs used to supplement the halflings have a 70% chance of smelling an intruder and creating a ruckus. However, the guards may not pay attention to them thinking that it was only a squirrel or other small animal that caused the disruption. A clever GM will play this up for maximum effect. The guards will only investigate the source of the barking 25% of the time.

For each failed attempt to burgle the house, the chance of the guards paying attention increases by 40%. Furthermore, if there has been a failed attempt, the guard in area 4 will be wandering around the house, traveling to a random room each round. A schedule may be needed to chart his movement.

If any alarm goes off in the house, the guards let their dogs have a free run of the grounds in an attempt to catch the intruder. In addition, both shifts are turned out, ready to capture any unwanted guests. If the character is captured, see "Captured!" for the results.

The GM should keep careful track of time while the PC is in the house. If he is not careful, he may be caught in the house during daylight hours. Numerous insignificant magic luxury items litter the house. Each performs a simple function. The PC should have to figure out the uses himself. All are generally harmless and should provide variety and intrigue.

The Grounds

The grounds are surrounded by a 15' high wall that is topped by a 1' iron fence. It is only broken by the front gate. The house faces a minor residential street, but is bounded by narrow alleyways on all other sides.

On the grounds there are many kinds of plants. The grounds resemble a huge garden with lawns and flower beds. Many kinds of trees provide shade in the garden including oaks, weeping willows and maples.

The flora on the grounds is varied and is both harmless and harmful. Two kinds of plants live here that could cause problems for the character. These are the Clinging Vine and Giant Snapdragon in areas B and E respectively. Both are described in detail at the end of the adventure. There is one way to enter the house without going through the gardens (see Area A).

A- There is an iron grate here which seems to cover a small tunnel. The tunnel seems to connect to both the city sewer system and another smaller tunnel (3x3 ft.) which might lead into the house.

The tunnel is approximately 5 ft. long. Size may prohibit some characters from using this route, which does go into the house. Remember that anyone passing through the tunnel will begin to smell similar to the sewage nearby. In addition, all sorts of insects and small creatures live here. There is a 25% chance per minute that a group of 2d4 rats will be encountered. The rats- (move 12", AR 7, body points 1 or 2, Attacks 1, damage: 1, Abilities: disease) are simply hungry and will retreat if met with a tough fight. In addition, a couple feet into the tunnel there is a trap. If 60 lbs, or more is placed on a pressure plate, a small porticullis falls. The porticullis is made of wood reinforced with iron. Although not very heavy, the gate requires a %PS roll to lift it. Characters who fail a saving throw will be pinned under the porticullis and take 1d6 damage. The tunnel leads to Area 14 where all the house sewage is deposited.

B- As you walk through the flowers of the garden, you stumble across a strange clinging vine which begins to wrap itself around you.

This patch of foliage contains three clinging vines- (move 0, AR 6, Dice 2, body points 9, 11, and 13, Attacks 1-8, damage 1). If the plant is passed through or near, it will lash out with its tendrils. See the end of the adventure for complete details of this monster.

C- The gate is closed and is currently guarded by two halfling guards. It opens onto a minor residential street.

There is a 40% during the day to meet someone on the street. This chance is only 5% at night. The guards are relatively alert about what comes through the gate, be it deliveries, guests, etc.

10 May 12 M

They have a list of expected deliveries and search each arrival.

D- The circular drive leads up to the house, passes the stables and then returns to the gate.

E- You have entered a plot of brightly colored Snapdragons. They do not appreciate the intrusion and bite at you ferociously.

The Snapdragons- (move 0, AR 7, Dice 1, body points 4, 5, 5, 6, 7, and 7, Attacks 1, damage 1d2) will try to kill since they are carnivorous by nature. A full description of this creature and its behavior is at the end of the adventure.

F- The pond is surrounded by willow trees. Fish swim placidly in the

The pond is about 2' deep and contains ordinary fish.

G- The stables seem to contain little other than horse stalls, dirty hay and a pile of fresh hay. There are kennels in back of the stables.

The stables contain nothing of interest. The carriage and horses went with Nosferatu and his family. The kennels have three dogs in them during the day and only one at night. They bark loudly at any unfamiliar person. Again, this only has a 25% of attracting a guard.

The House

The house is empty for one guard. Nosferatu and his family left days ago and servants have been given the time

Unless noted, the doors in the house are not locked. All of the lights are extinguished except in Area 20. The ceilings are ten feet high unless otherwise indicated.

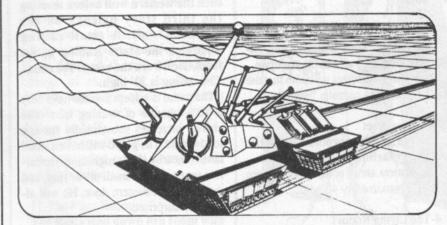
The ground level of the eastern half of the house is hidden by extensive shrub-

For each round spent searching a room, there is a 25% cumulative chance of finding a small mundane item.

Twenty Random Items

- 1- Loose change (1d6 silver)
- 2- normal quill
- 3- marble
- 4- piece of chalk
- 5- small piece of a child's game
- 6- wooden toy block
- 7-2' string
- 8- dog whistle
- 9- needle and thread
- 10- bag of marbles

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11- empty beer mug

12- playing card

13- thumbtack

14- note reading "pick up two loaves, three bunches four bottles'

15- earring worth 35 gold

16-lady's shoe

17- piece of iron pyrite

18- doggie bone

19- paper reading "Dial U-T-A-R-E-F-S-O-N"

20- message reading "If Wells wins, dispose of him."

First Floor

1-The Library

Shelves of books line the walls of the library. A desk with an unlit lamp, several open books, and many papers strewn about it is in the center of the room. A low table with a chess set on it stands between two plush chairs. A rich carpet covers the floor.

The desk drawers are locked and contain 20 gold. The top drawer hides a dagger. The subjects of the books in the library range from demography to horticulture. Three have red leather covers but none of these is the campaign book. The chess set is magical. Its pieces move in opposition to a single player and it conducts a good but not unbeatable game. The set must have all the pieces to operate.

2-The Bar

This small room contains a wellstocked bar. The windows are open.

Observant characters will note that the ale keg has been recently opened.

3-Water Closet

This is a small bathroom with all the necessary facilities.

The fixtures are of solid silver and are worth approximately 40 gold.

4-The Living Room

The room contains several chairs and sofas, all of very fine quality. Rich curtains hang by the closed windows in the northern and southern walls. Three intricately carved tables standing against the walls hold small statuettes that seem very valuable. A small coffee table with a bowl stands before the sofas. A thick carpet covers the floor. Several pictures of men and landscaped adorn the walls. The sound of snoring and falling water

comes from the archway to the west. The ceiling here is 20' high.

In truth, only two of statuettes are valuable. They are worth 100 gold and 250 gold. The third one, however, is a trapped fake. The ten inch high piece is covered with a powerful glue that will affix to any hand that touches it. A successful %PS roll is needed to remove it. Each of the five paintings on the walls is wired for movement. If removed from the wall, they will set off an alarm which will bring the guards running. Each of the pictures is an original done by a well-known local artist. They are easily worth several thousand gold each. The bowl on the coffee table is magical as it will fill with a different delicacy ten times per day if the command word, which is written on the bottom, is spoken.

5-Entry Hall

The sounds which emanate from this room are from the fountain in the center of the area and from a guard sleeping on the steps. A recently emptied mug and a lute are on the steps near him. Night or day, heavy shadows are about. The room has a bare stone floor. One flight of stairs against the north wall leads to an archway on the east. Another flight of stairs follows first the north wall and then the western wall before meeting the third story balcony on the southern wall. A small railing separates the stairs leading to the front door from the rest of the room. The ceiling is 30' high.

The guard is asleep. Sounds have only a 10% chance of waking him. The chance increases substantially for any loud noises. The guard will have a small lantern nearby if it is nighttime. He carries seven gold, a small silver ring, and the key to the eastern door. He will al-

ways be surprised.

6-Reception Area

This room contains a desk in the northeastern corner. A sofa and three chairs form a semi-circle about the room. A low table stands directly in front of the sofa. A lamp and myriad papers lie on the desk. The northern door is slightly ajar.

Among the other articles, a key is laying on the desk partially covered by papers. The key opens the safe in Area 9. An address book details all Nosferatu's acquaintances including all

his political friends and his butcher. This could be valuable if offered to the right people. There is a wand of magic missiles with 15 uses cleverly hidden in one of the chair legs. It is easy to remove quickly. Nothing else of value is in or around the desk. If the door to Area 5 is closed, observant characters will note that the falling water cannot be heard. This room is sound-proof.

7-File Room

There is a table in the center of the room covered with maps of the fifth district. Several chairs circle the table. Filing cabinets line the walls.

The cabinets contain nothing of interest- just information on fundraising, recent correspondence, etc. The door to the room is trapped so that once opened it will close and lock behind the person.

8-Hallway

This is a short hallway. A rich carpet that is beginning to show some wear in the center runs down the hall.

This is an ordainary hallway, plus a few surprises. Just inside the western door is a trap door that will open if stepped on. It opens to a 20' pit. A successful save vs. agility allows the character to grab the edge and prevent himself from falling. The door will swing closed after it opens.

Additionally, after the eastern door is touched a magic mouth will be activated. It says, "I would stay right there! I enjoy toasting scum. LAY DOWN! Don't move." After a small pause the mouth will continue, "I said freeze, orcface. Don't make me ask again! Now down!" The actual manifestation of the mouth is hidden. This trap is totally harmless.

9-Conference Room

This room contains a huge table with twelve chairs. Several tasteful pictures hang on the walls. A silver tray holds a coverless pitcher and twelve crystal glasses.

The three pictures have alarms on them. Fortunately for the character, the walls here are soundproof, making this a rather useless security measure. It should frighten the PC. The pitcher can produce up to five gallons of cool, clear water per day.

10-The Office

This is apparently an office. Bookcases cover the walls except for the southern one which is filled by a huge window revealing a peaceful lakefront scene. Sunlight (or moonlight) floods the room. Paintings are hung in the gaps between the bookcases. A large desk with a comfortable seeming chair behind it occupies the northern end of the room. Two other chairs stand before the desk. A bird cage stands in the northwestern corner. A large table stands near the southeastern corner of the room and is covered by a great amount of papers, files, open books, etc. Rich carpeting covers the floor. Several charts and maps are spread open on the floor.

All the papers on the table are unimportant as are the maps on the floor. Several small ceramic items that resemble men are placed on the maps. They magically keep the paper flat regardless of any tendency to roll up. The "window" is in fact a permanent illusion used solely for decoration. In reality, a stone wall exists there.

All the drawers in the desk are locked and the desk has Fake Trap cast on it. If the drawers are opened, the following will be found: 35 gold, dagger +2, wand of paralysis with 5 uses, and 98 quills. The quills allow the user to write at twice normal speed with no loss of legibility. Among the papers that lie on the desk is a book titled "Blackmail, for Fun and Profit".

The bird cage holds Gramm Rudd, a tiny halfling thief- (at full size: move 12", AR 7, thief 4, body points 20, Attacks 1, damage 1d2 or by weapon) who is the size of a small bird. He is the previous thief who tried to steal from Nosferatu. Gramm is a devious fellow. He will do his best to convince the PC to release him, offering rewards or even threatening if he thinks it will do any good. Above all, he wants out! Treat the bird cage as the forecage spell. If Gramm does convince the character to let him out, the character may find himself in the cage. A successful find traps will reveal the trap. It can be "removed" by disarming a release. If opened without disarming the trap, it will transfer the opener into the cage and the occupant unless a successful save vs. spells is made. The character will be reduced to four inches in the cage if the save fails. Meanwhile, Gramm will return to normal size. Even if released safely, Gramm will try to overpower the PC at the most advantageous moment and after determining the mission he will try to complete it himself.

The books on the bookcases cover subjects from the analysis of power to textbooks on myths and theology. Thoroughly searching the shelves will take at least twenty minutes. Nosferatu's spell books are also here. They contain the spells: Charm Person, Comprehend Languages, Erase, Friends, Read Magic, Write, Continual Light, Leomund's Trap, Magic Mouth, and Mirror Image.

The shelves also contain one book with a dark red binding (the subject of the mission). However, the first page has a glyph of warding on it. Anyone who opens the book without saying the word on the cover ("plans"), will be struck blind for 3d6 hours. If carefully read, the book will reveal Nosferatu's campaign plans. Most of the plans involve mundane day-to-day operations (rallies, speeches, fundraisers, etc.), but the last few pages outline a plan to blackmail Councilman Wells by using forged documents that would make it look as if he was accepting bribes from the large trade companies in the city. The plan calls for Councilman Wells to pull out of the race and allow an easy victory for Nosferatu. Safely in his seat, he would then dominate the city government by blackmailing the other Councilmen.

There is a safe behind one of the three pictures in the room. The safe is trapped. If not disarmed, the trap will emit one charge of electricity causing 3d6 damage. Insulation of the character's hands (gloves, etc.) will reduce this damage by half.

The safe contains four more books with red leather covers, many papers and 50 platinum.

11-The Plain Room

The stairs lead down to a room with plain white walls. The only feature in the room is a door on the southern which appears to have no locks or handles on it.

There is nothing in this room other than the door. The only way to open the door is to successfully find the concealed door in the northern wall. A panel opens to reveal numerous buttons, each of which has a letter of the alphabet on it. If "U-T-A-R-E-F-S-O-N" is typed in, the southern door will slide open noiselessly.



12-The Strong Room

When the heavy door slides back, a small room is revealed. One wall is lined with four barrels filled with copper, silver, electrum and gold coins. In addition, several ledgers sit on a low shelf next to six small boxes.

Each barrel contains about 500 coins. The ledger simply chronicles the financial dealings of Nosferatu's campaign to this point. Two of the boxes are empty, but the other four hold papers and evidence that suggests four of the seven Coucilmen are taking bribes from several trade organizations in return for duty-free legislation. One of the boxes contains information that would incriminate Councilman Wells. The boxes contain enough evidence of bribery and other indiscretions to land some of the Councilmen in jail and all of them out of office. Thorough study of the documents will reveal that they are clever forgeries.

13-The Guards' Common Room

This area appears to be a common room for the guards. It contains three circular tables and several chairs. The tables are covered with an incredible assortment of playing cards, dirty dishes and weapons.

The guards lounge here while off duty. There are two crossbows and three shortswords on the tables. If the alarm has been sounded, the guards in the room will grab the crossbows and join the search. Careful observation will reveal the trap door in the center of the room which is partially obscured by a table. It leads to Area 14.

14-The Sewage Chamber

This small chamber has a horrible stench. There is a small ladder between a small trap in the ceiling a tunnel leading to the west. Water and waste is scattered everywhere. Several pipes extend from the walls.

The trapdoor is airtight and leads to Area 13. One of the tunnels leads to the city sewers by way of Area A.

15-Guards' Barracks

It is dark. The sound of snoring can be heard from several beds. Bunk beds line the sides of the room. Some chests that might contain personal belongings sit at the head and foot of each bed. The curtains on the window are drawn. Night or day there will be several guards asleep here. The number will depend on the time of the day and varies from five to seven. They will wake 20% of the time if they hear a noise.

The Second Floor

16-Dining Room

The dining room contains a large table with six chairs arranged around it. The northern wall is composed of windows looking out to the garden. A glass case situated against one wall displays numerous plaques and mementos of achievement. Most bear the name of Hans Nosferatu. A small box rests on top of the case. This room has a hardwood floor.

Several of the awards are silver and could fetch a good price. The box contains several miniature figures. When the command word is spoken, they will animate and play a popular contemporary tune for about five minutes before returning to the box. The music is only as loud as normal conversation.

17-Kitchen

The kitchen holds enough equipment to prepare food for a number of people. There is a spiral staircase in the northeastern corner.

The kitchen has many cabinets and drawers. A thorough search will reveal the family silver, worth 600 gold. It is quite bulky, though, so it is doubtful whether it could be carried away. A black covered cylinder with a single button on the side may also be found. Substances placed in the cylinder will be blended, smashed and mixed if the lid is closed and the button depressed.

The spiral staircase descends down to ground level where a door leads to Area 9, and further to a basement room, Area 11. The door leading to Area 9 is locked and trapped. A needle delivers a poison that causes two hours of sleep. The staircase also leads up to Area 19.

18-Sitting Room

This room is spacious and open with a great view of the surrounding gardens. The eastern and southern walls are simply gigantic windows. The gate and driveway are easily visible. The room is furnished with plush furniture, including sofas, over-stuffed chairs, and a low table on which rests a large wood and glass hourglass.

Tasteful scenic murals adorn the western and northern walls.

The room allows one to see the entire southeastern corner of the grounds. Any light source carried by the character has a 35% chance of being seen by a guard below. The magical hourglass records the passing of time by announcing the passage of another twelve hours with a deep chime.

Third Floor

19-Hallway

The spiral stairs lead to a hallway with a beautiful, long oriental carpet running its length. The door in the western wall is slightly ajar and light can be seen coming from behind it.

The open door leads to Area 22, the master bedroom. The light was left on accidentally and the guards have not bothered to extinguish it.

20-The Master Bathroom

The door opens to a spacious bathroom complete with a heated pool. The fixtures on the sink seem to be made of gold. There is a small cabinet below the sink.

The bathroom is quite luxurious, even to the point of extravagance. The sink fixtures are worth 400 gold. If the fixtures are removed, however, the water from the cistern in the attic will flow unchecked into the bathroom. A search of the cabinet will reveal a flat box. A person stepping on the box will suddenly know his true weight.

21-Guest Room

The guest bedroom is plushly furnished with a soft bed, a writing desk with chair and large dresser. Three tasteful pictures depicting landscapes hang on the walls.

The pictures are not trapped in any way. However, the pictures themselves are magical. If the correct command word is spoken, the painting takes on the likeness of whatever it is facing. The command word for each is written on the reverse side of the canvas. The blanket on the bed automatically maintains a comfortable temperature for anyone sleeping underneath it, although it cannot maintain a temperature difference of more than forty degrees.

22-Master Bedroom

This room contains a large king-size bed as well as two identical dressers

which stand against the south wall. Similarly, two identical nightstands with lanterns sit beside the bed. One of the lanterns is on. Various mundane objects are on the dressers and nightstands. Sliding doors on the northern wall are open enough to reveal closets full of fine clothes.

The lanterns use continuous light spells for light sources. A hood can pulled down to darken the room. Only the bottom drawer of the right-hand dresser is locked and trapped. Only Nosferatu and his wife have keys to the drawer. If opened without a key, a gas will be emitted which causes 2d8 damage and paralysis for thirty minutes. Save for half and no effect (two saves). The drawer contains two bags- one with 50 gold and the other with 25 platinum. Also here are many personal papers.

A search of the room will reveal numerous seemingly mundane objects on the dresser and nightstands. These items are minor magic items designed to perform simple tasks. They include:

a brush that will respond to a command word by brushing the hair of the speaker

a cloth blindfold that aids sleeping (actively resisting subjects are not affected)

a pair of leather gloves that when placed over someone's hands will perform a simple manicure, including nail polish appropriate to the wearer's

a container of thick, creamy, oily liquid that will heal a scar if spread of the skin

In the left-hand dresser is a small pouch containing 9 small cakes which will alleviate any hangover.

There are semi-precious gems in various articles of clothing in the closet worth a total of 300 gold. Most of the clothes hang on hangers, but several cloaks and robes hang on small hooks protruding from a hemisphere of hard, flexible material. Normally unmovable, the hooks can be easily plucked from the material when the word "leggo" is spoken. When the command word "stay" is spoken they will reattach themselves to the wall.

23-Third Floor Balcony

The balcony looks down on the entry hall. It leads to a hallway which heads west. A series of windows looking down on the gate and driveway line the south wall.

The trap door in the ceiling leads to the attic, Area 26. Unless the guard in the entry hall has moved, he will be sleeping. He has only a 5% chance of waking as a result of noises from the balcony.

24 (a & b)-Daughters' Bedrooms

This seems to the bedroom of a preteen girl. It contains a bed, dresser and writing desk with chair. Numerous stuffed animals sit all over the room.

These are Nosferatu's daughters' room. In addition to normal clothing, the dressers contain a simple, yet attractive necklace. Any woman wearing this necklace appears to be attired in elegant, expensive clothes appropriate to the time of day.

25-Bathroom



This is a bathroom with a large bath tub, sink and toilet. The fixtures seem to be silver.

The fixtures are worth 40 gold.

26-Attic

The attic contains several large boxes full of old files dealing with Nosferatu's activities. A large water cistern is in the western end of the attic. Another trap door leads to the roof.

The trap door to the roof is watertight. The cistern provides water to all the bathrooms in the house and the kitchen. It gather rainwater from the roof and cleanses it before use. It is currently about half full.

Captured!

If the PC is captured during the course of the mission, the guards will hold him in the common room under constant guard until Nosferatu returns. They will confiscate anything that the character carries

Nosferatu will return two days after the character receives his mission. If the PC has been captured, Nosferatu will offer to let him roll over on his employer, telling all. Nosferatu will attempt bribery, threats, or anything his devious little mind can concoct to get the story out of the PC. If he thinks the PC is lying in any way, he will let his guards "encourage" truthful answers.

If the PC refuses the reveal the true purpose of his mission under normal means, Nosferatu will do one of several things. He will severely beat the character and let him go so he can follow the character to the inn 50% of the time, put the PC in the cage 20% of the time, have him polymorphed into a plant to adorn his house 20% of the time, or feed him to the plants the remaining 10% of the

time. When playing Nosferatu, remember that he is definitely evil and firmly believes that the strongest survive. Feel free to play him to the hilt.

If the PC rolls over immediately, Nosferatu will strike a deal with him in order to capture his employer. For this the PC will be paid 1000 gold. However, remember that a LOT of people do not like squealers...

Epilogue

If the PC is successful, he can return to the inn and collect his fee. Numerous continuing adventures could stem from this scenario. Nosferatu could find out who was responsible for the burglary and even the score. The guild might be so impressed with the character's success that other burglary jobs could be directed specifically to him. Perhaps the PC might even be sent back in to rescue Gramm Rudd. Or maybe he'll be sent in to recover the "evidence" against the Councilmen. There are many possibilities.

If the PC fails, he may have to leave town for quite a while. Even the Guild could be after him now!

New Monsters

Clinging Vine Move: 0"

Armor Rating: 6

Dice: 2 Attacks: 1-8 Damage: 1

Abilities: constriction Sentient Level: low Alignment: neutral

Size: large

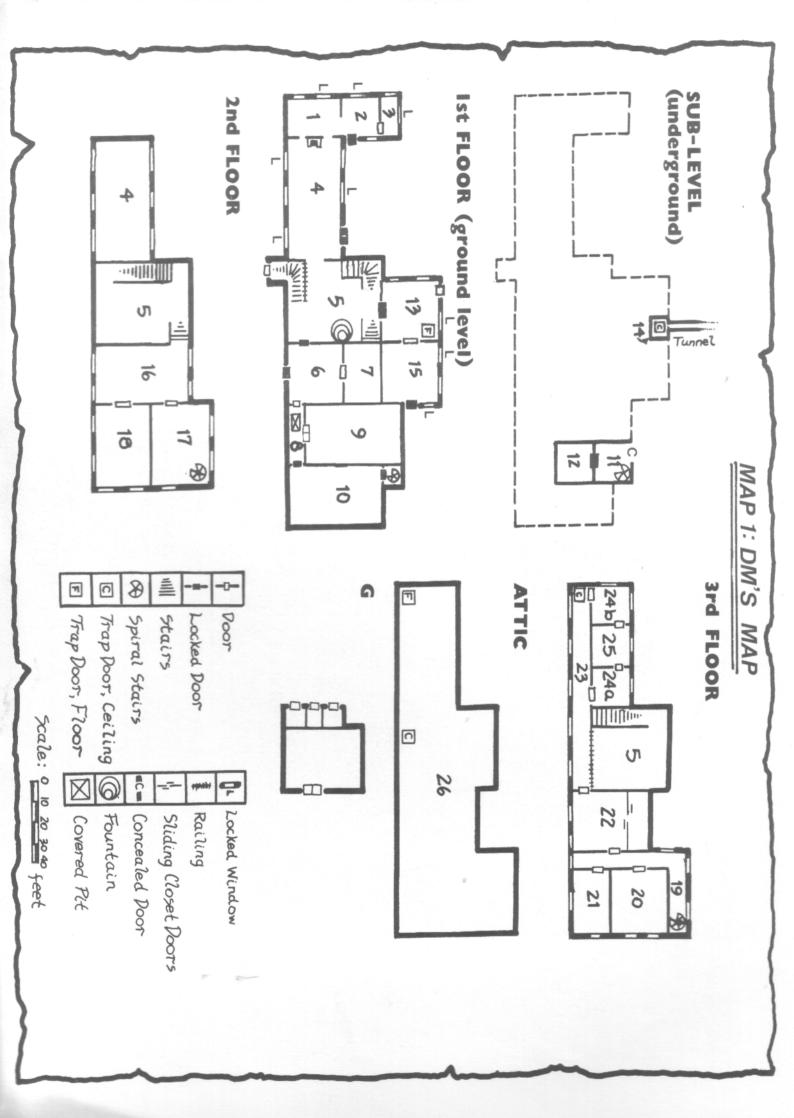
The clinging vine is a perennial, carnivorous plant that will coil itself around anyone who is foolish enough to wander within its range of about five feet. Some of these vines can have as many as eight tendrils while most have only four. It attacks by wrapping a tendril around its victim and constricting. Each tentacle can take two hits (not body points) before being disabled. It keeps no treasure, but its previous prey may have carried some articles of value.

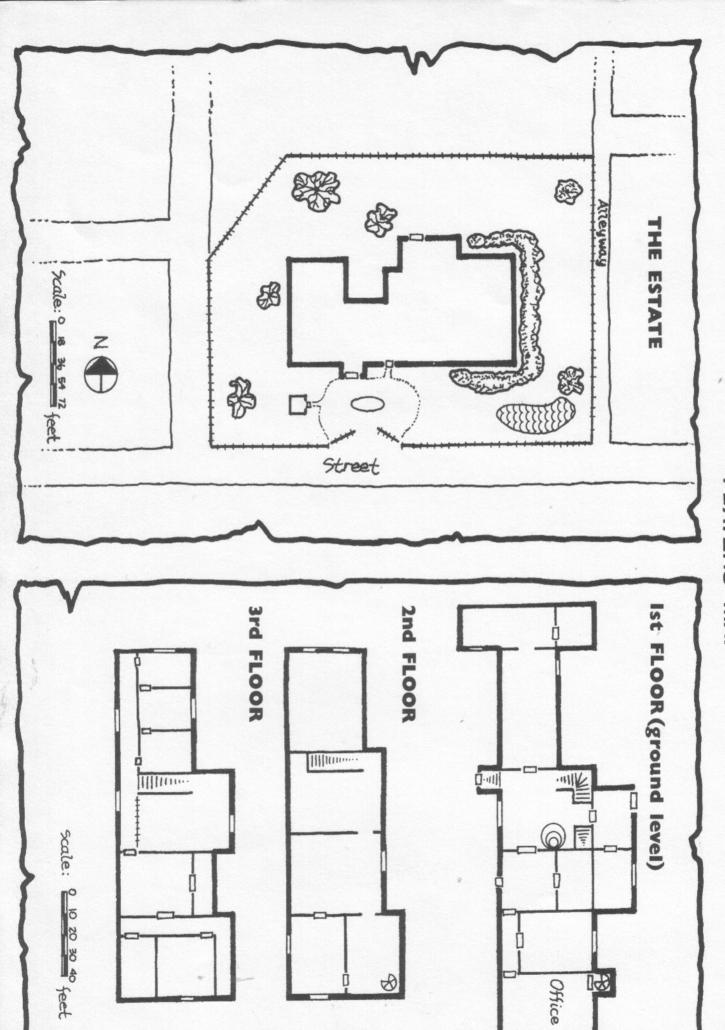
Giant Snapdragon Move: 0" Armor Rating: 7 Dice: 1 Attacks: 1 Damage: 1d2 Abilities: none Sentient Level: average Alignment: neutral Size: medium

The giant snapdragon is also a perennial, carnivorous plant. It is found in a rainbow of colors, but beauty is deceiving as the snapdragon will attack any who come close enough for it to use its bite. The group of flowers will work together to subdue its prey before settling down to a leisurely dinner. This particular flower is found in temperate and tropical climates since it has little resistance to cold. Its only treasure will be the inedible remains of victims.



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Keepers of the Law

by James LaFond; James is the owner of a new gaming company called Heathen Thorn Enterprises (see his ad elsewhere in this issue). This is his first appearance in WHITE WOLF.

Law and Order in a FRPG campaign, while important to gamemaster and player alike, is a subject generally ignored in gaming supplements. The enforcement of the law in today's society is the backdrop for many a modern adventure story. With bandits and thieves

running loose in FRPG worlds (not to mention the struggle between law and chaos), gamemasters should have little trouble bringing such adventures to their world. Both high level NPCs and PCs are often confronted with the problems of maintaining the law in the holdings. With enemies on the border and monsters about, the ruler is forced to dirty his hands with the blood of the lawless at every step. What is a tyrant to do? This article details one possible solution to the dilemma.

Background

Some sixteen decades past lived the wise despot Oranthor of the Old Kingdom. Oranthor, tyrant, philosopher, and statesman, was a man obsessed with questions of law, order and justice. During the last years of his life, Oranthor codified the laws of his regime upon a stone tablet. With the

passing of Oranthor, the Old Kingdom fell to ruins before an alliance of Oranthor's discontented vassals. The despot's kingdom was gone but his legacy remained. A band of Oranthor's loyal henchmen made their way to the countryside in possession of the Law Giver's Stone. Forming an order based on the precepts set down by the Law Giver, the band became known as the Keepers of the Law. Growing in numbers as they took in poor peasant children for indoctrination, the order constructed a base of operations at an unknown locale. In need of funds to supply the order with necessities, the Keepers of the Law began to offer themselves as interpreters and enforcers of the law in neighboring states.

Although the name of the Law Giver has long since been forgotten, the Keepers of the Law continue to ply their trade and have become a far ranging institution held in high respect by rulers



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Stone of the Law Giver

Crime

theft burglary grave robbing murder assassination public disorder armed revolt trade crimes vandalism blasphemy heresy assault moral offenses tax evasion treason escape

Punishment

imprisonment (1 wk./gp)
imprisonment (1 month/gp) + damages
imprisonment (1 year)
death by hanging or decapitation
death by Buthynian Eye Bore
bludgeoning and 1 day imprisonment
torture and 1 years hard labor
damages and large fine
damages and 1 weeks hard labor
torture and 1 year banishment
death by burning
break rt. hand and 1 day imprisonment
fine
confiscation of all property
branding and banishment for life
torture and +1 year imprisonment

everywhere. The order receives a multitude of applicants for indoctrination from the rich and poor alike.

Services, Costs and **Employment Conditions**

Any great ruler or petty lord may contact the Keepers of the Law in order the work out a contract. The Keepers of the Law make the benefits of their services known to recently empowered rulers at the first opportunity and are easily contacted themselves by way of messenger. Services provided by the order are many- riot control, security, tax collection, border patrol, policing of roads, city watch, criminal investigation, and punishment for corruption, heresy or misuse of magic.

Costs for services of a specific short term nature vary widely. Long term service (four years of more) as the "State Police Force and Judiciary" represents no cost to the ruler as such contracts grant the right to collect taxes (2% monthly income tax) directly from the populace for the financing of the order. The order reserves the right to build a stronghold after one year of permanent service. The Keepers of the Law are not corruptible (being a monastic order) and pose no threat to absolute rulers as Oranthor put forth that "tyrants are above the law".

The Keepers of the Law will only enforce codified law (be it good or bad). If an employer does not have a codified

law, the order will institute The Stone of the Law Giver as the law of the land. An imaginative gamemaster should have little trouble weaving intricate plots around the interaction of the order with PC states and PCs. Also, the order will not allow itself to become a puppet organization for a ruler and they do favor lawful employers over others.

Description and Hierarchy

Servant- At twelve years of age a child may be accepted into the order for indoctrination and thus become a Servant of the Law. Servants dress in indigo robes emblazoned in white with the symbol of the Law Giver (a simple circle). Servants of the law carry out all sorts of menial tasks and are required to attend lectures given by the Master.

Scribe- At sixteen, certain servants are encouraged to serve as Chroniclers of the Law. Many scribes are required by the order to keep records and copy documents. Scribes wear a white sash over the left shoulder but are otherwise attired as a servant.

Enforcer- At the age of sixteen, strong-bodied servants are trained for law enforcement. Enforcers of the Law are instructed in basic crowd control and the use of weapons for subduing and capturing the unlawful (enforcers a not encouraged to kill). Enforcers of t Law are attired in an indigo tunic as breeches with a cloak emblazoned red. Enforcers are equipped with an ire

hat, quilted jack, large shield, club, sap, 6'x6' net, and two pairs of irons (for wrist and ankles).

Officer- After four years of service, an enforcer may petition the Master for an Officer's position. Officers receive most of their training on the job and are usually skilled at handling dangerous situations. Armed with a short sword and sporting a blue crested helm and indigo cloak, Officers are otherwise attired as an enforcer.

Protector- Enforcers that exhibit superior skill at arms are taken into the ranks of Protectors of the Law. Charged with defending the "keepers" and "abiders" of the law from the lawless, Protectors constitute an elite fighting force. They are trained to be skilled guards, trackers, scouts and horse soldiers as they must battle enemies as diverse as brigands, rebellious peasants, barbarian raiders, humanoid invaders, and other defilers of the law. Mounted on a medium warhorse and armed with a spear, horseman's flail, longsword and dagger and wearing a fine set of mail, a Protector of the Law is well-equipped for his duty. A Protector's uniform consists of indigo tunic and breeches with a scarlet cloak emblazoned in white.

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Statistics

Rank	Class	Level	AR	min.BP
servant		0	10	2
scribe	sage	0	10	2
enforcer	warrior	0	7	3
officer	warrior	1	7	6
protector	warrior	1	5	6
guardian	warrior	2	5	11
execut.	sage	1	10	3
Agent/1st	warrior	3-8	variable	variable
2nd	war./thief	2/1-8	variable	variable
3rd	sg./sorcerer	1/1-8	variable	variable
4th	sg./assassin	2/1-8	variable	variable
5th sage	2-	3	10	5
superior	sage	4-7	10	6
inquisitor	variable	variable	variable	variable
ch. ings.	sg, sorc, assn	9,9,9	variable	variable
interpret.	sage	8-10	10	8
master	sage	11+	10	9

Crews for Mobile Facilities

Crew	Jail	Execut.	Inqs.	Supply
animals	6	4	4	6
servants	2	4	2	4
scribes	0.000 1 0000	^{08/0} 1	4.4	1
enforcers	10	2	4	4
officers	1000	477 <u> </u>	1	1
executioners	mu m <u>i</u> ucia i	0.000 1 (01.00	and din the second	and the Francisco
inquisitors	specioni la	oten <u>I</u> palj	1	to pare Teach

Keep of the Law

BREE WAS TREET AND		
Personnel		
Servants	40	
Scribes	40	
Enforcers	40	
Officers	4	
Protectors	40	
Guardians	8	
Executioners	2	
Agents/1st	1	
2nd	1	
3rd	1	
4th	1	
5th	1-4	
Superior	1	
Inquisitor	1	
Interpreter	4	
Master	1	
Mobile Facilities		
(fully manned)		
jail cart	4	
execututioner cart	1	
ingisitor cart	1	
supply cart	4	
cappi) cart		
(unmanned)		
jail cart	1	
executioner cart	1	
ingisitor cart	1	

Guardian- Members of the order that command the Protectors of the Law are known as Guardians. These officers are hand-picked from the ranks by the Master himself. Guardians are attired as Protectors with rank being indicated by a scarlet sash worn over the shoulder.

Executioner- Scribes of an "unshakable" nature are educated at an early age by the resident inquisitor in the methods of punishment. These youths become executioners.

Agent (first order)- Guardians with outstanding command records are sent out of the order to live as a roving outlaw to infiltrate bands of outlaws. Experienced agents of the first order are expert at concealing their double identity and are brutally efficient as man hunters.

Agent (second order)- Specially selected Guardians are sent out of the order to gain acceptance among members of a thieves guild or similar crime ring.

Agent (third order)- Promising scribes with an interest in the arcane are loaned to academies of wizardry where they learn magic.

Agent (fourth order)- Executioners of an especially vicious nature are recruited for indoctrination into an order owned assassins guild. These "Bringers of the Law" are directed by the Chief Inquisitor who utilizes their skills for extension of the law beyond its conventional boundaries.

Agent (fifth order)- Certain scribes, having studied law and diplomacy, are raised to the fifth order. These agents are diplomats, advisors and investigators at the courts of states employing the services of the Keepers of the Law.

Superior- The Agent Superior of a keep supervises agents of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 5th orders. The Agent Superior dresses in plain indigo robes with a white coif.

Inquisitor- Inquisitors of the order are recruited by the Chief Inquisitor from the ranks of agents of the 3rd, 4th and 5th orders. Inquisitors are learned in

theology and expert in interrogation techniques.

Chief Inquisitor- This official answers only to the Master whose jurisdiction he is in as he travels from keep to keep recruiting and troubleshooting for the order.

Interpreter- Under every Master of the Law is a counsel of learned agents and scholars previously of the 5th order. The council of interpreters dress in white robes and indigo caps. They sit in judgement of important matters and advise the Master of their interpretation of the law.

Master-"Chief Interpreter of the Law, Administrator of Justice and Keeper of the Law Giver's Stone", this official is elected by a council of other Masters from other "chapters" of a region. Each Master dresses in a plain indigo robe and he lives a life dedicated to instructing servants of the order.

Other Agents- Other individuals (including PCs) may be commissioned by the order for special assignments. Only lawful characters who swear loyalty to the order and submit to interrogation by the resident inquisitor are accepted.

Mobile Facilities

These facilities are heavy six-wheeled carts pulled by oxen or large draft horses. They serve any number of purposes- jails, execution platforms, inquisition chambers, and supply centers are the most common uses. Supply carts carry one month's rations for twenty men. Inquisitors or executioners with a mobile facility are under the command of their counterparts at a local keep.

Keep of the Law

There will be a variable number of these strongholds in any given campaign. Each keep is identical and each has a copy of The Law Giver's Stone. Every keep of law is a square granite tower of four stories with four corner chambers adjoining a central chamber. The central chamber is a divided up into administration offices and personal quarters while the others are a library, communal dining hall, jail, and court room.



Author Spotlight On:

Edgar Allan Poe

by Melinda Stewart; Melinda is a native of Illinois and has written a couple other Author Spotlights for us- on Isaac Asimov and Ray Bradbury.

"Edgar Allan Poe"- a name that sends a chill up the spine. A name that conjures up pictures of people buried alive; sane people driven to madness by real or imagined fears; characters hurled into the clutches of mysterious forces or onto untrodden paths to the beyond. When reading Poe, one becomes caught up in mystery, atmosphere, and the extraordinary events that fill his works.

Poe, a critic, author, and poet, is credited as father of the short story. The outstanding realization of those who have read Poe thoroughly is his duality of character. On one side he was an idealist and a visionary. His sensitivity to beauty is shown in such lyrics as "To Helen" and "Annabel Lee". In "Israfel" his imagination carries him away from the real world and into a dreamland. "The Raven", one of the most famous poems in American literature, is an example of the haunting loneliness that seemed to pervade the sensitive poet. However, more generally known is the darker side of this writer's nature. Tales of death ("The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Masque of the Red Death"), tales of wickedness ("Cask of Amontillado" "Tell-Tale Heart"), and tales of mind breaking tension ("The Pit and the Pendulum") show his escape from the real world through eerie thoughts, impulses, and fears.

His nature was also believed to be two-sided. With those he loved he was gentle and devoted. Others who felt the butt of his criticisms found him uncontrolled and selfish. Since his death, more books have been published about Poe than any other American author. The mystery of this artist has fascinated biographers. Through economic troubles, injury by enemies, and obsessions by nightmares, the man continued to write his tales. Out of the frustrations and failures of his personal life came his artistic successes. Born in Boston, MA on Jan. 19, 1809 he was the son of an actor and actress. His father deserted the family, and his mother died before Poe was three. John Allan, a tobacco exporter and his wife, Frances, raised young Poe, but never adopted him. The family lived in England for 5 years where Poe attended a private school and did well in his studies. In 1826, Poe entered the University of Virginia where he was an excellent student. But his foster father sent him barely enough money to live, so Poe gambled to win money for books and clothing. His debts caused Allan to withdraw his support altogether, and Poe was dropped from the University. Allan then instructed Poe to take up the law, but Poe wanted a literary career, and felt driven to write. After the two quarrelled, Poe left his home in Boston and enlisted in the army under the name Edgar A. Perry. By the time he was discharged in 1829, he had reached the rank of sergeant major.

Poe then moved to Baltimore to live with his aunt, Mrs. Maria Clemm, and his cousin, Virginia. In a final effort to gain Allan's approval, Poe enrolled in the U.S. Military Academy. But his foster mother had died in 1829, and Allan remarried, dashing all hopes for a reconciliation or an inheritance for Poe. In frustration, Poe intentionally broke regulations and received a dishonorable discharge from the Academy.

Poe's early career began with two volumes of poetry which included three of his best works, "To Helen", "The City In the Sea", and "Israfel". But, discouraged by lack of recognition, he turned to short stories, and the first five were published in 1832. After winning a \$50 prize for his short story "M.S. Found In a Bottle", he was offered a job editing the Southern Literary Messenger which he did so well that the circulation increased from 500 to over 3500. However, after marrying his cousin Virginia Clemm in 1936 (she was barely 14),he was unable to support a family on his \$10 per week salary. So he resigned and moved to New York.

Poe's most productive fiction writing followed. After 18 months in New York, he completed his only novel, The Narratives of Arthur Golden Pym. Then, moving to Philadelphia, he edited two magazines. During this time he wrote reviews of Hawthorne and Longfellow. Some of his greatest short stories appeared in Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, but they brought him little recognition or money. So, despite these successes, his family often went hungry. From 1844 until his death in 1849, Poe lived and worked in New York. Here he wrote and edited as much as 15 hours per day. In 1845, he published 12 stories and 30 poems, including "The Raven".

The last years of Poe's life were marked with tragedy. His wife died in 1847 of tuberculosis after 5 years of illness. This "intolerable sorrow" drove him to drinking to ease his despair. Low tolerance for alcohol compounded this problem. Contrary to popular belief, Poe was neither a drunkard nor a drug addict. In 1849 Poe was traveling through Baltimore in route to marry Mrs. Sarah Royster Shelton, his boyhood sweetheart. No one knows for sure what happened that night in early October, but he was found unconscious the next morning lying in the street. Even his death is shrouded in mystery.

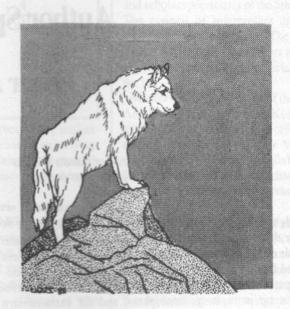
Poe's most popular tales are filled with the strange, the bizarre, and the terrible. For example, "The Fall of the House of Usher" involves the twins, Madeline and Roderick Usher. Madeline falls into a deep trance, and Roderick, thinking she is dead, buries her alive in a large vault. In this story, Poe has Roderick represent the thinking self that unconsciously destroys the moral self, represented by Madeline. In other stories, such as "Moreela" and "Ligeia", Poe shows that man cannot separate his intellect from his moral beliefs without destroying himself. In "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Black Cat" the narrator has a compulsion to kill and later confess his murder. "The Cask of Amontillado" and "Hop Frog" deal with murder as revenge. "The Masque of the Red Death" shows how time and death always triumphs over human pride. And threat of death as a tool of torture is used in "The Pit and the Pendulum". Death is an ever present theme.

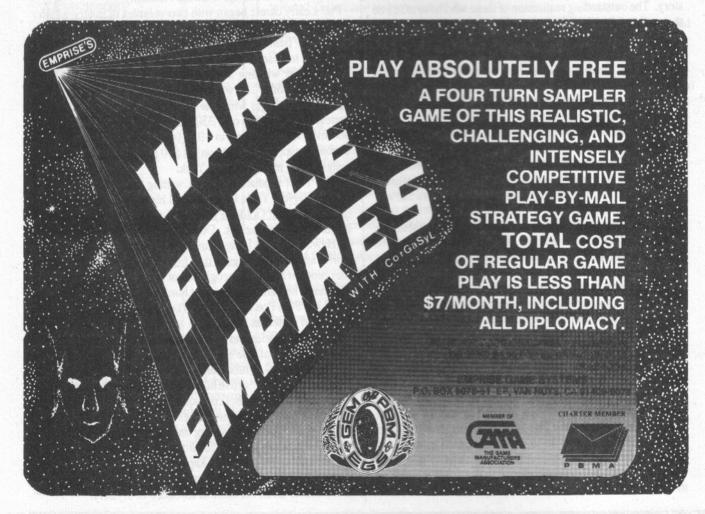
Poe also was the first to develop the modern detective story. His character, C. Auguste Dupin, a detective, became the model for later authors' mystery characters. Dupin appears in "The Purloined Letter", "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", and "The Mystery of Marie Roget". The detective's imagination and his powers of deduction enabled him to solve crimes.

Poe's work owes much to the romanticism that pervaded his time, but his work tends to drift towards the occult and satanic. He is noted for his elevation of the Gothic horror to a science that took a more realistic approach than the usual fantasies of his era. One of his earliest, "A Tale", ran in the Southern Literary Messenger in 1835. It tells of a balloon flight to the moon and was discontinued when the New York Sun began to

seriously report discoveries of vegetation and animal life on the lunar surface.

A final aspect of Poe must be mentioned. He is one of the few horror/fantasy writers deemed acceptable by conventional educators. His works are studied along with the other American Romantics of his time. Without a doubt, he holds the first spot in a student's heart as the student plods through other less imaginative literature. How many of us were hooked on fantasy, mystery, and horror after our introduction to Poe?





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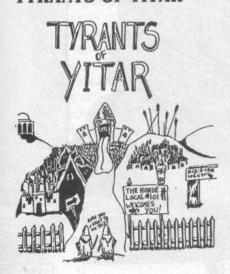


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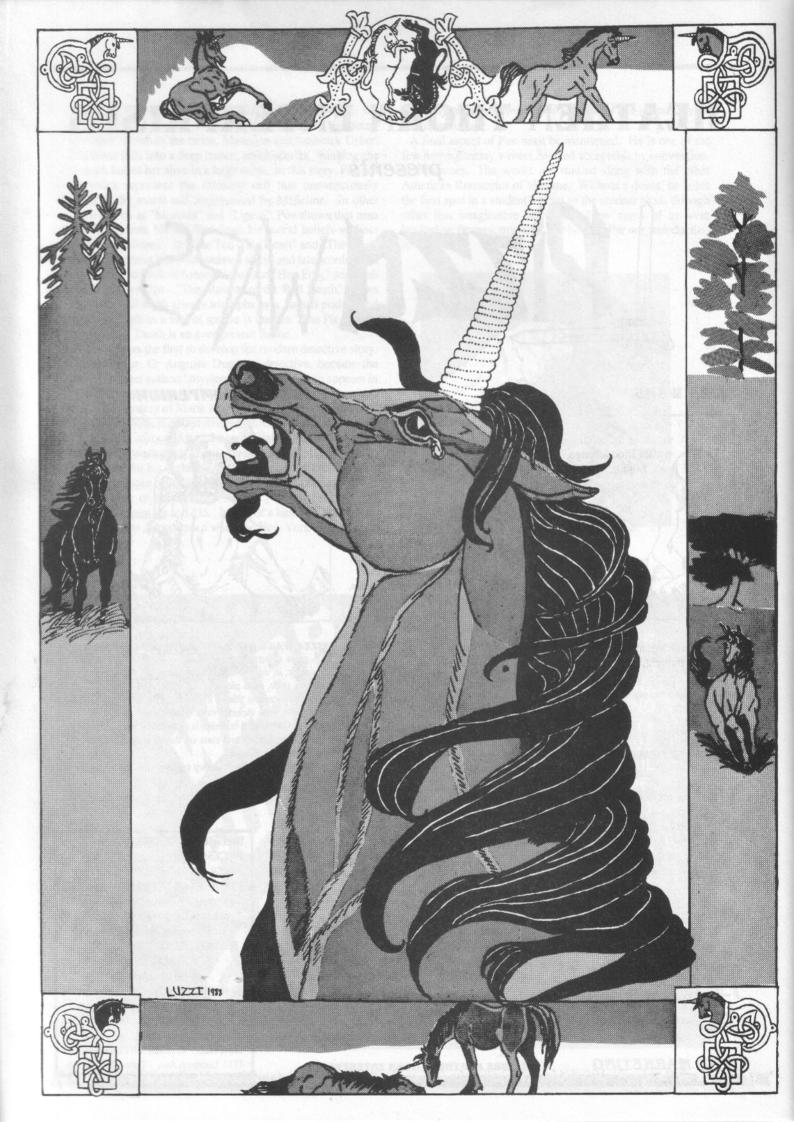
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Tayl of the Black Unicorn

by Richard Disbrow; Richard is fine writer and we apologize again that we had to delay this story from issue #11.

It was derision, not anger, that summoned Pipot from the half-awake dream of winesleep.

Scanning the warm confines of the Talking Hall through crusted 52-summer-old eyes, his gaze settled on one of the rearmost clutches of Pasttalk. By the tenor of the voice and the rank of Hallseat, Pipot figured it must be Oldcolts, of thirteen or fourteen summers, who had drawn his attention from the lush fields of dreamgrazing.

"Do you think you speak to a Newborn?" one of the larger boys asked a lean girl across from him. "There are no black unicorns to see in the hills; they are all dead-- ended by the

Tayls soon after Bloodchange.'

"I saw one... I think," the girl wavered as she bit on her lip.

"And I suppose this curse just bid you good graze and went happily on its way without so much as a flick of its horn to your gullet?" he pressed the advantage.

"It didn't see me... and it was black, and it was a unicorn,"

she argued.

"Oh, then let us bend all-fours to the mighty Erisia, brave Tayl-to-be who avoided the dreadful notice of the Bloody Black," young Benkari, for Pipot had now identified the tormentor of his niece, chided.

The girl started to speak and then lowered her eyes to the floor in front of her crossed legs, realizing the ignominious defeat her argument probably faced.

"As I thought," Benkari pounced. "There are no Blacks; unless, of course, you count a few scattered piles of cursed, rot-

ting bones piled on top a Tayl dart."

Apparently, this debate had drawn more than a nominal amount of notice among the other Pasttalks and there was a general murmur of agreement which, Pipot noticed, carried just a slight tinge of relief. Colts may see black as a topic of discussion, but many adult Stallions and Mares are made skittish by the curse's mere mention.

The Pasttalks from long ago were filled to brimming with descriptions of the horrible acts inflicted by blood-crazed Blacks in the time before they were ended at conception. Their power and ferocity, combined with the intrinsic magical advantages that all unicorns possess, made them fearsome, nearly indomitable creatures that sought only to impale and trample all opponents... and, apparently, all that lived were their opponents.

It took dozens of seasons and untold hundreds of Endings to finally remove the curse from all the lands. And, in the fervor of vengeance that followed, many called for the Ending of all unicorns so that the source of the abominations would no

longer exist.

But, fortunately, Pipot believed with all his soul, it was decided that those most familiar with unicorns would be charged to watch over them in the Birthlands and End any of the beasts that took Bloodchange. It is to this calling that those now known as the Watchers of the Horn have answered for tens of generations.

In the those hundreds of seasons, the danger of the Blacks, and those who guard against it, have all but vanished from the memory of the rest of the land, who think of the Birthlands as a mythical source of fairy Pasttalk for Newborns. But, for those hundreds of seasons, the chosen best of the Watchers, known as Tayls, have followed the young unicorns on Bloodtrail and fervently Ended all that underwent Bloodchange, except...

In the short time left to him, Pipot was never able to reason why he suddenly and irrevocably decided that twenty-two summers was long enough to wait, or why he didn't take the knowledge to his final pasture. Maybe it was in defense of his niece (not that he gave credence to the vast majority of her flights of fancy), or maybe it was because he had grown tired of having to find relief in winesleep-- for whatever reason, he wasn't sure he had even said it until the hall exploded in pandemonium.

Looking at the bright purple and red shouting faces demanding that he explain himself, Pipot held up his hands in the sign of Solespeak befitting his rank as a retired Tayl of five successful Blookdtracks and repeated what he had just said to the assembled herd.

"Do not mock so readily; for I, at least, have allowed one Black to Live."

The demand-shouters now changed their subject to the form of death that would best punish Pipot for his audacity to even suggest that the unimaginable had been allowed to happen.

But centuries of social laws do not die so readily and when Pipot held up his hands for Solespeak again, the shouts dropped immediately to rumblings.

"I am Pipot of the Watchers of the Horn," he began formally. "I have served my fifteen years as a Tayl and, in that time, I have been called on five Bloodtracks..."

"And now you drink too much wine!" a young stallion called out from the middle of the hall.

After quelling the outburst with yet a third Solespeak, Pipot regained the introduction where its trail had been lost. "...And I have been forced to End a unicorn that had taken Bloodchange... but I have witnessed one other unicorn become a Black without acting to End it."

It was credit to generations of social structure that this statement brought only a sharp gasp of breath in violation of the Solespeak. Or maybe, it occurred to Pipot curiosity had taken a seat in the hall.

"To the thousands in the rest of these lands, we are a few scattered nomads who roam the Birthlands to protect the unicorns until they are of an age which allows them to safely roam all the ranges and forests. Very few, if any, know that it is the people we protect.

"To all but the Watchers of the Horn, the unicorn is a creature of magic, power and purity that is, in all cases, as white in color as a Mid-Winter's Eve snowfall. Only we know of the abomination of the Bloody Black and the ash-grey color of unicorn foals.

"The danger to all comes in the third summer of the unicorn's life when it is blooded in battle-- if, after smelling the life flow from an opponent, the unicorn bends to lick..."

"Hold the blaspheme, Five Tayl!" the Mane Tayl commanded from Pipot's right. "There are Oldcolts in the hall."

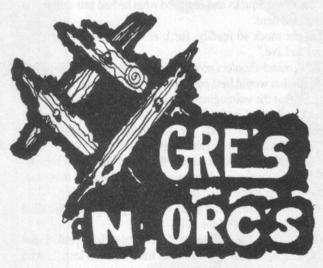
"Perhaps it would be best if you avoided giving a Pasttalk and got on with the nature of your crime," the leader of the herd suggested forcefully.

And there it was... Pipot's fate had moved to the front of the hall-- he quickly gulped from his wineskin so that he might be steadier when it came to stand with him.

"Bloodchange is a frightening thing to witness, even for an experienced Tayl who has seen it before," Pipot continued as he tried to keep a tremble from his voice. "But even more terrifying is the havoc that a magically powerful and corrupt Black would wreak if not Ended in the brief weakness after the change.

"It is for this moment that we train and send out Tayls of the herd each spring to follow the unicorn colts as they roam the Birthlands. This is Bloodtrack, and it ends only when the young unicorn has either reached its third winter without the change or has been Ended by a Tayl's poisoned dart-- our law allows no other option.

"In the spring before my twenty-ninth summer," Pipot continued amidst appreciative murmurs for the end of the delay, "I sought out the Foaling Grounds in search of my fifth, and what I knew to be last, Bloodtrack.



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"Soon after arriving I stumbled upon the lightning charred tree that told me a recent foaling had happened nearby.. it was a small matter of Horsetrail to find the mare and the young one. He was the stoutest of colts and obviously well-attuned as he picked up my presence almost as quickly as a full grown would have.

"There was nothing unusual about the pair and, as I have found in the past, the time with the Newborn and the mother involved two seasons of peaceful grazing and carefree frolicking, activities that I happily watched from a distance.

"I had almost a full summerspan to follow the pair and learn of the young colt before he abruptly set off and led me on Bloodtrack one late-summer morning. Since I was already a Four Tayl, I was quick to wave off other Tayls who came onto the track-- as was my right.

Pipot took another healthy gulp from his wineskin to try to settle the trembling voice which would not calm to his Ministrations.

"This unicorn was beautiful and strong even in its gray youth; his major fault was that he, like most young ones of many breeds, agreed in this," Pipot continued with a quick glance at Benkari. Maybe if he could turn them, his fate might greet him on another night.

"It may have been a result of knowing that this would be my last Bloodtrack or maybe because he was obviously an attractive member of his breed... whatever the reason, I began to develop a caring and respect for this particular unicorn that outweighed my natural reverence," Pipot said almost wistfully, before firming his stance and looking out challengingly at the silent hall. "He was the most beautiful of his kind... even though he seemed to think so as well."

Pipot did not tell the herd in the hall about the concern he had felt regarding the implications of the unicorn's self-love to the Bloodchallenge that might come, although the Five Tayl suspected that at least some had realized it.

"It seemed, at times, that the young colt was looking a chance to show just how outstanding he really was, but none of the other creatures of the plains or forest would respond to his neighs for battle; calls that, I guessed, would probably be answered sooner or later.

"While he was gazing at himself in a small waterhole one late autumn day, the unicorn was faced by ba rogue stallion from the highlands that had wandered onto the plain in search of food and warmth. The unicorn was not, needless to say, in a sharing mood and seemed quite pleased to have his challenge answered... the two took up battle with a clash of hooves.

"A rogue roan is of little concern to Watchers of the Horn and I had no doubt that this fine unicorn, though still young, would End the low-breed stallion quickly. I was not concerned about Bloodchange because that was still two seasons off.

"But the wise, old roan surprised me with a trick befitting his heritage and quickly gained the upperhoof on the bewildered and now endangered colt. I raised my dartpipe to prevent the Ending of the unicorn but the roan suddenly stopped his assault for no apparent reason. The two whickered and whinnied softly for a few heartbeats and then stood apart.

"And then, as Equinius is my witness, they each bent allfours to the other. From that moment, for a reason I do not know to this day, they were of the same brood."

Holding back the questions with Solespeak, Pipot quickly gulped and went on with the tale.

"The pair was as one through the long, dreary winter and the short, sweet spring that followed; and, much to my surprise, the roan accepted my Bloodtrack as easily as the unicorn did.

"Almost suddenly the nature of the unicorn changed as it became less concerned with gazing at its own reflection in waterholes and more with getting a quick drink from one before continuing on its roaming about the Birthlands with the roan. The two were never apart and happily acted as though all of the plain and the forest had been put there just for them to gallop in... but I knew better than they that the occasional thunderhead wasn't the only storm coming toward them.

"The subtle changes in the unicorn as he grew toward his critical time were either not seen or ignored by the pair; even as my tension grew into nightmares of bloody Endings, the horse of the highlands and that of magic did not listen to the faltering warnings in the wind.

"But the nature of the magically bred cannot be steered from its course, and at the start of its third summer the unicorn entered the wild Bloodtime.

"While the frenzied beast did not turn on the roan, he also did not grant it any heed as he rushed madly through the plains and forests in uncaring randomness.

"This is the time that all Tayls are brought up for but dread the most; when all their lore and substance is called upon to stay with the wild beast on Bloodtrack, despite its frenzied galloping.

"But as I followed the careening stallion from the edge of the plain into the forest, I saw that the roan also trailed the crazed unicorn

"For fourteen sunrisings we followed him-- we stopped when he stopped, we ran when he ran. We all three grew gaunt with hunger for food and rest, but still the unicorn raged through the forest, paying no heed to whatever scurried from his path, or, for that matter, whether it survived.

"He galloped snout-first into trees at full speed and wouldn't even stop to shake his head clear before stumbling back and starting in another direction. He gray coat grew tight on his flanks and bled from numerous cuts from branches and trees he passed too closely. He would only stop for a few hours each night and stand quivering with eyes rolling and, just when I thought he would not be able to move from the spot, he would launch into a break-neck gallop that had the roan and I scrambling to catch up.

"He did not even slow when he charged through and past a pack of flesh hungry Cerebrungs, but his charge had alerted the vicious wolf-kin and they were ready when the roan galloped through next.

"There were only five of the foul creatures, but the roan was of normal horseblood and had been badly weakened by his chase of the wild unicorn... he was only able to End two before his Endscream chilled the forest. I could only watch in terror from the bushes as the Cerebrungs began ripping into their meal.

"A snort of rage was all the warning the wolf-kin had, and before they could even lift their bloodstained heads, one of the murderous beasts had been trampled under the hooves of the silently-charging unicorn while another had been mortally gored through its flanks. The vengeance-ridden unicorn easily Ended the last mongrel with a thrust of its horn and a flick of its neck. He stood over the fallen animals and neighed its triumph to the darkening sky.

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"Watching from the bushes, I knew, even before his body went rigid and swelled, that the Bloodchallenge was calling the unicorn. Pricking his ears up, the challenged beast let out a long, low whinny which sounded more like a moan as he stood in the rapidly rising wind and felt the tug of the Bloodcall.

"I sadly loaded the Poison Ending into my dartpipe as the gray one lowered his mouth toward one of the fallen opponents and I waited for him to take the taste that would bring him End."

The silence in the Talking Hall was not broken by the spoken blasphemy.

"But in a single, willful sweep of its neck, the unicorn instead tasted the red lifejuice of the fallen roan... and the Blood-change, in all its horrid corruption, flooded over the silent wood.

"The wind roared mightily and bent the stoutest oaks as the tainted beast rapidly grew in size and the hideous change charred his body mid-moon black. Crimson drool ran down his massive chest as he reared and screamed his anger after the howling gusts, and smashed down on the skulls of the dead Cerebrungs.

"His body blazed dark hate and the smell of a thousand rotting corpses filled the woods as I tried the force my outraged mind to act.

"As the wind began to fall and the strain and pain of the change subsided in the unicorn, I forcefully jerked the dartpipe to my mouth to blow out his End... but I waited one, two, three heartbeats and did not fire.

"I was a Four Tayl, my herd," Pipot told the uneasy hall, "and I had seen Bloodchange before and Ended a unicorn that had been cursed by it."

"The one that I had Ended was pitchest black throughout, and its hooves crackled in hatred with each step it took; and its eyes, oh my herd, were redder and more painful to see than the last leaking drop of life falling from a wounded loved-one's breast.

"Its teeth gnashed constantly in fury, and its entire being called out in curdling Bloodlust... and there was no doubt in my mind that if a helpless Newborn had lain cooing at his hooves, he would have squashed the life from it in a heartbeat and whinnied for joy at doing it.

"But the one I faced in the thirtieth summer since my birth, while mostly black, had a mane of whitest down. And he did not walk in arrogant spite of all that lived, but hunched over ever so slightly to see the mangled bodies at his hooves and the beloved roan that his frenzy has Ended as surely as if the unicorn himself had ripped its throat out.

"And when he looked over at the bushes where I crouched not-so-well-hidden, I saw a single tear falling from an eye of the softest gray and listened to a nicker of quietest pain... my herd, it is then that I lowered my dartpipe and left the forest without a heartbeat of hesitation, leaving this one Black to go on if he chose.

"I returned to you and spoke of the tragic loss of another unicorn to the Bloodchallenge and you expressed deepest sorrow before doing me honor as a Five Tayl. It was after my thirtieth summer and time to give my dartpipe to a new, younger Tayl. I was allowed to retire to the murky mists of winesleep and no one bothered the old Tayl of five Bloodtracks who seemed so quiet and distant from the herd all these last twenty-two summers."

Pipot opened his eyes, which he hadn't realized he had shut, as circled the silent Talking Hall without turning his head. The hall remained still for at least a hundred heartbeats before the Mane Tayl broke the silence and most of the herd then tried to speak at once.

They spoke of wondrous miracles and they talked of destiny. They talked of unicorns and they talked of law. They spoke of the Five Tayl... and they spoke of Ending.

Despite the power of the dilemma of Pipot's tale, centuries of social law do not die so readily. The same rules that allowed him to tell the story and have it accepted as absolute truth now brought his fate to stand before him in the hall... by unanimous vote.

However, the impact of his tale would be seen in the quick and painless Ending he was allowed to receive from his own dartpipe, fired, at his request, by his niece, Erisia.

She beamed with pride and wept with sorrow when it came time to blow out her uncle's breath with her own in a pasture not far from the Talking Hall. But she honored her herd and her Bloodline when she fired the Poison Ending squarely into the quiet chest.

The young Oldcolt and a single black unicorn standing atop a nearby hill were the only witnesses to the old Five Tayl's End.



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HORIZON

We are going to try a little experiment next issue. With the hopeful cooperation of several of the gaming companies, we will have a special insertion of "On the Horizon" for you. This look ahead will be for more than just the next issue of WHITE WOLF. Instead, it should be a look at what's coming in the next year from the participating game companies. It might give you some ideas on where to spend that Christmas money.

Other features in issue #13 are as follow (and #13 will be back to normal length):

1: The winners and perhaps some runner-ups of our first two contests (the monster contest and the trap contest).

2: The next "People of the Land" feature will give a look a some very interesting folks, The Cult of the Reborn.

3: Two pieces of fiction will appear. "To Shatter the Lock" should pique your interest. We will also begin the serialization of a fine novella titled "Demon Hunter". This is insanely long and will run in about five or six issues of WHITE WOLF.

4: An article from the staff of Chaosium, Inc. gives some details concerning the various planes of the Multiverse.

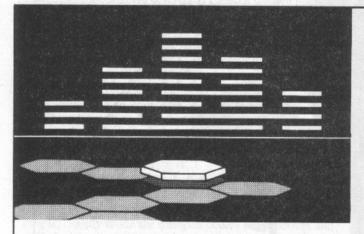
5: We'll give you an overview of the city of Westgate and ask what portions of the city you would like us to cover more thoroughly.

6: There will be reviews of numerous products which we picked up at GEN CON. New releases from several companies are among these items.

7: A couple more PBM games will receive attention. "Kings War" and "Kings and Things" are the highlighted games.

8: And, of course, there will be a fantasy adventure. No specifics on that as yet.

9: Also, to cool Jim Townsend's heels, we want to be sure and mention that the PBM Corner will appear as usual.



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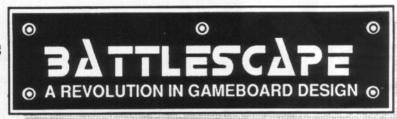
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