GAMES WORKSHOP PRESENTS

WHITE DWARF

THE ROLE-PLAYING GAMES MONTHLY

PARANOIA The All-New Computerised Horror Real Action Show
Greg Stafford Jousting / Brian Lumley Fiction
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NICE BUNCH OF LADS, Eh? For those who observed their S&L checks, those figures on the fire escape at the Studio, the lads of the Publications Department (ie., the office next door), namely Jim Bambara, Graeme Devine and Phil Galegher. See what happens when you work on Wéhammer? The one person you can't see the was thrown off the stairs and was last seen creating the car park. Is this young Michael Brunton, who is bound to end up as this nineteen ectic dismembered magazine has had in the last three weeks. "Wot, annuver one?" you cry. Yes, well I'm taking a small holiday to count the Poll returns (4500 and still rising) and to help put some additional typos in Wéhammer.

So, what has Mike been doing 60 articles file? Well, next month, look out for a Dwarf that is even thicker than usual (surely not possible since we include a special preview pull-out of Wéhammer Fantasy Roleplay, and then check out the main body of the mag for a special loon feature or two based upon the follow-up to the Colour of Magic - Terry Pratchet's Light Fantastic. If you haven't read the book yet, go out and get it because it's a hoot, and you'll never understand what we're gibbering about otherwise.

Just on the off-chance that some of you recall this blarney piece of commercialism, we'll give a few away as prizes.

Something else that has just struck us is that we're hunting towards two anniversaries, 10 years of WD and WD 100. I mention it now so that you can remember the next half-dozen editors in case we forget to leave a note.

Paul Cockburn

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WRWHITE DWARF 1

CLONES IN SPACE
Roleplaying Adventure — Paranoia
West End Games £5.95

This, the latest Paranoia adventure, gives all loyal servants of the Computer the chance to discover the delights of going outside of Alpha Complex and outside the Outside. The title is a bit of a giveaway... Clones in Space gives you the chance to explosively decompress Commie Mutant Traitors, fight off Flying Saucers and indulge in all manner of space-faring excitement. If you have read this far, please report for termination. Thank you.

The adventure itself is 48 pages long and is set in Alpha Complex and a very high room — or at least, the elevator takes a very long time to get there. Before the main adventure starts, there is a solo section that duplicates the group action, to give referees a feel for the wonderful environment of space.

The clones are requested (by the Computer, you understand) to track down a traitor and eliminate her. Unfortunately, what appears to be a simple mission is complicated by the fact that the traitor has stolen an 'experimental elevator' (ie, a space shuttle) and left Alpha complex. The clones are therefore left with little choice but to pursue her - unhampered as they are by any real knowledge of space and its non-safety elements (OK, hazards). There is also the small matter of with replacement clones: the Computer has decided to send them all into space. This means that clones are available for immediate use, with no awkward wait while the Computer sends the 'elevator' up. It also means that each player has up to five Infra-red food-vat attendants in tow. This, in turn, means problems as the Infra-reds tend to get under foot...

Once in space the fun really starts, as the clones discover that something really big is going on, and the adventure culminates in a huge and extremely silly space battle against ludicrously mept all-conquering aliens.

Alert Paranoia GMs may have spotted a slight weakness in the plot — all the characters' clones are put into one extremely fragile basket. Most Paranoia GMs will, however, resist the resulting temptation to kill them all off at one go, if only so that the adventure lasts long enough for the GM to use all its best jokes.

The authors also missed a good bet for the ending of the adventure. Think of the possibilities for further... interesting encounters if the aliens follow the clones back to Alpha Complex.

Despite these niggles, Clones in Space is a fun adventure, and well worth adding to your collection if you run a Paranoia campaign. Thank you for your cooperation.

Fiona Lloyd

THE ENTERPRISE
ENCOUNTER
STAR TREK: THE ADVENTURE GAME
Boardgames
West End Games £16.95 each

Spawned by the Star Trek phenomena, here are two surprisingly dissimilar games, especially so if you consider their physical similarities. Both are easy to learn and play, and both have the same sort of components: a 22" x 17" playing board, brief rules, die cut counters (with accompanying plastic bags to store them in) and dice.

The Enterprise Encounter is the more basic of the two, a game relying on luck more than skill, and has its roots in a Star Trek episode, The Search for Spock, which featured a being called Telrean — a powerful being of his race, given to certain eccentricities. In the game, the good old Enterprise has been sent on a mission by the Federation, but it is way-laid when it encounters four identical Klingon cruisers, ap-

GRiffin ISLAND
Campaign Scenarios — RuneQuest
Avalon Hill £16.95

...
The game works best with three or four players, and takes less than an hour to play. It grows on you, and it's the sort of game to play when you can't be bothered to set up anything more complex.

Star Trek: The Adventure Game is for two players. One controls the Federation, the other the Klingon Empire. It is an unusual mixture of boardgame and solo adventure, with the emphasis on diplomacy and politics — no rules for ship-to-ship combat are included, for example.

The middle of the board is dotted with unexplored star systems in the Organian sector, a sort of neutral zone between the two rival powers. These are 'discovered' in play using 40 colourful planet counters. When a ship enters an unexplored star system, the controlling player selects a planet counter at random. The opposing player reads its nature from the paragraph book, and then the exploring side gets to meet the inhabitants. With the aid of the dice and 800 gobbled paragraphs (the solo adventure aspect), the player finds out if he has managed to enlist the inhabitants to his side.

I have a few other minor quibbles. The player handouts are set up such that they reveal all the information the adventurers are able to find out somewhere at one go — without requiring so much as a conversation. I prefer to make my players work for their information, rather than say 'OK, you've been here three weeks, this is what you've learnt!' I would also have preferred the players' map to look more like an ancient map, rather than have typewritten alongside Windsworl's screw.

Those who already have Griffin Mountain needn't feel that they must have this pack. It introduces a few new locations and characters, including the new rival from Blueface, Cranny Keeneye, but on the whole it is much the same as it was, with only the names changed in most cases. Despite these very petty quibbles and the usual extortative (and unforgivable) Avalon Hill price tag, Griffin Island is very highly recommended to everyone who hasn't a copy of the original.

Robert Neville

GHOST TOASTIES

Roleplaying Adventure and GM's Screen Ghostbusters
West End Games £6.95

This first Ghostbusters adventure is a package of a 24 page adventure (including four adventures, four complete scenarios, a sheaf of player handouts, and a large map of the place, also for players). It is this map which is the lead-in to the campaign, apparently once the property of one Aigonnus Windsworl, explorer by trade, it makes obscure reference to a number of treasures to be found, as well as providing useful information on important areas. However, Griffin Island is a rather wild place, and the locals aren't going to take lightly to a bunch of freeloaders nose diving in and plundering their heritage, especially when they're all rather busy comparing against each other! If the adventurers aren't too careful they could find themselves on the wrong side of everyone as they trek from one walled citadel to the next in search of further clues to the whereabouts of riches. This makes for a long-running and very exciting campaign which even now, five years on, seems as fresh as ever.

Griffin Island is labelled a 'Location' product, which means that it is set neither in pseudo-Europe nor in Ghoranita, but in some strange half-way house where orcs and lizard men (introduced here as 'slagges') are the dominant monsters and all the gods are exactly the same as before but have different names. I found this rather disconcerting, for it would have been just as easy to make everything fit in with Ghoranita as to change it. However, it does make the pack easy to use in other roleplaying games, something which could not really have been had for Griffin Mountain, for example.

American agricultural deity now limited to junk food), and his attempts to recapture a long-lost crystal containing his life force. Said crystal is now hidden in a packet of breakfast cereal somewhere in America. As Hagost gains power thousands of Americans are possessed and start to head for darkest Peru. Enter the hero: Ghostbusters, who have to penetrate Hagost's pocket universe and deal with the various odd manifestations that they find there — many of which bear strong resemblances to cartoon advertising animals.

Ultimately the PCs will encounter Hagost himself, who can be found under an enormous mound of breakfast cereal. It's that sort of adventure. There is also a certain suspicious resemblance between Hagost and a certain advertising tiger.

The screen is a fairly normal three-fold card. The players' side repeats information on character design and the fairly vague hints on ghostly powers from the original game. The GM's side includes the commonly used sections of the rules, but does not include the simplicity of the rules system the screen's major function is to hide the GM's maps and notes from inquisitive players. Overall, the screen is nice, if not essential. Played for guffles, this is a good package.

Fiona Lloyd
DECISION AT MIDNIGHT

A DOOMSDAY LIKE ANY OTHER

Roleplaying Adventure - STAR TREK RPG
FASA £4.95 each

These are the first two Star Trek scenarios I've had a real chance to look at, and frankly, I'm impressed by them. Standards of design and presentation are wonderful, and both pose real challenges to a group's roleplaying abilities. They are both pleasurable to read, and the plots are presented clearly and concisely.

Decision at Midnight is the shorter of the two, at only 48 pages. Without wishing to give too much away, the characters are assigned to the USS Arkadelphus, a Lokmar-class frigate, under the command of Captain Ian Vellacora. The Arkadelphus is soon sent to monitor the borders of a newly-founded Asparux Confederation, a group of planets between the Organian Neutral Zone and the Terran Hegemony. The Confederation is making heavy hints that it would welcome Klingon allies and their technological assistance. Vellacora is no lover of Klingons, and before long the situation has been pushed to the brink of disaster. War between the Klingons and the Federation is in the air. Can the players avert this horror?

The scenario includes some impressive features: deck plans of the Arkadelphus, dozens of NPCs, and a comprehensive section of notes designed to aid the gamemaster when running the scenario.

A Doomsday Like Any Other runs to 64 pages, and concerns the sudden landing-up of a routine patrol. The USS Fife is surveying the frontier region between the Gorn and Romulan territories, with an eye out for Gorn and Romulan ships that may be in the area. The routine is broken when a distress call is received from a merchant vessel, the Pride O'Rigal, which has picked up an unwanted "companion" on its travels. Its roguish captain is also carrying a surprising cargo. Needless to say, an old Star Trek TV episode is the culprit for the basis of the plot, and buffets will doubtless be able to work it out from the scant information that I have given.

Again, Doomsday gives more than just the scenario — more extensive gamemastering notes, lots of NPCs, and statistics for six vessels for use with the FASA Ship Combat System.

The only thing that irked me is that both scenarios provide ready-to-play situations with no alternative campaign entry points. Decision at Midnight provides suggestions for follow-ups from its end, but neither says anything about using the scenarios in an already on-going campaign — alternative settings would be welcome for this reason.

Graham Staplehurst

Phil Frances
The day started like any other...

The lonely sidewalks of the big city had a million stories of love and hate, laughter and tears, and mine was just one of them.

"Lump Hammer - Private Eye. This is the best in the business, pal, not really though. I once found a woman's off her, but I'm really good at talking to people in that line so I figured, why not be a private eye?"

"Then she walked through my door - which was a pretty hard time. It was shut at the time!"

"Why a doll? She was wearing an outfit that said 'just thrown on' and hardly missed, and she had more curves than a plate of spaghetti!"

"The guy had cursed written all over her - I offered to rub it off, but she offered to but my nose."

"She told me she was looking for a man - I said she'd just found one - she cut my left ear off - I decided to quit the wisecracks."

"The guy she was looking for had killed all her family back in Europe, and was supposed to be a dangerous customer - but then again, I'm a pretty tough guy myself."

"Then she showed me a mugshot of the guy."

"At that moment, I remembered several different photographs I had booked in my diary."

"But she gently persuaded me to take the case - I guess I'm just a sucker for a pretty face - especially one that threatens my life with a few feet long carving knife."

I finally tracked the guy down to a strip bar on the east side called "The Hobbits Abode."

"The next day the dame was back in my office."

"Well, Mr. Hammer, did you find her?"

"No, but something gave me the impression she wasn't planning to see me."

"Oh, yes, yes. But something gave me the impression she wasn't planning to see me!"
A look at the world of play-by-mail, by Jonny Jacobsen

For many gamers, nothing comes close to the thrill of face-to-face roleplay experience. But with the gains and losses, the emotions and the bonds that are formed, come increased demands and expectations. A GM who is not prepared to deal with these demands may become the victim of a growing discontent among players. This can lead to a situation where players may choose to leave the campaign, in search of a more suitable environment.

**Join the Clubs**

You're not alone in a postal campaign. One of the most enjoyable aspects of postal gaming is communication between players. Messages between characters can be placed with the GM's regular correspondence, or sent directly from one player to another. It's important to remember that questions should be kept to a minimum, and that the GM should not be expected to answer them all. A word of caution, however, is that it makes commercial sense for the professional GM to please the customer. If you insist on making persistent, unreasonable demands, the GM may be forced to make a hard decision. (What do you mean, 'I can't kill him'? He's only got ten guards!')

**Join the Crowds**

Now there's postal gaming, and there's postal gaming. You can have space-age or medieval adventure, wargame or diplomacy, or any number of combinations and permutations therein. There are games with a set number of turns and rigid objectives, and free-form games that run as long as there are enough players interested. But I'm going to stick to what I know: I shall be talking about play in a postal RPG campaign. The kind that runs indefinitely and which, though computers may be used to help with some things, is run by your traditional carbon-based life form (crude, but effective).

In commercially-run postal campaigns, we can be talking about several hundred players or more in a twinned universe. Not many private campaigns can claim to attract so many player characters. In such a wondrous world, filled with bloodthirsty barbarians and trigger-happy mages, there is unlikely to be any shortage of things to do.

Practical restrictions in face-to-face gaming often oblige players to stick with fairly compatible characters. But there is no such limit to what you want to do or what you want to do on a postal campaign. You are in one-on-one correspondence with your GM, who are paying to deliver what you want from a fantasy campaign. Exploit this to the limit, and you can anything you want, limited only by your own imagination and the GM's willingness to accept your ideas.

Alliance, for instance. At least three major postal campaigns - all founded by the same Scandinavian gamer) - an newsletter is often produced by the GMs, complete with campaign information, player messages, questions, and general abuse. Nor is it unknown for player organizations to produce their own publications. These can be as well produced and informative as the original house newsletter, although they tend to be more personal and more frequently updated. This can be interesting, and in some cases, can be a good source of information.

**Go it Alone**

If you don't fancy gaming with a group of players who you might never meet in the flesh, you can always go it alone. Postal gaming offers scope for solo play which face-to-face campaigns are less likely to accommodate. Even if you decide to avoid your fellow players, your character need not operate alone. You can still ally yourself with a powerful NPC, or work on your terms with adventurers run by the GM. The scenarios filling the pages of the newsletter don't interest you, pursue your own objectives. You might want to carve yourself a niche in some desolate wilderness. In time, you could come to play the inscrutable hermit passing travellers, who might or might not be your ally. Or if you prefer to make trouble instead of seeking it out, you could set yourself up as a bandit. Then, of course, you might attract the unwelcome attentions of your fellow players. In either case, if the GM is willing to cooperate, no one need ever know that you are, in fact, a player.

**Go Your Own Way**

For better or worse, most players want their name and deeds to be known. Few players go their own sweet way, careless of what others are doing around them. This is surely a good thing. Postal roleplay comes to its own when large numbers of characters are involved in a single scenario, possibly without even being fully aware of the extent of player involvement.

Even if you do choose to involve yourself in the schemes of other players, you still don't have to follow mainstream gaming patterns. For example, you want to see how well a character can get by purely on their own means; then there's nothing to stop you trying it on in a postal campaign. This is a perfectly practicable option. So whether you want to do the usual simple experiment with your player, the GM's your choice. You call the shots, and if you want to keep your custom, the GMs should dance accordingly.
Secrets and Strategies

In face-to-face gaming, a common problem for a player wishing to try something without the knowledge of the other players is to arrange it so that only the GM gets to know. When a note passes across the table, you can almost see the various characters tightening their purse-strings, edging back to the wall and sniffing at their food for traces of poison (regardless of the fact that the suspicions aroused in the real world have been illegitimately translated into the gaming world, but let that pass)

With postal Gaming, the problem is curiously inverted. Players are hard put to discover if they are being betrayed until the blow is well nigh struck. In a postal campaign, you can never be sure that there are not messages going through the post that will seal your fate by another's hand. In this respect, the postal campaign acquires something of the tension of a Diplomacy game. It becomes that much more important to think ahead. Try to give your GM advice to cover every likely contingency and a few more besides in order to improve your chances of surviving.

Generally speaking, the more you put into your turn-sheets, the more chance you have of achieving your objectives. Let me apply this point to combat.

From the player's point of view, at least, the rules in postal FRP tend to be fairly simple. This avoids complicating the progress of the game any more than is necessary. Nevertheless, the complexity of rule systems such as Chivalry & Sorcery can be recreated in a postal campaign by the creativity of the player and GM. Combat resolution may be a simple matter of the GM rolling one set of stats against another, but there's nothing to stop you trying to tip the scales in your favour. Give the GM copious details of any special tricks that you'd like to be considered on the relevant occasions. For example:

"My first blow will always be an attempt to end the fight before it gets started by going for a critical on my opponent's arm. If that fails, try to move myself into a position where my opponent has the sun in his eyes..."

and so on. Though character stats may be the major determining factor in any combat, imaginative and detailed instructions could swing the battle your way.

Check with your GM to see if such things are taken into account.

Sincerely Yours

Your fellow gamers don't have to remain faceless shadows. You might want to organise regular meetings for the players in a campaign, if the GMs do not already do so. There, you can get to know the people behind the characters with whom you've been making history. Plans can be discussed, alliances made or broken, as you socialise becomes an extension of the gaming environment. Of course if, say, you live in Edinburgh, while the meetings take place in London, then time and money may well rule out the possibility of your attendance. But you can always try contacting players living in your own area, or better still, get your own friends involved in the campaign... Entering a campaign en masse can have distinct advantages. If you all cooperated, you would enjoy the safety of your numbers, and as a group, you could quickly become a force to be reckoned with.

Always remember that you are in a professionally run campaign. Since the GMs are running things on a commercial basis, they are likely to be easier on you when you make your first mistakes. They're hardly going to cut their own throats by coming down heavy on you at the first opportunity. Killing you off as soon as you put a foot wrong is bad for business. Without necessarily letting you get away with suicidal heroics, then, they are not about to forget that you're a paying customer. If you do lose a character, some campaigns operate a karma system, so that long-standing players do not have to start right back at the bottom of the heap.

It is surely clear by now that postal FRP is a totally different experience to face-to-face gaming. Assertive players who prosper in the face-to-face set-up, might find that they have difficulties in a postal campaign. On the other hand, quiet players may find the postal format more to their taste.

Postal gaming is an extension of and a complement to face-to-face roleplay. Each alternative has its own merits and drawbacks, but be sure and try both before judging between them.
SOLO JOUSTING FOR PENDRAGON
by Greg Stafford

Arthurian stories are full of encounters with knights who are waiting at a road crossing, ford, or bridge to joust with any and all comers. This duty is often self-imposed to gain the knight some glory. Sometimes it is imposed by a lady.

This set of tables is designed to make such duty easy for the players and characters to perform. Such activities might be done completely solo by a player during a year in which the character did not actively participate in the active campaign. Alternatively, a gamemaster can use these to determine which knights might be at a crossroads encountered during play.

Parts of the Pendragon game are necessary to use this system.

STEP 1 Determine the type of road
The types of road will determine the amount of traffic, and hence the number of opponents. If one or both of the roads is a Roman Road, then use the Roman Road Encounter column. If both are parks, use the Path column. All others use the Road Encounter Column.

STEP 2 Determine the number of encounters
Roll 1d20 each month to see how many opponents pass by.

CROSSROADS ENCOUNTER TABLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D20</th>
<th>Roman Road</th>
<th>Roman Path</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>4</td>
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<td>9</td>
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<td>19</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

STEP 3 Determine quality of knights
For each knight, roll 1d6 on this table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-2</td>
<td>Average</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-4</td>
<td>Good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Special, roll again</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SPECIAL OPPONENT TABLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Enemy Knight, roll again for quality</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-3</td>
<td>Bandits (1d6+1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Saxon war party (1d6+1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Pict War party (1d6+2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Famous Knight, roll again</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FAMOUS KNIGHT TABLE

These are the star Knights for each period. Most of their states can be found in The Characters book, and for those that can not the player must substitute:

Roll 1d6 to find the foe, dependant on the phase:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Phase Two</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Bahn le Savage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Gawain of Orkney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Grifflet le Fise de Dieu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Marhaus of Ireland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Tor le Pellmore of the Isles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Tor le Fise Ariès</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Phase Three</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>La Cote Male Taille</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Gudelcho the Haut Prince</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Lanerak de Galis</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Lancelot of the Lyc (younger)</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Palomides of Saracen</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Yvaine le Chevalier au Lion</td>
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<th>D6</th>
<th>Phase Four</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Bors de Gans</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Gareth Beumains</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Lancelot of the Lyc (older)</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Mordred of Orkney</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Perceval de Galis</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Tristram de Lyonesse</td>
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<th>Phase Five</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Bors de Gans</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Gareth Beumains</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Lancelot of the Lyc</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Mordred of Orkney</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Tristram of Lyonesse</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Urre of Hungary</td>
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</table>

Bandits
Bandits will attack to capture the knight for ransom. If captured, they can be sold into servitude (1L each). Use the stats from the back of The Character book.

Saxon Raiders
These foes will try to kill the knight. If captured, they can be sold into servitude (1L each). Use the stats from the back of The Character book.

Pict War Party
These foes will try to kill the knight. If captured, they can be sold into servitude (1L each). Use the stats from the back of The Character book.

Enemy Knight
This knight is, or will become, a personal foe of the jouster. He fights to capture for ransom. If your player character has no permanent foes then make up a name, or ask the gamemaster for one.

STEP 4 FIGHT: The solitary player must make the joust rolls for both his character and the opponent. Remember to keep track of wins and losses, and of Glory gained each time.

Each opponent is fought separately and successively. If the player character is wounded, captured, or loses all his horses then the rest of the month will be affected.

When healing, each week subtract five from the results of the D20 roll result. For instance, a character on a Roman Road rolls 13, thus expecting to fight 14 enemies that month. But if the first one wounds him to require 2 weeks healing the player must subtract 10 from his die roll, making it a roll of 3. After recovery he would then have only 5 more opponents to fight. Remember that although the number given would be 5, he had already fought one.

Victorious jousters who release their opponents only for ransom will collect the money in 2d6 months. Characters may keep their defeated opponents' horse, armour, and weapons if they wish, but will get a Selfish check. Returning them will get a Generous Check.
Jousting in Dungeons & Dragons
by Stephen Gardner

In medieval times, leisure took two
totally different forms from those that it
does today. For the peasants, there were
storytelling, dancing and cockfights, for the
judges, the rich and the privileged, there were
noiter pursuits, such as falconry, poetry and
jousting.

Jousting or jilting was an art. It is frequently
mentioned in Arthurian legend, where there
are frequent mentions of colourful tournaments
and almost every water crossing is guarded by
a knight who challenges all comers. Jousting
took skill, strength and dexterity, a knight had
to know all about his armour, his horse and his
lance. He had to be able to ride daintly and he
had to know the best place to hit his opponent.
Like professional sports today, jousting took
talent, training and constant practice.

Armour for the joust was made sensibly and
economically, with convex surfaces to deflect
blows, but there were still cracks and crevices
on armour that could catch and hold a lance
point. The best place was the crest of the helm,
the decorated metal ornament atop the helmet
which was sure to hold a lance point, but not all
knights wore them. Other places to hit were
under the rim of the collar or the shoulder
piece such a blow was almost certain to lift a
knight off his horse. Formal jousts were always
fought in platemail — death or injury was a
certainty otherwise.

The lance or spear was held in the right hand,
its butt supported in the crook of the right
colbow. It had to be strong, long length was also
important. 12-14 feet was common. Greater
than this meant that you could hit before your
opponent, but the lance was unwieldy. If the
lance was short, the situation was reversed.

The last factor was the horse. The jousting rode
a cumbrous beast, strong enough to bear his
weight, but still fearsome in a charge. He had to
sit loosely in the saddle then, in the moment of
impact, grip with his knees and throw his
weight forward. Jousting rode at a full gallop
and had to think about hitting rather than being
hit. They positioned themselves to maximise
the effect of their own blow rather than
minimise the damage of their opponent's blow.

In a joust, the knights charged each other shield
to shield. They wore their shields on the left
arm and passed on the left side. They had to
direct their lances across the body, and therefore
to hit a small area. The right side of the body or the helmet. Hit on the
shield would often be deflected more often than not.

Considering these factors, the following are
some rules suggestions for jousting in
Dungeons & Dragons. The jousters' normal to
hit score with lance is modified by hit dexterity
and the length of lance he chooses (normal
modifications for high or low strength still apply)

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Dexterity Adjustment</th>
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<tr>
<td>Below -1</td>
<td>-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10-14</td>
<td>no adjustment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15-16</td>
<td>+1</td>
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<tr>
<td>17-18</td>
<td>+2</td>
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Lance

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Length</th>
<th>Adjustment</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>i</td>
<td>Up to 9 feet</td>
<td>+2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ii</td>
<td>10-11 feet</td>
<td>+1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iii</td>
<td>12-14 feet</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iv</td>
<td>15-16 feet</td>
<td>-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v</td>
<td>17-18 feet</td>
<td>-2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The two jousters hurtle together. The one with the
longest lance strikes first. If he rolls a number at least between his modified to hit score and his to hit score plus 4 (inclusive) he
has hit his opponent, but not in a critical spot
which will hold his lance point. He still has a
chance of dislodging his opponent, however. A
roll of five or more above the to hit roll means that the lance has lodged in the target's armour
When hit, a joust can make an ability check on a D20, using the average of his STR and
DEX (rounded up). This check is modified depending on the STR of the attacker. Compare
the STR of the attacker with the average of the
of the STR and DEX of his opponent. For each
point advantage the attacker has over the latter,
the defender suffers a penalty of +1 to the die
roll on the ability check, and vice versa. For in-
stance, a knight A has an STR of 14, and hits
knight B whose average STR/DEX is 12. Knight
A has a two point advantage, so knight B's ability check is made at -2, meaning that
he must roll (in effect) a 10 or less. A knight
who is knocked from his horse in this manner
does not take normal damage from the lance.
In the event of a "critical" hit (a roll of five better
than required), the defending knight suffers a
much larger penalty. The attacking knight's
level is added to 5 and the result is the penalty to the die roll on the ability check — and this is in
addition to any of the penalties above. A
"critical" hit of this type also inflicts normal
damage with the lance. If the knight actually
manages to stay on his horse, his opponents
lance is shattered by the impact. For example,
a knight with an average STR/DEX of 15 is
"critically" hit by a 4th level opponent (STR 14),
the die roll is modified +4 and the resulting
roll of 3 or less is required remain
mounted.

Example: Consider a tilt between Sir Gaehers
of Orkney and King Ban of Benwick. Gaehers
is a 3rd level fighter with a 10 foot lance (+1 to
hit), a DEX of 15 and a STR of 14. Ban is 5th
level, DEX 13, STR 15 and uses a 13 foot lance.
Both knights need to roll a 12 to hit AC 17.
They thunder together, Ban striking first.
He manages to hit with a 13 - a critical hit but
Gaehers must still make an ability check using
the average STR/DEX (15). Ban's STR is also
15, so there are no modifiers. Gaehers rolls a 13
and manages to stay on his horse. Then he
strikes, rolling an 8, his lance wavers above
Ban's crest.

They turn for a second charge, and this time
Ban rolls a 19! Gaehers has a very slight chance
of remaining in the saddle (the die roll is
modified by +5+4=10), but as he rolls an 11 he
begins flying.

The Fall
An unseated knight literally goes flying. In
Arthurian legend, a joust between Sir Launcelot
and Sir Turquem sends both knights somersaulting
through the air, both lances shattered and both
horses suspended by broken laces. Under all
these circumstances, the least a knight can expect are
bruses. Of course, if the contestants are
jousting under exotic circumstances, such as on
flying griffons, they will also take damage through
talling to the ground.

A knight who takes a fall takes the normal
damage from a lance if he was subject to a
critical hit. Additionally, he should make a
CON ability check to avoid more serious
injury. If he fails, roll on the Injury Table.

Injury Table (roll 1D10)

| 1-2 | Concussion, possible temporary loss of sight etc. Grogginess, disorientation. The knight must go to bed for the rest of the day |
| 3-4 | Unconsciousness, lasts up to 1D4-1 hours |
| 5   | Serious unconsciousness for 3 hours to 5 days (DM's discretion) |
| 6-7 | Fractured bones (DEX and STR minus 1-6 until healed), roll on sub-table below |
| 8-9 | Dislocated joints (DEX minus 1-4 until healed), roll on sub-table below |
| 10  | Broken bones (DEX, STR minus 1-6, CAN minus 1-4 until healed), roll on sub-table below |

Bone Injuries Sub-table (roll 1D12)

| 1-2 | Minor, eg: wrist, ankle |
| 3-4 | Leg(s) |
| 5   | Pelvis |
| 6   | Spine* |
| 7-8 | 1-6 ribs |
| 9   | Skull |
| 10-11| Arm(s) |
| 12  | Neck* |

* Possible death if broken, CON ability check to survive such an injury

Obviously, it is difficult to define the exact effects
of a fall asarring as one at jousting. The
above tables are intended as a loose guide only.
The winner of a joust should be allowed to keep
his opponent's horse and armour unless the
contest was a "friendly" match. It ought to be possible
for characters to make a good living travelling
from one tournament to another, living on their
winnings.

Jousting Terms

| bur       | broad ring on lance to protect hand |
| cough     | lower lance for attack |
| fewer     | rest for lance, fix lance in rest |
| jezerrante| coat of armour |
| passavant | herald, announcer |
| surrage   | girth for horse |

"WHITE DWARF" 11
You may wonder if this is just a rant, but I assure you, it is not. I have been living with these constant disruptions for months now, and the frustration is mounting.

One day, I overheard someone saying, ‘It’s not just about the games.’ I couldn’t agree more. These disruptions are not just affecting the players, but also the developers, theloaders, and even the supporting staff. It’s a cycle that seems to keep repeating itself, and it’s growing increasingly difficult to manage.

I think it’s time for a change. We need to find a way to protect our players and our community. We need to make it clear that these disruptions are unacceptable and that we won’t tolerate them anymore.

Let’s work together to find a solution that will benefit everyone involved. Together, we can make a difference.

Thank you for listening. Let’s make a change.

Yours sincerely,
[Your Name]
Wout Thielman, Bruges, Belgium: Re the review of Lakshnar. My god, I've never been so angered by any purchase I've ever made. My 8 years of roleplaying! That lump of paper contains more typos than the entire output of TSR up to 1989! We are promised encounter tables for Nethwon - not one table in eight. We are promised new spells and a magic-weak system - we get some old globed 'plot ideas' and I scenario amounting to two pages with difficulties. The most ironic mistake is we are promised stats for 2 (count em) new weapons, throwing axe and throwing dagger, and barely a paragraph later we only get the stats for one weapon. Add to this the fact that several hens are totally garbled and incomprehensible (try read ghtegh fhghei 1977-1987 for the characters to raise the money - see what I mean?) and you definitely do NOT have a professional module worth spine JH-15, which is the price we in Belgium have to pay for it.

No, Wout, tell us if you don't like something! I guess you should take TSR's adsertisment with a pinch of salt in future, but on the whole I must say Broducker was an impressive ten minutes' work.

Robert Povey, Lock, Staffs: After reading Mike Goldstein's letter (W&D#80) I felt compelled to put pen to paper to ask 'Why shouldn't kids admire Judge Dredd?'

After all, we all need a hero to look up to in order to draw on and to counteract increasing violence. Surely it's better for kids to admire a figure of law and order than one of corruption and crime?

Judge Spencer, Marple, Cheshire: Citizen Mike Goldstein, you will place yourself under house arrest for the use of an illegal expressive word and the slamming of a judge with the words 'He is a murdering w**n' - be judge Dredd of Mega-City One. A Brit-Cit Judge will be calling on you promptly.

Tom Deakin, Llangennach Wells, Powys: As a dedicated devotee of Joe 'I am the Law' Dredd and now the RPG, I was pleased to see the article in W&D#80, Something Special. All my Judges now have at least two heads each! But there is, I think, one essential skill all Dredders should have that Tuvor Tyman missed, namely the 'Get out of a totally impossible situation because you've got to stop 2000AD next week' skill.

This highly useful skill involves (at the GM's discretion) an extremely high percentage chance that in a totally impossible situation the PC judge will be able to find some way out, usually with a few of acrobatics, an improvised weapon or a passing Wagon!

One other thing. If you are going to play JDRP seriously you must be able to swear authentically, so I have compiled a small list of Dredd's better known invocations: Drock (most common by far), Grud, Creep, Oh Moey, Spug It, Dintward, Punk, Dok, Oh Cremola and Skonof.

I have much more to say about a scenario: 'Take a look at the following example!' just for a change a Judge is arresting a juve.
The Door Deliquesced

Eye-catching title, eh? For forty years SF writers have been attempting scene-setting lines as cleverly offhand as Heinlein’s “The door dilated” Dropped casually into an early sentence of *Beyond This Horizon*, those three words provoked readers into a high-tech future where doors cleared open to f2.8” and this was such an everyday event that no comment was called for. Now it’s 1986 and I’m at the sentence (given a paragraph of its own so we’ll appreciate the cleverness) “The door deliquesced”. Subsequent paragraphs explain that, yes this door really does melt down into a puddle, which you must be careful not to step in, since the lip of the puddle flips up into the cavity and could lend a whole new meaning to getting your foot in the door. As Walt Willis once put it, “Cor, chase my Aunty Fanny round the pismon laboratory”.

This conversation-stopper is from Samuel R Delany’s *Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand* (Grafton 464pp, £2.95) Delany’s early books were full of poetry, brilliance and wild lack of discipline, twenty years on, little has changed. There’s an admirable inventive far-future background: thousands of inhabited worlds, the information Web that links them, two major political-religious/philosophical factions (the Family and the Syger), humans and aliens in multi-species extended marriages... but also there are indigestible gobs of exposition, with characters lecturing each other because Delany wants to tell the reader he also misses places some of his heightened, poetic prose: “Toads drained off the pace and mutch abuse that, in a sort of apodistic process, had, by their chemical actions, healed, had, by their vital actions, exercised. If this is how Delany wants to describe intensive care, fine, but the sentence is from the verbal report of a bureaucrat relating the patient’s recovery, and (like many others) in that context it’s unbelievable.

The story has a space-operative background (who destroyed the burnt-out planet?) and, at stage centre, a homosexual love affair (oh, those sensual descriptions of cabled musculature and armpits!) Nevertheless, my romance is not resolved, all that being kept for Book Two – fearfully titled *The Splendour and Misery of Bodies*, *Cities of Book One* is brilliant, uneven, unavoidable, an important piece of SF. I haven’t even mentioned the agonizingly protracted prologue, whereby I would have to refer to your editor (or indeed anyone else) as “she”, unless I fancied him.

Bob Shaw’s *The Ragged Astronauts* (Gollancz 310pp, £9.95) is much more traditional fun, billed as the first of a trilogy – but you can trust this author, and Shaw knows the book has believable characters and a satisfying beginning, middle and end. It turns out one of those marvellously daft notions which only SF can offer realistic interplanetary travel by hot-air balloon. Planet Land is suffering a deadly ecological disaster: there’s a meteor shower, guests and—and (years of time experienced fans), and escape plans call for balloon evacuation to the binary twin Overland. The airshow scenes are excellent, stirring my jaded sense of wonder. The original caption was “Well, I was spared the effort of putting on my physicist’s hat and doing sums by a grandiose plot which must have Newton developing high angular momentum in his grave. No, in this book, equals 3. Therefore the universe isn’t ours, the gravitational constant is different, and physicists will kindly pipe down. Meanwhile Grafton have reissued an earlier Shaw favourite – *The Palace of Eternity* (222pp, £2.50), one of the few SF novels to achieve a successful blend of physics and metaphysics. Both recommended.

Once again Arthur C Clarke has switched on his word processor and pressed the well-worn keys labelled FICTION and KEENING ELEGIES. TONE OF VOICE, to produce *The Songs of Distant Earth* (Grafton 182pp, £9.95) – previously seen as a 1957 short story and a 1979 film outline. In 1957, it was *Girl Meets Spaceship* for a one-night stand as his ship drops by for water, a tearful parting, and he blasts off into the night. The liberated 1985 version is much the same, with more dialogue, better props (quantum space drive, another space elevator, terraforming), a fistful of added elements which are barely developed and serve only to dilute the story (intelligent lobsters, incidental tragedies, disruptive effects of the visiting ship on the girl’s colony world), and the identical lack of appropriate emotion. Let’s face it, Clarke’s characters can only manage three emotions: intellectual hunger, sorrow for bygone glories (here a nova-ravaged Earth), and awe in the face of the infinite. None is appropriate to a butterflies sweet love affair, with this vacuum at the book’s core, the other bits don’t fuse together but just lie there. Pity.

Frederik Pohl’s *Black Star Rising* (Gollancz 282pp, £9.95) is brisker interstellar stuff with a vein of satire. The USA and USSR having zapped each other because Reagan’s ‘Star Wars’ nonsense has precipitated World War III (Pohl, you may gather, doesn’t approve), China has moved to administrate the wrecked countries, instituting healthy, all-American practices like Mississippi paydy-fields and self-criticism sessions. Great embarrassment results when extraterrestrial invaders make the traditional demand to be taken to the President of the USA. The alien ‘erks’, so eager to aid justice, take sides, and help us annihilate our planet, which may be intended as a satire on some overgrown foreign policy. Good-natured stuff with a few sharp points.

I liked Jack Vance’s *Lynesse II: The Green Pearl* (Grafton 360pp, £3.50) rather better than Volume I, perhaps because the fantasy action seems more coherent. Further quasi-medieval political manoeuvres, magical skulduggery, and ornately polished dialogue grimmer than most Vance tales, but always enjoyable for its sheer style. Vance probably writes elegantly ironic and barbed shopping lists. At least one more sequel follows.

The Blackcollar by Timothy Zahn (Arrow 272pp, £1.95) is the latest ‘venture’ novel of zap-happy SF, and one of the series’ better offerings. Blackcollars are not people who don’t wash their necks, but super-gorillas made redundant by the fall of the Terran Empire. But there remains one slim chance. After a few too many pages of lasers, para-lasers, dart, munchak and shariken, our heroes win fairly excitingly though the conclusion has a touch of political realism which almost makes the whole farcical credible. Lightweight entertainment.

Michael Moorcock’s peculiar brand of sword-and-sorcery is also lightweight, but with above-normal doses of humour, much of surrealism, and a good line in doomsday Byronic heroes. *The Swords of Corum* (Grafton 500pp, £9.95) is a hardback omnibus of the first three Corum books, finally remembered for the fantasy Realpolitik of their finale: not merely the Chaos mob but all the gods are liquidated, leaving the world a healthier place. Fundamentalists may cancel their subscriptions at this point – he’s crystal and the Amulet (Sawyer £4.95 – nice to see you back, Sawyer) is part two of James Cawthorn’s partial adaptation of the Hawkmoon ‘Rune斯塔’ tetralogy, a bit confusingly synoptic in places, but powerfully drawn in strong, vivid, black-and-white. With giant leaves of humour amid the horror, too, as witness the unfortunate slave suffering the consequences of playing Call of Cthulhu in the background of one sequence.

Reprints of books already reviewed: *Kiteworld* by Keith Roberts (Penguin 238pp, £2.95, excellent), *The Man in the Tree* by Damon Knight (Penguin 246pp, £2.95, good), *Gilgamesh the King* by Robert Silverberg (Pan 300pp, £2.95, pretty good) and *Dragons of Autumn Twilight* by a committee of hacks (Penguin 448pp, £2.95 – I thought this one-time ‘quality’ publisher had hit rock bottom with Jack Chalker...).

I realised in terror that the deadline was here, and ran for the exit. The door...
The Way Of The Warrior

Summer's the slow time for film releasing in Britain, while the companies pause to relax in the sun before launching the traditional Black Friday of whimsy in the run-up to Christmas. This makes life a little easier for the reviewers, too, giving us the chance to consider the fewer titles on offer in the detail they deserve, instead of wrapping the muph in a couple of paragraphs and hurrying onto the next.

Somewhere in the past I did not to Highlander (15) last time round, and I had a number of reservations about it. Since then I've had a chance to see the British release print, instead of the mutilated American version shown at the first preview, and I make no apologies for coming back to it now.

The British version is so much better, it's almost a different movie. Instead of a rambling quest scenario, merging arbitrarily from one action sequence to the next, the full version of Highlander is a tightly and tightly-plotted interplay of situation and character. This puts an extraordinary burden on Lambert, since, in effect, the film only holds together as long as we believe in McLeod. That he succeeds so well is an eloquent testament to his skill as an actor. His performance carries conviction throughout, whether radiating eager enthusiasm as he powers unfurled under the tutelage of his mentor Ramirez, or, later, the weary detachment of a man nearly five centuries old.

Sean Connery is perfectly cast as the flamboyant, raffish Ramirez, as is Roxanne Hart as the policewoman who McLeod begins, reluctantly, to love. The other place in this film is full of light, though, unquestionably belong to Clancy Brown, as the Kurgan, an immortal berserker intent on killing McLeod. The two are presented as absolute opposites: McLeod, clinging desperately to the things that still made him human, while the Kurgan, long since resigned to the fact that he isn't, has abandoned the entirely. Radiating barely-controlled menace, he takes an almost muscovy pleasure in the use of his powers.

The film gains a great deal from its complex narrative structure, in which events in the past parallel and directly affect those of the present. This is most apparent when the transitions from one to the other are bold and imaginative, a characteristic of Russell Mulcahy's direction. Highlander is visually stunning, from the timeless grandeur of the Scottish landscape to the surrealistic jungle of New York. And the swordfights are terrific.

This time I've no doubts at all. See this film.

Another move to deal with the way of the warrior, though this time rather more realistically, is The Karate Kid II (PG). Expected to hate this, sequels are usually nothing more than a limp and cynical attempt to cash in on the success of the original. But I was wrong. Instead of taking the easy way out, and whisking the same old villains off for a second round, the script builds firmly and inventively on the themes of the first.

This time it's the reverse. Miyagi (Pat Morita) who is faced with an inplacable enemy dur-
Ancient & Modern

A Scenario for Schizophrenic Roleplayers
by Graham Staplehurst

This is the second part of a two part scenario, based on the works of the British fantasy/horror writer, Brian Lumley. In it, players can take on a dual persona as adventurers from the land of Theem'hdre, a mystical land from a time before memory, and as investigators in 20th Century Earth. As such, the game can be played as an advanced Dungeons & Dragons adventure or as a Call of Cthulhu adventure, without any problem. The text that follows assumes that both systems will be run in parallel, with AD&D for the characters from the ancient world, and Call of Cthulhu for the '20s adventurers.

The scenario cannot be played without Part One, which appeared last issue. At the conclusion of the last installment, the adventurers from the '20s had travelled to the Chateau Casson, on an island near the coast of France, to interrupt a ceremony which would have spelled disaster for the world. As they did so, they felt a strange pulling sensation, and then passed into unconsciousness as they were swept across some cosmic distance to arrive in the Tower of the sorcerer, Teh Atth. Unbeknownst to them, they had traded places with their ancient counterparts, the adventurers from Theem'hdre. For both groups, their story is only just beginning...

M3: TIME-TRAVEL-SICKNESS

Although the modern characters disappear from the summoning chamber in the Chateau Casson, they are soon replaced — within a few seconds — by the ancient characters, who experience the same tugging at their chests as the Thomb recoils through Time and drags their strands with it.

The characters have been swapped in Time. Players running both ancient and modern characters will have no problem in understanding what has happened, though they should not act as if their characters have a clear understanding of all that has occurred. Their ancient characters will have been snatched from the Tower of Teh Atth, and brought to the 'strange' lands of 20th Century Earth, though none of them can possibly understand this at first.

Where the players have been running only ancient characters, the GM should have Teh Atth describe the plans of the NPCs in the modern era, up until the time when they interrupt the ceremony. Suddenly, the characters feel that same unbearable pulling sensation as described above; they are swept away, as if by a bee, and are then deposited in a strange chamber, with no idea of where — or when — they are.

The first problem facing the ancient characters is Mina Chelbent's enraged coven. The witch herself has collapsed and is slumped against the wall, unconsocious or dead. All members of the coven are insane through dealing with evil and inquisitive things so frequently, and rush the newly arrived characters, trying to overpower them (they have no weapons). If more than three of the coven are slain, the rest will try and flee, thus warning the guards (if there are any still around). The first four to get to the bathhouse will use the motorboat to escape, the others may simply fling themselves into the sea in a lunatic attempt to escape the characters.

Nothing useful can be gained from any member of the coven, even if captured and somehow persuaded to talk — other than the fact that none of the ancient characters can speak the ancient languages (unless they have magical help). If the characters remain where they are after cleaning the island up, the will be temporarily safe, and if anyone goes to sleep, they can be contacted by Teh Atth sending dreams through the modern characters now in Theem'hdre. Teh Atth can explain what he thinks has happened, but knows that he cannot hope to reverse the process as the forces involved were inconceivably great. However, he hopes that the sorcery of Myakkhnin might help switch the characters back and return Time to its original state.

There is a problem however. Myakkhnin is dead, and has been for thousands of years. All his magical knowledge, the greatest ever assembled in Theem'hdre, was left in his impregnable tower-castle far to the north, on Thansmoon, the Mountain Island. Only those powerful enough to get through the many magical wards and guards that Myakkhnin placed about the tower can gain the information concealed inside. This is where Teh Atth and the modern characters are off to. The ancient characters are instructed to undertake a journey as well, if possible. If Teh Atth succeeds in finding a spell to re-transpose the characters, he thinks that it will be much more likely to work if the two parties concerned were at the same point in Space, thus easing their translation through Time.

Since the millions of years that separate the two ages have also separated the continents of the world just as dramatically, neither the ancient nor the modern characters will have any idea where the modern day site of Myakkhnin's tower might be found. However, Teh Atth thinks there is just one possibility — the man who discovered his time capsule, Thekred Gustau. He knows from previous dream-contact with the modern characters that they discovered his name appended to an article on Theem'hdre, and thinks that there is information in the capsule. Thekred should be able to locate the co-ordinates of the tower.

However, at this stage the ancient characters' problems are mainly (i) to get off the island and (ii) to survive in this startlingly different environment. If the coven members have not taken the boat in the bathhouse, the characters could use it — if they can figure out how to operate the engine. There is also the question of costume and equipment, since the ancient characters will be wearing the same clothing as they were in Theem'hdre, which may not be entirely appropriate to France in the present day. Similarly their equipment will be antiquated. Other factors to remember are the complete unfamiliarity with any technology, language and currency in Europe. There is plenty of equipment in and around the...
house, and also money (both English and French — though whether the PCE will recognise the paper currency is up to the GM) Any treasure the characters have with them will be much inflated in value.

Within 3 days (faster if the characters are coping well and you want to speed up the action), the servants will return With them will come a local policeman to check that everything is alright — strange lights were seen at the Chateau on the night of the maul by the fisherman that piloted the boat.

If the modern characters had no boat of their own and the Chateau's boat is taken, the characters will have to wait until the party arrives and then try and steal the boat or force the fisherman to take them Remember that characters have to eat and sleep during the adventure!

Working Magic

Because of the time's distance from their own era, characters will find spells have a chance of failing to work This rule applies to all casters of magic spells other than Druids For a spell to work, a caster must roll a D% and get at least:

(1D6 level of spell) - level of caster)

GMs may also wish to apply additional penalties to clerics whose duties have few or no worshippers in this time, such as disallowing the recuperation of any spells over 3rd level

However, every inhabitant of Europe will save as 0-level humans, which may well mean that spells end up working more often! It is unlikely that magic-users and illusionists will have been holding their spell books when transplanted, but any other equipment normally carried with characters will have come with them You may wish to let characters find a limited supply of spells in Mme Chatelbert's spell books

A4: THE WHIPSALAS OF TIME

The modern characters arrive at Teh Atih's Tower and are immediately taken by his servants to rooms to rest whilst he casts spells for their immediate protection from further Time disruptions Each will wake up after 25-CON hours, if you are playing the Modern scenario only, this is a good time to send all the players out of the room and call them in one by one Examining the first person to wake, if Teh Atih detects any sign of insanity or great loss of sanity, he will be able to cure, through magical and medical means, up to 1D10 SAN points immediately He can also remove the effects of any 'temporary' insanity.

When all the characters have awoken, he will attempt to explain their predicament: They may, of course, cause a loss of SAN, particularly combined with their somewhat exotic surroundings — each character must make a SAN roll or lose 1D6 points. This will be reduced when (if) the characters return to their own time However, Teh Atih will further explain they will need to make a perilous journey to the tower of a long-dead sorcerer in the hope that he left a spell which will help return them and bring their ancestors back The hole which they have torn through Time (however inadvertently) will be slowly healing up, and if it closes before the characters have wrapped back, they will have to die — their ancestors, now in the future, cannot have descendants at the right time!

Fortunately, Teh Atih has been able to discover that Gorego has been severely damaged by the backfiring of all the energy he put into the Ritual. This means that Teh Atih is free to go off to Myshokton's Tower and see to the re-ordering of Time without fear for the safety of Kithin or Theem'hidra, who he and his allies protect from the menace of the Thronb

Before they can set out, Teh Atih will get the characters to transmit as much information as possible to their helpless ancestors stranded in the strange 20th Century. The latter are unable to speak the language (although Teh Atih naturally has spells which enable him to speak with the modern characters) and will have great difficulties using complicated devices and machinery

The modern characters may also want to learn more about Theem'hidra, the world, and its people (see the Theem'hidra section, last issue, p28) They will discover for themselves that, in the same way that magic may not function in the 20th Century, so complicated pieces of equipment may not work in Theem'hidra Anything about the general level of technology prevalent on the continent (pulleys, levers, wheels, simple steels) will only work if the character makes a Luck Roll This must be made each time use is attempted. For example, a gun might go off, then fail to fire, then work again Apply penalties for very complicated things, such as watches. Additionally, equipment which is powered (eg, an electric lamp) may start drawing Magic Points from characters! Teh Atih will find suitable clothing for them.

M4: THELDRED GUSTAU

The ancient characters will have learnt of the whereabouts of the man who found Teh Atih's time capsule from the modern characters. Gustau's address means little to the ancient characters, but there should be a map in the Chateau somewhere, which will help them visualise where North Yorkshire is, at the very least.

How the characters decide to reach it is another matter. There is sufficient fuel in the motorboat's tanks to cross the Channel and get as far as Dover There are also extra supplies in the boathouse if anyone looks, certainly enough to get them to Scarborough or Whitby under normal circumstances. They will also need food for the journey, though there is plenty in the kitchen, they will need to figure out how to use a tin opener.

If the characters are encountered by Europa on at any point, it is likely that they will be taken for foreigners, perhaps from the Far East, if they speak in their native Thewthirian tongue. It would probably be useful to allow a magic-user in the party to find a spell equivalent to comprehend languages or tongues amongst Mme Chatelbert's books of spells

Should the characters kill anyone off the island, or be seen leaving the island where there are bodies to be discovered later by the police, they will be pursued by the police. However, without definite proof of their guilt, it is unlikely that detectives from one country (eg, France) would be able to continue their investigations in another Give the characters the benefit of the doubt if they have been behaving sensibly and not wantonly slaughtering peasants.

One other important factor in the characters' travels will be the weather, so make sure that you have some way of generating this realistically and judge its effects on their speed and any problems it might cause them. Also, you must determine beforehand whether any of the ancient characters have any useful relevant skills, such as boat-handling.

By far the safest way of getting to Gustau will be by going as far as possible by boat and then completing the journey on foot across the wind-swept Yorkshire Moors, out of sight of human habitation Rosedale Abbey is a tiny village in a valley south of Rosedale Moor, between Wheeldale Moor and Spaunton Moor The closest town is Pickering, 8 miles to the south. If you like, you could have the characters encounter a lone farmer out shooting, or a wassail — perhaps that's the truth in the old legends.
Farmer - Human, F1; hp 9; AT 1; D fist 1-3 or shotgun, Al N; AC 9, Move 12, THACO 20, S15, I10, W8, D15, Coel 1+1, Ch12, SIne M, SA shotgun +2 velloha

The farmer, Mr Hinchcliffe, will shoot anyone acting in a 'shady' manner as a well warranted precaution. Letting that they are not wanted. His shotgun is good at ranges up to 30' and fires as a magic wand for an automatic 2-6 points of damage, or half if a save vs wand is made.

Werewolf (MM p63) - HD 4+3; hp 23; AT 1; D 2-8, Al CE, AC 5, Move 15, THACO 15; Int Ave, SIne M; SA lycanthropy, SD shape change, silver or magic weapons to hit.

The werewolf will shadow the characters for an hour or so in human shape before deciding to attack one of the rear party members. It surmises on a 1-3 (6d) if it manages to kill a person; it will change back to human form to carry them away as fast as it can. It will flee if 18 or more points of damage are done to it.

Wyvern - Human, F3; hp 10; AT 1; D claw 1d6+2, bite 1d6; AC 4, Move 175, THACO 5; Str 12, Con 12, SIne M; SA breath weapon, SD breath weapon, silver or magic weapons to hit.

Once the ancient characters get to Theldred Gustau, they will need to recover the whereabouts of the site of Myleakphon's tower, he will favorably be able to assist them. By spending over 12 hours (depending on the time of year), or catch the train to Snaese and merely have to make the last 45 miles of the 170 mile to their own Stavdagessa on a hillscap overlooking the Flaxhead, a lake which separates Norveg and Sweden. Gustau estimates that total expenses for the trip, including getting the ancient characters back, accommodation etc, will be around £100 per person. However, he has only £350 in savings (and can't mortgage the Hall as it is rented)

Adventurers, being what they are, will either have sufficient extra bounties on them, or the equivalent in suitable items, or will be quite happy to arrange to relieve someone of their burdensome riches. Exactly how they go about it is up to the players — only that Theldred Gustau will not help in the execution of any criminal act, although he will help plan. Possibilities are raiding a bank, holding up a train or rich person's car and so on. Let the players decide exactly what they want to do at this stage and simply provide suitable opposition.

A steamship leaves from Newcastle-upon-Tyne for Trondheim twice weekly, the 750-mile passage costing £15/10s each way. From there, they could head north by rail (depending on the time of year), or catch the train to Snaese and merely have to make the last 45 miles of the 170 mile trip on their own. Stavdagessa is on a hillscap overlooking the Flaxhead, a lake which separates Norveg and Sweden. Gustau estimates that total expenses for the trip, including getting the ancient characters back, accommodation etc, will be around £100 per person. However, he has only £350 in savings (and can't mortgage the Hall as it is rented)

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Once financing for the operation is arranged, Theldred Gustau will hit upon the next problem — getting into Norveg. Naturally, none of the ancient characters have passports. Possibilities are to include the use of magic (e.g. invisibility or charm), bribes to the ship's crew to smuggle them, or to port officials to let them in. Obtaining a passport might also be possible if birth certificates can be forged, or a clerk bribed

Meanwhile, the characters must avoid being caught. Hopefully, they will avoid all contact with locals, so that no suspicions are aroused. Norveg parks in the village will notice the large increase in food consumption at the Hall. A policeman might make an innocent courtesy call on Gustau and panic the characters. A cover story will have to be made up for their trip to Norveg, since people are bound to be curious about a large party of foreigners. Finally, you might want to hassle the players when they once more have meshes occur, such as an accident which needs medical attention

A5: A Flight to the Ice

Teh Aht will arrange for himself and the modern characters to fly to Myleakphon's tower as soon as the ancient characters have established its site on the 20th Century earth. The sorceror has a flying carpet capable of carrying 4 persons. If there are more than three investigators, other arrangements must be made for the others. He might have to talk to a flying vehicle owner or be

sea, or using a number of flying steeds, such as hippogriffs. He might have some other magical steeds capable of transporting people through the air.

The flight or journey is not without the occasional diversion, naturally, for their destination is a world of fantastic creatures as the ancient characters would have been too afraid to tell them. Their voyage takes the modern characters around the fringe of the great Inner Sea, across the continent towards the Frostlands, and then along the edge of the glaciers that creep from the North Pole, over the continent of Kotha, to the icy mountains of Myleakphon's tower of old. Over the course of the journey, the modern characters may expect things — or meet things — totally beyond their comprehension. You must run as many encounters as you see fit, including some that face the modern characters with NPCs in northern Them'hdra (see the Them'hdra section this last issue for some background in which to base your ideas). Below are some simple encounters, each fraught with its own dangers. Use as many as you feel is appropriate.

Wyvern - A wyvern swoops out of the sky at the party and will attempt to grab one member in its jaws (roll randomly to see who it attacks, excluding Teh Aht). This creature is clumsy in the air and can therefore be avoided by careful flying after its initial attack, or driven off by hits causing more than half its hit points (ie, more than 15). If it manages to catch someone, by killing them with a single bite or rolling 90%+4 in hit, it will dive straight to the ground and fly low to its cavern

Wyvern - STR 39 CON 20 SIZ 40 INT 5 POW 15
DEX 7 Hit Pts 30 Move 7 SAN Loss 1/2d6/44
Attacks - Bite 60% 1D10+1D6, Tail 60% 1D6+4 on pouvez
Armour - 16+ skin

An impaling hit with the bite attack means that the character has been caught by the Wyvern's jaws and suffers the damage bonus (2D6) each round automatically. The Wyvern will fly off with them to its cave, flying low over the countryside to evade pursuit. An impaling hit with the tail inflicts poison (level 10) which will cause death if the character fails 4 RR. The poison takes 1D6+4 rounds to take effect, a successful Treat Poison skill will use an extra save at the lower level.

Storm - The weather gets very dark and winds and clouds gather fiercely. A strong storm is blowing and the characters must either land and get under cover or attempt to ride it out. The storm will bring gale force winds and lots of rain. Characters who let themselves get soaked stand a good chance of catching cold and serious infection. One way of avoiding the storm if flying will be to get above the cloud layer.

Characters not strapped down whilst flying on something in the storm must roll under STR on 3d6 to avoid being blown off by a gust of wind. This roll should be made every half-hour, and there is a cumulative +1 penalty for each half-hour flying in heavy weather. Visibility will be severely limited as well, so the characters should not be surprised if someone does not fall off until too late! Finally, each character there is a 5% chance that one character will be struck by a lightning bolt for 1D10x1D6 points of damage, halved if the character makes a save. If this would be enough to kill them, a roll under CON on 3d6 means that they survive the blast with 1 hit point

Freezing Cold - Until protected by special clothing, a raging fire or magical means, the characters each take 1D6 points of frostbite damage per hour they spend in this pocket of sub-zero air blown down from the Arctic glaciers. Damage taken is doubled if the characters are shingly clad or wet. Teh Aht is already magically protected against the cold and will not notice it, it is the characters to ask him for similar protection. You wish that they have to stop, as Teh Aht cannot cast spells whilst flying. You may wish to have some permanent effects of frostbite if a character takes more than half their total hits in cold damage, such as loss of toes, fingers, nose etc.

Giant Eagles - Two giant eagles are spotted circling overhead and screech at the party. If the travelers carry on in the same direction, they will pass into the eagles' nesting area and the eagles will attack until the party leaves it. If the adventurers deviate in one side or the other, the eagles will merely screech a bit more and then continue off without attacking. The eagles are large and could knock a person off a flying carpet or even a steed. Note that the eagles are intelligent and may be friendly towards those that show concern for them. They can talk, but only their own language.

2 Giant Eagles:
STR 30 CON 18 SIZ 24 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 20 Hit Pts 21 Move 5/12
Attacks - Bite 45% 1D8+1D6, Claws 45% 1D6+1D6
Armour - 2 pt feathers
Messenger-bat

A messenger-bat bearing good tidings arrives for Teh Atth. It has been sent by Brash Saro (assuming he is still alive, if not then by one of Teh Atth’s apprentices keeping the Tower for him) to inform the White Sorcerer that Gorgos’ runs appear to be complete. The backlash of the Beast Outside Time’s departure nearly slew the Thromb and the vast majority of Gorgos’ allies present left the Temple of the Secret Gods. The Temple was then ransacked by a mob of unbeheld adventurers and burnt down. Gorgos is reported to have fled by some magical device.

A6: Blek House

Myakshronin’s Tower is a bleak masque of grey-stone black stone, thrusting up out of the wasteland of silt and stone and ice of the region. Temperatures here vary between 0°C to -10°C during the day (possibly 5°C higher in the summer) and drop by around 20° at night. There is an added wind chill factor of up to 30° dependent on the strength of the wind and its direction (strong and northerly winds being the worst).

The Tower proper is only about 25’ wide, but rises from a large rectangular base some 180’ deep and 120’ wide, around 30° or 40° high. There are no visible windows in the structure at all. The expansive building at the foot of the Tower is built of the same sort of rock, unpaved to natural and all natural magical attacks. There is a pair of huge bronze doors, uncorroded and engraved with the Elder Sign. Other signs and sigils are engraved all around the lower building. The Tower stands a massive 300’ tall, towering over even the huge glacier that towers in the valley behind.

Teh Atth must undertake a complex ritual to properly open the doors and clear many of the magical traps laid by Myakshronin eleven hundred years ago. Thus many of the three hours during which time Teh Atth must not be disturbed. You may wish to have the party kept occupied by a small pack of wolves.

Wolves

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR 13</th>
<th>CON 12</th>
<th>SIZ 11</th>
<th>INT 12</th>
<th>POW 12</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DEX 13</td>
<td>Hit Pts 13</td>
<td>Move 12</td>
<td>SAN Loss nil</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attack: Bite 30% &amp; ID8</td>
<td>Armour: 1pt fur</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skills: Tracking (small) 80%, Spot Hidden 60%</td>
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Adjust the number of wolves attacking to the numbers and strength of the party. The wolves will be frightened by gunfire or blow at bay by fire. If they have been unsuccessful in attacking anyone after about 20 minutes, they will sink off. If any wolf is killed, the rest flee, howling loudly.

When Teh Atth has eventually got the doors open, the party will see a most imposing entrance hall, blazing with white lights, a golden ceiling and a green floor that feels like freshly cut grass. Magical lights throng the air and the walls, black and placebo-like. They are some prismatic heavens, a Paradise on Earth. The aura of the place is such that anyone who has lost SAN on this adventure will immediately regain 15% of the points lost (round fractions below ½ down). However, the lure of the room will also seduce any character finding a Luck Roll into wanting to remain there for ever and ever. Such characters will angrily rebuff any attempt to lead them away, but will not resist to violence. They will also be immune to threats of violence against their person, however if such acts are carried out, they gain an extra Luck Roll to resist for each point of damage inflicted.

Once over this initial trap, Teh Atth will carefully lead the party through a maze-like series of corridors and rooms towards the centre of the building. There is no map for this area. Teh Atth will make sure be has tight control over the party and if any disobey his orders, you should institute some mechanical or magical trap to teach them a lesson, an slippery beast which charges them down, an apparition calling for a SAN roll against a 1D10 loss, a drugged dart to slow the character down or put them unconscious, and so on.

All the corridors and rooms have a form of magical confound over them which must be countered by Resistance Rolls against INT and POW whenever there is a choice of directions to proceed. The magic has a POW of 25. If one of the rolls fails, the character will not be able to remember which passage was chosen (as long as a minute later; if both fail, the character will be sure a different route was taken). Make up your own ideas for the areas passed through. Here are some examples:
- A corridor of checkered floor tiles lined with alcoves containing metal replicas of botanical specimens (flowers, plants, branches) stood in carved circle patterns.
- A room built like the inside of a beehive and smelling strongly of honey.
- A callisthenics room with walls of beaten copper mirrors and dazzling amber milky on a scarlet parquet floor, lined with ebony benches.
- A chamber with a mosaic in blue and green glass which at first sight looks like a pool of cool waters, sponsored by a bridge of fine-planed yellow glass which is trapped to paralyse anyone stepping on it.
- A room with a huge circular table in it made of a green-stone wood and set with all manner of unusual implements instead of knives and forks.

All the interior is hot and warmed by magic, making it very unpleasant. No amount of magical direction finding or devices used by the characters will help them find their way if they succumb to the confusion. You may wish to have a party who persist in getting side-tracked split off from Teh Atth for a short while. If they remain where they are, be be able to find them quite quickly; but if they wander off it might not be until something nasty has found them first.

It takes Teh Atth ½ hours (at least) to find what he is looking for the concealed staircase up to the interior part of this building — the Tower proper, containing Myakshronin’s study and Library. There are over 500 steps up the Tower to the first chamber. This is the first part of the library which occupies 3 floors, each a single room crammed with all manner of magical and magical volumes. Teh Atth will momentarily go into delirious raptures until he remembers why he is there, whereupon he will start the search for the spell they seek.

At this point, sensitive characters (POW 14+) may get a shiver down their spine. Is it suddenly colder in here? they ask themselves, and Why do I feel all goose-pummly, like something namelessly horrible is creeping up on us? Teh Atth will soon be involved in his search to pay any attention to such nonsense, of course, as he has had to put up with so much from the wumpy characters.

He carries on ruffling through shelves and making piles of books on the floor.

Fortunately Myakshronin was an organised chap for a wizard and it does not take Teh Atth too long to find just what he is looking for; or at least it wouldn’t if he could concentrate on the matter in hand and not get side-tracked by interesting spells for making perfect soufflés or turning grass into diamonds. If characters insist and watch him, he will actually get on a bit quicker. With a cry of delight, Teh Atth lifts aloft a tome of collected writings on anomalies in the universe. Teh Atth assembles together with annotation by the old wizard. In this there is a reference to a second book, in which Myakshronin wrote down a spell to put right just such a time anomaly which an enemy of his had devised to trap him. In a couple of seconds, he has eyes alight on the libram — but then he goes pale as death.

In the doorway appears a blowed, misshapen figure with wrinkled black skin. Only in the vaguest sense could it be called humanoid: Its eyes are deepest black and its fingers are long and curved. Yep, this is Gorgos, come to take his revenge on Teh Atth, a revenge as hideous as the creature that brings it. A twisted abomination of a grin appears on its lips as the tattered robes of black and yellow it wears are rent asunder to reveal a writhing mass of pinched tendrils which shoot and shiver towards everyone present, imprison monstrosely. Gorgos’ attack is described in full in the Characters section.

All present will suffer an attack from one limb until Teh Atth has avoided being hit for one round. A character can volunteer to try and protect Teh Atth, receiving two attacks. In his free round, Teh Atth casts a spell of protection over the whole party which Gorgos’ attacks cannot penetrate. Teh Atth will then have to leave the circle of protection to do battle with Gorgos, and as be does so, he gives the libram to the most magically experienced character and tells them to get no with it while he distracts the monster without. The circle turns into an opaque sphere when he leaves.

The spell takes half an hour to set up, 40 minutes after Teh Atth leaves, the circle of protection suddenly disappears and the floor shaker as they see a large chunk of wall fly outwards as if bisected by some immense magical force. Searing holes in the wall where the White Sorcerer and has burnt through. Outsider a snowstorm has sprung up, making it impossible to discern what has happened to these two, who have fallen over 150’. As snow begins to drift into the ancient scriptorum, the characters must decide what to do next.

If they try and venture back down the Tower and back through the building to find Teh Atth, they will almost inevitably get lost. If they carry on with the spell to correct the Time anomaly, they have a 2% chance for each Magic Point expended plus 5% for each point of POW permanently sacrificed. The casters must roll for the spell means a 3D8 SAN loss for each 3D8 SAN they expend.

Remember that they will need plenty of currency (foral) to take them on to Slotavden, however they have decided to travel there. Fortunately, Gustav knows several Scandinavian languages.

M5: To Slotavden

By this time, ancient the characters are assumed to have set out for Norway. They can travel fairly inconspicuously to Newcastle as Theldred Gustav has a motor car, and they have hopefully arranged matters so that they have boarded the last train. Remember that they will need plenty of currency (foral) to take them on to Slotavden, however they have decided to travel there. Fortunately, Gustav knows several Scandinavian languages.
The rail trip to Snoes will be without occurrence unless the characters cause one. You may wish to create a number of situations where the players think that something dreadful is about to happen, but which are really quite innocent. Examples might be an inquisitive local official (railway, road police etc) a suspicious man who seems to be following them, a thief who steals something belonging to the PCs and so on.

At Snoes, the characters will have to book into a hotel and find some transport. The least expensive and most reliable way to travel is by reindeer sleigh. The sleigh can hold up to 12 passengers and luggage with a team of 8 reindeer pulling. Alternatively, a motorcoach is available for hire.

Sloftveden is a picturesque and unspoilt Norwegian village. Depending on the time of year, the pine forests may be resplendently green or heavily draped with snow. It has a very cozy inn with sufficient rooms to put up 8 guests, any more will have to share rather cramped quarters. The innkeeper will expect some sort of explanation of their business and may ask the local constabulary to keep an eye on the newcomers if they are strange in their behaviour or undeniably evasive in manner. Several of the villagers can manage some broken English, if the characters have bothered to learn any from Gustau.

Since the location of the Tower can be pinpointed no more accurately than the general vicinity of the village, there is no need for the adventurers to go any further but if they want to explore the area, there should be no problems. They may well want to keep out and about as part of their cover — perhaps they are naturalists studying reindeer herd movements, or astronomers searching the northern skies for new constellations and meteors.

Should anyone try and get in dream-contact with their descendants, they will get absolutely no response, a complete blankness. This may cause them to fear for Teh Atht (quite rightly), however, in a few hours the switch should take place. If anyone (for example, the local police or the innkeeper) is watching this will cause great alarm, naturally. Thelordred or the modern characters, now restored to their proper Time, will have to do some Fast Talking to get away, or simply ignore the locals and get out of Sloftveden as quickly as possible. Locals will probably be unwilling to pursue the matter further but if the characters cause any damage or injury they might get into more serious trouble, even being met by a number of plain clothes policemen who will want to ask them some awkward questions. Anyone attempting to explain what has truly happened risks being locked up in a lunatic asylum. In fact, Thelordred Gustau may have to help any characters who have gone temporarily insane (and who would blame them) in the transposition, since another SAN roll must be made.

There may also be problems for Gustau in England if the ancient characters left any clues as to their whereabouts when they were committing any crimes. And if they sold any ancient artefacts to pay for the trip, their new owners will find them mysteriously vanished. I care say that Thelordred Gustau will want to write up their exciting adventure...

A7: LOOSE ENDS

The ancient characters will arrive as the blunted library atop Mythkon’s Tower. If Atht is the one who completed the spell, all will be well, he will be able to lead them through the building to the temporary camp where the flying items/steed (or whatever) are, and the characters can accompany him back to Rinth to recuperate. You may like to have them mount a raid on the remains of the Temple of the Secret Gods to recover their equipment, stolen by Gorgos’ priests at the start of the adventure.

If the modern characters complete the spell themselves successfully, the ancient characters will find that the magical explosion in the chamber they are transported to has damaged the structure of the Tower and it is beginning to crumble. If they try and escape down the stairs, they will find it is blocked with fallen masonry. Suddenly, the Tower starts to sway alarmingly and soon falls, crashing to ground and breaking up as it tumbles. The characters are flung from the Tower and land safely in scattered snowdrifts; perhaps that recent snowstorm wasn’t all bad! All the characters have to save vs DEX on 3d6 or lose half their remaining hit points at the fall; then they must save vs CON on 3d6+3 or be stunned for 10d6 minutes. Anyone stunned for more than half an hour will start taking cold damage from the freezing conditions at the rate of 1 point per minute.

The snowstorm itself has stopped, and so characters moving around should be able to see each other and help search for friends. After an hour, Teh Atht comes staggering into view, exhausted from his battle with Gorgos, which he has finally won — be hopeful. If the characters are still there, they will see him immediately, and can help him. As soon as Teh Atht is recovered, they will be able to return to his own Tower.

The return journey will be peaceful and without accident, unless you think the players have had it really easy!

CHARACTERS

Teh Atht

There are no stats given for this NPC. Teh Atht is simply able to do whatever you as GM require him to do. The characters will not be able to harm him, neither can anything other than Gorgos. However, although he is in this scenario to help the sons of characters, don’t make him the universal escape clause.

Teh Atht is strongly devoted to Law as opposed to the Chaos represented in this scenario by the Chilulah Mythos beings (the Thurewulf and the Beast Outside Time). The scenario notes gave guidance on Teh Atht’s likely actions and how to play his character — you should treat him as the archetypal White Wizard. He will always use maximum force in any situation and give others the benefit of the doubt. He will also attempt to preserve lives, neutralising threats rather than destroying them.

Gorgos

This guy is nasty, mean and vicious. He’s a megalomaniac villain, an alien trying to dominate the entire Earth, who’s not too concerned if he pulls down the local space-time continuum as the attempt.

Gorgos is invulnerable to characters, be they Ancients or Moderns. This covers essentially any weapon in AD&D or attempts to summon something just as nasty to deal with him — this latter event is likely to produce a cataclysm which will inevitably kill all the characters and lead to the destruction of Time as the Beast can no longer find Gorgos. Allow Gorgos any and all magic and spells, and virtually unlimited magical powers/potential when in the Temple. This is the source of his energies, and should be treated as the worst possible place the characters could be. For AD&D games, Gorgos will be psionic type VI, making him invulnerable to all psionic attacks and disciplines.

In appearance, Gorgos usually appears as a man with very dark skin and golden hooded robes which obscure much of his features. Seeing him thus incurs no SAN loss, but those who meet his eyes can be affected by his presence. In AD&D this works like an area effect, - see Legends & Lore, in CoC this would be a POW vs POW roll. The effect is simply to freeze somebody to the spot if the fail their roll.
At the end of the scenario, Gorgos' true Thracian nature is revealed to the Modern characters. Use the following stats for his attacks on the party which they suffer until Teh Ahth can defeat his magical defences.

**Gorgos**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR</th>
<th>30</th>
<th>CON</th>
<th>30</th>
<th>SIZ 20</th>
<th>INT 20</th>
<th>POW 25</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DEX</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Hit Pt 75 total/20 (per tentacle)</td>
<td>Move 6</td>
<td>SAN Loss 1D20/1D3</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Attacks - many tentacles each 75% 2D10+2D6</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Armour - 5 pt skin, 5pt/round regeneration</td>
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Gorgos' attack is described thus: "A black hairy stalk stretched itself out, the end bloated out like some monstrous fungus, forming the spindly-legged likeness of an enormous spider. Pseudopods sprouted, became hooks of chitin, bony claws and pincers, all lashing toward them..."

**Madame Louise Chalbert**

Mme Chalbert is unlikely to enter the scenario in an active capacity, unless the Modern characters are quick off the mark and get to the Chateau before the ceremony begins. She is a charming and elegant hostess who will not deny any connections with the occult, but will explain that she is only interested in "white magic" - mediums, fortune-telling, faith healing and so on. If the characters attempt to persuade her to not continue with the ceremony, she will deny all knowledge of it, but secretly arrange for her contacts in the French government to harass them, possibly even arranging an accident.

She speaks perfect French and excellent English and can be disarmingly pleasant. However much the characters suspect her, they will be unable to persuade anyone else of her diabolical nature. The whole scenario hangs on her starting the ceremony, so don't let anything happen to her beforehand! She is quite careful in her activities, and there will always be bodyguards or witnesses to prevent an assassination attempt.

**Mme Chalbert**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STR</th>
<th>12</th>
<th>CON</th>
<th>15</th>
<th>SIZ</th>
<th>INT 18</th>
<th>POW 16</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DEX</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>APP</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>EDU</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>SAN nil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Skills: Archaeology 20%, Bargain 25%, Camouflage 50%, Climb 50%, Chalaza Mythos 20%, Debate 40%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 25%, History 35%, Listen 40%, Occult 80%, Oratory 20%, Psychology 25%, Read/Write English 60%, Read/Write French, Ride 40%, Sneak 35%, Speak English 75%, Speak French 90%, Spot Hidden 35%</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Magic: 16 MP, Summon Nightgaunt, Bind Nightgaunt, Create Ghoul, Dread Curse of Acuteoth, Shrivelling, Contact Deep Ones, Call Beast Outside Time</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

24 *White Dwarf*
I, Teh Adl of Klihun, having often conversed with my wizard ancestor, Mylakhron of Tharanoom (dead these eleven hundred years), now tell the tale of how that mighty mage was assassinated by his apprentice, Excer K'wood. At least, history has always supposed that he was assassinated.

The story begins some fifty-three years before Mylakhron’s demise, at the fortress cell he had constructed for his apprentice, Excer K’wood. At least, history has always supposed that he was assassinated.

Now in that day Hunquass was a warrior king and his king, Morgath, was a warrior king, and the walls of the city were high and wide, with great towers where the soldiers were garrisoned, and the king’s territory extended to the south, even to the Hrossak border which Morgath would push back if he had his way, but the King hungered for those southern lands and his warrior heart ached for a kingdom which would enlose not only Hrosa to the River Lahur, but Ythemal too. And Morgath would send ships across the Straits of Ystern to annex even Sandogardar, the island stronghold of savage black pirates.

As for Mylakhron he had served the King for fifteen years, since that time when first he came out of the west and crossed the mountains was Morgath’s fierce kingdom. Aye, and in his way Mylakhron had been a faithful servant, though truth to tell there were those who wondered who served whom.

For Mylakhron’s palace was greater than the King’s — though far less splendid — and where Morgath received common men, Mylakhron would receive none at all. The mage’s familiar gave audience in his stead, speaking with Morgath’s voice and in his manner, but any encounter of the sorcerer himself was a singularly rare thing. Indeed, the very sight of Mylakhron abroad and active in the topmost turrets of his palace tower — not less than the passing of clouds across the sky or eclipses of the sun and moon — was almost invariably taken as portent of great wonders and sometimes of disasters and disasters. And lesser magics aimed at such sighs, reading strange words into the wizard’s ways, as little known of them.

One thing which was known for a certainty was Mylakhron’s great age not his actual age in years, but the fact that he was far older than any other living man. So than to his skeletal — with wrinkles to number against his years upon a skin of veined parchment pale as moonbeams — and with a long, sallow beard almost uniformly white, the wizard was ancient. Grandfather could remember his grandfather whispering of sorcerous deeds ascribed to the hand or wand when they themselves were mere children, and it was known for a fact that a previous appearance of Mylakhron’s, one Azatta Less, had recently died in Chilgag as an estimated age of one hundred and eleven years.

But in general the sorcerer’s astonishing longevity was not much mentioned. People were mindful of his magnificence — and of Mylakhron’s dependence upon him — and he was deemed neither mad nor even wise to probe too deeply into the hows and whyvers of his attainment to so great an age. For all that he was ancient, still the mage’s mind was brilliantly clear, his eyes unclouded and his sorceries (beneficent or otherwise) marvellous and utterly unfathomable to adoptions of lesser learning. Moreover, he might not take kindly to allegations of vampirism and the like, practiced to extend to eternity his existence in the world of men.

And in their thinking and their muttered whisperings, the wizard’s would-be competitors came close to the truth, for in his long search for immortality Mylakhron had indeed performed many marvelous magics, though mercifully vampirism was not numbered amongst them. That is not to say he would not use a vampire if that way he might prolong his life or regain his lost youth, but he knew better than that. No, for vampires were far too restricted and their lives in constant danger from attendent perils. Besides which, they were not truly immortal, not as Mylakhron desired so he. He wanted to live forever, not to be eternally undead — or not even, at least until at the stake should find his heart.

On many occasions that master of magic had believed himself close to hitting on the correct formula for immortality, that at least his feet were set upon the right path, but in the hour of his supposed triumph always he had been frustrated. He had prolonged his life far beyond the normal span, made certainly but still he had grown old and must eventually die. And in any case, who would wish to live forever in a defunct body?

Now, knowing that his years were narrowing down, his search was more desperate and his disappointments deeper as days passed into years and the solution drew no nearer. Now, too, he saw his coming to Hunquass as an error; for Morgath protected him and provided for his purely physical needs his demands upon him grew more and more tiresome and consumed far too much of his time. Of which he might not have a great deal left.

For being a warrior king and going often to war, Morgath was constantly in need of favourable forecasts for his battle plans. Too, he sought for dark omens against his enemies, and he was no less interested in their stars than in his own. What with prophecies and astrological readings, auguries and auspices, personal whims and bodements in general, Mylakhron had not the time he required for his own all-important researches and darkening devotions.

Nor could the King’s business keep waiting, for the Hrossak and Ytheman had these wizards too, and Mylakhron was required to turn aside the monstrous mendacities and outrageous ravings which these enemy magics were wont to cast against Hunquass and King. Black eye shadow of the Ytheman, a sorcerer of no mean prowess, was particularly pernicious. However, Lord of the Hrossak, and so it can be seen that Mylakhron was hard put to attend his many duties, let alone pursue his own ambitions. And perhaps that would explain, too, Mylakhron’s reasons for sticking so close to his apartments. Why, his duties were such as to make virtually a prisoner thereof.

And yet Mylakhron had prospered under Morgath and so felt a certain gratitude toward him. Moreover, he liked the King for his intelligence. Aye, for intelligent kings were singularly rare on that day, particularly warrior-kings. And so the sorcerer felt he must not simply desert Morgath and leave him to the merce of his equally warlike neighbours, and his frustration continued to grow within him.

Until the dawning of a certain idea.

Now among the city’s common wizards — real and assumed — there dwelled one Excer K’wood, a talented apprentice of Phaethor Ull before that mage rendered himself as green dust in an all-concealed thaumaturgical experiment. A scion whose bounteous gifts showed promise despite the fact that as yet they remained undeveloped, essentially Excer was environment. His dreams were prophetic and generally accurate.

And it came to pass that Excer dreamed a dream in which Mylakhron took an apprentice to assist him in his sorceries, and Excer himself was the chosen one and rose to great power in Themelad in the service of Morgath, King of Hunquass. Upon awakening he reenacted the dream and smiled worriedly to himself; for he believed his vocation had been laid open to him by an act of willful thinking and was not in any way a portent of any real or foreseeable future. But then, a day or two later, Mylakhron made it known that indeed he sought a young assistant.

Excer’s heart leaped like a bird when first he heard this news, alas, for a little while only. For how could Excer — a ragged street magician who sold charms and love potions for a living and blamed the future dreams of his penniless patrons for mere crutches of bread — possibly apply for a position as apprentice to Mylakhron the Mighty? The idea was preposterous! And so, however reluctantly, he put aside the notion and forced himself to consider his vocation as purely coincidental to Mylakhron’s requirement.

And as days passed into weeks so Mylakhron gave audience to many young men who presented themselves as prospective employees. As usual, the interviews were carried out through his familiar (though many applicants got no farther than Mylakhron’s gate) while the wizard, unseen by those aspirants who were actually allowed to pass into his palace, bidden himself with more pressing matters in his own rooms. In this way, many who might have impressed quite favourably contrary to a merely human interrogator — even by so awe-inspiring a man as Mylakhron — found themselves completely overwhelmed in the presence of his familiar creatures, for these were three great beasts whose faces were those of men!

Indeed, they had once been men, those fearsome familiar wizards who had formed a sorcerous tryst to crush Mylakhron when he refused to join them. Unfortunately for them, their talents had been greater than all their minds combined, hence their downfall. That had been many years ago, however, before over he came to Hunquass, and Mylakhron had all but forgotten the details of the thing. He trusted his familiars implicitly, and besides, they had only the faces of his old enemies.
Their minds were their own, or Mylakhron's for whom he chose to create them. He named them

Finally, when even the oldest, failed magicians of Morgath's lands began to realize that they were being

Mylakhron's inner sanctum where that Master of Magen was waiting to bend him to his will. He had no concept of apprenticeship. That was enough.

At dawn of the next day, Excor dressed himself in his finest jacket and breeches — the ones with only a few minor repairs — and made his way normally through the many streets of Humqucas to the walls of Mylakhron's palace. There, at the great gate, he was tumourously taken in by the three guards and waited but for a moment. A small barred window opened in it, at the gate, and each of the other

Seeing this, Excor turned to go away, at which point a voice stopped him. It was the voice of the man whose face peered through the barred window and it said

"Young man, what is your name?"

"K'mool," said Excor, stepping forward firmly. "Excor K'mool"

"And do you seek employment with Mylakhron?"

"I do," he answered, wondering at the echoing and sepulchral quality of the man's voice. "I desire to be... to be a mage's assistant."

"You seem uncertain," said Excor. "But I wonder..."

"If you are worthy?"

"Perhaps?" He nodded nervously.

"My master likes humility in men," said the face at the window. "Apparent and honest,

Excor girded his teeth, put his fear behind him and made after the creature across the garden, towards the doorway through the hedge. He came in under the great arch on the door of the shrine, and glanced about wide-eyed. He was almost startled into flight at the sight of the creature he saw. But where to flee? Where a moment before the sky had been blue and the sun warm, now, seen from this grey courtyard, the heavens were dark with racing clouds and a chill wind ruffled the fur-covered body of the beast thing whose man's face had spoken from the window in the gate.

"Do you fear, Mylakhron's familiar, Excor K'mool?"

"The great beast thing. Or are you alarmed at the scene here, which is ever different to that outside.

"A little of both, sir. I fear."

Excor finally managed.

The beast laughed a loud, baying laugh and flopped about. "Fear not," he announced, lowering his head, "but follow me and you shall see what you shall see."

Excor girded his teeth, put his fear behind him and made after the creature across the garden, towards the doorway through the hedge. He came in under the great arch on the door of the shrine, and glanced about wide-eyed. He was almost startled into flight at the sight of the creature he saw. But where to flee? Where a moment before the sky had been blue and the sun warm, now, seen from this grey courtyard, the heavens were dark with racing clouds and a chill wind ruffled the fur-covered body of the beast thing whose man's face had spoken from the window in the gate.

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Myaklanth sat upon his night-black throne and studied Exxor mortuary, coldly, with no emotion whatever visible in his straight backed men. His silver eyebrows were thin and turned sharply upward at the temples, and beneath them his eyes were of that same palest blue as the Outer Illuminates channelled orgasms of Exxor in his dreams. Strange, those eyes and almost vacuous, but at the same time filled with a terrible lore and a knowledge forbidden to common men and muddling rages alike.

His hands, where they protruded from the bell-like cuffs of his robe and rested upon the pommels of his sword, were long and thin and their nails sharply pointed, their colour, at that of his hair and gold-brown face seemed to be the same. Yet, there was a particular link into certain parchments. A cold old man, Myaklanth, and his gaze even colder. He trained that gaze upon Exxor as the youth sat down upon a tiny stool close to the somewhat raised dais where sat the sorcerer himself.

The apartment was starkly bare in comparison with that 'room of repose' wherefrom from Exxor had been guided to this even lother chamber. It had a balcony with a balustrade of marble garlands, opening upon a frightfully vertiginous view (a wantry vista, despite the true season) of some drear and windswept desert where mounds of sand, grey and white, were heaped in the distance, for the desolate was desolate and extented, and besides, he required a place higher than any other to facilitate his far-seeing, and for the propitiation of elements of the air, and so Myaklanth had never ventured complaint. But the plain fact of the matter was that the sorcerer hated to be remote from mundane man, and where better than high in this forbidding and precipitous palace tower, this veritable sense of a room?

Exxor had been brought here by the three familiars, and their spokesman had accompanied him into the room through great brazen doors. Once Exxor saw face in face, the thing had quickly departed, whereupon Myaklanth had appeared from the balcony to climb the three small steps of the dais to his station of polished jet.

Now in that dim and sparsely furnished place, with only three feet from the balcony to relieve the gloom — and that a dim and dingy light — Exxor K'mool and Myaklanth the Mighty gazed each upon the other, would-be wizard and Supreme Sorcerer alike. And whatever the thoughts of the youth in the presence of this legend-laden enchanter, they were soon cut short as Myaklanth announced his own appearance.

"So, young man, and you would be my apprentice, would you? Well, then, there is more I must know about you, what you are for my familiar may not satisfy you. First let me tell you of the work, and then you must say if you are still interested; after which, and depending upon your decision, I may ask you to perform a small task for me. If you perform well — and only if the task is completed to my satisfaction — then you shall be my apprentice. That may be too far ahead; however, for might not care much for the work?"

Myaklanth paused for long moments and turned his strange eyes to the grey, racing clouds beyond the garishly blustering. The snarl of his finger tapped for a little while, thoughtfully, upon the hard arm of his throne. Then, without returning his gaze to Exxor, finally the wizard said:

"The hours will be long, and when there are not enough of them for any one day I shall make more. Never have nothing to do. And you must put aside fear, I have no room for it. There will be hours here to take hold of advantage of one who is afraid, for I am a sorcerer. But as well as the dead, I call upon spirits black and white, demons and devils and saints alike. I hold intercourse with ghosts, goblins, and witches, with werewolves, gnomes and jimmies, for there is much to be learned from them. And remember: just as idle hands wither, so fruitful minds are only when the race of the sorcerer, when in the truest sense of the word, the sorcerer's end, and the very end of the world."

"And so shall you, and I am a hard taskmaster. Tasks are not allowed to remain unperformed, nothing which may be done today is ever done tomorrow. And for all that I have done, still I am unchanged. Age, yes, but a man still — and mortal! And I seek immortality. Exxor K'mool, which is why you are here, to lessen the burden and save time for me. For once time is fled, who may recall it? And again I say to you, remember: stusions in time save myns! You will assist me not alone in many small tasks — be my messenger, pot watchman, my sweeper, linguist, my reaper, see — but in great works and experiments also. And of all my knowledge, it is this which you will have to guard against."

Exxor sat in silent reflection, for abruptly the wizard paused, leaving Exxor breathless as if the himself had spoken all of these words(,) "a warning! Never never seek to subvert my cause, change my course or deliberately and maliciously do anything to cause me discomfort, neither of mind nor of body. And if you are a good apprentice, then, when I am no more — and again be paused.

In a little while, as Exxor sat and thought to still his trembling, Myaklanth turned his eyes back to the youth and "And are you still interested?"

Unable to find words, Exxor merely nodded.
That had all been more than five hundred years ago, however, and only recently through his own initiative, had Mykylkhron discovered again the lost city and fashioned its ancient secrets. And by now the ‘guard’, if indeed such existed, must he much diminished through time and distance, and surely Exor should have no trouble with a meguck grown so small and centuries-shrivelled.

Well, perhaps not, but nevertheless Exor frowned worriedly as he made torches, piled stones and finally climbed until he could squeeze in through the hole in the wall of the tower. Cobwebby gloom met his eyes, and dusty, sprawling steps that wound down into darkness. He took one last look out through the hole at the drear landscape of tumble blocks and fallen, shattered pillars—a landscape which now seemed much more friendly than the gloomy bowels of this ages-old tower—lighted a torch and commenced his descent.

Round and down he went, brushing aside or brushing cobwebs out of his way; and tiny scurrying things moved aside for him, and dust trickled from ledges where the centuries had pilled it, and only the gloom and the winding steps descending ever deeper into bowels of earth. After what seemed an interminably long time, Exor reached the bottom and found himself in a great cavern whose walls were honeycombed with tunnels and caves.

On guard against whatever might be lurking down here, he was making up the largest of these passages when a great rumbling roar froze his breath in his throat. A belch of animal fury, the warung had swarmed from that very tunnel he had been on the point of entering. Trembling in every limb, Exor lighted a second torch and stuck it in the sandy floor, then drew his sword and waited for whatever it was that prowled these earth caverns—doubtless that ‘guard’ of which Mykylkhron had forewarned.

In a little while the demon appeared and jerked forward on spindly legs into the central hall. Half-spider, half-but that being, and twice as big as a man to boot. With curving horns like white scythe, and eyes big as saucers, the thing lowered Exor, and glanced down at him, and finally, with a voice that vibrated velvety and shrill and mournful, it spoke:

“What do ye here, little man? This is a forbidden place. Begone!”

Exor shook his head in dumb defiance and held out his torch and sword before him. And finding his voice, he said, “I run an errand for my master, and ye shall not stop me.”

“Ah!” and what is the nature of your errand?” questioned the demon.

“Ye shall have a choice,” the demon exclaimed. “Go now and I shall do no harm, but if ye stay ye must play my game. If ye win the game ye may take the book and I at last may rest—but if ye lose...”

“Then?” Exor prompted, his heart in his mouth.

“Why, then I shall eat ye!” answered the monster with a great, crouched laughter.

“And what is the nature of this game?” asked Exor, uncertain how best to strike the beast to bring him down and whether he had the strength for such a stroke.

“I shall say ye a riddle”, the demon replied, “and ye must tell me its meaning.”

Now Exor’s mind grew alert as he readied for the trial; for there never had been a riddle or rite whose meaning eluded him for long, and despite his great fear he could not refuse the demon’s challenge. "So be it", he said, "let’s hear your riddle!"

“To which Exor at once and exactly replied, “My answer is, I know you demon, and your weaknesses! You are illusion and may not harm me, for given me the chance, I shall make you as you really are, and lead me to your hiding room. Evedomme!”

The demon gave a great cry of relief, Exor supposed, and immediately shrank down into the shape of a tiny lizard which wriggled away into the dim recesses of one of the tunnels. It passed to look back, whereupon Exor heaved a sigh and followed on behind. In little while the lizard led the way into a door of bronze and squeezed beneath it. When Exor showed the door open on squashing hunger, the tiny creatures had disappeared.

The room was circular, domed and starkly bare, except for its pedestal of one’s own, the Great Book which lay upon it, thick with the dust of long centuries and more. Quickly Exor crossed to the pedestal and laid his trembling hands upon the great, jewel-crusted cover. He blew away the dust and opened its ancient pages of old leather, glided with bronze jade, gold and fabulous gems, and at the hapax and lock, green with age and neglect, and last but not least at the weirdly-wrought key where it lay beside the precious writing.

And he remembered what Mykylkhron had told him: that in this book were the secrets of suns and moons, times past and times as yet unborn, and all the wonders of wizardry dead and gone and the lore of darkening dimensions beyond the familiar thorn. Knowledge enough to make a man mighty above all other men. And Exor picked up the key and turned it, presently in the ancient lock:

Then, as he began to lift the heavy cover...

Runas graven in the crys pedestal caught his eye, and he let the cover fall back upon pages unseen. The glyphs were rare, obscure as the ages, and vast as a cypher to bedazzle the mind of any but a master cryptographer born. Such as Exor knew.

Drows drawn together in concentration, his mouth silent as they transcribed strange words, by the light of his torch he read the runes. Then, lighting yet another torch to better see, he read them again — and reached back his hand from where it was reposed upon the sorcerer’s book. For the message was very clear that without a certain protection the essence of any man brush or foolish enough to read the book would be snatched from him, leaving him empty and foolish and bereft of charm, and wild and soulless.

The protection, however, was comparatively simple: it was a moonstone, rare but well enough known to Exor, designated to propagate the protective power of Masquath, God of the Moon and of Madness, known commonly as Gleth. And now the youth knew that indeed the book’s secrets were marvelous and monstrous, for Gleth is a god who in his celestial seat sees and therefore knows all, and his moonstones are correspondingly powerful.

Without hesitation Exor took the runed out bolt, and when the echo of his voice had died away he opened the forbidden volume to the first page. There, in pages glimmering, things he at first supposed the impossible trickled of time’s sands, the warning was repeated that Gleth’s protection he sought before reading. Since he had already assailed himself of the necessary precaution, Exor turned the next page, which bore no signature but commenced straightforwardly with words of befalling might, and was bound beneath he began to read:

For long and long Exor read the book, and when his torches were finished he carried it up to the light, and for two days he read on and for two nights he sat and considered and did not sleep. He gave the patient yak his last crust, the last of his water, and on the morning of the third day closed the book and locked it. Then he stepped out beside the ruined tower and looked all about at the dreary desert and the sand-covered city.

His eyes were pale now and hollow, with shadows beneath, which were dark above the purplish of his cheeks. And his hair, no longer jet but grey, and his entire mine that of an old man burdened with wisdom and knowledge and sin, while yet his back was straight and his limbs young.

For an hour he stood thus, then turned to his yak. Alas, the poor beast lay dead and a vulture perched at its eyes, which was torn by the bird’s beak. Angered, Exor said a word—a single word—and the vulture gave a startled cry and sprang aloft, falling lifeless in the next moment. And the yak shook its head, got to its feet and gazed upon its master. It gazed with one dim old yak’s eye, and one which was sharp and bright and that of a vulture.

Then Exor led the book to his saddle and mounted himself upon his beast’s back, and so left the Desert of Evil and made for home.

III

These months and since weeks later, a stranger in a cowled cloak and riding upon a blazed yak arrived at the gates of Harumquat beneath its breathing walls. Without any of the usual formalities for such gross inefficiency he must later make blunder and only half-believed excesses of the Commander of the Guard roused the gate and let the stranger pass; and Exor— for such it was, as well you know — went straight to the palace of Mykylkhron.
On this occasion, however, he had no need of ascending to so great a height, for Mylkahnron potted in his room of repose. There Exoor found him, and there the mage gave him greeting of a sort.

"Hi, Exoor K'mool! So, you are returned to me at last, and just as I began to dream that some ill had befallessen you. And do you bring me the fruits of your quest?"

Exoor said nothing but merely stared at the master mage, observing him curiously and with mixed emotions through his changed eyes. He threw back his cowl to show locks gray as Arctic snow, above a face almost pale as that of Mylkahnron himself. Then he approached a table and brushed its surface free from chatter, placing an inkwell and quill pen to his arms, and began to write. And laying back the coverings he displayed The Great Book, and as Mylkahnron drew nigh he gave him the key.

Now the sorcerer's silver eyebrows rose a little, and without questioning Exoor's silence or his strangely altered appearance, he took the key, opened the book and turned back its jeweled-crust cover then.

Mylkahnron frowned and briefly raised eyebrows fell down low again over suddenly narrowed eyes. He turned his gaze to Exoor and gazed upon him, saying, "Youth, the first page is torn out! Do you see the broken edge, the open yellow?"

And now, in a voice fully frosty as that of his master, Exoor answered, "Yes, I have noted it."

"Hmph!" The exarchet seemed disgruntled and a little disappointed, but another moment his curiosity returned "So be it," he said, "for what is one leaf on the tree of all dark knowledge?"

Now during his journey home, Exoor had made a daemonic discovery. As can be seen, he had determined to do so and had so turned from the book the opening admonition. He reasoned that if having read the book he would not power to become mighty above all men, even above Mylkahnron himself, there would be no room for any such sorcerers in Humqussa, wherefore the great mage must go, and what better instrument of an abrupt assassination than this fearful, run-recovered volume of morbid magicks?

Unsuspecting and unprotected, Mylkahnron would read, and the book would bind him in its spell, crush him, destroy him utterly. For if the power of the thing were such as to seize upon Exoor's spirit, spelt the colour from his hair and flesh and bane his very soul — and him protected! — then would the venerable Mylkahnron fall, all frail and with aged weight down with the burst of his unexpected years.

Well, he had loved long enough, and his release would be that of a kind of soul. And anyway, the weakened Exoor would make a poor apprentice, who possessed power at least the equal of his supposed master. So let Mylkahnron read and hasten himself and then announce to the city the presence of a new and still more powerful mage in the palace of the sorcerer.

Thus had Exoor plotted and now he stood upon the threshold of his destiny and the book was open and Mylkahnron sat before it. And as onself consumed necromancer began to read out loud, so Exoor shuddered as he read and felt the furrowed treads of golems on the soft earth above. An eye slit seemed closed around his heart, and a question burned in his brain. "How then was he brought to this? A murderer most foul, Exoor K'mool who once was a dreamer and mixed love potions for persons even as Mylkahnron's wise words made sceptical bones to go rolling, and rolled the worker's rare woods, so Exoor gave a little cry and started forward, at which the sorcerer looked up.

"Is aught amiss, Exoor?" There seemed a slyness in his question. "Do you fear to hear these marvels and monstrousities? Shall I read them to myself then, in silence?"

Exoor shook his head. Was he afraid? Nay, for he had said again Gleeth's wondrous and feared not. Not for himself. "Read on," he answered; but there was a catch in his voice which had he believed extinct.

Mylkahnron nodded. "So be it," he said, his voice falling to the lowest whisper. For a little while, in silence, the two gazed into each other's eyes, and those of the elder were narrowed now and very bright. Finally they fell once more to the written page.

And so that master of magics read on until he reached the bottom of a certain leaf, and as his fingers went to turn the page Exoor once more gave a start. He knew the revelations overleaf were such as must surely scare any mortal, which Mylkahnron was of his own admission. And again that fist tightened upon Exoor's heart as he knew himself a traitor.

"Slow!" he cried as the page began to turn. "Look no more! Mylkahnron! If you would save your sight, your mind, your very soul, be still!... For I have decreed you—"

Slowly Mylkahnron looked up and smiled. Even Mylkahnron, he smiled! And it was a real smile, banishing much of his customary coldness in his manner with him.
Welcome, Gamemaster, to White Dwarf's absolutely brilliant Panorama adventure. Amongst the microscopic type crammed into the next six inches in this article, we find two of spiffy random tables for rolling on, some absolutely unbelievable enemies to drive PCs up the wall, and of course lots of jokes about roleplaying games! Won't this be fun? Needless to say, any Troubleshooter reading this far should report immediately to their nearest Termination Centre and have a nice day.

Alright, you say, what's the scam? Well button your lip, bub, and I'll tell you a story. You know what High Programmers are like, don't you? Always fiddling about with their knobs and peering into pokering things. Recently, an irresponsible high programmer brought some old file to the attention of the beloved Computer. The dusty old tapes gave some skimp account of an Old Reckoning entertainment centre. And now, ILM Sector to those few people who hadn't forgotten it long ago. The Computer has now remembered it again, and has noticed a distinct rise in electrical activity in the past few days. Rattling through logic circuits several million times as powerful as the human brain it has reached the only possible explanation for this - the Commies are hiding there! The Computer commands that a team of responsible Troubleshooters investigate the area and check whether the area is indeed infested with the little red fiends. The Computer would also like a map of this place, and of course there may well be some of that good old OR technology lying about, which the High Programmers would just love to get their hands on.

All well and good, you say. It's obviously one of those adventures where the Troubleshooters go off into the wild lands and participate in all sorts of wacky Old Reckoning encounters. And of course you'd be wrong. You see, ILM Sector was once part of the Fantasia Complex, the world centre for action amusement and live action role-playing games. But there was plenty of gaming jokes! For nearly two hundred years Fantasia has lain dormant, but just under a week ago a group known as the New World Explorers entered the complex and managed to activate its long dead systems. Unfortunately they had no idea what they were doing, and in fact restored the Fantasia central entertainments computer just in time to participate in the running of a scenario called Deadlyville - Town Of Undeath. You may now snigger to yourself at all the amusing possibilities for violent death this name conjures up for a few seconds.

MISSION ALERT

ATTENTION TROUBLESHOOTERS! ONCE AGAIN YOUR LOYALTY TO THE COMPUTER HAS BROUGHT YOU THE HONOUR OF BEING SELECTED FOR A MISSION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

YOU WILL ENTER ILM SECTOR. YOU WILL GATHER INFORMATION FOR THE COMPUTER. YOU WILL RETURN WITH VALUABLE OLD RECKONING TECHNOLOGY. PLEASE REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE TROUBLESHOOTER BRIEFING CHAMBER IN OWN SECTOR FOR YOUR BRIEFING. THANK YOU FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION.

Give this to your players. Watch them get very excited at the prospect of all the fun they are about to have. Then give them the information below, with additional details to allow you to fine tune them to existing characters from your own campaign (campaign? you run a campaign?)

MISSION OBJECTIVES

1. If you have two PCs in the same secret society, inform one of them that his opposite number is suspected of passing information to a rival secret society. It is suggested that the traitor be terminated as soon as possible. (Of course, you could tell both players this, and maybe others will be taken out in the crossfire, which could be fun.)

2. If a PC is a member of the Romantics, Pro-Tech or a spy for another Alpha Complex then inform the player that the secret society sources have heard a rumour that ILM Sector is a treasure trove of Old Reckoning Technology. Bring back as much as you can and you'll go far.

3. If there is a member of Internal Security present: Tell the player that his superiors suspect the team to be infiltrated by a Commie spy! Of course, the uncovering and enthusiastic execution of a traitor or three will lead to a commendation.

4. Any members of PURGE, Frankenstein Destroyors or the Humans can be told that ILM Sector is rumoured to hold surveillance equipment that could be useful to the computer. Under no circumstances should such vile machinery be allowed to enter Alpha Complex intact.

5. Warn one of the PCs (anyone will do but a good GM will pick the most paranoid) that both the Team Leader and his second in command are suspected Commies. Mutineers and traitors. Any orders they give aren't worth zip, and should be treated with the utmost distrust.

6. Any Armed Forces member can be informed that Internal Security is hoping that this mission will fail. This'll then be used as propaganda by the army when approaching the Computer for additional resources. This player must uphold the reputation of the Armed Forces at all cost.

Alright, referee, that's the secret part out of the way; now do your stuff!

THE BRIEFING

By now you should have chosen one of the PCs as Team Leader (alright, do it now then, and don't forget to adjust his security clearance accordingly while you're about it). The PCs can then come together at the briefing, where they are joined by four other people.

Chris P: A well dressed CPU service group bursar is assigned the onerous task of getting a load of loud mouthed Troubleshooters into ILM Sector and back. As you may have guessed, Chris-I hates Troubleshooters for all he is worth.

Gerry G: A rather scruffy member of PLC, his task here is to impress upon the PCs that the Computer is being very generous with equipment for this mission. He goes on to say that as such kit is in short supply they really should be careful with it, please.

Louis G: The R&O representative; he says very little, except that the team should expect the unexpected, that there is nothing to fear except fear in itself, and that a stitch in time saves nine. Oh, and that R&O have got some really interesting equipment for you guys, which he'll show 'em in a minute.

Saul G: He won't say much, but as a member of Power Services he won't get the chance. Oh, but the PCs will find some really exciting and interesting power sources at ILM Sector. Honestly.

Once everyone has said their piece, Louis-G suddenly and quite unexcusably accuses Power Services of trying to get access to Old Reckoning Technology before R&O, and a short but heated argument ensues, during which the team is forgotten. Any information that the PCs can get from one of the other team. (Calling clone 2! Calling clone 2!)

When the debate finishes, and all bodies have been cleared away. Chris-I reads the mission alert to the Troubleshooters, and then starts a rather long speech praising the Computer's choice of the team. Suddenly though, he gets tough, asking the PCs questions about the alert and reminding them that screw-ups are a treasonable offence. Finally, and with a glint in his eye that the PCs won't notice, he informs them to please be careful.

Once Chris-I has finished, the other service group representatives ask for questions from the Troubleshooters. Of course, the team will have plenty to ask, won't they? Not that they'll get a straight answer out of this motley lot, of course. In fact, it might be a good idea to have the Computer and the briefing itself. After all, you don't want to spend precious vapourising time answering silly questions, do you? (You see? The Computer can be your friend as well!)

Once the silence has got too embarrassing to bear, Gerry G takes the Troubleshooters to PLC where they are issued with equipment for the mission ahead, under the bounteous gernarosity of the Computer.

EQUIPPING THE TEAM

Gerry G takes charge of the outfitting personally (he doesn't want those schmucks running around in his nice labs unless he can see
From the air it looks like a single lozenge-shaped dome rising about 100 metres above the ground and covering an area of several square kilometres. The ground around it is flat - uneventfully so, perhaps - with signs of Old Reckoning road crossing, but the trees are always tall and the sky is always clear (oddly to Alpha Complexxera). There are a great many cavernous entrances to the Sector, rimming the ground level of the structure, mostly surrounded by peculiar Old Reckoning writing, now much-faded and illegible.

Several helicopter pads are suspended about three-quarters of the way up the wall; the flybot can land on one of these (though perhaps not without a problem or two, depending on whether the team has enough fuel to travel through the 100 feet of ground, dotted with rotting debris, to carry out the operation). A glass screen protects this grotto from the noise and blast of a landing helicopter. The large doors (1) are invariably locked. Steps lead down to cunningly-disguised rooms called elevators (2), which the team may find some trouble finding.

Note: The use of firebreak to break through such doors will lead to the activation of ancient security and sprinkler systems, resulting in a power fail. Foam spray will be fired at the flybot; any PC unfortunate to be hit by the spray (your choice) will have to make a very difficult check against strength or be knocked off the landing pad (whooeee splat!!!).

A glass screen protects this grotto from the noise and blast of a landing helicopter. The large doors (1) are invariably locked. Steps lead down to cunningly-disguised rooms called elevators (2), which the team may find some trouble finding.

After such diversions, the PCs can settle down to working out how to activate the elevator. (check against engineering or technical skill). When the elevator arrives, though, it will contain a securobot that will start to fire on the players or the elevator itself, if the elevator arrives with a failed skill roll, if not, why not stick in any one? Each elevator can hold six people or people-sized things, and will take its passengers straight down to ground level.

Securobot: Fantasia securobots are roughly men-sized cylinders which walk on legs, in strange fashion. They are equipped with a pair of powerful arms and several devices that allow them to move around and carry out their duties. They are designed to be used in a variety of situations, including in well-guarded areas.

GROUNDED LEVELS: In their heyday, these would have been bustling high-tech chambers, today, though, they are dirty and unsalvageable. For details see Figure 3, which is the key:

1. A trip were plowed by the New World Explorers. Any PC entering or leaving via this route will have a chance of setting it off (at your discretion, as usual). The booby trap is set off only on the floor there is a shaped bomb at either end. The last area is a 4m long corridor between two walls, having the shape of a canal, between the damage it causes to be equal to 6 n-mal damage. The players can be hit by the blast from the wall and the wall can be taken out by the blast from the wall. The wall can be taken out by the blast from the wall.
2. Ticket dispensers: These do not work, but when then they look like very open confession booths to the PCs anyway, and it is quite conceivable that they will try and use them as such. There are around 50 of them, ranged in a circle.
3. Elevator, connecting to a helpful terminal (see earlier).
4. Large tunnels, leading into a very wide corridor (the ubiquitous ring-road). Every last one is jammed - isn't that the way? - and the PCs must clamber over them or destroy them to continue on their way.
5. Large video screens, which stretch from floor to ceiling. A very bright Troubleshooter may notice some fresh footprints on these the floor that have quite clearly not been made by the team. They lead all over the place, but mostly towards the strange rotary devices (the tomahawks, dum-dum!)

ILM FROM THE AIR

ILM Sector is BIG, probably the biggest single structure the Troubleshooters have ever seen, apart from Alpha Complex of course.
ROUND AND ROUND IN CIRCLES

Beyond the turnstile, the Troubleshooters will find an open road-end walkway, about 30m wide. Way above it is a high domed roof, where orange and white lights flicker on and off (due to simple-minded Troubleshooters gawping upward and going "Gee, look at the pretty lights!"). Strange, unidentifiable noises echo all around; Troubleshooters are advised to be on the alert.

This is the ring-road, the doughnut, that acts as a central core for all of Fantasia's activity centres. Once upon a time, loud music and holographic displays would have thrilled crowds as they passed along the central gaming areas. On the outer rim of the roadway there is a magnetically-levitated shuttle train. There may well be some carriages for the thing lying idle nearby (your choice). If the team elects to try out this new method of transport, there is a 100% chance of its malfunctioning. Once everyone has stepped aboard, the train automatically starts up, slowly accelerates up to its top speed of 40 km/h, and then cheerfully refuses to stop! PCs that do not jump off will find they have a long, repetitive journey ahead of them, as they circle the 2km track every three minutes.

Around the inner edge of the ringroad are the remains of various amusement and entertainment centres. These would once have included shops, restaurants and bars, all dotted with an amazing number of real action and video games. Almost everything here has been removed by thieves and scavengers, but if the team were to spend the next few days excavating they may well find some really exciting archaeological artifacts, such as squashed gum wrappers, dropped coins and the like. However, if you want to have some fun, allow them to grub around for a few minutes and then miraculously kick something in the dust. Then let them roll a d100 on the following Pattern Old Racketing Technology Dodgy Device Random Determination Table (*applied for!):

**Die Roll**

**Object Description**

01-10 A hollowed-out puzzle-combo, consisting of a pommel with a sword on it. Press the button and a holographic image of either a sword or dagger is projected from the end of the hilt. This blade has no effect on humans, but will do quite spectacular damage to Central Gaming Area bots.

11-15 Infra-red laser gun, which looks like an incredibly ancient slughrower. When fired, it makes one heck of a bang, but nothing comes out of it. It has no effect on humans (though insect-brained Troubleshooters may believe they've been shot anyway), but has spectacular effects on Central Gaming Area bots.

16-25 A thermos flask, with a 50% chance of it containing cold coffee.

26-35 A toy walking/talking robot; there is a 50% chance of it working and scaring the PCs to death!

36-45 An electric tricycle, while unfortunately it is not longer operational as its batteries are long dead.

46-65 Advertising brochure for Fantasia (vile commie propaganda that must be vapourised immediately).

65-70 A small cloth bag holding a large selection of many-sided dice.

71-80 A disposable music-player that still capable of rendering some perverted Commie torture-music called 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show and 100 Other Ghoulish Delights' at an ear-splitting volume.

81-90 A motorised skateboard.

91-00 A portable telephone. Pity the PCs don't know anyone to call; however, if at any time the adventure begins to flag you can always have it ring end deliver some especially intriguing message.

As they roll around the ringroad, the Troubleshooters may freely interact with the carelessly developed and subtly pre-planned inhabitants of the Ring Road Random Encounter Table. Anytime you get bored, simply roll dice and let 'em have it! Keep the action flowing and the PCs on their toes and they'll never notice that you're making it all up as you go along. However, as before you shouldn't kill all of them - not just yet, anyway. All the stats for the NPCes are assembled together in the NPCes section at the end.

THE BIG ROOM

(and we mean big!!)

In Fantasia, there were large auditoriums that allow non-participants to view the game being played in the Central Gaming Area. These large halls (four in all) can be found at regular intervals along the ring-road; they also give access to the Central Gaming Area itself. Fortunately for you, their audio-visual systems have been shut up, so the Troubleshooters will enter the Gaming Area without knowing what is ahead. See Figure 4 for the layout of one of the halls, this the key to the map:

1. Entrance
2. Aisles, which lead down past the rows of seats to the stage
3. Fire exits. All four are locked. This should come as no surprise to the team, as the fire exits in Alpha Complex are locked at all times.
4. Seats. These are arranged in rows of eight, and they are in surprisingly good condition. Considering how long they've been here, they're very dark and dusty.

5. The stage. This is about a metre above the sloping floor of the auditorium, and can be reached by means of the small stairs at either side. The left hand side of the stage is covered in dust and debris, while the right part of the ceiling appears to have fallen in.

6. Left wing door, blocked by a large concrete block which fell from the ceiling sometime ago. It leads to a complex of dressing rooms and equipment rooms, but the team won't be able to go this way anyway so we're not going to detail them. Us, lazy?

7. A very large video screen, now cracked and shattered.

8. Steps down. These lead to the Central Gaming Area. Originally, the various states of the game would introduce themselves to the audience from the steps, before descending the steps to begin play.

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**THE CENTRAL GAMING AREA**

Encourage the team to descend the mysterious stairs from the stage. Be inventive in your method of doing this, or simply send a packet of second thoughts through the main door while they are on the stage. Be subtle.

At the bottom of the stairs there is a heavy steel door, standing slightly ajar. The combined strength of two Troubleshooters is needed to pull it back, whereupon it will, of course, remain, screeching like the devils of hell let loose. Beyond it, a dark metal corridor leads off for perhaps 150 metres, before ending in another solid door. This corridor has nothing especially deadly in it, but it echoes like hell. Every ten metres one of the investigators thinks he or she hears voices or footsteps, and will have to stop the party and listen for them. The echoes die away, and there is complete silence. As soon as they start walking again, the same thing happens, and so on.

The door at the other end is smaller than the first, and needs only a push to open. Once everyone is through, the door screeches back into its frame and locks itself with an ominous click which echoes away down the new corridor, which is narrow and apparently made of iron. The sky is gray and the air is pervaded by a terrible stench, obviously caused by the waste which is being dropped from the ceiling. Above the passageway (and unknown to the team) there is a large chemical tank which has been steadily leaking its contents for several decades. As a result, the air in this passageway now has a mortal danger damage done by this poison is equivalent to a weapon on Column M of the Damage Table; damage should be rolled for every round spent in the corridor, which incidentally is forty metres long.

At the far end of this noxious place, some shallow steps lead up out of the ground. As they approach they should realise that the sound of dripping water has not ceased; ahead of them is the sound of rushing water flowing over the tank. The stench and stench is punctuated by an occasional rumble of distant thunder. The Troubleshooters have arrived in Deadlyville (cue loud beat on organ - DEEDEE DEE! Deede Deede DEE DEE!).

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**DEADLYVILLE!!**

The village of Deadlyville currently occupies all of the Central Gaming Area. All of its wooden houses are tall and decaying Gothic, their darkened windows gazing emptily down like the baleful eyes of the dead on the rain-soaked settlement. All, that is, except for one house, where an illuminated upper storey window glimmers down like a beacon through the storm. Isn't this truly great bit of writing? We bet you wish you could write Paranoia scenarios as good as this one!

Ahem, back to the cliché... The steps from the passageway rise up out of the open mouth of a grave, and the Troubleshooters find themselves in the centre of a graveyard, decorated with the traditional crosses, statues and headstones. A mist starts to descend, descending farther and deeper, and the silence, if anything, gets even quieter...

The thunder rumbles overhead, punctuated by brilliant flashes of forked lightning which flash across the sky with a light almost as bright as a Troubleshooter getting vapours!

The mist is thick and wet, and the Troubleshooters should just be able to make out the grim shape of a small, spired church; through its stained glass windows an orange light flickers wanly. Sombre organ music floats down on the breeze. All of a sudden...

**Whirling Ghosts!**

We interrupt the dead exciting bit with an important message. Deadlyville is... it's huge. But since it's unlikely the team will ever get beyond this graveyard we haven't drawn a map. Yes, we know, but there it is. Should the Troubleshooters get away with something unexpected you will have to partake of the same fun-filled gaming ritual known as "whirling it". You should also fix yourself in a shape that the PCs have got one over on you, and should resist the impulse to kill the bums at the first likely opportunity.
hope to find sanctuary (are you kidding?), or they can get out the way they came in - down the steps! Of course, if they choose the latter they'll get about halfway down the passage before they realize that the door locks itself. By this time the Zombies will have reached the open grave at the top of the steps, and all means of escape will be cut off. (The door, incidentally, has armour equivalent to plate, and should be treated as a vehicle for damage effects. Blowing this door off will give the Zombies access to the whole of Fantasia, and they will pursue the Troubleshooters until they dy.. er, until they fall apart.)

Of course, Troubleshooters who feel that the church is a safer bet are in for a big surprise.

THE CHURCH

As soon as they pull open the large oak doors of the church, the Troubleshooters find themselves confronted with 8 hairy men clad only in loin-cloths and huddled around a bonfire. They will, of course, take up their arms and attack immediately, making no distinction between the living and the undead. The Troubleshooters will find themselves caught in the crossfire between half a dozen New World Explorers and a horde of ravening Zombies, all intent on killing them.

While this ghastly scene of mayhem and bloodshed continues, let us look around this pleasant little church, as depicted in Figure 5.

It's a rather small little place, sparsely decorated with a few statues and carvings, though many have been flung to the ground and are broken: 1) the pair of heavy oak doors, bound with iron, which the characters swung open when they arrived; 2) the pew, carved from some strange brown organic substance that has been polished up to look like genuine plastic; (3) we find the pew which would once have held an angelic choir; 4) is the altar, now just a bare stone block. And of course at 5) there is the bonfire, around which once sat six hairy loonies, who are at this moment killing the Troubleshooters.

JUST IN CASE SOMEONE SURVIVES...

And so we draw a veil over this sorry scene of death and carnage. But what, you say, my Troubleshooters are so hot they survived all this and are at this moment heading back out into the viewing auditorium with the intention of fleing the place; what shall I do? Well, GM, get after 'em. All those Zombies ain't gonna let 'em go, now are they? And there are bound to be some more of those krazy New World Explorers, and securoids, and many more. Play the escape from Fantasia as a frenetic chase sequence and we can guarantee your PCs will have fun, even while they are dying. Well, maybe.

THE DEBRIEFING

There is no debriefing. This adventure should not be survivable unless your really screwed up your GMing. Any survivors who claim to have come from ILM Sector will, of course, be lying (they may even be Commie spies trying to infiltrate Alpha Complex) and they will, of course, be executed for treason.

But in the very unlikely event that a Troubleshooter does get back to Alpha Complex with this worthwhile piece of Old Reckoning Technology, then you may be grateful (yeah you'd never catch us being merciful). This is, of course, providing the player thinks up a good report for his Troubleshooter ends up holding over a piece of equipment that is both operational and of obvious practical use. You'll just have to gimme your teeth and make a note to kill his Troubleshooter first next time. Then you'll know.

THE NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

The New World Explorers

These loonies are a large group of travelling adventurers, made up of renegade Troubleshooters from another Alpha Complex. Their experiences outside have driven each and every one of them crazy, such that they are now a group of homicidal maniacs - a condition that the reactivation of ILM Sector has only served to worsen.

None of them wear any armour, because they have long since discarded all Alpha Complex clothing in favour of loin-cloths and bear-skins. However, the New World Explorers took with them all the weapons and survival equipment that they could. The result is that the PCs may well find a good selection of kit from the Equipment Table on their bodies.

During play you can assume that each New Worbler has the same abilities and skills:

- Strength 16
- Endurance 10
- Agility 12
- Dexterity 15
- Manual Strength 4
- Melee Strength 15
- Range 10
- Archery 10
- Comprehension 18
- Mechano Agility 18
- Repair 12
- Power 15
- Basics (1)
- Hostile Environments (1)
- Melee Combat (2)
- Aimed Weapons (2)
- Survival (2)
- Knife (3)
- Projectile (3)
- Personal Development (1)

As mentioned earlier, the New World Explorers are all very armed; to decide what weapons they are using, roll a 0100 on this table:

**Die Roll** | **Weapon**
---|---
01-10 | Hand laser
11-18 | Laser rifle
19-30 | Energy pistol
31-45 | Cone rifle
46-55 | Slugthrower
56-85 | Slugthrower (semi-automatic)
86-76 | Bow & arrows
77-85 | Sword
86-90 | Force sword
91-00 | Club

* indicates you should also roll on the following table for the type of shells used in the weapon:

**Die Roll** | **Shell Type**
---|---
01-40 | Solid slug
41-60 | Dum-dum
61-80 | HE
81-00 | AP

**Bots of the Central Gaming Area**

Most of the NPCs encountered will be robots. These fall into two separate categories - the securoid, (see the text earlier) and the...
Central Gaming Area bots. All the bots in the latter category share a common humanoid design, although their external appearance may vary wildly. Their bot brains contain programs which allow each bot to play its role in the scenario in question. However, just like the author, these programs have been corrupted. The bots cannot now distinguish between fantasy and reality. Nothing new here, you may say, most of White Dwarf’s readers are the same. But in this case it means that the bots are going to actively try following their programmed motivations, and kill every thing they come across! Each bot has the equivalent of padding armour protection, but their abilities are quite different.

**Count Dracula:** The archetypal vampire, tall, thin and dark-haired. He comes complete with fangs and flowing cape. Combat Skill - unarmed, bite 40%. The Count’s fangs are treated as Column 6 weapons.

**The Gargoyle:** This ghastly thing flies on leathery wings (rocket assisted, of course), and attacks with terrible blunt stone talons. Combat Skill - talon 35%. Each counts as brass knuckles for damage purposes.

**Werewolf:** Large, hairy and with his mouth in a permanent snarl, old Wolfe is not a pleasant character. He leaps at his victims, attacking with claws and fangs. Combat Skill - claws/fangs 45%. They count as brass knuckles for damage purposes.

**Frankenstein’s Monster:** This one is big and tough and likes stomping on pesky little Troubleshooters. You know what old Frank looks like - just describe him so he sounds scary instead of cute! In combat he just pummels away with his two over-sized fists. Combat Skill - unarmed, fists 40%. Treat his hands as clubs for determining damage.

**Zombies:** Dressed in rotting shrouds, their skin hanging away in clumps to reveal their bulging inner organs, the Zombies are truly revolting things. They appear in all shapes, sizes and colours, and are armed with a variety of interesting weapons. To decide what to arm them with, roll a D100 on the Zombie Weapon Table below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Roll</th>
<th>Weapon</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>01-30</td>
<td>Club (clay or bone)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31-50</td>
<td>Sword (foil, rapier and cutlass)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51-70</td>
<td>Knife (blade, rusty and jagged)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71-00</td>
<td>A different Club (cost)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Vet: Though not encountered in the Central Gaming Area, the Vet is of the same design as the other bots. This beast is large, white and furry. Its two piercing red eyes lock onto a victim and continue to stare at it until its attack is over. Combat Skill - unarmed, fists 40%. Treat its fists as brass knuckles when working out damage.

**APPENDICES**

**PC Security Levels:** This adventure has been designed ideally for use by a Troubleshooter team of clearances YELLOW, YELLOW plus ORANGE, or ORANGE. It is assumed that Team Leader will be temporarily promoted to GREEN. If you want to use it with a higher group of PCs, make the bad guys tougher too!

**The Cavalry - Send In The Clones:** The Computer will only supply clones when the team is absolutely desperate for them - when losses stand at 50% or more. It will take between 3 and 4 hours for a new clone to get to ILM Sector, and may then spend some time searching for the others (though their trail of destruction may not be too hard to follow).

**The Cooler:** Fantasia has a good way of dealing with troublemakers. The secunbots apprehend the offenders and drag them off to lock in small cells, hidden in a labyrinthine maze of corridors full of secunbots and locked doors. Troubleshooters who are taken to The Cooler will never get out alive. Better still, don’t waste time - kill them where they stand!

**Future Missions To ILM Sector:** This sector is quite large, and the troubleshooters will only scratch at its surface during this adventure. Hidden within it are power generators, bot production and maintenance facilities, storerooms and maybe other Gaming Areas too. If your players really hated this adventure, how could you fail to send them back here at the earliest opportunity?

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

Alright, hands up all those who spotted where we stole the ideas for this adventure from then?:

A wide selection of horror movies and spoofs, especially *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*,

*The Scooby Doo Show* (a great favourite of the editors)

And *Dream Park* by Larry Niven and Steven Barnes. Thanks chops, and sorry we ripped you off.

(This adventure was developed for White Dwarf by the ever vigilant servant of The Computer, Marc Gascogne.)
Chained in a small, darkened room by the editorial bullies until I agreed to do 'Easy Metal' - no food for days, no water, just notepaper and chewed buros pushed under the door. So...

In The Beginning...

There is nothing worse than finding a flash line on a figure, so the first job is to clean off all the bits of excess metal - the flash lines and the odd lump that stay left on the casting. A sharp blade and modelling files are the best tools for this job. Be careful doing this, as painting figures is a lot harder with stumpy, shortened finger ends. Once this is done, the figure can be firmly fixed to a base, using some sort of epoxy resin or superglue.

If you want the figure to have a scenic base, this is probably the best time to do the modelling - because we don't want to get potty on the painted model, do we? Scenic bases are easy to construct using any commercial modelling putty (Milliput or Zinny putty etc). There's no need to buy any special tools, as I find a compass point or a pin are sufficient. Simply stippling the putty with the point of the compass will give an effective grass finish.

An easier way of achieving a grass effect is to mix sand and flock powder with PVA glue and then spread the resulting mixture on the base. Allow this to dry and the base is finished. If you leave the base until the figure has been painted and varnished, you can simply paint the base with PVA glue and then pour flock powder over it. All you then have to do is shake off the excess. All of this means that you don't have to bother with painting the base. There are other methods, but these are the three that I use.

Lurking Just Beneath The Surface...

After the base is finished, I undercoat the figure - using a matt white carbody primer in most cases. On the other hand, if the figure is heavily armoured, it gets a coat of black undercoat, as this gives a better base colour armour. Once this base is thoroughly dry, I put a wash of (usually brown) ink over the whole figure. This helps to pick out the fine detail.

Once all this has dried, the real job of painting begins. As far as paints go, I use a mixture of Citadel Acrylics and artists inks. A number 1 or 2 sized brush is ideal as well, because a good quality sable has as fine a point as a size 0 or 00, and it can hold more paint at one go.

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This month: Colin Dixon

A man who gets to sit around all day at Games Workshop - and do nothing but paint figures! Little did Colin Dixon realize that when he entered the Chaos Battle Banner competition in the Citadel Compendium that he would win. Modest little chap! Little did he know that - as a direct result of his winning - John Blanc would actually offer him a job! Little did he know that one day he would appear on the pages of White Dwarf - a magazine he reads every night before going to bed. In fact, Colin didn't know a great deal, except about figure painting, at which he is moderately brilliant. OK, quite brill! Colin is also worshipped by an obscure sect of Chihuahua owners. One of these statements may be a lie.
Fig 17 One of this month's new C35 Chaos Warriors
Fig 18 C33 Ogre Executioner (available next month)
Fig 19 & 20 Some of the variants of the new addition to the Citadel Plastics Range, The Skeleton Horde
Fig 21 AOD 86 Minouss a one of Colin's best paint jobs to date
Fig 22 The Black Ace Orcs stand ready for battle

Fig 23 & 24 The New Skeleton Regiment of Reckzewn & the remade Bugmans Dwarf Rangers, coming soon from the Citadel Forges
Flesh, Flesh!

I always start a figure with the flesh. I prefer to start work on areas of shadow and gradually build up to the highlights. The paint is thinned right down when applied in many layers like this, and the colours are blended on the figures as I go on.

The eyes sockets are covered in a darker tone of whatever flesh tint I am using on the rest of the figure. The eyeball then gets painted white. Once dry (and this doesn’t take long), a dot of black is the centre of the eye; it looks as if it needed a steady enough hand to manage a highlight on the eye. Faces get finished with a little red on the lips and cheeks, and I find that a wash of blue ink under the eyes and around the chin gives a really haggard look.

Hair and fur are probably the easiest and quickest things to paint. Paint the whole of the furry/hairy area with the shade that you want, then use a wash of a darker tone over it. When all this is dry, mix a little white into some more of the original shade and dry brush this over the whole area.

**Dedicated Follower of Fashion**

The clothing on a figure always looks more interesting when it is brightened up a little. Stripes, checks and dots are all quick and easy to do with a little practice. Why not paint each trouser leg a different colour? Virtually anything goes.

When painting iron or steel armour and metal, I use three colours: black, chamois and silver. The whole of the area that needs to be “iron” gets painted black (which is why the black undercoat gets used on heavily armoured figures). These bits are then drybrushed with chamois and given a highlighting with touches of silver. Rust - on orcs or undead figures, for example - is easy to do using a mixture of red and brown. Run a wash of this mix over the whole surface and it will collect around rivets and joints.

Steel is done in much the same sort of way, but with a little more silver. A little blue, if mixed in the final silver highlights, gives an interesting effect. Gold, bronze and copper are all done in the same way, but using brown and various shades of yellow to arrive at the final look.

**Chaos, Death and... Washes of Ink?**

Any colour - not just the logical ones - can be used in metals. This is especially good for Chaos armour. First paint the armour as though it were iron or steel. Then, using very thin washes of ink, gradually build up the other colours. Just make sure that each layer has dried before moving on to the next. If this is used on weapons, such as swords, it gives them a really magical look.

Now that the Chaos armour is done, why not stick on a couple of runes? Everything looks and feels better for a good run. Or alternatively, why not paint metal armour without using metal paint?

All sorts of metal finishes can be easily achieved although I think that gold, copper and bronze look best. The techniques used can be the same as for flesh and cloth, but it is best to keep away from dull colours. Washes of ink over metal bases are my favourites, but this does take a long time to reach a good finish.

I like to spend quite a lot of time on the shield of the figure has one. If the centre boss is removed and the hole filled in (with something like Milliput), this provides a better painting surface - which you can really go town on. If you are stuck for ideas, it might help to get hold of a few heraldry or fantasy art books. Again, shields always look good with a few runes on them, although my favourite design is the one I use most - the good old skull.

**Bring On The Sticky Little Fingers**

It only remains to paint the base. All finished. Or is it? Along comes your younger brother or a friend with two right hands and with sticky little fingers - and "Sorry, didn’t mean to touch it..." Wipe away your tears and get the varnish out. Personally, I prefer matt varnish, but I always give the figures a coat of gloss first.

Right, that’s it. Whatever the results, never give up. Happy Painting.
Democracy is wonderful, if somewhat slow. You might remember the reader's poll that was included in the last issue. A simple job, so we thought, to sit down and collate all the replies. Not so. After a little over a week, the returned forms are in a not-so-little pile of 200 or so (the previous record on returns being a few under 900, apparently). There will now be a short delay in announcing the results while Paul sits down, takes off his shoes and socks, and gets counting. However, the high response - and no sign of stopping yet - means that, for once, the views of the bulk of the readership will come to the fore, rather than those of a highly motivated (and perhaps unrepresentative) minority. If you're reading this before 1st September, you still have time to get your vote sent in.

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the Dark Land of Mordor... comes MERP II, with completely revised rules, new cover art and a revised format as a boxed set and/or a 128 page perfect bound book. I'd love to be able to tell you more, but ICE don't seem to be answering the phone at the moment.

However, Palladium do answer the phone. So far, the 'sleeker' of 1986 has to be Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles & Other Strangenesses. It's proved to be staggeringly popular in a quiet sort of way, so all those people who bought it will be pleased to know that TMNT Adventures is out. This is a 48-page adventure specifically for the Ninja Turtles themselves, and it also features a 10 page comic strip, specially commissioned for the module. After that comes Road Hogs, an 'After the Bomb' type supplement for TMNT.

One of the big problems with Panama is the box. OK, so you can keep all the rule things in one convenient place, but it's simply not hard enough for use as a patent all-action paranoic-inducing - it can't hit the players with the box without it undergoing severe deformation.

Fortunately, the hardback edition of the Panama rules can save the day. It has all the same old rules that every Commodore 64/128/1541/1571 Tractor already ignores, but the hardback is (A) cheaper and (B) a lot more intimidating than the box. Just think of a real role-playing game - as Internal Security asks those difficult little questions - need oop longer take place solidly in the mind... Further good news on the Panama front is that all the US adventures are to be reprinted in the UK (which saves hard earned credits) as back-to-back double adventures. Better still, news of the latest adventure is that it is to be Orc Busters. The subject matter? Panama meets D&D.

If you like driving (or other people), Car Wars Expansion Set I is available from a load more game maps to do it on - and Uncle Albert's 2026 Update gives you the latest maps, or do it on your own. Scheduled for an October release in the States, Expansion Set 10 will include counters from nearby everywhere: Duetrack, assorted earlier expansion sets are nowhere else any car. Bar Wars counter might be lurking. Speaking of car related, GURPS, the Steve Jackson Games role-playing system, is due to link in with Car Wars through GURPS Autoads - a book format and source pack for role-playing in the Car Wars future.

For all you fans of tentacled horrors and gibbering loathesomenesses, Spawn of Azathoth ($15.95) is the latest Call of Cthulhu (ouch, you guessed) adventure pack. This is another boxed mega-scenario ($15.95) from those wonderfully fearful people at Chaosium. Why is it that COC always seems to bring out the best in game writers?

Yet more news of the d100. After Paul Cockburn told you all those fibbies about it actually being available, apparently the manufacturers are having some problems with the moulds. However, its non-availability has not stopped people sending us d100 details.

Meanwhile, back at the GW ranch, the big rules round up continues. Strange, gibbering conversations can be heard echoing down the corridors 'Who's got insanity? and 'Where's the poison?' not forgetting 'AAAARRRGGHHHHHHHWH!' WFRP is proceeding to plan, although the whole concept has been changed to WFRP (pronounced WOOF-up) - Warhammer Fantasy Role-Playing.

WFRP/WFRP is being produced by (in their own words) 'the cream of the Games Workshop intelligentsia', and only now can it be revealed that the character generation system includes over 100 skills and 100 possible careers (in this a record of some kind?), that there are eight different sorts of wizard, plus clerics, druids and runemasters who can all use different sorts of magic; that there are millions (I think they are exaggerating a smudge with this bit) of new and slightly used (in Warhammer Battle) monsters, that there will be two campaigns - background packs and lots of module-sized adventures - released almost immediately, one by Paul Vernon and the other by Graeme Davis, Jim Bambara and Phil Gallagher, that the 10mph horses have been taken out of the game (boo!), and that the WFRP/WFRP book will include 'The Oldhammer Contract', a starting adventure by Richard Hallstatt.

WFRP/WFRP is currently on schedule for a late November release date, and as this is being written it's just starting to go to typesetting and production. Next month's White Dwarf will include a special WFRP/WFRP supplement as a taster for the system.

With lots of new stuff just into the shops - the D&D Immortalis Set, Dungeonmors's Survival Guide and MSH Advanced Rules - things are entering another quiet phase for TSR where new poodles are concerned. The fabled Unearthed Arcana II - replaced in the yearly D&D schedules by the DSG - has still to enter production. Its second replacement for 1986 is the Wilderness Survival Guide.

TSR UK's Creature Catalogue (the last project that Jim Bambra and Phil Gallagher worked on for TSR before becoming involved in WFRP) has been despatched to the States for production. Creature Catalogue is a D&D 'Monster Manual', which is a far better proposition than it sounds. Look for this one sometime just before Christmas. If you can get hold of a copy, TSR UK's other major project - no, really. It is contribution to gaming in 1986 is STI 'Up the Garden Path', a fairly strange little adventure based in and around Stoke Garden Festival.

By any standards, Dragonoid must be judged to have been a success. Apart from setting a new D&D Marathon record - 84 hours of continuous play the event also managed to raise over £1500 while it lasted, with the promise of more to come as the sponsorship money rolls in. The 64-hour extravaganza should also appear in the Games Book of Records, as the result (which hardly beats the previous 66 hours' worth) came in just before the book went to press.

After all the excitement of shooting people down in the WWI dogfights with Ace of Aces and hacking up your best friends (in the nicest possible way) with Lost Worlds books, you can now use much the same sort of system to plunder around a fantasy dungeon. Combat Heroes, by Joe Dever, takes elements of the Ace of Aces here's-what-you-see-now-pick-a-manoeuvre system, and two-player gamebooks to give quite an interesting looking little game. If your taste runs to gamebooks they are worth checking out and, unlike lots of the view-option system games, this one can be played solo.

And finally, a brief mention of Slaughter Margin, the next adventure for the Judge Dread RPG. This is going to be a boxed set, including maps. Judges will once more get the chance to prove that they are warm, wonderful, compassionate upholders of the Law... or (probably) not.

And finally, finally, the winners of the Beauty and the Beest competition were Simon Ayres, Noel Baterman, Daniel Cardle, Jason Cockcroft and Andrew McIntyre who will already have received their copies of Chris Achilles's latest book, Sirens.

Sirens is a book full of callipygian (look it up) images, and very well done they are too. Chris Achilles's work has graced many a cover of White Dwarf in the past, as well as book covers on works by major authors such as Michael Moorcock. However, Achilles may not be quite so well-known to Dwarf readers as the producer of film posters... Unlike the previous book, Beauty and the Beest, Sirens includes text by Nigel Buckling, detailing Achilles's methods of working. Sirens is an interesting read and, if all else fails, you can sit back and admire the quality of the artwork...
Journeys in time

by Stephen Palmer

You might not think fiddling with time and role playing would go together too well, but with a little effort they can be made to work, giving many extra options for scenarios and characters. Time has not always been dealt with terribly well by fantasy and sf authors (with a notable and fascinating exception being Gene Wolfe), and not at all by many role-players I think it is worth a little consideration by GMs, the advantages of a workable system being many. I have fiddled with time in my own campaign, and it is curious how the various consequences and ideas have now become an integral part of the campaign, sometimes coming up without my noticing, sometimes pointed out by the

Theoretically, it is possible to move forwards in time relative to the rest of humanity (or whatever is your reference point) due to the Einstein time-dilation effect, which occurs at speeds approaching that of light. Unfortunately, Einstein theories do not permit the reverse operation. However, since relativity is not normally an important part of average campaign, we shall dispense with these minor points for the purposes of this article.
Concepts of Time

These ideas of time in a universe or worlds and closely associated with the idea of paradox. A paradox, in the time sense, is something in which two or more events conflict and cannot be resolved, or some event in which is apparently impossible — such as being your own father.

Organic Concept

This idea depicts time as something which will itself react to changes in its state. Should a paradox even be attempted somewhere in the normal run of things, time will react in some way so as to either nullify or counteract it. For example, if a man were to go back in time and try to do something which would change history, an apparent paradox when seen in his eyes, it would either be impossible, or be later counteracted so as to restore normality. Thus Alfred Zipp, a time-traveller off to assassinate President Kennedy in 1961, failed.

The idea is nicely illustrated in The Hitch-Hikers Guide to the Galaxy, when Ford realises that nothing he does on the Earth two million years before the Vogons destroy it will affect anything — he and Arthur have already experienced the future, and know it will happen.

The alternative to simple failure is that the paradoxical event does happen, but providing it is minor compared to the major historical events, it will be recognised. This type of universe would be different to the one above, since here minor paradoxes can exist. Major ones can not, or will be counteracted (see Major and Minor Events).

Both these types postulate a Universal Time Continuum (UTC), the normal flow of time, if you like. It is interesting to note that most people conceive of time as a river. Gene in The Book of the New Sun, saw it as a sea, with currents and other movements, and this can be a useful analogy and imagining it.

Parallel Worlds

The cases above where paradoxes can exist lead to a fascinating idea, that of alternative universes. There are an infinite number of them, in which every possible path of history is followed. Each universe has its own unique UTC, but can only be entered by someone doing something temporally unnatural in their own universe which actually happened in another, parallel world.

This concept is very nicely illustrated by an episode of Star Trek called City on the Edge of Forever. Dr McCoy, in a bout of drug induced insanity, jumps through a time-portal into the Amaranth of the 1930s. He there does something that changes the course of history relative to Kirk and the rest — the Enterprise disappears in this new universe it never existed. The lending party are stranded. Kirk and Spock go back to determine what McCoy did and try to stop it by appearing before he does — using the time portal again. It turns out that someone has to stop McCoy rescuing an influential social worker from death: if she lives America delays its entry into World War II and Nazi Germany develops the atomic bomb first, subsequently either capturing or destroying the world. Kirk does stop McCoy and they return to their own universe in the process. The parallel universe idea is only implied by this episode, not explicitly stated.

The parallel universe concept is very interesting in that it allows paradoxical events (which are always fascinating and a superb source of RPG ideas) but also ways of stopping or reversing them. It assumes one true universe, that is experienced in the players' campaign. Apart from City being a beautifully written and moving story, there is one other interesting point — Kirk, just before he and Spock leave, tells the rest of the lending party that they too must go back and try to do the task, once they think sufficient time has passed (relative to them). There are a multitude of scenarios coming from this idea.

Robert Hanlien, in his Number of the Beast, introduced a similar and rather clever idea. A professor discovers there are three dimensions of time as well as space, which implies six to the power six to the power six universes — a very large number. Each is related to the normal universe (again there is a true or normal home universe), but they get more and more distorted and unusual as you move out along the six axes. Again, there is plenty of scope here for ideas — such as people of the other universes also having the means to travel them and go about their various businesses, nefarious or otherwise. In the book, the main characters had such a means, built into a futuristic car.

Foci

The Star Trek episode mentioned above combines another idea into its plot. The influential social worker who must die is a focal point in time, to which temporally moving persons or objects are drawn. This idea could work in a number of universe types — in the parallel universe concept, it would work just as in the Star Trek story, the characters being inevitably drawn to the point however they act. It would also work quite nicely in the major and minor event type below —

here, all paradoxes involving these focal points would be major ones, and forbidden by the forces of time, but minor ones could be allowed. These wouldn't involve the focal points at all, which are the fundamentally important events and persons of history. These are inviolate.

Major and Minor

Following from the organic concept and the idea of foci we can construct another idea. "World History" consists of major events — who after all has heard of Alfred Zipp, who went back in time and stole a few mint 1900 pennies for his collection? Extending this, we could have a universe where minor paradoxes can occur, but major ones cannot. Anything which would alter collective species or racial history, such as the death of a world leader, would be a major paradox, and the vast forces of time would stop it happening.

The Paradoxic Universe

The opposite to the organic universe is the paradoxic universe. Here, all historical events are only inviolate with respect to the very few that can occur — paradoxes can and must happen so that history, according to someone at the end of time, is correct. The paradoxes themselves are an integral part of history. Time-travellers would provide the paradoxes.

The Web Concept

This is a difficult idea to sustain and use, but has interesting points. The UTC is infinite, and can be altered at will by anyone with such ability. History is not inviolate at all, and thus paradoxes are perfectly possible. History will thus depend only on people's memories — it will be possible for two people to experience the same portion of history in completely different ways.

The idea requires a rather free and easy campaign (temporarily speaking) but is an option for conflict between opposing groups who want to order events in their own ways. In fact, any important part of the campaign could be changed and changed again many times, if the people involved were very persistent. They would have serial memories of all the re-runs, and the decisions that were made when undertaking them, but each re-run would have to completely cancel the previous one.

For example, suppose there are two time travelling opponents, Alfred Zipp and Jim Smith. These two fight a battle which Alf wins — but then Jim goes back and changes the outcome by using a sword and the UTC from that point on is
changed. Then Alf goes back with a pistol, and wins the fight. Jim escapes, but goes back with a laser cannon... and so on. Each man would have senal memories of the various re-runs, but according to some-one else, the result, and history from there on, would be according to the last re-run: Jim and the laser cannon.

One problem emerging from the WAB concept is that of meeting yourself if you go back in time. Why shouldn't Jim meet himself fighting Alf when he goes back? The answer is to remove the old Jim from the UTC as soon as a new Jim enters; as the UTC is altered he can either re-live the future events he has in his memory, or live them a different way. As I said, this concept is very free and easy, and rather difficult to imagine in use. I think it would have to be used in a specifically time-orientated campaign, and probably not a very serious one.

The Seas of Time

A viable alternative to all the above is to use a self-consistent adaption of one, or any other interesting variation. There is a lot to be said for making a temporal system less cut-and-dried; this will give time-manipulation a more mysterious and uncharted air, which is beneficial. It also leaves room for GMs to improve events as they desire, within a framework of some sort. The Sea idea could be used here allowing temporally fixed character abilities or affects as necessary, rather than designating them all exactly right from the start. However, as I have said, it is wise to determine in detail what the framework of a temporal system otherwise great confusion can result.

Travellers in Time

Most fantasy and sf authors allow their time-hopping characters extraordinary intelligence and truly remarkable memory. They have to remember vast tracts of history, relate to many different eras, and be conscious of virtually the entire continuum. Whilst a special being with time-related abilities should be able to do this, your average man such as Alfred Zipp, who accidentally discovers a time-machine or was born with spacial mental abilities should not — at least not initially. Alfred Zipp would, I think, be very confused, reacting somewhat imperfectly to his situation. It would take a lot of subjective time for him to sort out his memories; and as he would be unsure as to what was happening when he started out he might never fully understand. Having said that, confused or rather uncertain time-travellers do make superb NPCs, and many a plot can be hung thereon.

I have found two methods of involving PCs and time-travel in my own D&D campaign. One is never to allow the players to go back in time, apart from brief and very controlled forays when they cannot, or don't want to, do anything paradoxical. Travel into the future is fine however, presenting a lot less difficulty! The alternative, and this is very useful in a historical-type campaign, is to establish the players home time, and allow brief journeys back and forth from there, always returning to the same area. Careful design can ensure paradoxes are avoided. One of the most rewarding thing is that players are allowed to research and experience history without recourse to inaccurate half-remembered legends and dusty old scrolls, although these undoubtedly have their uses!

In the special being category, there are a number of interesting options. It could be that the vast impersonal forces of time, which might disallow or subtly reverse paradoxes, are personified by one or more special beings. It is their duty to exist in the UTC and keep or bring about normality. Alternatively, the beings could be part of the paradoxic universe, watching for the key historical figures to appear and then fertilising them back or forwards to perform their historical function.

Another possibility is that the whole of time itself is personified by one or more beings (time was often thought of like this, as in the Old Father Time figure of many mythos). These beings would thus allow or disallow events as they saw fit, shaping history as they desired. Though such figures would fit in the paradoxic universe, they are perfectly suited to the major/minor concept. PCs and NPCs could be involved in the adventures of these time-gods. They could be important to the story, in some way affected by their actions, or perhaps be fighting against them. The possibilities are endless.

Abilities

Apart from time-travelling, with or without others, beings who have temporal abilities might have other powers — for example, the increase or decrease of the rate of time passing could be allowed. Perhaps a friendly particle might help a D&D party raid a temple by slowing their subjective time-flow, maybe doubling the amount of time they have to do the job. This can be extended to allow super slow and haste effects. Timetop is already available, but only to eighteenth level MUs, being the end-point of the slow effect. Another possibility is that rather than beings being transportable through time, only objects can be so treated. This gives rise to many interesting ideas, such as messages from the past or future, technological items coming down through time to end up as magic items or artifacts, and so on. It also limits the impact of time manipulation for GMs who don't want to risk the full implications of beings travelling in time!

Another interesting possibility is that the alternation of events by the deletion or insertion of chunks of time. Perhaps a particle could manipulate a tampa radion, causing the insertion or deletion of an extra day into their subjective time continuum. Time deletion would work best in the parallel universe concept, each deletion meaning a new universe where the delayed events didn't happen. Time insertion could work in most universes types.

Another ability is time navigation — the observation of events, normal or paradoxical, when analysing the UTC. This ability can be used in universe where time manipulation doesn't affect — it is basically possible for future navigation, or scrying the past for the reverse. In temporarily active universes, it is also a useful ability to possess.

Alternatively, the concept of personal time continuums (PTC) could be used. Every living being has a PTC, and these can be analysed by time navigators — simply telling your fortune! Each person, PTC begins at his birth, and ends at his natural death. PTCs are also useful aid in imagining the time mation process. In the example above, the temple raid, each party members PTC would have an extra hour put in that nobody else had — thus, only in their memories do they seem to have had the extra hour. If they were not in the same position at the beginning and of this hour, a person observing from the outside would see them disappear and then reappear instantly, "flicking" to the position they occupy at the end of the hour.

But PTCs do not necessarily have to be added to. Imagine the consequences of deleting the portion of a person's PTC where a death (other than that by natural causes, which is right at the end of his PTC and invariable) occurs, and pushing the cut ends together. Not only death, but injuries, diseases and a multitude of other events could be deleted and avoided.

Of course, anyone could become immortal by continuously inserting time into his PTC, but personally I wouldn't accept this, certainly not for a PCI! Death could be caused by the deletion of all but the beginning and end of the PTC — there is no possible way for the victim to retaliate I wouldn't let happen.

I hope I have given some useful ideas here, but I would caution GMs (from my own experience) that it is wise to finalise their own concepts of time before trying any manipulation — otherwise things can get somewhat tangled.