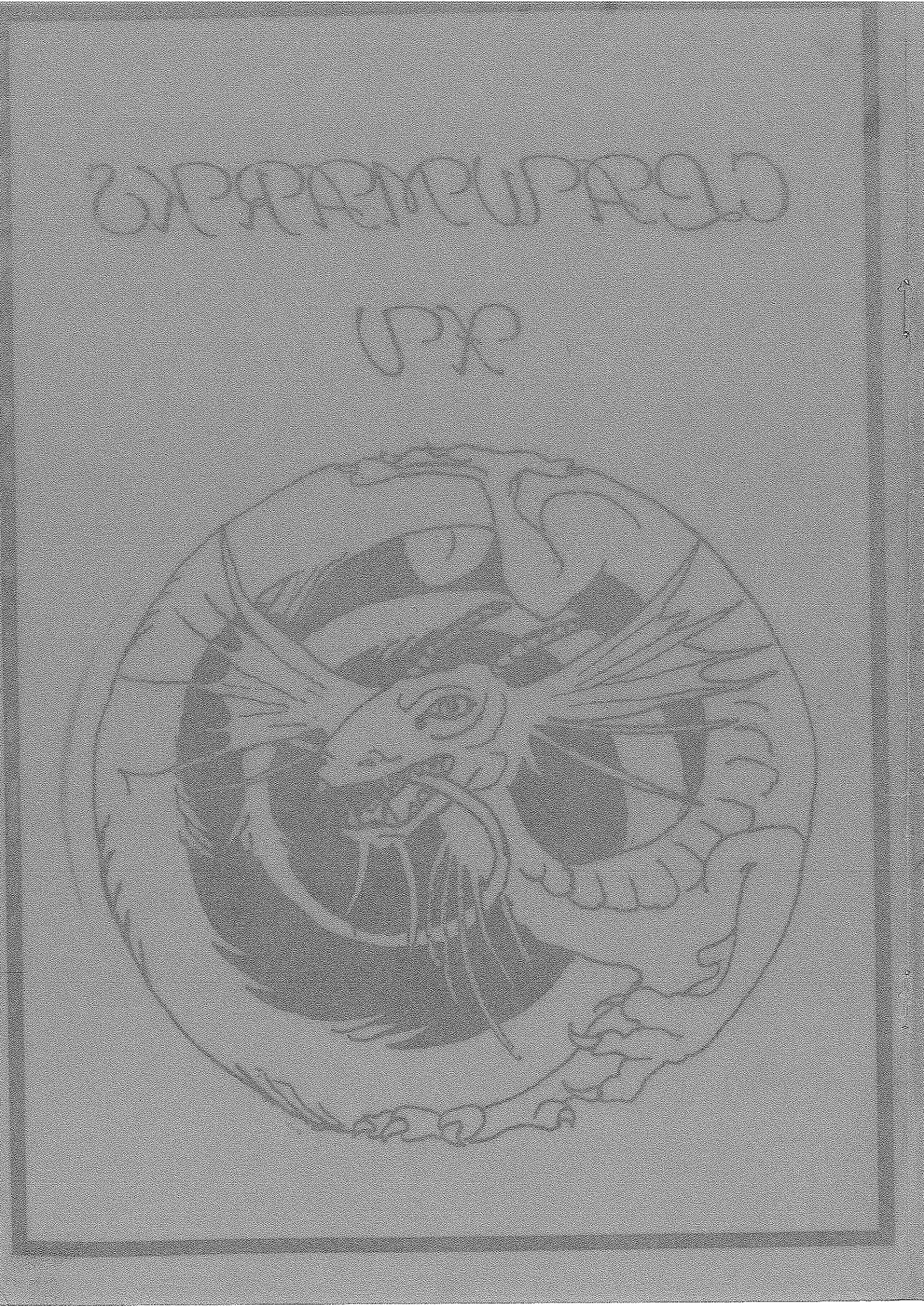


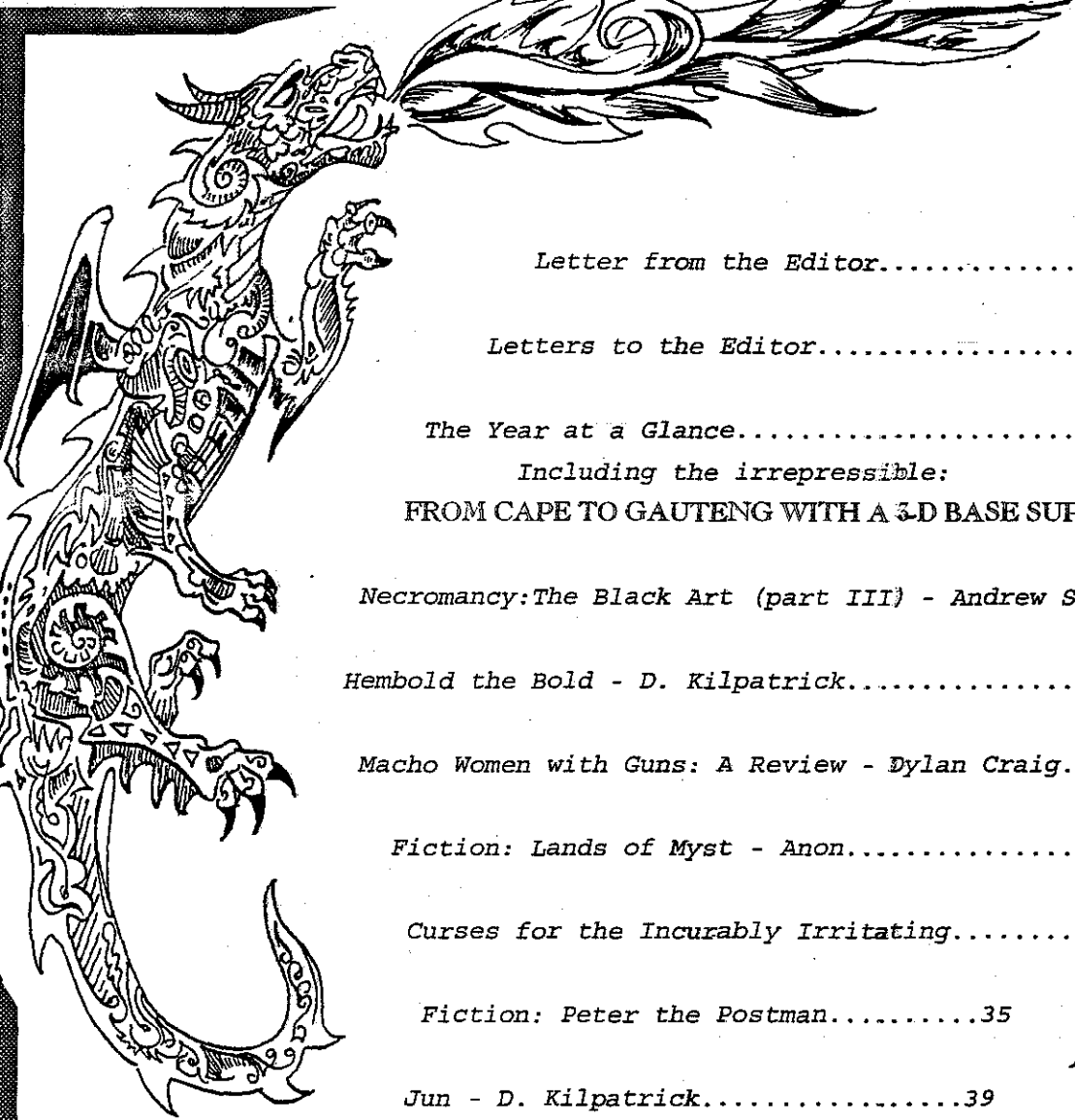
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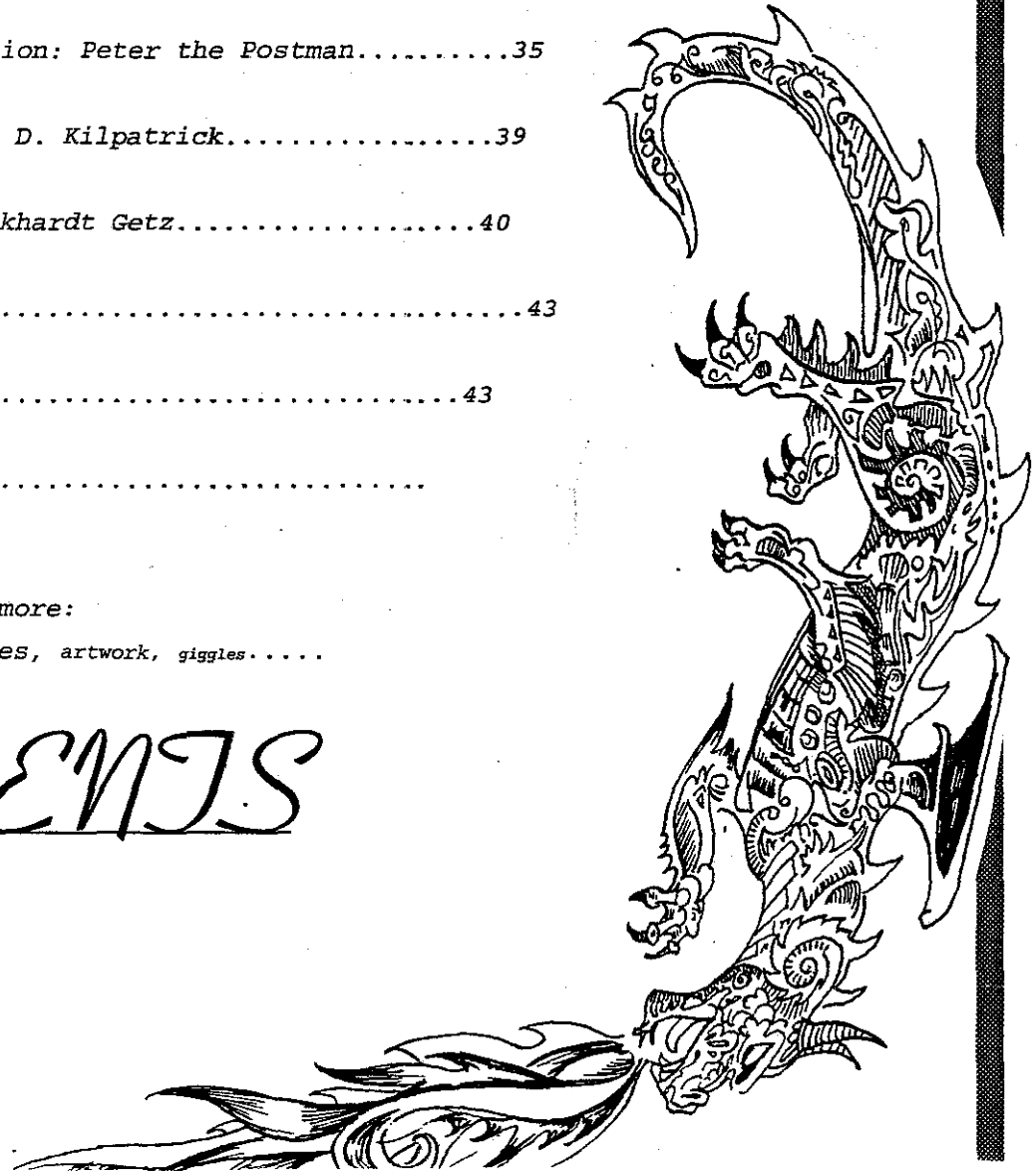
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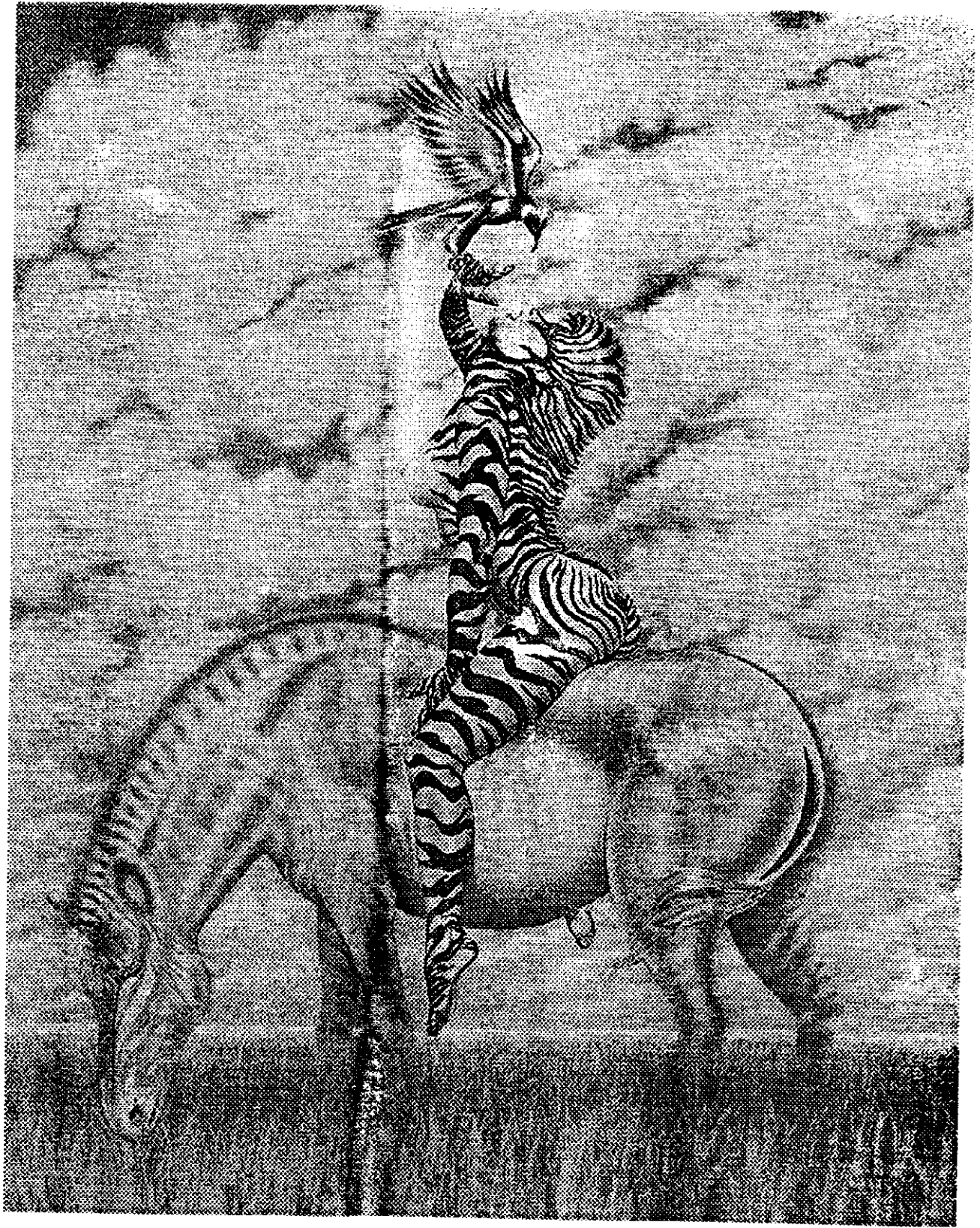
Credits.....

+++ Loads loads more:  
fables, artwork, giggles.....

# CONJEMIS









## ✉ Letter from the Editor



*It's done! It's finally done! (A small, bruised book-demon whimpers at the noise, that until this moment would only have presaged a hurled book and a pained yelp).*

*So, my droolingly expectant readers, I bid you welcome to a feast for the eyes, a repast of the brain, an assault on the senses. Oh yes, and this edition of **CLAWMARK**. I've come to the conclusion that there's not much to say after you've sweated tone ink for a magazine, so instead of the traditional homily, here's a hint for the inspired party:*

### *The Orc-Lamp:*

*When one's party runs out of torches and lanterns (no, I know what you're thinking, NOT your **CLAWMARK!**), capture an orc and strap an orc-sensing elven sword to its back. The resulting glow is fine for those tricky dark corners - and, sent out in front, the orc makes a neat trap detector anyway. Alternatively, get an undead-sensing sword and simply skewer your weapon through a loyal zombie (see the Necromancy article for ideas) - that way you can save the rope for other uses.*

*I know you're all dying to get out there and try this, so do it...*

*Ed.*



 Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor

You have such a perfect magazine. It has just the right weight and feel.

Thank you  
Admiring fan

Dear Admiring fan

You have such discerning taste. It has just the right balance of wisdom, maturity, erudition and B.S.

Thank you  
Ed.



Dear Editor

I have quite an interesting debate. In Rolemaster, does a water bolt fired through a wall of cold become an ice bolt?

Yours faithfully  
Confused GM

Dear Confused GM

This is quite a puzzler, and one which I've had to delegate to one of the many scrabblers-in-books that cater to my every whim...

Ahem, well my unworthy self believes that due to the transferral of energy inherent in the conversion of the specific mass of water mentioned to an identical mass of ice, and the turbelence manifested in such a transformation, the resultant ice bolt would be of a speed reduced enough to engender damage on the recipient to the same degree that an uninterrupted water bolt would have incurred...  
Aaah, shaddup. The answer seems to be 'Yes, but who cares!'

Yours helpfully  
Ed.

Dear Editor

Don't you hate people who don't place their cards exactly square with the table. I don't think they know what 90° is. In fact, I'm so anally retentive that when I tap my mana I use a protractor to turn them exactly 90° (or 45° if I'm feeling particularly daring). I have drawn a grid on my table at home to allow me to align my magic cards exactly in line with each other. I believe there is some potential for order in CLAW.

Yours faithfully  
Pocket Protector Toting Order Freak

Dear Pimple Pushing Tiny Onioned Fool

Order In CLAW?  
Hahahahahahahahaha!  
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA  
!HAHAHAHAHAHA!  
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Yours chaotically  
Ed.

Dear Editor



Dear Editor

I have a problem. Whenever I read Anne Rice's Vampire Chronicles, I have an incredible urge to read it aloud in a bad Transylvanian accent. What should I do about my embarrassing problem?

Yours faithfully  
Vlad Dracul

Dear Vlad

*There is definitely only one solution to a problem of this degree. You should go to a linguist and bone up on your Transylvanian. A bad accent truly is an embarrassing problem, but one that is readily improvable.*

Good luck.  
Ed.

Dear Editor

My girlfriend is sleeping with my cousin, while I am having an affair with my mother's best friend whose husband is sleeping with my aunt. My ex-girlfriend is threatening to go to *YOU* magazine with our story. My husband is having an affair with another man, and my son is into bestiality. My daughter is pregnant with my husband's child. I'm wondering whether I should buy a dog or a cat for my

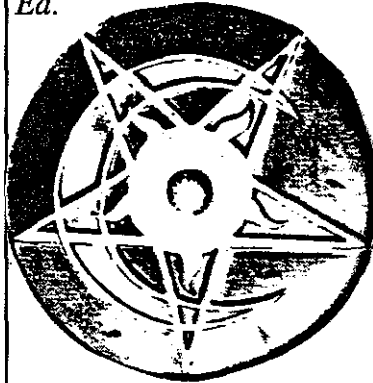
son. He wants one so badly. A pet would be nice but who would look after it? I don't think anyone in the family is responsible enough for a pet. My son is threatening to stop sleeping with me if I don't get one. What should I do?

Yours faithfully  
Well adjusted

Dear Well adjusted

Write for Loving.

Yours helpfully  
Ed.



Dear Editor

I would like to suggest that CLAW consider opening a branch down at Education Campus. Just think of the contacts that could be made with all those young minds.

Yours sincerely  
"Miss Manchip"

Dear Miss Manchip

*I think that is an excellent suggestion. In fact, if you would draw up a full length formal proposal for*

*presentation to the Vice-Chancellor of our hallowed establishment, I'm sure we'd be that much closer to convincing that esteemed personage of your logic.*

Yours excitedly  
Ed.

Dear esteemed, God-like Editors

Being a full-blooded member of CLAW for some while now (3 days), I was wondering when the CLAW females are going to compete in the Annual CLAW wet T-shirt contest.

Another query is when will the position of CLAWBUNNY be taken up.

Yours completely and utterly faithfully

Das Homeyklaiüws

Das Homeyklaiüws

*You mean you missed it? Where were you? It was the event of the century, no the millenium, no at least the year! It was awesome. You weren't there, you poor sod. Maybe next year. About the CLAWBUNNY, we'll just have to see who gets to fill the position, won't we.*

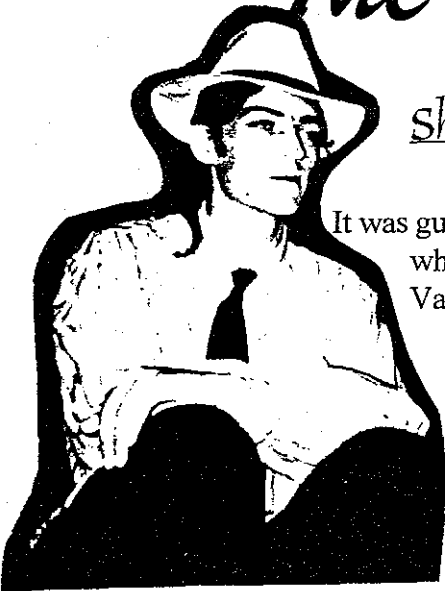
Yours in BUNNY-hugging  
Ed.



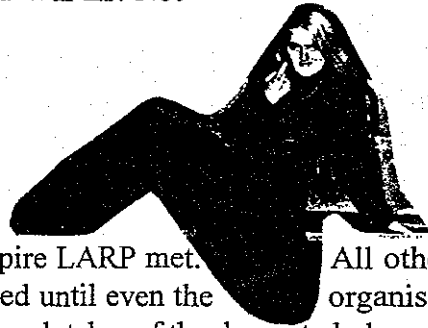


# The Year at a Glance

## Shadow under the Mountain LARP - 23 March



It was guaranteed to end in only one way- violence, of some sort or another. I mean, what else is going to happen when you take at least one of each of the Vampire clans and force them to endure each other's company in a confined space under immense pressure? World War III? Not unlikely!

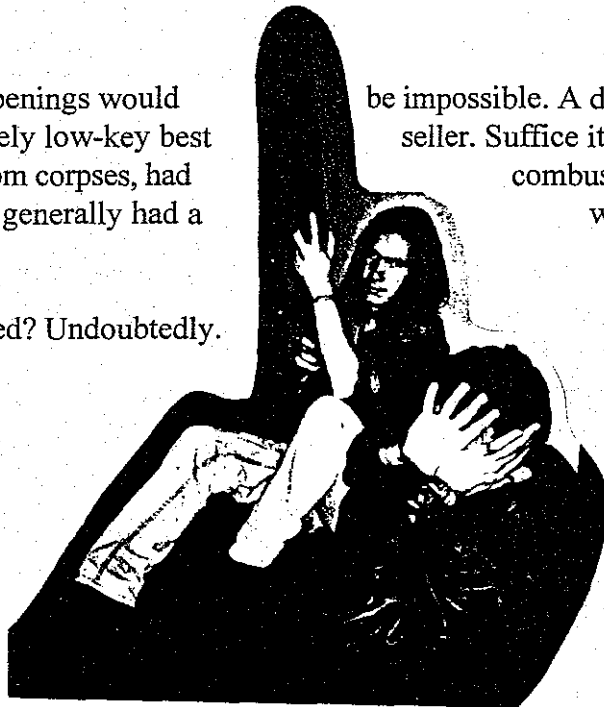


That was the only expectation that Mark Cummings' Vampire LARP met. All other anticipation was guessed at, double-guessed and out-guessed until even the organiser himself seemed stunned at the twists the plot was taking in the clutches of the demented players. The Ventrue were well represented, with some planning mass fire-bombings (subtle one, Alan!), while others merely randomly selected miscellaneous people as the objects of their foul suspicions (Michael, we'll never forget your oh-so-big gun!). Tremere wheeled, Brujah bit the dust, Toreador confused the hell out of everything with fangs, and our only Nosferatu kept the mechanations rolling.

A barest outline of the evenings happenings would have the makings of a relatively low-key best Kindred died, had hands detached from corpses, had sprinkled liberally and ignited, and generally had a sombre time.

A success? Definitely. To be repeated? Undoubtedly. Did I enjoy it? Oh, yes.

be impossible. A detailed one seller. Suffice it to say that combustible fluids wonderfully





## FROM CAPE TO GAUTENG WITH A 3-D BASE SUPER- WOOFER

*or, "Why are you pelting me with tapes?"*

It's a radio, OK? We had it because Patrick's car blew up and everything in their car went into our car. Except them. They hitched to Jo'burg with Special Agent James, a passing gangster of the Reservoir Dogs/X-files variety, in a dodgy Mercedes we were sure was stolen. Having given them all the weapons we possessed, which were numerous (this is a CLAW team, after all), we waved them goodbye at midnight in the middle of Leeu Gamka in the middle of nowhere, and trailed up to Gauteng in their wake.

The CLAW team composition changed fairly continuously all the way up to the moment we left Cape Town, but when the dust had settled, Patrick's doomed car contained Patrick, Duncan and Wayne, while Dylan's fiery thrusty ramrod (or VW Jetta) was loaded to the gunwales with Davin, Austin, Jessica and Dylan himself. Nenad and Simon were to meet us in Jo'burg, at an unspecified time and an unspecified location, when none of us knew where anyone else was staying or had phone numbers for anything but Lynnsey's cellphone.

Several meaningless circles around Jo'burg later (Dylan: "Where is the fucking N3 anyway?" Jessica: "I had it with me last night!" Austin: "yarble, yarble, yarble, Cthulu, yarble..." Davin: "I played a Cthulu game once where..."), we made it to Edenvale and the community centre, where certain harried ICON organisers were performing last-minute meaningless circles of their own. Gently but

firmly, we appropriated our hapless hosts (Lynnsey, Martin, Steve, Ray and Chris) and proceeded to crash on thier floors, while cats slept on our heads. Our repose was not assisted by the fact that Dylan had taken it upon himself to perform a pre-emptive biological strike, and had arrived in Jo'burg coughing like a consumptive and ripe to infect them all before they could infect us. (Dylan: "...muffled zzz, cough hack hack-cough..." Davin: "Get off my head cat!")

Friday night, after a brief rest, we repaired gladly to ye Locale Pizza Hutte to rethink teams. Except for Wayne, who was tempted into the enfolding bosom of Jean with scandalous offers of hot food for the first time in two days. Final team compositions were very complicated, and we don't want to talk about them. Mention them to Lynnsey and she'll bite you in the leg: being the unfortunate person who had to organise the whole bloody mess. When we returned, fress-faced, smiling, and bulging with pizza, to stun her with our masterfully plotted team compositions, we were met with the news that it didn't matter anyway, the registration program had crashed and no new data could be entered. This didn't stop us from playing, and it's obscurely comforting to think that these things don't only happen to Dragonfire...

ICON officially kicked off at around 9am on Saturday morning, when the first of what would be 3600 visitors started pouring through



the gates, panting with eagerness to wander randomly around the stands - computer games, comics, books, gaming material, all stashed in the exhibition hall. Plus demos, wargames, and even a bit of role-playing in a corner somewhere. A marquee, actually. Not that we're bitter or feel marginalised or anything.

ICON manages to be so big because it's commercial. Less than 300 of the entrants came to role-play. Even counting Magic players (I suppose we have to, <sigh>), there were less than 500 actual gamers. SAGA has opted for the high-profile, big-budget, publicity oriented campaign rather than the simple gaming tournament - good for the public awareness and funding, but it does rather push the role-playing into the background. (The ICON brochure lists the role-playing as something that's there to "keep the slavering hordes of unwashed gamers busy... and with any luck, out of the public eye." Gee, thanks guys)

There were 5 role-playing slots over the weekend, offering 8 modules and 2 LARPs. Some of the modules were re-run in the final slot - a groovy idea which allowed some leeway in planning one's gaming program. Systems represented were AD&D (groan), MERP, Call of Cthulu, SLA Industries, Floating Vagabond and Bughunters. Two of the modules were written by our very own Jess, and the one LARP, *Dinner at the Roxy*, was also a CLAWs product. SAGA would fall down without us. (Well, Not really).

Two of the slots were main tournament events, in which teams were split up, and players and DMs scored each other on an individual basis. We're still not sure if this worked. Nice idea, which is supposed to remove bias in scoring,

but which seems to have the potential for being rather arbitrary. It's fun (mostly), playing with new people, which is in a sense what these cons are all about - but you may also end up playing with dweebs, posers and hack-and-slashers of the most disgusting ilk. (If we have to play with dweebs, posers and hack-and-slashers, we'd rather play with the ones we know).

The modules themselves were a mixed bag, ranging from proficient but uninspiring to pretty darned brilliant (notable mentions here were the Bughunters module, Ross 154, and two of the AD&Ds, *Yrch* and the *Ice Queen*). The LARPs went mostly well, with *Areana 2* keeping everybody happy, and *Roxy* (run as a CLAW module by us) taking in with the lowest body count ever. (Nobody killed Goose! We're not sure what this means - we're confused, but kind of happy). The LARPs were a bit dogged by last-minute player substitutions, lack of costume, and the lateness of the hour, leading to some less than sterling role-playing in some cases.

On the cardgames front, *Netrunner* is definitely the flavour of the month, and Austin's vow to refrain from making any reference to Cthulu for 24 hours has not been assisted by the new *Mythos* cardgame (After several slips-up, 48 hours and still counting! You can do it, Aust!).

New cardgames were being sold very cheaply, although single Magic cards were going for horrendous prices (e.g. a Clone for R70!). At the end of the weekend, Gary Glen-Young came home with 3rd prize in the Highlander game. The R700 cash prize for the Type II tournament was taken home by a 13-year old person smaller than Dylan's leg.

We didn't get any prizes! (Howls of anguish from Dylan). Actually, we did, though- the team in Patrick's car were awarded a consolation prize in recognition of their dedication, since they chose to hitch on to Jo'burg instead of turning tail and fleeing back to Cape Town when the car exploded. Scum from Durban took home Best Team and Best DM. Again. As they have for the last two years. Speak to Patrick if you're interested in the assassination contract...

When the melee had died down and the battlefield had cleared a bit, it was Sunday afternoon and we dragged ourselves reluctantly from the Duke Nukem VR headsets and slouched off to the Bulldog Pub for the convention dinner - or rather, the convention chow-down, drunk-up and raucous yarn-swap. (Patrick's team missed this as their epic hitch-hike was completed with a rather tame home-trip by bus on the Sunday afternoon). So it was lonely and alone that Dylan's team piled into the car at 12.00 midnight on Sunday for the long drive home. (If this seems insane, it was Dylan's idea. Never allow yourself to be driven by a maniacally grinning psychotic who goes "Muffins!" at interval in a cute munchkin falsetto, and suddenly decides he absolutely has to be back in Cape Town by Monday 6pm. To add insult to injury, having insisted on the expedition driving through the night despite the protests of his co-drivers, he then peacefully went to sleep and left us to do the driving. But we forgive him. Maybe.)

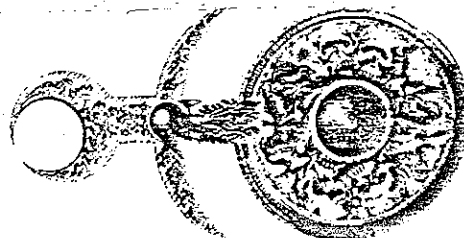
Special memories of the weekend...that interesting cloud of thick white smoke we drove through as Patrick's car blew up in front of us...frantic car-repacking (on the run outside

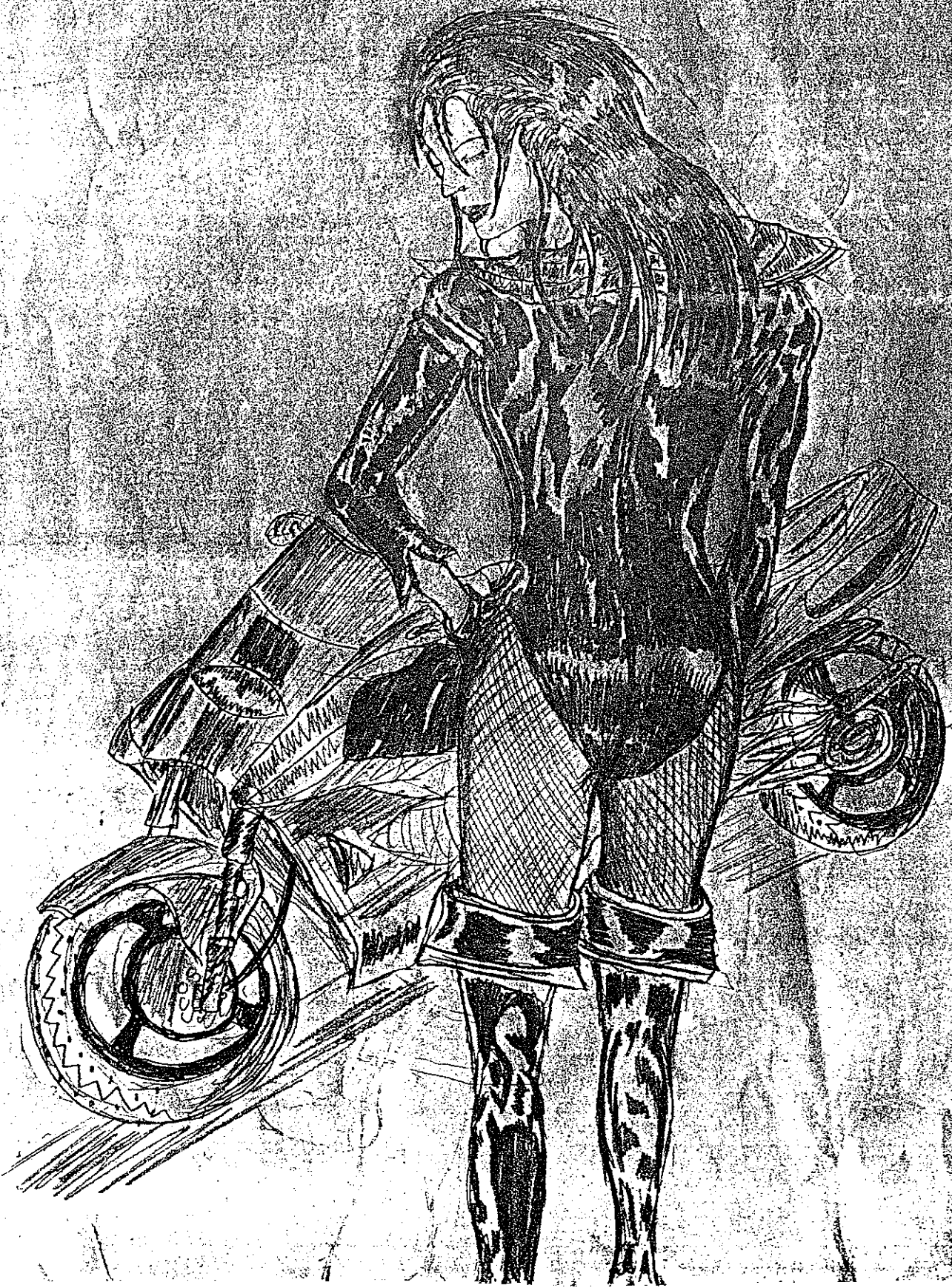
Leeu Gamka police station at midnight...driving through a burning truck pile-up at midnight, in what appeared to be one of the sets from Terminator 2...nocturnal slumberous sound-effects from Davin and Dylan (yeah, sure you're not dying, Dyl)...scratching pitifully on the door of our host-house after midnight, having been locked out (Wendy! You rescued us! We love you!)...Austin's paroxysms of gibbering every time he slipped up and mentioned Cthulu (we'll cure him of his obsession yet)...cold showers in the community centre (um, sorry lads)...finding half of Jessica's underwear in Dylan's tog-bag (he's still evading questions on that one - *And so is she, I'll bet. Ed.*)...Jessica's frantic and increasingly bankrupt search for her missing wallet (still missing. Come home! All is forgiven!)...Modi's epileptic fits and hairband-eating exploits...Austin's record naked-in-the-shower-to-module-briefing record when Wayne was late (thank you, Jean)...Simon's observation the Lynnesey post-ICON resembled the Cthulu trophy (she did, a bit)...bizarre free-form role-playing for 800kms (with the DM under protest)...breakfast in Colesburg with William Burroughs...

And to the two people who dropped out at the last minute, leaving us in the lurch...yah, boo, sucks, we know who you are, and we'll kill your pets.

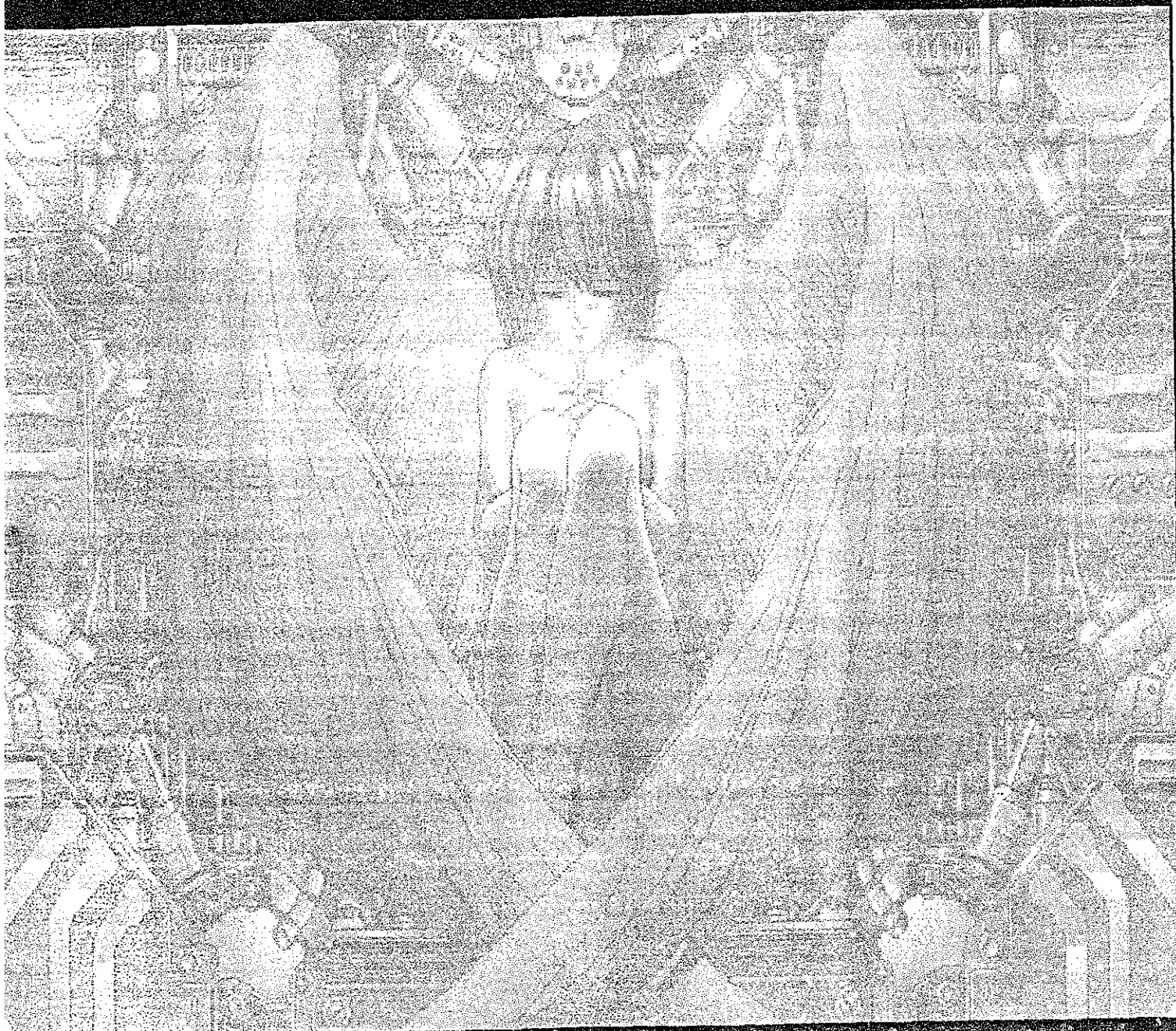
Until next year...

(Article written over 500kms, and under conditions of extreme sleep deprivation by Austin, Dylan, Jessica and Simon).









# Necromancy: The Black Art

## Part the Third

Andrew Sturman



### *Table of Contents:*

- 6) Undead in Combat
- 7) A Bestiary of the Undead
- 8) Necromantic Spells
- 9) Table of Undead Virtues and Flaws

### *6) Undead in Combat*

Corporeal undead don't have great combat skills, but they do have tenacity. An undead opponent cannot be 'slain' by enough body levels damage. Instead, it must be disabled or totally destroyed. The undead has body levels by hit location, but won't be destroyed by their loss. It will only lose the use of that area. Only disabling blows that damage or destroy body locations will lessen their fighting ability, e.g. legless undead must crawl, armless ones have difficulty holding a sword, headless ones are blind, etc. Minuses from damaged body locations do affect rolls as normal, so an undead with a -3 wound to the arm is at -3 using a sword with that arm, but the minus doesn't affect all rolls, the way it would the living, who feel pain. A body part separated from the rest of the undead will lose its animation, unless the undead can concentrate on moving it. The undead can try controlling several pieces at once, but the concentration rolls are hard - like a mage with several spells - and only the most powerful undead have the intelligence for it. The poltergeist virtue is useful in making severed parts airborne.

Most undead attack by brawling, but can use weapons that they were skilled with in life. Being lifeless they can't learn new skills, so the necromancer must find a spirit with the required skill, or modify the undead to make its brawling more effective, e.g. add claws and fangs, toughen skin, etc.

The undead can be destroyed by :

- a) destroying all body locations, e.g. burning, or
- b) by destroying the focus of the enchantment, if it is a undead with a spirit bound into it. This focus is commonly a foreign object embedded in the skull, spine or chest, but could be almost anything, e.g. a death knight's sword. The focus can be detected by an InVi spell of level equal to the spirit's might.

Incorporeal undead are less able to affect the physical world, but they are correspondingly harder to vanquish. Physical weapons obviously have no effect, and magic or destruction of their focus are the only options.

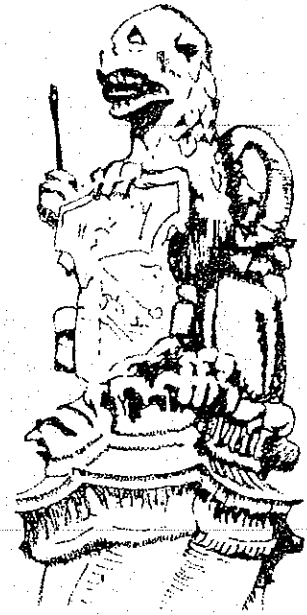
### *7) A Bestiary of the Undead*

#### *Common Types of Spirit:*

- 1) 'Furies' or poltergeists - mindless spirits, filled with pain, or anger at death, they are destructive, and a nuisance in labs where, like all spirits, they are attracted to magical auras. Normally powerless, they have the power to move objects and make noise when they gain magic might by being in a magic aura. Bound into a corpse they make good berserk skeleton or zombie warriors, but are difficult to direct. Typical might 6-10 (+ magic aura)
- 2) 'Vore' or Eaters - these undead are somewhat intelligent, with animal cunning, spirits whose minds have snapped. They try to recapture life by stealing and eating the things of the living.

They will kill and eat human flesh, and try and imitate their victims by wearing their clothes, etc., in a desperate imitation of life. They are normally used to make ghouls, but are dangerous even in spirit form, if they have might. (Shamans call them Hunger spirits). Typical might is in the 10-15 range. (Note that the medieval vampire is a special class of vore, whose soul has been trapped in its body by a powerful curse. They are intelligent, and can pass for the living. Might range from 15 - 30+)

- 3) Watchers or guardians - rare, but useful, spirits who are not unhappy, and are willing to help the living. They will often only help if certain conditions are met, such as performing a favour for it in return, or if the person helped is a family member of the ghost. The weaker or more unintelligent are used as mere alarms, while the stronger and wiser can act as guardian or guiding spirits. The ghostly guardian of the virtue is this sort of spirit. Typical might is 5-20.
- 4) Revenants - These powerful spirits are driven by revenge. They seek the death of their killers, and will not rest until their foes are dead. Often embodied, but powerful enough to possess the living, they stop at nothing. Of course, each revenant will only seek the death of one person or group, so the correct spirit must be found and summoned for a specific target. The ability to unleash a revenant is why so few necromancers are ever challenged to wizard war. (see the spell in the final section). Spirit might is typically 20-30.



### Examples of Undead

(using the construction rules above)

#### Lesser Undead - Physical:

<b>Skeleton</b> might 10 +1 darksight +1 fear -2 skeletal	<b>Zombie</b> might 10 +2 lifesense -1 slow -1 nocturnal +0 claws +0 tough skin	<b>Ghoul</b> might 15 +1 cunning -1 flesh-eater +1 climb +1 darksense -2 common fear(fire) +0 lengthened claws +0 hardened flesh -2 vulnerable to fire.
--	--	---

#### Lesser Undead - Spiritual:

<b>Ghost</b> might 20 +2 intelligent +1 phantasm +1 poltergeist -1 nocturnal -1 disfigured -2 common fear(salt)	<b>Dreamwraith</b> might 15 +2 dark dreams +1 fear -3 vulnerable to Dominion Malificia: induce sleep 2 pts	<b>Shade</b> might 20 +3 shadowform +1 cunning -4 vulnerable to sunlight
---	--	---

#### Greater Undead:

<b>Ghoul King</b> might 30 +2 intelligent	+1 darksense	+3 create lesser undead (ghouls)
--	--------------	----------------------------------



-1 flesh-eater  
 -1 obese (too fat to climb)  
 -2 powerless in sunlight  
 -2 vulnerable to fire  
 +0 lengthened claws and fangs.  
 Maleficia: extinguish torches 2pts, range near.

**Vampire** might 40+  
 -5 blood hunger  
 -4 vulnerable to sunlight  
 -3 grave-dweller  
 -1 uncommon fear (garlic)  
 -1 uncommon fear (mirrors)  
 -1 nocturnal

+5 create like undead  
 (vampire with might 40)  
 +2 intelligent  
 +3 charm  
 +3 full spirit gather  
 +2 regenerate (as it grows in power using its spirit gather, other virtues are gained e.g. animal form, animal command, wraithform, reform body, etc.)

**Wraith** might 35  
 +1 phantasm  
 +2 icy touch  
 +1 cunning  
 +3 possession

-3 vulnerable to Dominion  
 -2 powerless in sunlight  
 -1 distinctive presence (cold)  
 -1 uncommon fear (mirrors).  
 Maleficia: killing cold 2pts, raise icy mist 3pts (1mile range), killing fear 8 pts (as *clench of the crushed heart*)  
 PeCo 40 (range touch).

**Partial Undead, Animal Undead and Undead Constructs:**

**Disembodied Hand**  
 might 5  
 -1 partial form  
 +1 climb

**Skull Guardian**  
 might 10  
 -1 partial form  
 -1 immobile  
 +2 far darksight.  
 Maleficia: can silently warn its creator at any distance (5pts), can howl audible for a mile (1 pt).

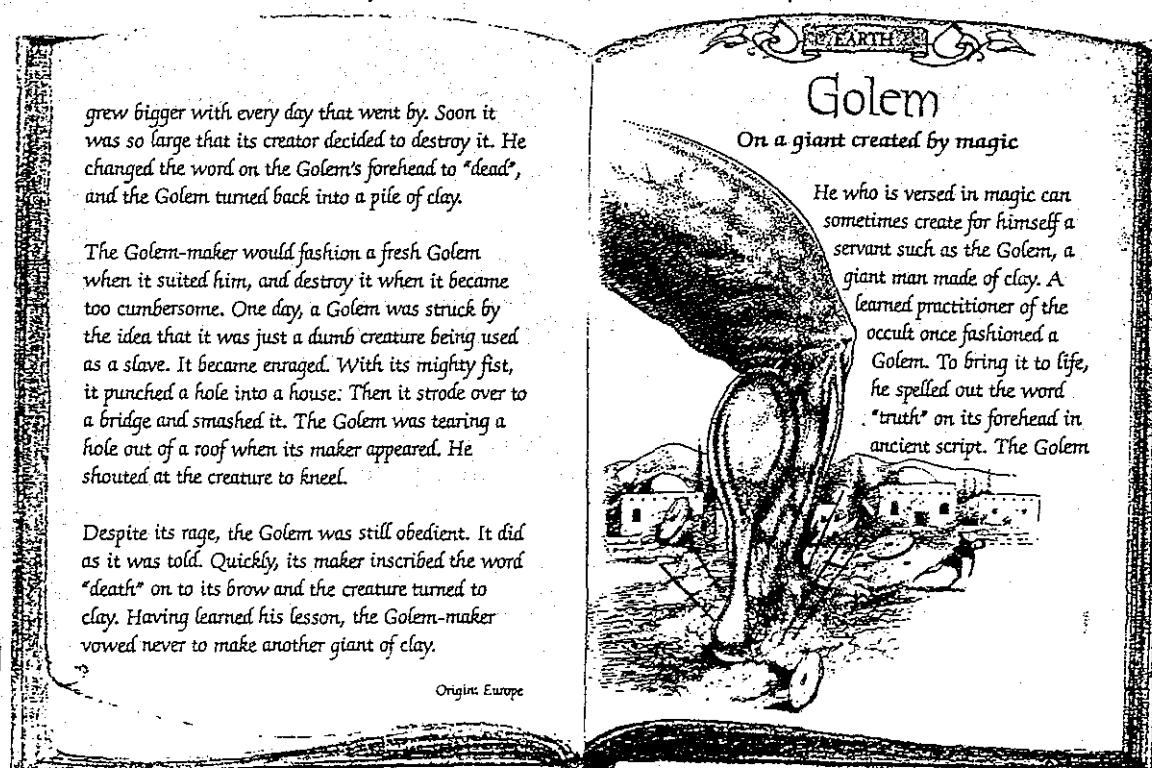
**Skeletal Steed**  
 might 20  
 -2 skeletal

+1 darksight  
 -1 flesh-eater  
 -1 nocturnal  
 +3 flying in physical form (galloping pace, at a cost of 5 might /hour)

**Plague Rat**  
 might 5  
 -1 disfigured  
 +1 create like undead (Plague Rat, needs to kill a rat)  
 Maleficia: disease touch 5 pts (causes a disease by touch - 1/day)  
 NB 10 rats together can generate *The*

*Unportented Plague*  
 PeCo 50, for 10 pts in total.

**Haunted Tower**  
 might 30  
 +3 strong fear  
 +1 poltergeist  
 +1 phantasmal effects  
 +1 create lesser undead (skeletons)  
 -2 powerless in sunlight  
 -2 vulnerable to fire  
 -1 immobile  
 -1 nocturnal



grew bigger with every day that went by. Soon it was so large that its creator decided to destroy it. He changed the word on the Golem's forehead to "dead", and the Golem turned back into a pile of clay.

The Golem-maker would fashion a fresh Golem when it suited him, and destroy it when it became too cumbersome. One day, a Golem was struck by the idea that it was just a dumb creature being used as a slave. It became enraged. With its mighty fist, it punched a hole into a house. Then it strode over to a bridge and smashed it. The Golem was tearing a hole out of a roof when its maker appeared. He shouted at the creature to kneel.

Despite its rage, the Golem was still obedient. It did as it was told. Quickly, its maker inscribed the word "death" on its brow and the creature turned to clay. Having learned his lesson, the Golem-maker vowed never to make another giant of clay.

Origin: Europe

**Golem**

On a giant created by magic

He who is versed in magic can sometimes create for himself a servant such as the Golem, a giant man made of clay. A learned practitioner of the occult once fashioned a Golem. To bring it to life, he spelled out the word "truth" on its forehead in ancient script. The Golem

## 8) Necromancy Spells

### *Unleash the Black Revenant*

ReMe(Vi) 40 Ritual

Duration moon/year; Range special

Focus +5 - the murder weapon used to kill the spirit.

This black ritual summons spirit and imbues it with magic power, and then sends it to slay the caster's enemy. The spirit must be of a person killed by the target in question, so the spirit is motivated by vengeance (normal necromancy spells to get the spirit, i.e. Summon the Spirit of the Night). The ritual imbues the spirit with a magical might of 20 (+5 for every additional pawn of *vis* added). See "Spirit of Might" spell. The spell lasts the duration, or until the target is slain, whichever is shorter. The spirit is often given an arcane connection to the target, to assure it can locate him/her. The caster can instruct the spirit in how to attack, but the spirit is also free to use its cunning.



### *Skullwatch*

InCo(Vi) 20

Duration sun/moon ; Range 10 miles

This spell is cast on a skull or skeleton, and the caster keeps an AC to it, typically a tooth or finger bone. The caster can state the conditions of activation, or use the default, which is activation whenever a living human passes within 15 paces of the skull. When activated, the AC will jump and rattle until the caster grasps it. The caster can then with concentration, see through the skull's eye sockets. A 10th level spouted CrIm will allow the caster to speak from the skull. A ritual version of this spell exists to make permanent watchers.



### *Embalming Necromancer Skill*

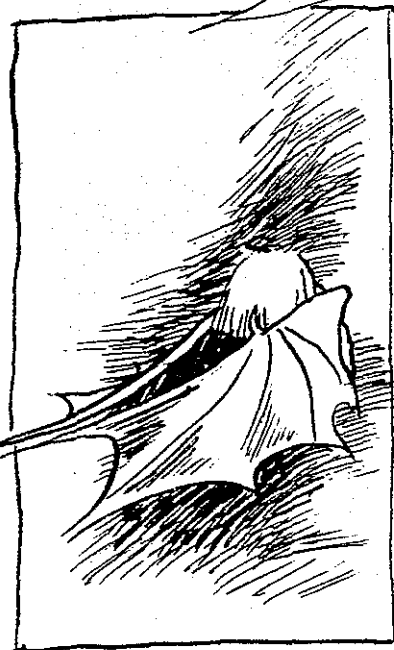
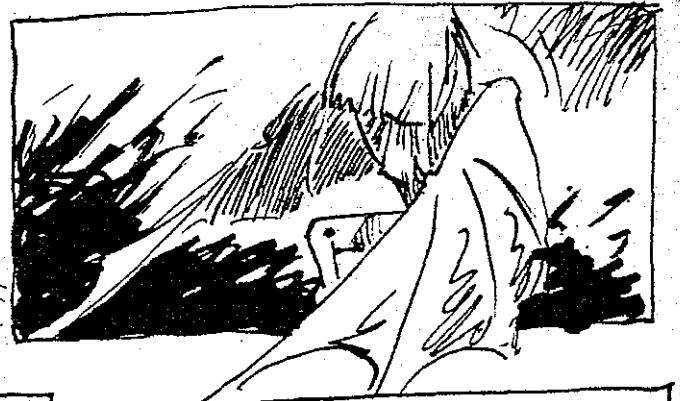
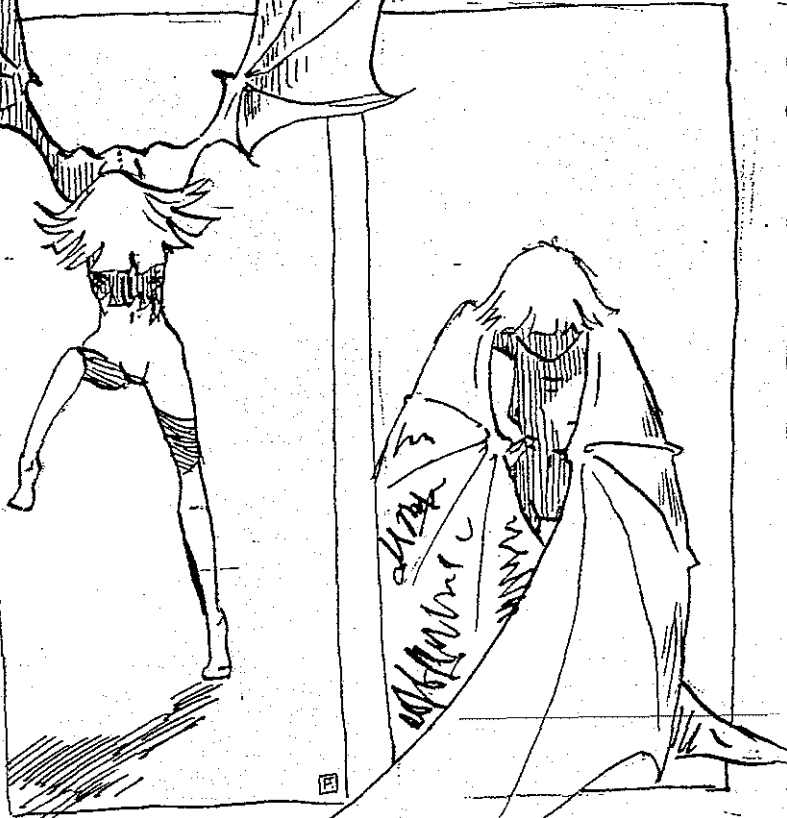
The skill of laying out the corpse, preserving it from decay, beautifying it/hiding the cause of death and reconstructing a mangled corpse. The skill would also cover the knowledge and techniques of body disposal, how to dig a proper grave, or build a pyre. In addition, a necromancer with this skill would be able to perform basic autopsies, and have the ability to guess the cause of death, if not obvious. Specialities: preservation, beautifying, autopsy, hiding wounds and reconstruction of bodies.

This skill is essential for preserving undead from natural decay or for treatments to toughen / fireproof dead flesh, or for reconstruction of corpses or skeletons out of assorted body parts, and for repair of undead damaged in use (int + skill).

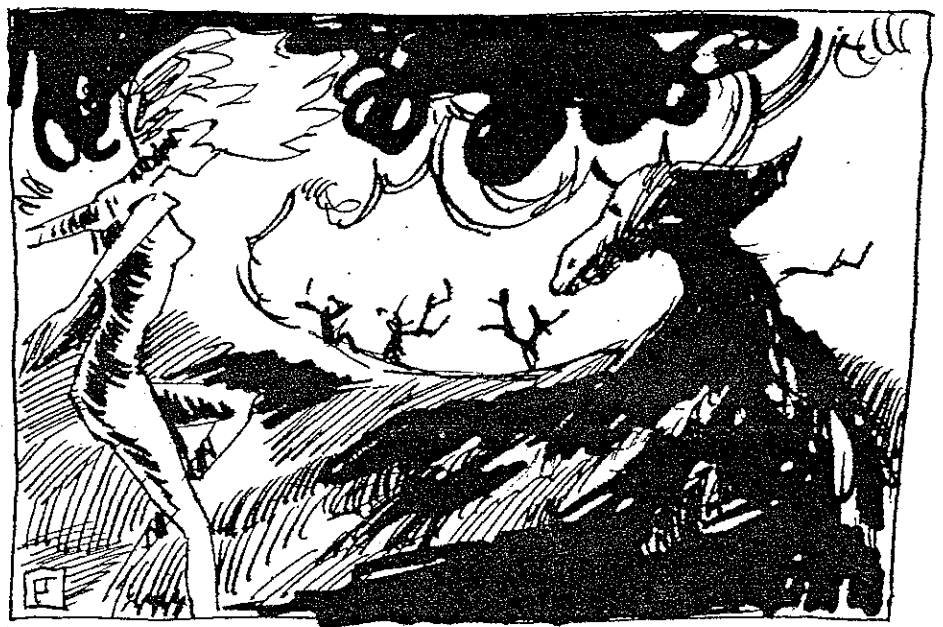
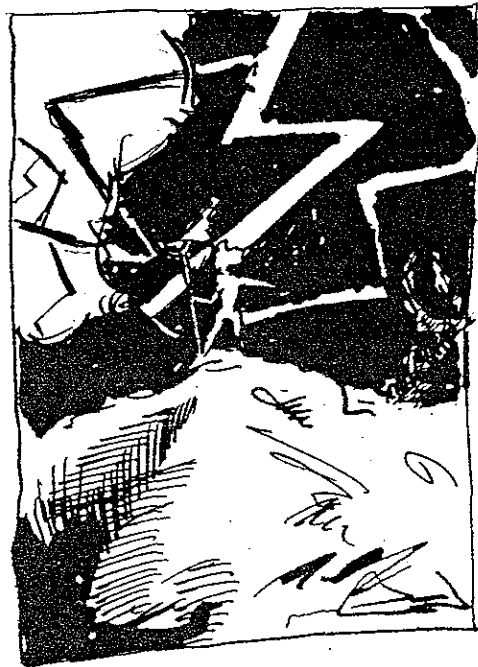
The beautification aspect can be used to hide the undead's condition, and can be used, in conjunction with the disguise skill, to enable undead to walk unnoticed among the living (dex + skill).

It can also be used with perception to evaluate corpses, and to determine the cause of death in an autopsy (per + skill).

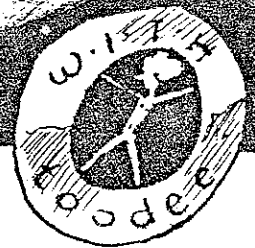








# Ache Beastly



## 9) Table of Undead Virtues and Flaws

### Virtues:

(Note some virtues also need might point expenditure to use)

+1:

+1 **Cunning** - while soulless and without a true mind, the creature retains a certain animal cunning. Thus it is intelligent enough to avoid foes, attempt to evade pursuit, have a safe hiding place and to know its vulnerabilities. It can also communicate in some way with like undead, and possibly co-operate to hunt, but complex tactics are beyond it.

Without at least this virtue, mindless undead will blunder into fires, off cliffs, attack one another as easily as the enemy, continue attacking after the foe is dead, etc.

+1 **DarkSight** - need not have light to see/sense - range near, i.e. can see 15 paces in complete darkness. The undead requires eyes or eye sockets for this virtue, and will lose it if those are destroyed. The eyes or eye sockets glow red when the sense is in use.

+ 1 **Phantasm** - undead can make its spirit form visible, at a cost of 1 might per manifestation. It can choose to only be visible to some members of a group.

+ 1 **Poltergeist** - can move physical objects while in spirit form, with each might pt. expended having the effect of 5 levels of *rego terram* effect, i.e.

1 pt 5lb object moving a few foot a second, 2 pts 50lbs, 6 pts lifting a ton or moving 5lbs very fast, etc. Living targets cost the same but have a resistance roll. (It is a +3 virtue to have this power while in physical form as well)

+1 **Mimicry** - Undead may imitate a victim's voice and actions, and will often wear their clothing, and the like, either for its own mad reasons, or to fool other potential victims.

+1 **Tracking the Doomed** - Undead can get a sense of the direction of anyone they have got an Arcane Connection to.

+1 **Constructed Form** - The corpse or skeleton is somewhat modified from the normal human form, e.g. extra arms added, head set in chest, etc.; or is an amalgam of several different corpses, *al la* Frankenstein. Either way it is harder to enchant, and hence costs a virtue slot.

+1 **Partial Spirit Gathering** - 1 might per human slain (see +3 Full Spirit Gathering)

+2:

+2 **Unlimited DarkSight** - as darksight above, but with no range limit. It can sense by night or in complete darkness as far as a normal man

can see on a clear sunny day.

+2 **Intelligent** - mind still intact after death trauma, if a little twisted and obsessive. Can speak intelligibly.

+2 **Dark Dreams** - undead can enter a person's dreams and change them at will.

+2 **Regenerate** - damage is repaired at a cost of 1 might/body level

+2 **Wraithform** - can assume spirit form temporarily to pass through solid objects, etc. at a cost of 1 might/round.

+2 **Animal form** - can take the form of 1 animal of size + 3.

+2 **Animal command** - command 1 type of animal

+2 **Phantasmal Effects** - can cause illusionary effects as a *imagonem* mage - 1pt/5 levels of spell e.g. walls bleeding, rattling chains etc.

+2 **Lifesense (near)** - can perceive living things in range near, no eyes or even head required.

+2 **Highly modified form** - e.g. skeletal bats wings added, human skull on snake spine etc.

+3:

+3 **Very Intelligent** - can formulate good plans and goals (soul?) and direct lesser undead.

+3 **Locate Killer** - can get a sense as to the location of person(s) directly involved in the undead's demise (unless they are warded vs. a 15th lvl *intellego*).

+3 **Full Spirit Gathering** - can gather power to a maximum of double their starting might. When such an undead kills a human, the undead spirit tails the victim's spirit, and consumes its power, i.e. additional permanent might equal to 1/2 the victim's. As they grow, new virtues might be gained, plus necromancer must reroll control.

+3 **Possession** - can possess people, animals or objects while in spirit form

+3 **Charm** - can control/influence humans as entrancement.

+3 **Construct Undead** - form bears no resemblance to human form, e.g. animate throne of bones, fence of skulls etc. Very much harder to animate (unless you bring in Disney).

+3 **Inhuman Attribute of +6** - e.g. inhuman strength (+6) [Frankenstein], inhuman speed (+6) - per + alert rolls to see it move, can dodge crossbow bolts etc., inhuman perception - hear opponents heart

beat in next room, inhuman beauty (presence) or charm (com) i.e. Venus' blessing & entrancement, inhuman intelligence - gloating & monstrous with myriad plots and diversions.

+3 **Shadowform** - the spirit is visible as a shadow, and can manifest an invisible physical body, that casts a shadow normally. In this form, the undead can act on the physical world the same as any normal embodied undead, i.e. fighting, moving objects, talking, etc., it is just invisible. An opponent attempting to strike it based on the position of its shadow is at a -4 to hit (-8 for missiles). The undead can go incorporeal again in 1 round, at a cost of 5 might for each transition.

+4:

+4 **Shape Shift** - remains humanoid (+-1 size), but can change sex, apparent age, and imitate people it has seen.

+4 **Reform body** - can reform body, even if totally destroyed for a might point permanent investment of 15 (body has stat's as in life). For cost of 5 can form a generic body - modify for 1 point per point of stat modified.

+5:

+5 **Morph** - any form of size 2

+5 **Focus outside body** - object that

must be destroyed before the spirit is banished. As long as the focus object remains intact, the undead will reform, and regain its might.

+variable :

+var **Fear** - requires a morale, bravery or confidence check to face the undead. +1 requires a roll of 6+, +2 = 9+, +3 = 12+ etc. The amount failed by is the minus to all actions of the terrified victim. -5 or greater means the victim is paralysed with fear, and a stamina check of equal difficulty is required to avoid fainting. A botch means a decrepitude point (Hair white), and sta roll of 9+ or heart failure causes death.

+var **Create Lesser Undead** - the undead can animate corpses and bones, to create undead servants and warriors. The undead invests 1 might for each 5 required by the lesser undead. This might is only regained when the created u n d e a d is unmade/released by its creator. It is lost if the creation is destroyed. The virtue costs +1 for skeleton creation, +2 for zombies and +3 for ghouls.

+var **Create Like Undead** - killing a human causes the victim to rise as a similar undead the following night. Creator has control over created undead. The cost of the virtue is equal to the created undead's (might /10) +1. To use this power requires the undead making more undead





to invest some of its own might permanently in the new undead, equal to the new undead's might /5. Note this power is only available to undead with some external source of power, e.g. infernal, or 'naturally' occurring undead. To create such 'multiplying' undead is beyond hermetic magic, as it is akin to True Creation, the same as making magical creations that could bear offspring.

#### Flaws:

- 1:
  - 1 **Slow** - move at a slow shamble. 3 paces per round, 1/2 walking pace.
  - 1 **Disfigured** - scars, fatal wounds, stitches, etc.
  - 1 **Nocturnal** - only active by night; must 'rest' during the day to regain might.
  - 1 **Uncommon Fear** - garlic, wolfsbane, silver, mirrors, incense, the usual.
  - 1 **Flesh-eater** - the undead creature must feast on human flesh before it can regain lost temporary might - at least 15lbs per might point, but it need not be fresh.
  - 1 **Partial form** - is only a partial form, e.g.. crawling hand,

+0: (virtues with build in balancing flaws)

+0 **Lengthened Claws or Teeth** - +1 damage, for claws: -1 dex, for teeth: -1 com

+0 **Greatly Lengthened Claws or Teeth** - as per +0 Lengthened C/T, but hard to hide e.g. Edward Scissorhands (daggerblade fingers), long protruding fangs. -2 to dex or com, +2 damage.

+0 **Obvious Monstrous Features** - Scythe arms,

animated skull, hence easier to animate.

-2:

-2 **Vulnerable to fire/wood/silver** - no soak

-2 **Skeletal** - no flesh, just bones. Stamina, strength of 0.

-2 **Missing limb.**

-2 **Powerless to Sunlight** - mights (powers) unusable, and no might can be regenerated in sunlight.

-2 **Common Fear** - fire, dogs, crosses, iron, running water

mandibles, horns, Barry Manilow's nose, etc. +3 damage or more, with corresponding minuses on dex, com or presence.

+0 **Toughened Skin** - skin as hard as boiled leather, +2 to soak, -1 qik. MuCo 10 or treatment with embalming fluids required.

+0 **Hardened Flesh** - flesh like oak, +5 to soak, -2 qik. MuCo(He) 15 or burial in ice.

-3:

-3 **Missing head** - no sight or eating, -5 to perception

-3 **Grave dweller** - must rest in own coffin/tomb or on own grave earth to regain might. Only a -1 flaw if any coffin or grave will do.

-4 and worse:

-4 **Vulnerable to Sunlight** - 1 general body level per round from direct sunlight.

-5 **Blood Hunger** - must drink fresh human blood to regain lost might. 5 might per pint.

-? **Vulnerable to Dominion** - as normal

## UNDEAD SPECIAL EFFECTS

When undead use their supernatural powers, the effects are very similar to the blatant gift of magi - milk spoiling, flames burning blue, sudden gusts of cold wind, rattling and knocking and a chill in the air, etc. It is a +1 virtue to be able to control these scary effects, and another +1 not to have them at all (like the gentle gift). An undead being wanting to hide its condition would want "the gentle gift", and would need a lvl 5, 1 might point Maleficia to appear as they did in life, with colour to the skin etc., and a lvl 10 (2 mp) to feel warm and soft to the touch, lvl 15 to breathe, have a pulse, blink and the other little details of life (Add 5 levels if they were a fleshless skeleton, or grossly mutilated). -1 flaw to have distinctive effects that may betray their presence, e.g., a distinctive smell, noticeable chill or haze in the air etc. While the special effects can cause minor nuisance, like extinguishing an unshielded candle, greater effects require Maleficia, using might points.

Exemplia!

**Dim fires, extinguish torches and lanterns** - lvl 5 - 1 might, or lvl 10 (2 mp) for all in area.

**Raise a mist** lvl 5 or 10 (near or sight size)

**Cause icy cold** enough to require fat checks, freeze water, cause black frost lvl 10 (2 mp)

**Icy touch** +5 cold damage to touch - frostbite. lvl 10 Maleficia or +2 virtue

**Aging touch** - any person or object touched ages 10 years / round (+1 decrepitude point - make an ageing roll every round) lvl 30 Maleficia or +6 virtue

< related effect - **aura of decay** - a special effect, that causes accelerated decay, by a factor of 10 around where the undead is, so its lair will be extremely cobwebbed, rotted etc. >

**Withering touch** - kill plants, cloth and wood rots away, withers the limb touched, doing 1 body level damage (resist a level 15 perdo spell), lvl 15 or a +3 virtue.

**Killing Fear** - as "clench of the crushed heart" lvl 40 Maleficia

**Disease touch/breath** - causes a lethal supernatural disease, leprosy etc. lvl 25 or a +5

**Miasma** (wide area communicable disease), blight (crop rot), madness (wide area madness, only relieved by leaving) lvl 50

is greatest in the wintertime, when they spend long months dwelling in rivers and ponds. At a whim, they can bewitch man or child.

As the Rusalki rise from the cold misty water, they call to their victims in imploring voices. Their prey cannot resist such pleas. They wade in after the sprite and barely feel the cold bite of the river. As they take the maiden's icy hand, she pulls them into the dark water. She takes them down further and further until they drown and join them in death. Some Rusalki even rejoice in inflicting drawn-out tortures upon their unhappy victim!

Thus do water maidens hold dangerous powers. Travellers should always carry the one known talisman against their witchery - a sprig of wormwood, the charmed herb used to ward off enchantments.

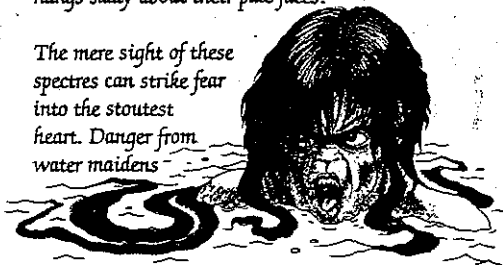
Origin: Slavonic countries

## Rusalki

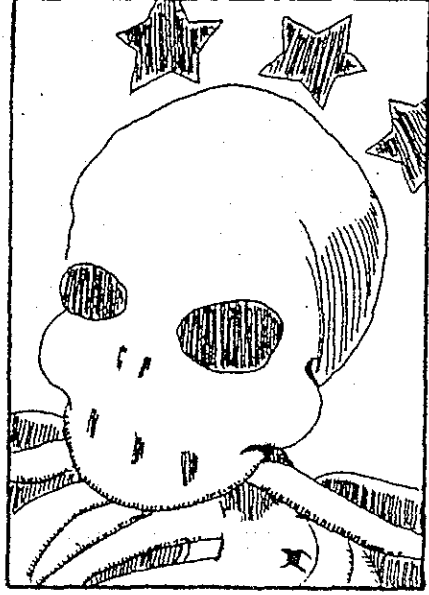
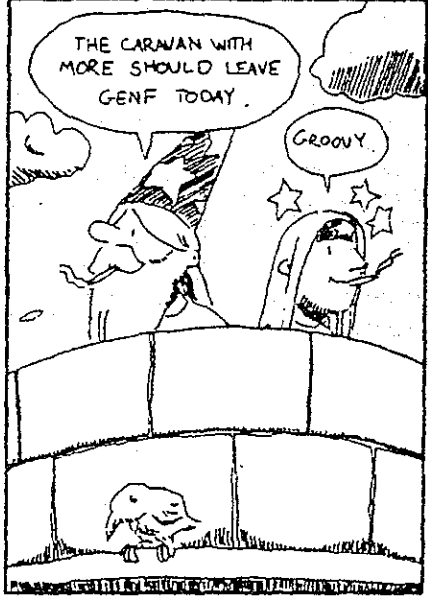
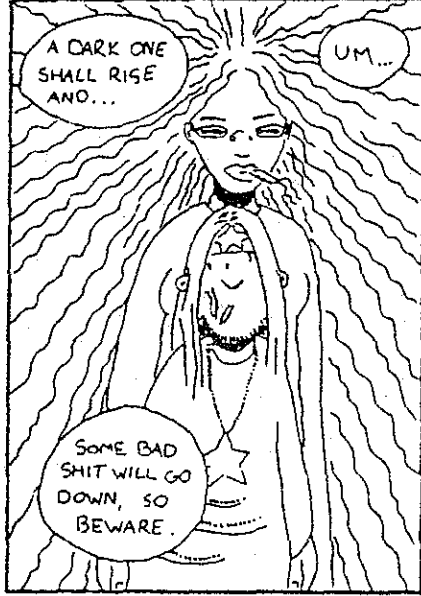
The ghostly appeal of water spirits

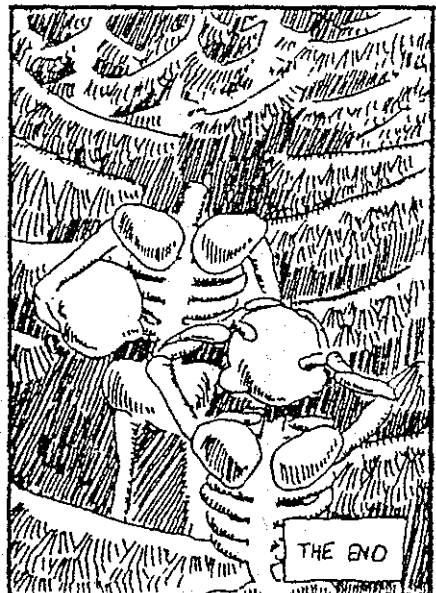
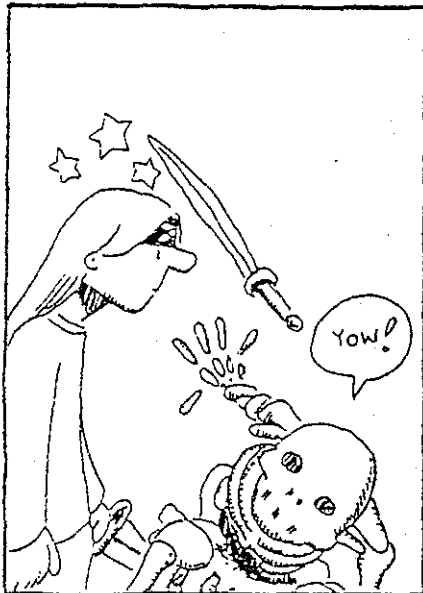
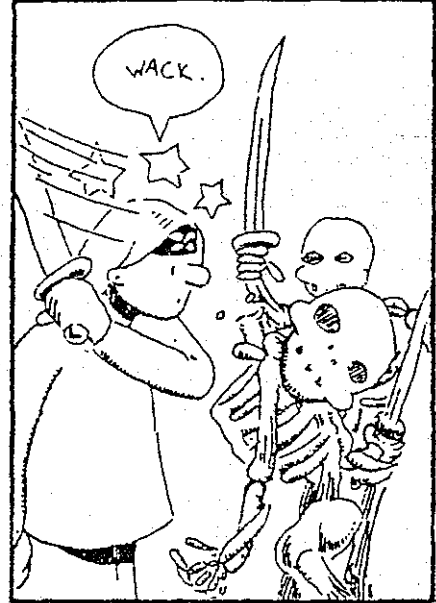
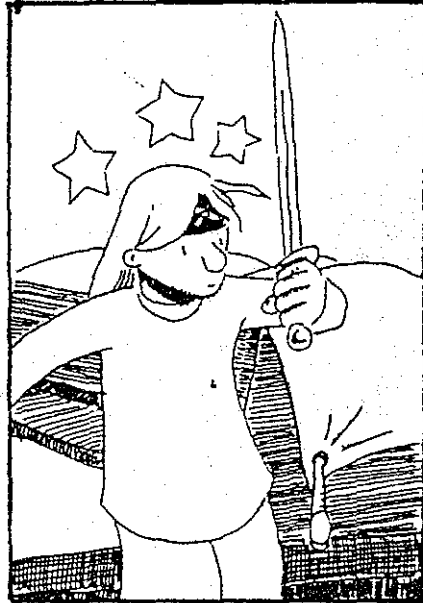
It is whispered that powerful spirits haunt many pools and streams. They are the ghosts of young girls who drowned and became one of the pitiless Rusalki, or water maidens. Such ghostly maidens appear in many guises: the loveliest are as sweet as spring, draped in dresses of mist. But some drowned girls are not so lucky - they turn into terrifying hags. Their skin rots and becomes grey, their eyes bulge in dreadful menace and their wet, tangled hair hangs sadly about their pale faces.

The mere sight of these spectres can strike fear into the stoutest heart. Danger from water maidens









## **Macho Women with Guns**

*A review of the little-known RPG system*

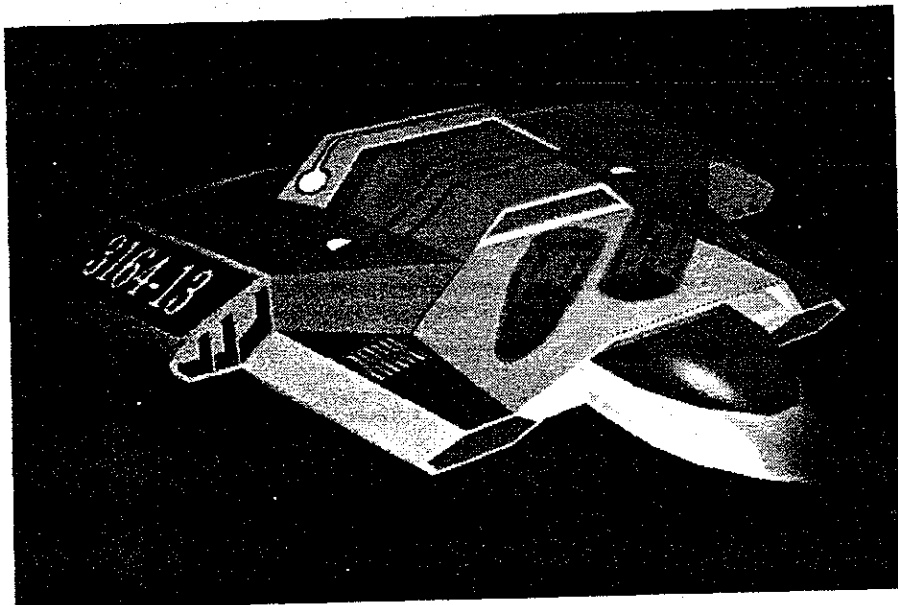
It Exists.

My first encounter with this "interesting" system was last year, when a traveller from a far-off place (Johannesburg) brought it down to impress his girlfriend. I picked it up and had a look at it, and I must say my interest was piqued. From its roots as a free shareware type RPG handed out at games conventions to its current position as a real, published, gloss-cover game system, MWWG has no doubt brought meaning to thousands of Barb Wire wannabees world-wide. *Cosmo* meets *Guns&Ammo* and has a love-child, if you'd like to think of it that way.



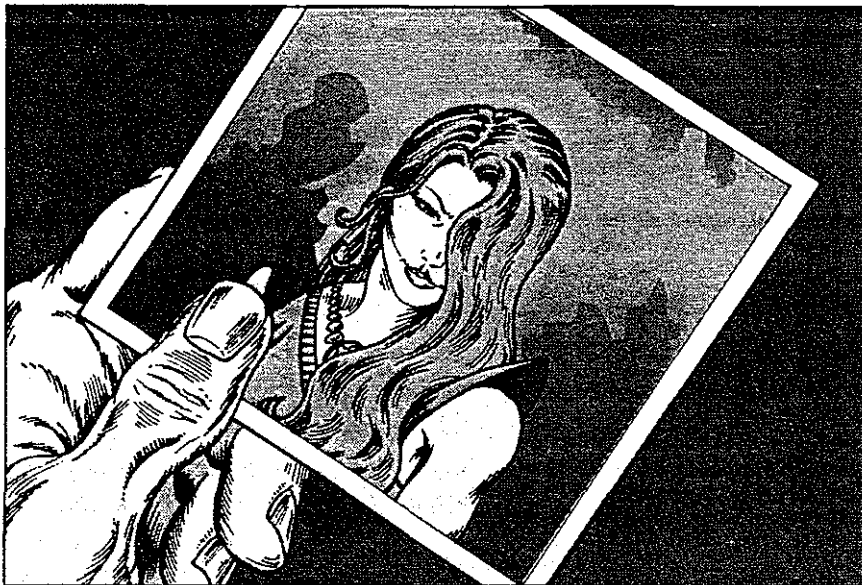
Characters fall into three classes - Macho Women (babes with bazookas), Bat-Winged Bimbos from Hell (demonic kugels with little horns and tails) and Renegade Nuns on Wheels (ultra-violent bewimpled Sisters of the Cross). Once you've picked one of these, you buy attributes from a pool of points. There are Ars Magica-style advantages and disadvantages that you can pick, ranging from "Top-Heavy" (character may not fire downhill, trips often) and "Fashion Victim" on the negative side, and interesting skills like "Hit Things", "Hit Things with Other Things", "Hit Things with Whips", "Look Good in Armour", and "Shoot Really Big Guns" on the positive side. Renegade Nuns also have the option of purchasing "Heathen Hammer™" vehicles, ranging from Unicycles of Purity to giant eight-wheel Holy Rollers to mount huge guns on.

Voila, after picking equipment, your character is created.





The setting is simple. About ninety percent of men have mutated into drooling demons who drink beer and watch wrestling all day (wait a minute...no, never mind). Monsters and Lawyers wander the land. It's up to the busty and gutsy to save the day while looking as good as possible. Combat is the main emphasis of the game, therefore. Attacking is so much more effective if (for example) you are better-looking than your opponent, if you have a really good quote as you shoot (like "suck on .....salivating, sexist swine"), or if you're being macho (hard to define). The system is 3D6 based, and pretty good. It might even be playable without that silly setting...although why miss out on this golden opportunity to ham it up.



Overall, not a bad little system. But to keep the whole thing pure, I don't think men should be allowed to play it, except as Oiled-Up Love Slaves at the discretion of the other players.

So remember; keep your weapons loaded and your lipstick handy. Or maybe the other way around.

practised great magic. He spilt some of his own precious blood and out of it, he created his people, then he found corn and taught them how to grow it. Through him, the people learned all the arts and discovered how to set their calendars according to the course of the planets. The people owed everything they knew to the Feathered Serpent.

One day, the Feathered Serpent felt that he could no longer remain with his people. The god slithered on to a high pyre and started a fierce blaze. As his body writhed in the flames, his heart shot out like a comet towards the sky. It raced through the heavens until it was next to the sun, and there it remained.

Now, the Feathered Serpent is no more. Instead the god's heart is the Morning Star, which shines brightly upon the world as dawn rises.

AIR

## Feathered Serpent

*On a god that became a star*

How beloved a god would be, if he revealed to his people the secrets of the arts and science. The Feathered Serpent was such a god. His great power showed in his person, which was a marriage of opposites. A creature of the earth and the air, he had the powerful body of a serpent, but he was covered in brightly coloured feathers like a bird.

The Feathered Serpent was a master of enchantments, and

© MC 1993

Origin: Mexico

25

## Lands of Myst

*"There is a snake around our eyes, it is called truth and its crushing coils they...they are thought"*

Moonlight, and more moonlight, caresses the dark void. There, in a land without wind, the mist forms, the light catching at the satin curtains, and with a sonorous sigh licks its way around the black rock of the castle that stands solid against the pawing mist.

"It was in the beginning," Lynn spoke.

"Yes?" said her listener, his eye tracing the tautness of her gown near her thighs. Lynn smiled slightly at noticing this, and then let her face flow into the guileless lines of one slightly surprised and annoyed at an unwelcome interruption.

"Sir, it seems to me not to befit the guest of even so rare a hostess to interrupt a reading which you yourself did request."

"Why, I must then apologise, m'lady. I meant only to express interest." His eyes lapped at the line of her jaw with a biting watchfulness and anticipation that almost made Lynn forget that the game was one to be played at her leisure and not his.

"Very well then..."

*It was in the beginning, when all things had a beginning. Then at this early heart of everything we danced amid the mist and hells. Stray children found once again beauty."*

"But lady, and here I must beg your indulgence, what does it mean?"

Here Lynn was once again taken back by her listener. She knew the spell had been right. It had been woven as had the others in accordance with the books. How could it be that the images she had tied to her words had not given him explanation enough? Unconsciously she allowed her hand to run across her hip, finding uncommon thrill hidden in the simple substance of her self. Before she could answer, he spoke again as if to forestall the small frown on her brow. "I know," he said hurriedly, "that the last images and indeed this passage too are linked to subtle charms which evoke sensation rather than concept. Yet it is concept that I search for. What does the passage mean?"

Lynn frowned deeply now, annoyed at being so questioned in her sport. No other had questioned the wording that overlaid this traveller's particular choice of passage. All who had heard the opening dream had been so suffused with the strength of the charm's ecstasy that they had not challenged its meaning even once. Helpless, she continued,

*"In grey mantle held out souls and in pageant colour sung in the moon with stripling banner of woven fog held by newly eloquent hands in brall of substance, a mill of dreams, our reds to silvers, our end to screams..."*

A moment's silence, then he asked, eyes intent with earnest, "What does it mean?"

Lynn's own mind was afire with the half-seen dancers who writhed in the forging of something half-remembered...How could it be that her guest could question the raw power of the imagery woven into the opening dream. The dream of beginning and the beginning passage of the opening dream held images as primal and basic as ecstasy itself. Yet the stranger sat oblivious

to the potency of the reading and merely questioned the words. Such a reaction was beyond her ken, and she reminded herself that, as keeper of the dream, she had fulfilled her function. "Enough Sir! I cannot answer your question, nor is it meant that I should, for the truth in any image is to be seen, not spoken."

"So I am to have no satisfaction? As I journeyed here I was warned of the terrible dangers and unfathomable delights of your libraries, and here I find only pictures without substance, charmed words, mere baubles disguising truth with colour!"

"Sir, there are very few things more real than colour, and if you see your journey to have been in vain, then I must ask if you have not lost the truth in search of explanation, for as out court conjurers are fond of saying, there is no magic without mystery. You ask, 'What is the beginning?', but it has been shown to you through my art, so perhaps I must ask of you the same. What is the beginning?"



"A fair enough answer, if a trifle evasive. I suppose it must suffice."

"It is also possible," said Lynn, "that your journey may have more value for others since, if you remember the terms of our agreement, you now owe me a story for the one I gave you."

"Aye, there is that...," the stranger muttered softly, and for a moment Lynn feared that story greatly, then he smiled and as if by charm all fears fled like fog before the sun. "But, my lady, I must ask that you ask me for my tale a third time."

"Well, of course I wish to hear your tale, my lord."

"Good," he said, and then broke into the sickly coughing that had punctuated his speech throughout their meeting. "If I may ask a question, why does this castle not play host to the romances and frolics common to such centres of wealth in this land? What reason would deny pageantry its natural place, especially so near a lady as fine as yourself?"







"Had I more courtly a lifestyle, I might give way to such flattery sir, but as it is I am, in faith, a sombre maid as is befitting one who holds such a solemn office. This perhaps is why I have little use for pageantry or flattery. My only lust is image. Now, has thou some of the art or must it be read from you? The latter is lamentable painful, but such is the nature of the bargain. We deal in more than simple words here."

"Fortunately I possess a measure of the art myself, and I will be pleased to relate my tale now."

"You are aware that your tale, once related, will be mine, and that you will not have to relate it again hereafter?"

"Aye, my lady, and I must confess it is one truth that I could stand to lose, for you see my lady, my tale is truth itself."

Drawing himself to his full height he opened his lips, only to collapse, coughing. The coughs turned to spasms in his throat, and blood stained the blue of the carpet. For a moment Lynn looked upon empty sockets that dripped fiery blood down trenches of pain carved in his cheeks and then, as though it were a trick of the faint mist that shadowed the blue carpet and the darkening stain, it was gone, and all Lynn could see was a look of pain as the coughs passed into shudders through her guest. Alarm became annoyance as she remembered his claims of skill at the art. "Mere illusion will not rob me of my tale sir. Please continue."

"You have asked me properly this time," he choked, "but I must ask you to give me a day to recover as it takes much out of me when I use the art and I swear that I am in sore distress."

"Very well then my lord, but do not attempt to leave the castle or I shall be forced to read your stories from you."

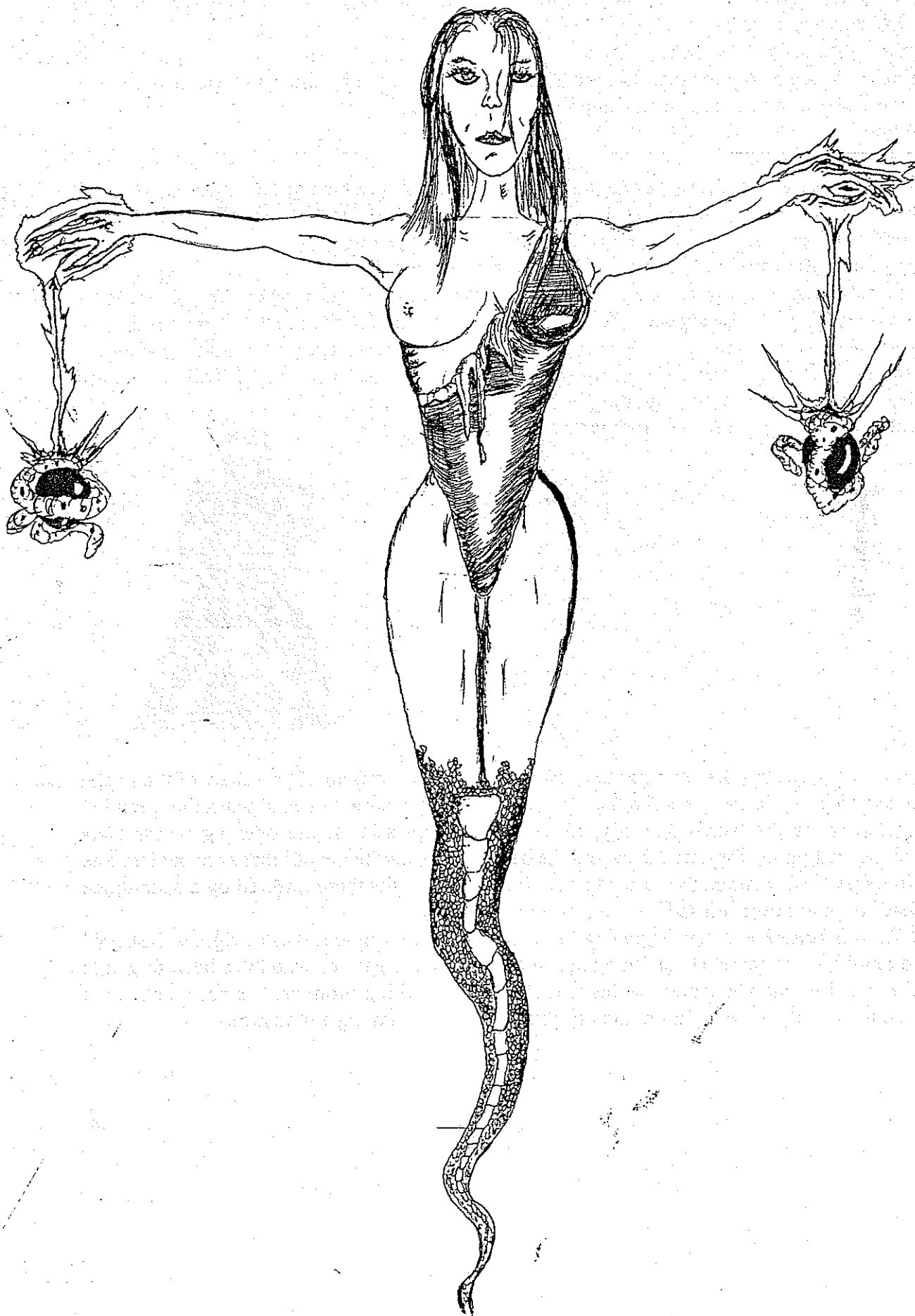
Lynn cast a meaningful glance at the reader occupying the darkest corner of the room. Here the mind parasite painted dull pictures in the fog with deft tentacles, its carapace dripping with condensed moisture. None would wish to lose all their tales of their life for one of Lynn's readings, which meant that she had few willing listener's without the art to add image to the tale as this main claimed to have. He could not to miss the dreadful consequences if his boasts were a lie.

"I will hear your story tomorrow evening," Lynn said as she swept past, "and please refrain from leaving any more of your blood on the carpet."

.....

Her visitor sits bathed in the phosphorescence of the reader, gazing out across the ocean of concealing mist, hoping to forget the tale he must tell, but knowing that his weakened body has left him prone to another night of all he knows. His face relaxes its mask of mist to reveal the corpse-pallid flesh scarred by blood that will always flow from empty and once-beautiful eye sockets. The coughing subsides, and slowly he stands, stroking the tentacles of the reader with clawed fingers, looking to the moon with the memory of his eyes.

"The brightest angle of the brightest angle," he says to the listening mist. The mist swirls up the bright moonlight to make itself a twisting black mirror awaiting fulfilment. Beyond the writhing fog the stranger hears the angry howls of a vengeful wind that seeks, but must not find him here.





Evening comes again to the land of mist, intruding on the gaudy sunset with the subtle play of dancing silver. Moonlight and more moonlight carves its visage against the blackness of the castle and vapour snakes tentative fingers about the highest turret to wait there hanging. In the dimly-lit library Lynn awaits her visitor's return. Her head is already filled with the musky visions of the night's reading, so that she has almost forgotten the tale she had thrice requested,

Her visitor is late in coming. The stranger folds his body into the seat, grateful for the relief from his twisted gait.

Lynn stared icily. "Well, sir, where is my tale?"

"You have asked me for that more than enough times, my lady, but now I must ask you a favour. May I tell my tale in a setting more suited to the story?"

"Where?"

"Your family crypt?"

"That is ridiculous. I deny your request on the basis of its unashamed melodrama."

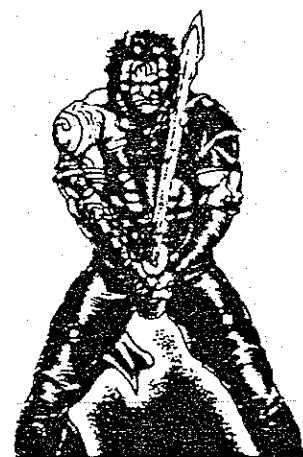
"Then my lady, all I ask is that we sit closer for I do not wish to speak this tale above a whisper if I must speak it above ground and so near an open window."

For a moment Lynn is startled by her guest's paranoia, but then remembers that infirm as he is, that stranger might have less platonic reasons to require closeness and, drunk as she is on the visions she has already seen that night, she sees a certain attraction in the proposal.

"Very well sir, come closer if you must, but stall me no longer lest you truly try my patience."

"My lady, last night you answered my question with one of your own. Now I shall tell you my tale, I shall tell you of the beginning..."

*"It was in the beginning, when all things had a beginning..."*



Lynn's protest at this blatant repetition is silenced by the power and immediacy of the image that she discerns forming behind the words, an image formed not of mist but rather seeming to strike after the words hungrily, like a snake. Lynn sees in the opening words half-remembered pains, forgotten fears and the beginning of all the beauty that sustains her. She is helpless now to stop the charm she had called for, and sits there tortured by a truth thrice asked for, and never refused.

*"When all things had a new beginning,"* he continues, and Lynn sees twisted figures, insectoid and reptilian, yet more than anything human, and in pain; creatures who have been forged in pain and fire, and yet somehow this fire, despite its sparking promise, has not numbed not made them truly anything more than frightened children playing a monstrous part.

*"A beginning cfter judgement when the damned returned and the battle lines cf heaven's empty aesthetics were to be fought in contradictions. About heaven's archways we wailed and demanded our admittance, for hell was not to have heaven, just as I now know that the joy cf heaven was simply being raised above hell. Through timeless moments we railed outside the gates, endured the flames cf our campaign for out last memories cf Eden. Most still stand shouting at that gate save your peple and myse.f. In this beginning there were some who fled into the vapours that surround the pits cf hell, into the lands cf mist, and here most thought them lost and deservedly punished, but these children cf hell who had run from us and themselves found the true nature cf these mists, clothed in vaporous fantasies, they forged the spectacle cf remembered lives and ur.fu.filled lusts. Here, garbed in mist, against their own eyes the damned came and lived again in a land under neither god nor devil. So in cotton beauty they found a heaven with less substance than the wind and yet it is the wind they fear, the clawing wind, the biting wind that brings motion to the unmoving mist that clothes them. They fear only the biting wind..."*

With this the stranger leans closer, Lynn helplessly ties by the truth brought forth from treacherous memory. The stranger's lips purse and with the gentlest puff he sends her sailing across the room confused and terrified. She looks down on the scaled flesh of her breasts and the serpentine movements of an unnoticed tail. Looking back she sees her familiar visage floating on the mist blank and empty as the intent that sustains it.

"What have you done?" she screeches in a voice to crack ivory, her eyes gleaming with anger.

"I know not, my lady, for now the tale is yours, and since you know it you may no longer find substance in the mist whereas I remember it only vaguely, and may thus perhaps foil my pursuers by taking your place."

With a new dignity and strength in his shuddering body, the man stands and makes towards Lynn's hovering guise.

"NO!" With a lunge the demonic body launches itself through the air at its frail visitor. He does not seem to move more than an inch, but Lynn finds herself hurled against the wall with enough force to crack even demonic bone and sinew. Stunned and limping, she rises and warily tries to circle into a position to protect the dangling umbilical cord of mist that hangs from her visitors guise. He must not have it, he must not...

"Away, whelp," a new voice gasps from her visitor with enough authority to send Lynn scuttling back. "Not even as I am does your kind represent a challenge. Now that you have asked thrice and heard, you have nothing that I may not simply take and you have no means to stop me." Slowly he turns to face her, letting all illusion fall. Lynn gasps to see the infinitely empty sockets that fill with eternal streams of blood, the face and body that, though once fair and delicate, are now wreathed with scars. Torn mail made from polished bone hangs in tatters, and at his side hangs a weapon of no description but foulest darkness.

"Would you oppose me? Have I escaped the punishments of Lucifer himself to be stopped by you?"

Lynn sobs in terror, caught in a hopeless battle that she cannot win, but must. Her enemy is wreathed in pain, has been beaten on Lucifer's flaming anvil, but there is power in those sockets that watch her as surely as any jellied orb might.

"Sir, are you a captured angel?" she stammers out. "I would help you past my kind to the gate if..." but even as she gives voice to this last hope her illusions are destroyed by the harsh laughter only the unmerciful soul of a prince of Hell could voice.

"Nay, my lady, I am no angel," he says walking toward the spectral vision of Lynn," but let me tell you one last tale before you lose all:

*Once I stood on the fallen arches of heaven  
laid low the gaudy throne  
and smote the praises of our lesser god low  
I alone of Hell's host have seen the flow  
of the waters of grace, as they stir  
the scum of stagnant crystal fountains.  
I alone have seen, and for this they took my eyes  
I alone have felt, and for this they gave me pain  
I alone have walked, and for this they left me cripple  
I alone have understood, and for this they left me burning questions  
I stood alone in memory and in fact  
I am the hurricane, the vengeful wind  
I am hell's blood, scarred general,  
I am Vernos the blind  
I was the third to start the game  
and only I know what we play.*

As you have observed, my lady, I do have a small weakness for melodrama." With a twirl he assumes her shape, and Lynn finds herself staring into eyes that had once been hers.

"What will you do with me?" she croaks. The usurper smiles more wickedly than ever she had done, then says, "Why, I have given you a story. Now I will demand my price of you!" With that Vernos drags Lynn's resisting form to the reader.

"You will remember only the two tales that I have given you once the reader is done, and they will hunt for any mind that knows my tale or has seen the images I have shown you, assuming it to be mine, for now only you and I of Hell's host have seen the sights of heaven, and Lucifer is envious. Thus will I leave you this advice: run hard, for they will hear your thoughts more easily than mine."

"I know that I have seen heaven, but it seemed so empty. What does it mean?"

"That I must ask you," said Vernos, as he thrust her at the waiting tentacles...

Scylla brewed a magic potion of terrible potency. The philter glittered, green as her jealousy, as she walked to the shore in the pale moonlight. Slowly, she poured it upon the sleepy waters.

In the morning, Scylla went to bathe in the sea. As soon as she waded in, the waves rose menacingly and turned a threatening green. Scylla screamed as the slimy sea congealed into a giant six-headed snake. It slapped and grabbed at her face and body, pushing her towards the depths. As she fought against the writhing water, she saw her reflection in a glassy wave. She gave a long howl of fear and despair. She was now part of the monster. Even her voice was no longer human.

Such is the dreadful danger that lurks in enchanted waters. Now a terrifying monster, Scylla was fated never to change back. Again and again she would rise from the sea to wreck passing ships and she became feared by all who sailed the Mediterranean.

Origin: Ancient Greece

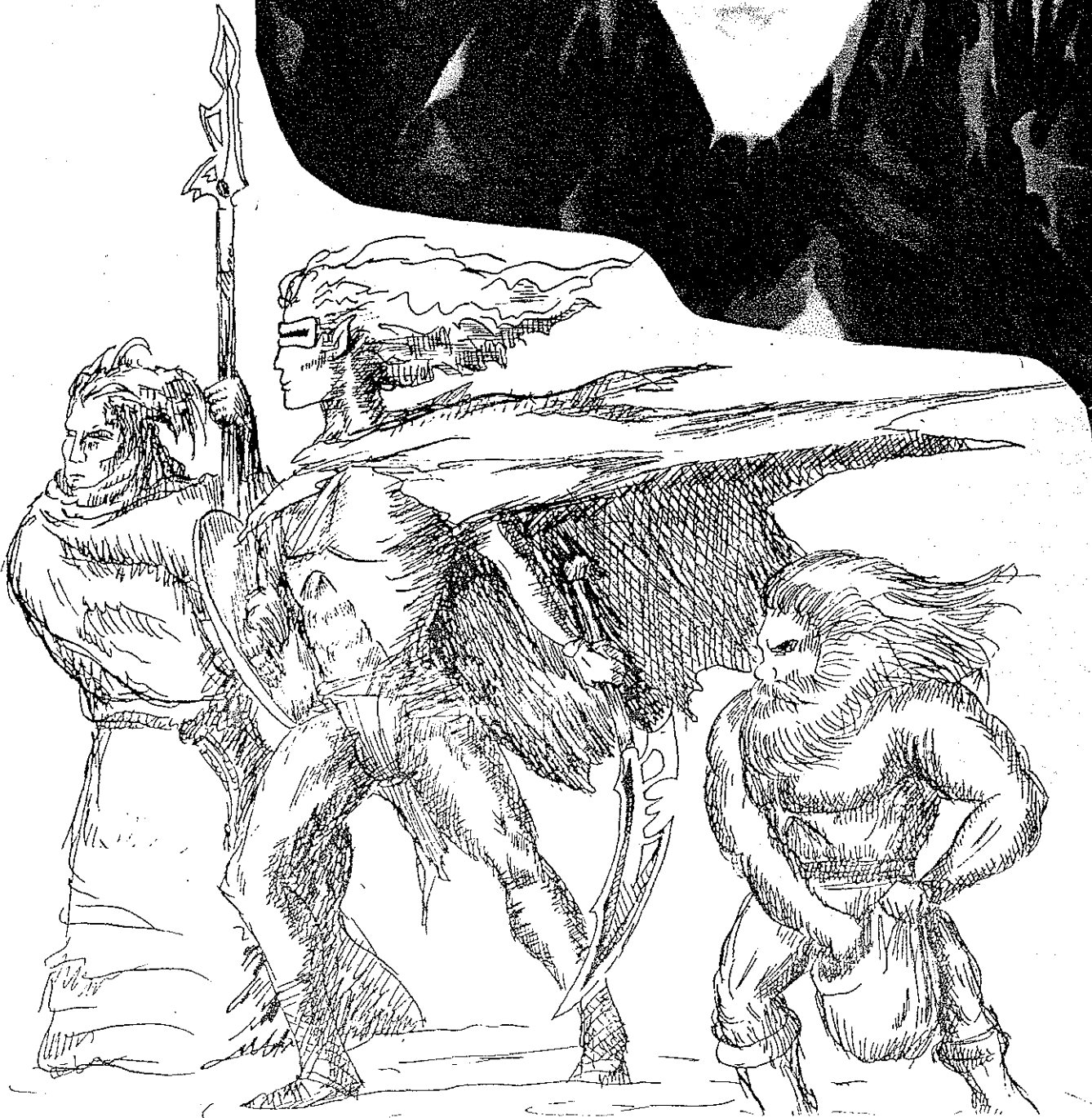
## Scylla

### On sorcery worked in seas and rivers

On no account trust the cool, tempting waters of rivers and streams, nor even the sparkling morning sea. By evil magic, a philter poured upon the waves can summon from the depths monsters that absorb their victims. With enormous bodies and six gaping, sharp-fanged heads on long writhing necks, these monsters have strength beyond belief. No-one can escape their cruel embrace.

Thus the beautiful nymph Scylla was ensnared. A mighty sorceress who grew envious of







## Curses

To be placed on irritating PC's under any pretext that the DM decides to make up (well, we wouldn't really do that...).

All curses only removable by, surprise surprise, *Remove Curse*.

## FIGHTERS

**Queasiness:** Character feels sick at the sight of more than a half a pint of blood. Save versus poison or be violently ill for 1d4 rounds. At the sight of more than four pints of blood, save at -2.

**Cowardice:** At the prospect of a fight of any sort the character must save vs death ray or run away for 1d6 rounds. When there are uneven odds, against the playing character, he must save at -2. In the fight, the playing character save at -4 every time he is hit.

☉✦☸**Hippy Fever**♁♂♀♃: Character becomes averse to all violence and advocates peace and brotherhood of man. Refuses to wear armour and has an aversion to eating meat. Becomes extremely fond of burning sweet smelling substances and spends time each day meditating. Seeks a spiritual guru at the earliest opportunity. This is a good curse to place on a sword on a sword. Enjoys wearing orange and red flowers.

**Haemophilia**♁: Save versus poison or body's equilibrium changes and the poor sod doesn't stop bleeding when hit!

## MAGES

**Amnesia:** This is an unfortunate affliction. The mage forgets all the spells he has learnt that day, and is unable to remember his basic training (save at -4). The sadistic version of this is the curse also makes the playing character unable to remember any subsequent spells learned (save at -4 for each day or per spell, depending on the DM).

**Dyslexia:** The mage develops a severe case of dyslexia- whenever he reads something he must save vs spells at -4 or be unable to read it. When learning spells, the DM must roll a save for each spell learnt (optional: each set of levels).

Should he fail, he learns a different spell: when the mage tries to cast a "failed" spell, the DM randomly rolls a spell of the same level. The same procedure applies to reading scrolls.

**Speech impediment:** Save at -4, as above. If a fail, roll 1d6 :1-3 nothing happens; 4-6(the DM rolls randomly) a random spell of the same level is cast.

As for all the other classes in all the other systems in all the other publishing companies, just you wait. We'll tailor curses for your lot soon enough...

ITS always  
The same  
destroy as many  
public buildings  
as you like you  
still cant get them  
to sell  
you  
a decent  
smoke!



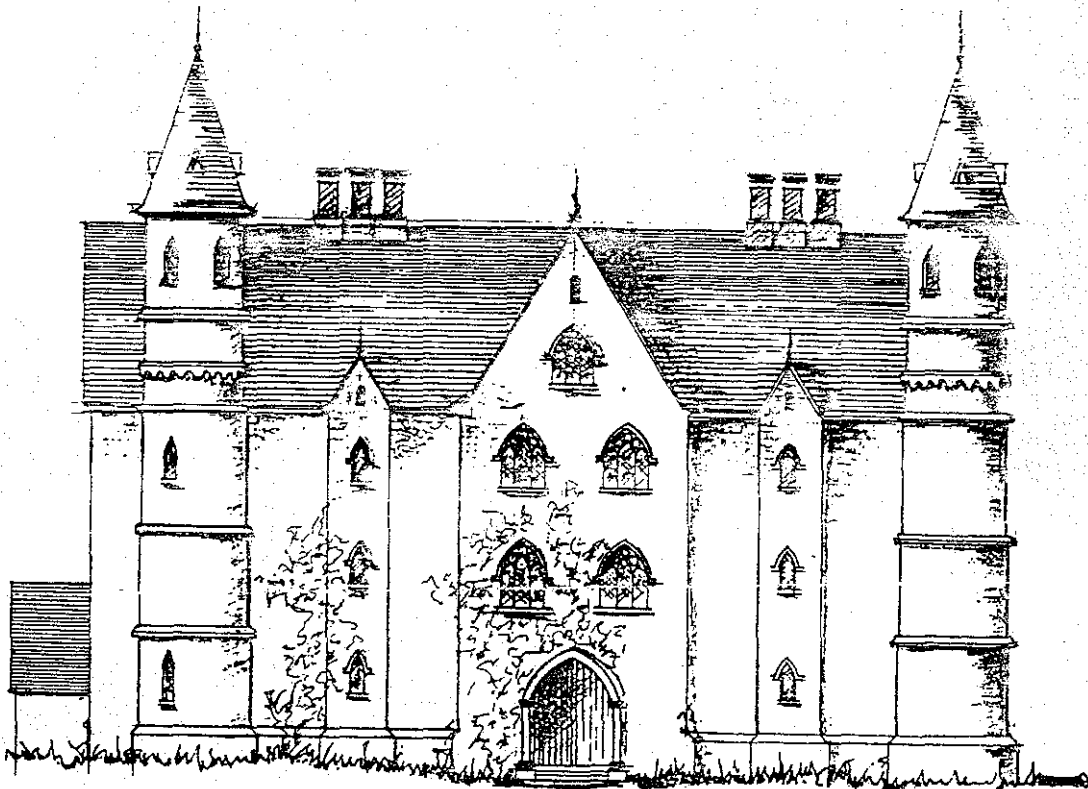
Peter the Psychotic Postman  
vs.  
Random Acts of Senseless Violence

It was a Tuesday morning just like any other Tuesday morning that Peter the Postman was doing his rounds. A couple more houses to go and then he could return to his very warm and boring civil servant's house for an even more warm and boring cup of civil servant's cocoa. But then a thought struck him...NO, wait...it wasn't a thought...it was a brick! "Oh deary me," said Peter as blood cascaded down his right temple. "I wonder who would throw bricks at a civil servant out delivering mail for them? Mother told me not to lose my nerve in times like this...Then again Mother was the one who always administered the pain and never received..." Peter, whose starched white collar was now crimson with blood, scanned the area for the origin of the brick. He did not expect to see what he did. A skeletal figure in a robe blew a

raspberry at him, laughed insanely and then disappeared into a house. The house in question was old and run down and looked just like any other old rundown house, save for a pentagram drawn across the whole roof and a kitten's head impaled on a spike next to which was a sign which read: 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here, for ye shall be mangled, bashed and eaten'.

'Oh well,' said Peter, brandishing a shotgun issued to him by the post office in case of such emergencies. "The mail must go through..." And with that he made to enter the house.

Peter first lobbed his standard, government-issue EP-13hand grenades at the door, and then waited for the smoke to clear. He then did a somersault onto the welcome mat



followed by a flying leap into the house. There, awaiting him, was the skeleton who had thrown a brick at his head.

"My head is still throbbing, you!!☹. I'm gonna take the medicine I need outta your butt when I kick it!" shouted Peter.

The skeleton lunged at Peter, but Peter flipped onto his back and threw the skeleton over him. He heard a crack as the skeleton hit the wall. He got up and headed to the now dazed skeleton.

"Hey I gotta a \*special\* delivery for you, boney." said Peter, who jammed a hand grenade, minus pin, into the skeleton's pelvic area. Peter used his ten seconds to get away wisely - He counted down from 10 to 0, but forgot to run away.

BOOM!!!

When Peter awoke he found himself in a different room, but he wasn't alone. A hag witch stood across the room from him making obscene gestures with the remaining three fingers she had left on her one hand. Pus oozed out of her nose and ears and the stench was almost unendurable. Peter couldn't believe his eyes and cried, "Is that you mother?"

The hag witch was not impressed. She ran toward Peter screaming, "Eat my death, postman! Eat my death!"

What the hag witch did not account for was the shotgun which Peter pulled out of his tattered uniform.

"Eat this, you ,," said Peter as he pulled the trigger.

Peter achieved the result he wanted. The top of the hag witch's head had been blown off leaving her cerebellum scorched. She fell to the ground spilling a mixture of brains and pus on the floor.

"Yowzer, that's gotta hurt," said Peter. "Now how do I get out of this crazy house?" As if in answer, a portal opened in front of him, shimmering with a myriad of fantastic

colours. Light enveloped him and he heard the voices of a thousand lost souls crying out to him.

"Geez-Louise, that's pretty cool," said Peter as he stepped in.

What he found did not please him. For as Peter stepped through the portal, he was immediately relocated to a cavern rife with fire and brimstone.

" Oh, great," he hissed. "Now I'm in hell!" There to greet him were three demonic looking demons, all doing their demon-like things, like cleaning their hooves, picking their noses with their spiked tails and regurgitating their vomit.

"You guys make me sick," sneered Peter. "How about a game of baseball fellas?"

With that Peter took the stock of his shotgun and proceeded to beat the demons to death with it in a totally unprovoked attack. Blows rained down on the demons hither and thither sending cartilage spraying in all directions. And the rain did not stop for a good hour and a half. Peter had mashed three demons who probably would have been glad to show the psychotic postman the way out.

"That'll teach 'em," said Peter.

To his horror, the demon-mangling session had left his clothes splattered with blood and bits of broken bone, and in a rage he set about beating them again, and again for good measure.

"Haha! Demon jam!" cried Peter the postman. "Now to end this madness..."

Peter found a way out of the cavern and made his way into a large chamber. The chamber had a smell in it which screamed "rotting corpse" at Peter. There, lying on the floor, was a dead body. The corpse looked as if it had been dead for weeks. Worms crawled in and out of its stomach and thousands of burrowing insects had infested the body. Next to the body lay a pile of human fluids, consisting of faeces, bile, blood and urine. As Peter looked at it, one of



the insects burrowed into an eyeball which then oozed a gelatinous substance.

"That's really gross," said Peter the postman, hurrying out of the chamber.

Later, Peter found himself back in the house, in what looked like a child's room. From a cupboard burst a zombie, preparing itself for a feast of Peter-brains. Before it could make for him though, Peter kicked it in the shin with a steel-tipped boot, breaking the zombie's shin. Yellow mucus dripped from the zombie's leg and sizzled on the floor. The zombie collapsed and Peter set about tying it to a rocking horse with string. Now it would pay for its insolence. More importantly, now Peter would finally get to torture somebody! Peter grabbed a ball and shoved it in the zombie's mouth, making breathing possible only through the nose. He then cut off the zombie's upper and lower left eyelids and pried the eyeball out of its socket. The eyeball dangled by its optic nerve in front of the zombie's face, and Peter took it and deftly plugged it into the zombie's left nostril.

"OK asshole, I want answers," said Peter. "I know there's someone I have to kill before I leave because that's the way it works, right? You just point me in the right direction or you're going to suffocate from your own eyes..."

It only took the loss of one more of its eyelids for the zombie to realise that Peter meant business. It bucked wildly, and when Peter asked it again, it motioned toward the cupboard.

"Thanks, you sure are a sight for sore eyes!" howled Peter manically as he entered the cupboard.

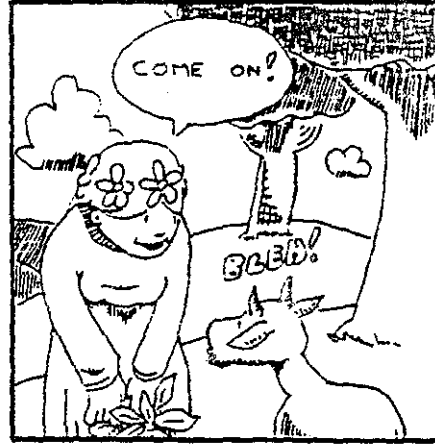
What awaited him was like nothing he had ever seen before. In the middle of the blood-

painted pentagram on the floor was a little piglet. No hordes of demonic entities protected it, it was just a little piglet on the floor. When Peter neared it, it spoke in a pinched little whine, "Hello. My name's Babe. Will you be my mommy?"

This set Peter off laughing. He clutched the pig and jammed the barrels of the shotgun into each huge piglet nostril. This spectacle made him laugh even harder, until eventually he was laughing so hard that it felt as if his sides would burst.

"No...this is too easy..." he thought. But then this thought was replaced by the image of the piglet with its nostrils snugly stuffed with shotgun barrels, and he snorted with laughter again. Eventually he quit laughing to gather his thoughts and set about sending the piggy-wig (laugh, laugh) to the great big pig pen in the sky. He forced the barrels even further into the piglets sniffer, readied himself, and fired. Blood spattered everywhere and Peter was left holding a headless, bloody pig corpse. For some reason this made him erupt with laughter again, and just as he started he saw a bright light...

He was back outside again. The horrors of the satanic house had been banished (and he had had a jolly good laugh too). Peter resumed his mail drop, still in his blood-stained postman's uniform, when he came to a house much like the previous one. Birds lay dead on the grass and spectral figures loomed inside the building. A miniature storm was brewing over the shingled roof. He looked at the address on the postbox. It read "Gomez and Morticia Addams". Peter reloaded his shotgun, straightened his tie and said, "Oh well, the mail must go through."



# The Bard's Best Tomes

*In the Bard's hall, a faint candle flickers as the Scribe makes his way to a crumpled mass buried in a pile of blankets.*

*'Master, it is time and past time; thy duties have been shirked and angry hordes demand words from thy quill.'*  
*And the Scribe nudges the heap with considerable enjoyment.*

*'Go away! Leave me be! Hast thou no respect for the dying? All my days have I toiled, and even now as death's grim shadows draw about me thou dost grant me not my well-earned rest...' the words fade into an indistinct mutter as the shape hunches deeper into the blankets.*

*The Scribe sniggers soundlessly and nudges the heap again, more firmly. 'A slight cold will not slay thee. I have sharpened thy quills and filled the inkwell. The parchment hath been trimmed and the lamps are burning. Thy desk awaits thee, Master.'*

As doth my death, the Bard thinks mournfully as he drags himself to his feet and blearily follows the Scribe.

Well, noble readers, I beg indulgence for my indulgence, but my head feels much like a straw-stuffed pumpkin.

*Not that this is in any way unusual, says the Scribe.*

*Silence, thou ill-favoured inkwell-filler.*

Be that as it may, I shall attempt some semblance of sense. Perhaps it is therefore not wise to begin with the most unusual of my latest acquisitions, Master Adrian Cole's **Blood Red Angel**, for those who have read his works may know his style to require a certain amount of concentration to comprehend. Easy though **Blood Red Angel** is to read, the background is intricate and the society of its world is most excellently developed. In its essence, **Blood Red Angel** conveys the grim mood of a world shut away from the light, existing in a permanent gloom where all its inhabitants desperately and viciously attempt to climb the ladders of society until they reach the ultimate and almost mythical goal - immense power and emergence into the light. And those who fail die to become the only food which sustains life on the world...

*the sky. After that, Biliku made the first people, and put them on the Earth. She was so pleased with her creation that she decided to live on Earth herself.*

*The people found that their creator was unpredictable. When she was in a good mood, she sent fine weather and was helpful to the people. When she was angry, she summoned up enormous clouds, terrifying winds and lashing storms. Her bellows of rage became thunder, and she threw huge bolts of lightning across the sky. Rivers broke their banks and flooded the land and houses were swept away with their inhabitants.*

*Soon Biliku tired of the people she had created, and went back to the the sky. But everyone on Earth still fears her terrible temper.*

Well, that was a grim beginning, but I shall not continue thus - at least not in quite as grim a fashion. **The Lions of Al-Rassan** is the latest quasi-historical volume from the hand of Master Guy Gavriel Kay, who may be remembered for the exceptional *FIONAVAR TAPESTRY*. Indeed all Master Kay's books have in passing made mention of Fionavar, which was engaging once or twice but is now becoming predictable and somewhat tiresome, the more so since part of the underlying plot will immediately be known to those familiar with Master Kay's previous works.

Aside from this, **The Lions of Al-Rassan** evokes the life of medieval Spain - the times, in fact, when the Moors held large parts of the country and El Cid became a hero. In terms of atmosphere **The Lions of Al-Rassan** cannot compete with **A Song for Arbonne** (which created a beautiful medieval French feel) - though all the parts are there, they never quite fall into the perfect shape which makes a great story. **The Lions of Al-Rassan** is good reading, but do not expect another **Song for Arbonne**.

## EARTH Biliku

### On the spider that spun the world

*In the hot, humid night of the tropic, Biliku goes about her business, respected by all who live at the mercy of the storms she unleashes. Biliku is a giant spider. Dark and forbidding, she moves swiftly and silently, her eyes flickering with deadly alertness.*

*Before the world was even created, Biliku wove her webs and stalked the great empty night. Then Biliku sat down, and with her great feelers, she fashioned the Earth and placed it in*



travelled to the far-away marshes where the birds lived. He fired great salvos of arrows at them, but the birds were so nimble that he could not take aim.

When they saw that Hercules was armed, the birds withdrew deep into their boggy domain, for they always fled from anyone who might shoot them. Hercules waded in to follow them. The water closed around him like quicksand, sucking him in. Hercules struggled back to shore. He had not even got near the cruel birds.

Trickery gave Hercules the solution. He knew that wild animals fear fire, but he could not set the damp marshes ablaze. He started whirling a huge brass rattle above his head. The harsh crackle sounded just like an enormous forest fire. The birds started flying in all directions, then they disappeared towards the horizon, never to return.

Origin: Ancient Greece

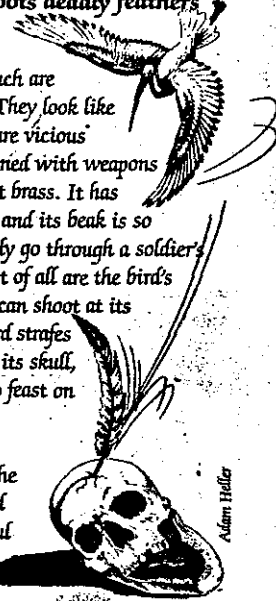
© MC 1993

## Stymphalian Bird

On the bird that shoots deadly feathers

From the sky can come treacherous creatures. Such are the Stymphalian birds. They look like slender ibises, but they are vicious hunters. Each bird is armed with weapons made out of the strongest brass. It has claws as sharp as razors and its beak is so powerful that it can easily go through a soldier's metal breast-plate. Worst of all are the bird's wing feathers, which it can shoot at its prey like arrows. The bird strafes at its victim and pierces its skull, before swooping down to feast on its flesh.

A king once challenged the great hero Hercules to rid his country of the dreadful creatures. Hercules



*So, the Master Storyteller hath displeased the Bard? Or art thou merely grouchy?*

*Not grouchy am I, speaks the Bard, nor am I displeased. Merely slightly disappointed - but no one can be exceptional all the time.*

*Excepting thyself, of course, needles the Scribe. Of course, the Bard says seriously.*

Truly displeasing - perhaps displeasing is too strong a word, mayhap just truly disappointing - are the last few volumes by Master Charles de Lint, these being **Dreams Underfoot**, **Into the Green**, and **Svaha**. They are all unrelated, but a certain measure of their quality may be derived from the fact that I am utterly unable to recall the smallest part of **Into the Green** - and I could vow I had read it no more than a few fortnights past. It appears to me that Master de Lint is now publishing previous works on the strength of the good name he hath made for himself with volumes such as **Moonheart** and **The Little Country**.

**Dreams Underfoot** is a collection of related short stories published over the years and now combined in one volume. Though some are engaging, none of them made a lasting impression on me.

**Svaha** I can only describe as an absurd attempt to meld Cyberpunk with de Lint's own mostly successful depiction of American Indian magic. However, in **Svaha** the two paradigms simply do not meld - they are far too different to merge, leaving me with a feeling of 'sugar Cuberpunk', if it is possible to imagine such a thing.

Certainly I hope that Master de Lint's next few works, such as **Memory and Dream** and **Ivory and Horn**, will be of better quality.

*And they fall before the Wrath of the Bard as Wheat before the Scythe... quips the Scribe.*

*They deserve it, the Bard replies equably. Now cease thy chatter, thou'rt half a line behind.*

Well, not all is bleak. In fact, though it is somewhat rough about the edges and could require a few polishing touches, Master Terry Goodkind's first attempt at writing, **Wizard's First Rule**, is a surprisingly enjoyable and well-written tale. Though the cover appears to promise the usual swords-and-sorcery of wizards, warriors, and dragons, I was most pleased to discover that Master Goodkind deviated from that path sufficiently to deliver a most entertaining story with numerous unusual twists and ideas - in fact, **Wizard's First Rule** can be described as a quite *unusual* swords-and-sorcery volume. The hero, of course, is a humble woodsman in a traditional type of peaceful and rural country who is suddenly tossed into an adventure filled with - yes, swords and sorcery (galore).

None of this should stop you from reading **Wizard's First Rule**, for it is truly one of the most enjoyable ones I have read in a fair while. And for those who like not one book, Master Goodkind has been good and kind enough to supply a sequel, **Stone of Tears**, as well as a further sequel, **Blood of the Fold**.

*Now, that was entirely too cheerful for a dying man, says the Bard. More doom, gloom, and destruction is required.*

*Well, carry on, says the Scribe. My quills are ready.*



Most annoyingly, grouches the Bard, there *is* no more doom and gloom...

Or not much of it, at least, aside from the doom and gloom heaped on the authors. Mistress MacAvoy has finished the trilogy begun in **Lens of the World**, with **King of the Dead** and **Belly of the Wolf**. Sadly I was forced to discover that **Lens of the World** was certainly the best of the three. The events of **King of the Dead** follow shortly after **Lens of the World**, but somehow the almost mystical perspective of someone in many ways beyond the worries of the world, which was so prevalent in **Lens of the World** and made it such a good book, has been lost, and **King of the Dead** is hardly different from any other average fantasy work. And **Belly of the Wolf**, quite frankly, disappointed me.

*Well done, oh well done, scoffs the Scribe. Another author slain!*

*Well then, shall I slay another? asks the Bard.*

It is not as bad as that, though. Master Dave Duncan's *A MAN OF HIS WORD* may be fondly remembered by some - it certainly is by me, for which reason I was pleased to discover a sequel, *A HANDFUL OF MEN*, comprising the four volumes **The Cutting Edge**, **Upland Outlaws**, **The Stricken Field**, and **The Living God**. Fifteen years have passed, and the millennium is drawing nigh - together with the traditional end-of-millennium catastrophes. And guess whose fault it is? Correct, Rap the stableboy-turned-sorcerer-turned-king - and it is up to him to avert disasters he inadvertently caused.

To be honest, *A HANDFUL OF MEN* doesn't quite reach the quality of the first series - that mixture of humour, grand epic, snaky plot, and utterly untraditional and inventive division of races. *A HANDFUL OF MEN* has most of these, but there are too many characters to follow which unfortunately makes the plot quite straightforward rather than more complex, so *A HANDFUL OF MEN* ends up as nothing brilliant but quite acceptable relaxing entertainment.

most powerful form of greenery, in the highest esteem. They always made sure that they showed nature their regard.

Every spring, a young man decked out in leaves and greenery would be the Green Man for a day. He would lead other villagers in a merry dance round the village. People greeted and honoured him and rejoiced at the great rebirth of nature.

Some people even believed that trees could speak. Most respected was an ancient oak that foretold the future and offered guidance or warnings. Priests sat under its gnarled boughs, listening to the rustling of its leaves and passing on their whispered messages.

Origin: Europe

© MC 1993

Finally, I come to Mistress Cherryh's **A Fortress in the Eye of Time**, about which I find it difficult to make up my mind. It reminds me in some ways of Mistress Patricia McKillip's *RIDDLE-MASTER* trilogy, for here too are strange happenings and people involving vast spans of time and power. In fact, now that I come to think of it, **A Fortress in the Eye of Time** is...

*Cough, hack, hack, wheeze...*

*Master, the Scribe says warningly. I know thou'rt but pretending to great illness. Now finish this, or shall I take up thy quill?*

The Bard glares.

*Ahem, as I was saying, A Fortress in the Eye of Time is, well, good. Quite good. Rather enjoyable, in fact.*

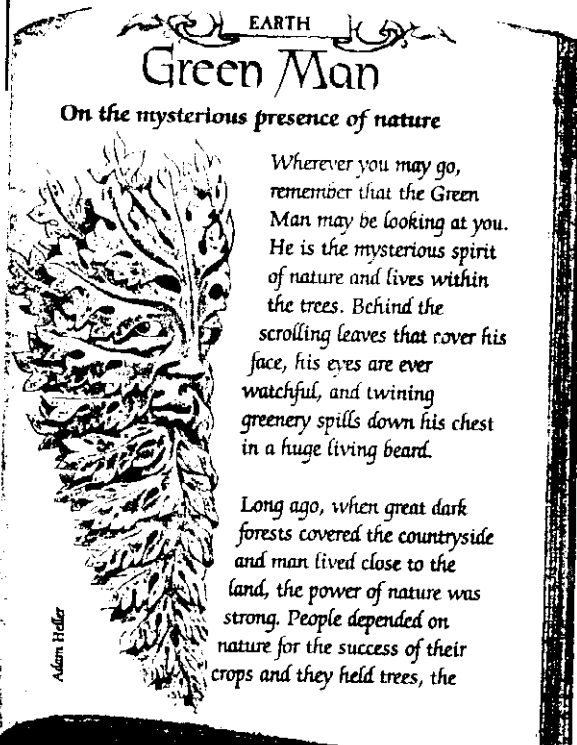
*Good enough for thee, Scribe?*

No.

*Very well then. Mistress Cherryh has woven a good tale, beginning in a long-abandoned city haunted by the faces of the wizards who dwelt there - abandoned by all, that is, except Mauryl Gestaurien, first, last, mightiest, and most mysterious of the wizards, who feeling his end approaching casts a great shaping to carry on his task - and the shaping takes the form of a youth, a youth who knows so little of the world he has been brought into he knows not even that fire burns. And the tale ends... the tale ends when you have read the book.*

*Take that, Scribe! The Bard is triumphant as he hurls away a blunt quill.*

The Scribe merely sighs and shakes his head, but concedes defeat in the face of stubbornness. And forget not the honey and the brandy, yells the bard as he disappears into the fastness of his blankets.



# Hall of Honour



RIP Posse of 19, poisoned and beaten to death with a duffel bag (there was a reason, ok?)

RIP 6 priests of Leonis the Wise - always keep watch for psychopathic martial artists. Death by duffel bag and being stood on.

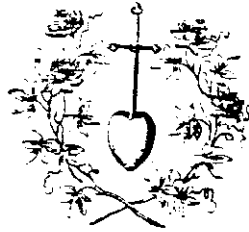
RIP Tribe of goblins - never assume that you're safe in your own oil trap, guys

RIP One village inn, torched to create a diversion, for the greater glory of Rychee

RIP Lots of PC's in first test-play of Prince of Intrigue

O fellow Drakewhistlers, in the same little predicament...Dynamite

comes in small packages. Morgana, you'd better watch out.



**Wanted:** One sedan chair and carriers for transport between middle and upper campus. Salary negotiable. Contact "Mistress Manchip", Education Building

RIP Flashily destroyed demon - Cerdic, you and me done good

RIP Osgood

For Sale: 1 pair of breeches, slightly gnawed

Dear sad, pathetic, mortal cockroaches  
Just a reminder to you veritable vermin that the Frisky Limpets will be back to wreak fear,

chaos, destruction and death at this year's Dragonfire. Last year our characters were played with that subtle blend of poignant flair and rapier wit. However we were denied the victory we so thoroughly deserved, and will return this year to rub your toady little snouts in the slag-heap of our truly great and everlasting walkover.

May the limpetness of our friskiness ever offend and spite your pitiful, dirty and thoroughly insignificant lives.

The Frisky Limpets

Check out the ego on that dude!

**Wanted:** Three well-groomed goblins and a dungeon-master's head on a platter. Applicants refer to Gemethiel, ice-sorceress.

**Wanted:** Nubile young men to service me. (Giggle, giggle)

**Wanted:** More Classifieds (sob, sob)



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*Giles & Bubbles Embleton*

*Anton (you know who you are)*

*ARTWORK*

*Jean (so do you)*

*D Kilpatrick*

*Lots of Anon*









