

The Last Grimoire



David A. Hargrave

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INTEGRATION OF ARDUIN RULES IN OTHER ROLE PLAYING SYSTEMS

Arduin as a set of rules is now, and always has been designed to be "modular." What this means is that any single piece of the rules could be lifted out of the Arduin texts and inserted whole right into another system without much fuss or bother. Conversely, any segment of any other rules system could be inserted into the overall rules of play for Arduin and never make a ripple.

This is due to the "generic commonality" of the Arduin system to all role-playing games, whether they be fantasy, science fiction or otherwise based. It also accounts for the high popularity of these rules over the last seven to eight years. While others came and went, Arduin stayed and made tens of thousands of players happy.

All you have to remember about inserting any of these rules into your own system is this: *THE NUMBERS ARE NOT IMPORTANT - ONLY THE IDEA IS!*

What this means is that you can *substitute* your own "numbers" in place of those quoted in these rules so as to make them fully compatible to/with the numbers normally used in your own game.

As an example, the Arduinian Armour Class System goes from nine (9) to two (2), then uses pluses to show armour better/stronger than that (i.e. $2+1$, $2+2$, etc). Other systems also go from nine to two as well but then go to one, zero, and into the minus numbers to show better armour (i.e. -3 , -4 , and so on). The Arduin combat/attack system is normally tied to the above mentioned "Plus System" of numbers but players can use the *entire* combat chart series in the "Minus System" by the simple expedient of changing the Arduin plusses to the one, zero and minuses listed above AC 2! A simple change, yet now the player has an improved *Arduinian* combat system of charts that is number specific to the *non-Arduinian* rules he is using!

This kind of substitution is routinely carried out by thousands of players the world over and is so easy as to defy real explanation.

The idea of *substitution* of Arduinian game components for less workable or less playable (but similar) components in otherwise fine game systems is an idea time tested and proven.

There is often considerable prejudicial commentary about some Arduin artifact or rule that is added to another game system, "inflating" that system out of all proportion. BALONEY! The Arduin system *does not*, for instance, allow player characters to have more hit points than dragons (as do certain other systems). Arduinian artifacts and magik are all of the "finite-level, closed-end" variety as opposed to the "open-ended, infinite-power / no limitation" variety most often encountered in many another game system. As an example of this, see the Arduin "Flash Point" spell in the *ARDUIN ADVENTURE*.

This means that an Arduinian spell or artifact will have a *maximum* amount of power that it can expend, and that it *cannot* simply keep increasing itself exponentially in order to meet greater threats. Or to put it more bluntly, Arduinian things *all* obey physical laws that have known parameters and definite limitations and are not infinite in their power as are other things from many other game systems.

This kind of limiting is a great boon to all game masters who have the desire to keep their game from becoming a cartoon caricature of what a well run campaign should be. Arduinian additives do not inflate a game, on the contrary, they add a distinct and specific limiting perimeter to the world mythos where they are introduced.

Now this is not to say that this will limit the imagination and fun of play. NO! But it *will* limit the unreality and excesses so that the fantasy and "suspension of disbelief" is allowed to function at a lower level where everyone can happily integrate it into a playable, fun and *believable* sort of alternate reality. So, would you rather watch/participate in a Saturday morning kiddie cartoon or in a cinemascope, dolby sound and full color motion picture? The analogy is more apt than you might think.

At any rate, what you need to do to integrate Arduinian material into your non-Arduinian game is to simply change any of the *numbers* that you might feel are incompatible with whatever rules it is you are using. But remember, the numbers were not randomly chosen, they were arrived at after years of play testing in thousands of games world wide. So, they *do* have a place and meaning within the Arduin framework of rules. But, for non-Arduinian rules systems, it is the *idea* that is important and, as long as that remains intact, then the original intent of the Arduinian rule, artifact, etc will function as originally intended.

To close on this subject, I would like to remind all players that it is *not* how much gold or how many monsters a player has acquired/killed in his games that make him a good player. No, it is how much fun and enjoyment he and his friends have received from their many hours of play that make it "good."

And a game is only as good as its *believability* (even more so for "unbelievable games"). Arduin rules, artifacts and so on stress this believability and attempt to aid players in adding this kind of "good" into non-Arduinian rules systems. Arduin and its rules were created first and foremost so that all good players could have the maximum fun from play. Try it, I'm sure you and your friends will like what it does for your game.

SPECIAL NOTE: The usage throughout this text of Arduinian terminology is just as it should be. For after all this is the 4TH GRIMOIRE! However it is quite simple (if a little logic is used) to figure out analogues to unfamiliar terms. For instance:

1. In *Arduin* we use Coordination Factor (CF), in other games such things as "DEXterity" and/or "Initiative" are used.

2. In *Arduin* we use Reasoning Factor (RF) whereas other rules use "INTElligence" and/or "Mental Prowess" etc.

3. In *Arduin* we say Priest(ess) instead of "Cleric"; Mage instead of "Magik User"; Forester instead of "Ranger." And so on and so forth.

4. Even our *spelling* of some words reflects the Arduinian difference. For instance we use *magik* and *mystik* instead of *magic* and *mystic*.

What we are saying here is simply this: When you find an unfamiliar word/term, look for the *obvious* analog in *your* rules and odds are that's just what it is! A little logic will go a long way in easing your conversion of Arduinian rules to your own (or vice versa). Enjoy!

Editor's Note: Several differences exist between the present volume, *THE LOST GRIMOIRE*, and the previous "Arduin Trilogy" volumes. In *THE LOST GRIMOIRE*, weapon and monster stats, spells, artifacts, and other characteristics follow the format established in *THE ARDUIN ADVENTURE* (pub 1980 by Grimoire Games). While all of these may easily be converted (see preceding) to any other rule system, the experienced Game Master may wish to refer specifically to *THE ARDUIN ADVENTURE* for a better understanding of the intent and the defined powers/characteristic of those items contained here in. Specific items of relevance such as CF (Coordination Factor), Alignment, Ego and Defense and Attack Factors will be found in the *ADVENTURE*.

Also, we would like to add, at this time, a personal recommendation for the CF (Coordination Factor) Countdown system of combat (see Optional Advanced Rules, *THE ARDUIN ADVENTURE*). This system provides an astonishing realism in combat play without becoming tediously mathematical and inordinately slow in terms of game time. Having experienced this system first hand, we can add, quite honestly, that short of *actual physical combat*, we have never experienced such total realism and involvement! Having been *physically* in similar situations, we found this system of simulation *almost* too realistic . . . *almost!* -BRE-

THE WHY OF IT ALL

Over the long years that fantasy role playing has been in existence, a large amount of discussion has concerned just *what* FRP actually is, and *why* people play.

A few feel that it is all a demonic plot to undermine the moral and religious fiber of America (or the world). Others may feel that is nothing more than a "flash in the pan" fad. A real minority even feel that it is a nasty communist plot bent on subverting the youth of our nation!

Well, I can certainly state with unequivocal knowledge (being in on the very birthing pains of fantasy role playing and sticking with it right on up to the present time) that there *never* have been and *never* will be any "Demonic" or "anti-Christian" forces behind FRP gaming. None, nada, zip, zero, naught, an absence and lack thereof. Any way you wish to say it, it is still the same: ABSOLUTELY NONE. I can't be any plainer than that.

Point in fact, a couple of Christian organizations have even lauded my work (*THE ARDUIN ADVENTURE* in particular) as "eminently suitable" for play by Christian players!

As for being a fad, well, how many years does it take for something to become a recognized gaming fixture? Arduin alone is over eight (8) years old in its published form and predated that in non-published and in play format for a couple of years. At least one other major FRP rules system is as old and several more are very close to being as old. Eight years and more! Now *that* is no fad but a truly lasting and major facet of gaming, wouldn't you say! How many other "fads" that came out around then are still around? How many still have conventions world wide that draw *thousands* of participants to them each year? How many have spawned television, fiction book and motion picture spin offs? FRP has . . . and will continue to do so for the foreseeable future. Fads don't do that!

Being a Viet Nam survivor and a veteran of more than seven (7) years of *voluntary* military service, I won't even dignify the "Commie" label affixed to FRP by a few demented nuts with any more space in this book. I've *paid* my dues!

So now it comes to the *real* "WHY" of FRP, to the driving force behind the most incredible happening in all of recorded games history.

And do you know, it's quite simple? Sure! FRP games provide people of all ages, ethnic groups, cultures and social status with a way to gather together and to communicate *AS EQUALS*. There are no gender or physical handicaps, no barriers due to being a "novice." In fact, there is *nothing* that limits the games at all save the imagination of the players themselves. No other game or hobby can say this and none come even close to the reality of its fraternity and equality.

Doctor, lawyer, junior high school student, state policeman, black college student, twelve year old boy, forty year old housewife, all are people who have played in, and with each other during, FRP games I have game mastered. They still do.

What other "hobby" can say this? What other game allows for the total freedom of choice and imagination as to mode and rules of play? None do, none except this FRP we are discussing here. The new eighth wonder of the modern world!

Within the confines of FRP (and I use the word "confines" very, very loosely as ones imagination is virtually limitless) there is every opportunity for the participants to see first hand, to experience themselves, the entire gamut of human endeavor and emotion. Good and evil are starkly laid bare for all to see. Peace and war, charity and greed, loyalty and friendship, love, laughter, tears and despair are all there. But so too is perseverance under adversity, brotherhood (or sisterhood), hope, courage and defiance of fate. In short, everything that humans can encounter in this life is available to them in FRP games, only safer.

I have never met a person that these games didn't teach something to. And many learned much more than just the rules of the game. Mythology, history, psychology,

mathematics, logic, architecture and military tactics are just some of what a player learns. And most of the school age people I have known through FRP have put this newly acquired knowledge to good use by improving their grades in school.

It also imparts with the players, a desire to *LEARN*, for in knowledge is contentment. And few FRP gamers are anything if not content.

How does one explain to a non-player all of this? How to bring home to the disbeliever that, in truth, here is a worthwhile and entertaining hobby for everyone? The only way is through example, by playing with those who have doubts. Easier to say than do, I know, but it is the *surest* way to get people to see the *truth*.

Now I know that there will always be detractors to this form of gaming and these people will wield all in their power to denounce and destroy that which they cannot understand (so they fear it). Having been the target of slanderous diatribes and attacks myself in everything from newspapers to magazines, I can speak with some knowledge on this subject. It's no fun but it comes with the territory, I'm afraid.

Unfortunately for the world, there are those people who are so afraid of anything that they do not understand or which does not fit neatly in their limited world view, who will attempt to destroy whatever it is that has so angered them. For it is anger (and jealousy) that drives these kinds of people. Anger at those of us who know how to enjoy ourselves and to have fun when they can't (they're *afraid* to have fun!). They are terribly jealous of anyone or anything that causes their own little "empire" to break open and let in a little light and laughter. These kinds of people are the ones who put up those signs that say: "No _____ (fill in the blank) Allowed" and who refuse to let anyone do anything that *they* have not first approved. These are the ones who want to tell you how to run your lives (everything from what you can eat to who can associate with whom). These are the ones who believe that one race is better than another and that anything that says different must be bad. Oh yes, we all know who these kinds of people are. Unfortunately, they will be with us in some numbers for the foreseeable future. Prejudice seems to be a popular pastime for many people.

So, just smile, *be nice* to such people as these and continue on about your business (of FRP). But *never* ignore these people! For if you do not come out and publicly answer their spurious charges concerning FRP, someday you may find that they have legislated your right to play away from you! Just like the Nazis of old, anti-FRP types thrive on the silence and inaction of those whom they persecute. So *defend* what you believe in, speak out whenever and where ever there is sentiment against FRP. Only by doing so will the creeps who would abridge our freedom of choice (in game play) be forced to crawl back under the rocks they normally reside beneath. Be an FRP booster!

Well! I certainly seemed to have got wound up there! But, truth to tell, this also pertains to the "*WHY*" of FRP. FRP is freedom of choice, freedom to associate with those whom you choose, freedom to live a lifestyle according to your desires. It is all of these things and the defense of these freedoms as well. For freedom is never free and always has a "price" upon it. That price is as high or as cheap as those holding the freedom let it become. With vigilance and straight forward defense of ones ideals, the bullies and and "lords" of the world stay quiescent and give very little trouble. But, when free people become lax and lazy and do not defend their freedom, they soon find that someone has come along and taken it from them. Then the price of regaining that freedom can be very, very high. Look at history for thousands of object lessons about this.

So don't be just a player, be a defender of what you believe in as well. FRP *deserves* to be allowed to be a free choice among a free people because it is the ultimate of free style games ever invented. Players have no limitation but their own imaginations. Isn't that worth speaking up about? Isn't that what FRP is all about? Freedom in mind and of imagination. FREEDOM . . .

PLAYER ADAPTABILITY

There comes a time in each player's life when they will have the opportunity to play in a game system other than the one they normally play. This can be either a wondrous and interesting experience or an unmitigated disaster. It all depends on how the situation is approached by the player. Here then are a few helpful hints on how to overcome the many problems inherent in "systems hopping" and how to have a good time.

- 1) Always be sure that you have had ample time to read the *different* rules and understand just what *major* discrepancies in the new system you have learned will have the *most impact* upon the character(s) you will be playing.
- 2) Be sure to have had at least a few minutes time to spend with the Game Master *before the game* so that you can have all of your questions concerning the new rules/differences answered *at the source*. This way, there can be no possibility of misreading or misunderstanding anything.
- 3) Be sure to give the GM ample time to read over your character sheet so he can tell you what changes, if any, must be made in order to be compatible with his style of game play.
- 4) Let the GM also peruse all of your magikal items, spells and other "special abilities/powers" so that he will not be surprised in the middle of a melee with an unfamiliar device or such. Most GM's react to such surprises quite simply, by nullifying whatever it was you pulled out of your bag of special tricks (by saying "those things don't exist in my multiverse"). Know *before the game* what the GM will allow you to use/do from your own multiverse and what he won't. That way, you won't be surprised either.
- 5) Try to find time to converse with other people who have played in the new GM's multiverse/game so you can get a "feel" of just what his game, his world and his "style" of play is like. If it appears to you, after such discussions, that this might be a kind of play you may have a problem with (for *any* reason), then for heaven's sake please reconsider playing in the new game. Don't play where you *and* the new GM/players will be disappointed. After all, the name of these games is *FUN*. If that isn't a good possibility then why do it?
- 6) Be sure that you are totally familiar with everything about your character(s) before the game starts. In the middle of a raging battle is no time to have to dig out a rule book to determine just what effect the spell your character just cast will have. Know these things already.
- 7) Have all the equipment that the new GM tells you is necessary for play in his game. Different games occasionally require differently numbered dice and so on. If the GM wants all characters to be represented by a suitable miniature figure, have what is needed and do not borrow from those you will be playing with. If you bring

will the new GM appreciate you but so will the players. They want to spend *their* time playing and *not* getting some new guy ready.

- 8) Don't be afraid to ask questions during the game but choose the time so as not to disrupt the play if at all possible. Better yet, ask a player *first* and, only if he cannot help you, ask the GM.
- 9) If the game has been touted as "many" hours in probable duration, then come prepared to snack right where you sit. Don't expect to be allowed to saunter away to eat dinner whenever you feel like it.
- 10) It never hurts to bring a snack or two to share with your new found friends. Friendliness and a willingness to participate in all ways in the new environment is an utter necessity if you are to enjoy the new experience to the fullest.
- 11) Do not be critical of rules or GM decisions in the new game. No GM likes to hear: "well, we wouldn't have done it like that in *our* rules!" That's one sure way to cut your characters' survival chances to nearly zero! Be open and receptive to new ideas, even if you do think they stink. Just keep those thoughts to yourself *during* the game. Afterwards, you will have to decide whether or not the new system is one in which you will want to play again. If it is, then keep those acerbic thoughts buttoned up and endeavor to *politely* discover why a certain rule's adjudication was what it was. Don't complain loudly about how unfair it was (even if it truly was). Who knows, your polite inquiry(s) just might get the GM to reconsider the rule(s) in question. It *does* happen . . . but *only* if you are polite and reasoned about it.
- 12) Don't denigrate the situations or monsters you may encounter by comparing them to "tougher" or "better" or more "unique" situations in *your* games. No GM likes to hear his maximum nasty-ugly demon called a "wimp" by anyone. Besides the other players will probably lynch you right on the spot because they know that such remarks will cause most GMs to redouble the lethality of their play from that point onward.
- 13) Don't try to be a "know it all" and act like there is no situation or monster that you haven't seen, can't handle and so on. To paraphrase a legendary brigand from Arduin: "Don't get high and mighty cocky mate!" Famous *last* words many a cocky would be brigand catcher ever heard!

Now, it may not be entirely possible to do everything recommended here due to time limitations. Scratch or pick up games in conventions will make #s 1-6 very difficult to do. But try anyway . . .

If you can do as much of this advice as possible, I can *guarantee* that not only will you enjoy playing new and different systems more, but the new people you meet *will enjoy you!* And this will lead to you getting a reputation as a good player, fun to be with and so on. That should lead you to receiving invitations from people to play in their games. After all, good, polite and attentive players are like gold and no one wants to let such slip through their fingers!

SPECIALTY MAGIK / MAGICIANS

There are several fine systems currently out describing "Specialty Magik / Magicians" so all of this will be only a general introduction to such as they pertain to Arduinian style play.

To begin, there are seven (7) types or styles of specialty learning. These are:

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|----------|
| 1) Fire / Light | 2) Air | 3) Water |
| 4) Earth | 5) Life | 6) Death |
| | 7) Energy / Power | |

They are relatively straight forward in what they can do, but here is a general description of each category for your information:

FIRE / LIGHT

These practitioners utilize *only* those magiks pertaining to those things "born of Fire or Light" and *no other*. Where, in Arduin, a normal magician might cast a "Mystik Dart" as an attack, a Mage of Fire would cast a "Fire Dart." It has the same range and effective damaging power as the former but is composed of flame and would thus also have the ability to set things afire. Another example would be the "Tangle Trap" conjuration that a more mundane magician might use to entrap a foe. This kind of magician would, instead, conjure "The Web of the Fire Spider" instead. And so on and so forth.

AIR

Mages of this specialty would cast invisible "air bolts" instead of the classic "Mystik Dart" and which would also have the power to blow out small fires as well as do the more normal range of damage. They would also use such spells as "Hawk Flight" and even "Wizard Wings."

WATER

This type of magician would use "aqua-bolts" instead of the classic "Mystik Dart" spell we use as our prime example. This would be as powerful and of equivalent range but would do more than just blow out a fire, it would drench it! They might use such magiks as "Waragen's Wave" and other magiks as would create bodies of water, rains and so on.

EARTH

The "Mystik Dart" cast by this type of magik user is called a "Rock Shot" and is just that; a conjured, high velocity, oblong missile of rock that attacks as a heavy crossbow quarrel! They would also use such magiks as "Dirt (or sand) Sprays", earthquake generating rituals and kindred stuff.

LIFE

These are some of the *rarest* of all specialty magicians and are the ones interested in everything from "Cloning" to "Homunculus Creation." Their "Mystik Dart" would be a "Life Shock" that has no physical impact damage but which would literally "shock" any *living* creature it hit, stunning it for one full melee round per each three levels of the caster and less one melee round for each 25 HP in size above the first 50 HPs of the victim. There is always a minimum stun time for four (4) CF counts anyway, *regardless* of the target's size. They would also be capable of performing (once learned) such magiks as: "Life Webs" and "Life and Limb Command(s)."

DEATH

These are, perhaps, the most feared of all specialty type magicians as their very expertise lies in those things dead and of death. For instance, they would cast a "Death Bolt" instead of a "Mystik Dart." This bolt directly disrupts the life force of whatever it strikes to a range and damage potential equivalent to the more classical "Mystik Dart" spell. The area struck simply "dies" once and for all and can be healed only by "resurrection" style magiks! This is sort of like a frostbitten area that has turned black and is sloughing off. These necromancers also delve into such things as: "Conversations With The Dead", "The Friend From Beyond" and so on.

ENERGY / POWER

These are the people who play about with such things as "Disintegration", "Lightning Strikes" and other such related magiks. Their form of the "Mystik Dart" is called a "Power Bolt" and attacks much the same way a "blaster" or other such technological device would.

These are the basic seven categories but a Game Master may wish to increase this number by sub-dividing the above and adding a few new ones. We suggest the following:

- A) Cold (self explanatory - "Ice Bolts" instead of "Mystik Darts")
- B) *Separating* Light and Fire (thus a Light Mage's "Mystik Dart" would attack like a laser burst and all their magik would relate to light and illusion.)
- C) Mist / Fog (taking these types of creations away from the Water / Air mages) They would fire "Mist Fists" and/or "Fog Bursts" instead of etc, etc.
- D) Time / Gate (self-explanatory - they fire "Entropic Bolts", etc.)

And so on and so forth as necessary and desired by the GM. All you have to do is figure out the analogue to each magik spell, conjuration and/or ritual from the regular list to the specific specialty you desire. It is actually quite easy. Just substitute the few words and add or subtract (or both) any idiosyncrasies each individual specialty power might entail and there you have it.

Remember also that such magicians would also be able to do the basic "Detection Magiks" if they so desire but their real love and the majority of their learned stuff will be from said specialties.

In closing, I can only say that these kinds of magik wielders are fun, a challenge to play and generally add much to a campaign. Try them, I'm very sure you'll like them as much as I do!



THE ECOLOGY OF MONSTER CREATION

The simplest thing in the world is the creation of another monster to populate a role playing world. What is difficult about the process is not the physical act of creation but the rendering of a creature that meets several prerequisites of playability. These are:

- A) Will the creature be consistent with the *ecology* of the area or world where it will be living?
- B) If it is inconsistent with the world ecology, is there a *plausible* reason for its being there anyway? And can it survive in an ecology it is not normally native to?
- C) If it is a singular creature, is it of sufficient longevity to exist in the game world for long periods of time (centuries or more)?
- D) Can it reproduce itself? Either alone or does it have a mate?
- E) What does the creature live on (i.e. eat)? Can it get such in the area/world you have located it upon? If it can't, can it substitute something else native to your world ecology so it can *survive*?
- F) Will the introduction of the creature(s) destroy or drive out the native creatures normally found in that area? If they are driven out, then where have they gone and why? Wouldn't this ecological disruption be noticed? If not, why not?
- G) Will the local inhabitants perceive the arrival of this new creature(s) to be a dire threat to themselves? Their crops? If so, why have they not killed it/them or chased it/them away? Or, if that is impossible (the creature is just too big, strong and powerful), will this cause the local inhabitants to, *themselves*, flee to *safer* areas? If not, why not?
- H) Does the new creature type have anything of definite *commercial* value (fur, perfume essences, leather, horn/ivory, etc) that might lead to a concerted effort to hunt them out of existence for monetary gain?
- I) Is the creature so difficult to kill (or so powerful) that very few (if any) player characters could ever hope to prevail against it? Even in numbers? And if this is so, are you *absolutely* sure you *really* want something in the game that can wipe out just about anyone it meets? *Too many* dead player characters can make a game a lot less fun.
- J) Is the creature *really* new and unique or is it just a cute variation of six others of generally the same kind already in existence? Uniqueness should be a prime requisite for any new addition to the hordes of critters proliferating throughout the multiverse. *We don't* need another "of the same", thank you . . .

As you can see, much thought must be given by any game master before they create a new creature for their players to confront. Failure to take these bare minimum of problems under consideration could rapidly result in your game becoming a veritable menagerie of *similar and boring* monsters that have no real reason to be where they are and which your game world couldn't support anyway. In short - No Fun.

So, be sure to work it all out in advance and both you and your players will assuredly remain happy monster hunters for years to come!



DUNGEONS, CAVERNS AND OTHER HOLES IN THE GROUND

The "classic" adventure in FRP games consists of a group of characters exploring down into a "dungeon" or other hole in the ground in search of loot and glory or, to a lesser extent, *up* into some long forgotten "tower."

And, while this is all well and good, it is a sort of game-play that has several things "wrong" with it if the actual intent of the players, over the long run, is to have not only a series of disconnected and individual adventures, but a cohesive campaign world/game.

These dungeons (or caverns, etc) are usually called "gilded holes" by those of us who design FRP games and are frequently looked upon with a somewhat jaundiced eye.

This is because there is no rhyme nor reason for hundreds of monsters and millions of gold coins worth of loot to be piled all into such a place.

Why haven't the critters all run out and away or eaten *each other* (or even died of old age or starvation if they can't get out)? Why hasn't all of the loot been looted (no pun intended) over all those centuries it has lain there?

As you can see, there are some very pertinent questions as to the basic validity of such places in FRP games. On the other hand, the games *are* fantasy and strange and unsolved mysteries are part and parcel of such. So which is the "right" viewpoint here?

I have to answer that *both* and *neither* are! That is to say that neither is completely right nor completely wrong.

However, in order to have such places in any numbers in a *campaign* game, it will be necessary to do the following:

- A) Be sure the "ecology" rules for monsters apply here (see *THE ECOLOGY OF MONSTER CREATION*). There *can* be more than one monster in a dungeon or such but there must/should be a damn good reason for their continued proximity to one another over the years. *A believable* one even though these are fantasy games!
- B) The treasure/loot should have a *reason* for being there and undiscovered all of these years.
- C) The dungeons should be in generally inaccessible places and not many in number in order to preserve their *uniqueness* and difficulty to loot.
- D) There should be a *few* clues to their whereabouts (fragments of old song or verse, for example) available to the players at any one time but the whole bunch available *over the long run* as each group gathers one piece of the puzzle or another over the months or years (gametime) of adventuring.
- E) Neither the amount of loot or number of monsters should be such that they will overbalance the *economy/ecology* of the campaign they are a part of.

If these rules are followed, it is perfectly reasonable to have "dungeon delving" as a part of a campaign game/world. In fact, it is probably the single most popular facet of FRP gaming. Just don't let it get out of hand.

Remember also that a campaign style game is infinitely more satisfying than a series of non-connected "stab and grab" dungeon looting expeditions with no world or mythos to hold them together. After all, what good is all that loot if there's no place to spend it or anything worth spending it on? Campaigns provide such as well as ample opportunity for the character's advancement politically and socially. They provide a place to *use* what you've gained.

Finally, there is the satisfaction of knowing that what you have done (in looting such a "hole") has been utterly unique and special and not just one more "loot and scoot" scenario in a whole series of the same thing.

ADVANCED MAGIKAL PHUMBLE CHART

This chart may be used whenever a person employing magik goofs up for any reason (wounds, pain, mistake in speaking the spell, etc). Please note that, if used, the listed results *must* be adhered to!

Die Roll Actual Effect Of The Casting

- 01-05** The magik performs *exactly* as it is supposed to, however double the normal mana/cost is drained from the caster.
- 06-15** The magik absolutely *does not function in any manner* yet the full, normal mana/cost is drained from the caster.
- 16-25** *Nothing whatsoever happens* - no magikal effect and no mana/cost is drained from the caster - as if the magik were never cast at all.
- 26-35** A "Mystic Pyrotechnic Effect" envelopes the caster and 51-100% of the caster's known/memorized/etc magiks commence to "erupt and fire themselves off in random directions at the whim of fate and the Gods (i.e. the GM)." These magikal eruptions will all take place in but one melee segment and thus their workings will frequently overlap one another with all the attendant strangeness this will cause. Truly a spectacular happenstance and one usually quite lethal to the magician involved and/or anyone else near them.
- 36-50** The cast magik will *surely* strike the designated target but with what is known colloquially as the "Typo Effect." It works in this wise: Some segment of the *spelling* of the words required to cause the desired effect will have become skewed and/or changed at the whim of fate or the Gods (i.e. the GM).
- As an example, a magician attempts to conjure a "Wall of Ice" but actually receives a "Fall of Lice"! As you can surely see, but *one* letter of the conjuration was changed and one letter *added*, yet the effect were surely not the one desired and certainly nowhere near as elegant! A further example: A mage attempts to cast the classic "Ball of Fire" but Phumbles and, in actuality, creates a "Hall of Fire" immolating everyone in the room or hall he is standing in! Or, if the Gods had been in a more merciful (and more jocular) mood, said Fireball may have become a *Fur*ball instead! Try smacking a charging dragon with one of those some time and see what good it may do! Ah, fate and the Gods are a fickle bunch!
- 51-55** The cast magik becomes involved in a "TimeWarp" and disappears, only to reappear at some inopportune time of the choosing of the Gods or at the whim of fate (the GM again). As the caster is the "locus" for this warp in time, the magikal effects he has cast and "lost" will naturally "home in upon" wherever he/she has gone to, regardless of the distance or dimensions involved. The delay is normally of one of three specific types: "Miniscule", "Moderate" and "Major." The first is a delay of but 1d100 minutes. The second is a delay of 1d100 hours. The last is a delay of 1d100 days. And, in that *rarest* of cases, there is that delay called "Catastrophic" in that it entails a time frame from 1 to 20 years. Note, however, that this last happenstance will occur in but 1% or *less* of the cases of such Phumbles.
- 56-65** This Phumble Effect is a variation of the "Typo" happenstance in that all of the magiks desired effects become, somehow, *reversed* in their actual workings. For instance, if "fire" was cast, it will be COLD that happens. To be sure, said cold would be of an intensity and damaging effect equal to that of the desired fire but then would the spell caster have called for fire if cold were better? As a further example: the magician casts a spell to create water, yet what actually happens is that all the moisture, equal to the amount of the water which was to be created, is *instantly*

- leached from as wide an area as necessary to obtain the exact amount. As most hominid beings are composed in large part of moisture/water, the actual effect would perforce be lethal to the caster and, perhaps, many others around him as they became dried and withered mummies! Cruel can be the Gods and blind to the agonies of men is fate.
- 66-65** This Phumble is one where, for no discernable reason, *all* of the desired magikal effects are *increased by a factor of one to ten (1d10)!* As one can see, an area effect spell of lethal kind, that Ball of Fire, for instance, if it be suddenly increased to six or eight times its normal size and power, well, many a friend may get, shall we say, "singed"? Note also that there is a 50% chance that the needed mana/cost for this increase in power will be summarily sucked from the spell caster . . . or not . . . fickle Gods, remember?!?!
- 76-80** Here be that Phumble known as the "Random Revenge of the Gods." It is a simple effect; at random, a target *other than* the one intended by the spell caster is struck by the released magiks. It may be friend or foe or even (on a small 5% chance) no one at all - just a random area. Nothing more needs be said here . . .
- 81-90** This happenstance is the one known as the "Symbolic Display" and is one wherein the cast magiks function as desired but *only in a symbolic way*. As an example: A magician wishes to "Create Mystic Light" to fill a room or area so that his companions (or himself) may better see into it. Yet, what happens is that no mystic glow permeates the room, no! But dozens, even hundreds (if great be the power of the cast magik) of lit candles will suddenly appear all about the area. Another example would be a mage that casts a spell wherein normally a "Magik Arrow" would leap from their outstretched fingertip towards a target. But, instead, what would happen would be the instantaneous appearance of several *painted* arrows upon the floor / ground in between the mage and his target! As one can see, this Phumble can be anything from impressive to be embarrassing and is one of the favorites of fate and the Gods.
- 91-95** If this Phumble happens, the spell caster is mentally and physically "blasted" into a catatonic stupor from which they may not be roused *by any means* for a period of 1d100 hours. This mystic stunning is simply a backlash sort of effect wherein the mana/power etc of the magician's own magik is turned back upon himself with the afore mentioned results. They *loses* the mana of the attempted magik also . . .
- 96-99** This Phumble is termed the "Glow Wurm Effect" in that all of the mana/power entailed within the magik being cast is instead shunted into causing the magician to glow extremely brightly for 1d10 hours. *Nothing else happens*, the intended magik *does not* transpire and the glow itself is unquenchable by any known means (magikal or otherwise). This glow will be 30' in radius and have a brilliant color that is "keyed" to the person's own alignment. Chaotic types glow bright red; lawful types a bright blue; neutrals a bright green. Those beings either Amoral or of no real alignment will glow a brilliant purple.
- 100** This is the rarest of all happenings in Phumbles and one which causes some of the most amazing problems for the casting magician. Briefly, what happens is that a *Random Magikal Effect* occurs at the whim and will of fate and the Gods (the GM). Following is a partial list of some of the things which could happen. Please! Add to the list letting free the reins of your imagination! Go for it, the weirder and crazier the better!

For more on the subject of magik fumbles, refer to
THE DRAGON TREE SPELL BOOK, THE BOOK OF ARTIFACTS
 and **THE BOOK OF PLOTS** - available from Dragon Tree Press -

RANDOM MAGIKAL MATRIX

Die Roll Strange Magikal Happenings

- 1) *Everyone* within a 120' radius instantly turns a bright and brilliant blue over all of their bodies. This effect lasts 1d100 days, rolled for individually, and no amount of washing will scrub it off.
- 2) A "wall", 13' long by 7' high by 3' thick, of deep purple jello (all a' quiver) appears 20' in front of the conjurer. This wall will last until eaten or otherwise disposed of.
- 3) The ground *undemeath* the spell caster and in a ten foot radius around him will *instantly* transmogrify into a 10' deep pool of ice cold water! Splash!
- 4) The mage becomes electricly charged, his hair standing on end and he begins to shoot out arcs of "lightning" that strike every other object around him (randomly) up to sixty feet away. These arcs will do 1d6 electrical damage per strike and may strike as many as 20 different objects each battle turn. The effect lasts 1d20 such turns.
- 5) All clothing, magikal or otherwise, within a 90' radius of the caster, simply *disappears! Gone!!!!* Of course, the caster's clothes also disappear but only on a 25% chance. Whoops!
- 6) The spell caster's best friend / closest acquaintance in any group they are with (or, if alone, closest to him distance wise) is immediatly Dimensionally Transported to a random plane of hell! The caster does *not* know this has happened, he simply thinks *nothing* transpired.
- 7) A *continuous* "rain" of small live frogs will immediately commence in a 120' radius around the caster. Some 1d10 of these small, harmless frogs will land in *each square foot* of the area per melee round. They appear out of a slightly mirage-like area of air at least 10' up (terrain allowing) but never higher than 30' up. All of the frogs land alive and immediately begin hopping about madly. This "rain" lasts 1d10 melee rounds per each three (3) levels of the caster.
- 8) Every living creature with *normal* optical vision (to include elves, dwarves, and so on), within a 60' radius of the caster, will (if they fail to "save" vs magikal attack) immediately be struck blind for 1d100 hours! Note also that the spell caster himself is also thus struck blind and that all so struck have a 5% chance that the effects will be *permanent*.
- 9) The air in a 120' radius around the caster *immediately* becomes dozens of times "thicker" than normal so that all movement is cut to 10% of normal for *everything* in the area effected. All breathing becomes very difficult for all beings using normal lungs or other air breathing bio-apparatus. So much so that there is a 5% chance per each constitution point *less than 20* of the character of *passing out from lack of oxygen* in 1d6 melee rounds. This effect last for 1d100 melee rounds *plus* one additional (1) melee round per level of the spell caster.
- 10) This Phumble causes everything within a 33' radius of the caster that is not anchored to the ground to instantaneously have its weight/gravity nullified so that it/they become weightless. This is *without regard* to the actual mass/weight of those things affected or their number. The effect will last for 1d20 minutes and is non-nullifiable by any known means.

As you can see, these are pretty wild and wooly happenings for a mage to have occuring to/around themselves when all they were attempting to do was to create a little magikal effect of their own choosing.

As a final note, all of these ten special effects are *without any loss* of mana to the spell caster what so ever.

ARDUINIAN WEAPONRY (AND OTHER TREASURES)

PYRO

Value: 99,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 37 1/2" overall / 5 1/4 lbs *Color:* The blade is a weird glowing black flecked with orange-red color, the grip is grey shark skin and the cross guard and square pommel are of silver-washed bronze *Description:* Aside from the odd coloration of the blade, it is a rather ordinary looking broad sword *Magikal Powers:* The sword has an attack bonus of plus four (4) and the extraordinary ability to cause *anything* "struck in anger or fear to burn from within itself." This means that a solid hit *in battle* (only) will cause the target to begin to burn at the impact point for 1d6 damage per melee round for a duration of 1d10 melee rounds (per each individual strike). This burning consumes the substance of the thing it is part of and *cannot* be extinguished by water, smothering or any *normal* means. A magikal "Out Fire Spell" will extinguish the burning on a 50% base chance plus 3% per level of the caster. The weapon has no other powers, is not intelligent and glows fitfully like a flickering torch at all times. It is *strongly* allied to "Law."

MOUNTAIN CRACKER

Value: 300,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 6' tall / 22 lbs *Color:* Dull iron grey overall *Description:* A huge spiked maul constructed entirely of iron from haft to spikes *Magikal Powers:* It has an attack bonus of 4 and *always* strikes for 11-20 HP of damage *extra* per strike. *Thrice* per day, it can cause the powerful "Earth Quake Conjuration" which will effect an area some 180' in radius around itself. This area will tremble, shudder, ripple and even split open in 1d20 random cracks of 1d100' in length, 1d20 in width and 1d20 in depth. It will last for 1d100 melee rounds and all creatures caught within the area of effect will have a 75% chance of falling down every melee round. Note also that all ground movement through the affected area will be a one third normal. The maul has an intelligence score of 16 and an ego of 24. It speaks all Dwarven tongues, low Elven, Amazon, Arduinian, Uruk Hai and ancient Dragon (also called "olde Wurmish"). It hates water, likes Dwarves and Amazons inordinately and will rumble and roar in combat like an earthquake in progress. Finally, *once* each day, the weapon can strike a foe "with the very force of an earthquake!" This blow will *absolutely shatter and blast to pieces* any rock or *hard* substance of up to 330 HP equivalence (a cube 10' on a side). There is *no* save involved here, just huge amounts of kinetic force. Thus there is also a 5% chance that this blow will also irrevocably shatter and destroy Mountain Cracker as well. The maul is of ancient Dwarven make, of strong "Law" alignment and utterly opposed to all things evil.

GHOST CLOAK

Value: 10,000 GS *Size/Weight:* Of a size and shape to fit most standard sized humanoids / it has no appreciable weight *Color:* It is a neutral "non-color" that is nearly invisible to the human eye. *Description:* A hooded, ankle-length cloak that, while worn, appears nearly unsubstantial or gossamer-like. The closest it can be described is when a thief once likened his to "sheerest spider's webs or perhaps a cohesive mist or cloud." *Magikal Powers:* Any wearer of 10th level or less can, at will, cause it and themselves to become invisible for up to one hour per day. They can also cause it and themselves to become ethereal for one minute per each level through tenth. SPECIAL NOTE: This cloak will not, I repeat, *not* function as described for any wearer of a level greater than tenth (10th). No exceptions to this as it is a function of how the things are mystikly woven by the weird "Moon Spyderys of Chronacholon."

DARK WING

Value: 45,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 38" tall when fully strung / 3 lbs *Color:* A glistening, obsidian-like black overall, to include the "string" *Description:* Of a size and shape much like the standard composite bow but carved (or so it seems) from obsidian or some other translucent crystal-like substance and with a "string" of some braided crystalline substance as well. *Magikal Powers:* The weapon gives any arrow loosed from it a fifty percent (50%) better chance of striking its target. It also increases the flight range of the arrows by 50% above their normal range. The bow is of no alignment whatsoever, non-intelligent and has no other abilities save that it is indestructible by any force, fire or energy of less than 500 HP potency.

SOUL CATCHER

Value: 725,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 41" overall length / 4 lbs *Color:* Non-reflective ebon blade, translucent ruby hilt and bright silver cross quillons *Description:* A hand and a half sword *Magikal Powers:* The weapon is "Vorpal", is 7 to strike and does an extra 4d6 damage each strike. It has a "special purpose" of "catching souls" which it does on any naturally rolled Critical Hit or on a 5% chance rolled on each successful normal hit. If it has successfully "caught" the soul of the creature/person it has struck, then that body *immediately* becomes a zombie-like entity under the control of the wielder of the weapon. Note that there is no limit to the number of souls it can catch nor of the zombies it can thus control. However, the creatures it controls can only be successfully commanded as long as there is an *unobstructed line of sight* between the weapon and creature. Should this line be blocked (moving bodies in a melee do *not* constitute a blocked sightline), then the zombie will simply cease moving and wait in that spot until contact is remade. Finally, it must be noted that, because this weapon was forged before time ever was, by forces beyond the ken of mere mortals, it has three other attributes which each GM has to carefully consider: The weapon is literally indestructible by any force less than that wielded by a major deity: it is so unalterably EVIL that all who wield it have a 5% *cumulative* chance daily of becoming irreversible so themselves; it has a malign and malignant intelligence so powerful that no normal mortal can ever mentally dominated it (quite the reverse, actually) and the true limits of its timeless knowledge have never been fully charted by anyone. This weapon is truly "Amoral" and of no alignment (neither "Law" nor "Chaos") and revels in "evil" for evil's sake. It is called "Soul Sucker" in Elven legends and is greatly feared by them.

GLORY

Value: 15,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 29" overall length / 6 lbs *Color:* Bright golden from haft to head *Description:* A flanged mace of nondescript looks save for its coloration *Magikal Powers:* The weapon is non-intelligent but has a bonus of 4 to attack and always does an extra 1d6 damage per hit. Also, it can, at will, glow in full daylight intensity in a 45' radius. It may do so for up to ten (10) full hours in every 25. It has no other powers. This weapon is of strong "Law" alignment.

WAR LORD

Value: 25,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 15' in length / 13 lbs *Color:* Shiny silver over all except for the brilliant sapphire blue lance head *Description:* A long and slender lance, seemingly made of silver with a finely carven sapphire lance head *Magikal Powers:* This lance is able to *always* strike any opponent who is also mounted and who has *formally* challenged the wielder to trial by combat. Otherwise, its attack bonus is but 3 and it does an extra 1-3 HP of damage per hit. It has no other powers or abilities, is unintelligent and of absolutely no alignment whatsoever.

MIST STICK

Value: 25,000 GS *500 GS per charge* *Size/Weight:* 13" long / 13 oz *Color:* Pale Silvery-Grey *Description:* A wand of smooth and featureless design *Magikal Powers:* The wand can hold up to a maximum of 20 charges and each charge consists of one single area filled with a pale grey mist. This area is 33' in diameter and extends 20' high. It can be projected to appear up to 120' from the wand and needs but one (1) second to come to its full effect after firing. The visibility in the mist is 6-10' for all creatures relying on normal optics. However, creatures with infra-red or other such heat actuated vision have only one half (1/2) this or from 1-5' visibility (the mist is very cold). Finally, for each five levels of the user, they may discharge one extra charge simultaneously. Thus a 15th level mage could fire up to three charges at one time and so on. When such multiple charges are used, it can *either* cover more area *or* cut visibility commensurately down at the users command/decision. As this item was invented by a branch of elven kind no longer extant and, as the secret of said manufacture is now forever lost, such are extremely rare.

PYRO PODS or FIRE SEEDS

Value: see below *Size/Weight:* approximately 1/4-1/2" long by the same diameter / 1/10 oz *Color:* Brilliant Scarlet *Description:* The seed pods of the plant called "Pyromagikus Brilliantium" which grows only upon the Plane of Fire *Magikal Powers:* Whenever these seeds touch even the slightest bit of moisture/water, they explode into phosphorus-like eruptions. These pyrotechnical detonations cover a radius of 1-20' and do 1-10d6 flame damage to all within its area of effect. Even those things normally or magikally considered "fire proof" are burned by the intense heat generated by these seeds. Each explosion is instantaneous and the entire seed will have been consumed/burned out in 3-6 seconds. The flash of the detonation will normally blind all creatures with standard optical eyesight. The effects of this will last from 1-20 minutes depending on the intensity of effect. You will note that *no value* is listed for these seeds. This is because they are practically impossible to obtain and nearly (and fatally) impossible to work with or even safely store in moist/earth-like atmospheres. However, in ancient times, an alchemist was reported to have paid 13,000 GS for just one (1) of these rare seeds.



THE MEDUSA STONE

Value: 75,000 GS *Size/Weight:* Approximately the size of a large hen's egg / about 1 lb *Color:* Shifting colors that cover the entire spectrum of the rainbow *Magikal Powers:* The possessor of this strange stone cannot be, themself, "turned to stone" by any means. Neither can they be paralyzed or have their physical functions reduced by any means. Finally, once per day per each seven (7) levels of the owner, they may, at will, "take on themselves the full and fearsome aspect of the Medusa with all powers and consequences pertaining thereof." This aspect will have a duration of but thirteen minutes and will always have a 5% chance of becoming the *permanent* aspect of the person attempting it. This is without regard to the user's level or other protections they may employ.

LADY CAT'S FEET

Value: 5,000 GS *Size/Weight:* Of a size to fit a small human female foot / 1/2 lb each *Color:* Pale grey overall with dark green soles *Description:* Calf high short boots for small female feet *Magikal Powers:* These boots allow any female wearer (only!) to "move as silently as a cat and to be able to climb as one as well." Note that there is only this one pair known to exist as they were specially made for the legendary Thief of Kumor-morai, one "Lady Cat" by name.

COFFIN NAIL

Value: 88,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 35" overall / 3 lbs *Color:* The blade is a bright metallic blue whilst the cup guard and cross quillons are a dull grey. The Hilt is aged/yellow ivory and the pommel is a large (thumb sized) blue sapphire *Description:* A "Spanish" style rapier *Magikal Powers:* The weapon has an attack bonus of 5 and always does an extra 1d6 damage per hit. It also has a 20% chance each hit for an impalement of its target thus doing *triple* damage. It has an INT and EGO score of 15 each, speaks Arduinian, Low Elven, Old Dwarven and Spanish (Earth, circa 1650 AD). It also has the ability to detect any of those things considered "undead" on a 90% chance up to 60' distant, regardless of obstructions or walls. This weapon is of "neutral" alignment.

THE MIRROR OF ALL DEMONS

Value: 500,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 9' high by 4 1/2' wide / 898 lbs *Color:* The mirror surface is normally black and shiny like obsidian whilst the frame is deepest ebon *Description:* An oval "mirror" set in a horrifically carved frame of black dragon bone. The carvings show all manner of terrible and obscene things of hellish and demonic nature *Magikal Powers:* The mirror, in the hands of *any being who can wield spoken magiks*, can be made to "open a window into any hell or other location that a *specificly named demon* may be." Note the fact that the magician *must* know the demon's name before can find and show him. Note also that the mirror is no mere picture but an actual "open window" betwixt the demon's location and the mirror. *Special Notes:* Constructed aeons ago by the Great Lord Of All Demons himself, then stolen from him, it is, to say the least, somewhat risky to use this artifact as said demon lord has a 15% chance of detecting its use/location each time. Carefully now!

RED DEATH

Value: 27,500 GS *Size/Weight:* 49" tall overall / 12 lbs *Color:* polished brown haft, iron grey axe head *Description:* An oak hafted, iron headed, double bitted, two handed battle axe *Magikal Powers:* It has an attack bonus of 6 and *always* strikes for 5d6 damage regardless of the target struck. It also grants its wielder 5 to their strength score *whilst it is actually in hand*. It is strongly allied to "Law."

SHADOW WINTERS WAND

Value: 30,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 10" long / 2 lbs *Color:* A translucent sapphire blue so dark as to be nearly black/opaque *Description:* The wand of an ages forgotten mage of terrible powers - one of a kind only *Magikal Powers:* This wand holds thirteen charges of the grim and fell magik called "The Shadow Winter Spell." This spell, when fired from the wand, causes an area 13' in diameter and 10' high to be instantly filled with shifting black shadows of intense and deathly cold. All within the area of their effect suffer 3d6 cold damage each battle turn and are *totally* unable to see within the shadows. This blindness negates *all* forms of sight regardless of their kind or magikal potency. It also cuts off such things as Astral or Ethereal vision and so on. Note that all within the area of effect also suffer from intense, magikally induced fear and have a 100% chance of fleeing for 1d20 battle turns at first level with a decreasing 10% chance per level thereafter (i.e. a 7th level would have a 40% chance of thus fleeing.) The wand's magikal effect cannot be duplicated by any known means and will, with anyone attempting to mystically divine such workings, cause insanity on a percentage chance equal to the fear chance listed above. *Special Note:* There is but the one wand and it will, by itself, regain its fired charges at the rate of one (1) per each full day that it is *totally* immersed within *fresh* human blood.

HELL FANG

Value: 13,000 GS *Size/Weight:* 8 1/2" blade, 12 1/2" overall / 1 1/2 lbs *Color:* Polished steel blade, green jade grips, silver pommel and guard *Description:* Basically a standard poignard with a thin and sharply tapered blade *Magikal Powers:* It has an attack bonus of 7 and *always* does an extra 1d6 damage per strike. All *normally* rolled critical hits are *always* "heart pierced." Finally, when actually in the hand of a wielder, said wielder can never be affected by *any* demonic magik of less than level six (6) in potency. *Special Note:* All greater demon kind recognize this weapon automatically (lesser demon kind do so on a 75% chance) and will *always* attempt to slay its owner and take the poignard back to hell "where it belongs." This weapon is strongly allied to "Chaos."

NECROMANCER

Value: 189,750 GS *Size/Weight:* 35" overall / 4 lbs *Color:* Clear, glass-like blade, yellow-white bone-colored hilt and black pommel and cross guard. *Description:* This broadsword has a crystalline blade with its upper edge serrated. The grip is composed of seven miniature carved skulls of ivory and the pommel is a larger, black iron skull with a pair of two carat rubies of its eyes. *Magikal Powers:* The weapon has an attack bonus of 13 and *always* does 1d6 of extra damage per hit for each and every level of the wielder to a maximum of 13d6. It is a weapon "of sharpness" and *all* of its *normally* rolled critical hits will be "throat cut." The weapon has the soul of an ancient mage as its powering force and thus has an intelligence and ego score of 20 each. It speaks: Law, Chaotic, Neutral, Arduinian, old Dwarven, high and low Elven, high and low Demon and all of the varied Dragon tongues that have ever been. It (*not* the wielder) can read all magikal writings and, *thrice* per day, work *any* spell it desires from first through twelfth level of potency. However, it *must* be remembered that it will do these things only *as, if and when* it desires to. And, being an egocentric and pretty "nasty" character all round, it isn't often it will do magik at its wielder's behest (and frequently does it just to get him/her in trouble!) It is totally amoral and has no alignment but is *very evil* in its intent and loves nothing more than to slaughter friend and foe alike, then get the wielder killed as well! *Special Note:* There is a magikally hidden "trap" on the weapon which will allow the wielder's soul to take the place of the one now in the weapon on a 25% chance - *if they die with the weapon in their hand.*

NEW CHARACTER RACES

FROGLINGS

Also called "Swampers", "Greenies" and "Jumpers", these *warm* blooded amphibians are a rare and unusual type of creature found only in hot, wet and/or swampy areas.

They average about 3 1/2' tall and weigh in around 65 lbs (/10%), all arranged on a pale green skinned humanoid frame with webbed fingers and toes. Their legs are about 25% longer than "normal" for a humanoid of comparable size and have a slight backward bend due to their unusual musculature in that area.

They have slightly bulbous eyes that resemble (even to size) nothing so much as boiled egg halves centered by a golden vertical slit pupil. They have ear holes instead of external ears, very flat noses (no cartilage ridge as per humans, more like a chimpanzee's nose) and are completely hairless. Both the eyes and the nose have a nictating membrane that covers the appropriate areas while they are in the water. They have a cool, normally *dry* skin (they *are not* "slimy"), smell faintly of "brackish water" and have voices that tend to the bass and lower sonic ranges (even below normal human hearing in part). They are capable of diving to depths of 20' per constitution point.

They are *not* warlike or aggressive normally but are fierce and fearless defenders of their homes and young (born live, usually in triple births) using weighted casting nets, tridents and short double-edged knives with an S-shaped curved blade. They *can* stay out of the water for as long as three days without any real problem but much longer will cause their skin to become dried out and split open in bleeding gashes. Two days beyond the third, the Frogling (if still deprived of water) will become comatose and, within another day, will have died of acute dehydration. Note, however, that at any time short of actual death, if the Frogling is reintroduced to a water environment, he will rapidly become lucid, active and *healed* (in 25 hours *maximum*, less time if less dried out).

Froggers never drink water, they absorb it through their entire bodies. They also prefer such foods as raw fish, crawdads, shell fish and so on. However, they are truly *omnivorous* and can subsist on most anything they can manage to swallow. Eels are a particular favorite of theirs - live wiggly ones that slither all the way down their throats!

Their basic culture is patriarchal and tribal in nature with the older males the dominants in order of their age and prowess in the *ritual* (i.e. non-lethal) wrestling-like combat used to determine the tribes "pecking order". Chauvinistic to the end, all females are strictly used only for breeding and domestic work and, in fact, are genetically inferior to the males physically and mentally in *every* category. Froglings seldom leave their tribal, underwater (like a beaver's nest), village but, when they do, is because they have (as their legends singers tell it) "become a jumper" (i.e. gotten the wanderlust). They are honest and loyal *to their friends* to a fault but see nothing wrong with lying to a "not-friend". Cruelty is not a part of their emotional makeup yet they also have a depressingly small understanding of just what is cruel so they frequently end up doing things to non-Froglings because "it seemed like the thing to do at the time."

They move in the water *twice* as fast as they do on land and have the following attributes:

Intelligence: 7-14 *Ego*: 5-12 *Wisdom*: 9-16 *Charisma*: 5-10

Strength: 8-15 *Constitution*: 11-18 *Dexterity*: 13-18 *Agility*: 13-20

Magik Resistance: 2 "Saves" *Natural Armour Class*: 7 *Special Movement*: They can leap 2' horizontally and 1' vertically for each STR point *Other Notes*: They are susceptible to fire and heat, taking 50% damage from same. They are very superstitious and *always* get a -5 "Save" versus all *Illusory* magiks. They are almost always of true Chaotic alignment.

RED DWARVES

Also called "Bloody Dwarves" and "The Evil Ones", this branch of the prolific Dwarf family is everything all the others aren't: sneaky, cruel, untrustworthy, nasty and murdering chaotic evil beings! They hate caves, underground areas, mining, metal-working and *all* the traditional Dwarven expertises. On the other hand, they are extremely expert workers of leather and cloth, making some of the finest of these materials the worlds have ever seen.

Whereas most "other" Dwarves have a "Gold Greed", the Red Dwarves *do not*. Instead, they have an *extreme* jealousy of any and all who have even the slightest bit more of anything or who are better than they in any way, shape or form.

This type of Dwarf is *seldom* seen as a warrior, much preferring the "sneakier professions" at which they excel greatly. Most choose to be thieves (if they decide to become an "adventurer") and, in this category, they operate at a 20% proficiency in *all* ways. A very few (5% chance) become Assassins and are able to operate at a 10% proficiency in *all* ways in that dark work. For some reason, these beings almost never become magicians of any kind save that they make very fine Illusionists (the tricky side of their nature once more) at which they operate at a 5% proficiency in all categories of endeavor. To fool another is to make a Red Dwarf *very pleased!* Very pleased indeed!

Culturally speaking, the Red Dwarves have very complex and structured societies of a feudal nature. They *strongly* believe in rank and all the "pomp and circumstance" (as well as power) that goes with the same. They don't like to be "alone" or where there are "few" people and so tend to live in large towns or cities if they can.

They *detest* water (they do bathe occasionally but *never* swim in the stuff), can't swim worth a lick and *never, never* trust anyone not directly related to them and, even then, only so far as they have to! Trust is *not* one of their virtues.

They dislike just about every race but their own, even considering all non-Red Dwarves as inferior as well. But they really hold Hobbits and Kobbits in utter contempt and have a hatred for *all* Orc kind that borders on the pathological. Still, for some odd reason, they get along well with centaurs and even "like" them to a degree. They can't drink worth a damn, getting drunk easily and rapidly on just about anything alcoholic, yet simply *cannot* believe that this is so. Thus they are always attempting to drink others "under the table" and consistently finding themselves there instead!

Like their Dwarven cousins, Red Dwarves see in the dark by infravision but *couldn't* sense a mechanical trap unless it fell on them. They prefer to wield throwing knives and long daggers or short swords in a fight, will wear *only* leather armour (if any at all) and only such as has been made by their own people. Metal armour they heartily disdain as "iron mongery for little folks who haven't the smarts to fight a proper fight!" and a proper fight, to a Red Dwarf, is to stab a foe in the back! They think "stand up, toe to toe battles are for fools soon dead!" *Never* turn your back on a Red Dwarf.

They prefer warmer climes and dry places such as deserts or similar locations. Humid, wet or "jungly" places, they *detest* with a fervor and even cool, green forests make them feel uneasy and disquieted. But, ah, a city in the desert now . . .

As a general rule, figure that *all* of their physical and mental statistics are *identical* to that of other Dwarven kind *with these exceptions*:

Intelligence: 1 to die roll *Wisdom*: -1 to die roll *Charisma*: 2 to die roll *Magik Resistance*: 1 only *Natural Armour Class*: 6 *Looks*: less blocky and muscular than their cousins with more blondes than red haired types though the general run is to brown eyes and hair. They are also smoother complexed and somewhat better looking overall. They tend to dress in very flamboyant and colorful garb (preferring silks and satins to rougher stuff). Most *don't* wear their hair long or sport beards or mustaches preferring to be clean shaven.

TZIKKI

Also called "Tinsies", "Bugs", "Ant-Folk" and "Hivers", these small insectoids are one of the *rarest* of all sentient races within the Arduin reality. *Almost never* are they encountered except in the most remote and inaccessible locations or deep underground where they have *deliberately* hidden themselves away from contact with other sentient races.

Tzikki are nothing more than a mutated form of ant that has, over the long aeons, developed *individual* intelligence as well as a communal sentience. This "common mind" works only within approximately one mile of their "hive core" or up to 100 yards between individuals of this race. It is *not* telepathy or other more commonly named psychic communication. It is more as if "what one Tzikki knows, all Tzikki know." The communication is *total*, continuous and without conscious effort. All that one knows, all the others know but, to keep from sensory overload, this information seems to be "ignored" by each individual Tzikki's mind unless they deliberately choose to "know" what another has known.

An exception to this is whenever one dies, all within range immediately become aware of this occurrence and then, essentially, "remember" everything the dead one had been "broadcasting" so as to "know" how and where he died. I know the explanation may seem a bit confusing but, as the Tzikki have never allowed outsiders to study them very closely, I can only give you general outlines as to how they function in this area. If you want to know more, well, go ask a Tzikki!

Due to their small size (averaging some 6" tall and about 1 lb in weight), they rely on *large* numbers and a *deadly* poison they concoct to coat their weapons with for survival/warfare (usually about 10d6 potency!)

They resemble erect (i.e. two-legged, upright with a "man-like" stance) ants with four (4) arms spaced equi-distantly one above the other, two to a side and with slightly overlarge heads. Their coloration tends to dull black, dark grey and occasionally dull silver overall. Their multifaceted eyes sit on either side of their heads, are most often bright saffron yellow in color (though oranges and a few, rare reds have been known) and give them 300 degree "wrap around" vision that ranges from the low infra-red all the way up into the high ultraviolet. This lets them see in the dark *better* than most other night seeing creatures, at least out to about 60'.

They hear poorly in the *low* sonic ranges but, from about midway up the "human range" to about *triple* what an Elf can hear, their aural senses are fantastic (i.e. they'll hear most anything within a 30' radius on a 90% chance, decreasing by 5% per each additional 3' in radius beyond this). They *cannot* swim at all or even abide rain storms easily as they breath via eight small "air holes" along each of their *sides*.

Their mandibles can give a nasty, slicing bite with 1 HP damaging power and all Tzikki have a *reusable* stinger in their flexible abdomen which they use from *between* their legs in battle. The sting will do 1 HP of penetration damage and an additional 1d6 worth of formic acid / venom damage. The venom requires three hours per each HP potency to regenerate itself inside the Tzikki, so this is usually a one shot weapon as far as most combats are concerned.

These creatures do not have emotions as humans know them but *do* understand (and have themselves) such analogues of emotions as: Pride (of a thing well done, of the hive, etc); Rage (selfgenerated for battle); Curiosity (a seemingly continuous thing with these small beings) and Love (again selfgenerated but only for the purposes of procreation and at that specific time only). They also know something akin to loyalty in that they never abandon or desert their hive mates or companions under *any* circumstances. This last tendency oft times costs them dearly in catastrophic situations and many die trying to save the few.

Their society is matriarchal and revolves around seven (7) Queens. The one "OverQueen" rules all, does the day to day co-ordination of all hive activities but *never* does what the other six do. These six are the "Hive Mothers" who lay the eggs and supervise their care on a daily basis. The OverQueen is about 18" tall and a true leader in all senses of the word, including leading her warriors in battle if necessary. Her chitin is a polished copper color in contrast to the metallic purple chitin of the Hive Mothers. The Mothers are about 3' long and cannot stand erect due to their overdeveloped thorax and ovipositors.

Each hive is built partially above ground (like a termite mound) and partially below (as in conventional ant-like tunnels). However, the construction work of these hives is incredibly precise and well done. Self-manufactured "cements" and glues are used throughout and such things as high-arched bridges, flying buttresses and soaring spires/towers are a trademark of these people. An average size hive might cover 60-100 acres of ground, consist of at least two hundred "towers" (many rising to forty, fifty, sixty feet or more) and "miles" of subterranean tunnels that interlock to form literally thousands of chambers. Such a place would house a minimum of 10,000 (and, more likely, three or four times that number) of Tzikki.

They are omnivorous and will even eat their own kind in bad times, choosing those to be so consumed by age and "lottery".

As a strange aside to their nature, these small creatures are avidly and actively interested in any and all forms of music! They sing and play miniature instruments of all types (most of which produce sounds beyond human hearing though elves can occasionally catch some of their haunting melodies). They even have "choirs" that serenade the hive mothers all day long to make their work easier!

This race has a real xenophobia due to their problems with humans and others several thousand years ago. Thus, they do not much like the company of any beings other than their own kind or those other insects that they domesticate for work/food (i.e. they have trained "attack spiders and scorpions" that they will ride or send against their foes; preying mantis "sentries" chained to guard posts at their entrances and so on).

Still, they have been known to help as well as hinder other beings who have stumbled across their living places from time to time. It has all depended on how *they* were first treated by the intruders.

Finally, these creatures have a difficult time with just about any language save such as spoken by Phraints, bats (yes, they ride those too) and so on. But *a few* do master a "lesser" tongue (most often Elven) from time to time and will sound like a chirping bird when speaking it.

Their vital statistics are as follows:

Intelligence: 9-16 *Ego:* 6-13 *Wisdom:* 6-14 *Charisma:* 8-13

Strength: 3-5 *Constitution:* 5-7 *Dexterity:* 15-20 *Agility:* 13-20

Magik Resistance: 3 *Natural Armour Class:* 4 *Special Movement:* The female warriors, once a year (for one month), sprout wasp-like wings and are then capable of flying at 180' per melee round. Year round, they (male and female) can move up a wall, along a ceiling or anywhere they can reach at half normal ground speed due to a sticky substance they can extrude at will. They can also leap 1' horizontally and/or 6" vertically per each strength point.

POTENT POTIONS, LOTIONS AND OTHER AMAZING ALCHEMICAL CONCOCTIONS FROM ARDUIN

Alchemical Notes

These thirty (30) new potions, lotions, powders and other such alchemical goodies are here for the usage of all Alchemist player characters and should *never* simply be allowed to be bought by non-alchemist player characters unless from such a played Alchemist directly. Multiversal Trading Company *does not* sell any of these things unless they were first made by a player character Alchemist and then sold to MTC for resale. Remember also that the simple cost for materials is probably one tenth the actual asking price an Alchemist would really want for taking all the time and trouble (not to mention danger) to make these things. Plain old fashioned magicians *cannot* make these things without "blowing themselves up" so to speak. Let the Alchemists have their own stuff or face a total unbalancing of your game(s).

PARADUE'S PUISSANT POTION OF THE MISTS OF PANIC

This pale green and aromatic (as of ripe olives) liquid will, when exposed to open air, *immediately* erupt into billowing clouds of a pale green mist some 30' around and in globular form. Said mist will cause all *sentient* and *live* creatures within itself to "Save" versus *poison* or suffer *immediate* "panic and mind numbing fear of the first order." The alchemical cloud will last approximately one hour in an enclosed and windless area and about ten (10) minutes in the open on a windless day. The effects will persist upon each victim for as long as they are *breathing* the mist and for 100 melee rounds *less* one (1) melee round per constitution point thereafter. The mist will affect any creature (see above base parameters) up to 55 HP in physical size to *full* effect. For creatures larger, the effects have a reduced capacity to actually cause the fear at the rate 1 to the victim's "Save" per *each* ten (10) HP in size above 55 (or fraction thereof). Its duration is also reduced by ten (10) melee rounds for each 20 HP in size above 55.

Each dose requires some 450 GS in materials and 28 days of time to concoct (though the maker needs only be physically present during the first three days and the last twenty hours of its making). Also, the liquid retains potency for only 180 days or so after completion. The ingredients are sufficiently rare as to make it reasonably difficult to make more than 1d10 (one quart) doses of the stuff *each year*. The legendary Alchemist Paradue supposedly had a much more potent variation of this mystik concoction but its secret has been lost to the mists of time.

SHUNSADOHR'S LAST GASP

These dark maroon-colored, pea-sized "pills" will, when swallowed by a *live* being of generally man-size proportions, provide him with all the "air" he may need for ten (10) hours plus or minus ten percent (-10%). No more than one at a time can be *safely* taken but as many as desired may be taken *in series*, ad infinitum. Bluntly put, the pills supply oxygen *directly* into the users bloodstream and all other "needful places as required by a body."

Each pill requires about two days time and some 1,235 GS in materials to manufacture. The ingredients are relatively common and readily attainable by even the lowliest of Alchemists . . . if they've the money. Each pill retains potency for approximately one (1) Arduinian year of 455 days after manufacture.

CALICRAXES' WAX

This deep purple colored "wax" is also called "Ever Wax" and "Glo-coat." Simply put, any candle made from it will burn *fortwenty* (20) times the normal duration and at *triple* the brightness of an ordinary one. The ingredients (*not* including the purest of beeswaxes) needed to make this special wax is very common and easily obtained by Alchemists of any rank. It normally costs no more than one (1) Gold Sovereign per pound to make and, once the actual two hour beginning mixing is completed, the maker need not bother with it again at all until it has properly "set" some twenty-three (23) days later. Once thus set, it will last for unlimited time without losing its efficacy.

QUAZATT'S QUICK AND SURE MEMORY ENHANCER

A sweet smelling, rose colored liquid that tastes a bit like mint tea and causes any *living* drinker to *immediately* remember whatever it was that they used to know or wanted to remember but had forgotten and couldn't. Do note the fact that this potion will *not* affect those people suffering from amnesia or other such memory blockage or loss (magikal or natural), only those people who have forgotten a bit of knowledge that they *do* know but can't remember due to the passage of time and so on. The effects last just as long as needed for the full memory(s) to surface but cannot go beyond three minutes in any case. If it is a long involved process to be remembered, well, it will help but not completely if you see what I mean.

The potion may *not* be used more often than once each 25 hours without risking the *cumulative* 10% chance that the memory wanted will be *utterly* wiped from the drinker's mind forever!

Each five (5) ounce dose needs but 45 GS worth of materials to make and requires but two hours of continuous mixing to do so. Its efficacy and potency will last up to twenty Arduinian years (455 days each) without any loss. The ingredients are simple and easily obtainable in any amounts by any level Alchemist.

EZEKIAL'S ECTOPLASMIC REPLACER POTION

Unnaturally cold (40 degrees F) at all times, this smokey grey liquid smells like honeysuckle blossoms and tastes like burnt tar. Each twelve ounce dose will cause any *living* being who has lost a "life level" (a CON point in Arduin) *within the last five (5) minutes* to regain it on a 98% chance. Beyond this, each single minute's delay in taking the potion reduces by 5% the chance that the lost "life level" will return. Please Note: No more than four (4) such doses of this potion may be drunk in any one 25 hour period without running the risk of FATAL CONVULSIONS (cumulative 15% chance per dose *more* than four in this time period). Thus no more than four (4) such may ever be regained safely by any single person during one Arduinian day.

Each dose needs 1,750 GS worth of moderately rare materials and eleven (11) days' time to complete. The maker needs be there only on the first three and last half (1/2) day of manufacture and up to thirteen (13) such doses may be made at once in a single batch. Expensive though . . .

The stuff retains its potency for *up to* twelve (12) Arduinian years.

UTGAARDS' ULTIMATE MAKEUP

This flesh colored and putty-like substance can be formed into any shape, dyed, etc and, once "set" onto a face or other part of a *living* body, will be 99% indistinguishable from the real, living thing except under the *minutest* of examinations. It will move naturally, feel natural, warm and "lifelike", is not effected by water or other common liquids and, in all ways, will appear "real." The problem with it is that it is actually a two-part item. The "pseudo-flesh" and the "setting spray" that makes it become permanently "set" in shape. It is this spray which also nearly permanently bonds it to the real flesh as well and only a soaking for 1d10 minutes in a slightly modified "un-setting" liquid will enable it to be removed. At that time, it begins to break down into its basic component substances and is never again usable (i.e. one use each time).

This stuff costs 855 GS per pound to produce and needs about three (3) days of continually watched work to so do. Once done, it will last indefinitely (until used). The materials are fairly common and easily obtained in reasonable amounts. The setting and unsetting liquids cost about 500 GS per quart to make from readily available materials and may be made in any size of batch in twenty (20) hours' work and potency is retained indefinitely. One (1) ounce of liquid is used for each six (6) ounces of the putty material.

SEAN "MICKY" FINN'S SUPER SLUMBER DROPS

These tiny, tear-drop shaped, blue-white, crystalline "drops", the size of a small pea, will, when introduced into any liquid, *immediately* dissolve into it without leaving *any* perceptible smell or taste (as far as the average human(oid)s are concerned.) Each *single* drop will effect a *living* creature of *mammalian* kind up to 35 HP in size with a duration of 1d20 minutes. Please Note: If too many drops are given to a creature too small, it will go into a coma from which it might *not* recover (i.e. *it could die*), thus these are unlawful to manufacture or use in most civilized lands and the mere possession of them is enough to beget their possessor severe punishment at the hands of the local law.

Each drop weighs so little as to be inconsequential for game purposes, so figure that ten (10) drops weigh one half ounce and each half ounce needs 500 GS worth of materials and 20 hours time to manufacture. The Alchemist *must continually* monitor the manufacturing process to insure their successful completion. They will retain their full potency for up to six (6) Arduinian months (180 days) but are very susceptible to the *least* amounts of moisture - even the sweat from a hand can cause them to liquify.

FORKHAM'S FABULOUS FAST-ACTING MEMORY POTION

This greasy feeling and "oily" looking pearl grey (thick) liquid has a smell reminiscent of rotted fish and a taste to match. Any *living* being drinking one of its three (3) ounce doses will have the ability of "absolute photographic memory" for twenty-five hours. They will remember *all* they see and hear during this period *without* exception, these memories being retained for six (6) hours per each Reasoning Factor (RF or INTelligence points, depending on the game system used) of the character.

Many people use this to learn difficult languages, magik and so on because, even though the effects fade, *at least* fifty percent (50%) of it all is PERMANENTLY RETAINED by the user. Special Note: This stuff has the side effect of severe migraine headaches once the potion has worn off and the RF remembering time has passed. The pain will last for one hour per RF point of the character (yes, the smarter they are, the longer it hurts!) If it is used to excess, it can also lead to a possible brain hemorrhage (5% *cumulative* chance each time more than *twice* in a row without *at least* one month's time between uses). This hemorrhage has a fatality chance of 25%, insanity chance (permanent) of 25% and recovery chance (after a 1d20 month convalescence) of 50%.

The materials for this potion are easily obtainable year round by any competent Alchemist (i.e. of level four (4) or better) and in practically any needed quantity. Each single dose requires but 85 GS worth of materials to manufacture and a mere six hours of work to do so. However, its potency lasts but seven (7) hours and so it should be drunk straight away.

OSYBARRA'S POWDER OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE

A talcum-powder-fine substance that smells like lilacs and which is *not* water soluble (but *will* dissolve in alcohol). Each pound will cover an area approximately 10' on a side *completely*. An area thus covered, so long as it is intact, is totally incapable of being affected by *any* form of magikal effect. No "Torozon's Slippery Field" or "Earth To H2O" and so on can happen there. Such things as "Tangletraps" *can* be conjured *on top* of the area but *will not* adhere to it. "Fire Walls" will not burn on its surface and even "Earth Quake Conjurations" will have to work "around" powdered areas.

The alchemical powder costs 13,000 GS per pound to produce and it takes nine (9) days to do so. The maker's presence is necessary only during the first 28 days and last 19 minutes of the process.

The materials are fairly common, though not in large amounts, so no more than 1d5 pounds of the potent powder are made in any given year. Note also that the ability needed for this type of work is a minimum of level nine (9) for an Alchemist.

Once produced, the powder is potent for up to 10,000 years regardless of usage so long as it is never dissolved in alcohol (which destroys it).

NARQUARS' NOBLE SIMPLEX PILLS

These bright green, raspberry-smelling pills, about the size of marbles, will, when ingested by any *living* being, cause them to become "brave and noble" in battle or other dangerous situations. The partaker cannot be made "afraid" by any means normal or magikal and this is, in fact, the one known effective defense against Paradies's Puissant Mists Of Panic and other such mystic attacks causing fear and trepidation. The pill requires approximately one (1) minute to become effective and has a duration of sixty minutes/less one minute per each Strength point of the user. The stronger you are, sadly, the less effective they seem to be.

The ingredients for these efficacious pills are fairly common and easily gotten by any competent Alchemist of level four (4) or greater. They are most often manufactured in batches of thirteen (13) and such a batch would require five days time and 567 GS worth of materials to complete. The maker needs only be present during the first ten hours and last twenty minutes of this process for it to succeed. The pills will maintain their full potency for *at least* thirteen (13) years. Special Note: There is *rumored* to be a variation of this pill that works on horses and other non-sentient or semi-sentient *animals* which will make them run/fight/travel/etc harder, farther, faster and so on. But this is only a rumor . . .

VIRIDIAN'S PANIC BUTTONS

These dime sized and shaped small orange "buttons" are fairly difficult to manufacture. Only those Alchemists of level seven (7) or greater may *safely* attempt to do so. These little devices are *extremely* sensitive to pressure directly applied to them (as in being stepped/sat upon by even the smallest child) and, when so "agitated" will explode.

The resultant alchemical explosion is a five-fold effect within a 13' diameter area some 7-9' in height. The first and most notable effect is the very loud "BOOM!" (equivalent to a modern grenade in loudness); the second, *simultaneous* with the first, is the "FLASH!" which is about the intensity of a *large* camera's flash bulb; the last trio of effects happen about one fifth of a second (one count on the thirty count CF chart) later, *all together*. They are: A horrid stench so intense as to cause all normal Human(oids) to immediately "gasp, gag and suffer stomach convulsions"; an intense itching that effects all *living* flesh as if "they were covered by thousands of crawling insects"; and, lastly, the effect of the *illusion* that everybody in the blast area is melting!

Each button requires some 1,235 GS in materials and nine (9) days time to manufacture. The maker *must* be there the *entire* time and no more than three (3) such alchemical buttons may be made in any single batch without the danger of their exploding all on their own. Once made, they will last indefinitely *if handled carefully*.

The materials needed to make them are not common but can usually be found by diligent and persistent Alchemists in amounts enough to produce six to ten of them each year (in *all* of Arduin, that is).

GYGLOSSOR'S GLITTERING LOTION OF FANTASTIC EFFECT

A clear, gel-like alchemical concoction with minute specks of *real* gold dust suspended throughout (hence "glittering"). When rubbed into *living* flesh, said flesh becomes utterly immune to any and all "stoning" effects of the "gaze" or non-touching-caused variety. This defense will last approximately 25 hours depending upon how vigorously the location is brushed against, dunked in water and so on. GM adjudication will be required here in most cases.

It takes some 20 ounces of the stuff to totally cover an *average* sized human being and said amount requires 4,045 GS worth of materials and 62 days of *continuously watched* work to make. The materials for this (except the gold) are *extremely* rare and very little of this potion is ever available for any price. Oh, one of its nicer "side effects" is that the flesh rubbed with its alchemical potency will become equivalent to Armour Class Two (2) for the duration (only) of the effect! Finally, it retains its potency indefinitely so far as known.

XUDOE'S CRAWLING HORROR

This *utterly harmless* stuff can be manufactured in any color desired from black to day-glo orange. It is something that, once concocted, *seems* to have a life all its own as it will crawl, shudder, quiver and "wander about" leaving slimy trails everywhere. It is attracted to "life" and will always head towards the *locus* of the of the *most* life first. It moves about 3' per second / 18' per melee round and, having no real life, cannot itself be killed.

If you bash it or chop it up, the little pieces simply continue crawling towards the life source, eventually merging back together enroute! However, *water will dissolve it and fire will dry it out* into a non-functioning powder. One pound of it is about the size of a softball or small cantalope but the materials for its manufacture are so common that once an Alchemist has figured out the formula, they usually produce it in 100lb, "man-sized" batches. Such a batch would cost 100GS in materials and two day's time to make but the Alchemist must stay awake and monitor the *entire* process lest the stuff attempt to crawl away at the wrong time and destroy itself! The materials are common enough that the Alchemist shouldn't have any problem acquiring any amount they may need up to about 1,000 lbs a year.

This material and the learning of its manufacture is part and parcel of the learning process inherent in figuring out how to make Golems. Please Note: There is *no* control over the stuff and it will remain active for about three (3) years if kept in a sealed container or about three days if left out to roam about on its own. When it dies, it turns into a stinking pus-like mass practically instantaneously.

There are *legends* of this stuff that becomes Vampiric in nature and sucks the life out of anything it manages to catch. But you know how legends are . . .

JOLLANDER'S SPECIAL POTION #9

This aromatic, lemon smelling, brilliant yellow potions causes any living drinker to immediately become "enamoured" with the first person of the opposite sex that they put eyes upon/see so long as this person be of their own race or of one very similar. This "love potion" has a duration of some twenty five (25) hours and is marked by the drinker's continual efforts to "make love" to the object of thier desire. However, once the effects have worn off, they tend to wonder just what in the names of the Nine Gods of Nargansser happened? Then they usually get pretty mad once they've figured it out.

Note also that, once used upon a person, it may *never* work on them again and, in fact, should any other potion of *another make/kind* but with the same effects in mind be used upon the former drinker, said drinker will get a plus six (6) "Save" versus its effects. The manufacture of this stuff is generally considered illegal in most civilized nations, even *possession* of it being a crime in many places.

Each half (1/2) ounce dose requires 555 GS worth of materials and nineteen (19) hours time to manufacture. The maker must carefully watch over the "cooking" process continually or it will fail to "come up" correctly. The ingredients are so common as to be ridiculous and, once the actual formula is known by an Alchemist, they often wonder why they never figured it out sooner (it is so easy)! The potion will last up to one Arduinian year (455 days) without losing its potency if kept in a tightly sealed *silver* container or three (3) hours otherwise.

RHARKMANS' ABSOLUTE ANSWER TO NEEDFUL LIGHT

Essentially a slow-burning, much brighter lantern fuel that looks like wine, smells like roast beef (*greatly* so while burning) and which will last seven (7) times longer than normal lamp oil while giving *offtwice* its luminescence. This fuel will *not* float on top of water (sinking to the bottom) and is three (3) times as hard to smother/extinguish as regular lantern fuel however the stuff is only half (1/2) as hot!

Its alchemical components are easily obtainable and in most any quantity needed. Once produced, it remains usable indefinitely. The average cost to make the stuff is about 45 GS per pint and the time to do so (regardless of the amount involved) is *always* three days (75 hours) during which time the Alchemist need be present only at the first and last two hours.

ISHMAEL'S LIQUID WIND POTION

This mildly "fruity" smelling, pale lavender liquid will become "air" about 1d20 melee rounds after its airtight container is opened. The "air" will be of sufficient force to blow leaves and other, similar light materials about easily up to 30' distant from the container's exit per each one (1) ounce "dose" thus used. The air is of sufficient volume to totally fill a 10' diameter balloon with 15 lbs per square inch pressure (14.7 lbs is normal sea level atmosphere for Earth). The air exits immediately once it has been "catalyzed" and mixes with the surrounding atmosphere without further ado.

The more released at the same time, the stronger the wind effect but containers strong enough to withstand this *must* be used. Please remember also that "every action has an opposite and *equal* reaction."

The materials to produce this stuff are fairly common and readily available in most any amount. Each ounce would cost 15 GS to produce and require 100 hours' time to "distil the air" regardless of the amount involved. The Alchemist needs be present throughout the *entire* process. Once produced, the liquid (if kept tightly sealed) will retain its full potency indefinitely.

KARATORQUE'S CHAMELEON PAINT

This clear liquid has the amazing property of letting whatever is coated with it assume the exact coloration and patterns of its surroundings! This transformation needs approximately 100 seconds for all subdued or dull colors and about 150 seconds for bright or metallic ones to fully "come up." One ounce will permanently coat a square 4" on a side and, once dry, will remain potent and effective forever so long as it is not worn or scratched away. It is waterproof but needs a *hard* surface on which to set (i.e. it won't work on cloth or other porous materials). It needs approximately 100 hours to completely "set/dry" in a normal climate and a damp atmosphere can lengthen this time considerably.

Each one hundred (100) ounces costs 1,185 GS in materials to concoct and the stuff (regardless of amount) needs twelve (12) days work to complete. However, the maker needs only be present during the first four and last two days of the process. The materials are fairly easy to get but *not* in overly large amounts (i.e. no more than 500 ounces a year in Arduin from *all* sources).

BEN-QUA-ZELL'S POTION OF THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD

The potion is a luminescent rainbow color(s), has a vivid smell of hot iron and a taste not unlike strawberry jam laced with coffee (or so it is said). This potion, when drunk by any *living* being, will give said being "The Eyes And Sight Of The Overworld." This means that they will be able to see the entire spectrum of colors from infra-red to ultraviolet; see all things "Invisible", see "through" all things "Illusory" and, of course, will be able to see any beings of Astral or Ethereal form (but not able to see directly onto those planes). This happens in 1d6 seconds after ingestion and is so sudden that many beings are driven mad by the welter of new images, how old images are warped and different, how the colors have changed and so on. Once taken, the effects will last for 1d100 minutes *without control or let-up* of any kind. Figure a 99% chance of insanity *less* 9% per level and *less* 1% for each point of EGO of the being. If the being has ever experienced any of these effects before, then their insanity chance is *also reduced* by 15% for each (i.e. a Dwarf has *infravision* naturally so he is used to *that*, a mage may have once used a spell that let him "see Astral" before and so on).

Each one ounce dose requires 1,250 GS worth of *rare* materials to concoct and the manufacture will always take 88 days regardless of the amount involved. The maker needs be there for the first and last four (4) days only.

Once completed, this stuff will retain its full potency for up to 300 years if it is kept cool and away from direct sunlight (which will, over a period of a few days, render the potion inert). The materials are never available in amounts of more than 1d10 doses' worth each year in Arduin and the actual making is so hard as to require an Alchemist of at least level seventeen (17) to even attempt it.

MONTEBANKH'S MYSTIC STICKY MIST

A ugly "vomit-looking" (and smelling), quasi-lumpy viscous liquid that will, 1d10 melee rounds after exposure to the normal air, erupt into a nauseating cloud of "nasty-colored" mist some 10' across its globular area per each four ounces used. This mist will persist for 1d6 melee rounds, *coating everything* inside its area with a sticky film. Suddenly the mist disappears *totally* and *everything* that was covered with the sticky film is NOW STUCK TOGETHER! Boots stuck to floors, clothes to clothes, armour glued tightly into place and so on! It would require a strength of 25 to break this seal and one of 28 to be able to move freely, disregarding its effects. Note that mouths can be sealed shut (or eyes) if that's the way they were when the mist disappeared and the "glue set." Arrows stuck to bows, people stuck together and so on and so forth! A fun alchemical trick!

All of this will last for 31-60 hours, then will commence to "unset" over a 100 melee round time span, finally dissolving into a smelly smoke leaving no trace of itself behind.

Each dose (4 ounces) requires 4,455 GS worth of materials to make and a complex manufacturing process lasting 220 hours. No more than twelve (12) ounces can be made in any single batch. Once made, the stuff will remain fully operational *forever* so long as no air gets to it. You know what happens if *that* happens! Only those Alchemists of level five or higher may attempt its *safe* manufacture and, to be absolutely safe, level ten (10) or better is preferable. All materials are readily available in moderate amounts, enough so that within Arduin as much as 120 ounces in a year have been made (though 16-20 is more like it).

LALAMALUNA'S LIQUID OF LASTING LUMINESCENCE

This yellow-gold colored liquid glows brightly continually for up to twenty (20) Arduinian years after its manufacture. Anything *soaked* in it will also glow for so long as the liquid, which is water soluble, is not washed away. A torch-head-sized object will have the luminescence of a 15 watt lightbulb. It takes some six (6) ounces to thoroughly wet such an object. The larger the area (and the more liquid used) the brighter the results but only up to a maximum point equivalent to a 60 watt lightbulb (on an area the size of a basketball). If larger areas are covered, there is no increase in *intensity* in the area shedding the light.

Each one hundred (100) ounce batch, which is the largest practical amount that can be manufactured at one time, has a cost of 145 GS in materials and two full days (50 hours) in time to complete. The materials are some of the most common ones available to the Alchemist. It retains its full potency up to 10,000 years if stored in sealed, air and watertight containers.



WOOKYMAEYER'S WONDERFUL STUFF

This mud-looking, semi-viscous liquid smells like sweaty feet and has a taste reminiscent of half-ripe persimmons (or so say those who have tasted this alchemical concoction). Each six (6) ounce dose, when ingested by *living* beings causes said being to immediately have *double* their normal Hit Points (HP) for twenty-five (25) hours. Note however, that there *must* be a one hundred (100) hour gap between each being's usage of this stuff of they will suffer the effects of having but half (1/2) their normal HP for *100 hours!* Once ingested, it requires but ten seconds to work and please note that it won't "raise the dead" and such. The party taking it *must* be alive and all wounds *stay* wounds (ie they won't "heal").

Each dose needs 1,205 GS worth of materials and eleven (11) days time to concoct. It can be made in any sized batch and, once done, will remain potent (if tightly sealed away from light) up to ten (10) Arduinian years (4,555 days).

The materials are readily available in *moderate* amounts but the process is so complex that only those Alchemists of level ten or better can do it correctly.

HARKNESS'S SILVER GLOBULES OF INFINITE SHARPNESS

This is a difficult and complicated alchemical material to make and only those of the 10th level or greater in experience may even attempt to do so. The process of manufacture takes twelve (12) Arduinian months (360 days) during which time the maker must be *constantly* there to monitor and adjust the process. The cost is 25,000 GS per pound *completed* because only some 40% of what is started with actually becomes said finished product. The materials are so rare that for any single alchemist to complete a single pound of it in all of Arduin in one year is a minor miracle in itself. GM's should limit its availability *drastically*.

Okay, so now what does this fabulous and costly stuff actually do? Simple! Any *edged* weapon such as a dagger, sword or axe blade thrust into it completely will find millions of minute silver "globules" have somehow adhered to the weapon, entirely coating it and turning it a shimmering silver color. Pretty, no? But what else is there, you ask? Well, it *also* adds such a *magikal edge* to the coated weapon that it will *forever* be plus seven (7) in its attack and of such a sharpness as to be considered a "Weapon of Sharpness." Please Note: it takes about two ounces to fully coat a normal sized dagger; some 10-12 ounces for a sword and up to a full pound or more for a bastard sword, double-bitted battle axe or other such large weapon. A two handed sword *might* be covered by a pound but probably needing about 18-24 ounces, depending on size. Once made, it must be used within 25 hours as it *loses* its effect thereafter and "spoils."

YELLOW MELLOWNESS

Of such ancient lineage, it is not now known who actually first invented this creamy yellow liquid that smells and tastes like over-ripe pumpkin. The stuff, when ingested by any *living* creature (up to 30 HP in *size per ounce ingested*), causes them to become exceedingly receptive to most any suggestion (if they are sentient) made to them for the 1d100 melee round duration of its effects. Non-sentient creatures simply lay or sit down and don't feel like moving or doing much of anything **SO LONG AS THEY ARE NOT BOTHERED IN ANY WAY.** This stuff affects everything from mammals to reptiles to insects but *will not* affect fish, Dragons, Demonkind or other similar creatures of an alien or highly magikal nature.

The duration does not increase with quantity and, once used upon a creature, it will thereafter *never again* have any effect on them. A curious *side* effect of this stuff is that, when it has worn off, the recipients tend (75% chance) to go into stark raving mad berserk rages lasting 1d100 minutes.

Each ounce costs 1,240 GS worth of materials to manufacture and the process of doing so, regardless of the amount, takes 130 hours from start to finish. The maker must be present at the first thirty and last five hours of this time to successfully finish the product. The materials are, while not really rare, not overly abundant within Arduin either. Thus only some 11-20 ounces of the liquid is produced there every year. Once made, it lasts up to 1,000 years without any loss of potency.

MARYZEHL'S MIRACULOUS POTION OF AWESOME ALLRIGHTNESS

This translucent golden liquid has a faint glow to it, an aroma like "wild flowers in bloom" and tastes like sweet cherry wine. Each one ounce dose, when ingested by any living being up to 45 HP in size, will cause said being to "throw out and cast up" all poisons, venoms and other "foreign and harmful matter" that might reside within them. The effect is instantaneous, will affect stuff up to 220 HP potency total and has absolutely no bad side effects save the puking, sweating out of "nastyness" and so on. This will continue approximately 20 melee rounds. This stuff will *not* regenerate wounds, give back HP lost to poison, etc but it *will* instantly neutralize any left in the drinker's system, cause all diseases (unless highly magikal themselves - GM adjudication needed) to go into permanent remission and so on. In a word, everything will be "Allright" once again.

It is such a high level concoction to produce (only those Alchemists of 20th lever or better can do so) that each seven (7) ounce batch (no more and no less each time) requires 100 months of work to complete and 20,000 GS worth of materials. During the manufacture, the maker needs be there the first twelve days and then for three days every month thereafter (the last three days of each).

The materials are *extremely* rare, not easily found and, when they are, usually only enough for the one batch each year or two. Once made, the stuff will last *forever* if kept sealed tightly in an *orichalcum* container.

TWOKKMAN'S TWOFOLD LIQUID OF TERRIBLE EFFECT

This grey-green potion smells like orange peels and has a slippery or "soapy" feel. When exposed to normal air, it will, in 31-60 seconds, erupt into (*first*) an intense fire of 1d8 potency per ounce used / square foot covered and then (one melee round after ignition) the fire will simply disappear *instantly* and the burned over areas will immediately "frost over" with intense cold of 1d6 intensity per ounce used / square foot covered . . . so, if you want it to spread, you'd better do it fast!

Each ounce covers one square foot of surface and costs 2,000 GS to create during a 99 hour manufacturing operation in which the maker *must* constantly participate. Once thus made, it will maintain its full potency up to 100 years if kept *mixed together* (i.e. shake the bottle *every* day) at all times. Failure to do this will allow it to separate into its primary components and become *unstable* - so unstable, in fact, that if it is then later shaken, it will DETONATE!

The materials for it are scarce and no more than 51-100 ounces are ever made each year in Arduin. Note also that the process is an involved and complex one that only those Alchemists of level eleven (11) or higher can master.

ZOOKIE'S ZOOM ZOOM LIQUID*

This alchemical concoction looks (and feels/weights) like quicksilver but has (so they say) a taste like fresh carrots (but no smell at all). Each twelve ounce dose, when ingested by a *living* being, causes them to have physical movement (ground speed, Dexterity, etc) of 1d6 times their normal speed! This effect lasts for 1d20 hours and is dangerous in the extreme to use as it functions *continually* without pause or control from the time it is taken (starting within 10 seconds) to the time it suddenly quits.

Once the effects quit, the being that has used it *immediately* collapses into uncontrolled muscle and nerve spasms lasting 1d100 minutes. These spasms are excruciatingly painful and have been known to drive people mad (15% chance). However, its main danger is that the body, released from the *relentless* superspeed will simply go into systemic shock and cause the immediate death of the unfortunate user (25% chance). This chance of death is reduced by one percent (1%) per Constitution point *more than 20* but is *always* a minimum three percent (3%) chance *regardless*.

The stuff requires 1,500 GS per dose to manufacture and any amount may be made at one time during this two day (50 hours) process (in which the Alchemist needs always be present). The materials are easily had and the stuff, once made, remains potent up to seven (7) years if kept sealed in a silver container.

* also called "Squeed" and "Speed Squeeze"

ABSKAMBAR'S ABYSMAL BLAST PELLETS

Also called the "Golden Eggs Of Death", these alchemic devices are indeed golden colored and of a size, shape and weight of a hen's egg. Each such, when thrown sharply onto a hard surface or similarly struck a "goodly blow", will detonate into an inky black mystik blast that has the following properties:

Its radius (globular) of effect is *always* 17' *precisely*; every creature within its blast that has normally operating eyes (from humans to elves) is immediately blinded (no "Save" allowed) for 1d100 melee rounds; all who have normally operating hearing are deafened for the same length of time (and those with acutely sensitive hearing, from elves to bats, suffer *twice* as long); all up to 45 HP in size are immediately disoriented and incapable of anything but the most confused of actions for 1d20 melee rounds and, finally, all of those of the "undead" kind caught within its effects suffer 1d20 HP of non-restorable damage.

Please note that the "egg's" outer layer is mildly toxic and prolonged skin contact can lead to nausea, vomiting and extreme dizziness.

Each egg needs 20 days, with the alchemist present throughout, and 3,455 GS in materials to make. The materials are *extremely* rare (GM adjudicated) and hard to obtain by *any* level of alchemist (and then only in minimal amounts).

BARAKAHNUU'S BENEVOLENT UNGENT OF URGENT HEALING OF BURNS/ACID

This dark blue cold-cream-like unguent, when spread upon areas of *living* flesh that have been burned by fire or acid, HEALS THESE AREAS at the rate of 1 HP of damage each melee round to a maximum of 5 HP worth of damage per ounce used. The area healed will be *totally free* from all scar tissue but any flesh already "gone" *cannot* be replaced or regenerated by this alchemical concoction.

This sweet basil smelling stuff requires 155 GS worth of materials and three days of time (the maker needs only be present during the first and last two hours of said preparation) to manufacture ten (10) ounces. It will retain its healing potency *indefinitely* as far as is known (it has been observed that unguents of this type over 1,600 years old have still performed without any loss in efficacy).

The ingredients are easily obtainable by any level Alchemist and in almost any amounts desired.

DELPHENORN'S POTION OF ABSOLUTE ASTRAL PASSAGE

This vile smelling crimson liquid of oily aspect will cause any *living* drinker to become "astral in fleshly form" for a period of time equal to their own Constitution score multiplied by three (3) minutes. The actual transformation requires one (1) second's time per CON point from start to full astral form. *Please Note:* The fleshly body of the creature *only* (up to 100 HP in size *maximum* per six ounce dosage) becomes astral and *not any* of their clothing or other accoutrements.

This potion requires six (6) days' time (during which the maker must be physically present *always*) and 1,345 GS worth of materials to manufacture. Said materials are moderately difficult to acquire and then only in moderate (GM adjudicated) amounts.

It retains its potency for *at least* 45 Arduinian months (1,350 days) and is perfectly safe in all ways to use.

DELPHENORN'S POTION OF INESTIMABLE ETHEREAL PASSAGE

Essentially a potion very much like the one that makes the drinker become astral. In this case, the potion is a "muddy" brownish in color, smells like raw sewage (tastes about like it too!) and each ounce costs 1,510 GS in materials and nine (9) days time to make. However, the manufacturer needs only be present during the first three and last one day of manufacture to do it right. The materials are a bit rarer than those required for the astral potion but not over much. Finally, *this* potion has one *possible* side effect in that, with each taking, there is a *non-cumulative* 3% chance that the drinker will PERMANENTLY AND FOREVER REMAIN IN THE ETHEREAL STATE! Good luck.

SPELLS, CONJURATIONS, ETC

BARANDA'S THUNDERCLAP SPELL

This 8th Order of Power spell requires the use of ten (10) mana points of magikal power to use and is *instantaneous* in its effect. Simply put, the spell caster speaks the firing word and, at any desired (and pre-designated) range up to 100' distant, a 30' spherical sonic blast or "sonic boom" happens. This sonic attack is of 45 HP potency *total* and can be increased in power by 5 HP per each additional mana point *above* ten that are used for this specific purpose. The range can likewise be increased (*instead* of the effect) if so desired, by 20' per each additional mana point used. Please Note: There is absolutely NO "Save" allowed vs the sonic effects of this spell as the attack magikly creates *non-magikal* sound that forms *around* the target. On the other hand, neither will the sonic attack hurt those creatures affected only by things magikal.

The spell requires ten (10) intensive months of study and an expenditure of some 10,000 GS in materials to learn properly.

GELGORN'S ROLLING THUNDER SPELL

As might be surmised from its title, this horrificly powerful 12th Order of Power spell is a variant of the lower level "ThunderClap." It too is *nearly* instantaneous in its effect and is triggered by a single firing word. Once thus triggered, what happens is a *series* of *individual* "ThunderClaps" commence, beginning at the target location up to 100' distant and then, at *half* second intervals, the next goes off just touching the outer edge of the area of effect of the last and continuing in a straight line away from the caster. In effect, you have a "chain" of interconnected "ThunderClaps" all strung together like beads on a string, all going off one after the other away from the spell caster.

The basic mana cost for this spell is seventeen (17) and each additional "ThunderClap" in the chain after the *first pair* costs an additional five (5) mana points. Thus a Rolling Thunder Spell with, say, six (6) such detonations in it over a three second period would cost thirty-seven (37) mana points. It would also cover an area of six (6) 30' diameter spheres or a line approximately 180' long by 30' wide (with "pinch ins" due to the round shape of the blast areas).

All other potencies, additional power adds and so on are just as per the original "ThunderClap" spell. If you haven't figured it out by now, by the way, that six blast Rolling Thunder Spell would have the capability of doing up to 270 HP of damage! This awesome power needs 22 months of difficult and continuous study as well as the expenditure of 13,000 GS in order to learn properly.

KAID'S CONJURATION OF KINETIC WALLS

This 7th Order of Power conjuration requires a full, uninterrupted melee round to conjure forth completely. What is thus conjured is a "wall" of glowing purple energy that is 7' high and up to 13' long. It can be of any configuration, have bends and so on so long as its basic length is not exceeded. This translucent energy wall has a duration of ten (10) melee rounds plus one (1) melee round for each level of expertise of the conjurer *above the level at which he learned this powerful magik*. The wall is such that it will "push back" against any intruding force with an "equal and contravening force." So, if the wall is merely touched, the touching appendage feels only a touch back *simultaneously* in return. But, if the wall is sharply struck, then the striking object is, itself, struck, again simultaneously, with an equal force! The wall cannot then be "walked through" (as it would simply push the attempting person/creature back) nor can it be shattered or knocked down as all the force used to do that is simply *turned back to its source immediately*.

However, it does have an upper limit as to just how much force it can counter and this is based *solely* upon the amount of mana used in the actual conjuration for setting the wall up. The basic conjuration requires the use of ten (10) mana points and has a resistive capability of up to 50 HP of physical/impact/kinetic force. For each three (3) *additional* mana points used in the conjuration, the wall will withstand another 25 HP worth of said forces.

Also note that the conjurer can "build" interconnected walls by going from one conjuration to another *without pause* for so long as he has these conjurations memorized and "loaded" with mana. There is no limit to how many of these walls can thus be connected (either end to end, atop each other or off at strange angles from each other SO LONG AS THEY HAVE A CONTINGUOUS SURFACE SOMEPLACE). Also note the fact that these walls, while fully capable of stopping all arrows, bullets or other kinetic missile attacks, cannot and *do not* have any effect against lasers, blasters, or other such energy attacks unless they are of strictly kinetic nature.

Finally, if a bullet has, say, 55 HP of kinetic damaging energy and strikes a 50 HP value wall, then IT WILL PASS THROUGH THE WALL but with only that "extra" 5 HP of velocity/damaging effect remaining! Slows 'em down right nice! And one last item to remember, there is the fact that a creature/being with a strength that gives them the power to strike for more damage than the wall can withstand, CAN PASS THROUGH THESE MYSTIK DEFENSES. However, it will be a struggle and they will receive in damage that force necessary to negate the defensive power of the wall!

This defensive conjuration requires twenty-five weeks (Arduinian weeks have six days, so adjust accordingly) of intensive study and an expenditure of some 5,495 GS in order to master this magik.

QUOOPER'S QUICK MEALS

As most magiks go, this 2nd Order of Power conjuration isn't one of the most important but it is fun! Simply put, what it does is, for an expenditure of one (1) mana point per each individual meal, create food! The food thus created *must* (and will always be) of the one (1) single meal used during the learning of this magik as its "core." To provide a different meal, a whole *new* version of the conjuration *must* be learned (with *full* cost in time and money!) The meal can be as simple as a loaf of bread or as elaborate as pheasant stuffed by squab stuffed with truffles, covered in eleven kinds of sauce (and so on).

Whatever the choice, the meal will appear up to 3' from the conjurer sans (without) plate or holder so a flat area that is relatively clean is recommended for this.

Please note that being "etheric" in nature, these meals have only about ten percent (10%) of the nutritive value of "real" meals of the same type. Thus to try to live on them indefinitely, while possible, is very difficult and usually leads to nutritional deficiencies of the first order of severity.

This simple magik requires but six (6) days of light study to master as well as an expenditure of a base of only 155 GS worth of learning materials (for the simplest of "core" meals). More elaborate "core" meals raise the *cost* somewhat (GM adjudicated) but not the time to learn.

ALDONE'S SPELL OF WITHERED MANHOOD

This is a 1st Order of Power magik that was conceived as a *revenge* against the magician's friend who had been "fooling about" with his wife. What it does is cause the victim to become *totally* incapable of *any* sexual activity requiring the use of the male genitalia - said body part being totally non-functional in that manner (but okay otherwise). It simply deadens all the nerves in that area to such a degree that even magikal means will not help to restore their "pleasure functions."

The range of this three (3) mana point spell is 13' and it has a *basic* duration of 1d6 days. However, for each *additional* one (1) mana point expended in the initial spell casting for this purpose, the duration is increased another 1d6 days.

It is not an important spell, certainly not one that would come into use in the normal course of the game, but it has been included to show you that even magicians can be subject to such human problems as jealousy, vindictiveness, arrogance and cruelty (and, usually, for all the wrong reasons).

This little unpleasantness needs but seven days of hard study (no pun intended) and an expenditure of a mere 55 GS worth of materials to learn.

DARDINGON'S DEVASTATING DEATH RAY SPELL

This 9th Order of Power spell needs thirteen (13) mana points to use. As the single casting word is spoken, the magician *must* be pointing his outstretched index finger towards his chosen victim/target. From this finger will leap a "searingly white ray of energy of the same diameter as his finger." This ray has a 3' range per each constitution point of the spell caster *plus* a base range of another 20'. It does 21-40 HP of *combined* kinetic and disintegration-like damage to all *non-living* targets and 11-30 HP of damage to all *living* ones. Living targets suffer an *instantaneous* one (1) melee round of shock per each 20% of their base HPs in damage that the ray causes them. *Both* living and otherwise targets must roll on their CF to see if the kinetic impact has knocked them down. Also, *Please remember* that fully half (1/2) the damage of this destructive ray is *kinetic* in nature and thus *cannot* be "Saved" against. The other half (disintegration) can be "Saved" against.

Finally, if any spell caster tries to utilize this magik twice in two melee rounds (once per round) without *at least* a five (5) melee round "rest" between uses, *there will be a 45 x chance it will backfire upon the caster!*

This potent attack spell requires 20 Arduinian weeks (120 days) of intensive study and the spending of 8,998 GS worth of learning materials in order to properly master.

NUNSINGOR'S NUMEROUS NOTHINGNESS CONJURATION

This 13th Order of Power conjuration has a mana cost of thirty-nine (39) and can *never* be modified, extended, changed or otherwise added to in any way, regardless of the mana available or the potency of the magician.

What it does is create areas of "non-contiguity" (i.e. "nothingness") around the caster once the one (1) melee round conjuration is completed. These areas of "nothingness" range in size from 1" diameter to 3' in diameter. Anything and everything within these areas simply "ceases to exist." No one knows how or why and no one has ever been able to find a substance that could resist this happening.

There will always be thirteen (13) of these areas and they will always be from 1'-13' from the conjurer in a random pattern about him. In height, they will always range from 1" off the ground to as high as 7' and, as they are invisible, their locations are never precisely known by anyone!

They have duration of but one (1) melee round but, during that time, *anything* blundering into one of them will have a appropriate amount of itself made "non-contiguous." Thus, most magicians who conjure these things up simply stay absolutely still for a full melee round afterwards so as not to do such a stupid thing!

The conjuration needs but one thousand (1,000) days of long, hard study to learn and an expenditure of 100,000 GS in experimental materials. Oh, please note the fact that anyone trying to learn this magik has a *cumulative* 5% chance per level of experience *less than twentieth* of simply becoming "non-contiguous" *themselves* by accident! Gone!

YAR-AKU'S GESTURE OF DEFIANCE

This 6th Order of Power spell is one that is extremely sneaky in that *no word(s)* have to be spoken in order to trigger it! It is fired by a simple hand gesture of the thumb and first two fingers!

And what does this awesome spell do? *Why any spell, conjuration or other instantaneous acting magik that has been loaded "into" it!* Thus a magician could, for instance, load a Mystik Dart spell *into* this spell and then, if he ever needed it and yet could not speak, why all he'd have to do is gesture in the direction of his intended target! This is also good for sneaking up on dangerous foe where the slightest sound could mean failure!

Oh, the mana cost is, of course, the full amount of the magik to be loaded into this mystik gesture and also an *additional* ten (10) mana points.

The learning of this potent knowledge requires a full Arduinian year (455 days) of arduous study and the expenditure of 11,000 GS in materials cost.

SOLOMON'S SILENT SENTRY

This 5th Order of Power conjuration requires two full melee rounds of continuous spell working in order to bring to fruition. Once done, there will have appeared before the conjurer a "vaguely humanoid form, all of a smoke-like substance (light grey in color)." This 5'-7" tall form is, in fact, a mystik alarm system or sentry that will remain at its post for one (1) minute per each experience level of the caster (regardless of the level at which this magik was learned) *plus* 1d100 melee rounds. The mana cost for this will be seven (7) and each *additional* one (1) mana point put into the initial conjuration (for specifically this purpose) will extend the duration by another *ull* one hundred (100) melee rounds.

The "sentry" guards thusly: as anyone or anything approaches, it will commence to wail or gibber like a lost soul in torment as they come within 60' (or *closest visible range* - like through a door). If the wailing doesn't cause those approaching to stop and go back, the sentry will then commence to actively "threaten" them with feints and movements towards them, all the while screeching at them horribly. If the interlopers actually try to get by the sentry or attack him, he will then become *utterly silent*, form himself up into his full man-shaped height and burst into searing blue flames. These flames will last but one melee round but, as soon as he has ignited, he will attempt to grapple with the intruder(s) so as to burn them as well. Each *touch* (one second) of the burning sentry will do 1d6 damage and cause most flammable things (clothes, etc) to themselves ignite on a 45% chance. Thus, if it maintains contact for a *full* melee round, the damage is 6d6 HP.

Once the fire is gone, *so has the sentry*. However, as soon as the mystik sentry has dissipated, the conjuring magician will suffer a *mild* form of shock which will require twenty (20) melee rounds of *absolute rest* LESS ONE (1) MELEE ROUND PER EACH POINT OF CONSTITUTION. During this "rest", the magician is in a dazed condition and is unable to do too much. *No* movement, *no* magik and not much in the way of being able to defend himself.

There is much speculation as to the reason for the *name* of this conjuration but, so far as is known, only ancient Solomon knows the real why of it.

This potent conjuration requires eleven Arduinian weeks (77 days) of very hard study to master. It also needs an expenditure of some 1,245 GS as well during this process.

VASHANG'S CALL OF THE HORSES OF HELL

This 13th Order of Power ritual will bring to the magician one (1) "Hell Horse" for thirteen hours servitude per each twenty (20) mana points poured into it. Please note that "servitude" does *not* mean slavish and instant obedience to all the mage may say. Oh no! Hell Horses are a contrary and vicious bunch that would cheerily *eat* the one who has brought them forth from their domains to do service. And this they will do if given even half a chance. So, the magician must be ever watchful, ever on his guard and ever forceful in his commands. For if the Hell Horse(s) detect even the slightest hesitation or weakness, they will turn on their self-styled (and temporary) "master" and slay him.

Anyway, they can be ridden (if you dare!), made to pull chariots, etc, even commanded to fight for you - all of which (and more) they will do, more or less, in their own illimitable way.

They cannot be "called" more than once a lunar cycle (13 days) by the same mage (i.e. they *won't* appear more than once for them) and, if called forth more than seven (7) times during the *entire* life of the mage, on the eighth time they will simply slay him for his temerity!

This ritual requires 1,000 days of long and continuous study to master but, oddly enough, it costs only 785 GS in materials!

Only those magicians of an experience level greater than nine (9) can ever hope to master its intricate and convoluted arcane workings.

VANTHOR'S SWORD - AKA: THE SOUL SWORD SPELL

This 8th Order of Power spell allows the magician to *immediately* conjure a "mystik sword" of blazing, brilliant energy *from within himself*. This sword will be of a size comparable to a bastard sword of more normal configuration and attack as one at plus five (5) to hit on the combat charts. It will strike anything from undead to were-beings to demon-kind without trouble and always does 1d20 HP of damage regardless of the target size or type.

However, the use of this weapon requires "free" (unmemorized or unallocated) mana as it will literally "drain" from its conjurer five (5) mana points for the first melee round's usage and three (3) mana points per melee round thereafter.

Now, there are at least two *similar* magiks known in the legends of Arduin but the one described here is the only one to work *in this manner*.

SPECIAL NOTE: There is a cumulative 5% "runaway" chance with this spell. If this happens, the magician will be totally unable to "quench" or otherwise "shutoff" the mana drain UNTIL ALL OF HIS UNALLOCATED MANA IS GONE. Then, if he still has mana left that is allocated to memorized magiks, there is a fifty percent (50%) chance that the runaway drain will take that mana as well. If this happens, the magician is *immediately* stunned into unconsciousness for 1d100 minutes. If all that is taken is the "raw" mana then, though *not* knocked out, the magician is still rendered *totally* incapable of doing anything that requires thought/thinking for 1d20 melee rounds. This mana drain takes one (1) melee round per each five (5) mana points to be so lost (or fraction thereof).

This magik needs 120 very careful days of hard study and the spending of 2,995 GS in materials to properly learn.

HOOBER'S HOOPS OF FIRE

This 5th Order of Power spell allows the caster to create hoops or rings of brilliant red flame up to 60' distant from himself. Each hoop of flame is 5' across with the fire ring itself being only 3" thick. The *touch* (one second's worth) of this flame will do 1d6 HP of damage and the fire *cannot* be put out by normal, non-magikal means. The rings will burn for three (3) melee rounds *plus* one (1) melee round per experience level of the caster (regardless of the level at which he learned this spell).

The duration can be increased as can the number of rings "thrown" in one spell. The basic hoop costs four (4) mana points and each additional hoop costs another two (2) mana points. As many hoops as the caster has mana for may be thus thrown in a single spell. Duration is increased by ten (10) melee rounds per each one (1) mana point expended for this specific purpose. Note that all extra hoops or duration *must* have had the appropriate mana expended during the *initial* spell casting. The mystik hoops will float in the air at any height within their range (i.e. up to 60' up if *right above* the caster) and can be "stacked", interlocked/overlapped horizontally, set on edge like a wheel and so on and so forth. They just remain stationary at their initial target location and no more than *one* target may ever be fired at, at any one time.

This spell needs 100 days of hard study and an expenditure of 1,450 GS to learn properly.

EZZOMUNDO'S ECTOPLASMIC REGENERATOR RITUAL

This 7th Order of Power ritual has a mana cost of ten (10) per each single "life level" (i.e. Constitution point) it regenerates. Note that it works only on *living* creatures, requires actual body contact/touch for the duration of the entire four (4) minute ritual and can never replace life levels/constitution that was "lost" more than a day (25 hours) past. For each hour (or fraction thereof) that the lost CON etc has not been replaced, there is a reduction of 5% in the chance that the magik restoration will work - this is beyond the first hour, of course.

This powerful ritual requires hard study of ten months (300 days) and an expenditure of some 17,500 GS in order to learn. Furthermore, it is of such a difficult nature as to preclude any magician of less than level six (6) from ever learning it properly.

ISHORG'S SPELL OF THE AWFUL STING

This 1st Order of Power spell costs but half (1/2) a mana point yet has a 33' range. What it does is cast a small blue-green "bolt" at whatever target the magician's outstretched index finger happens to be pointing toward. The victim hit is "stung as if by a thousand bees", a feeling that persists for but a second but which encompasses his *entire* body!

Because of the intensive and convulsive nature of this pain jolt, the victim will drop whatever he is holding, let go of whatever he may be attached to and so on, on this percentage chance: If the victim (it *must* be *alive* creature to have any effect) is 20 HP in size or less, 100%. From 21 to 35 HP in size, it is a 95% chance; for 36-50 HP in size, it is an 85% chance and, for each ten (10) HP in size (or fraction thereof) thereafter, it is further reduced by five (5%) percent. Thus a being of 88 HP in size would have a 65% chance of dropping whatever it had ahold of, missing its next attack (if within five CF counts / one second of the impact), magikly fumbling and so on.

All in all, a very satisfying little magik with small mana cost. It is so simple to learn that but one day's time and an expenditure of only 25 GS in materials will suffice to do so. Oh, as it is fired/in flight, the tiny mystik bold "hums like a million enraged bees!" Nice effect.

OPPENHAZER'S MISTAKE

Many centuries ago, the illustrious magician Wannamaker Oppenhazer attempted to invent a conjuration that would cause water to condense out of the air above the mage's head so that he might bathe/shower in the "wilds" and keep clean. He wanted to call this magik "Oppenhazer's Helpful Bath" but what he came up with has, to this day, been called his "Mistake."

This 2nd Order of Power conjuration will cause a miniature snow and hail "storm" some 3' in diameter to form, over a one melee round conjuration time, **RIGHT ABOVE THE MAGICIAN'S HEAD!** This little blizzard has *no* "attack value" per se but does have a duration of 1d100 melee rounds. The storm cloud(s), once fully formed, are *stationary* and very cold (about 30 degrees F inside). They will deposit 1d12" of snow and/or hail in that 3' area over the life of the magik without fail and without a break in its fall.

The magik *cannot*, by any means now known, be extended in duration, size or ferocity/damage potential. It's just a nice little cold spot if you need one.

This odd conjuration needs but 100 hours of moderate study and an expenditure of 75 GS to learn.

TUAMANTRAS' SPELL OF THE LONG DISTANCE LOCK PICKER

This 3rd Order of Power spell allows the magician to "pick" a lock up to 15' away per each single mana point put into it. Duration of this "picking" action is three melee rounds per each *additional* one (1) mana point expended in the initial casting for that specific purpose. Please Note that the spell itself *does not* allow the lock to be opened "magikly." No, what it does is allow a mage who already has *normal* lock picking abilities to pantomime the actions from a safe distance while his tools (left near the lock in question for this purpose) do the actual work, aping his every movement and action. The magician *will* feel through his moving fingers everything that he would feel if he actually was picking the lock. Thus the probability of it actually opening *rests upon his Thievish skills alone*. On the other hand, should the lock be trapped, he will be a safe (hopefully) distance away so that is definitely a bonus worth learning!

Said learning requires nineteen (19) days of close study and the expenditure of 450 GS in order to learn and, as it will work only for those with at least a modicum of thievish lock picking skills, it is recommended that only those who know these things attempt its mastery.

JORGE'S SPELL OF THE JUMPING SHOES

This 4th Order of Power spell will imbue any single pair of (generally man-sized) shoes or boots with the ability to "jump" up to 30' horizontally or 20' vertically, at the will of their wearer, for ten melee rounds per each two (2) mana points expended. This duration will increase by five (5) melee rounds per two mana points for each level of experience the magician acquires *above* the level he learned this magik upon. The effect is instantaneous but needs the touch of the spell caster to work (one boot/shoe, then the other, in sequence).

This relatively simple to learn magik requires but fourteen (14) days of moderate study and an expenditure of 125 GS to learn.

CALIBAN'S SPELL OF THE CRIMSON CLAWS OF DOOM

This horrendous spell is 15th Order of Power and *cannot* be performed by any user of magik of an experience level of *less than* five (5) without it backfiring upon the caster! It has a mana cost of 20 and causes a pair of crimson "claws" some 8' long from "talon tip" to "wrist" to appear up to 66' from the caster (range called at will). These reptilian looking, three taloned claws will, 4 CF counts* after appearing, commence to attack their designated target as if they were a 120 HP monster with a STRength score of 33. The claws hit anything from magikal armour to were creatures and undead equally well. They do 11-20 (101d10) HP of damage *each* and *each* attacks on *each* CF action segment (i.e. together). The STR bonus *can* be used to batter down obstacles to get to its target but is *not* included in the slashing style attack.

They will attack "intelligently in that one will feint whilst the other hits from the side or rear, then the frontal feint becomes a real attack after all!" They can even move up to 99' every melee round in pursuit of their targeted victim. This pursuit can also be as high in the air as need be as they are not "anchored" anywhere solid anyway.

Their attack will last three (3) melee rounds but this can be extended by one melee round per each three (3) *additional* mana points used in the initial spell casting (for that specific purpose).

The claws are AC 25 and *cannot*, themselves, be struck by anything not itself magik. Anyfire, cold or energy of less than 25 HP or poisons or venoms of *any* potency has absolutely *No Effect* upon them and all more potent than this do but one quarter (1/4) damage to the claws. As each claw receives 99 HPs of damage, it fades away and is gone. Note that one claw *can* continue to fight on alone.

Now for the *drawbacks* to this awesome and powerful magik:

Firstly, should the magician who has "called them forth" be slain or lose consciousness, the claws will *immediately* become berserk and commence attacking everyone within reach . . . *everyone!*

Secondly, should these claws be frustrated from actually attacking the target designated by their conjurer (i.e. by a defensive magik, teleporting away, etc), then these horrid things will *immediately* return to he who brought them into existence and commence to rend him limb from limb!

Lastly, for good or ill, the claws always have the *natural* and *unaugmented* CF of their conjurer-magician. So, if he's slow, *then so are they*.

Closing Notes: These claws are said, in legend, to be the hands of some netherworld demon lord of foul and terrible powers. Thus, though virtually anyone may learn this spell, it is highly recommended that only those of a level of experience of at least twelve (12) attempt to perform it. It is a complex and difficult one to learn and, the more experience, the better!

It requires a full Arduinian year (455 days) of intense and unbroken study as well as an expenditure of 25,000 GS to learn properly.

* See Notes - page three

MEEMAY'S MYSTIK MIRRORS OF MYSTERY AND BAFFLEMENT

This ritual is also called "The Mirrors Of The Mazone" for some unknown and time-lost reason. It is also noted in the annals of magikal lore dealing with such things, that this ritual doesn't actually create anything, nor does it really conjure anything. No, what it really seems to do is to "invite" something or someone to "send" the mirrors to the location of the ritual. Sort of an arcane loan as it were.

At any rate, the ritual is of the 11th Order of Power, requires a full ten minutes to complete and is powered by forty (40!) mana points. Once completed, there will appear, suddenly, thirteen (13) large "mirrors" spaced randomly around the magician from 3' to 13' away and facing in random directions. Each mirror is 13' tall and 7" wide and looks the same from front and back (i.e. reflective in a golden-silver sort of way). They have no rim or even definable edge, they just seem to "cease" and can be anywhere from 1" to 13' in the air. If struck or attacked in a physical manner, the objects doing so will simply pass *into* the mirrors, *never to be seen again* and not harming their unperturbed surface in the least. If magik is used, well, much (or nothing) can happen at the discretion of the GM. Read on and see why . . .

These mirrors will show to whom/whatever looks into them everything from that person's greatest desires (even if subconscious) to their worst and most terrible fears (again, even if subconscious). At other times, someone gazing into one of the mirrors may become enthralled and stand in that spot forever, seemingly transfixed by some vision only *their* mind can ever see.

Others have simply "become images" within one of the mirrors permanently. How this happens, no one knows - one instant they are looking in, the next they are looking out! Still others have been either "sucked" or "snatched" into the mirrors by something(s) unknown but, obviously, very powerful - again, practically too fast for an observing eye to follow. They too are *forever* lost.

Others legends speak of piles of empty clothes where mirror gazers once stood or of those who have gone helplessly insane from whatever it was they saw within those glittering and fathomless depths.

There has never been any set pattern to what a mirror viewer would see or what, if anything, would happen to him/them. All that is known for a certainty is this: whomsoever looks into *even one* of the mirrors is irrevocably *compelled* (no known save here!) to look into *all thirteen!*

The mirrors always stay at least thirteen minutes and sometimes remain as long as thirteen hours though a lesser multiple of thirteen is the general happening.

It is said in legend that only one viewer in thirteen is *not* affected in any way by these strange and fearsome mirrors and, as no one ever knows which of that thirteen or where along the "count" their appearances may be when "loaned", it has been the usual practice of *all* magicians utilizing this awesome magik to finish the ritual *with their eyes closed* and then hope to be able to find their way away from them without inadvertently looking or walking into one.

This powerful magik needs two full Arduinian years (910 days) of *very* intensive and continuous study to learn. It also needs an expenditure of 57,575 GS in materials as well. And, as a final note, several nations have banned its teaching or use as it seems "to decimate the ranks of magicians as time goes on, they being a curious lot!" On the other hand, a few, a very few who have dared, have "learned things beyond the normal ken of Magician or Man."

PARTHOLOMEW'S FABULOUS FINDING RITUAL

This 4th Order of Power ritual requires five (5) full minutes of constant work to complete and needs seven (7) mana points to empower it in its *basic* form. Once completed, the magician will, himself (only), be able to track down / find (etc) *any* item that he has *physically* come into contact with, at least once, in the last Arduinian year (455 days). For each *additional* one (1) mana point expended during the ritual (for this specific purpose), another year's time can be added to how long ago the item/object (or even person!) can have been in contact.

How the magik works is rather subtle in that the magician will "feel" when they are close or when they are distant from the object of their search and, once they have gotten to within a mile or two, it will even allow them to "feel" their way thorough an unfamiliar city's streets or into an unknown cavern or dungeon.

Please note that once this ritual has been performed, the magician will have one Arduinian month (30 days) before the "feeling" fades away. The duration can be increased by one month per each *additional* mana point used in the ritual (for *that* specific purpose) with no limit to the time thus allocated to find something. Note, however, that after completion of the ritual, there can be no later modification of the time (in either wise) UNTIL THE ARTIFACT/PERSON/ETC HAS BEEN FOUND. Should the magician fail to find it in the time he has allocated for himself then NEVER AGAIN can he use this ritual to look for *that one specific* object or person. NEVER!

Its one major drawback is that, if the magician uses any *other* magik *before* finding the "sought" object, the magik will be "broken" and they will have to do it all over again if they wish to keep looking.

This ritual requires a user of magik of at least the third (3rd) level of experience; requires nine weeks of moderately difficult study to learn and has a materials cost (to learn) of 1,565 GS.



XUDD'S TERRIBLE TERMINATOR SPELL

This 10th Order of Power spell is so complex that only those magicians of at least the seventh (7th) level of experience may learn it.

It has a *basic* mana cost of seventeen (17) and will, in that form, affect any living creature up to 50 HP in size. Larger sizes require the expenditure of five (5) *additional* mana points per each 20 HP that is to be affected - the extra mana being expended in the original spell casting, of course.

What happens when the magician says the trigger word is that a brilliant orange, pencil thick beam of mystik energy will stream from the spell caster's *forehead* towards the target *he is looking at / facing* up to 99' away. As the beam strikes the victim (and if they *fail* their "Save"), said unfortunate will commence to *fade from sight!* This "fading" will require one (1) melee round per each 25 HP in size and, as they fade, they will scream and howl in utter panic as the "winds of limbo" blow through their very soul and carry it (and them) off, *never* to be seen or heard from again! Where they (or their component atoms/soul) actually goes is a matter of much controversy and one with no answer as yet. Suffice to say the victims have never, repeat, *never* been tracked down or determined as to their final fate in all the hundreds of years this awful magik has been in existence. For this reason, *some* Colleges of Magik *ban* this spell.

If the intended victim makes a *successful* "Save", they are struck by 1d12 HP of kinetic damage anyway (no save here).

The range can *never* be increased by any known means and *each time* this spell is used, there is a 5% (non-cumulative) chance that a random gate to one of the twenty-one planes of Hell will open around the *caster* instead of the desired effect happening! If this should occur, the caster would *immediately* fall through the gate and, within three (3) seconds (half a melee round), it would close shut as if it never was.

This spell needs 600 days of arduous and continuous study as well as the spending of 40,000 GS to learn. Note also that, *during* this learning period, there is a 13% chance of the learner inadvertently opening such a "Hell Gate" as described above! Good luck (you'll need it).

ULLORN'S ULTIMATE DEFENSE

This 9th Order of Power conjuration requires twelve (12) mana points to work in its *basic* form. What it does is, over a two (2) melee round conjuration, create a glittering blue hemisphere of "auroral force" around the conjurer in a 6 1/2' *radius*. This auroral force will *totally bar and keep out* all forms of "undead" *regardless* of their level, power or potency. Such things simply *cannot* pass through nor penetrate in the least this defense. Also those things of the "Elements/Elemental" kinds have great difficulty in penetrating the aurora. For them, it is 95% impenetrable, becoming less difficult by 5% per each 10 HP (or fraction thereof) which they are *above* 65 HP in size. Finally, those things considered "Demonic" will also have *some* problems with this form of defense. For the "lesser" types, there is a 45% chance they'll not be able to penetrate the aurora and, for the "greater" or "Demon Lord" types, this is only a base 25% hindrance but, for each type, the hindrance is *reduced* by 3% per each 10 HP (or fraction thereof) that they are above 100 HP in size. Note that there is *always* a 2% hindrance chance regardless of the size of the Demonic/Elemental types involved.

Once conjured into existence, this non-mobile defense has a duration of seven (7) melee rounds unless *extra* mana has been allocated during the initial conjuration for a longer time period. Each *additional* five (5) mana points thus used will cause the defense to last an extra full minute (ten melee rounds). This conjuration is alterable in no other way.

The "nice" thing about this mystik defense is that the magik of the one who conjured it can *freely* pass through it (in or out) without affecting it in the least!

To learn it requires an expenditure of twenty-two weeks of time and some 8,950 GS worth of materials. However, due to the complexity of the conjuration, it is highly recommended that only those of an experience level *greater than* fifth (5th) attempt to do so.

FANDRAHL'S FANTASTIC CONJURATION OF THE FUMES OF FALTARRA

This 5th Order of Power conjuration needs two complete melee rounds of uninterrupted concentration to finish. Once done, there has been created, up to 66' distant from the conjurer, a 25' spherical area all filled with coruscating, flashing multi-colored "mists" or "fumes" that seem to "sparkle and dance" with inner light and motion all their own.

These fumes will, if inhaled by any *living* creature, cause one of three things to happen at *random*. First, there is a 65% chance that the affected being will become totally and helplessly convulsed with glee, mirth, laughter and hilarity and be unable to even stand, rolling about the ground for so long as they are in the fumes and for 1d20 melee rounds afterwards. Secondly, there is a 25% chance that just the *opposite* will happen and the being affected will be totally incapacitated by grief, crying, wailing, rolling about the ground and breast beating, etc. Finally, if those two *do not* happen (it's all *one* die roll, you know!), there is the (remaining) 10% chance that the victim will become *immediately* and insanely berserk, attacking anything and everyone about him without regard to anything.

The duration of these colorful fumes is 1d6 melee rounds *plus* an additional 1d20 melee rounds per each *extra* mana point expended just for that purpose in the initial conjuration. *Or*, each extra mana point expended in the initial conjuration can go to increasing the *area* of effect by 15'.

These fumes affect only those things which *have* feelings of grief and/or humor and, even then, only up to 50 HP in size. To affect larger types, it is necessary to infuse the initial conjuration with an extra three (3) mana points per each 10 HP in size you wish to deal with. Now this does not mean that a basic "Fumes" will only affect a *total* of only 50 HPs worth of creature. No! It means that any *number* of creatures each up to 50 HP in size that *breathe the fumes* can be affected!

Also note that, as this is an almost "alchemical" attack in nature, a "Save" versus *poison* is required instead of one versus *magik* and that, if successful (the "Save" that is), there will be *none* of the effects listed above. However, the "Saved" victim *will* sneeze disconcertingly whilst in the fumes (-2 attack/defense) and for 1d6 melee rounds afterwards.

This potent conjuration needs eleven Arduinian weeks (66 days) of arduous study and an expenditure of 999 GS worth of materials to learn.

REDD'S RAPID FIRE RITUAL

This 3rd Order of Power ritual has a mana cost of five (5) *plus the cost of the linked magiks* and is always performed in conjunction with the *memorization* of at least two other magiks. These other spells or whatever, however, *must* always be of the *same kind*. More than two can also be linked but, for each new magik thus linked, an *additional five* (5) mana points must be expended (i.e. 5 mana points for two, 10 for three, 15 for four linked together and so on).

What this ritual "linking" does is allow the magician to *use/fire* these linked magiks *fast as he can!* For example, a magician with a CF score of fifteen (15) would have three (3) CF action segments in each melee round. Ordinarily, he could only do one spell in each melee round and then have to do something else the other two action segments. But, with the *linked* spells (all the same kind, remember !?!), he could fire *all three* in that one melee round (at his CF action points of 15, 10 and 5) *so long as he didn't do anything else*.

Note also that once these linked magiks are started, *all in the chain must be fired* or there will be a 75% chance for a magikal fumble with the *unfired* ones!

Magiks thus linked or "chained" together can be thus held in a magician's memory for up to 25 hours; thereafter, the bonds disappear and the memorized magiks must be used *normally* (i.e. singly).

This important ritual requires nineteen Arduinian weeks (114 days) of very hard study and the expenditure of 1,700 GS in materials to properly learn.

ZOARKHAR'S MYSTIK BOTTLE

This 5th Order of Power conjuration requires six (6) mana points to work in its basic form. What the magik does, over a one melee round time span, is to conjure a milky blue-white, milk-bottle sized "Mystik Bottle" formed of arcane energy. Said "bottle" is "solid" to the touch and will hold up to one half (1/2) gallon of liquid or a similar amount of other things (that will fit in the bottle sized/shaped container). Up to one hour after the magician has conjured the bottle, they can (with no mana cost additional) "cap" or close it instantly with but one pre-chosen mystic word. *Once sealed it cannot be opened by any strength of less than fifty (50) and any strength strong enough to do so would shatter it anyway.* However, in the shattering, the mystic bonding/binding forces would be released in a 3' diameter "flash" of arcane energy of 1d20 HP potency. *Once sealed, the bottle is utterly impervious to all heat, cold or other energy (magikal or not) of up to 100 HP potency.* Attacks above this cause it to "detonate" as outlined above. Note this does not mean that 100 HP of cumulative energy will hurt it because it will not do so. It must be 100 HP all in one instantaneous attack to faze this mystik conjuration.

Once created, the bottle will last for one full Arduinian year (455 days) plus one month (30 days) per each level of experience of the conjurer above the experience level at which they learned this magik. Note that the conjurer is the *only* being who can open a bottle they have thus created without having to resort to its destruction. They do this by "un-conjuring" the darn thing at a mana cost equal to half (1/2) the original mana cost but only the creator knows the "weave" of it so that this may be done.

The bottle may be made larger by up to a factor of five (5) but each such increase in size has double the cost of the increase before it! So, to conjure a bottle that could hold the maximum allowed 2 1/2 gallon capacity would cost 96 mana points (in steps of 6 - 12 - 24 - 48 - 96).

It can also be given a longer "life" or duration by adding 25 mana points into the original conjuration for this specific purpose for each additional Arduinian year's time wanted.

This conjuration requires sixteen (16) weeks of hard study and the expenditure of 3,250 GS in materials in order to master correctly.

WYNOCKI'S WIZARDLY WAGON

A 4th Order of Power ritual, this magik has a basic mana cost of eight (8) and a duration of 100 minutes. Each additional one (1) mana point expended during the initial ritual will increase the duration by 50 minutes.

What the ritual does is create a "wagon" of "solid" energy the color of smoke and with the feel of smooth plastic. This "wagon" in and of itself has no weight and would thus leave no wheel tracks but everything loaded into it will have normal weight and thus press the wheels into the ground to a greater or lesser extent depending upon the amount. The wagon is complete in every wise from tongue to a tailgate that can be raised and lowered. It is 12' long by 6' wide and has 3' high sides. Its four large (and solid looking) wheels raise the bottom of the wagon 4' off the ground. There is a "driver's seat" (for two) that is 4 1/2' wide by 18" deep with a 15" high back on the front (not included in the overall dimensions previously listed).

The wagon has an Armour Class of 2 and most missiles have a 35% deflection chance off its slick surface if they don't impact straight head on.

There are no reins or other horse tack provided with the wagon - that will be up to the people conjuring it to hassle out on their own. After all, magik can only do so much!

The wagon itself doesn't make any noise when moving but, of course, all rocks, twigs, etc ridden/rolled over will, as will all being carried, in its own way.

The wagon has (can sustain) 75 HP of damage without dissipating into nothingness. Exceed that amount and it will immediately (over 10 CF counts) fade away! It is water tight but not proof against fire or anything else (though it won't actually burn, just char).

This fun ritual requires 21 days of moderately difficult book work to master along with an initial experimentation outlay in materials of some 655 GS.



PRIESTLY MAGIK

GORFOHL'S RITUAL OF THE BANISHED EXHAUSTION

This 1st Order of Power ritual requires three full melee rounds and an expenditure of two (2) mana points to complete. What it does is totally and effectively banish/take away *all* tiredness and/or exhaustion of any single living creature of up to 45 HP in size. It's as if they are *fully* rested and full of a new day's energy. The effect is instantaneous and can be increased to help larger beings at the rate of an additional 25 HP in size per each extra one (1) mana point used during the ritual. Please note, however, that if used *more than* three (3) times in one day on *any* creature, there will be a cumulative 15% chance that it will not only *not* work but will backfire and render the being immediately unconscious for 1d20 hours!

This easy to learn and helpful ritual needs but two days of good study and the spending of 50 GS in order to master.

NOOLCOOMB'S NASTY SURPRISE

This 4th Order of Power conjuration requires the expenditure of six (6) mana points over two full melee rounds (12 seconds). Once done, the Priest will have conjured a 13' diameter patch of "slime" some 2"-4" thick that stinks like a pile of rotten fish and has the "color of a two day old corpse." It will appear up to 55' distant from the conjurer and can be increased in duration by the addition of one (1) mana point for each ten melee rounds beyond the *basic* fifteen melee rounds. It can also have its size increased by an additional 3' diameter per each one (1) mana point more expended during the initial conjuration for that reason.

This "slime" is *not* alive, is highly caustic/acidic in nature and *very* slippery (two legged creatures have a 75% chance to fall if moving through it, four legged (or more) ones have a 40% chance). The touch of this yucky stuff will cause an acid-like burn of 1d4 HP potency *per melee round* and it will stay active and thus hurting for 1d4 melee rounds after it is on flesh! It cannot be easily washed away by water (having the consistency of vaseline) and is totally impervious to lightning or similar forms of energy. Fire *will* cause it to burn (if six (6) HP potency or greater - less won't ignite it, just char it slightly).

If burned, the acidric grey-green smoke is also *highly toxic* in that it will sear a living creature's lungs for 1-3 HP damage per each half (1/2) melee round of exposure. This could be lethal on the GM's adjudication as acid seared lungs will cause a person to suffocate - much like the infamous "mustard gas" of World War I.

This nasty conjuration, outlawed by most religions, needs but ninety hours of study and an expenditure of 450 GS in order to learn.

DIANA OF THE SACRAMENTS' SPELL OF THE MISSING WEAPON(S)

This 4th Order of Power spell requires an expenditure of five (5) mana points, has a 60' range and an immediate effect. This spell causes *any single weapon* which is pointed at by the outstretched index finger of the caster, to simply DISAPPEAR! Now, it isn't destroyed, it is simply "made to go away" in a sort of limited, aimed teleportation that will deposit said weapon from 100 to 1,000 yards away in a *random* direction.

Note also that it will *woronly* versus those things that are *obviously weapons of war* - that is to say a sword, dagger, mace, bow and so on can be thus "sent away" whereas a wand, staff or other less obvious weapon *cannot*. Only a twenty (20) on a d20 will "save" for non-magik weapons and magik weapons get their "pluses" added into their saves. For example, a sword that is 4 to hit and 4 to damage would get the attack plus (4) *only* added to the "save" and have to roll a 16 or better in order to save (as a 20 always saves anyway).

This strange and peaceful form of defense needs 100 days of intensive study to master and an expenditure of 1,000 GS.

As a final note, the GM may wish to give consideration to a magik weapon's other powers in considering how it may be affected by this magik.

HSU'S CONJURATION OF THE YELLOW PERIL

This 8th Order of Power conjuration needs but one (1) melee round (6 seconds) of time and an expenditure of nine (9) mana points to complete. Once done, there will have been conjured (up to 120' from the Priest) a brilliant, metallic yellow "cloud" of roiling gas that glows brightly of itself. This cloud will move at 99' per melee round for the entire 1d100 melee round duration of this conjuration, even against winds as strong as ten miles per hour (10 mph). Faster/stronger winds will push it back proportionately and winds of 21 mph will actually dissipate it.

The "gas" will throttle, choke and strangle *all living creatures* it can encompass and it seeks them out unerringly with an inherent infra-red "homing." This "homing" *can* tell the difference between a fire and a living creature and will avoid the former (being *highly flammable*). For game play, figure that the creatures caught within the cloud will choke to death in the number of melee rounds equal to their constitution score plus three (3) extra rounds. As an example, an Elf with a CON of 17 would be strangled to death in a total of 20 melee rounds by this terrible, semi-living gas. Creatures lacking CON stats (such as monsters) will strangle over a period equal to one (1) melee round per each five (5) HPs in size - thus a 100 HP monster would require 20 melee rounds to strangle.

The gas is so violently flammable that the 30' diameter cloud would explode into a 120 HP fireball *instantly* if hit with six (6) or more HPs of flame of any kind. BOOM!!!

The cloud will move *in the direction indicated by the conjurer* for the first half (1/2) of its duration even going so far as to wend its way through streets to find a specific house, location or whatever designated by the casting Priest. The second half of the thing's "life", however, *is all its own* and it will go wherever it will, seeking out *all living creatures* and doing unholy death to them!

Needless to say, many religions have banned the usage of this nasty conjuration.

It needs 400 days of intensive study and the expenditure of 25,000 GS in order to properly learn. Finally, those Priests of an experience level *less than sixth* (6th) that attempt to learn this conjuration have a 35% risk chance of having the cloud immediately attack them sometime during this learning period!

LLOLOHAHR'S LONG JUMP SPELL

The 4th Order of Power spell allows the Priest casting it to literally leap up to 120' horizontally or 90' vertically IN TOTAL SAFETY (i.e. they *won't* break their legs though they *just might* fall on their buns!) This spell has a mana cost of (3) and *cannot* be increased, decreased or otherwise altered in any manner now known.

It needs but 40 hours of light study and an expenditure of 45 GS to learn.

YAZIM'S SMALL CONJURATION OF MYSTIK MARBLES

Yazim, being a Priest of the Arduinian God of Tricks/Pranks/Laughter and such (named "Puck") invented this 2nd Order of Power spell with the worship of Puck in mind. Please note that, to Puck, *laughter is worship*.

Anyway, for an expenditure of two (2) mana points per melee round duration desired, there will appear one 1" diameter hard glass marble per square inch over an area ten feet (10') on a side! (A total of 14,400 glass marbles neatly filling the ten by ten area) Or, instead, per each two (2) mana points *additional*, the area covered by the little rolling devils will be increased by 5' on each side (225 sqft or 32,400 marbles, etc). Whatever the choice, it makes for plenty of slipping and falling for all in the area (usually, anyway)! Oh, the marbles will appear *immediately* after the half (1/2) melee round (3 second) conjuration is completed. Surprise!

This minor priestly magik needs but twelve (12) hours of moderate study and an expenditure of some 35 GS in materials to learn. One final note, however, though the conjuration is *supposed* to create the area of marbles *centered* up to 60' away from the conjurer, well, it is coming from Puck, you know! So, on a 15% chance, he (Puck) will create them centered on the conjuring Priest instead! . . . just for the fun of it! Hee Hee!

THYLLSON'S HAND OF THORNS

This 3rd Order of Power Druidical magik needs two (2) mana points and one full melee round of conjuration in order to work. What it does is cover the conjurer's hand (left or right - choice) with a veritable sphere of needle/razor sharp thorns from 3" to 5" long! These mystik thorns *can* strike such creatures as "undead" and/or "were-beings" as if the opponents were normal flesh and blood. The hand of thorns does 1d61 HP of damage per strike (plus the wielder's own strength bonuses, if any) and attacks armoured targets as well as non-armoured ones. The thorns are as hard as petrified wood (so they *can* be broken but not easily) and unusually resistant to fire and flame - so much so that any heat of *less than* ten (10) HP potency will not harm them in the least and all above this will do but 1/4 damage to them. For battle purposes, consider the Hand of Thorns to have 20 HP of its own.

Once conjured forth, these thorns will last for ten (10) melee rounds plus six (6) melee rounds per each additional one (1) mana point expended by the Priest/Druid for this specific purpose *during the initial conjuration*.

The magik requires 45 days of unusually difficult study and the spending of 750 GS in order to properly master it. Note the fact that any non-Druid Priest utilizing this magik (which they *can* do) runs a 5% risk of the thorns beginning to "grow wild" and eventually covering their *entire* body (this usually takes about a week to ten days) permanently!

VORVODE'S SPELL OF THE VIOLENT STAFF

This 2nd Order of Power spell will cause any staff, stave or piece of wood at *least* 48" long to "dance" and battle as if it were a quarterstaff, plus four (4) to strike, wielded by invisible hands of the fourth (4th) level of expertise. Said staff will stay within 10' of the priest wherever they may go (so long as it is on the ground - it *can't* fly) and for a duration of five melee rounds for the first three (3) mana points expended and for one additional melee round per each half (1/2) mana point *more* used in the initial spell casting.

The Priest must already have the wood/staff *in hand* for it to work and only a "shaped" piece will work (i.e. a piece of broken branch won't do). This spell needs eighty days of long, hard study, some practice and an expenditure of 1,400 GS to master properly.

LA-DEAUX'S LASTING IMPRESSION CONJURATION

This 7th Order of Power conjuration requires five (5) melee rounds and the expenditure of five (5) mana points to complete. Once done, it will have indelibly marked/written/etc onto any substance up to 100 letters 3" high. These can say or symbolize anything and *cannot* be washed off, abraded off (file it down and it is *always* there, *right through* the material!) or in any other way, save by a more potent magik, be gotten rid of. It *can't* even be covered up with paint or such as the offending paint will soon (1d20 minutes) have the letters/symbols *showing through*!

This ritual requires seventy (70) days study and has a cost of 830 GS to learn.

ESSRAMUND'S HYDRO-SPEED SPELL

This 5th Order of Power spell allows the Priest to whiz along *on top of* any water (only!) as if they were waterskiing without the skis (or tow boat for that matter)! They will move along at 720' per melee round while throwing up quite a spray behind them (called a "rooster tail")! This spell only needs three (3) mana points for the first five (5) minutes of time/duration *plus* three (3) minutes per each additional one (1) mana point expended *at any time during the running of this magik*.

This spell cannot be learned by any priest of *less than* the 4th level of experience due to its complex and convoluted nature. However, the learning time, for those qualified, is only sixteen (16) days (moderate study) and the cost for experimental materials but a mere 990 GS.

GOODMAN ALLAN'S SECRET DEFENSE RITUAL

This 6th Order of Power ritual is somewhat tricky in its application (read on and see) but only has a base mana cost of seven (7). It takes a full eleven (11) minutes to perform upon oneself but, once done, will last for six (6) hours. Additional single (1) hours can be factored into the duration with an additional expenditure of five (5) mana points each during said ritual.

The effect of the ritual is to give the Priest's body a *totally* "zero co-efficient of friction" *except* for the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands (*just* the palms, not the insides of the fingers) which remain natural and unaffected.

This "total slipperiness" is pretty much identical to the "Torozon's Slippery Field" (appearing in an earlier volume of *THE ARDUIN GRIMOIRES*) is to all effects/workings but, as a general rule, simply figure that *nothing* will stick to them (not even their clothes), bullets, arrows, sword blows, etc will all "slip off" doing little or no damage at all. On the other hand, with just the bottom's of their feet and palms of their hands able to touch/handle anything, it is pretty difficult to get about and do things. Still it is an interesting concept and one which each GM should keep close watch on and adjudicate as needed.

The magik requires 80 days of intensive study and the spending of some 4,400 GS in materials to learn.



KORKI'S KOSMIK KISSES

Another "Pucky" magik for Priests of that laughing God (sigh), this one is of the 3rd Order of Power. It has a basic mana cost of one (1) mana point *per each individual to be affected*. The range is up to 60' and there is no limit to the number of targets that can be "hit" so long as the Priest has sufficient mana.

When the conjuration is cast, a huge (5' wide by 3' high) pair of bright red lips (yes, I did say "lips" . . . unfortunately) appears directly in front of the "victim", pauses of a half second while a long, sloppily wet tongue licks said lips noisily, THEN THEY SWOOP DOWN ON THE HAPLESS BEING AND GIVE THEM A BIG, VERY WET SLURPING KISS! Yuck! Smoooorch! Totally harmless for sure but extremely disconcerting to say the least.

A good GM will adjudicate like the dickens as to the reactions of people seeing these huge things appearing before them and licking themselves as if in hunger. Then afterwards, yuck! Bleccchh! Ptooiie! You'd be surprised at how often this little gem will break up an attack of oncoming Orcs or such.

And, each time the spell is used, good old Puck has a 50% chance of dropping one of these big smackers right on the conjuring priest as well! Smoooorch!

This fun priestly conjuration needs but thirty hours of study and the spending of 99 GS in order to master properly. That is, if *any* Puck related magik can ever be deemed as *truly* mastered!

ILLYANDER'S SPELL OF THE INFINITE EYES

This is actually a *combination* of ritual and spell of the 9th Order of Power cast upon two or more people/sentient beings. Simply put, the Priest performs the two hour *ritual* (costing 30 mana points) on himself and on *another intelligent being* (live only). Thereafter, so long as this *other* being is on the *same world* as the Priest, that Priest may cast the *spell* part of this magik (which requires one *melee* round and an expenditure of seven (7) mana points) and *then see through the eye(s) of that person/being!* This is without regard to distance or intervening obstructions (save for silver which *will* block this magik). The being may have his eyes looked though for up to thirteen (13) minutes *each time* and the one ritual will allow the Priest to use the spell seven (7) times before another ritual is required to renew the bonds.

Please note that the being whose eyes "are as the Priest's very own" *does not know* when they are being used thusly as there is no internal feeling or outward sign that this is being done. Nor does it have any side effects. Note also that the Priest has absolutely *no control* over where that being's eyes will look - after all, they aren't in his head.

The priest may have as many beings as they see fit (no limit) set up in just this manner, thus giving rise to the name of this magik.

Six hundred days of hard continuous study and an expense of 13,000 GS is necessary for the learning of this potent ritual/spell combination.

SAINT DAVID'S WINE CUP

This 2nd Order of Power ritual needs an expenditure of three (3) mana points over a three *melee* round time span in order to work. What it does is conjure forth into the Priest's hands a golden chalice full (1 1/2 pints) of a wondrous "wine" straight from the table of the God that they worship! This wine will act as *all* nourishment for any one being for any single day (25 hours) and will make them *feel* very refreshed and full of renewed willingness to "press onwards." Please note that it *cannot* be drunk by anyone *not* of the Priest's faith without dire and nasty sickness afflicting them (i.e. it doesn't work for them and makes them vomit all over the place)!

This cup will last but a single *melee* round so all must be drunk from it prior to this, otherwise it will be lost when the cup fades away. It may be called forth from the God once each day per each level of experience of the Priest (providing they have sufficient mana, of course).

This handy ritual needs but 50 hours of moderate study and an expenditure of 200 GS in order to learn.

NEW MONSTERS

Explanation of Terms: Whenever a *range* of numbers is given (for size, HP, attack damage rolls, etc), all this means is that the creature's statistics *are variable*. As an example, if a creature is shown to be 6'-8' / 300-400 lbs in size, this shows the *range* of size that may be encountered. Thus the creature's Hit Points (HP) will *also* be a variable (for instance, 41-60 HP) to show that the *bigger* they are, the more HPs they will have. Going further with this logic says that, if a creature is variable (from smaller to bigger) in size/HP then its attacks will *also* vary accordingly. When you see such, it is generally shown as a "double variable." For instance: 11-20 to 13-24 HP of damage. This shows that, in its *smallest* size, the critter does a variable amount of damage (in this case, 11-20 HP) just as it does in its larger size (in this case, 13-24 HP). Simple.

If you have trouble figuring out how to roll such damages (or figuring out what dice to roll), simply do the following: Take the variable end of the shown number (for instance the 20 in the 11-20 and the 24 in the 13-24) and count *back* from that number to the *base* number in the listed pair (ie the 11 in the 11-20 and the 13 in the 13-24 in our examples). The number *before* this number is the *base* (10 before 11 and 12 before 13). You will always find that that count gives you the die size to roll! The 11-20 thus requires a D10 roll (the result being added to the base 10) and the 13-24 needs a D12 roll (the result being added to the base 12). If you come up with a 3 or 5 to roll (or any other such "odd" number) just find a *divisible* die/number it fits into and roll that die (a D6 for 3 and so on).

In *Arduin* we use Coordination Factor (CF), in other games such things as "DEX-terity" and/or "Initiative" are used.

ARC-BAT

TYPE: Mutated Mammal **AC:** 7 **CF:** 17-22 **MOVE:** 600' per M/R (air) - 30' per M/R (ground) **HP:** 18-27 **SIZE:** 7'-10' wingspan **COLOR:** Dark grey to black with yellow eyes and pale red claws

DESCRIPTION: Resembles an over-large fruit bat with three (3) eyes.

SPECIAL POWERS: The creature is a biological electrical generator much like an eel. It can generate (and store) up to 45 HP worth of electrical charge every hour but 25-35 HP charges are more usual. This charge can be deliberately "fired" up to 50' in an arc-like mini-bolt from the central (3rd) eye in its forehead, however, a 30' range is the average. Alternately, the creature can discharge approximately 20% of its stored electricity through its outer skin (all over) each and every second (all gone in 5 seconds), thus, like an electric eel, it can "shock" whatever touches it.

NOTES: Usually nocturnal, these creatures are moderately aggressive, carnivorous by choice but omnivorous in fact and normally encountered in hot, moist jungle areas where there is an abundance of *fresh* water. Otherwise they must be handled by the GM just like an overgrown bat in combat and all other respects.

BLOODBEAST

TYPE: Mythic **AC:** 2 + 2 **CF:** 12-15 **MOVE:** 66' per M/R (ground) - note it can walk *underwater* at 1/2 speed **SIZE:** 8'-10' tall / 450-600 lbs **COLOR:** Mottled grey-brown and black overall.

DESCRIPTION: A vaguely humanoid-shaped, lumpy and rocklike creature which moves erect on two feet and which has no visible features (ie no eyes, nose, mouth etc). When motionless it is frequently mistaken for a large boulder or pile of rocks (90% chance).

SPECIAL POWERS: It has the ability to "leach out", by its prolonged touch, all the blood and other such bodily *fluids* of any living, organic creature. This leaching process will take 5% or 10 HP worth of each victim's bodily fluids/HP per melee round of unbroken contact, *whichever is the greater*. People killed in this manner become extremely hard and leathery, almost mummified in appearance and *cannot* be resurrected by *normal* priestly means.

ATTACKS: Aside from its fluid-leaching attack, this creature can use its arm-like appendages to bash for 11-20 HP damage and is also prone to stepping upon its opponents (stomping actually) for 13-24 HP damage. Finally it *must* implement its fluid leaching effect by hugging its intended victim and this process (aside from the leaching effect) causes 6-10 HP of crush damage per each full melee round applied.

SPECIAL NOTES: Due to the rock-like consistency of the creature, conventional physical attacks (ie by sword, axe etc) only do *one quarter* (1/4) their normal damage and *all* missile weapons *also* have a 25% chance of ricocheting *harmlessly* off. Note also that this rare and *seldom* encountered creature has a mystical ability to sense and to "home in" on organic life which may have the fluids it needs to sustain its nearly immortal life span. This ability has no known range but legends tell of these slow moving creatures apparently sensing a caravan from as far as fifty miles away across a trackless desert! Beware the Bloodbeast for, once upon its "hunt", it is utterly relentless and untiring and will track its prey to the ends of the very world!

FALKYNOR (AKA: LUCK DRAGON)

TYPE: Mythic **AC:** 2 + 2 **CF:** 18-21 **MOVE:** Up to 1,200' per M/R (air) / 88'-107' per M/R (ground) / 180'- 240' per M/R (water) **HP:** 120-150 **SIZE:** 33'-44' long / 9,000-11,000 lbs **COLOR:** White overall with "mother of pearl" colored scales in some places, pink tongue and inner mouth and amber eyes.

DESCRIPTION: A medium-sized "Dragon" with distinctly dog-like head and face (and large floppy ears). It has long, silky white fur over its upper body and head and pearlescent scales on its underside (with a few showing through on the upper parts). Its amber claws are fairly large (non-retractable) but rather blunt as far as dragon kind go. It also has a tendency to lay supine with its head on its front "paws", sort of lolling with its tongue out much like real dogs do.

SPECIAL POWERS: This mystical and magikal creature has the power of "LUCK." What this means is that: if it wants to find something, it will; if it needs to know something, it will "*luckily find it out*"; if a weapon is going to hit it for a critical hit, then (again "by luck") *it will miss or be dropped or otherwise not able to do the critical hit against it* and so on in each and every situation. Note however that strict GM adjudication is needed in all cases because a Luck Dragon *can* be killed (though *never* by accident!) by physical means - it is just much more difficult. We advise a straight 99% "miss chance" in combat against it regardless of any of the properties of the attack. However this is up to the individual GM.

ATTACKS: Not ordinarily aggressive or hostile, these creatures nonetheless have a formidable set of jaws and can also use their claws and tail to defend themselves. The bite is 18-27 HP to 24-33 HP potency. The claws will each rake an opponent for 6-9 HP to 8-12 HP damage and the tail can deliver an 11-20 HP to 15-24 HP bash. Please note that the tail is used *exclusively* while the dragon is airborne, in a sort of passing attack. The claws are *usually* used like the tail, from an airborne raking sweep but *can* be used whilst aground as well (though it does not like to do this often). The jaws can be used anywhere and at anytime but are mostly used during ground battles.

SPECIAL NOTES: These sinuous and elongated creatures are quite beautiful and handsome to behold. They love young children, Hobbits and other "small folk" and utterly detest those "ugly beings and things" (like Orcs) who are "ugly inside as well as outside." They can, so the legends say, fly between worlds through space and even carry a rider *safely* while so doing. They are also thought to be able to locate "Gates" and other mystik portals by a keen "sense of magik", whatever that means. They are highly magik resistant themselves (give them *at least* a +12 "save"), and are rumoured to be powerful users of magik themselves. However little is known about the kind and potency of the magik they wield. Finally it is also said that these wondrous creatures can, "by simply wishing it", cross between the planes/worlds of existence! Wise and kind, these highly Lawful creatures are the rarest of all dragon kind and just about the most unusual (flight *without wings* helps in that mystique).

(GIANT) RAZOR MOUTH (EEL)

TYPE: Large eel **AC:** 6 **CF:** 15-20 **MOVE:** 440' per M/R (water only) **HP:** 101-200 **SIZE:** 10' long and 6" diameter per each 20 HP it has (thus a 101 HP Razor Mouth would be 50' long and 2 1/2" thick) **COLOR:** Brilliant purple overall except for a sulphur yellow underside/stomach and two tiny magenta eyes.

DESCRIPTION: Nothing more than one humongous eel with a mouth full of concentric rows of razor-sharp teeth (33 teeth per row, thirteen rows total).

SPECIAL POWERS: This creature can withstand the immense water pressures of depths of down to 30,000'! Being very dense, it will only suffer one quarter (1/4) hurt from all *physical* attacks like sword cuts, mace bashes, bullets, arrows and such like. Its swallowing bite is made more effective by the fact that it can *triple* the size of its orifice to aid swallowing. All victims thus swallowed will immediately sustain 1d4 HP of crush/bite damage per each 40 HP in size of the eel, suffocate (GM adjudicated time factor) and be immersed in the creature's extremely powerful stomach acid (it is 1d8 potency per M/R per each 60 HP). The "swallow" is always 51-100% of any victim (small enough to swallow) immediately; the unswallowed portion (if any) goes on the very next CF action segment.

ATTACK: Its normal attack is a bite of 1d8 power per each 40 HP in size (ie a 200 HP Razor Mouth would bite for 5d8 damage each time!). If successful, this bite is followed *immediately* by a "swallow" (see the Special Powers above). The eel can also wrap itself around a victim just like a boa constrictor and cause 1d4 of crush damage per M/R per each 20 HP in size or it can whip its tail around in a stunning smash of 1d6 power per each 20 HP in size. Note however that this last form of attack is seldom used (30%).

SPECIAL NOTES: These are *deep sea* creatures that seldom come up from the dark depths where they live in caverns and crevasses on the ocean floor. However, once every seven (7) years (in their 500 year life spans), they go into their "spawning madness" and will rise to the surface to do battle with everything from passing ships to small islands! When in this "mood" these giant eels are as crazed and "Kamakaze-like" as anything you'll ever meet in FRP games! As a final note please remember that they are almost always encountered alone in this crazed state (unless a couple are fighting *each other*). On the other hand, if you do manage to get to the bottom of the ocean without becoming so much crushed strawberry jam, then you would more than likely run into a *pair* of these critters at any given time as this is how they normally live (mated pairs).

BANDROOG

TYPE: Giant Baboon **AC:** 6 **CF:** 14-18 **MOVE:** 220' per M/R (ground) - 280' per M/R (swinging through trees) **HP:** 35-54 **SIZE:** approximately 7'-8' tall when erect, 5'-6' tall when hunched over in its normal travelling mode / 200-300 lbs **COLOR:** Bright blue body fur, saffron yellow face, palms of hands and bottom of feet; emerald green eyes, dark green tongue and "Day Glo" pink buns!

DESCRIPTION: An overlarge baboon with extraordinarily long fangs and claws. It has very long (up to 15" - 18") silky body fur, no tail and moves in a characteristic "Hop-gallop" which is sort of a cross between a kangaroo's bouncy leaps and the loping run of most normal primates. It also has a very characteristic howling cry which not only carries for several miles but which sounds very much like a screaming human woman.

SPECIAL POWERS: This very aggressive and hostile creature has the amazing ability to rapidly heal any cut, slash, bash, puncture or other *physical* wound or damage at the rate of six (6) HP per each six second melee round, to a maximum of up to sixty (60) HP *total* per day. After that total has been healed at that rapid rate, they will still continue to heal wounds at the reduced (but still respectable) rate of one (1) HP per melee round to a total of 120 *more* for the day (180 HP grand total). Should they receive *more* damage than the amounts listed previously, their nervous system suffers an *immediate* shock and they die immediately.

ATTACKS: They strike with their taloned claws for 1d6-1d10 HP of damage each and can also bite with their viciously fanged mouth for another 1d8-1d12 per bite.

SPECIAL NOTES: These creatures travel in "packs" of 6-13 in number and like to launch surprise attacks en masse. They are omnivorous but prefer bloody, red meat to anything else and will go to uncommon lengths to obtain it. They'll even go so far as to dig up fresh graves to get at the bodies!

HOWLFIEND

TYPE: Undead **AC:** 2 **CF:** 17-22 **MOVE:** 180'-240' per M/R **HP:** 66-77 **SIZE:** Man sized / man weight **COLOR:** Grey-blue over all with brilliant orange eyes, yellow-gold claws and ebony teeth.

DESCRIPTION: This creature resembles a human being (male or female) that has had its features sort of "blurred" or somewhat "melted and smoothed out." It also has an overly large mouth with teeth (fangs really) about twice "normal" size and 3"-5" long cat-like claws (yes, they are retractable). They are utterly hairless and have a somewhat "greasy" look (and feel) about them.

SPECIAL POWERS: They can naturally "see" and/or sense all things astral and ethereal as well as see in the dark "like a cat." They have very acute hearing (all within a 120' radius on a 99% chance, less 3% per additional 5' radius thereafter) and a sense of smell so effective that they can follow an individual's track through a crowded city *without ever losing it* in all the other odors (or follow a spoor as old as thirty days). They regenerate *all physical damage* at the rate of four (4) HP per melee round to a maximum of 150 HP per day total and, after that total (300 HP) has been reached, they still regenerate at 1 HP per each ten (10) M/R until all damage has been healed or ten hours have passed (whichever is longer). At that time they revert back to their best/fastest healing rate! Note that all acid, fire or electrically caused damage can regenerate only at a rate of one (1) HP every hour for these creatures so they shun such things strongly. Note also that no poison or venom, regardless of its efficacy or origin can ever harm this form of undead. Finally, they have the "power" to themselves become ethereal or astral at will (up to thirteen times per day for up to an hour each time).

ATTACKS: This creature's primary mode of attack is its claws which can cause 8-13 to 10-15 HP of damage. It also will bite in close quarters on a 75% chance causing from 1-5 to 3-7 HP of damage. Note that its claws are so "foul" that all hurt by them have a 95% chance of *infection* if not medically treated and a 20% chance even if treated. This infection is very debilitating to the victim, causing severe weakness and dizziness, vomiting and other (GM adjudicated) such symptoms. It is *fatal* in 2-9 days on a 13% chance (untreated) and frequently (85% of the time) leaves those who survive its ravages with a CON score 1d4 points *permanently* lower! The infection usually requires 11-20 hours to set in and take hold and, once done, it becomes fully rampant in less than three hours. The horrid bite is *even worse* in that it not only has all the infection possibilities as per the claws but is also *TOXIC* due to a particularly *venomous saliva*. This saliva has a potency of 1d20 to 1d30 HP and its effects also include *immediate* paralysis of any organic *and* living victim so bitten (up to 100 HP in size)! This paralysis will last for 100 melee round *less* one (1) M/R per each CON point that they have.

SPECIAL NOTES: This creature is *fairly rare* on any plane of existence save for its "home" on the 21st Plane of Hell. Even there they are not numerous and most often form small bands of followers for one Greater Demon Lord or another. They are ghouls that have been "evolved" by some arcane and evil means and are *totally* without fear, emotions or thought of any kind save for their one over-riding "lust" for the eating of living, warm-blooded flesh (preferably sentient)! They are relentless in their attack and/or tracking of prey and, once "set" on a quarry, they will pursue *tirelessly* forever (until they have been destroyed or their prey has been *eaten*). Occasionally a magician will manage to conjure a very few forth from the 21st Plane of Hell for some task or another. But this is a *very rare* thing because they are *totally immune* to the more normal arcane means of "control." Thus only those evil magicians who have the proper knowledge (vis-a-vis control) will ever do this and usually only at the specific urging of *their own* "patron demon."

SUNDERLEGS

TYPE: Giant ten-legged reptile/insect mutational cross breed **AC:** 25 (top and sides); 2 (underbelly) **CF:** 14-17 **MOVE:** 120' per M/R (land); 180' per M/R (water) **HP:** 88-107 **SIZE:** 12' -16' / 750-1000 lbs **COLOR:** Splotchy greenish-grey and ichor-yellow over all with a mostly ichor-yellow underside and metallic black mandibles, claws and teeth. Its eyes are a dull red.

DESCRIPTION: A long, armoured alligator-like body with ten chitinous spider's legs and a pair of huge beetle-like mandibles (up to 7' long). It also has six spider-like red eyes in two trios on either upper side of its long head. Talk about ugly!

SPECIAL POWERS: It is at home on land or under water (to a depth of 300'), is omnivorous and very, very aggressive. The venom in its tail stinger is equivalent to that of a giant scorpion (ie paralyzes its prey, etc - see ATTACK below) and itself is *totally* immune to all *natural* venoms and toxins. Manufactured poisons do only one quarter (1/4) damage to it and acids roll off of its tough armoured hide without doing more than 11-20% of their normal damage. Finally, it cannot (by any means now known) be "stoned" or even "slowed" magically.

ATTACKS: The huge mandibles can crush a victim for 1d12-1d20 HP of hurt and the massively muscled tail can either bash for 1d6-1d10 HP or sting. The sting does 1-2 to 1-3 HP of puncture damage *and* injects a toxic venom of a potency equal to half (1/2) the critter's own HP (ie a 100 HP beast has a 50 HP venom). This venom will paralyze any living creature for 100 minutes/less one (1) minute per each 10 HP that it has (thus a victim of 101 HP would *not* be paralyzed at all). The venom may be used three (3) times in a one minute time period, then must regenerate itself at one (1) such use per each ten (10) hours of non-use thereafter.

SPECIAL NOTES: These homid creatures are the result of nuclear radiation mutation and *cannot* reproduce themselves. Thus when the last of them is killed or dies of old age (they live about 2,000 years!) there will be no more. And, as there were only two dozen or so created about 600 years ago, there are fewer than ten left now. These nasty things live solitary lives well away from civilization in the dank and "jungly" areas of the world, usually near large bodies of fresh water (though at least one lived upon an island in the middle of the Amberine Sea a century or two back). They tend to devour or chase away *all* life in an area about 3 miles in radius (takes about a year), then they move on to a new location. They are utterly fearless, not stupid (though nowhere near as smart as, say, a man) and have been known to actually lay in ambush (after doubling back on their own trail) for parties of hunters. All in all, incredibly nasty customers to be avoided if at all possible.

SPINDIZZY

TYPE: Mammal **AC:** 6* **CF:** 21-30 **MOVE:** 1,000 per M/R (ground); 2,500' per M/R (air) **HP:** 11-30 **SIZE:** about 3 1/2' - 4' high / 65-80 lbs. **COLOR:** Brilliant blue green over all except for its "molten gold" colored eyes

DESCRIPTION: It resembles nothing so much as a spider monkey's torso with eight (8) leg-arms (with foot-hands) spaced equally around it in a double row. These foot-hands have a hard but flexible "horny" covering. It has a fan-like, fleshy "stabilizer" exactly opposite its head (on its bottom) and is covered in a velvet looking and feeling short fur everywhere except for its "palms/soles of feet".

SPECIAL POWERS: It has the ability to rotate so fast it *cannot be seen* except as a blue green blur. It uses this "gyroscopic motion" to achieve great momentum and is able to, literally, levitate itself into the air and fly. Though it has but two normal-appearing eyes, it seems able to see or sense completely around itself (360 degrees) when spinning and thus *cannot* be surprised under normal daylight conditions (it sees only as well as a human day or night). When spinning, its armour class (AC) becomes 27* and all blows or attacks of a physical nature landing upon it have a 90% chance of "slipping off" doing *no damage whatsoever*. Those that *do* hit will still do only half (1/2) their normal damage. In flight the Spindizzy gives off a high-pitched whine much like an electric dynamo. While simply spinning (and not in forward motion) the hum is still there but nearly inaudible to human ears. In motion or flight the creature can make abrupt right angle turns, move up or down without loss of momentum or pausing and generally

demonstrate motion capabilities hard to define or classify (ie it can go in any direction it desires without having to turn around or maneuver like any other flyer).

ATTACKS: It can strike, *in passing only*, an object or target several hundred times a second (but this *will* slow the creature down considerably). This rapid hand strike does 1d100 (that's right, one to one hundred!) HP of damage to any *non-armoured* target. Armoured targets suffer half (1/2) that amount each striking pass.

SPECIAL NOTES: This creature is omnivorous (but prefers fruit), foraging by day and generally quite unaggressive. It prefers warm (not hot) climates, heavily wooded areas (but not jungles) with abundant water. They are most often encountered singly or as a mated pair (occasionally with 1-3 young ones). They are about as intelligent as a chimpanzee and, for some odd reason, hate Dwarves (the smell is probably what irritates them). They are aggressive *only* in defense of their young.

PYRO-LIGHTS

TYPE: Mythic **AC:** 9 **CF:** 19-24 **MOVE:** Up to 1,000' per M/R **HP:** Always 99 **SIZE:** Always 13" in diameter **COLOR:** A blinding blue-white light too brilliant to look directly at with human eyes ("sunbright" as they say).

DESCRIPTION: A glowing (see COLOR) sphere of intense light and/or energy.

SPECIAL POWERS: These things are capable of moving between dimensions at will, space flight at faster than light or "warp" speeds and of projecting part of their energy in ray or beam-like attacks (see ATTACK). They *cannot*, themselves, be hurt by any purely physical means (ie bullet, sword chop etc) and suffer no damage whatsoever from any form of *light*, heat or fire (ie Lasers to Flashpoint spells). Electrical energy regenerates them at a 1:3 rate (one HP regenerated per each three HP of electricity ingested) and they cannot be "stoned", paralyzed, mentally controlled or probed or affected by any form of poison/venom/acid regardless of potency, amount or origin. They aren't affected by cold very fast and lose only one (1) HP of themselves every *hour* per each 100 HP in potency of said cold (how else do you think they manage spaceflight, turkey!). They radiate "sensor rays" on every radiation band from ultra high frequency radar (20 to all attacks) to the low infra red. They even have a 33% chance of detecting those things ethereal and/or astral (their "rays" *do* hit such astral and ethereal things too!) Detection range is one mile in atmosphere and one million miles in space. They naturally give off heat in a 39' radius of the following potency: 1d20 HP damage within the first 3' radius; 5-16 HP within the next 9'; 1d12 HP within the next 9' radius outward; 1d8 HP within the next 9' and 1d4 HP within the last 9' radius outward from the center.

ATTACKS: It has two modes of attack; by projecting a beam or ray from itself or by *passing itself through* a target. The former (beam/ray) will diminish the PYRO-LIGHT itself by one (1) HP in size per each 5 HP in potency that it is. The "lost" HP's will regenerate at a rate of one (1) per melee round naturally. Note that this is the *only* way it can regenerate HP without ingesting electricity (ie it can't heal itself this way). The "pass through" attack causes 99 HP of damage to the target and causes the PYRO-LIGHT to become one third its normal HP size for three melee rounds thereafter (then by self-regeneration it flares back up to normal). It can *never* exceed its normal 99 HP size, regardless of how much electricity it "eats".

SPECIAL NOTES: This *highly intelligent* type of creature is always found alone and, most often, only in some remote, out-of-the-way place. Very high mountain tops, barren deserts and asteroids wandering through space are typical places. They are not overly fond of non-energy-based life forms but are not overly aggressive either - sort of like a human considering ants to be of no notice. Still, *if aroused*, they are implacable foes that will not cease their attacks until *all* life within a *one mile radius* has been exterminated! One final note, when they "die", they usually (90%) elect to "go nova" in a detonation of 1,000 HP potency and 1,000 yard diameter. A mini-nuclear blast as it were. All in all, a critter *not* to mess about with.

GREY SLUDGE

TYPE: Mobile Mold Colony **AC:** 8 **CF:** 12-15 **MOVE:** 66' per M/R **HP:** 3 HP per each 3' diameter by 6" thick patch **COLOR:** Moist grey

DESCRIPTION: A patch of what resembles crushed mushrooms all jumbled together in a sticky, pancake-like mass.

SPECIAL POWERS: It is 100% immune to all forms of poison, venom, acid of any potency and fire of up to 180 HP potency. Hotter fires do *half* of all listed damage *greater than* 180 HP. However, all forms of cold cause *double* damage.

ATTACKS: It covers/envelopes its intended meal and dissolves it with an acidic secretion. This secretion attacks all *organic* matter at the rate of 1d10 HP per M/R and harder substances (even metal) at 1-3 HP per M/R.

SPECIAL NOTES: This stuff is a "heat seeker" and homes in on its targets by the detection of infra-red "glow." It has a range of approximately 80-90' with this detection ability. It *can* move across streams by sliding along the bottom (bed) but will enter water *only* if it is warm (at least 60 degrees F). It is most often encountered in hot, dry places such as desert caves (it is a nocturnal hunter for some odd reason) and is *totally* unintelligent (but always *totally* hungry!)



JUMP-JUMPS

TYPE: Carnivorous marsupials **AC:** 6 **CF:** 18-22 **MOVE:** 360'-440' per M/R (with horizontal leaps up to 45' and vertical jumps up to 30') **HP:** 48-59 **SIZE:** 7'-8' tall / 260-320 lbs **COLOR:** Dark brown to light tan over all with black claws and brilliant sky-blue eyes.

DESCRIPTION: They resemble nothing so much as wolf-headed and bear clawed kangaroos!

SPECIAL POWERS: Aside from their spectacular leaping and jumping ability, they have no special powers.

ATTACKS: They usually use their large hind feet/claws in a "leap up and claw" style of attack. The claws rake a victim for 1d8-1d10 HP each but the impact of those foot kicks is so strong they have been known to knock a full grown warhorse completely off its feet (on a 33% chance)! Humans, of course, get knocked down 90% of the time under such blows. They can also hold their intended prey with their smaller forelegs (upper) and tear at them with their smaller claws for 1d3-1d5* HP of damage each or bite for 1d8-1d10 HP with their mouthful of wolf-like fangs. Even their tail, used mainly for balance, can be swung in a very swift (and surprise) club-like attack that does 1-2 to 1-3 HP of damage and which has half (1/2) the knockdown potential of the aforementioned hind leg/claw attacks.

SPECIAL NOTES: These plains creatures prefer warm (to hot) climates that are generally dry but which have a major water source like a river near by. They run in packs from 11-20 to up to 1d100 in number and, when hungry, will come at their intended meals in a thundering, leaping, jumping attack which is very hard to dodge and even harder to stop. Still, they do fear fire (as in brush fires etc) and that can sometimes dissuade them from pursuing their prey. As a final note, it is very remarkable that these normally fierce critters have been (from time to time) "domesticated" as pets! Taken when so young they are still blind and then raised, they can be trained much like a dog can. However, even with such training, their natural carnivorous instincts lead them to attempt to eat just about any small creature they can catch (to include small children). Thus they are always dangerous.

KILL FLIES

TYPE: Carnivorous fly **AC:** 8 **CF:** 17-20 **MOVE:** 220' (air) 20' (ground) per M/R **HP:** 11 HP per 10' diameter **swarm** (see below) **SIZE:** Approximately 1/2' long individually but the "swarm" can be up to 400' in diameter (though about 40' is average) **COLOR:** Metallic-hued chitin of greenish-blue to midnight blue, with ruby red eyes and bright saffron yellow wings.

DESCRIPTION: A meat-eating fly that travels in large swarms.

SPECIAL POWERS: None.

ATTACK: The swarm envelopes its target and the individual flies, in their hundreds and thousands, crawl all over it, each taking numerous small bites until all flesh has been consumed and only bones remain. This "stripping" process will do 1d6 HP in damage per each 20' diameter of the cloud each and every M/R. All wounds caused in this manner have a 99% chance of becoming infected with such diseases as typhus, anthrax or any of several other nasty infections at the GM's discretion. This is without medical treatment, of course. Note also that these wounds are areas where the flesh has been entirely eaten away and, unless the victim can regenerate new flesh in its place, it will heal accordingly (ie with very ugly scars).

SPECIAL NOTES: These horrid swarms of carnivorous insects are most often found in warm to hot geographical areas but never in moist places (like a jungle). Each 10' diameter of swarm has approximately 11 HP (GM adjudicated) but normal weaponed swipes with hand held weaponry will do little damage to it (the swarm). Fire, dense smoke or other "area effect" attacks are all that really work against these nasty critters. Finally, they are strictly day time flyers and never move about at night.

DEATH FOG

TYPE: Mythic **AC:** N/A **CF:** Always 19 **MOVE:** Up to 333' per M/R (through the air only) **HP:** Always 300 **SIZE:** It can compact itself down into a space as small as 3' in diameter (appearing almost solid at that time), or expand out to lie like a thin sheet over an area 300' on a side. However its normal size/shape is a roughly spherical, 99' diameter globe **COLOR:** Always a pale grey with faint golden "twinklings" throughout. **DESCRIPTION:** See color and size; a fog-like living entity.

SPECIAL POWERS: It has the ability to "drain" from any *living* creature, within its own area of existence, their "life force" at the rate of 1d20% each and every M/R. Anyone thus "drained" *cannot* be resurrected by any normal priestly or magikal means as their "soul" has been "eaten" by this horrid creature. It can attack/drain any number of beings within itself simultaneously and with no trouble. Attacks by normal physical means (whether by sword, chop or bullet) simply *do not* harm it except for any magikal bonus the weapon may have (for instance a +3/+3 magik sword would *only* do the three (3) points of extra or "plus" damage and *none* of its normal sword damage). It is *not* affected by such things as: paralysis, stoning, mind control/hypnosis/etc, cold or poison. All acids do only one quarter (1/4) damage and lightning/electricity does half (1/2) damage. However, any fire or heat will not only *do full* listed damage but for each actual ten (10) HP of same, it will have a 2% chance of igniting the gaseous creature! If ignited, the fog will *immediately* explode into a tremendous fireball 180" in diameter and of 300 HP *total* damage potential. KA-BLAM!

SPECIAL NOTES: It is highly intelligent, immortal and of extremely "evil" mien. It literally *lusts* after the life force and souls of living creatures and will go *anywhere* and do *anything* to obtain such! It prefers the life force of sentient, thinking beings above all else but will settle for "lesser" life forces if it has to. Seeping under door cracks, intermixing with real fog/mist (as camouflage) and holding shapes (to appear as a solid object) are all tricks of the death-dealing creature. How it tracks its victims is unknown but, in all the sparse literature about it, no known distance, magikal or physical barrier has ever seemed to impede it. They are so rare as to make, perhaps, one appearance a century (that one where there is a survivor to tell of it!). GM care is needed in the play of this deadly creature. It has no other form of attack.

THUNDER TUSK

TYPE: Super gigantic boar **AC:** 3 (head) & 4 (everywhere else) **CF:** 15-18 **MOVE:** 280' per M/R except during its "charge" when it can move at *double* that speed for up to two minutes at a time. **HP:** 88-99 **SIZE:** 10'-12' long and 6'-8' high at its forward shoulder (2/3s that at its smaller, rear, shoulders) / 1500-2000 lbs **COLOR:** Dusty brown to very dark grey over all, with yellow eyes and shiny copper colored hooves.

DESCRIPTION: A truly gigantic boar with six (3 per side) saber-like tusks up-thrust from its lower jaws and four more (two per side) interlocking downward from its upper jaws. The eyes are very large for a boar, being about the size of grapefruits and the stiff mane of hair along its spine stands up about 18"-24" much like the crest on the ancient Greek warriors' helmets here on Earth.

SPECIAL POWERS: This boar has no special powers save its indomitable will to win against any opponent. So strong is this battle "lust" that even when cut literally in two, the front half has been known to drag itself forward to do battle with its enemies! He simply cannot, will not and do not ever "give up" or run away from a fight. Ever.

ATTACKS: His main attack is the thundering charge head first into his enemies. He will slash with his razor-sharp tusks for 9-16 to 11-20 HP of damage; ram head on into them for 1d6 to 1d8 HP and then either trample them under foot (for 11-20 to 13-24 HP) or toss them high into the air (back over his shoulders) for 1d8 to 1d10 HP of damage. Occasionally (15% chance) he will bite for 11-20 to 13-24 HP but this is not a thing he especially likes to do (being strictly vegetarian).

SPECIAL NOTES: These creatures are as intelligent (at least) as a human child of 5-7 years of age and are capable of some very devious and cunning tracking, tricking and trapping of their enemies. The boars are very short-tempered but have been known to become inordinately friendly with/attached to a person or two during their 600-700 year long lives. Irascible, easily angered, loners that prefer woodlands to plains, these giant porcine creatures were once quite prolific in the Arduinian multiverse. Now, however, they are very few and seldom seen by any save Foresters or Woods Elves and even then only infrequently. They do not like the hotter climes and don't mind a little snow, so it's the northern latitudes where they will most often be encountered. Oh, please note the singular fact that they *can and do* speak quite clearly, if somewhat grudgingly, the language of Elven kind and their own tongue as well. Never underestimate a Thunder Tusk, you just may not live to regret doing so!

WRECKER

TYPE: Mythic **AC:** 27 **CF:** 13-16 **MOVE:** 99' per M/RHP: 101-150 **SIZE:** about 9 1/2' tall / 1800-2000 lbs **COLOR:** Rusty iron grey.

DESCRIPTION: A barrel-shaped torso with four pillar-like legs, four arms spaced equidistant around the torso and a four-faced (generally humanoid) head (no neck) atop it all. Each hand has three equal length fingers and a pair of only slightly shorter thumbs. Even the cycloptic eye (one per face) is the same rusty, metallic grey color as if the whole thing was some colossal golem of metal.

SPECIAL POWERS: These creatures are at home in *any* atmosphere or none at all, totally unaffected by acids or corrosives of any kind or potency and seem to derive power or energy from lightning/electricity. For game purposes, they regenerate one (1) HP per each three (3) HP of electricity, etc they intake. Of course, they can *never* regenerate beyond their normal HP size. Cold of any kind or potency has no effect upon them either. Physical attacks do only 10% normal damage due to their dense bodies and magik has a base 33% chance of having absolutely no (none, nada, zip, zero!) effect upon them! If this base 33% magik resistance fails them, they still need only a four (4) or better on a die 20 to successfully "save" anyway! And if they *do* save in that manner they suffer *no effects* from the magik in question regardless of what it generally does in such cases. They cannot be mentally/psychically probed, controlled or attacked (in non-physical manner) and are also totally immune to fear either natural or magikal. They can walk along under water (to a depth of down to 2,000') with no difficulty and at about half their normal speed in shallower places, slower in deeper ones.

ATTACKS: Simply put, it bashes for 11-30 HP of damage or stomps for 21-40 HP of damage. Finally, each of the eyes (once each per melee round) can shoot out a bright blue laser-appearing ray to a distance of 120' at full power, 121-240' at half power and to 241-360' at one quarter power. The ray does 1d100 HP of intense *cold* damage at peak power and will even affect those creatures and things naturally or mystikly immune to cold (though at only 1d20 HP potency at full power).

SPECIAL NOTES: Though they originate on the Ninth Plane Of Hell, there is much debate as to whether these creatures qualify as "Demonic" in nature. Most scholars now believe that they are not but the final truth is not in yet. They are encountered only on that Plane of Hell unless, of course, one has been *accidentally* conjured forth by some stupid user of magik. No one ever deliberately calls these things forth as all they do is smash and destroy *everything* around them/in their path, relentlessly and without mercy. They have never been known to utter a single word (though they have four mouths) and no one knows for sure if they are even intelligent. They simply seem to be "machines" of death and destruction that are *nearly* impossible to control. There are also legends and rumours that these horrible creatures are also immune to disintegration and most forms of heat or fire. The legends also note that they may actually *predate* the formation/creation of the present multiverse and actually be the last of the "old ones from before time". Who can say for sure. Who indeed . . .

CORPSEGRINDER

TYPE: Huge Carnivorous Worm **AC:** 5 **CF:** 14-17 **MOVE:** 120' per M/R on the surface and 60' per M/R *through* soft earth (*reduced* sub-surface speeds for moving through hard packed earth and even rock at the GM's discretion) **HP:** 51-100 **SIZE:** 20' in length and 3' in diameter per *each* 25 HP (ie a 51 HP creature would be about 40' long and somewhere around 6' in diameter).

DESCRIPTION: Large worms with gaping lamprey-like mouths filled with concentric rows of, literally, *hundreds* of needle-sharp teeth.

SPECIAL POWERS: Aside from their ability to bore through the ground at a very rapid rate, these nasty creatures also have the ability to "smell" or somehow sense the presence of *putrefying* flesh through at *least* a mile of solid ground! This sense is exceedingly accurate and very reliable, causing these worms to "pop up" either *directly under* a dead body on the surface or right alongside of it.

ATTACKS: They have just the one - swallowing, either entirely or in part, an antagonist and "grinding" him in their contra-rotating teeth at the rate of 21-40 to 31-60 HP damage per melee round.

SPECIAL NOTES: These creatures are not very aggressive and never attack living things unless provoked or attacked themselves. They *cannot* cross water (drowning in a very few seconds) and so avoid it totally if they can. They raid graveyards and burial sites to eat the corpses there (which they take into their maws and grind up very rapidly). Their "cry" is remarkably like the sound a high speed dentist's drill makes and they can thus be identified quite readily.

EMERALD DEATH

TYPE: Serpent **AC:** 6 **CF:** 21-30 **MOVE:** 31'-40' per M/R **HP:** 11-20 **SIZE:** 6'-10' long **COLOR:** brilliant emerald green (semi-translucent).

DESCRIPTION: A medium-sized viper/snake.

SPECIAL POWERS: The venom from this serpent is so deadly that one single drop is sufficient to cause 1d100 HP of nerve damage to any living, organic creature! This toxic liquid is of such a potent and destructive nature that normal preventive measures either fail or help only partially (GM's discretion). It is basically a nerve agent that causes the victim to lose all muscle (including the heart) co-ordination and functions with the result that the bitten one goes into spastic collapse almost immediately, swiftly followed by death by suffocation (the lungs don't pump air). Even if the person is given mouth to mouth breathing, they will still suffer "brain death" very fast as the heart doesn't pump blood into *any* part of the body. All in all, the venom is powerful enough to affect even creatures of up to 500 HP in size!

ATTACKS: It has but one - a fanged bite that does 1-3 to 1-4 HP of penetration damage plus the aforementioned venom.

SPECIAL NOTES: This is another exceedingly rare and seldom encountered creature that inhabits only hot, moist jungle areas of the world. They are decidedly *not* aggressive and will simply lie coiled in an attempt to blend with the surrounding vegetation rather than strike (in most cases). However if stepped upon or otherwise provoked they will react with utter disregard for their own safety and carry out a series of relentless attacks (1d10 *successful* bites), ceasing only after the victim has stopped moving entirely. Note too that each serpent contains enough venom inside itself for at least 20 *full* venomous bites each day.

HELL MOUTH

TYPE: Mythic **AC:** 2+4 **CF:** 17-22 **MOVE:** 300'-360' per M/R **HP:** 76-85 **SIZE:** From 9'-10' in length and about 4 1/2' high at the forward shoulder (a foot less at the rear shoulder) / 800-1,000 lbs **COLOR:** A dark grey to dull black.

DESCRIPTION: It closely resembles a huge hyena but with a bulldog-like head/face and with a pair of short, down-curved horns over its small ears. It has a black tongue, silver teeth and claws and "glowing", ruby red eyes.

SPECIAL POWERS: It has the ability to leap up to 40' horizontally and/or 25' vertically as well as the ability to move (walk, run etc) along any *solid* surface regardless of orientation (for itself *only*) up to thirteen times each day (thirteen minutes each time). This means it can run along a *ceiling* as easily as along the ground.

ATTACKS: Its major attack is its awesome jaws which can inflict from 13-20 to 13-24 HP of damage each bite. However, it can also claw for 1d6-1d8 (each) if it so chooses (20% chance). Finally, it can emit a "belch" or brilliant orange flame from its gaping mouth every other melee round. This arcane flame is normally in an ellipsoid about 3 1/2' long by 2 1/2' in diameter and does one (1) HP of damage per each two (2) HP in size of the creature. Aside from the heat damage, this "hellfire" also causes all organic material hit by it to *wither and age* 1d100 years! The GM must adjudicate such an occurrence as it applies to the organic target each time (individually). All inorganic matter ages but 1d10 years but all of the "undead kind" hit by this arcane flame suffer 1d100 HP of immediate discorporation damage (with no "save" allowed).

SPECIAL NOTES: These creatures are generally found only on the 21st Plane Of Hell or in the "care" of a magician who has conjured one up (and arcanelly bound it to him/her) for a servant or guardian. These things are semi-intelligent, aligned very strongly to chaos and unalterably *evil*.

QUIVERDOOM

TYPE: Unknown "Ooze" **AC:** 6 **CF:** 15-18 **MOVE:** 180' per M/R on any solid surface and without regard to gravity (ie along ceilings too) **HP:** 5-500 **HP SIZE:** 3' in diameter and 4" thick per each 5 HP in size **COLOR:** A perfectly clear/gel-like non-color.

DESCRIPTION: A mobile "ooze" of omnivorous and ever-hungry habits. Its sole "give-away" or "tell-tale" sign is its sharp (pungent) odor of violets. This is quite strong anywhere *downwind* of it (up to several hundred yards) or within 60' of it in any case. Phew!

SPECIAL POWERS: It is absolutely (100%) immune to *all* forms of poisons, venoms and acids regardless of their origins, potency or amounts. It is also capable of moving through water (at normal listed ground speed) and of squeezing through the smallest of cracks or openings (at about one tenth speed for a pencil-sized hole for example). It can "sense" things astral, ethereal and invisible as well as normal things to a range of 90' (and in some manner not yet codified or known). It can also "attack" on these two Planes but at only half normal values. It *cannot* be affected by any sort of psychic "hold", "probe", or other similar spell, cannot be paralyzed or "stoned" in any manner and only takes one tenth (1/10) damage from all physical attacks (ie from swords, maces and so on). If said physical attack doesn't do at least ten (10) HP of damage then the critter *isn't* hurt at all! However, cold does double damage to it and fire and electricity do +50% damage.

ATTACKS: Its sole attack is to *totally envelope* (if possible) its intended meal and to then dissolve it at a rate of 1 HP per M/R per each 10 HP of its own size (thus a 50 HP Quiverdoom would dissolve its victim at a rate of 5 HP per M/R). Note that the dissolving rate mentioned here is for *flesh* and other similar "soft" organic materials. It can (and will) dissolve inorganic materials, *even metals*, to get at an organic "meal" but the rate it can do so varies with the density and magikal (if any) properties of the barrier. For instance, a heavy metal like lead or gold would only dissolve at about 5% of the rate of organics but pottery or soft stone (sandstone for instance) would be eaten through at about half (1/2) the rate of flesh. Such "non-eaten" but dissolved stuff becomes a sort of inorganic "slime" which is ejected as waste.

SPECIAL NOTES: Thankfully, these critters are not all that common and can *only* be found in or near areas of high radiation (which doesn't seem to bother them a bit). Note also that when motionless, they are so clear as to be practically invisible (90% chance), however, they have a fortunate tendency to begin "quivering" when within 10' or so of anything they consider edible (thus making them easier to notice *by half*). Finally, if one is "blown up" or otherwise rendered into many smaller pieces, well, it *isn't* killed, it has just become many new smaller ones (that do *not* reunite into one whole again)!

NIGHT SKULKER (AKA: SHADOW SHIFTER)

TYPE: Unknown **AC:** 3 **CF:** 18-21 **MOVE:** 280' per M/R **HP:** 51-70 **SIZE:** Roughly man-sized **COLOR:** Dull black over all save for the blood red eyes.

DESCRIPTION: This creature looks like a man in that it is two-legged, stands upright and has a pair of arms and two eyes. But it is utterly smooth and featureless beyond that, with *no* ears, nose, mouth, etc and the hands have but three fingers and thumb.

SPECIAL POWERS: They are totally unseeable by any normal, non-magik means whilst in *shadow* or *darkness* and can, so the legends say, "move" from shadow to shadow at will without crossing any intervening space between - sort of a "Dark Teleport." They can also "create shadow" at will in any area they desire and, seemingly, in most any size or amount they wish. For game purposes, figure that they can create "shadow" or darkness in a 10' spherical area every two seconds (30' per meleé round) as a general rule of thumb. Note however that the brighter lit the area in question, the harder it is for them to do this (and the longer it takes) and their ability to cover said area seems somewhat limited. Finally, they are able to "drain" the life force (CON points) of *any living thing* by grappling with it (only a STR score of 25+ can break their grip) and holding it close. This drain is at a rate of 1d6 CON points per M/R.

ATTACKS: None save the afore mentioned CON drain. They do *not* punch, kick or otherwise "hit."

SPECIAL DEFENSE: These creatures have a high innate magik resistance and thus a base forty percent (40%) chance that *no* form of magik will ever affect them. Even if this resistance fails, they have a "save" so effective that only a die roll of 20 (d20) is bad for them - regardless of the kind, source or potency of it - all else automatically "saves." In closing it should also be noted that they can regenerate *any and all damage*, except that caused by *light*, at a rate of three (3) HP per M/R.

SPECIAL NOTES: These creatures inhabit the dead and dreaded Seventeenth (17th) Plane Of Hell and can only be encountered there or if conjured into this plane by some magician dumb enough to want to do so. And while *not* demonic in nature themselves, they nonetheless are very hard to control by the usual mystik means. Many a dabbler in the arcane has met his end by thinking he could control a few of these *life hating* things.

RED DOOM (AKA: FIREMIST)

TYPE: Mythic **AC:** N/A **CF:** 21-30 **MOVE:** Up to 600' per M/R (air only) **HP/SIZE:** Variable from 15' in diameter and 30 HP up to 150' diameter and 300 HP. (Each 5' in diameter equates to 10 HP) **COLOR:** Scintillating "flame crimson."

DESCRIPTION: A glowing, mobile cloud of mist of fiery hot particles constantly changing shape, roiling, coiling, moving.

SPECIAL POWERS: Totally immune to *all* forms of energy including heat/light types and is capable of regenerating, *point for point*, from sonic to kinetic or other similar *non-light/heat/electrical* energy types. It can only be harmed by cold or by the magical "pluses" on magik weapons (ie a +3/+3 magik sword would *no no* harm to this thing *except* for the +3 -ie 3 points of damage). Pure vacuum cannot harm it and no poison, venom or acid will affect it. It can move through *any* sized hole or crack (GM variable speed according to hole size).

ATTACKS: It envelopes its *chosen* prey, burning them horribly for 1 HP per M/R per each 5 HP in size (ie the 30 HP sized one does 6 HP per M/R damage and the 300 HP sized one does 60 HP!) This is *not* divided up among all inside the cloud but is *suffered full value by all!*

SPECIAL NOTES: No one knows if this is just one single creature or a race/breed of them since no more than one has ever been seen at a time and *none* was ever recorded as being destroyed. It seems that it can "dimensionally transport" itself away from mortal danger, at will, "in the blink of an eye." First encountered some 7,000 years ago (or first survived and told about!) on the 3rd Plane of Hell, it has since reappeared at random times on random Planes in random places with no discernable reason or pattern to same. It has appeared in different sizes (ie size range above) at different times but little else is known of this thing save that wherever it appears, *people die!* Beware this creature!

PHANTAGHOUL

TYPE: Undead **AC:** 21 **CF:** 18-21 **MOVE:** 220' per M/R **HP:** 56-65 **SIZE:** Approximately human size/weight **COLOR:** Pale blue-grey overall with luminescent green eyes and glittering metallic gold colored fangs and claws.

DESCRIPTION: Generally man-like in most respects but without hair and of curiously "rounded/blurred" features. The lower jaw is distinctly underslung and a pair of fangs juts *upward* from them. The 2 1/2" - 3 1/2" long claws are semi-retractable (about half way) and razor sharp.

SPECIAL POWERS: Because they are of the "undead" kind they can see, at will, into the astral and ethereal planes and have a 90% chance of sensing those objects and/or beings "invisible". They have fairly good hearing (75% to a 75' radius) and keen sense of smell (95% accurate within 30'). They *cannot* be paralyzed by any means nor "tuned to stone" either. They are always totally unafraid and of aggressive mein, even when "hit" with arcane "fear rituals". They have the ability to mentally control the horrific "Corpse Grinders" though they themselves are relatively immune to such things (88%). They have a plus six (6) magikal "save" and cold based magik does but half (1/2) hurt to them. The saliva of their bite is, itself, a paralyzing toxin that works against all *living* creatures of up to 100 HP in size. It is potent enough to cause those thus bitten to become 100% paralyzed in 1d10 melee rounds, the paralysis lasting for a 1d100 melee rounds. Finally these nasty corpse eating critters naturally regenerate *all* damage (with two exceptions) at the rate of one (1) HP each and every melee round to a maximum of 210 HP each day. Exceed that total and they'll quit regenerating for 25 full hours! As for the two exceptions to this: (A) Physical damage caused by a silver object can only heal at a rate of one (1) HP every three (3) days. (B) *Any* wound (by *any* cause) that has been drenched in "Blessed/Holy Water" of *any* religion cannot heal at all for three (3) days, then will heal at the rate of one (1) HP every *third* day.

ATTACKS: They *primarily* use their taloned hands with slashing strikes of 6-10 to 7-12 HP *each*. However, they can also bite for 4-7 to 5-8 HP but have to be grappling/holding on to an opponent to do so. What makes them particularly "nasty" is the fact that all "living" flesh struck by them will (90% chance) become "immediately" infected with "phantom rot"! This rot causes the victim to suffer an additional 1-3 HP of damage (by *rotting*) per melee round for 1d4 melee rounds per separate wound/strike. Only "Blessed/Holy" water (from any religion) or a disease curing ritual can stop this horrific festering and rotting of the victim's wounds.

SPECIAL NOTES: These are fairly rare for an undead type and are most often encountered as guardians to some long dead Necromancer's crypt or tomb.

WRAITH ROSE

TYPE: Undead Plant **AC:** 2 (stem) 24 (thorns) 4 (flower) **CF:** 21-25 **MOVE:** Non-moveable **HP:** always 13 **SIZE:** as per normal roses **COLOR:** Usually a "ghostly white" bloom and pale silvery-green elsewhere though a *few* black ones have been noted.

DESCRIPTION: Color aside they look just like normal roses.

SPECIAL POWERS: They have all of the attributes of an undead wraith (see other Arduinian book sources) and will be affected by "holy things" exactly the same.

ATTACKS: They will lash out with their thorny stems at anyone attempting to pick or smell the "beautiful rose". *Any* strike (consider it a full-sized wraith for combat adjudication) will cause those hit to suffer *exactly* as if struck by a *full-sized undead* of that type (ie CON drain etc).

SPECIAL NOTES: No one knows the origins of these deadly but beautiful blooms for sure but legend has it that the Vampyr magician "Caliban" is their creator. They are exceedingly rare nowadays and usually seen only singly though, at one time, they were supposed to have composed the *entire* "garden" around Caliban's Tower.

LASH LION

TYPE: Mutated Feline **AC:** 6 **CF:** 18-23 **MOVE:** 300' per M/R except during charges when this rate is *doubled* (for up to 20 M/R) **HP:** 78-87 **SIZE:** Equivalent to a terrestrial lion **COLOR:** slate grey overall except for the mane which is a golden-yellow.

DESCRIPTION: Except for coloration, it *looks just like our own earthly lions*.

SPECIAL POWERS: It has a retractable tongue some 12'-15' long which can "lash out" much like a real bull whip! This tongue is an AC of 5 (like chain mail) and is as hard to cut as armour. The tongue is also very insensitive to heat or cold (of less than 20 HP potency).

ATTACKS: Its claws can rake a victim for 1d8-1d10 HP of damage and its many-fanged bite will do 12-17 to 15-20 HP of damage per bite. The lash-like tongue has several modes of attack: the "slicing" or "cutting" attack for 1d8+1 to 1d10+2 HP damage; the "flicking" or "stabbing" attack which does 1d4-1d5 HP of damage but which is exceedingly accurate (+8 to hit); and the "wrap and capture" attack which actually only does 1-2 to 2-3 HP of damage but which also wraps around a leg, arm, neck or other part of its intended victim just like a bullwhip will. Once thus wrapped, the lion usually follows up with a leap on the "attached" dinner with whatever clawed blows are needed to finish the fight - that is, unless, they are small enough to "reel in."

SPECIAL NOTES: These felines are no more aggressive or passive than normal terrestrial lions and, if handled the same, will generally leave most travellers alone. Like other lions, they tend to travel in "prides" of up to a dozen or more in number. They prefer plains or lightly wooded areas and, contrary to popular legends, *do not* (by choice) live in jungles. Only one attempt was ever made to domesticate a couple of cubs of these felines and it ended in disaster four years later as the "trained" creatures went berserk in a holiday crowd (killing about two dozen) and had to be destroyed. They are now considered *untrainable*.

MAUL WOLF

TYPE: Mutated Wolf **AC:** 7 (body) 5 (tentacles) **CF:** 17-20 **MOVE:** 400 per M/R **HP:** 56-65 **SIZE:** Roughly the size of a terrestrial wolf **COLOR:** Light to dark grey over all with slate blue tentacles and emerald green eyes.

DESCRIPTION: Slightly larger than an earthly wolf and *almost* identical to one in all but one respect: a pair of 6'-8' long tentacles growing above the front shoulders. These appendages *do not* have rows of suckers like an octopus but are, instead, smooth and seamless. They curl back "like rams horns" out of the way when not in use.

SPECIAL POWERS: The maul wolf can generate a charge of electricity (like an eel) *through its tentacles* every third melee round with a potency equal to one half (1/2) of its *own* HPs in destructive potential. Thus a 60 HP critter could generate a 30 HP electrical charge.

ATTACKS: Its primary mode of attack is to grab its intended victim with its two tentacles (1-4 HP of crush) and to then shock him into insensibility or death (see Special Powers above). If the victim survives this, the wolf will then revert to its age old weapons: its fangs and bite and rend the (tightly!) tentacle-held object for 1d8 HP per bite and 1-2 HP with its claws. This use of *claws* is unusual for a "wolf" but is, nonetheless, just what this creature *will* do. It has somewhat larger claws than normal for a wolf to aid in this form of attack.

SPECIAL DEFENSE: None.

SPECIAL NOTES: These creatures normally travel in *mated pairs* (*not* packs) and will most often leave humans and other such beings alone *if not bothered*. They frequently are found laired in the ruins of old cities or deserted and previously looted tombs. They can be found in most any climatic or geographical location except for moist, hot jungles which they hate. Maul wolves have been known to have been "tamed" if taken when a *very* young cub. Even so, they are *never wholly civilized* and can turn on their "masters" (and *usually do*) in later years.

LEGENDARY POTABLES OF ARDUIN

The following items are all legendary drinks out of Arduinian history and lore. Many are no longer produced (people having forgotten how) and are thus only encountered as part of some dusty and long forgotten treasure horde. Nonetheless they were and are very real in Arduin and even now will be found in some out-of-the-way place or another. The prices listed were for when they were in "good supply" (though many were never available in more than minuscule quantities, so if they are to be rare in your world you must adjudicate the prices accordingly. Just as is now done in Arduin....

Hailstone Wine

Dwarven made in the great Heavenwall Mountains for more than 12.000 years, this pale blue-white wine is still available today in Arduin at about 35 GS per bottle. The stuff is arcanelly able to keep itself at a temperature of 55 degrees regardless of the surrounding temperature (to 120 degrees maximum - then it warms up at 2 degrees per each 10 degrees of air temperature beyond that). Each time a bottle is freshly opened, there is a low rumble like distant thunder! Its taste is like unto "cold breezes and snowy mountain freshness" or so they say.

Bang Beetle Wine

Uruk Hai Orcs are the only ones who know how to make this stuff (or even want to!) and have done so for over 1.200 years or thereabouts. It is based upon the undiluted liquid scent of *unexploded* Bang Beetles (and is thus itself dangerous to process) and black powder (gun powder)! An explosive combination to say the least. It is a pungent blue-black liquid with the consistency of maple syrup and an oily sheen to its gelid surface. However it is nonetheless quite "tasty" as far as most Orcs, Goblins and others of that type are concerned (although most Humans, Dwarves and other more discerning sophonts can't seem to stand the smelly stuff). It is readily available in Arduin at a cost of about 30 GS per bottle. It is noted for its effervescent, "popping" (banging!) bubbles, a smell like rotten fish and coal tar and the way in which it totally inebriates Orcs, etc (*rapidly*).

Rumble Tummy's Ale

Perhaps the best known (and most widely appreciated) drink of purely Arduinian origin, it was first brewed only 400 years ago by a particularly reclusive Hobbit clan in the township of Pearl House (in Arduin) and, aside from the newer (80 year old) subsidiary brewery in Melkalund, that is still where it is made. It has a deep reddish brown color and a "good head", as well as a delightful (and unmistakable) nut-like aroma. It costs about 4 1/2 GS per small keg (or about one GS per bottle) but everyone who likes ale feels it's cheap at the price. It is exported throughout the world and even to other planes of the multiverse and has become one of the better known "calling cards" of Arduin.



Thunder Tongue's Ale

Another Dwarven made drink, this dark brown (almost black) ale is aged in genuine lightning-struck wormwood casks for 22 years before it is "fit to drink." This *exceedingly strong* brew has a very bitter taste that most Dwarves (and many Humans) relish. It has been made in the Dwarven holds of the Mickleback Mountains (in Arduin) for over 4,000 years and is still readily available to anyone "man enough" to handle it - at about 5 GS per large keg. The intense odor of wormwood and its ability to make most humanoid drunk after but one or two "jacks" are both well known to Arduinians.

Three Eyes Ale

This legendary stuff hasn't been made for at least 600 years, but so much of it had been produced over a 2,200 year period prior to this that it is still occasionally available in the most expensive Inns, and is sometimes encountered in some out-of-the-way place (ie a secret cache in a long-forgotten cave for instance). The pride and joy of the famed Hammerfist Clan of Pyro Giants, this heady golden yellow brew is, perhaps, *the strongest ale ever concocted*. It has a stong aroma of "bitter herbs", a flavor somewhat like salted sunflower seeds and a has "shelf life" of at least 5,000 years! It got its name from the fact that, once drunk upon this stuff, the drinkers "third (or psychic) eye" seemed to "open" or function better. The drunken delusions this stuff produces are unmatched by any other ale and damn few "harder" drinks! The cost is slowly increasing as it becomes rarer but, in Arduin just now, at the four and five star Inns, it can still be had for approximately 5 1/2 GS per pint mug. That single mug, by the way, is usually enough to "curl the toes on an Ogre!"

Weirdling's Beer

A piquant brew made exclusively within the confines of Pixie Wood by, you guessed it, Pixies! This stuff is extremely "foamy", a pale green in color and smells and tastes strongly of daisies and clover! It has been made for as long as there have been Pixies in the woods and brother that's a long, long time! However, as the Pixies have little commerce with the "outside world", the stuff is pretty rare (even in Arduin where it's made) - so the cost for a single *half* pint mug can go as high as 6 GS! On the other hand it is one of the few drinks of *any* kind that will absolutely bomb out an Elf in just one mug! Humans take two mugs but then are so far gone as not to awaken for 1d20 hours! Phew! The stuff is Potent with a capital "P"!

Red Moon Malt Brew

This stuff is made once every thirteen years (then aged another thirteen years) and is thus pretty rare. The legendary Werewolf colony of Howlmoon Isle in the Bloody Sea makes the stuff but, from just *what* ingredients, no one is sure. It has, according to legend, the ability to cause any drinker who is a *latent* shape-changer to "show their true self." But you know how legends are....

Anyway the stuff is pretty strong, a blood red in color and smells (you guessed it) quite a bit like fresh blood. The taste, however, is reminiscent of coffee! The cost, in Arduin, averages about 7 GS per small bottle between the "release years" and about 2 GS *less* in the times of its "coming out" (each thirteenth year). It is a favorite of Deodanths and Trelves.

Bat's Blood Liqueur

Truly a unique and strange drink, this blue-black and syrupy stuff is still made high up in the lofty peaks of the Mickleback Mountains by the same clan of Knobblins that originated it over 900 years ago. It has a most identifiable odor (some might say "stink") and flavor that is identifiably that of "rancid garbage" and few Humans or related types relish it. However, Knobblins, Goblins and Orcs of all kinds love the stuff. It costs approximately 7 1/2 GS per *large* bottle in Arduin and is readily available in the establishments that cater to the "darker side" of the humanoid breeds.

White Warg Vodka

As the advertisements say: "From genuine wild Wargs, harvested the traditional way and pressed in the same old presses built 3,000 years ago." Well, if you believe that.... Anyway, this clear and nearly odorless stuff is about 190 proof, as "smooth as silk" going down and strong enough to "curl the toes of an iron golem!" The deviate spelling of the word Vodka is due to a translation goof occurring those many centuries past when the mad Russian monk, Andropolev, had wandered (the Gods only know how) into Arduin and, eventually, set up his own little distillery. Seems he never did learn to read and write any language (including his native tongue) too well but, boy, could he make a good Vodka!

Anyway, this stuff is still readily available in Arduin as the distillery is still in operation in the Mickleback Mountains and still run by the same Dwarven clan to whom the mad monk taught his process. It costs about 8 1/2 GS per each *small keg* and is well worth the price as they say but, my oh my, the hangovers this potent potable leaves behind! Ouch!

Ghost Grape Wine

This translucent, milky, blue-white wine has a faint fragrance of "sweet airs of strange and haunting near familiarity - yet unknown in truth." The flavor is never described the same, exactly, by any two different people, though terms like: "odd - strange - weird - bizarre - sensual" frequently occur in the descriptions. This wine has not been tracked down as to its source of manufacture or its precise ingredients (beyond the legendary "Ghost Grapes").

Some years it is in abundance and other years it simply isn't available. No trader can say for sure the ultimate source of its supply or who or what has made it available (or not). What is known is that few sophonts who drink it ever forget it and many become *addicted* to it, even after just a single glass! One never knows just where the stuff will be available, from the lowest of dives to the most exclusive of five star Inns. The "suppliers" simply sell to whomever strikes their fancy (and who can afford it) without regard to demand or location. The cost most often (in Arduin at least) seems to be about 1 GS *per small glass*. This legendary stuff is mentioned in dusty tomes over 100,000 years old and there are legends in those same tomes of this wine being much, much older than that (and always a mystery). Drink it if you dare!

Djinn Blood Liqueur

Manufactured for at least 4,000 years solely by the dreaded Trelves of the Dark Plains, this rare and *very* expensive stuff is, as the label says, concocted from the blood of Djinn! Needless to say, it is almost never seen (much less tasted) by anyone outside of the Dark Plains area (and who'd go there anyway?)

With a purple-red color so deep and dark as to be gem-like and with a fragrance of "burning cinnamon", it is indeed an unusual drink. The taste is said to be like "hot coals and cool mint all in one." Strange!!!! At any rate if you can find this liqueur, figure its cost to run at *at least 12 1/2 GS per tiny glass*. As one might suspect, Djinn like neither this liqueur nor those who drink it. On the other hand, *rumors* say that drinkers of this stuff become fire proof over an extended period of time. Hmmmm, interesting....

Falling Star Wine

This strange, self-glowing (!) orange wine is made somewhere in the far-away Heavenwall Mountains by a tribe of Goblins that has been doing nothing but this for over 3,000 years. All that is known about how this *good* stuff is made is that meteoric metals are somehow involved. Anyway this brightly colored wine has an aroma likened to "sweetly burning spices" and a taste like a combination of cinnamon, apples and blueberries! Figure that one out.... It is not often available anywhere (the Goblins drink most of it themselves, selling some only when they have a *dire* need for money) but, if you can find it, expect to pay approximately 22 GS per large *bottle*. It is one of the favorite drinks of the current Royal (human) house in Arduin.

Spectre Wine

Just like Ghost Grape Wine, no one has ever been able to figure out who or what makes this fine drink or even what's in it (for certain). It *could* even be from the makers of that other (Ghost Grape) wine. The only thing really known about it, is that it is sold in *coffins* that are indisputably pre-sealed for at least 100 years prior to the sale. The wine is a very pale lavender in color and has a distinct bouquet of lilacs. It is said to taste "like lilacs, mint and moonlight" if that tells you anything. It is also the undeniably favorite drink of Titans and many of the Giant races in the Arduinian multiverse. Most "smaller" types find that it makes them too melancholy and "vaguely depressed" or sad (even to uncontrollable crying). At any rate, the stuff's been around for uncounted centuries and seems to pop up in the oddest places at the most unusual times. If you can find it, which is no easy task, expect to pay at least 19 1/2 GS per *very small flask* (or about 2 1/2 GS per *tiny glass*).

Spiga's Egg Frappe'

"ONE OF THE RAREST OF RARE DRINKS" the label will tell you (and truthfully so), this stuff is rather hard to describe. It looks like a rainbow-hued translucent liquid that bubbles and froths all by itself in the glass. It has an aroma much like a rose garden in full bloom and a taste said to be "like tasting all the perfumes you have ever smelled, all at once." It is also just too "rich" tasting for many drinkers and is *highly addictive to all but the strongest willed*. It is also one of the most potent *aphrodisiacs* known to exist (natural or manufactured) anywhere. The potent drink is made from the eggs of unborn Spiga's and, as they are some of the fiercest and deadliest creatures in existence, production is, shall we say, limited. Only a certain hive of Phraints way out in the Great Grass Sea still retain the ancient formulas necessary for concocting this wondrous drink. If you can find it, which is extremely unlikely even in Arduin, it will cost about 15 GS per *tiny glass*. On the other hand, if you've a "recalcitrant lover" then the price is cheap.

Freeze Bees Liqueur

This icy liqueur will maintain a constant temperature of 50 degrees in any air temperature up to 120 degrees. For each 10 degrees hotter, the liquid will warm up but a single (1) degree! However once the liqueur reaches a liquid temperature of 66 degrees (or higher), it immediately spoils and "goes bad", turning into a foul sludge. In its naturally cool/cold state, it is a semi-thick liquid of "milk shake" consistency and ice blue color that smells *very strongly* of peppermint. It is a generally potent drink for anyone but, for some odd reason, Deodanths seem totally unable to imbibe more than half a very small glass of the stuff without getting totally smashed (ie falling down drunk). It is made in the arctic regions of the world by the Blue Barbarian Amazons (it's their favorite drink) and is composed primarily of "juices" from the deadly freeze bees which inhabit such regions. Though dangerous to make (catching the deadly bees ain't easy you know!), it is usually readily available in Arduin's more expensive Inns (three star or better) at about 17 1/2 GS per *small bottle*.

Vord Blood Liqueur

Obtained only from the semi-barbaric "Thunder Mountain Tribes" of men who raise (and ride!) the mighty Vords. The blood of these huge winged predators is the basis for this aromatic (smells like "spicy roast beef"), ruby red liquid. The thick and very strong (at least 170 proof) stuff has a taste reminiscent of "cooked meat, spices and a hint of wildness." Habitual drinkers of the liqueur (which seems to be favored by barbarian types more than anyone else) tend to become very moody, brooding and usually become nocturnal due to the photo-sensitivity their eyes develop over periods of prolonged usage. It is occasionally available in Arduin for about 22 1/2 to 23 1/2 GS per large bottle. However, it is most often all bought up by "barbarian tribes" farther north and so is *not* available with any real regularity. This fine liqueur has been brewed more or less in the same manner for about 1,880 years by one tribe or another of the wild Vord riders but oddly enough *they* never drink the stuff!

Dragon's Blood Liqueur and/or Wine

Absolutely the rarest of rare potent potables throughout history have been those concocted from the "blood" of Dragons. It is well known that undiluted, *fresh* Dragon's blood is highly toxic to most animals save other Dragons and so must be "fermented and processed" *alchemically* before being used to make beverages consumable by people. And, in that Arduinian Dragons are generally *huge*, quite intelligent and possessed of a *very high* survival instinct, well, getting the blood of one isn't very easy for even the heartiest of heroes. Needless to say, these legendary drinks have been mentioned throughout recorded history but usually only in a "Mythic" context as few could afford the *minimum* cost of *at least* 1,000 GS *per thimble full!* Also note the fact that this potent stuff is supposed to have various magikal properties (depending upon the color of the Dragon type) and is "THE" greatest of all known aphrodisiacs and love potions known (if processed for just such a use).

Therefore, in most cases, whenever someone offers a glass of "Dragon's Blood Wine", they are most likely referring to a *specific brand* of drink by that name that has been manufactured by a city of Half Elves (called "Tornalon") located "somewhere on the rim of the world." The wine and liqueurs in question come in a variety of colors but red, green, blue and "gold" seem to be the most frequently seen (in that order). Each is quite potent, (*at least* 150 proof) and all have their own separate and quite different (from each other) bouquets, flavors and effects.

The *least* costly of them can fetch a price as high as 300 GS for a *small* bottle and the ultra rare colors can cost you 1,000 GS for that same tiny bottle *or more*. They are all somewhat known for their "aphrodisiac properties", extraordinary tastes and so on, as well as for the fact that they *do* have "ingredients obtained from Dragons" - the powdered scales of same being at least one such. At any rate, even in cosmopolitan Arduin, seldom more than one or two bottles per year will ever turn up and usually in some four or five star Inn. Of the "real stuff", well, perhaps a small cup *every three or four centuries will turn up!*

Sea Pearl Wine

This uncommon (but by no means rare) libation is created by the one "Clan" of Sea Elves that live in the Tourmaline Sea (somewhere near the "Seven Opals" chain of islands). The main ingredient of this milky white "wine" is the powder of crushed pearls found in the Tourmaline Sea. It smells like "a glorious dawn at sea just after a rain" and, so its drinkers attest, it has a flavor reminiscent of "all the sweet and luscious fruits you've ever eaten, all at once." That means it's pretty sweet I guess.... Anyway, this stuff has been around for a couple of thousand years and is enjoyed by just about everyone who can afford its stiff 28 1/2 GS per small (and I mean *small*) bottle price. If you can get a little, I heartily recommend it, it's one of *my* personal favorites!

Snow Snake Wine

This is another of the "cold" drinks that remain so due either to the innate properties of the stuff in question (as here) or for magikal reasons. This "slushy", snow white liqueur is always just one degree Fahrenheit above freezing even in air temperatures up to 145 degrees. Hotter than this and the wine warms itself up at one (1) degree per each additional fifteen (15) degrees of outside air temperature. Note however that, if the liquid reaches a temperature of 48 degrees, it will then begin bubbling and smoking like dry ice until it has *all evaporated* (about a minute per pint). It is difficult to drink due to its extreme coldness but has the distinct flavor of "bananas and coconut." It smells, however, much like "oiled leather" for some odd reason. It is the preferred drink of the Throon race and is also enjoyed immensely by many High Elves.

As it is made by "processing" the elusive and highly dangerous Snow Snake (which is a rare creature in its own right), the stuff is not often seen in Arduin. *If* you can find it, expect to pay *no less than* 27 GS per very small glass.

Fairy Mead

While this stuff is written about in other publications (at least the magical kind), what we're discussing here is a *brand name* (not the "real stuff") of mead. The "mundane" stuff we're talking about is a "multi-fruit and honey" based concoction much favored by Half Elves and Human Foresters. It is a clear, fruity smelling liquid that is *very* sweet but "dry" in the parlance of booze makers. It also packs the punch of a crazed mule and is guaranteed to make most any human who drinks two mugs totally and irrevocably "blotto" for many hours. The nice thing about it is its almost total *lack* of after-effects (hangovers). It is readily available in Arduin at cost of about 5 GS per *large* bottle.

Eye of the Beholder Bourbon

The creator of this legendary drink was a French nobleman from our own terrestrial world who, like many others before him (and I'm sure many more after), somehow managed to find himself transported across dimensional planes and in Arduin "for the duration" as they say. Well, being late of the French "Sun King's" court and used to certain types of potent potable, he was quite taken aback by the lack of "fine Bourbon" in Arduin. "After all", or so the legends say he said, "wine is indeed a fine drink and ale not so bad either. But in my opinion what's right for each man 'tis in the eye of each beholder and my eyes 't would dearly love to espie a good Bourbon just now!" Hence its name was born although it took the fellow nearly forty years of research, practice and many, many goofs to finally come up with the liquor as it is known today.

Now, all this happened about 600 years ago or so but the Bourbon he finally created is still one of the favorite drinks of the Arduinian military's own officer corps. At 5 1/2 GS per medium sized bottle, few of the lesser rank could afford it anyway! This potent, 160 proof mind bender is always available at any three star or better Inn and some of the two star establishments on main roads carry it as well. Try it if you don't mind a doozy of a hangover!

Simple Sorrow Wine

Made from a secret recipe of ingredients by a single family of Woods Elves in the Great Shining Forest, this crystal clear libation has a very strong taste and aroma of spearmint. It is about 100 proof, has absolutely *no* side effects (ie no hangovers) and leaves a quite pleasant smell on the drinker's breath for *several* hours afterwards. It is readily available in *limited* quantities year round throughout Arduin and is a favorite of the Courtesans' Guild. It has a cost of about 9 1/4 GS per very small bottle. No one now remembers how this ancient beverage acquired such a melancholy name (or why).

Silver Slyth Liqueur

This mythic drink has been written about very little over the past several thousand years and actually seen (much less drunk!) even less. It requires the "juices from the heart of the dread Silver Slyth" to make and is thus practically impossible to obtain. In fact, if it has even been made more than once or twice in the last twenty or thirty thousand years, it'd be a real miracle! Howsoever, should you encounter *atiny vial* of this stuff you can expect to pay *at least* 444 GS *per ounce* for it! And that cost has been only *discussed* as a *starting point* for bidding anyway!

Why? Because it is *supposed* to make anyone who even drinks a single ounce of it *forever after* totally immune to *any* form of drunkenness or inebriation. No booze of any sort will ever effect them. None. It is also supposed to grant the drinker "second sight for a day" but that legend has never been confirmed to the best knowledge of Sages who study such matters.

This liqueur can be recognized in three ways say these same Sages: by its "ever-shifting rainbow of hues and scintillating colors of magnificent brilliance"; by its "aroma of a loved one", whatever that means, and by its propensity for "turning absolutely midnight black at the merest touch of anything silver." Also note that in this black state it is supposed to be extremely toxic - so much so as to be "far deadlier indeed than even the infamous Black Lotus Dust"! All in all, a truly legendary drink!

Elf Blood Liqueur

There are several variants of this drink known to have been made over the long centuries, all using *real* blood from the "freshly squeezed heart of an Elf!" Basically a color of red so deep and dark as to look nearly black, it has a pungent aroma unmistakable by anyone once they have ever smelled it. Its taste is, well, let us just say it is the all time favorite libation of those who first learned to make it: the Deodanths. Needless to say, also, it is highly illegal to make or even have on ones person in Arduin and in most other civilized nations. It is very, very rare at the "best" of times and usually so rare as to be nearly non-existent most times. If it can be found, its cost, of up to 333 GS per small (*tiny* actually) bottle, precludes it from ever being tasted by all but the richest and most jaded of beings.

The Elves in Arduin have a standing reward/bounty of 1,000 GS posted against anyone even *carrying* any of the liqueur and their "justice", when such folk are found, is most often quite swift and oh so permanent.... Deal in this drink with care.

Star Shine Wine

This strange and "dreamy" concoction is made solely by a group of High Elves in a hidden citadel in the Forever Fire Mountains. As no one knows the *exact* location of this citadel and as these Elves seldom have a need for outside money or trade goods, the supply of this ancient wine is, to say the least, *extremely limited*. Fewer than three small bottles a year are ever available in the *entire* world and the majority of these always seem to be in the hands of the Multiversal Trading Company. At any rate, the wine looks like "deep space filled with twinkling stars" and has an aroma of "distant lands" and a "taste to match" - poetic but right on the mark actually. It is rumoured that the wine is grown from special grapes that "never see aught but starlight" on some far dimensional plane and that it must be "aged a thousand years before it can be drunk!" It has a cost of approximately 67 GS per glass (a small one at that) if available and then only if there is no *bidding* for the stuff (which there frequently is). There are a few legends concerning this wine and all seem to revolve around a "lost champion brought back to his memory" by drinking the wine. Who can say, it hasn't happened *yet* though.

Volcanic Whiskey

This whiskey is a dark orange-red in color and has the aroma of "hot rock/lava." Its taste is "hot and strong with a distinct tingling of the drinker's throat, tongue and nostrils." It has been made for over 1,000 years by the same band of Dwarves who have an underground city inside volcanic Mount Thunder Nose. The whiskey makers use the volcanic heat in the "cooking" process and then it is aged 100 years before being sold for consumption. It is usually available in three star or better Inns for a cost of 7.76 GS per *small* bottle. This stuff arcanelly manages to maintain a constant liquid temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit in air temperatures as low as minus 30 (-30) degrees. For each twenty degrees *colder*, the whiskey loses two (2) degrees of its own heat. If it cools down to a mere 55 degrees, it will immediately spoil and become rancid and undrinkable. This whiskey is a favorite among caravans having to travel in the northern cold climes and amongst the barbarian (wild) Hobbits of the grassy Plains of Nardolyx.

Goat's Sweat Beer

This is the standard "cheap brew" of the peasants in Arduin and has been for over 400 years now. It is made in the capitol city of Talismonde in a brewery shoehomed right between the tannery and the slaughterhouse. The pale yellow stuff smells just about like a slaughter house and also has a taste that is, to put it bluntly, "not for the uninitiated." An acquired taste for sure.... At any rate, it costs but a copper penny a mug and is *over-priced* at that! Drink it if you don't care about flavor, smell or a ferocious hangover the next morning - otherwise, steer clear of this noxious stuff! Phew!

Iron Orc Beer

Despite its name it is *not* made by or for Orcs but is, in fact, produced by the Amazons of Vargalla *strictly for export* or for foreigners staying in their special "Trade Cities." They certainly don't drink the nasty stuff! It's essentially "Three-Two" (3.2% alcohol) beer of a nauseatingly greenish-yellow color and with an odor of "sour and rancid kind." Believe it or not, however, the beer is quite popular in such nations as Ghorfar and Taggarand where it commands quite a hefty price of 2 SP per bottle.

Elsewhere it goes for about 2 CP per bottle, if you can find it (and that's doubtful except in the worst one star dives). I shudder to even think about the rancid stuff! Brmm!

White Rose Wine

This wine, with the signet of the Vargallan Empress upon it as well as her official "by appointment to the Royal family" and seal, is the true "high class/noble" official drink in that nation. This white wine is made from roses, smells and tastes like same and costs (in Vargalla) seven (7) GS per half (1/2) pint bottle. The penalty for smuggling this "Royal Wine" out of Vargalla is "The Mother's Mouth" which is a horrid cavern and dungeon-like complex that is tantamount to a death sentence. Nonetheless there is a market for this wine as the dread dark Trelves simply go berserk over it for some reason and seem willing to pay as much as twenty-five (25) GS per *small* (1/4 pint) bottle! So, now and again, it will appear in Arduin or elsewhere but at an even higher cost (after all they could get an *automatic* 25 GS from Trelves). This cost usually averages about forty (40) GS per small bottle.

One final note here: legend has it that the secret of this wine's making is "one of the Royal bequethals of the original Royal line of the Amazons' homeland - The Legendary Misty Isles." The legend further states that if "any male should learn the secret of this wine then surely the Amazon nation will disappear from the annals of history and be forever lost to the dim mists of time." Phew! Heavy stuff there....

Eight Legs Liqueur

Made by the Myrkwood Elves from "fine, fresh squeezed Myrkwood Spydery", this dark, inky blue liquid is, while *not* plentiful in Arduin, at least not overly rare. The Spydery used are all *non-venomous* "Weavers" that are bred for their Spydery silk-making propensities (and for this drink). The smell of this thoroughly syrupy stuff is akin to that of maple sugar and almonds combined. It has a taste to *match* this pleasant aroma. More often than not, when it is available, it is available in quantity and, when it is not, it simply isn't around in any amounts. Figure the cost to be about 7 GS per *small* bottle. Its most devoted drinkers seem to be Hobbits, "common/low" Elves and the middle ranking nobility of Arduin.

Bronze Boar Beer

This stuff is rumoured to be brewed in a vat (or vats) constructed from genuine bronze golem "parts"! The reclusive Gnome clan involved is the same one that originated this beer about 4,000 years ago. Their hidden brewery, in the Rumble Tumble Hills, has never been *exactly* located but its smell permeates a region nearly 20 miles square! The fine-headed brew has a metallic bronze color and the smell of "hot metal." Its taste, though said to be "a bit metallic", is also quite distinct and very good as far as beers go. What really makes the beer special, however, is its ability to be kept in *open* jars for decades without spoiling or loss of flavor. It is moderately easy to find in Arduin in most three star or better Inns (and in even a few two star establishments) at a cost of about 12 1/2 GS per large cask. Note that many warriors "in the know", when they have weapons, armour or other metal items to keep from rusting, will immerse them in this beer. The beer will *keep all* metals from rusting or deterioration for as long as the objects are *totally covered*. Note also that the beer evaporates from a large open cask at the rate of *less than 1/4-inch per century!* Some preservative!

Virgin's Blood Wine

Another *banned* wine in Arduin and most civilized nations, this ruby red liquid is, indeed, concocted from the blood of slain virgin girls (of any non-Orcish humanoid race)! The forbidden Red Moon Spyder Cult is the culprit behind the making of this wine and their "Holy Books" say it is a "potent aphrodisiac, cure for poisoning and the sure way to lure a Unicorn to any specific spot." So the books say.... At any rate, it is unlawful to even have the stuff in ones possession and, in many instances if it can be proved you have *knowingly and willingly* drunk the stuff, you can be *summarily put to death!* If you can find it, it will cost you about 1,550 GS per very small bottle but, unless you are a follower of the Red Moon Spyder Cult's obscene rituals, you have no reason to drink the stuff so I'd advise staying away from it as much as possible. Oh, one further note is that all indications are that the wine is a highly flavorful, sweet smelling NARCOTIC-LIKE drink that is immensely addictive almost immediately.

Black Heart Brandy

Essentially certain Elves' answer to the Deodanths' Elf Blood Liqueur, this potent drink is made from the *hearts of Deodanths!* Technically illegal in Arduin (and most places elsewhere), this 190 proof brandy is still available if you have the "right" Elven connections and are "no friend of Deodanths." You can't find it any other way, that's for sure! This purple-black liquid is said to have a taste that is quite "subtle and surprising, with several flavors one after the other." It has an aroma, so they say, "like night-blooming flowers" and costs 350 GS per *small* bottle (if you have the "right" connections). I, for one, wouldn't want to be caught by any Deodanths with this stuff on my breath (much less in my possession!).

Entkynen Draughts

These are very rare and very magikal drinks prepared by/from individual Entkynen and seldom seen by anyone. They give them out only rarely and only to "KynenFrynds" (essentially "Entkynen Friends"). The stuff referred to here, however, is a *brand name* for a plum-based, Sake-type of drink made by a colony of Half Elves in Arduin that have a major part of their traditions based upon Samauri teachings handed down from their ancestors who, 1,600 years ago, first entered Arduin, settled in the Bright Star Forest and interbred with the Woods Elves there.

The pale plum colored stuff is quite potent (150 proof), has a distinct plum flavor (and smell) and a nominal cost of only 20 GS per large Keg (as compared to *at least* 2,000 GS for even a small glass of the "real thing"). It is readily available throughout Arduin in most any Inn, two stars or better rated.

Heart of the Dragon Rice Wine

This is a *brand name* for a very cheaply made rice wine that is well known and "loved" by the peasant masses in Arduin. It is this wine which is said to give them "The Hearts of Dragons" whenever there is a war and they are called upon to fight. It is also the standard Arduin Army Ration wine as well so that helps the "legend" a bit too. At any rate the wine is potent (145 proof), very "hot" going down but of no real discernable smell or taste save that of alcohol. Here on Earth it'd be called "Sneaky Pete" and seen in the hands of every wino from Ensenada to Brooklyn. It is made in a winery just outside Melkalund (a very large city in Arduin) and costs a miserly nine (9) copper pennies per medium-sized bottle! High quality goods there!

Anyway, the Arduinian troopers use it to "pickle" everything from eggs to herring but seldom drink it unless they have to! I sure wouldn't touch the stuff! No sir, not this kid!

Shadow's Dance Champagne

This ebon liquid is fair bubbling over with *luminescent* froth and has an aroma of "dark and secret places of love, lust and carnal delights." The taste cannot be described, *only experienced* and is said to rival "ones first experience in love" so to speak. It is the most sought-after drink that is still available today in Arduin in any meaningful quantities. It can most often be encountered in Inns of four or five star ratings or in the hands of a Courtesan of only the highest level.

Each small bottle (which holds but a single glassful worth) is cut from fine rainbow crystal and stoppered with a fancifully cast/carved silver "cork." Said bottles bring *at least* 900 GS apiece and are most often found in "four packs" or little gold-handled carriers made from aromatic Tangaroa wood from the Spice Islands. Take warning! Once drunk, a normal person will become totally "lost to all time and knowledge of their surroundings as they dive deep into their innermost senses and chase their most desired feelings to their source!" Enough said! Oh, who makes the stuff? Your guess is as good as mine but the Multiversal Trading Company seems to be the sole importer into Arduin - if that tells you anything.

Gorgon's Breath Beer

An extremely strong brew of a rusty red hue and with an aroma that could "fell an ox at forty paces" and a taste to match, it is brewed by a motley bunch of Half Orcs, Goblins and a Gnome or two over in the "Mad Marshes" and has been for some 750 years now. The stuff is renowned amongst the Arduinian Auxiliary Orc Infantry units as a "real good beer!" and is known amongst the human military units as a good paint remover, brass polish and general all round antiseptic! At a cost of about 2 1/2 GS per *large keg* the price is right anyway. Drink it - if you can keep it down and want to kill any intestinal worms you might have!

Old Battle Axe Whiskey

Yet another Dwarven concoction made in the legendary Mickleback Mountains (yes, there *are* one heck of a lot of booze makers up there!), this one is a clear amber color and has a "smokey" flavor and aroma. It is aged 15 years in "good iron, reforged from genuine blooded battle axes." These iron casks are semi-legendary in Arduin but that is another story for another time. Anyway, this whiskey is readily available (and has been for about a thousand years) in Arduin and has a cost of around 9 SP *per ounce* ("shot"). It is a favorite of the Blue Barbarian Amazons of the far north as well as the Corsairs of The Rainbow Isles. Potent stuff!

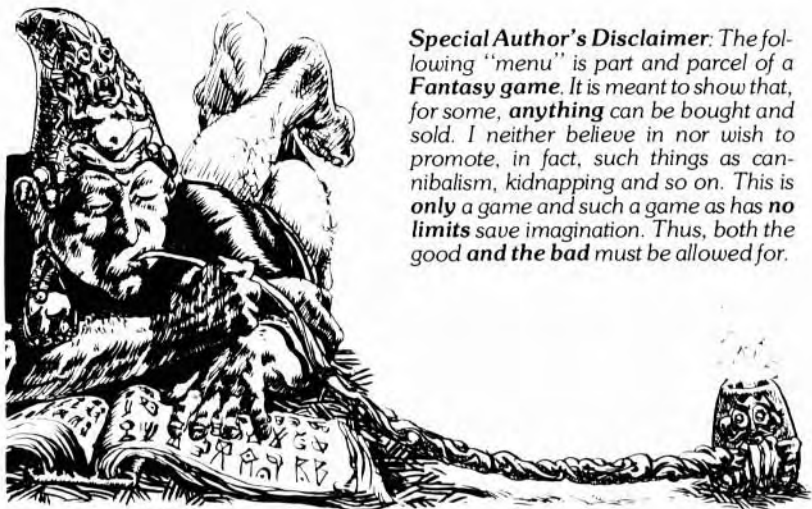
Iron Rose Ale

This is the real "national drink" of the majority of the Vargalla Amazons and has been made with skill, care and pride there for more than 500 years. It has a fine "golden brown" colour, a good "malty" flavor and aroma and is quite strong as ales go (about 40 proof). The Amazons do not allow this ale to (legally anyway) be exported as they make "just enough" for their own consumption each year. However *some* does manage to get sold elsewhere (including Arduin), usually in four or five star Inns, though once in a while a three star will manage to bag a few bottles. Said bottles (a full pint each) have a normal cost of only fifteen CP (government subsidized so the "masses can afford it") in Vargalla, but elsewhere can run anywhere from 7 to 15 SP per bottle - most claiming it's well worth it. Just don't get caught trying to sneak any out of Vargalla, that's a "twenty year" offense!

FINAL NOTES

Some of these potables may or may not be mentioned in previous (or future) *Arduinian or other texts with somewhat different explanations from time to time (or not). Pay no matter to this - tis simply that, as times change, so too do the drinks (sometimes) but all is a cycle and the ending is just the beginning once more.

BILL OF FARE FOR DIRTY DORG'S



Special Author's Disclaimer: The following "menu" is part and parcel of a **Fantasy game**. It is meant to show that, for some, **anything** can be bought and sold. I neither believe in nor wish to promote, in fact, such things as cannibalism, kidnapping and so on. This is **only** a game and such a game as has **no limits** save imagination. Thus, both the good **and** the bad must be allowed for.

A NOTE ON UNDER-CITIES

Immediately following is a "menu" from the most infamous and even legendary "Inn" in all of the *undercities* of Arduin; "Dirty Dorg's". This place, deep beneath the sewers and tunnels under the capitol city of Talismonde, is supposed to pre-date the construction of even the first village that stood where now stands the mighty city. This may or may not be so but it surely has been there for at least a thousand or more years and is the *only* place in all the undercities where ones safety is *actually guaranteed* (or your money back!).

The people of the upper streets come here to do their dealings with the denizens of the darkling ways (those *too dangerous* even for the normal run of the mill Thieves' and Assassins' Guilds!). The place is quite large and has several levels. There are "common rooms", hidden trysting places, secret meeting rooms and every manner of vice, perversion and criminal activity one can imagine. . . . but *only* if you have the price. Here Slavers sell their forbidden (in Arduin) wares, blacklisted Thieves and Assassins strike bargains with prospective employers, drugs and forbidden pleasures are freely indulged and even the darkest desires of the soul can be had.

Yes, Dirty Dorg's is the hell hole of the multiverse, yet it too is a "nexus" in its own way - a meeting point between the saner, more lawful world above and that of the rankest, most mind-bending "alternatives" down below. Indeed, *anything at all* can be had here *for a price*.

Want a noble killed? A beauteous wench kidnapped for you? A submissive slave to cater to your every whim? The dark dreams of the dread Lotus-based drugs (or worse)? It's all yours . . . for a price.

In keeping with this there is presented here for your perusal just *one* of the "Special Menus" available at Dirty Dorg's. Read it and see just what money can buy in a world where *anything* and *everything* is for sale! And then think twice about visiting such a place!

BILL OF FARE FOR**DIRTY DORG'S****Multiversal Eatery and Grog Emporium
for the Discriminating Trencherman**

The Quick Time Lunch - 7,450 GS - A thick 13 pound Stegasaurus steak, french fried Triffed Stingers (3 dozen) and a two quart tankard of the Best Bats' Blood (fresh).

The Trencherman's Choice - 11,950 GS - A tureen of Bloodworm and Orc-eye soup, a huge salad of Limbo weed and assorted Myrkwood greens, blues, browns and reds, with a seven pound slab of prime rib of Hippogryf. A chilled tankard of Hailstone wine tops it off.

Royal Repast - 22,000 GS - A whole roast leg of Wyvern, fluffy scrambled Roc's eggs (four) and a steaming mound of two dozen juicy troll toes fried crisp and pungent. House Wine included. Glaced pixie brain pie (a slice) is the crowning desert.

Moonbeam Meal - 8,850 GS - Two dozen Warg tongues (steamed in a genuine coffin), three pounds of steamed Giant Scorpion meat (only the best pincer meat!) steeped in a bubbly sauce of fine aged Chimera's blood and Sea Kraaken's ink. House Wine included.

Weight Watcher's Feast - 32,150 GS - Iced head of Unicorn ringed with cheery garlands of Pixie fingers and piquant fire berries, all dusted with Rotweed pollen. A glass of our finest Bang Beetle wine tops it off.

Black Mountain Lunch - 13,350 GS - A basin of stewed Orc hearts (2 dozen), heaps of boiled chokeweed and a liberal serving of Ghoul gizzard gravy. A tankard of Rumble Tummy's ale accompanies it. (Iron Orc Beer substituted on request).

Sunrise Surprise - 32,350 GS - About two lbs of braised Tyrannasaurus brains in Bloodgrass and Wobra wine sauce surrounded by crisp baked black lotus bulbs (30). A glass of Hailstone wine tops off the meal.

Neptune's Revenge - 12,500 GS - Filet of Triton (3 lbs) broiled then steamed with poached Thermite's eggs (3) and Kronasaurus flipper soup (a large bowl). House wine.

Assassin's Supper - 352,750 GS - Rare, roast Vampire's heart, bowl of StingWing soup, steamed Sea Spider's eyes (12) and filet of Black Dragon's tongue (3 lbs). A glass of Djinn Blood Wine tops off this savory meal. If Black Dragon's tongue is not available, the management reserves the right to substitute another "color" dragon's tongue in its place.

The Red Queen's Repast - 13,000 GS - Whole roast hobbit, stuffed with fluffy fairy wings and Medusa's adders. A glass of Falling Star wine is the crowning touch.

Gourmet's Gorge - 98,250 GS - Salamanders' eyes (8) in Basilisk broth with six juicy boiled Minotaurs tongues topped off with an icy Spiga's egg frappe and a glass of chilled Spectre wine. Optional candied ghouls fingers (5) for dessert.

Midnight Special - 13,350 GS - Thin sliced, quick fried Gorgon's Phallus with a heaping bowl of braised goblin gonads (36) in warm Firewasp winesauce. House wine.

The Black Prince's Pride - 13,350 GS - Steamed Manticore brains surrounded by boiled Lash Lizard tongue (1) and covered in a mound of sweet sauted Nixie eyes (200). A glass of Black Lotus liqueur is the crowning touch.

Sea King's Delight - 33,750 GS - Delicate breast of Mermaid (a pair), baked in a bed of Kobold's gizzards (250) and baby Kraaken's tentacles (36). A glass of Ghost Grape wine and candied Amazon eyes (6) for dessert.

The Whole Thing - 210,000 GS - Whole roast Unicorn, stuffed with crispy fried ogres' fingers, yellow mold pollen and pickled Saurig's eggs (3). Side dishes of Bone-wood's famous Stranglevine Stew (with juicy chunks of boiled Bandersnatch), Roc's Eye Soup, and YumLum Snake appetizers. A chilled glass of SilverSlyth Liqueur and minced mung beetles for dessert top it all off. (1 day's notice required for this one!)

The Black Elf's Breakfast - 15,000 GS - A tender and juicy filet of Deodanth's thigh braised in witch's blood and Spectre wine. Served with a very thinly sliced, cool, Deodanth's Heart in Aspic and with a generous portion of Deodanth eye pie. House wine of course.

The Orc Greed Feast - 24,500 GS - Two dozen plump Hobbits' toes in a simmering black stew of squeezed Elf juices. Served with a heaping pile of (7) smoking Amazon's ribs. A frosted glass of White Warg Vodka tops it all.

The Feast of Marmachand - 35,000 GS - A whole young Human (choice of gender!) roasted slowly over a low brimstone fire, basted in virgin's blood and stuffed with red lotus petals. A bubbling hot mug of mulled Virgin's Blood wine to finish. Please note: 3 weeks notice needed for this goodie!

HELL FEAST - 1,250,000 GS - The Personage of your choice caught and cooked (or not) to your specifications! Six months prior notice (and full prepayment) required. The management reserves the right to decline any "suggested menu" as necessary!

DIRTY DORG'S DAMNATION SPECIAL - 1,500,000 GS - Any minor or lesser Demon Kind caught and prepared to your specifications. Accompanying the feast will be any four (4) side dishes you desire, chosen from any of the other items on the menus except the Hell Feast "which is a separate entry and can only be had by itself as listed previously." Note also that the Damnation Special will require a one year's prior notice and the management reserves the right to decline any "suggested" item of menu. Full prepayment of course. Enjoy....

DIRTY DORG'S PENULTIMATE SPECIAL FEAST - 10,000,000 GS - As per the Damnation Special in all respects save that it is for any Major or Name demon.

SPECIAL DISCLAIMER: The management of Dirty Dorg's *cannot* guarantee the safety of anyone requesting said feasts once the "main course" actually arrives in either the Damnation Special or Penultimate Feast. All things being equal, Demon kind are a surly and unpredictable lot and not too reasonable in the best of times, less so when being used as the center piece for someone's meal.

All meals subject to availability.

☛ All prices subject to change without notice. ☚

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ANYTHING TO ANYTHING!

RUSES, TRAPS AND OTHER DIRTY TRICKS

Through nearly ten years of game play in Arduin, my campaign has acquired a rather strong reputation for being "very tricky" and full of traps (physical, magikal and mental) for the unwary. Whether this is a deserved reputation or not is difficult for me to say. However, I will let you decide for yourself after perusing the following "classic" little goodies direct from actual game play. Now, these will be in no particular order or logical progression (just as real "problems" are not) so read on and see what you think of that "deadly" reputation.

FANTASTIC ARMOUR OF AWAY YOU GO

This is a beautifully made complete set of full "Maximillian" plate armour. It is all inlaid with gold, silver and semi-precious gems - truly a very gorgeous piece of work. It is magikly imbued with the power to "size itself" to fit any humanoid from 4' to 8' tall and just about any weight consistent with those heights. It will detect thusly *and* also as allowing the wearer to "move much more rapidly than normal, up to triple normal speed."

The trick here is that *underneath** these normally detected magikal effects (and all are true) is concealed the fact that the armour is pre-programmed to "take any wearer *immediately* off on a quest to attack/kill/destroy (the GM fills in the appropriate blanks here) some awful fiend or monster(s) quite a long way away from the armour's present location."

This means that, as soon as the hapless bozo puts the last piece of the armour on, the thing immediately sets off at that triple speed in the direction of this quest! The wearer has *no control* over this and *no amount* of trying to stop it (by the wearer) will have any effect in this wise whatsoever! This is without regard to the wearer's strength or any other special ability they may have. Further, the group the hapless (and fast disappearing) character is/was with can elect to try to follow their frantically yelling (stop! whoa! cease! HELLLLLLP!!!!) comrade or not. If they do try to follow, remember just how fast *he* is moving (triple normal speed) and the fact that, if in a dungeon scenario, the armour *will know* where all the secret passage-ways and hidden doors are while the trailing comrades will not.

Finally the poor guy arrives (quite worn out from all that triple speed running) and is face to face with the critter(s) the suit is geared to kill. And, believe me, you can bet your booties that the intended victim(s) *do* recognize that armour! Anyway, the armour now "shuts off" and the wearer is *on his own*! That is, unless he tries to flee (it won't let him) or refuses to fight (it'll attack for him, *once*, just to "get things going") or otherwise balks. I really like this one....hee, hee....."

* You'd need a "Masked Magik Detection Ritual" to catch this.

THE LIVING CORRIDOR

This is a nifty trick that I have used since practically the very first game in Arduin without *anyone* figuring out its true purpose *yet*. So, after all these years, I guess I'll let the beast out of the bag so to speak. Here's how it goes . . .

A party of adventurers, in some deep and dank underground place, open a door/round a corner, etc and find themselves looking into a tunnel or corridor *totally lined with fur* (you pick a nice color) and with a door at the far end. If touched, poked or prodded, the "fur" will move (ie undulate) just like a full waterbed would while *simultaneously* giggling or laughing (depending on how much prodding was done). This tends to totally freak out people as they all try to guess the purpose of the living (for that is how it will detect if a "Detection Of Life" magik is used upon it) hallway.

Many will refuse to move through this, fearing it will "eat" them and others will hack and slash at it to kill it (causing it to howl and scream loudly in torment and pain). Some will cast spells upon it (lethal or otherwise) as if it were a "magikal thing" (it's really *not*) and so forth. All the while, the corridor is making one noise or another, appropriately, as it is messed with and the party delays moving on.

Gussed what the thing is yet?

It's simple really, there is no deep and hidden meaning to it. This is nothing more than a "burglar alarm" and *delaying* device set in an area to give someone or something warning (by the giggles, laughter or noises of pain it will make, and *quite loudly* I might remind you). That "something" usually resides somewhere farther along past the door at the far end of the living corridor, though *not* right behind it (that would really give it away).

At any rate, over all the years, no one has ever tumbled to the *simplest* of answers to the furred area that laughs, cries and bleeds but does nothing else . . . and now you know the secret!

THE TALKING SURPRISE or "SHUT UP ALREADY!"

This trick has several variations, all a lot of fun for the GM and just a real pain in the armour plate for the player characters! Here's how it works:

In any situation where a party of adventurers will have to fight and defeat one or more "monsters" the GM also sets a "Mystik Mouth" that is "keyed" to pronounce a magik spell, conjuration or ritual (of the GM's pre-chosen choice) once the last monster has been dispatched. The arcane mouth appears on a wall, floor, ceiling, etc and speaks before anyone can stop it.

The favorite magik spoken this way is a "Mass *Instant Resurrection*" keyed to the defender(s)! Surprise! All the newly killed monsters leap up, *totally healed* of all wounds and go right back into the fight!

Another favorite "magik" to use in such a situation is one that will "Gate In" another monster, usually bigger, meaner and much harder to kill than the first group. As you can see, the variations are endless, however, I will give you just one more to show you how far "afield" your variants on the original theme may run. It goes like this:

The "Mystik Mouth" *isn't* on a wall, etc, it is on one of the pieces of "treasure" that will be found in the room, possibly one of the obviously non-magik ones like a copper (or gold, etc) coin. This "mouth" has a time delay on it so that it will "go off" hours or even days later. Imagine the surprise of the characters sitting there in an Inn, adventure all over with, and ZAP! There "gates in" a huge and angry monster!

Gotcha!



THE "TAKE THE WHOLE PILE" GAMBIT or "THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE A GREEDY FOOL"

This is where there is a tremendous pile of junk/costume jewelry, copper coins dipped (lightly!) in gold and other really *phoney* "treasure". All of this very massive (and heavy) amount of stuff should also have been "made magik" in that when the pile is detected upon, it shows it *all* as "magikal"!

Of course, with no time to sort it out where they are (there should always be the *distinct* threat of bad guy reinforcements or more monsters showing up to spur them on), they will have to try to haul it all out then and there. It's either that or flee and then organize a return trip later (with, perhaps, pack mules, etc) to haul the "huge treasure" away.

If they choose the latter course, some more and perhaps "stronger" guards will have taken up residence in that location by the time the party returns! And if they do manage to haul it all away what'll it be worth? No more than a couple of hundred G.S. *tops*. A nice way to end an expedition and to really get the goat of the gullible player characters!

DIRTY TRICKS WITH ARROWS, SLING STONES AND CATAPULT MISSILES

One of the best ways to "freak out" an opponent is to have very simple magik pre-set on missiles that you will be using but be sure they don't activate *until fired*. For instance, you could put a "Pyrotechnics" magik on a catapult stone in one of two manners: First, so that it will be gloriously spectacular in flight (looking like a flaming meteor no less) or, second, so that it will "explode" when it hits (pow! instant air strike!). Either way they will put fear into those facing them!

How about a brilliant "Wizard Light" on an arrow so it will light up the night sky (or dark forest, dungeon etc) when shot! Quite impressive and not a little unnerving to those trying to hide!

What about sling stones with an "Area Darkness Magik" that goes off when they hit (and incidentally *imbed* themselves in) a target? Those hit suddenly can't see a thing and their friends around them see them suddenly engulfed in a mass of "dark shadows". Run away!!!! Or you could have the darkness go into effect immediately as it is shot from the sling so that the enemy sees a large "blot of darkness" whizzing right at them. Again, RUN AWAY!!!!

You get the idea here, the *simple* and *low Order* of Power magiks are easy to use, readily available to even the rankest of beginning magicians and are (in their own ways) just as effective as putting such high power magiks as "Flash Point" and "Lightning Strike" spells onto missiles (so they'll detonate on impact, usually). Just think of all the fun you can have dreaming up uses for those low level magiks and ordinary missiles! Go to it!

THE "HERE IT IS, THERE IT IS, OH MY GOD LOOK OUT!" TREASURE CHEST

This "treasure chest" is another of my really old favorites, but one I haven't used in years. It works something like this:

It is usually solidly built of iron, about 10 feet square, some six feet high and weighs a couple of tons *when empty*. It is filled with *many* hundreds of large and heavy gold bars (another ton's weight at least) and other assorted goodies. Further, it is emplaced *directly in the center* of a room which is between 50' and 100' on a side and *at least* 20' high.

Now here's the real surprise: Whenever its lid is opened (even a *fraction* of an inch), it *instantly* teleports *randomly* to another spot in the room! Not so bad you say?

Well, consider the fact that it always teleports to a new location *and* ten feet above the ground! Anything under it, when it lands, is jelly city if you get my meaning! It's a good way to keep the looters ducking! Oh, and if you really want to be nasty, you can make it a "homing teleport" that *always* ends up *directly above* someone! Yuck, what a mess!

THE AWFUL DUST THAT AIN'T

A cute trick I have used in the past is to have the lid of a treasure chest "spring loaded" so that, whenever it is opened, it spews out a huge cloud of noxious looking (but actually harmless) dust in a 10' radius around it. *Simultaneously* a pre-set "Rorghull's Rot Spell" or some such other appropriately spectacularly nasty magik *silently* and *invisibly* fires, from another (concealed) location, "homing in upon" the closest person that has been touched by the dust (or the one *most covered* in it as a variant)!

The poor slob will go down howling, writhing and probably dying from the "touch of the mysterious dust" which will, if magikly detected upon, show absolutely nothing (because it is nothing!). This will drive the players nuts trying to figure out what the dust is and how to neutralize and or circumvent it (so as to get at the treasure).

As a further twist I, more often than not, make the treasure chest full of copper coins or some similar "low value" stuff and, as a real "twist", you can have more than one spell pre-set (the same kinds or *all different* for a real brain bender!) to fire each and every time the dust is disturbed. Most times the people will concentrate upon the dust, ignoring the real culprit (the chest) for hours. Many simply give up and go away leaving the "treasure" behind. Now that's tricky....

THE INSTANT ICE CUBE TRAP

This is more or less your standard pitfall wherein the hapless boob falls through a trapdoor 30' or so down into about 10' deep water. The "kicker" here is that, as soon as he splashes fully (ie is totally submerged) into it, a "Mystik Mouth" casts a spell that causes the water to *instantly* harden into ice! One frozen sucker coming up!

As most living creatures *cannot* survive such cold for long (or the instant lack of *all* air), death shortly, say in 3 meleé rounds or less, follows. Also note that a ten foot cube of ice frozen solidly into place at the bottom of a 30' deep shaft ain't easy to get out!

If you really want to be nasty about it, make the "ice cube" *bigger* than the actual drop shaft is! Short of sending someone down the 30' shaft and then chipping the poor victim out, there is no real way to get them up! Oh, a "Flash Point" or other similar spell of intense heat would *most certainly* melt the ice but it would also create super-heated steam that would par-boil the entrapped person as well. No, the slow, ice pick way is the only "safe" way to get a person out of this one!

THE GREAT BIG SURPRISE IN THE LITTLE SHAPE TRICK

Another of my favorite (though seldom used) tricks is one where, at some point in an adventure, the group of hearty travellers will end up with a *tiny* figurine of some horrific critter or another (Dragon, Hydra or some other equally nasty thing). The figurine will detect as magik, of course, as it is actually a "stasis compacted and suspended animated" *real* critter!

However, this fact is hidden completely by a "Magik Lie" which tells any normal magik detection or masked magik detection that it is an *artifact* which will grant one (or more) wishes from your choice of God(s) only if a "Magik Dispelling Ritual" is performed upon it.

What really happens, of course, is that the stasis compacted creature suddenly becomes full-sized, awake and damn angry at having been thus treated for all those centuries, eons or whatever. Surprise!

A variation of this trick is to have the critter shape-changed to look like something else (ie the Dragon looks like a golden ring or some such). This tends to produce an even greater surprise when the dispell is done. Try this one on a party of unsuspecting dim-wits, I know *you'll* enjoy the results . . . though *they won't!*

HOW TO MAKE THE THIEF ANGRY

This can be done in any of several ways but my particular favorite is where the lock on a door, chest or other closure (that is locked and *must* be “picked” by a Thief to be opened) has, inside of it, a *very fragile* glass vial of a super fast hardening glue! The Thief is working diligently away with his/her expensive new titanium lock pick set when it is suddenly (and permanently!) stuck inside the now thoroughly glue-filled lock! And that’s one door that *won’t* be “picked” open now!

Another version that is sure to rile any Thief is a lock that is spring wound to *instantly* relock itself a set number (1-10 seconds) of time after it is unlocked! The Thief picks the lock *successfully*, stands up and turns to his friends with a smile saying “you can go in now” but, when they try, it’s still locked! Talk about “loosing face”! Especially if it happens two or three times with the same door/lock! If its a “smart thief”, have it reset *instantly* each time.

Finally, you can always resort to that old stand-by where the door/lock is magikly “keyed” to open to anyone *except* a Thief! The Thief will go nuts trying to figure out why they can’t open it, and then some dumb sword-swinging Barbarian will walk up and casually open the dang door! I just love making wise-guy Thieves the laughing stock of a party!

THE RANDOM GOTCHA TELEPORT TO NOWHERE

This is a portion of a room or corridor (or even a spot on a trail) that activates (*once only*) after a certain number of people, Elves, Orcs or whatever else it has been “keyed to react to” have passed over it. Those on it when it activates are instantly teleported to a room, cavern or other place surrounded by solid rock, with *no* (none, nada, zip, zero!) exits, doors or other ways out!

They are set precariously atop a small and slippery rock about the size of the top half of a basketball. This rock is in the middle of a very deep pool of water (fresh or salt water at the GM’s choice) and is chock full of either *many* small and hungry critters or one very large and hungry critter (again the GM’s choice). As the trapped person has no reference to where they are and as the area is *totally* dark and the air is dank, nearly unbreathable and therefore stifling and, whereas they are trying desperately *not* to fall off of the phosphorescently glowing rock (that’s how they’d know they were surrounded by water), it would be nearly impossible for them to “teleport blind” out of the place.

All in all, a generally effective trap that none (to my knowledge) have *ever* escaped from without outside help. Now I have, in the past, made the location of the trap/room fairly close to the place where the teleport trap snagged someone from. I have also, in the past, left a very few (and very sparse) clues as to where the unfortunate may have gone. So, a couple of times (out of, perhaps, a half dozen uses of this fiendish trap) those left behind *have* managed to find, dig in/down to the trapped one and save them before they either drowned or got eaten (or both) . . . but two out of six ain’t good odds and then it only happened because I left clues for prospective rescuers to follow . . . and most of the time they still couldn’t figure it out! So be “nice” and leave a clue or three or be “nasty” and the Hell with em!

Or you can be *extremely* horrific and have the hapless victim teleported *directly* into the belly of some large critter, a great white Sperm Whale cruising the depths, for instance. Or inside a dragon . . . the permutations on this last brand of nastiness are as numberless as the denizens that inhabit your own fantasy world.

THE "WHO UNPLUGGED THE DAM" ROOM or "WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE!"

Really quite a simple trap, it revolves around a moderately large idol of gold (or other heavy, precious metal) covered with large gems and jewels. The room is moderately large, say 30' on a side and perhaps 20' high and looks to be a temple of some sort, probably a private "sub-temple" where the Priests of another, larger, outer temple come to pray without being bothered by the rif-raf.

At any rate, it has but one entrance, a very large, *thick* door of steel. The door is powered by hidden hydraulic rams that will close it extremely quickly (even if "spiked" open) once the idol is *lifted from the floor*. Bad move there - lifting the idol I mean. Seems like it was a "Mystik Cork" that plugged a dimensional portal to a hole deep under the ocean!

Once *lifted*, the mystik power to hold back the ocean's waters is *forever broken* and (as the mighty portal slams shut - water-tight, I might add) the roaring torrent explodes into the room with all the force of a runaway locomotive! Under tremendous pressure (the hole is located *really* deep), even if the heavy idol could be lifted back over it, it would be knocked clear across the room by the force of the water surging in! I figure that the room would completely fill in about 4 melee rounds (24 seconds) but the compression of the air (by the water filling the room so rapidly) would probably kill most normal characters in *less than 3* melee rounds.

What with the roar of the water, the flying spray, people's feet being knocked out from under them and such, I'd not give anyone's chance of "teleporting" safely away a very high percentage of success. This is one trap that is definitely intended to be *escape proof and lethal for everyone*. If they are dumb enough to trip it, they deserve the results.

NATURAL GAS AND THE USES THEREOF

Natural gas is, in its "in ground" state, colorless and odorless. It can "percolate/seep" through any porous material or rock - like pumice or sandstone (though slowly) and is *highly explosive*. It can be used for such things as the "altar fire that never goes out"; sandstone caverns where high concentrations of it (invisible and odorless, remember?) just wait for some bozo with a lit torch or lantern; in glass or porcelain spheres with "impact strikers" so as to be used like incendiary grenades by the bad guys or it could even be used to make an idol "breathe flame" at the behest of the guardian Priests (with one hidden behind or inside to make it work).

You can also use it to "power" items like "horseless chariots" or "rocket sleds" that some eccentric NPC or bad guy might have (as *quite* a surprise for any group of adventurers). The uses of this stuff are limited only by your imagination, and remember! It is a *natural* thing that requires little or no technology to use and it won't screw up your campaign's "world history line" to use. It's *natural*!

Special Note: You can even take the natural gas thing a step farther and create a whole storyline around its usage. For instance a clan of Dwarves use it to light their subterranean citadel, to light their forges, as "flamethrower" defenses (fixed ones at their city gates) and so forth. You get the idea . . .

END NOTES

Here I have given you thirteen (such a lucky number) ideas for new ways to beset and bedevil the players in your games. I do hope you will use them, of course, but the real intent here is to get you involved in figuring out cunning and tricky ways to keep everyone on their toes. It is the one sure way to put new "life" into your campaign (even if it kills a few characters!). The players will have to think faster and better in all situations and will never ever be able to take the game or your running of it for granted any longer! Now isn't that a nice thought?

LAST LAUGHS AND OTHER GAME MASTER'S QUIRKS

This section contains a little bit of everything that I, as a GM, have used to fool, con, befuddle, confuse, frighten and otherwise "mess with" players. Not really traps per se nor really "dirty" ruses, they are nonetheless fun to pull on unsuspecting players. Try a few and watch the results. I'm sure you won't be disappointed!

How To Make A Door More Trouble Than It Is Worth To Try To Open

- A) For those players who always take off their helmets and lower their chain mail coifs, then firmly plant their ear to a door to "listen", you can:
- 1) Have it magikly imbued with "Mage Fear" such that, by touching it with a *bare* ear, they are thus affected. ("Save" successfully or run away in screaming terror - much to the puzzlement of ones companions! Now just what could he have heard that scared him so?)
 - 2) Have a "live" door that will, upon fleshly contact (by ear usually) extrude a long, moist tongue and lips and, well you get the idea. Nobody likes such an object slobbering and tonguing ones ear by surprise! Yuck!
 - 3) Electrically charged doors activated *only* by the touch of *bare* flesh are fun too. The charge can be anything from a mere tickle to lethal and just one single "shot" or a continuous current. It's fun however you play it.
- B) For those characters who like to drill/bore a hole through wooden doors so that they can peek through before opening them, you can:
- 1) Have a central "core" in the door of some very frangible substance like glass behind a thin wooden outer layer. This core contains, of course, a large amount of acid under high pressure (so it will spray out and cover a wide area when the core shell is pierced). The acid can be in any potency desired from merely disfiguring and blinding to absolutely flesh melting and bone dissolvingly lethal. A fun way to ruin a "wise guy" player's day!
 - 2) Ditto the hidden "core" but fill it with:
 - a) poison gas - your choice of potency/lethality.
 - b) flammable gas that will ignite in a fiery blast when it reaches a lit torch or lantern - again, your choice as to power.
 - c) laughing, itching, retching, skin dying (permanent) or any other non-lethal but "fun" gas you can think of.
 - d) a horrid "ooze", "jelly" or other such nasty critter imprisoned *inside* the door and immediately released when the hole is drilled.
 - e) non-corporeal critters. These can be trapped inside doors as well, even "Undead" if a silver core lining is used. You know: vampyrs in their gaseous form, wraiths and so on. Boo! Gotcha!
 - 3) Make the door "scream and bleed" *real* blood when drilled! Scares players good!
 - 4) Have the wood actually "petrified" and therefore virtually *undrillable*!
- C) For those bozos who love to "crash and bash" through any stuck or locked door you can:
- 1) Have the center of an innocent looking wooden door actually be several inches of case-hardened steel armour plate! Just watch the axes (and wrists!) break when they bash these little goodies! Works versus "drillers" too.
 - 2) Have the center of the door filled with an *impact detonated* explosive!
 - 3) Have the door "duck" by opening up *real* fast! Look out with that backswing! Even nastier, have it *recluse* in the sucker's face when he tries to go through!

D) For those players who always try to “double think” the GM, you can:

- 1) have a door with “hand shaped” handles/knobs. These “hands” can be human, demonic, webbed or whatever “kind” you desire (the odder the better). They can be in varying attitudes: outstretched to be “shaken”; clenched like a fist; giving an “OK” or “Thumb’s Up” (or Down) sign and so forth. They can be inert and totally non-reactive to handling (they’re just strange looking door accoutrements) or “live” and fully mobile. Either way players will go bananas trying to figure out how to “safely” use them!
- 2) have doors that actually speak to players when someone tries to open them. Things like: “Stop or Die!”, “Naughty, naughty!” and “Oh, that tickles!” are all good attention getters. You get the idea.
- 3) have *fake* doors that are actually part of *solid* walls (with the real, *hidden* entrances/exits elsewhere). People go nuts trying to force these things open (better yet, bash ‘em open! Ouch!)
- 4) have corridors and doors that, once you are in them, always lead you back to their beginning. Thus, they open a door, see a hallway with a door at its far end, walk down to it, open *that* door and see a hallway with a door at its far end and a bunch of people facing away from them, looking through said door! (*it’s them*). This happens no matter which direction they go, *once they have entered this corridor*. You can be nice and allow them to find an “out” (like a teleport or such) or be very nasty and tell them that the thing has a sliver lining behind the stone facade (so *no* magik can pass through it) and they are *forever* stuck there!
- 5) How about statues that can carry on conversations? Of course they *can* be “bribed” to give information (directions, what monster’s lairs are where and so on). However all the information is a lie! If the angry adventurers return to the offending statue they will find it (and their bribe) long gone and a small sign saying “Thanks Suckers!” This theme has endless variations.

E) For those players who just love riddles, puzzles, poems and such convoluted kinds of things in games, you can:

- 1) let them find *part* of a poem or song (even riddle verse) that tells the players of all sorts of treasures and loot, but the part that tells of the dangers and/or actual (*specific*) location simply *does not* exist anymore! The puzzle lover will go crazy trying to find the missing part in game after game while you smugly never let on that it is a lost cause!
- 2) A variation on this theme is where a prisoner is taken by the adventurers and he (usually in a panic to save his worthless hide) will offer to retell them “a riddle (or rhyme or song etc) that will lead them to some fabulous treasure” in return for sparing him/letting him go. Of course, he is just making up the dang thing as he goes along, using bits and pieces of old legends, bar ditties and so on, so it will actually lead the avid riddle chasers all over the map to . . . nowhere! Or (accidentally) to someplace they don’t expect!
- 3) A final variation on this kind of thing is to give the party a *legitimate* treasure lead via rhyme or riddle but, as it is from another nation and/or age, *the translation is faulty* (unbeknownst to the riddle followers)! Where it should say “gold” it says “cold” (or vice versa) and where it should warn of “dragons” it says “beware the wagons!” and so on. Now these are really funny!

F) For those players who never seem to have beginner or low level characters ("gee, I've been playing three weeks now and already I'm 178th level!"), you can:

1) employ magikal, one use only, *non-detectable until fired* "traps" such as a glittering gem the "size of a baseball" that will, when picked up, "immediately and permanently erase all memory from a character beyond his eighteenth (or appropriate racial age level) birthday". IE they're first level again!

2) use a variation of the trap that is shown above (and which takes away all a character's learned/earned experience and "levels") is this one which functions in precisely the same way, but "absolutely destroys *all* magik within a 5' radius, regardless of kind, power or source!" So while "1" does them in experience-wise, this one takes away all ill earned and ill gotten magik and magikal items. Voila! No more powerful bozos coming into your world with 'leventy-seven artifacts of awesome and earth-shaking power (all "earned" in just a few weeks or self-awarded).

Use numbers "1" and "2" once or twice on the dingbats and they'll either learn to play like everyone else or to play elsewhere! Either way *you win!*

3) Another way of dealing with super powered "heroes" (whom you suspect of never having played more than two or three games in their entire lives) who "invade" your world is to simply have "POWER ATTRACT POWER". If someone has a character so powerful that they could carve up mountains with one hand and swat asteroids with the other, well, let that kind of potency act as a "lure" and "draw" to the *really* powerful forces in your universe.

After all, a major "Name Demon" with its whole *horde* of lesser attending demons and other horrific minions, is no easy push over for even the most ridiculous character. But, if you find that this is still "too easy" for "Captain Cosmic" and his two hundred and twelve magik items, then have an angry god drop in on the bozo! I mean, if the guy's *that* powerful, he's encroaching upon "godly domains and prerogatives" and brother you'd better believe that they don't like that one little bit!

Note the nice fact about "Gods" that, being *deities*, they simply have *no known boundaries or parameters* to their powers. Thus you can simply "shrug off" whatever the mighty player character dishes out and then simply "squidge" them with a "God bolt of awesome and multiversal piercing propensities". Uh . . . that means they end up a smoking grease spot regardless of all the power and artifacts that they may have *had* . . .

Now I know that this last resort kind of thing is a bit preposterous and is certainly something you won't do for just anyone but, please remember that it is *your* world, *your* game and *your* friends that will be affected adversely if you let some "Captain Cosmic" bozo *ruin* the game balance you have so painstakingly managed to keep all this time. Sure, try to talk to them first but, you know, it's been my experience that these types of creeps just don't listen too good. They won't play if they can't *always* win and, to insure that they do, they will literally "invent" super-duper characters right out of whole cloth and try to foist them off as legitimate characters! I've even seen characters who claimed to have "Enterprise class" spaceships in orbit about *any* world their character would play in, that would "beam down" *anything* the guy thought he needed (or beam him up in "sure death" situations)!!!! These kinds of people need to be handled *just as they deserve*. ROUGHLY. So go to it in the sure knowledge that it is *they* who are the "Bozos" and *not you!*

HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS IN ARDUIN

In Arduin, like any other civilized nation with a long and varied history, there are many days set aside as "holidays". These times may be religious or political or just plain cultural in origin but all are recognized, "legal" times of celebration or observance of some event or another.

In the following pages, you will find an explanation of all those holidays listed in the previous three Grimoires and a few "new" ones. Where possible the *origin* of the holiday is given as well as the reason(s) for its continuing to this day. Also explained will be, where possible, any special *local* variations etc. Please remember that agricultural based holidays were frequently on days that were *convenient* and after all the actual work had been done (ie the "Harvest" festivals). Many other holidays also fall at times of the season that may seem a bit odd but are so because of old time *necessity* and are now observed at these times out of tradition and "history".

THE MONTH OF TOR

7th Day: Solitara or Solityne, the "seeking of self" day and "time of looking within", was originally an Elven custom of long standing in Arduin when all lands were theirs. Only some 1,100 years ago was it re-instituted by the Elves in Arduin (about a century after the disastrous Nexus Wars ended) and it slowly spread to the non-Elven inhabitants. Now formally recognized as a "legal" holiday, it is still mostly observed by Elves and those who live in the countryside and small villages while city dwellers tend to ignore Solitara.

At any rate, it is a time of extreme introspection, evaluation and self-criticism, a day during which a person is supposed to "see who and what they are, where they have been in the last year, and where they are going in the future." Most Elves who observe this ritual (and for them it is a quasi-religious one) will go into a self-imposed trance for 25 hours. Many an Elf has come out of such a trance, *totally* changed in personality and lifestyle. An odd and generally ignored time everywhere save the "countryside", the holiday is nonetheless a factor in many (mostly Elven) lives each year.

15th Day: Chandalara or All Gamble Day is one of the most popular of the single day "holidays" in Arduin. It was instituted some 450 years ago by one of the human rulers who was simply "nuts" over *any* form of gambling or game of chance. He decreed that "on this day each year every living soul in Arduin should have the chance to wager all and to win all on the turn of a card, the roll of a die!"

Thus it is, *by law*, on this day that an indentured servant can *demand* to be allowed to gamble for their freedom (versus *doubling* of the time of servitude should they lose). A person marked for death by the Assassins Guild can show up at their doorstep and *demand* to "wager for my life". (He/she wins and the "hit" is voided, *permanently*, they lose and *they die then and there* with no fuss and no bother).

In effect *anything* at all that *actually pertains to someone* can be *demand*ed to be wagered and, *by law*, they must be allowed to gamble for it *once*. This means that a person *could* gamble, for instance, with their employer for double wages in the coming year (or work for nothing if they lose) but someone *couldn't*, for instance, go up to someone with a beautiful gemmed necklace and demand to be allowed to gamble for it.

This is *not* allowed because the necklace has nothing to do, personally, *with the one making the demand* whereas the wages are "theirs" and thus can be gambled for/against. Note that the *employer* could have made that very same demand to (work for *no* wages should he win, double if he loses) etc, etc. All in all, a very popular and sometimes quite wild day (especially in the cities). Many people *hide* during the holiday, unwilling to risk "all".

20th Day: Ya-adbrach or Keg's Break is historically celebrated to bring out the previous year's ales and beers which have been "aging". It is a celebration done *everywhere*, from smallest hamlet to largest city and always revolves around the symbolic breaking open of several "People's Kegs".

These kegs are essentially *free booze* for the poorer folk and those who wish to make merry in the village or city square. Most folk, however, go to their favorite Inn to participate in its own particular celebration and "breaking of the keg" where free booze is there too - at least until the free kegs are drunk up, which is most often quite fast, then it's pay as you go and party all night long. The next day has an *unofficial* name of "head's break" due to the practically universal hangovers.

29th Day: Chantine or Woman's Day is just that, a day wherein the female of the species (whatever it may be) is honored and given small gifts by friends, family and admirers. It is as old as the human race in Arduin and is probably an offshoot of "honoring the Queen's birthday". On this day any female may be proposed to by anyone, and she *must* "politely listen". They *don't* have to accept, just listen.



THE MONTH OF ATOR

10th Day: Chevain D'Deparotte or Swordhammer is a festival started some 660 years ago to honor the weapons makers. It is a really important festival in the bigger towns, cities and such but, even in the smallest hamlets, some sort of observance usually takes place. A sort of street faire with the makers showing their wares is the most usual type of celebration. Most soldiers get the full day off, though the regular working types get a half-day at best. All in all, a fairly "serious" holiday and not one for the kiddies.

14th Day: Druicus or Oakfire is a religious holiday of Druidical origin begun nearly 1,200 years ago while the Elves in Arduin were still weak and recovering from the newly ended Nexus Wars. This is now a popular holiday among those humans who *dislike* Elves. Elves on the other hand consider the holiday a racial insult and won't discuss it except to excoriate on it. Druids, of course, are in prominent evidence at huge outdoor "Sabbats" around monster bonfires (another insult to the Elves, the *wasteful* burning of so much wood). All in all it can be either a nice time or a pretty tense occurrence depending upon where you are and who you are with. Me, I stay indoors and quietly get drunk....

17th Day: Poncharr or Children's Day is one of those holidays that just seemed to happen, no one knows how, why or when - it just "was". As it seems to be a good idea, lots of fun and the kids simply love it, it is now firmly entrenched in the Arduinian culture. On this day *any* child can ask *any* adult *any single question* they desire and, *by law*, they *must* be "treated with all the respect due another adult and truthfully answered". It is also a day when friends and family give children small gifts. Note that it is also considered "good luck" to give some *strange* child a gift.

25th Day: Malchon La Darneaux or Cold Faire is the "Winter Carnival" in Arduin. It runs thru the 27th and is a "celebration of the winter and all its aspects". It was, most likely, an old Elven celebration thousands of years ago that has, since the war and human occupation, become bastardized through the centuries. There is the broaching of the kegs of "Winter Wine", sledding and other winter sports contests and, in general, just one long "good time". It is formally observed in the large cities, with feasts and such but it is in the smaller villages and countryside where it is still really a big celebration. *Everyone* participates and everyone seems to care not one whit for the cold, snow or rest of the winter ahead.

THE MONTH OF VAEN

6th Day: Goldara or Money Day is one holiday that lasts *only* from sunrise to sunset and is by and for the "money merchants and lenders". Thus it is almost exclusively a city holiday and one seldom observed by the folk in the smaller towns and countryside. It is also a very new holiday having been instituted a scant 99 years ago.

This is the day on which, *theoretically*, a debtor can ask his money lender for an extension of time in which to repay any outstanding loan, and it *must* be granted. However, as most of these money lenders tend to hide themselves away behind locked gates on this day (to pursue their private celebrations) and as the "time" most often granted is but a "three month", little is gained by debtors this day. Still it's a chance....

10th Day: Petain Ameer (literally "Small Friend") or The Festival Of Friendship is an old Dwarven custom brought into general use by all the races of Arduin. It is a time when each person is supposed to give his or her best friend a "gift of true worth". It is also a day on which "each person shall endeavor to make a new and true friend". Needless to say there is a lot of partying and "glad handing" going on during this festival. Observed in the smallest hamlet and largest city, it is nonetheless in the smaller villages and countryside where the whole idea is taken one step further; where a person, who has someone they dislike or whom they consider "an enemy", attempts to "set to rest old feelings and to become friends". Nice thought there.

15th Day: Aquamass or Sea Gift (Day) is essentially given over to "appreciating" all those who sail upon the waters of sea, lake and river as a way of life. Presents are given to local fishermen, sailors and such and big parties mark this festival in even the smallest of towns if there is water nearby. Some areas also put religious overtones into the festival as they "propitiate the Sea Gods" and other "Water Spirits".

23rd Day: Pindermeaux Cozeaux or Winter Flower Festival is just that, a festival to "greet" the winter blooming flowers of Arduin (of which there are many). Obviously the cities have few flowers (save in rich men's gardens) to celebrate so it is a *much more important* festival in the countryside and small hamlets. In some places, this party will go on for three days (the 23rd, 24th and 25th) and is nearly a repeat of the Cold Faire of a month before. Peasants like to party in the winter here!

THE MONTH OF TORVAEN

4th Day: Wyndemere or the Festival Of The Four Winds began as an ancient Elven religious holiday, was forgotten during the Nexus Wars, then reinstated about a thousand years ago and has since become *moderately* popular among non-Elven inhabitants of Arduin (in particular those who follow the various "Wind Deity" religions like "Boreas" and such). Still, it is basically a religious holiday and not often mentioned at all in the big cities or in towns where Elves or Wind God followers are few. It's usually a pretty *windy* day too.

9th Day: Shagrature or The Night Of Shagrath is an *illegal* "holiday" followed only by the worshippers of that horrific spyder god of the red moon. However it is also a time (dusk to dawn) when it is said that this dread God "walks the fields and forests of Arduin in search of the blood and bones of unbelievers". Thus most people living outside of the big cities or bigger towns stay firmly locked indoors this night! I know I do!

10th Day: This is the beginning of the three day long Pindermeaux Endion or Endwinter Festival but the dusk to dawn hours of this one night are also "Skirin's Night" or Perigrine Noctume (literally "Hawk Night"). Those hours the blue moon God, Skirin The Great Night Hawk, "will fly the skys of Arduin". Needless to say most people stay *indoors* to celebrate the first night of the Endwinter Festival. Skirin is a notoriously un-fussy eater.

At any rate, the three day long festival is an even greater "blow-out" than the earlier pair of three day festivals with many a contest and race, all sorts of prizes, tons of food and drink and the highest rate of impregnation throughout the Arduinian year. Everyone seems to like this one. I sure do! Whoopee!

11th Day: The last day of the three day Endwinter Festival is also the "Night Of The Lady" or Chantond Noctume. This is the evening (dusk to dawn) wherein "The Lady Of The Silver Moon walks amongst the mortals of Arduin" and many, many people flock into the streets in hopes of seeing her (yep, she *does* even occasionally appear in a large town or city). The followers of this particular Goddess (the largest religion in Arduin) tend to make this day the day they get married, form new contracts or do anything of lasting importance. So you'll probably run into several mini-celebrations going on (over, say, a marriage) in the midst of the bigger foofaraw going on all about. It is one of the happiest holidays in Arduin but is also one of the most religious due to the numbers of followers of "The Lady".

12th Day (Night): Triangularus or The Night Of The Winds Of Limbo is both an "end" and a "forerunner" - an end to the Midwinter and its festival and a harbinger of the Spring Equinox the next day. At precisely the thirteenth hour (midnight), all three of the moons of Arduin are lined up in a perfect triangle; the red to the lower east, the blue to the lower west and the white *surmounting* them. It is at this time that the legends say that "the winds of limbo blow" and, in truth, strange happenings always mark this night. Be wary and, if possible, stay in a city or other "place of people" and *out* of the countryside during this time. It is *not* a "safe" night at all.

13th Day: High noon marks the actual Spring Equinox, also called the "Rise Of The Green Man". It is observed everywhere and is a religious celebration of Druidical and pre-Druidical origins. Even the Elves have a version of it. Ritual plantings of the fields and forests is done during the day and "Old Man Winter" (in straw effigy) is burned at noon. Nobody works and there are feasts and quite a bit of drinking and general carousing (this is the second most "pregnant" day in all the year as it is believed that any child conceived on this day will be "Lucky"). At midnight, the lunar triangle is once again plainly visible but not for long as it "breaks up" to signal the end of this festival.

THE MONTH OF KOS

7th Day: Sneakus or Thieves' Frolic is a day dedicated to the Thieves' Guild and all it stands for. The most notable feature of this day is the "free sun" which runs from dawn to dusk and during which "no thief caught in the act may be punished but must be released (after giving over what he stole/tried to steal, of course) unharmed". This is *law* and causes quite a bit of furor all day long to be sure. It is also a day when thieves like to "go for the big one" so as to "gain year long luck from the God of Thieves should they be successful". Please note that one hell of a lot of locks are sold in the week or so leading up to this merry day! So guard your purse, lock your door and watch out behind you! Damn! Got me again....

10th Day: Hommdeaux or Man's Day is, essentially, the male counterpart of Woman's Day with gift giving and all of that. On this day *any* woman may propose to *any* man and "must be heard with politeness and civility". Doesn't mean you have to accept though. In many of the *less civilized* areas, this day is also quasi-religious and used for male "puberty rites".

22nd Day: This day/night has many names: "Candlara"; "Candlemass"; "Night (or Festival) Of The Candles"; and "The Day Of The Candle Makers". Depending upon where you are, it can be either a religious holiday where lit candle processions move throughout towns and cities to/from certain temples, to simple rustic mini-faires paying homage to the lowly but important candle makers. An old (600+ years) and well observed holiday by all.

28th Day: *Perdieu Nocturne* (literally "Night Of The Dagger") or "Night Of The Assassin" is a "holiday" relatively new to the scene having been introduced only about 150 years ago. On this night, "all who are hunted by Assassin(s) have safety from dusk to dawn wherever they might be and, should they *slay* the one assigned to kill them, they are ever after free from the Guild, concerning the *single* matter which brought them in pursuit to begin with". Heavy stuff. Needless to say little public ceremony marks the passage of this holiday (though only the members can say what passes in the Guild Halls during this time). *Most* assassins stay in the Guild Halls during this holiday.

THE MONTH OF TORKOS

3rd Day: *Vallorus* or *Warriors Day* is the time when the nation's soldiers are honored. There are martial parades, bands, public speeches, awards of medals, granting of new rank and so on. One heck of a lot of soldiers get drunk this *night*!

19th Day: *Familus* or *The Festival Of The Family* wherein the entire *idea* of "family" and family ties is honored. This day marks the time when all family feuds should be put to rest. More popular in the smaller hamlets than in the big cities, it is nonetheless celebrated there as well. Much gift giving within the family goes on during this big party.

29th Day: Another "recent" (only 45 years old) tradition in Arduin that seems to have caught on is "*Roquellon Deaux*" or *Cheese Day*. It is just that, a *faire* day to celebrate all the new cheeses ready for the year to come. Lots of cheese gets eaten and everybody has a good time. Needless to say it's a much bigger party in the smaller villages and farms where the stuff is actually made than in the crowded cities but, even there, in the market squares, the festival goes on all day. Boy, so many different kinds of cheese to try....

THE MONTH OF SKORD

11th Day: *Vindeaux*, *Wine Day* (or *Festival Of The New Wine*) is a celebration of the new wines of the year. One heck of a lot of it gets drunk (from city to farm), lots of people get drunk (a favorite pastime in Arduinian festivals) and everybody has lots of fun. But, oh, the hangovers tomorrow!

13th Day: *Pappilique ja Deaux* (literally "Day Of The Butterfly") is a very recent holiday added to the calendar a mere 15 years ago at the *strong urging* of the Elves in Arduin. It marks the arrival back in the country of the "many tens of thousands" of fabulously beautiful and multi-coloured "*Royal Monarch Butterflies*". Each year at this time, they return to Arduin from some mysterious place "in the southeast" and, literally, cover the bushes and trees everywhere for about a week with a living carpet of rainbow hues.

It is incredibly beautiful and most noticeable away from the cities where, actually, *millions* of the little buggers (pardon the pun) hang out. The Elves are entranced by it (sometimes *literally/actually*) and, what the heck, so are most people with any kind of feel for beauty in their souls. See and enjoy....

16th Day: *Sagicus* or *Sage's Day* is the holiday where teachers and learned folk of every type (not simply Sages) are honored. Small gifts and a *free* feast for a favorite teacher is the order of the day here. It is a well thought of holiday everywhere in Arduin and has been for nearly 475 years. The big university cities/towns really put on a bash ("open house", parade of students, etc).

THE MONTH OF TORSKORD

15th Day: The beginning of the Summer Solstice is also often called "High Sun" or "Sun's Face". This festival lasts three days and is of a *very strong* religious importance for many of the faiths practiced in Arduin (from Druids to Saren (the sun god) followers). There are many ways to celebrate but the most favored seems to be a three day fast wherein only water is drunk from dawn to dusk and only wine or other non-food liquids after dark.

Please note that every fifth Solstice is the dread Red Solstice or "Rougain Solsteaux" and is marked by a *total failure* of the three Arduinian moons to be visible the whole three days! Where they "go" or how they are "hidden" is still a mystery but, during this time, it is no mystery that "from dusk of the first day to the dawn of the next the sky shall be as red as new spilled blood, the winds shall blow in voiceless terror and all Gates and Nexuses shall be aligned with Chaos and open to the flow from beyond."

It is a wild and wooly time in Arduin (and the world) as weird and terrible things come through the opened gates, people disappear (sucked through those same gates it would seem) and chaos reigns for a night of pure carnage and terror. All outlying Inns are either closed and empty or heavily fortified and manned by well-armed and badly frightened people *unable to leave*. The city streets are empty save for heavily armed patrols of *regular* troops (*not* Militia or City Watch) in groups of *at least* 100. Everyone is barricaded in their homes or sleeping quarters and fully armed and awake the whole hellish night through. Even so, many still die in odd and/or horrible ways, others simply vanish without trace never to be seen again, whilst a few are radically changed forever by their experiences.

It is a *bad* time throughout the world and one that must be endured each and every five years. I have survived many such (barely so upon occasion) and can say only that it is an experience I would not wish upon my worst enemy. Well, maybe on *that* one but certainly not on most people. It is still called "Spring Death" and is an early/first harvest festival in a few places. A very few.



30th Day: This ancient and barely remembered (and thus only slightly observed) holiday is called Tannareus or "Celebration Of The Bells" and stems from an old Elven legend. It seems that many thousands of years ago an Elven King was saved "by the tolling of a bell" from a fate "worse than death" and thereafter decreed that each year on that very same day all the bells in the land should ring out from dawn to dusk in commemoration. It is now observed more in the breach than the doing but occasionally a traveller in some small hamlet will hear the bells tolling still. Silver elven bells....

THE MONTH OF ZAR

10th Day: Jaraine Cozeaux or "The Fall Flower Festival" is another well liked (and very old) holiday in Arduin that is observed by most everyone. The "last flowers" of the Fall deck out hamlet and city from roof top to street stall and all the ladies wear garlands in their hair. The party lasts from dawn of the 10th to the dawn of the 11th and most everyone dances the whole night through (which means little work gets done on the 11th).

13th Day: Magikus or "The Festival Of The Magicians" is, without a doubt, one of the most popular holidays and one of the scariest. It is on this day (from the midnight hour of the previous night to the midnight hour of the following night) the magik users of Arduin perform fanciful shows and tricks for the populace and the Great College of Magik is open to the public this one day only (*limited* access however). Pyrotechnics, phantasms, weird conjurings and other mystik happenings are everywhere there is a single magician and a single peasant to watch. The show offs....

26th Day: Ludicrium Deaux or "Day Of The Fool" is a "revel" wherein all the "fools, jugglers, mimes and other such, prance, caper and make merry in public, for the delight and edification of all". It's fun too.

THE MONTH OF TORZAR

9th Day: Passaine or "Day Of Peace / Peace Festival" is the celebration of the founding of Arduin. It lasts three days (9th, 10th and 11th) and is known for such things as the King pardoning lesser criminals, old back taxes being written off the books and so on and so forth. The actual celebration of greatest importance takes place in Talismonde, the capital city, and on the *middle* of the three days, "commoners" are allowed to enter the Royal Gardens for a feast put out by the Royal Family. Thousands attend this great feast but those who can't be in the capitol city also have merry celebrations wherever they may be. It is also considered one of the luckiest days in the year to be born or to be married on. However, most Elves are a bit ambivalent about this celebration seeing as it celebrated the formation of the *newer*, human ruled Arduin and has nothing to do with the older, Elven ruled one so they usually stay away during this holiday.

23rd Day: Skandus or "Day Of The Hunter" is a minor celebration honoring hunters, foresters and others who derive their living "providing from the wilds". More observed in the smaller hamlets and villages than in the cities, it is fairly popular with the Elves as well as a way to "gift" the few non-Elves they have any dealings with.

THE MONTH OF GHAST

1st Day: Breassaine or "Harvest Festival" is considered the "real" first day of the Fall season and is celebrated mostly in the agriculturally oriented villages and areas though some market place festivities usually take place in the cities as well though on a much smaller scale. In the countryside there is the ritual "first harvest" by local clergy.

4th Day: Astralla or "The Festival Of The Stars" (or more uncommonly called "The Festival Of The Fortune Tellers"). Basically this is a day to "honor" Astrologers, Tarot card readers and "others who have the gift of foretelling". Not widely observed except in the appropriate parts of the cities or towns where such have their shops. There, during the festival, it seems as if there is a fortune teller every square foot! The custom is that, on this day, *anyone* can ask *any* fortune teller *one single question* which they *must* answer if they can.... FOR FREE!

20th Day: Wellmass or "Physicians' Day" is a well-liked and very well attended blow out in honor of the doctors and healers of Arduin. It is the custom to give some gift or other to any such who has helped you in the past. The gift is supposed to reflect the degree in which you were helped. If no physician has ever helped you then you are supposed to give at least a small token gift to one at random to "placate the healing Gods and to insure your well being in the future". Smart move....

THE MONTH OF TORGHAST

2nd Day: Beltane, sometimes also called "Jugglers' Day" or "The Day Of The Juggler" is a semi-religious holiday with extremely ancient origins (some say at least 30,000 years!). The "Juggler" part is a reference to the ancient legend concerning "The Juggling God" but that is a story for another time. Now it is only observed in the smallest and dustiest of forgotten villages and in a few scattered farmsteads by those who have forgotten the true meaning of this day. It is a day (for them) of fasting, during which not even water is drunk and during which *not one word* may be spoken from sunrise to sundown. A strange and rarely seen "celebration" that ends, after sundown, with a huge orgy of feasting and "other carnal pleasures".

7th Day Gordilon or "The Grey Equinox" comes on this Equinox once each seven (7) years and has many of the same properties as the "Red" one. However, during these weird times, the sky is "all cold and grey like iron and not a breath of a breeze will stir the entire time". It is also a time noted for its "aligned and open" Gates and/or Nexuses and the horrific results from same. The *other six years*, it is a festival in celebration of the fact that it *isn't* a Grey Equinox that year! Now, *that's* a good reason to party!

19th Day: Wormius or "The Night Of The Great Wurm". What more can be said about the one night each year that "the Great Wurm" slithers up out of the bowels of the planet and seeks prey? Yuck and go hide some place!

THE MONTH OF CHUND

- 8th Day:** Ta-Garou or "Fangwait" is the "night of the High Warg King's coronation". On this night, the countryside and forests resound to the howling language of the "Brotherhood Of The Fang And Fur". It is the night of the wolves and all their kind, and they *do* make the most of it. Travel outside a walled city or town at your own peril!
- 10th Day:** Hard on the heels of the wolves' "holiday" comes one for the Goblins and Goblin-kind. It is called Goblinflame (or in their own tongue: "Tlarokka Tlaga-hara" and is the night the "Great Goblin" is crowned for his following year's rule. Once again, it isn't safe to travel anywhere except within the walls of civilized men.... unless, of course, you're a goblin!
- 13th Day:** Another "bad" night follows close behind the first two in this ill-omened month when Trolltane (or, as *they* call it "Klargruen-Klargahl") rolls around. The night the High Lord Of The Trolls is crowned and no more needs be said about this night!
- 15th Day:** Called Wintertooth or "The Festival Of The First True Day Of Winter", this is a somber and solemn occasion most notable for its holy processions and prayers to the various Gods that "Winter be not permanent in the land and should leave in its time as ordained". Lots of people fasting and praying. No fun at all.

THE MONTH OF TORCHUND

- 10th Day:** Equimass or "Look Out, I'm Your Equal Today Festival!" is a real bizarre and mixed up time. From dawn to dusk, "all are equal in rank and under the law so that each may be addressed and dealt with appropriately". Thus most nobles and wealthy types stay hidden away behind locked doors (after prudently giving their servants the day off). They do this to avoid pies in the face, fist-fights and duels and anything else the lower classes can think of to humiliate and bother them with. Works two ways though and more than one bunch of rowdy street folk have "met their come-uppance" at the hands of a stronger and better led group of young highborn noblemen out "to get the little buggers this year for sure!" It is a time of high comedy, lots of semi-good natured brawling and a general "near riot" condition everywhere in Arduin. Me, I lock myself in a winecellar and entertain myself till the sun goes down. I'm no fool!
- 20th Day:** Lammas or "The High Fast Day" is a holy time where most (but not quite all) of Arduin's religions get together with all and sundry to fast (only water is allowed from sunrise to sundown). In fact most Inns are closed this one day each year (even that night) as it gives them time to do many of the cleaning and repair chores they can't do when business is as usual. It is a fairly new convention arrived at during a "Holy Conclave" between most of the land's High Leaders some 50 years ago. It still ain't popular with any but the most devout.
- 30th Day:** Skulltane or "All Hallows Eve" is best known as a "night when the dead rise up and walk, monsters stalk the streets and the very Gods themselves sometimes pass in the night as if they be normal folk". People mostly stay indoors with others that they know *real* well and *no stranger* is ever trusted this night. He or she could be anyone or anything! Watch yourself on this one! Me? I find my trusty old wine cellar and re-acquaint myself with *those* "friends". I ain't afraid of no ghosts, no not much....

THE MONTH OF KHOROS

17th Day: Called Crown Royal (“Ja Petain Royale” in Arduinian) or “Little Royal Day”, it is a celebration for the Princes and Princesses of Arduin (regardless of their actual birthdays). Custom has it that *everyone* sends some gift or another to them. In return, they “go amongst deserving folk”. A good time is usually had by all, everywhere in the country, but the biggest bashes are (of course) held wherever the “little royalty” actually is on that day. *There*, there is always a large (and free) “public feast” and other such “official” merrymaking.

25th Day: Queenslight or “Borealis Ja Femmes Des Royale” is the day of celebration for the Queen of Arduin equivalent to that for the “small ones” on the 17th.

27th Day: Crownroyal or “Coranal Ja Arduin” is as above but for the King of the land. Please note that even though there are currently Elven “Co-Rulers” in Arduin, these three festivals pertain *only* to the current human ruling family (the Margalen Family). Much pomp and ceremony as well as royally provided feasting goes on. Everybody but the Elves like these celebrations. The Elves feel slighted, and rightly so, so usually abstain from the festivities.

30th Day: This day marks the beginning of the long Tai Taowyn or “End Year Festival” time. It is also, incidentally, the Winter Solstice. As End Year is written up in other previous (and future) Arduinian works I will refrain from repeating the information here. I will say, however, it is the *biggest* and *most important* celebration in the Arduinian year and the one that has the most lasting impact on the year that follows it. Besides, it’s five days long!

OTHER CELEBRATIONS

Many specific locales have their own little celebrations and mini-festivals at different times of the year. Wine, beer, ale, fruit and even deer shedding their antlers are all basis for a party in one place or another. Rest assured that regardless of the day, the month or the season, *somewhere* in Arduin, someone has found a reason to have a party (or religious observance). Each player will just have to take what comes as they travel the highways and byways of this fantastic land. Who knows, you may even run into *me* somewhere along the way! See you there!

Notes On The Arduinian Calendar

In Arduin, there are 455 Days in a Year divided into fifteen equal months, each 30 days in length and the five “non-days” of Tai Taowyn. Further details on End Year will be found in the Arduin Grimoire II, *WELCOME TO SKULL TOWER*, page 80 as will additional information on the seasons and the cycle of years. Two other measurements to remember are six (6) days in a week and twenty-five (25) hours in the day.

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INSTIGATOR'S NOTE re THE LOST GRIMOIRE: Prior to June 1984 there were no plans to publish any more Arduin material in Grimore format.

I want the world to know it was me, Mary, who had the idea for publishing this and sat on the floor of Dave's mountain redwood house under his lavender silk Phraint banner chanting "We want a new Grimore" till he agreed.

Mary Ezzell - Dragon Tree

"... clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit. I will kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will banty with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble and depart!"

Shakespeare — AS YOU LIKE IT

DEDICAT

This entire work, the whole "Lost Grimoire" is dedicated to the following people for the following reasons:

To my wife of many years, Michelle, because it is, as always, she who lights my way through the lands described herein;

To Jim Mathis of Grimoire Games for allowing another company to publish in the Arduin mythos, even while his own Arduin project (and my personal "Magnum Opus"): *THE REVISED ARDUIN / ARDUIN, BLOODY ARDUIN* is still unpublished through lack of funds;

To the people at Dragon Tree Press for *physically* coming to me to get me to do this project (and now, hopefully, others);

And finally to all of those fellow travellers, those wanderers who have seen those three moons in all of their glory over Talismonde, those true believers who have never lost the faith. To you.

To you all I give my warmest thanks and my best wishes. I can not guess what the future may hold, but for now at least, it still holds the promise of Arduin. See you there!

David A. Hargrave
Ukiah, California
8/5/84

THE LOST GRIMOIRE: ARDUIN GRIMOIRE VOL IV

by DAVID A. HARGRAVE

Illustrations by ROLAND BROWN

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Please note! Whenever we say "Him" or "He" in the text, we also imply "Her" and "She" as well! We are *not* being sexist, just grammatically correct! Also note that we use the abbreviation GS (for Gold Sovereign) instead of GP (Gold Piece) because this one (1) ounce gold coin (the Sovereign) is the *standard* in Arduin. You may adjust prices accordingly for your own world coinage.

