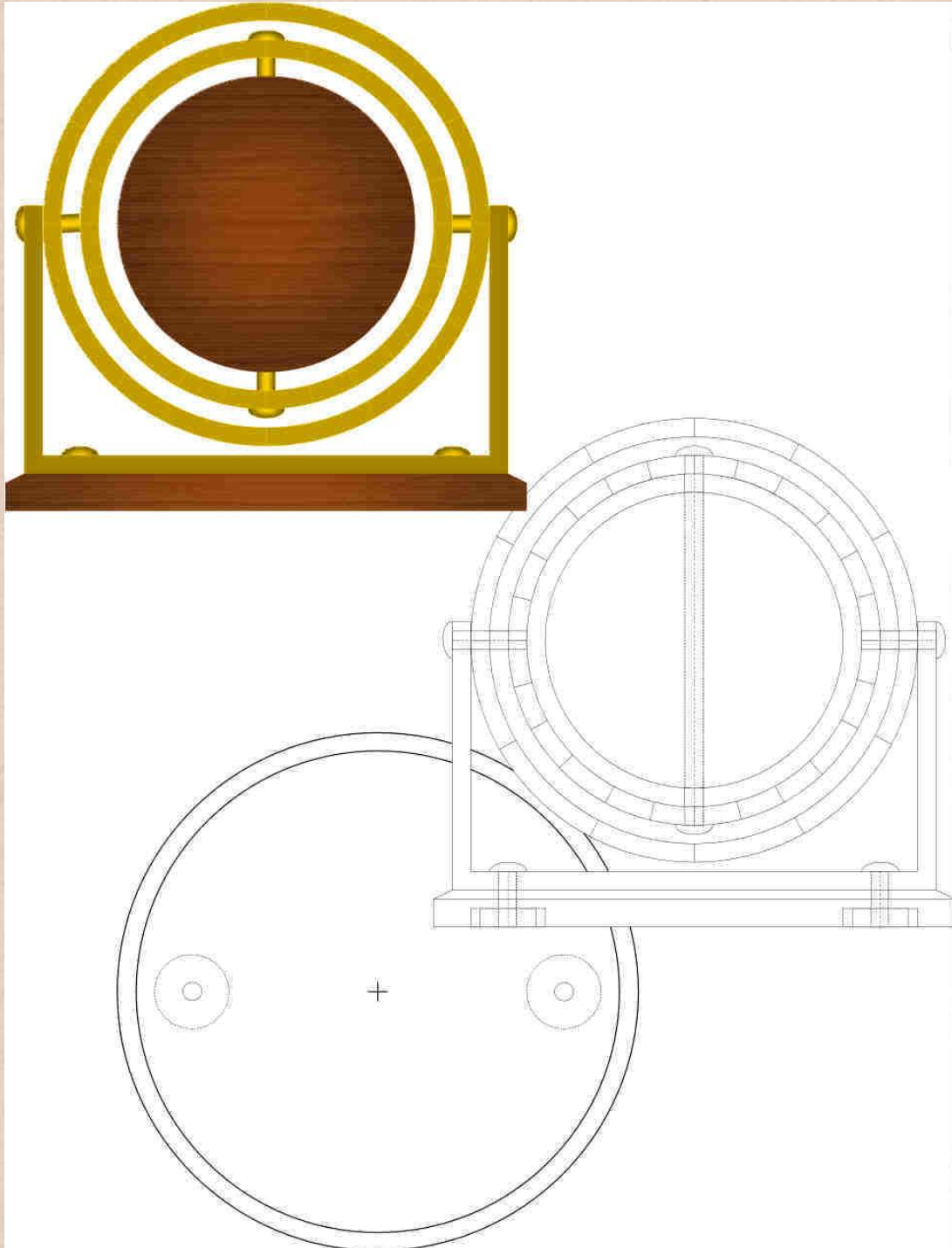


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GOING STEAMPUNK BAD

Estoban watched his machine run. The Brass mechanism, oiled and running smoothly, seemed to represent the very thing he had worked his whole life for.

"It is regrettable that you have worked against the United States Government." The Pinkerton circled into view.

"As you can see, we have constructed your machine. And it works perfectly...unfortunately for you, too perfectly." He nodded to a minion and a sledgehammer impacted on the Quantum Babbage Engine. The leather strap around his neck choked Estoban as he strained against it. The machine was gone. Then the Sledge came for him.

Those of you who picked up Issue one of Friars Almanac may have noticed the awesome designs for the Steam Kolben -a firearm for those Harry Potter types who gave up wands and went steampunk.

If you are looking at Going Steam punk then here are all the cool websites and

companies where you can source your steam punk from:

Gentlemens Emporium

This looks good for period clothes and equipment.

<http://www.gentlemansemporium.com>

/

The Steampunk Workshop

Some fun engineering projects

<http://steampunkworkshop.com/>

steampunkmagazine.com

Warning! Hanging out with this steampunk magazine may get you on a Pinkerton watch list.

<http://www.steampunkmagazine.com/>

Lots of books in the steam punk genre

http://www.tor.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=blog&id=57547

The Steampunk Home

The Brass mechanism, oiled and running smoothly, seemed to represent the very thing he had worked his whole life for.

This one is a fun little blog with engineering projects.

<http://thesteampunkhome.blogspot.com/>

Boingboing.net

This is another Steampunk Blog – mainly about genre specific books.

<http://boingboing.net/steampunk/>

Datamancer

This is an awesome steampunk engineering site.

<http://www.datamancer.net/steampunklaptop/steampunklaptop.htm>

Steampunk Lab

This is another cool engineering site on how to build steampunk stuff.

<http://www.steampunklab.com/>

The Steampunk Lightsaber

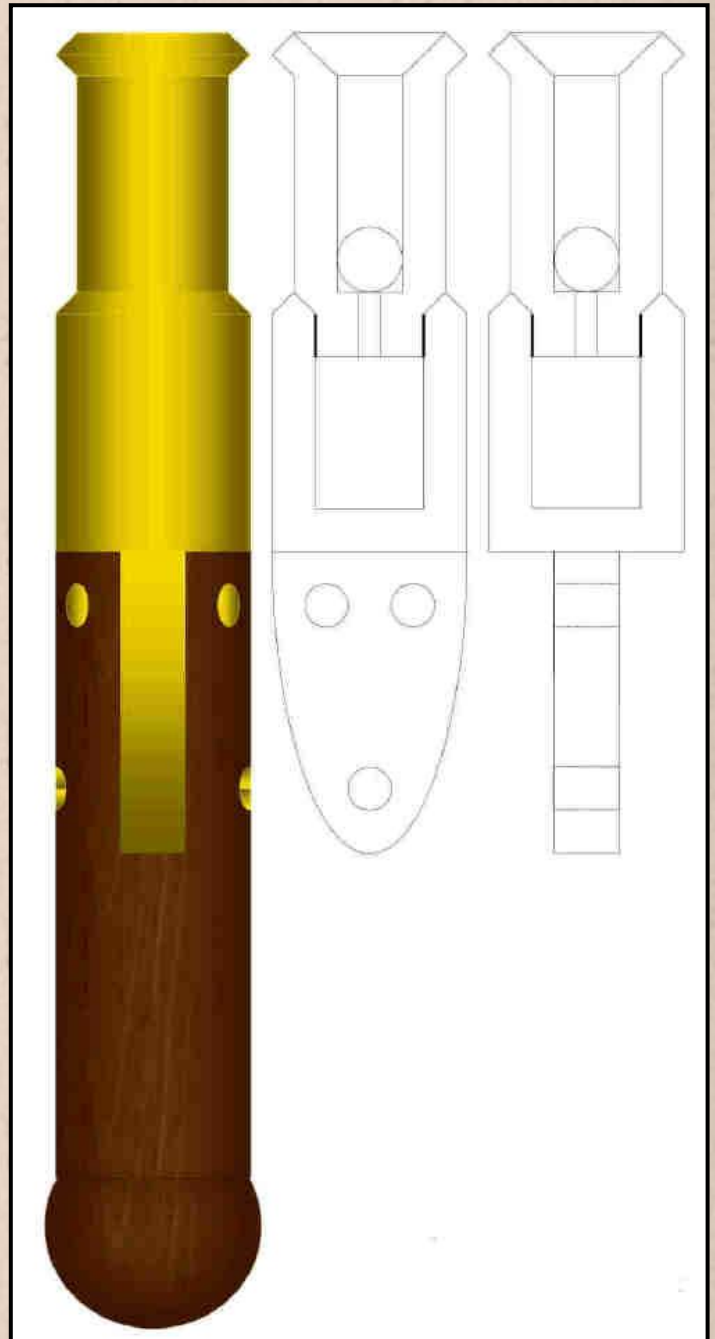
Yes that’s what this is: A light Saber.

<http://gizmodo.com/gadgets/use-the-soldering-iron%2C-luke/star-wars-goes-steampunk-with-awesome-lightsaber-293207.php>

Steampunk.com

A Speculative Fiction Clearing house

<http://www.steampunk.com/newsfch/Writing/Advice/>



Crabfu.com

They have some advice on how to draw Steamtech and build stuff.

http://www.crabfu.com/steamtoys/diy_steampunk/

Wondermark.com

These guys have a nifty write your own Steampunk novel generator – its fun.

I've started one my self.

<http://wondermark.com/554/>

Aether Emporium

This is a forum for archiving Steampunk – you might find a link to something interesting if you can't find it elsewhere.

<http://etheremporium.pbworks.com/Wiki>

Brass Goggles UK

This is Steampunk Heaven...I mean a Blog. <http://brassgoggles.co.uk/blog/>

The Gatehouse

This is the other Steampunk magazine. The Pinkertons haven't cracked down on this one yet but the threat posed by Stempunk to the regime being what it is – it is only a matter of time.

<http://www.ottens.co.uk/gatehouse/gatehouse-gazette-7>

Anyway that it for this article – unless you have been beaten to death by Pinkertons, October was Steampunk Month.-Sean R. Meaney Esq.

ALBREKTS GUIDE TO GATE TRAVEL

The Clunking and clicking of the mechanism ended and Albrekt slumped over the great Capstan.

“It would greatly help if you were turning the wheel as well.” Albrekt looked up at his fellows. Jarno shook his head and looked around at his compatriots. “We think you are doing fine.” They nodded an agreement.

“Yeah, you are doing just fine.”

“Bastards.” Albrekt returned to moving the great Capstan. Then it happened. A flash of light and it was done. Albrekt was in the middle of the Desert...alone.

“Hello?” His companions were gone. Albrekt turned about and was confronted by an unexpected sight. The Ziggurat of Utter Blackness was under construction...and a group of armed men were headed in his direction. “Oh Hell!” The prospect of toiling on that worksite put a shudder through him. Didn’t they execute all their workers at the end of Construction? He didn’t speak a word of Ancient Vanyasan.

It can happen any time

Frankly you can stumble into a GATE attempting to leave your local Tavern. This occurred once by accident having bumped into a drunken patron causing him to spill his ale. It turned out the fellow was a Wizard of considerable talent.

There is little prospect of survival if you are not ready for what it takes to survive on the other side. Trust me, it can get pretty strange.

***A flash of light
and it was done.
Albrekt was in the
middle of the
Desert...alone.***

What to look out for

Stone Pillars covered in scratches, markings, Runes; Doorways that end in alcoves, Capstans and Ship wheels that have no business being there, Wells at the bottoms of deep dungeons, Pools in caverns; Chalice and boots on pedestals. Paintings you can step into, Mirrors, Hoops, Big metal Rings with staircases or ramps leading to them – ran across a bunch of them in some

weird alternate universe where Magic didn't work (they might or might not have been the cause).

A list of things to have on you

It's always a good idea to go about dressed with your boots on. Only once was I caught naked in a bath tub.

...Dragons and other flying Predators love chasing flying targets.

Agreed the tub was a dimensional gate but I couldn't have

known. She was a pretty wench and she didn't tell me to get out of the tub before invoking the draining magic.

Regular stuff

A tent, a good supply of drink water, Iron rations, shovel(s), block and tackle, Rope, and pick axe - This was vital when an accident while sailing into a gate in a storm on the ocean left the crew and ship in the middle of a Desert.

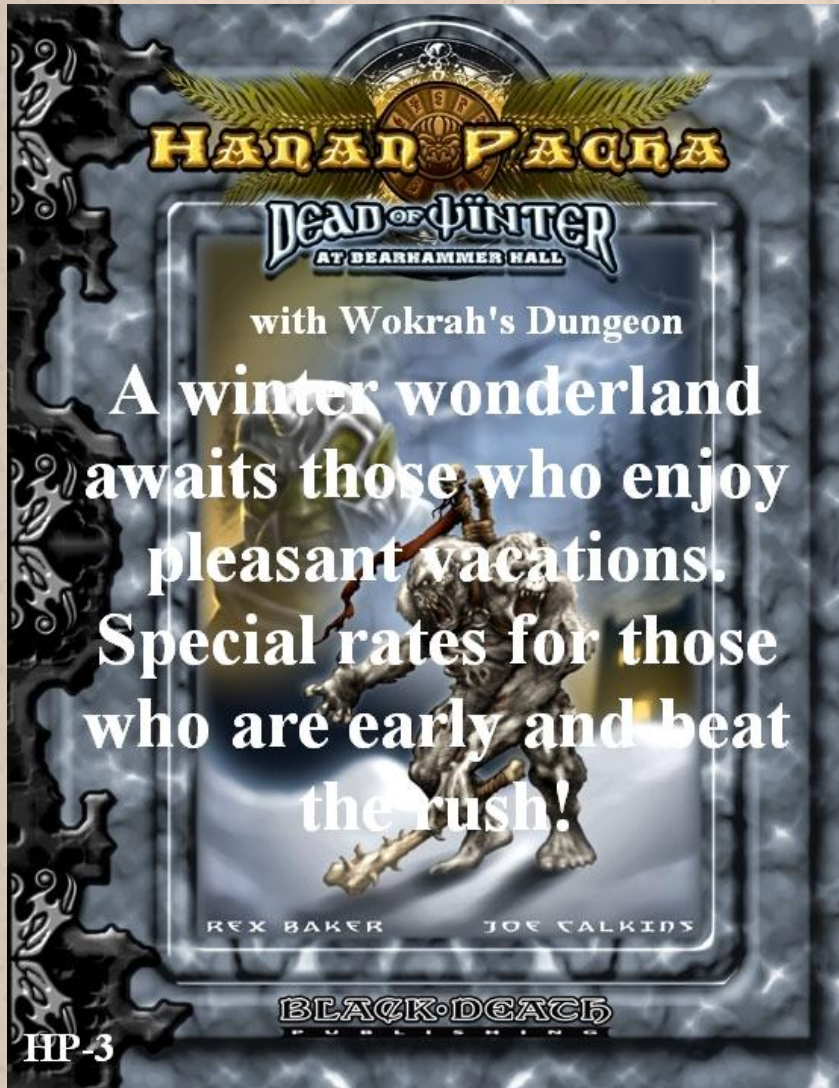
Unfortunately we soon realized we needed water so we were forced to dig a deep well. As luck would have it, the well provided a dimensional portal back to our world. We lowered a life boat into the well with surviving crew and were returned home.

Magic

Likely you don't have any on you that will get you home, but it can keep you alive. A rod of Civil Works allowed us to excavate a tunnel network beneath lands teeming with all manors of surface dwelling critters. Flying can put you at altitude to spot any centres of civilization but it can also attract trouble like a lodestone - Dragons and other flying Predators love chasing flying targets. Potions arte good but have a habit of souring en transit. Language translation magic is always a good call. You never know when you will find someone to 'negotiate' your survival prospects with. If only we had not squandered that scroll on negotiating with that foreign merchant Kasteltantes, poor Vern might not have been sacrificed to the Vugu God for walking with shoes on a Spring Morning.

Currency and other Trade Goods

A selection of Precious metals, coined and un-coined, Gems, and other tradable goods of a light weight can make the difference between being hung as beggars or being treated as Diplomats from a foreign land.



THE MARK OF A CIVILIZATION

Estegon's bruised and bloody form was dragged before the throne of Harman the Tyrant and his head pulled back that he might look upon the furious countenance of his benefactor.

"Estegon! It has com to my attention that thou dost sowest discord amongst the Commoners.

Apparently..." Harman indicated to one of his lackeys who stepped forward to whisper in

his ear. He

growled at what he was hearing.

"...you have described mine rule as having the semblance of the social order of the Apemen of Thundu!"

Estegon smiled through

smashed in teeth and lobbed a wad of bloody sputum in the direction of his lord.

"I call it how I see it." Harman snarled at Estegon's unrepentant response and descended from his throne to the broken form at his feet. The Tyrant of Dewomar pushed his thumbs

under the eyes of Estegon and the man screamed.

With two fresh eyeballs Harman stuffed them in his mouth and swallowed them. Estegon laughed back the pain of the Tyrant's embrace.

Harman looked at one of his guardsmen and indicated his thumb-down judgement.

"The largest of the Thundu frequently enjoy eating the ey ..." The Axeman ended Estegon's tirade in a stroke.

The transition to civilization is marked by certain commonalities consisting of changes in Social Behaviour and some basic technological advances.

So you are building a civilization for your campaign and you want to give it a depth that goes beyond the superficial ideas you have thus far come up with. The problem is how do you distinguish its fine qualities from the Cave dwelling Kobolt tribes of the nearby

mountains or the distant Vine people of Shogonu?

The transition to civilization is marked by certain commonalities consisting of changes in Social Behaviour and some basic technological advances.

Technological Advances

1. The development of many new artistic forms and designs to express symbols of the earthly and supernatural power of urban centres.
2. The building of increasingly larger and more complex structures in the form of Store Houses, Palaces, Temples, Monuments to heroes and gods, and large scale public irrigation, water supply and drainage systems.
3. The invention and development arithmetic and geometry for complex record keeping, making estimations of the value of food and tools, and for building, making precise calendars, and measuring the passage of time.
4. The Development of Writing as a means of expressing rules for the new forms of social organization in growing urban centres and as a way to keep records of supernatural and political justifications for the new rules and their associated ruling elites.
1. A growing specialization of work combined with a developing local system within a town for the exchange and distribution of special objects and products.
2. Growth of Social integration amongst a rapidly expanding population in urban centres.
3. The development of trade networks for the exchange of goods and services with nearby urban centres.
4. The invention of rules for the collection and transport to a central urban centre of the surpluses of food produced by farmers and herders.
5. The Growth of political and religious leadership and membership in special organizations, as continuous residence in an urban centre began to replace social relations based on family and kinship – that is, the growth and differentiation of a “citizenship” in an urban centre began to replace personal identification through kinship.

Sociological improvements

- 6. The growth of a small ruling elite or class with privileges of access to material goods and to travel, special education and social deference from other ‘citizens’ of an urban centre, or group of centres.

governing the collection of produce by his minions, then trade with other Kobolt communities as his cave network becomes a centre of Power over a region is all it will take. Perhaps this is sufficient to distinguish it from a village of nomadic humans who live in family clusters, and know not the foul representations of Religion and Monarch.

Adding more to your Campaign culture

So what of your would-be civilization? Your Kobolt King might live in a cave and demand blue shiny rocks as a gift from

Your Kobolt King might live in a cave and demand blue shiny rocks as a gift from prostrate guests who come before his hand carved Siege Perilous while advisors hide in his shadow behind wooden masks, but does that make it a civilization?

Want to learn more? Read Thomas Rhys Williams ‘Cultural Anthropology’ published by Prentice Hall for what it

prostrate guests who come before his hand carved Siege Perilous while advisors hide in his shadow behind wooden masks, but does that make it a civilization? Perhaps it is just a matter of growth. With the expansion of Caves to include temples, store houses, water courses, and waste shafts; record keeping through written words and numbers, and the establishment of laws

takes to be a civilization.

THE TYRANT CHECKLIST

Want to know how your Overlord rates as a leader of men? Check them off against this nifty list of ten acts of Tyrant Government.

YOUR ACTIONS INSTILL TERROR IN YOUR CITIZENS.

YOU RESIDE IN A STRONGLY FORTIFIED PALACE.	
YOU ARE AT THE CENTRE OF A SURVEILANCE NETWORK REACHING LOCALLY AND ABROAD.	
YOU'RE EVERY DECISION AND ACTION DOMINATES THE LIVES OF ALL OTHERS.	
YOU TAKE CREDIT FOR THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF OTHERS WHO WORK ON CIVIC PROJECTS.	
YOU ENTERTAIN AMBASADORS AT YOUR OWN TABLE.	
YOU MAKE DECISIONS FOR OTHERS CONSULTING ONLY YOUR FAVOURED CIRCLE.	
THE STATE IS A MACHINE FOR THE PROFIT OF YOURSELF AND A FEW FRIENDS.	
YOU ARE PREPARED TO ROB WEALTHY MEN OF THEIR POSESSIONS.	

YOU PLUNDER PURE YOUNG WOMEN OF THEIR VIRTUE.	
---	--

THE CIVILIZATION INDEX

Captain's Log: *My mutinous crew escaped in the lifeboat and last nights storm has thrown the wreckage of my sailing vessel on the rocky shore of an isolated island that does not appear on my charts (I have plotted it for posterity. Find the map in the second bottle). Having explored part of the Island I encountered a civilization called the blubble-blubble-splook. They seem a simple people with simple needs yet they understand my words as though I was speaking their language. Currently they seem obsessed with collecting a strange rock that washes up on the beach. Although I am uncertain what Quan-Tum Even-t'samp-ling means, I think it is related to their rock collecting (rock tied to bottle with map). I decided not to take up the offer of the blubble-blubble-splook to seek shelter back at their Ha-bit-a-tsi-te-Beee – the name of their village is my guess.*

Tomorrow I will collect the timbers of my wrecked ship and lash them together as a raft. I think that if I can get out past the breakwater, that I will be able to catch the current into civilized waters.

When determining the level of social inequality, it is the Technology Index that magnifies the effect of social stratification of goods within a culture.

If you want to rate a Civilization you need to know what aspects it has that can be compared to a hierarchy of progress. When determining the level of social inequality, it is the Technology Index that magnifies the effect of social stratification of goods within a culture.

SOCIAL INDICES

Government Index

Achievement	Rank
None; Antisocial	0
Formal Leadership	1
Religion; Specialized Professions	2
Social Stratification; Currency	3

Basic Socioeconomics	4
----------------------	---

Military Index

Achievement	Rank
War Chief leads tribe warriors	0
Appointed Chief leads amalgamated group	1
Professional Soldiers; Heraldry	2
Fighting Units; Professional ranks	3
Professional Standing Army	4

TECHNOLOGICAL INDICES

Medical Index

Achievement	Rank
No interest	0
Basic Herbal medicine; Cultivation	1

Basic Anatomy;		
Animal husbandry	2	
Detailed Anatomy	3	
Genetics; Nitrogen Cycle	4	

Steam Power	3	
Reciprocating Engines	4	

GeoScience Index

<u> Achievement</u>	<u> Rank</u>	<u> </u>
No interest	0	
Weather cycles and seasons	1	
Mineral recognition;		
Empirical Prediction	2	
Basic Geological		
classification & history	3	
Scientific Meteorology	4	

Physical Science Index

<u> Achievement</u>	<u> Rank</u>	<u> </u>
No interest	0	
Control of Fire	1	
Metallurgy; Mining	2	
Gunpowder	3	
Electricity	4	

Engineering Index

<u> Achievement</u>	<u> Rank</u>	<u> </u>
No interest	0	
Tool Making	1	
Wind & Water mills;		
Pulleys & Levers	2	

Astronomical index

<u> Achievement</u>	<u> Rank</u>	<u> </u>
No interest	0	
Basic Navigation;		
Stars & Constellations	1	
Planetary bodies	2	
Solar System Mechanics	3	
Relativity	4	

Building - Construction Index

Achievement	Rank
No interest	0
Wooden buildings, Walls; Motte; Ditches	1
Multi-floor Wood Buildings; Drawbridges	2
Stone buildings, square towers, walls	3
Multi-floor st. building, Causeway; Tunnels	4

Working with the Civilization Index

For the Tech Index add all six indices and divide by six.

To find inequality, you need to take all your Social Indices and add them and divide by the percentage of citizens in the army before multiplying this social index by the technology index.

Technological x Social = equals

Inequality. This provides you with some indication of the social stratification levels within your civilization.

A YELLOWDINGO ATE MY BABY

MY GOBLINS ABDUCT FANTASY
ARTIST CLYDE CALDWELL FOR
SOME Q&A TIME.

Jack Davis, Mort Drucker, etc. I wanted to grow up and work for MAD.

What was that first Piece of Art that convinced you that you had a future as an artist?

That was the moment I decided it would be really cool to paint fantasy art for book covers as a livelihood. - CLYDE CALDWELL

When I was probably 14 or so, I saw my first Frank Frazetta cover on an Edgar Rice Burroughs paperback. That was the moment I decided it would be really cool to paint

I was always drawing as far back as I can remember. My parents thought I had some artistic talent and wanted me to take art lessons, but I was reluctant. I enjoyed drawing and didn't want to have it become work...so resisted taking formal lessons when I was young.

fantasy art for book covers as a livelihood. - CLYDE CALDWELL

I did do a lot of cartooning when I was younger though. I would draw comics and that sort of thing. I was probably 12 or 13 when I first considered that I would like to actually do artwork for a living. I was really into MAD Magazine and artists like Wally Wood, Will Elder,

You said in a previous contact that you were never really into D&D - Yet they named one of the early Adventures after you (Caldwell Castle and Beyond). Was that true or were you being evasive?

When I was hired by TSR as a staff artist, I knew very little about D&D. I was a huge fan of fantasy art and literature, but was not a gamer. Jim Rosloff, who was my boss at TSR, set up a lunchtime D&D game so that Jeff

Easley, Larry Elmore and I could learn more about the game we were illustrating. I don't think Jeff had ever played before either. Larry had played some, but wanted to learn more about the game as well. Keith Parkinson was the only one of us who had been heavily into D&D before coming to TSR...so he was the DM.

We played for about 6 months at lunch...and that's my total experience as a gamer. Doing the artwork was so time consuming, I didn't really have time to devote to playing the game. It was an enjoyable experience though.

One of the game designers came up with the idea of calling the module "Castle Caldwell". Originally a character in the module was to be named "Clyde Caldwell", but the TSR legal dept. put a quick end to that idea. - CLYDE CALDWELL

Does it concern you that Fantasy art will be subjected to increased scrutiny and Government Censorship to the Point of Rating product the way they do Film?

I'm not a huge fan of censorship and like to keep the Government out of our lives as much as possible...though I don't think I'm against a ratings system.

Actually when I was at TSR, the artists were fairly censored by the higher ups in the company. We would have been a lot wilder, if left to our own nefarious devices!

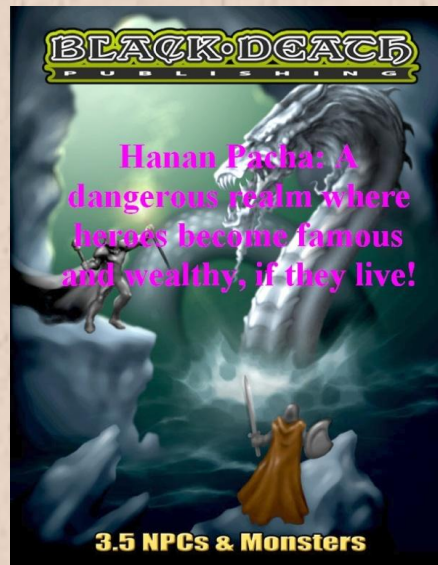
I'm not a huge fan of censorship and like to keep the Government out of our lives as much as possible...though I don't think I'm against a ratings system. I don't think it hurts to know if a product contains adult content, or whatever. Plus parents probably need some sort of guide to choose products suited for younger children.

There's already a real limit as to what you can show on a Fantasy Art cover. The publishers are for the most part extremely Politically Correct and fairly conservative when it comes to cover art. I would tend to think that the ratings would go more toward game content, rather than cover artwork...but then I could be wrong. Since I haven't worked in the industry for a while, things may have changed since I did my last gaming work. - CLYDE CALDWELL

Changes to WOTC policy with regard to their game has resulted in a shut down of fan product being peddled for use with D&D.

Would it concern you if Art were now to be subject to the same forces (Say if you wanted to sell a Picture of a gold dragon you might not be able to do so because WOTC have their gold dragon and claim the right to shut down alternative sources that infringe on the idea that the Gold Dragon is D&D product)?

Once again, you're getting into territory I haven't trod for a while. I'm not really familiar with WOTC policy with regard to their game. However I would think it would be difficult to claim ownership of something as generic as the colour of a dragon. There were gold (and other coloured) dragons being painted prior to D&D, so I would think that WOTC wouldn't be able to restrict things to that extent.



Plus D&D pulled a lot of it's monsters and whatnot from both historical, mythic and literary sources...Orcs, for example. So I don't think they could legally lay claim to things they swiped in the first place. - CLYDE CALDWELL

CALDWELL

Would you say that at the end of the day you have contributed thoroughly to Art or is there that missing ceiling waiting to be your masterpiece?

Truth to tell, I've probably made my contribution to Fantasy Art. But I like to think I still have a few good paintings still left in me. - CLYDE CALDWELL

REDPHAGE POISONS THE CAPITOL

With the return of the Prime Minister expected in the next few days, his arrival will not be met with applauding crowds of citizens rather a cloud of red dust that has blown in from the Continent to blanket the city in a thick tannin haze – it has apparently settled over the city permanently and has combined with Coal smog produced by our very own chimneys and factory smoke stacks to become something truly poisonous.

This Redphage is now responsible for terrible sickness amongst the population – particularly those on the south Bank. The Poison Rain has caused hair-loss, pigment change, and even a bloody cholera amongst what is now thought to be over ten thousand citizens. Those living on the South Bank of the Capitol are urged by the Crown to flee into the countryside if they have not already done so. City Guard wish to inform anyone caught looting in the southern Bank of the Capitol or any of the Southern Districts will be executed

Investigators for the Crown continue to be tight lipped as to the villain behind this crime.

without trial. That part of the city is declared off limits. Mercifully however it seems to have driven the fiends to seek shelter.

IN RELATED NEWS the Royal Astronomer was found impaled on a spire of the dome of the Tower of Astronomy.

Investigators for the Crown continue to be tight lipped as to the villain behind this crime.

DM BRIEFING: The Redphage will affect continuously anyone who is exposed to increasing doses of the poisonous rain. Bloody Cholera will kill the victim within three months.

The Murderer behind the Death of the Royal Astronomer is none other than the King. He has fallen under the sway of the Demon Tower – he hears the screams of his daughter the Princess Winifred.

THE BRYNRYFE CAMPAIGN PART 3: WORLDBUILDING

It is likely that you already have an idea on what your Campaign world looks like.

THE WORLD

More than likely you will be able to establish a nice map of your world simply by applying it to a 20 sided polyhedron mesh.



Geography and Map-work



As to the method I am going with – I established a random set of possibilities for geography on a chart: Ocean/Sea 50%, Desert 5%, Mountain 15%, etc. I roll on that chart for each face of the d20. This generates the dominant geographical features for each of these 4000-mile sided triangles.

What that means however is left to the World Builder. As I select a region designated mountainous, it could be

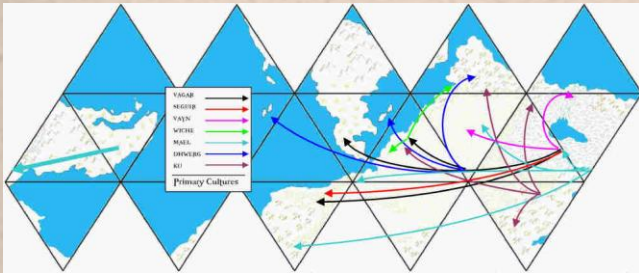


part of a larger supercontinent, it could be a cluster of mountain peaks protruding from the sea like steep islands; It could be a small continent on its own. Just because it looks like mountains doesn't mean that somewhere between the cloud scraping ridges of two great mountain ranges, a desert, or a glacier, a swamp, or a forest doesn't exist. In this case you see that I have selected a super continent with a smaller continent off to one side. Once I have this I throw in my appalling geographical artwork of savannah, mountains, sea, swamp and forest with a bit of colour and I am done.

So you have your globe. And your scale is likely about two centimetres per four thousand miles. To zoom in on our region we need to scale up. Our triangles break up into 2000 mile - 1000 mile - 500 mile - 250 mile - 125 mile scales. This gives us a regional map scale.

History, Culture, and Migration Patterns

While we are at the globe level, let's consider migration patterns as a source of history and culture.



As you can see from our selection of pretty colour arrows, a massive migration event is caused by the arrival of a MAEL Refugee fleet from some other world (the Mael have knowledge of Interplanetary travel by binding a Demon to a Ships prow).

THE DEMONPROWED SHIPS – 6000CY

The Human centre of Civilization is in the Bayou where they have temples and cities built on islands in the swamp. The Humans (Vayn) scatter becoming the Vagar and Seguir who flee west while remaining Vayn northwest to the other side of the Bayou.

THE SHATTERING OF THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION - 5915CY

THE VINE PEOPLE -5911CY

They are shadowed north and south by the Mael who follow west. An encounter with the Dhwergh causes the Dhwergh to scatter West and North West.

THE DHWERGHELM -5903CY

The Ku, encountering the Mael, are scattered North, South and West.

THE KU MEMORY IS SACKED - 5893CY

The Dhwergh have knowledge of Boats, allowing them to cross the seas to safe havens on an assortment of islands. Some Vagar who travel a while with Dhwergh learn boat building and cross to the smaller continent.

THE DHWERG & VAGAR FLEETS -5802CY

Another branch of Vagar reach the coast and having no place to go, settle into the Salt Marshes of the Coast.

THE SALT PEOPLE -5789CY

On the larger supercontinent human civilization is continuously harried by the Mael, and at odds with the Dhweg and Ku. It is here that the Thousand Year Demon War begins when the God OS is imprisoned and ends with his escape.

THE THOUSAND YEAR DEMON WAR ENDS -3234CY

The smaller continent has been settled by Vagar with some boating knowledge they have gained from the Dhweg. This human civilization will become an Imperium. It is dominated by Humans with many branches of families having Dhweg blood in their family trees.

THE RISING IMPERIUM -3018 CY

At some point this diverse selection of Vagar settles most of the little continent

and spread out to small islands along the coast.

This establishes the various peoples who will occupy our Campaign region. For these humans the Dhweg, the Ku, and the Mael are creatures of legend only and the forgotten tribe known as the Seguir are no longer a known people.

THE FALL OF THE IMPERIUM -124 CY

Certainly history goes further back than the MAEL Migration but it is unknown to all peoples. As you can see the Imperium from which the monotheistic Church of AVESTAN reaches out has an almost 3000 year run before collapse. This places us in the new era with Barbaric Gods and other cosmic level events.

THE NEW ERA BEGINS (1 CY)

CAMPAIGN REGION

In this case I select a region west off the smaller continent. There are several islands here one of which is a few hundred miles off the coast linked by an

archipelago of small islands. I select one island.



Our island of choice is about 500 miles long and would occupy several such 125 mile triangles.

I decide that my best map at this point is a traditional hex map of 24 mile hexes. I have jungle, a Mountainous spine with a few ice covered peaks pretty much dividing one side of this land from the other. With a series of large ‘communities’ linked by trade-routes. More importantly there are regions isolated from one another.



This provides us with an opportunity to establish various kingdoms across our land. It is likely the Player-Characters will begin life in one of them. Behold

the Island of Mutai-do: A land of waring petty kingdoms.

A Common Tongue

The Campaign Region represents a recent colonization (in the last few hundred years of the Imperium) There was relative peace and trade between the Provinces (even after the fall of the Imperium) until the more powerful of these states began to bully the smaller ones.

Imperium is a Common Trade Language nearly three thousand years old so our map is likely to be dominated by features described in that language.

<u>Geography</u>	<u>Prefix</u>	<u>Suffix</u>
Swamp		-pen
River		-danu
Mountain	Gwer-	
Valley	Dhel-	
Forest	Welt-	
Lowlands	Dan-	
Lake		-mori

Examples – The Asp Swamp would be called The Asppen, The Idel Swamp would be called The Idelpen. Likewise the Rathenjo Lowlands become The Danrathenjo.

LOCAL AREA



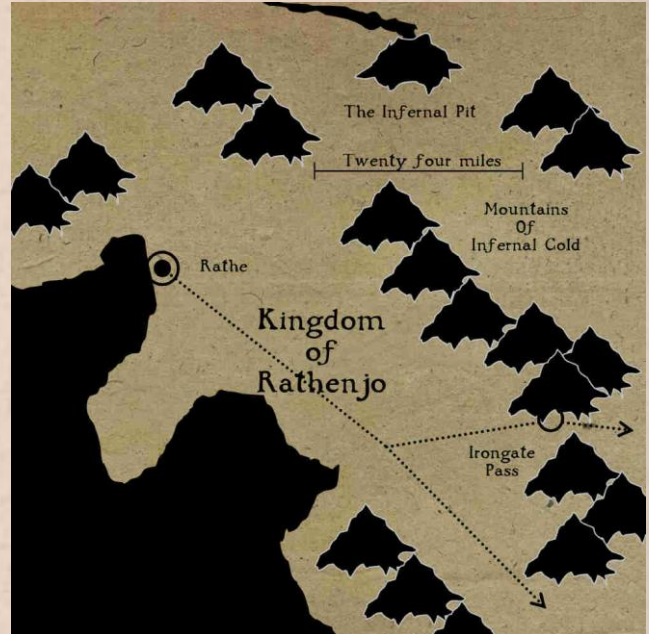
So we consider the local area where our PCs start out. The specifics will be covered in the next tier of campaign development: How to build a Kingdom.

Anyway, we select a sample of our regional map and adjust the scale.

Our map at this level is likely going to be seen by the players and in some ways represents the limits of their knowledge as citizens of that isolated little kingdom. So to make it seem a little more ‘realistic’ the map is drafted in the terms of the culture into which they are thrust.

And there we end it for this month. That may seem a little less than usual,

but we are splitting the mapping Project over the next three months covering Kingdom building, Settlement



development (including maps of Rathe and Irongate Pass), and finally with a series of Adventure Sites (The Forgotten Citadel).

Next month we look at Kingdom Building and begin assembling our mini-Gazetteer.

The Teloren Duchy Murders

Korva kneeled beside the corpse of Lady Tani. The bronze dirk protruding from her back was jammed tightly between two ribs. Her manservant, Burdon stood silently with a grim look on his face. Korva looked up.

“Was anything taken?”

Burdon surveyed the bronze archives.

The hall was in ruins.

“There were a few engraved totems from the Second Ku Bronze period. Fairly crude pieces.” The old Dwerg investigator ran his fingers across the blood covered marble floor. It was starting to dry out.

“Their value?” No answer.

Korva looked up at the manservant. He was downcast with grief.

“Oh. My apologies Burdon, but please, their value?” Burdon shook his head.

“She, I mean the Lady Tani, traded a pack horse for them.”

“We must assume that their value was enough to kill

for.” Korva placed his hand on the corpse's neck and pulled at the weapon hilt. A slight twist, a crack of ribs, and

the blade worked free. Blood dripped slowly from the weapon.

“And this?” Korva turned the weapon in his hand. Burdon, nauseated, looked away.

It's a bronze piece from the later Ku iron period.

Her Ladyship paid seventeen bars of trade

silver for it.'

Korva scratched at his beard.

Bronze engravings of the Ku. Korva sighed, and struggled to his feet. His left knee was giving him pain. Korva handed the dirk to Burdon and cleaned his hands on his sweat rag.

“It's never gold and jewels any more, is it?” Korva moved down the hall.

Burdon followed slowly behind him.

“I'll need the names of every visitor for the last month, a list of servants, and the trader who sold the engravings to her ladyship. Actually, make that a full list of the people she bought from.” Burdon nodded.

“Do you have full descriptions of the missing pieces?” Burdon nodded.

“Yes. Her ladyship had them catalogued. I will send them to your

The old Dwerg investigator ran his fingers across the blood covered marble floor.

residence immediately, Master Korva.”

“Good. I'll see myself out.” Korva exited through the main doors. The mortician had arrived with the burial cask.

“Master Korva,” acknowledged the mortician. Korva nodded in reply.

“Mortician Urthalt, running late I see.”

“Business has been busy as of late, Master Korva. With plague, wars, and now this. I'm actually ahead this year.” Korva climbed onto his low cart and drove his mule back towards town.

The cart passed through the town gates, skirted the myriad alehouses of trader's way, past 'The Broken Leg Inn' and 'The Violated Mule Tavern'.

“Master Korva!” It was initiate Burtram from the chapel of Westriding. His little legs hurrying to carry him onwards.

“Yes young Burtram, how can I help you today?” Probably wanted me to appraise the candlestick holders for future reference. The little Hob was just like his dad.

“It's Father Cassius...” A pause to catch his breath.

“Yes lad?” Korva wondered at the excitement.

“Father Cassius has been murdered.” And to think I used to get tired of the

lack of action this town had to offer.

“Hop in lad.” Korva pulled him aboard. Korva turned the cart and mule down the lane and pushed on towards the church.

“Well lad, what happened?”

“It was terrible. I found him... on the vestry floor with the letter opener driven through his chest. It was terrible Master Korva, just terrible.”

It usually is lad. Korva reached into the back of the cart for his pewter flask of home brewed mead.

“Drink this. It will help calm your nerves.” The young Hob took a heavy swig from the flask and started coughing.

“What is this? It's terrible.” Burtram eyed the evil brew with distrust.

“My home brewed mead. Your dad always enjoyed it.”

“Really? My dad always had a funny attitude about what was drinkable, or so my mum always said.” He returned the flask to Korva.

“Probably true.” Korva took a sniff, replaced the cork and tossed the flask in the back of the cart.

Father Cassius lay face up. His face wracked by the oddest look. It was as though he was not expecting to be

killed.

Korva pulled the Letter opener free.

Blood covered the Floor.

“Killed this early morning by the look of it.” Korva looked at the young hobbit, then at the engraved bronze bowl on the shalbho behind him. The Hob tried to follow Korva's view.

“Father Cassius wasn't a collector of bronze pieces by any chance?” Young Burtram looked around the room.

“Um, actually, now you mention it, yes.”

“Is there anything missing? Well?” Korva stepped across the body towards Burtram.

“Well, there were a number of bronze panels, odd scratched writing all over them.”

Korva looked over the scrolled rubbings and sketches, There was nothing here.

The names of guests were a meaningless parade of the poor Aristocrats that lived in the small Duchy. A Merchant had taken clay pressings of the plates. Long returned to the capital. The prospector presented the only true lead. This had to be investigated.

The journey out through the hills took a day. According to Burden's notes, the

prospector who had sold the Ku engravings, was encamped somewhere out in the Black hills. A bad place to be alone. Here, practically in the ragged edge of the Empire. Nothing much to see out here.

“Old coot's probably having the time of his life.”

Korva stared the prospector in the eye. At least, what was left of his eye. The stench of death was strong in the

prospector's burnt out camp. Korva looked the Hob's remains over again. The prospector had been crucified on a large tree. The corpse was a week old at least. The few remains indicated that he had been tortured to death by a hot

iron poker. The iron fire poker at his feet said everything.

“You old fool. What did you get yourself into?” Korva shook his head and walked away. This whole case was starting to smell bad.

Leone Wiffil the Third polished the bronze plates with the fine cloth of lamb's wool. Trusting such a task to the servants was, of course, out of the question.

The few remains indicated that he had been tortured to death by a hot iron poker.

“Excuse me, your lordship, but there's an old Dwerg at the front doors. Fellow absolutely refuses to use the service entrance. He was quite rude about it in fact.” The manservant was almost annoyed by it.

“What does he want?” Lord Wiffil focused on the task at hand.

“He wants to speak to you about your bronze collection. He mentioned something about the murder of Lady Tani.”

“Ah. Send the fellow away. I don't have time to discuss such things.”

“Of course my lord.” The manservant turned and left.

These lords were all the same, Never interested in giving you the time of day until they needed you. Korva watched the manor from the street. His old mule and tired cart stood in the shadow of the great trees of the wide, cobblestone lane. Korva watched as the burglar made his entrance. This case would be solved without the assistance of Lord Wiffil.

A long moment of silence in the scheme of things and the crime was complete. Korva watched as Arlo the burglar climbed down the side of the manor house with the heavy saddlebags. With

keen stealth, he retrieved his horse from the shelter of the shadowy hedge, and then led the animal to the lane.

Counting the beast, he headed away to the eastern gate of the town.

Korva followed at a distance, his newly greased axles providing some of the required stealth to remain undetected. The thief rode out into the darkness of the countryside leaving the town behind. “That's right son, lead me to the boss.” Korva pursued his quarry at a safe distance.

Growing ever weary, as farms fell away to the distant horizon, Korva struggled to stay awake. The cart rode the edge of the trail to commandeer as much shadow and coverage as possible.

Night was heavy as the thief halted near an ancient stone circle. Korva pulled the mule in on a low gravel wash behind a ridge.

Korva, spyglass in hand, dropped to the gravel. His knee jarred. Korva grunted lightly as the pain flared. The old Dwerg struggled up the gravel wash and peeked over the rim at the scene below. There beneath the trees, Arlo waited. In a swift movement, a cloaked figure entered from the trees.

“You're late, Aghrin.” Arlo dropped the saddlebags at the cloaked one's feet.

Aghrin pulled back the hood, Korva easily recognized the new participant as an Albho.

It just got interesting. Korva considered the crossbow he had left back in the cart. No chance of moving unnoticed.

“Are you sure you have every piece of it?” asked the dark haired Albho.

“All twelve pieces, exactly as you described them.”

Arlo paused.

“The cost was great. I expect to be compensated greatly.”

“You will.”

Below, in the shadow of the stones, Arlo experienced the

afterlife. The Albho freed his dagger and drained the thief's blood into a stone bowl from beneath his cloak. Nasty business you're in. Korva settled in for a long wait as the Albho began to chant. Huddled silently on the low ridge, His

spyglass took in the full view of the stone circle. The Albho chanted for an hour. Eventually, as the moon waned to full darkness, the shadows of starlight stirred. There, in the centre of the circle, stood a large shadowy individual, identification would be impossible in such darkness, the Albho spoke.

“I have them, my lord. As agreed.” The Albho handed over the two heavy saddlebags. The shadow handed over a large gemstone in return.

“Lord? This is only half the agreed payment. I don't understand.”

The tall shadow turned and stared at the low ridge. The Albho followed the dark one's direction of gaze.

“...I will dispose of the spy immediately.” The Albho retrieved a sword from the corpse of his murdered thief and hurried towards the ridge. The shadows twisted in the stone circle and the large creature left as it had arrived. Damn. Been spotted. Korva slid back



down the gravel surface dropping his trusty spyglass as he went. His crossbow was on the mule cart at the base of the gravel wash. The Albho was moving fast. This was going to be close.

Korva rode the loose gravel for most of the way to the bottom. The Albho cleared the ridge, sword in hand.

“Bastard Dwerg, I’m going to make you pay for this.”

Korva slammed hard against the wheel of the cart. His knee was burning with pain. The Albho was almost on him. Korva pulled his crossbow from the cart. The quarrel fell from the notch. Not now.

“Ha. I have you now Dwerg.” The Albho was laughing as he swung the sword in towards Korva’s ribs. Korva jerked the empty crossbow up between them and hard against the Albho’s neck, he fired dry.

The bow exploded forward against the Albho’s neck. The sword fell from the dark one’s grip as it bit into Korva’s side. The Albho clutched at his throat, struggling for breath. Korva hammered him backwards with the remains of the crossbow stock.

Korva cast the wooden stock aside and pushed away the pain as he retrieved the

sword. The Albho was still sprawled on the gravel.

Korva swung once and then a second time. The blade hewed off the Albho’s head with a second blow.

“No, You don’t.” mumbled Korva.

Korva sat back against the wheel of the cart, his knee and side burning with pain. It was then he saw it. The large gem given in payment to the dark Albho was glowing with a great crimson light as it sat in a pool of the Albho’s blood. His mind fell into the crimson darkness of sleep.

Sunlight and the hot smells of late morning roused Korva. The pain was gone from his knee and side. As was the blood, and the gemstone. The Albho was a dried husk of skin and bone.

“Damn.” Lost the evidence. Nothing left but to check the stone circle and the body of the thief, Korva climbed to his feet, sword in hand. He moved up the gravel wash to retrieve his dropped spyglass. The mule had pulled the cart across the road to a patch of grass to feed. Korva climbed aboard the cart with a renewed vigor. Reigns in hand, he guided the mule around the hill and towards the circle of old stones. The body of the thief was still lying on the

ground. His horse, by the look of the tracks, had wandered off to look for its true owner. A search of the stone circle found the prints of something very large and heavy.

A Mael.

What would a 'Mael' want with the crude bronze engravings of the Ku? They had been of such value to employ an Albho Sorcerer to oversee collection, but then to pay him with some large gemstone of an obscure magical nature? He returned to the cart. Investigator Korva climbed aboard old the cart.

I must be a terrible sight.

Korva pulled a mirror from his satchel. His face covered in dirt and blood. The grey hairs had been replaced by a youthful dark-red. Korva shook his head and chuckled.

“Damn Albho blood makes me look twenty years younger.” Time to go home and have a bath. The pieces of this puzzle will fit together eventually,

Above the world, the heavens continued their slow movement towards the coming darkness.

Side Effects

What happens when the wizard fireballs the tavern?

“The wizard giggled insanely as the thief skidded to a halt in front of him. With a word the wizard laughing flung a ball of fire at the thief catching him in the chest, an explosion rocked the area as flame shout out and upward from the thief. Nearby buildings caught fire quickly spreading to a bridge and then the whole neighbourhood was aflame. The wizard’s cackling laugh died in his throat as he realized the enormity of what he’d done...”

Using powerful attacks will usually have side effects. This can be anything from destroying inanimate objects in the area to destroying entire buildings. Area attack with elemental keywords can be some of the most damaging.

While in a dank wet featureless dungeon an area fire spell might not have a massive effect on anything but

the enemies it hits, but the same spell in a well frequented tavern full of wooden chairs, tables and floors, not to mention flammable liquids it becomes a recipe for disaster.

With a word the wizard laughing flung a ball of fire at the thief catching him in the chest, an explosion rocked the area as flame shout out and upward from the thief.

What are the chances of affecting unintended targets? If the spells description is very clear that a specific area is affected, then there is a near 100% chance that everything in the area is affected. For determining if something bursts into flame consider that ordinary wood ignites relatively easily, especially

if it has been treated with oils as is typical in medieval settings. Alcohol ignites on contact with flame or when it reaches a sufficiently high temperature.

If a martial character uses an area attack it will usually deal weapon damage to everything in the area. Pillars, walls, statues, bridge railings and supports, doors, and other inanimate objects can take damage from these

attacks causing collapses and other unintended side effects.

To keep from seeming like you are punishing the players for having these powers you should keep these encounters down to a couple per adventure and always warn your players about the consequences of using these powers.

An interesting way to use side effects within an adventure is to have the BBEG (Big Bad Evil Guy) be nearly impossible to defeat by standard means. Then have an area attack cause incidental damage to something else that can defeat the BBEG.

An example would be a climactic fight on a large wood and stone bridge. The BBEG has some kind of magic/armor/power that prevents the players from dealing damage or reduces the damage to laughable levels. The players eventually start using their big area powers. The BBEG still is not hurt, but the bridge shudders and with a knowledge check one of the players can realize that the bridge can be damaged and the fall would probably kill the BBEG.

Implements versus Weapons

Why are weapons and implements so different?

Many of the powers mentioned in the various D&D 4th edition books use either the weapon keyword or the implement keyword. The difference between the two is that weapons have damage dice and implements do not. This difference is hardly noticeable at the early levels, but at paragon and epic tiers it becomes quite obvious. A player that maximises their characters potential using weapon keyword powers can deal damage equal to 3-5 times a weapons listed damage, which can get as high as 2d8 on some weapons. The total damage these powers can deal is in excess of 10d8 points of damage.



Compare this with the damage dealt by implement powers and you will see that even at the maximum it falls far short. The single most damaging Sorcerer power deals 6d6 points of damage which doesn't even come close to the potential damage from a weapon power.

One way to even out this discrepancy would be to assign different damage dice to different implement types. This would ignore the damage done by the implement power though.

A better way to deal with this would be to add a damage dice to the implement and add that damage to any the power deals normally. To offset this we will use dice on the lower end of the spectrum so that the damage is not increased too much.

The damage done from the implement will be based on the number

of dice in the powers description. If the power says it deals 2d6 damage, then the implement damage added to that is 2d[I].

The other issue is that implements don't get proficiency bonuses like weapons do. We deal with this issue by giving each implement a slight bonus which decreases based on the damage it deals. The offset of cost has been taken into consideration as well and the cost increase is shown.

To show how the best implement in the list compares with the best weapon combination possible we can do some simple math. It's a good bet 10d8 is the best possible with a weapon. This deals an average damage of $(5.5 * 8)$ 44 points of damage. The best implement combined with a decent power deals 6d6 (Sorcerer daily power) plus 6d5 (for the bronze orb). The average for this is $(3.5 * 6 + 3 * 6)$ 39 points of damage. This is very comparable. This helps even

out the discrepancy between implements and weapons.

Implement	Dice	Prof. bonus	Cost
Glass Orb	1d2	+3	+0
Crystal Orb	1d4	+2	+40
Bronze Orb	1d5	+1	+40
Oak Rod	1d3	+2	+35
Stone Rod	1d4	+1	+30
Gem & Teak Rod	1d5	+0	+25
Pine Staff	1d3	+2	+40
Crystal Staff	1d4	+1	+35
Silver plated Staff	1d5	+0	+30
Willow Wand	1d2	+4	+50
Quartz Wand	1d3	+3	+45
Sapphire Wand	1d4	+2	+40
Wood Symbol	1d2	+2	+20
Silver Symbol	1d3	+1	+25
Gold Symbol	1d4	+0	+20

Comparison: Warlock vs. Sorcerer

“The groups of adventurers squared off to each other. First the warriors clashed then the clerics called down their religious fervor. Last the warlock of one party stepped out, brandishing his wicked dagger and wielding the might of borrowed power, to see who he would confront. In a break in the melee he caught a glimpse of a woman in robes fling a blast of arcane power wildly around catching a group of enemies in its fiery torrent. The warlock gulped in fear, it was a sorcerer.”

Warlocks have been a core part of the *Dungeons & Dragons 4th Edition* game since its inception; sorcerers are relatively new in comparison. One of the first and most obvious differences between the warlock and the sorcerer is that the sorcerer gets to add their secondary ability score modifier to both their AC and damage on their powers. To offset this Warlock’s can curse a single enemy per round that they damage with one of their powers. If later they damage this cursed target, they

In a break in the melee he caught a glimpse of a woman in robes fling a blast of arcane power wildly around catching a group of enemies in its fiery torrent.

can deal an additional 1d6 points of damage. On average this equates to 3.5 points of damage most of the time to a single target. In addition they can use leather armor to increase their AC by +2. Not that good a deal it seems since the Sorcerer is unlikely to have a secondary ability

modifier below +3 and more than likely by level 4 will have a +4. The Warlock on the other hand has to split their secondary stats across two different scores in order to be effective. So on average they will have a +1 or +2 in those secondary scores possibly sacrificing one to get a +3 on the other. The reason the Sorcerer doesn’t have to split secondary stats is because whichever source they choose focuses completely on one score as well as adding damage and increasing AC from that same score. Most sorcerer powers use the primary stat, and the secondary stat is only used for secondary effects of powers, and only when the power in

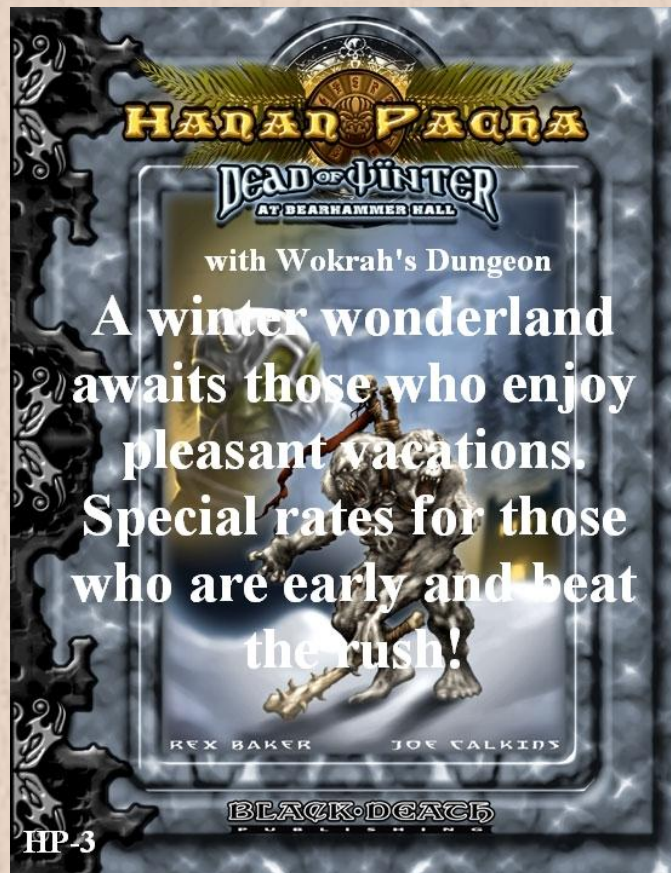
question has the same source as the Sorcerer.

As far as class abilities go the extra damage to each target the Sorcerer gets is much better than the damage the warlock gets to one of the targets. For the most part the Warlocks class features are just a single added power, and a side effect that happens when they drop a cursed enemy. In one case the warlock can teleport when they K.O. a cursed foe. The Sorcerer has this beat by a long shot by being able to teleport whenever an enemy misses them, which means they can teleport several times per round as opposed to once or rarely twice a round for the Warlock. This same set of Sorcerer class features can also raise the AC of the Sorcerer by +1 per enemy that is next to them. Because of this they can on average get an AC bonus of +2 and can occasionally get an AC bonus of +3 or higher, rarely hitting the maximum of +8. Couple this with the fact that they can change features by using a daily power or becoming bloodied. Between encounters they can choose which set of features to have active. Next this same set of features

includes one where they can damage adjacent enemies by their secondary stat modifier. This encourages enemies to avoid being next to them. Lastly all sets of class features allow Sorcerer's to bypass one or more types of resistance based on their secondary ability score modifier. They can bypass an amount equal to their secondary stat. Remember a Sorcerer gets all of that from a single power source.

The only comparable Warlock set of features comes from the Vestige Pact where they get a single power that gets a side effect or Pact Boon based on encounter and daily powers used. By doing this they get a slight advantage because they can use their special at-will power every round until they use another power to change the side effect. It adds versatility to the Warlock that was lacking before; on the other hand several of the effects still rely on the Warlocks curse or require characters to target the same target as the at-will to be effective. This leads to focusing on using two attacks to effectively deal with a single attacker.

The Sorcerer doesn't have this problem. They deal about as much damage to multiple targets as the Warlock deals to one or two. Thus by time the Warlock has cursed an enemy and dealt the special damage and side effect associated with the curse or vestige on a second attack, the Sorcerer has already dealt one and a half times more damage to multiple enemies. When the Sorcerer first came out it was considered to be a glass cannon. With the addition of power sources from splat books, they lost the glass part of that description. Especially if they take a feat or two in order to get armor proficiencies.



There are a few feats that help out the warlock as well, but once again they are mainly tied in with having cursed an enemy in a previous round. There is one Sorcerer feat that is worth highlighting,

Sorcerous Blade Channeling which allows the Sorcerer to deliver many of their spells using a dagger to an adjacent enemy.

Overall the running between the two is so close that it may be purely situational. For the most part the Warlock is good at striking at single enemies and

punishing enemies that come after them, while the Sorcerer is great at taking down multiple enemies at once.

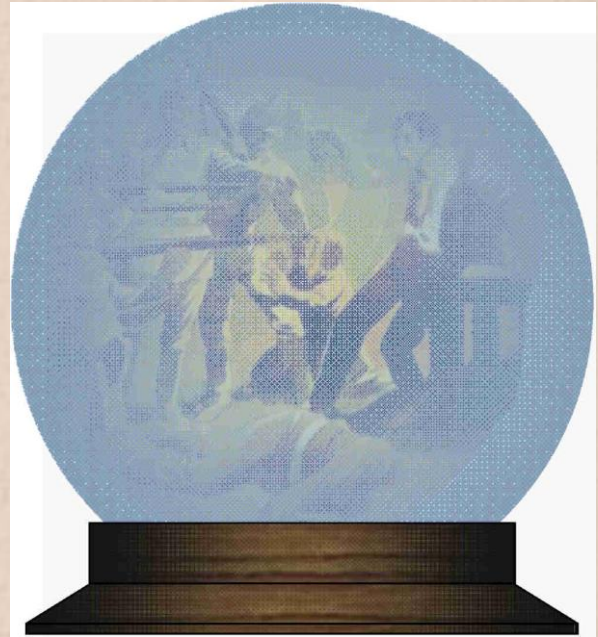
THE POWER OF PROPAGANDA

Burlo the turnip farmer stared at the crystal ball –his eyes fixated on the wretched scene of his brother being impaled to death on a pike by an Elf.

“Oh! Gods no...those Elf bastards! Not my brother!” The Wizard spoke: “So shall it come to pass if you do not take up thy destiny in this wretched war...”

Burlo fell back from the wizard and his ball of crystal running for home. His father’s sword was there, hidden under the floorboards...he would fetch his father’s sword...he would join the Kings army and kill as many elves as it took.

Propaganda is a very powerful medium for States. Something as simple as a poster demanding you sign up for the army in the current time of crisis or wait until the enemy show up and kill you can be pretty useful tools in the manipulation of the Populace.



What about the use of propaganda in the Fantasy setting? In a world where wizards can erect phantasmal images in the local market place that go well beyond the truth into the realm of fantasy, Illusions can be created that can literally put a bloody sword into the hands of a foreign king and put that king standing over the corpse of the yet to be murdered princess of your own kingdom. People in positions of power can say anything and do anything. And truth can quickly become irrelevant.

A crystal ball in a wizard’s tent during the village market fair could be a source of real time battle field vision from the front lines of a War that would

otherwise have no meaning or a pack of lies.

Written By: Sean R. Meaney

Magic with the capacity to provide large scale screening of a holocaust going on in the neighbouring kingdom can terrify a populace into submission or serve as a recruiting poster for young peasants to die on foreign fields for little more than loyalty to a crown that treats them like slaves.

MAKING YOUR OWN BOOK OF WONDOROUS INVENTIONS?

Page of Contents: This should be broken down into Categories based on Type:

Appliances – some magical device you might have in your Wizards tower or Castle.

Constructs – Autonomons, Specific task Golems, that sort of thing.

Dungeon Devices – something useful exclusively in a dungeon.

Entertainment – Fun stuff

Home and Business – Something used in a D&D setting home or business.

Practical Services – Anything you stick a coin in to operate or use for public benefit.

Structures – Usually a fixed position building but also a movable one.

Transport – A vehicle of some kind.

Weapons and Warfare – basically a weapon or tool used on the battlefield.

Title: The full invention name (18 Size Font)

Definition: What the Invention is (5-15 words)

History: A history of the Invention (50-100 words)

Description: What it looks like (50-100 words)

Construction: How to make it, necessary spells, Special Objects (50-100 words)

Statistics: Physical Dimensions, Weight, Monster Stats

Functioning: How it works (50-100 words)

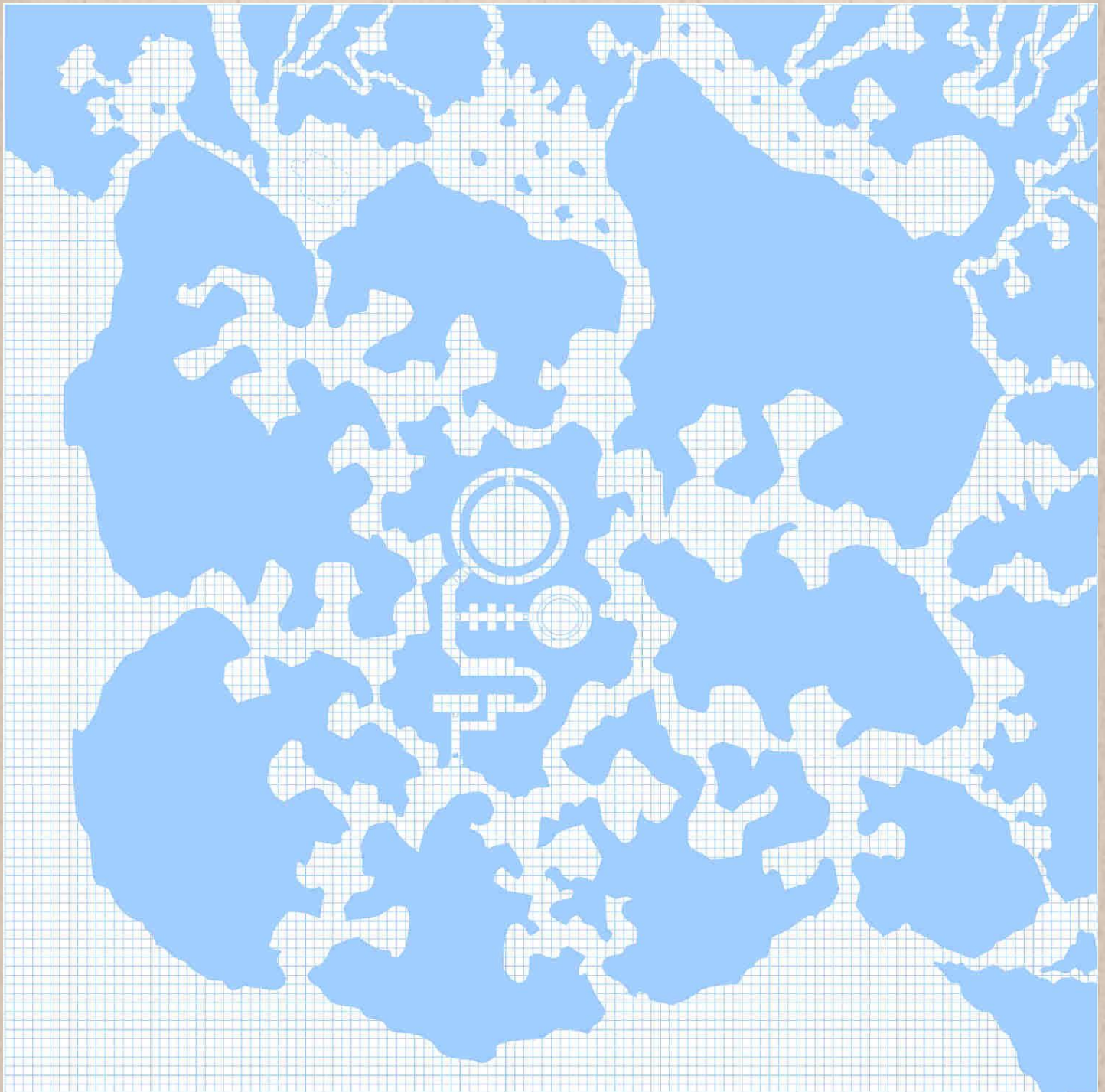
Hazards: When things go wrong (50-100 words)

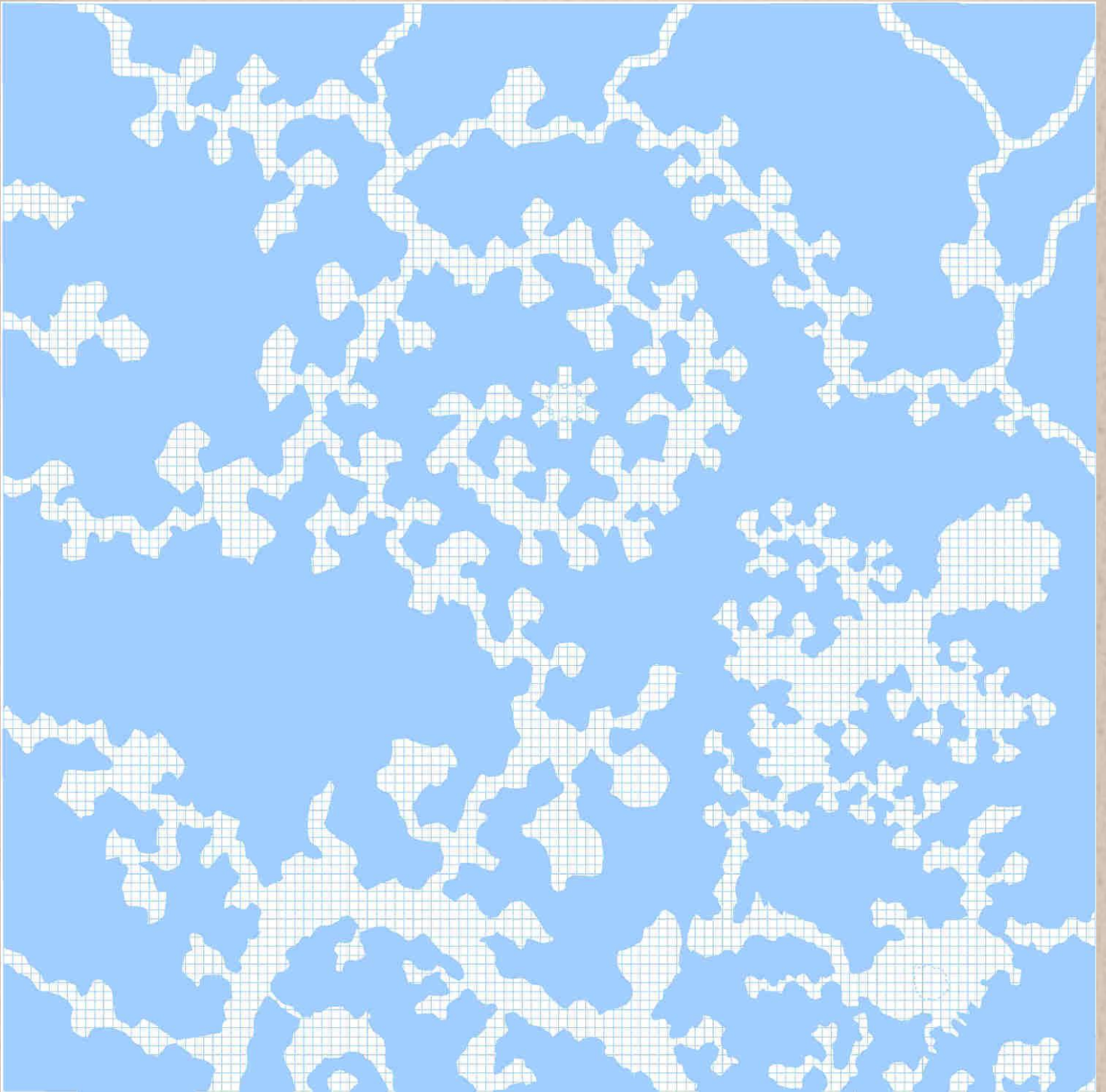
Staging: An encounter description (50-100 words)

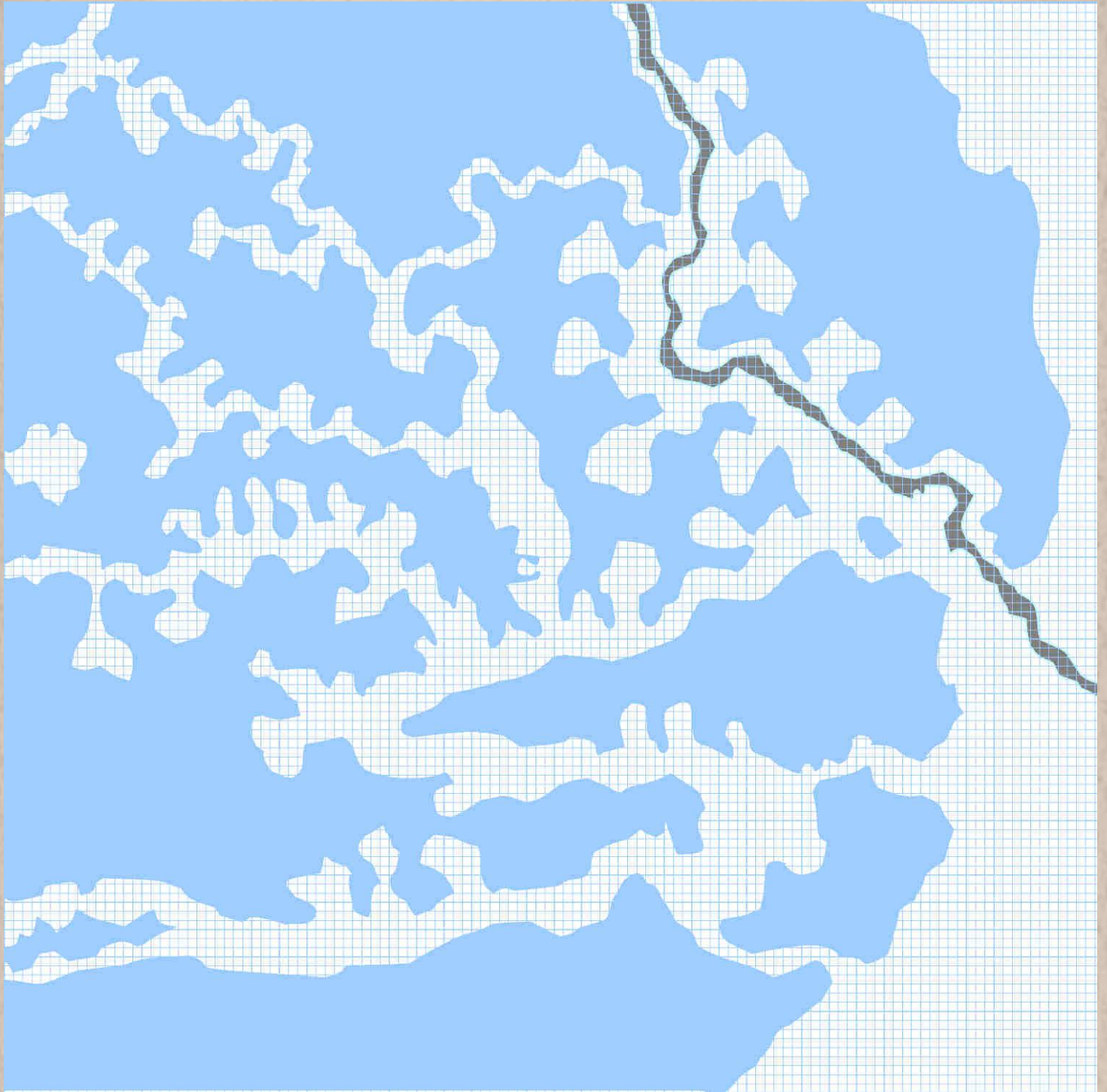
Written By: Sean R. Meaney

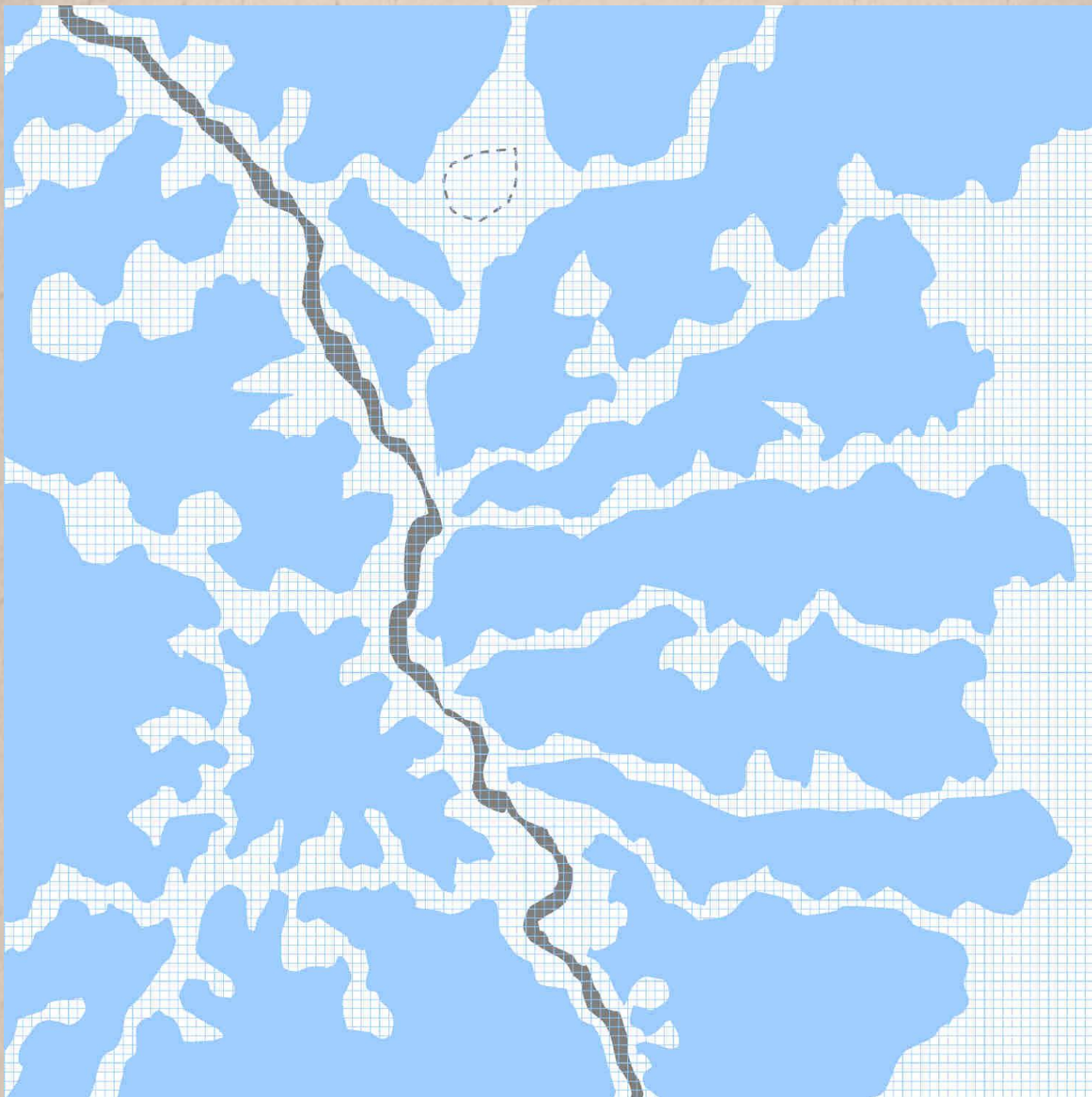
Map of the Cycle

Bugbear Caves









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