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THE
SLAYER'S
GUIDE
TO

FEMALE GAMERS



James Desborough

The Slayer's Guide To Female Gamers

James Desborough

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INTRODUCTION

The Female Gamer is a mystery. A mystery, wrapped inside an enigma, wrapped inside another mystery, put in a box with 'mystery' written on it and shipped second-class to Mysterious Island in the Sea Of Mystery.

In short, they're mysterious.

They are, largely, an unknown quantity to the vast and overwhelming majority of gamers. Those few who have encountered them over the years have been left baffled; some even psychologically damaged by the experience. The very nature of the Female Gamer may be so inhuman, so unknowable, so terrifying that it causes mental damage, hysteria and sometimes drooling. Reports of their nature are therefore sketchy, incomplete and often written in non-toxic crayon on circles of paper. Biblical scholars of the frothy and spectacularly be-bearded bent define them as evil; citing the mythical figure Eve from the Bible as proof positive they are all foul and seductive temptresses who are on this Earth to lead men and impressionable choirboys astray from the path of righteousness.

More modern and open minded scholars of the female form, who we see drawing illustrations for us in our books, calendars, trading cards, magazines and so on, paint us a more compelling picture of the woman. Tall, muscular, half naked, often oiled and always up for the kind of adventurous action we all long for, especially if it involves killing goblins.

Many of these illustrations also depict female monsters, using their impressive charms to lure brave adventurers to their lingering but pleasurable deaths. This puts women into a frame of reference that the male gamer can understand. Harpies, nymphs, naiads, succubi and sirens are among the more interestingly female-looking figures in *Core Rulebook III* and if you let the book fall open naturally, theirs are the pages most likely to be revealed.¹

Comparing the pictures of Larry Elmore to real life is, most often, a recipe for disappointment, confusion and bruised or lodged testicles. While the overall appearance is the same to some extent – rounded and curvy – Female Gamers appear to wear a lot more in the way of clothing and look a lot less like fabulous supermodels.

Gaming groups will sometimes swap tales and legends of Female Gamers, even of having them as girlfriends or wives, some groups claim to have Female Gamers among their number; some even go so far as to claim they have dated or married them themselves. Most of these tales turn out to be the drunken ramblings of an embittered sad and lonely little man but enough have evidence of some sort – underwear, bridal catalogues, plastic salad packages and so on – that, like flying saucers, they should be treated with at least a modicum of credibility. These tales and legends form the basis of this particular book, first-hand accounts of the female human in general and the Female Gamer in particular. What they are like, what they do, their habits and habitat, how to spot them, how to protect yourself from them and how to understand them using pleasantly familiar gaming terms.

Females are an alien species not of this Earth, difficult to understand, impossible to please. This guide will at least give you a fighting chance of comprehending them and dealing with them should you be so unlucky as to encounter one in your travels.

THE SLAYERS GUIDES

This series of supplements is normally designed for use in all fantasy based D20 game systems and settings. However, this one is a joke, a jape, a jest and a piss-take, albeit poorly written and in bad taste. It is here as a joke, to extract the Michael, to make you laugh and to tweak the nipples of propriety and run away laughing.

¹Doing this with a clothing catalogue does the same thing with the lingerie section. Mmmmm, lacy.

The *Guides* normally take an in-depth look at some overlooked minor creature of some description, rounding them out, giving them some depth and culture, making them into something more than just your typical sword-fodder.

In this case the book is examining a source of much mystery and consternation to your average roleplayer, the Female Gamer and the female of the species in general. The only culture present here should be examined under a slide and given a long Latin name before being exterminated with penicillin.

None of this should be taken as offensive, though it probably will be. If you cannot see we are also taking the Mickey out of male gamers as much, if not more, than gamers of the female persuasion then you need a humour transplant and a kick up your pert, well-rounded, tightly chain-mail-clad arse. Please accept that most gamers do not have issues with women, they have a subscription, a complete collection from issue one and fancy binders to keep them in.

Female Gamers are a completely unknown quantity to the vast and overwhelming majority of gamers, though matters have been ever so slowly changing in that regard. As these creatures become more populous in the gaming fraternity it behoves the male gamer to at least make an attempt understand this creature and to make preparations for their increasing invasion. It would not do to be caught unawares by any new creature or trap and every adventurer's motto should be *'Be prepared'*, rather than *'Experience points! Chaaaaaarge!'*

FEMALE GAMERS: AN ENIGMA, WRAPPED IN A MYSTERY, WRAPPED IN TIGHT CLOTHING.

Each *Slayer's Guide* covers a single race, in this instance the Female Gamer. Here you will find a mass of information on this particular gamer subspecies, their strange physical peculiarities, their chosen habitats, the way their society works, why

women almost always go to the toilet in pairs, where they get their wealth of gossip from and the answers to a great many other of the great feminine mysteries. This will give you a greater understanding of the creatures and should allow you to get close enough to confirm the observations for yourself.

Games Masters will get guidelines on how to use Female Gamers in their adventures and how to bring them into their groups with the minimal amount of disruption possible. In order to utilise women more effectively as Non-Player Characters you will be presented with a variety of simple roleplaying techniques to portray women convincingly to your group.²

Players will find they have gained new female-oriented spells, items and prestige classes enabling them to take on the role of these interesting and baffling creatures and to use their many strange powers and abilities within the game to gain a full and rounded understanding of the way the female mind works, if they even want to. You will never look at women the same way again, probably because your corneas will have been knocked loose and you have developed a squint due to a harsh pain between your legs.

²Without recourse to a fright wig, bright red lipstick, a close shave or waxing and some great big false boobies.



THE HISTORICAL ROLE OF FEMALE GAMERS

The Female Gamer is not an entirely modern phenomenon but has been on the rise in recent years with various female-friendly developments making their presence felt on the gaming front. They have been involved since the very start in one fashion or another, though not always in a participatory capacity.

PREHISTORY: BG BEFORE GAME CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE TO MID 1970s.

Once upon a time there was no such thing as a roleplaying game. This may be hard to believe for some of you but trust the old timers, such was the case. Instead of roleplaying there was a primitive archaeological precursor to the roleplaying game known as war gaming, which is to roleplaying what Archaeopteryx was to birds.

This war gaming was not the hideously overpriced and omnipresent, spiky, kiddie-crack spectacle we see today in the sprawling temples to Mammon we call shopping centres. It was historical, accurate, painstaking and, frankly, rather boring. A select few Fatbeards still practice this ancient form of gaming and keep it preserved for the curiosity of future generations. Munchkins and little brothers might play the modern spiky death form but it is from this primordial gaming soup that the first true roleplayers emerged.

At this time the female involvement in what was to become 'the hobby' was pretty much limited to bringing tea and biscuits to the shed or the attic,

where the light-fearing War gamers would congregate to push pieces of tin and lead around a heavily modified coffee table.

IN THE BEGINNING: 0 AG (AFTER GAME) MID 1974 AD.

Some very unusual, special and forward thinking³ Fatbeards began to wonder about the possibilities of war games in a fictional setting, science fiction and fantasy to be precise, so they began experimenting with these ideas, slowly and gradually working towards the idea of heroes leading the armies into battle and then to the concept of the individual heroes' stories of daring. From this point, the first of many dungeon bashes were conceived and, when the first progressive Fatbeard made a decision based on what his characters actions might be, instead of his own, roleplaying was born. With a birthing cry of 'Delvings and Dingoos', the great grandpa of the entire plethora of roleplaying games you see around you today was brought into the world. It's also a reasonably safe bet that at that moment of birth someone said . . .

'Don't be daft; you'll die if you do that.'

... and that someone else suggested . . .

'Actually, I think your character's motivation would rather be this instead . . .'

While the individual elements to attract the Female Gamer were now present in the games, literary references, getting into the role of the character and so on, the games were still mathematics and violence heavy. Two things considered to be off-putting to women and not female-friendly in any way. Fatbeard studies based on Dave Sim monologues showed that the holy grail of Female Gamers would be some manner of soap opera game heavily involving babies and shoe shopping. No woman having showed any discernable evidence of talent in either the mathematical or the hurt-people area.

³The normal type of Fatbeard is noted for its staunch traditionalism and refusal to accept the new things of the world as having any possibility of being a good idea. If Fatbeards had ever been in charge of the manifest destiny of humanity we would still be a soup of organic molecules floating around discouraging anyone else from turning into amino acids or unicellular creatures since that is far too new-fangled and after all 'We've all done it this way for years'.

Others, fearing the involvement of women for various bedwetting and erectile-dysfunction reasons, began working on gaming systems so full of mathematical complexity, and so replete with savage and descriptive violence, that no woman would ever consider playing them. They were unsuccessful; people just ignored the rules and played anyway.

Nonetheless, a few brave women blazed a trail for those who came later, gamely going along with the suggestions of hormonal and sexually-deprived gamers; playing half elf warrior women vixens or motherly clerics just so they could get to play in what was, even in its most primitive caveman form, a pretty enjoyable game.

THE WITCH HUNT: 10-26 AG 1974-1990 AD.

The popularity of the games grew and grew, as did their number and variety. More and more different games began to appear in the stores, covering every possible permutation of the fantasy genre and a great many others to boot, horror, science-fiction, historical periods and the worlds of many authors.

As they swelled in popularity they began to attract attention, not all of it good. Being played by single, socially-inept and unwashed men and containing lurid and interesting things such as women in tiny chain mail bikinis and demonic beings, it was not long before the various religious organisations of the Western World began to see roleplaying as an 'evil thing' and so they took it upon themselves to do something about it.

Many sermons were made, many newspaper articles written and the name of gaming was mud, linked forever in the eyes of some with satanism, baby eating and witchcraft, not to mention heavy metal and the scourge of dreadful mullets.

For every action, there was an equal and opposite reaction. For every article that appeared denouncing roleplaying as the tool of the devil a rock chick, witchy girl or other woman, attracted by the danger of these alleged satanic rebels would show up at a gaming club, along with some similarly-minded men who could lend the gamers a little spooky credibility. The prophecies fulfilled themselves; told that these

games were slightly occult and a bit edgy, the slightly occult and a bit edgy people became attracted to them. Once into the games, many of them were hooked in spite of their discovery that the alleged satanic links were a pile of used nappies.

Gamers began to get laid regularly and getting laid on a regular basis generally means girlfriends soon follow and a girlfriend wants to get into the same things as their boyfriend to understand them better and to participate in their life. So was born the gamer girlfriend into our lives. Often not truly understanding what was going on, often quitting and dumping the gamer when they realised it was not dangerous at all. (No amount of Jack Chick tracts can convince someone gaming is evil after they see first hand how fundamentally lame it is.)

Some managed to stay, some recognised the 'one true path' of the hobby and stuck with it, even after splitting up with their gamer geek boyfriends, some even slept their way around the whole gaming group; some just with the Games Master of the week; as good a reason as any to run a game – what did you think Games Master screens were for?

A FEMALE INVASION: 27-36 AG 1990-2000AD

After the wave of women brought in by the witch hunts, male gamers discovered they quite liked having softer, rounder more fragrant people around at games – especially if they brought breasts with them. If nothing else, it stopped people having farting competitions and stinking up the house where they met to play.

Taking the noble goal of '*lets get some chicks into the hobby*' to heart, many gamers began designing more roleplaying orientated and chick-friendly games. Many of these attempts were doomed from the start, no matter how you dress up a game, it is not going to appeal to some women and you run the risk of alienating your core audience if there are no half naked illustrations in the book.

Going back to basics and remembering the witch hunts of 10-26 AG they returned to the type of women they knew, witches, satanists and rock chicks, taking what appealed to them and working it over and over.



The product of this research and painstaking attention to detail was *Bloodsucker: The Pretense*, which is responsible for more roleplaying nookie than any other roleplaying game in existence. Gamers bask in the sexual afterglow salute those who brought the bloodsuckers onto our character sheets and dedicate their post-orgasmic cigarette to your names.

To men, vampires are incredibly cool superhuman beasts with pointy fangs, to women, drama graduates and literary analysts they are a complicated sexual metaphor rooted in Eastern European folklore and updated into the modern form by Bram Stoker, a commentary on the state of Victorian repressed sexuality.

Or something.

To gamers, it meant two wonderful and life-changing things. Firstly, access to goth chicks, secondly a newfound sense of *cool*. When this spread into live-action roleplaying (they had found only a certain sort of 'horsy' and 'husky' woman could be enticed to charge around fields hitting each other with padded sticks) they found they could fool the hippy girls and drama students of the world into also joining in the gaming fun. Some of these girls began to play tabletop roleplaying games as well as the live-action ones and before you knew it almost every gaming group had a female member or two and many of them had Gamer Girlfriends.

A NEW CENTURY: 37-39 AG 2001-2002AD

And what does the dawning of the new age bring to our little gaming subculture? Massively Multiplayer Online Games and various other computer-based



elements are getting people of all sorts into roleplaying, many of them claiming to be women from the safety of online anonymity.

Somewhere among the teeming sweaty mass of red necked denizens of Alabama trailer parks, hunched amorously over their computer terminals as they masturbate themselves into an early grave, are genuine women, all getting involved in roleplaying, though they do not realise it and probably would prefer not to think that what they're doing is in any way related to *'Delvings and Dingoos'*.

'By many we of course mean one or two but everyone could lie and claim that they had a girlfriend with a slight bit of credibility.'

The campfire flickered and spat little flecks of fire, casting its wavering yellowish light around the campsite.

Silence descended like a smothering blanket, broken only by the crackle of the flames and the rustle of various sweet packets.

They'd discussed everything of interest, Star Expedition, the D&D Open Licence, what type of dice they preferred (red gems) and what pizza to order at next week's more conventional indoor gaming meeting (double pepperoni).

'So, what shall we talk about?' Said Jim, poking the fire with a stick, as unattended men are wont to do with fires.

'Girls' said Graham and they all looked at him astonished. The silence returned for a long uncomfortable moment.

'Are they real?' Brian's voice wavered, half cracked with fevered anticipation and the late onset of puberty. They all knew about mothers of course, they'd all come from somewhere, but girls were a different prospect entirely.

'I heard...' said Jake, '...that the reason they wear skirts so often is because of a massive tooth-filled mouth that hangs between their legs.'

'You've been watching too much hentai anime,' Graham remarked, poking the fire from the other side with another stick.

'There was a girl at the college gaming club the other week.' Jim said casually. 'At least I think it was a girl, it was curvy in the same places as an Elmore drawing but more, well, fat and wearing more clothes than you'd expect.'

Most of them shook their heads at that revelation, they knew well enough from every fantasy book and roleplaying game manual they'd ever read that real women didn't wear much in the way of clothing. They'd speculated about it and the science savvy guys had worked out the female body temperature must be much higher than that in normal humans, thus allowing them to survive in the icy tundra with nothing more than a fur bikini and a sultry smile.

'There have been more of them around lately I've noticed,' Jake said in an over-elaborate stage whisper. 'I was at a big convention last month and there were tens of them, all done up in black, with corsets and white face makeup. At least some of those ones looked like the ones we've seen in the books.'

There was another long silence in quiet, mutual appreciation of the sheer wonderfulness of breasts.

'I slept with a girl,' said Graham, matter-of-factly.

There was a gasp of astonishment, in the distance a dog howled.

'Wasitlikeinthebooks? Whatwasitlike? Whoisshe? Didtheteethbiteyou?'

The questions came in a sudden rush; Graham raised his hands and waved everyone down trying to keep them calm.

'Let's just say me and my +1 meat cudgel rolled a critical and leave it at that eh?' He grinned.

There was more stunned silence, most were thinking about their 'Women of Fantasy' calendar collections and would rather be at home right now, under their duvets with a torch and a pot of cool slick hand cream.

'Oh, one other thing,' said Graham warily. 'She said she'd like to understand my hobby. If we're going to be seeing each other regularly, she's going to try gaming with us next week. If that's alright of course, I wouldn't want to impose.' His voice said anything but, they knew if they refused, there would be trouble of some kind.

You could have cut the air with a knife as confusion, arousal and geekboy kootie panic all set in at once. As one, they stared at Graham, until one voice spoke up.

'Does she wear corsets?'



FEMALE GAMER PHYSIOLOGY

OVERVIEW

What can one say to the male gamer about the Female Gamer? Since they are only now emerging in anything like great numbers, information is sketchy at best. Fortunately, the games we play have a great deal to say to us about women and almost as much to show us. These books and our invaluable roleplaying experience will allow us to fill in the gaps in the knowledge we do have of this elusive creature and thus come to a better understanding.

Women are a humanoid species, sharing many visible traits with normal everyday humans. They are bipedal, obviously mammalian and speak 'Common'. There are unconfirmed reports that some talk 'dirty' and 'posh' as well but, since nobody knows what these are, they are hard to spot.

Women seem to exert some manner of mysterious and powerful mind control, able to reduce groups of males to pathetic drooling heaps or, at the very least, to prevent them attacking the woman. Speculation is that this is either telepathic or pheromone induced, since it seems to strike right in the heart of the subconscious.

There are many wild tales circulated around groups of adventurers. Some even claim there are more kinds of women than the 'princess' (there to be rescued) and the 'wench' (there to be wenched). Wild tales are all that most have about these mysterious females. It is said that once every moon they turn into ravening beasts akin to werewolves, only mollified by an offering of expensive ice cream and a 'chick flick'⁵.

Others state that women only ever prowl in pairs, especially when retiring to the 'powder room' to groom. These pairings seem to be designed for mutual protection and to avoid unwelcome advances and harassment by males.

Females live among normal human society, only occasionally showing up in the same places as gaming groups, usually fleetingly, but occasionally settling into place with the group, possibly waiting to strike, becoming 'the Female Gamer'.

A CLOSER LOOK

Female Gamers vary in height and weight within a similar range as normal humans, leaning slightly towards the weightier end as all gamers tend to. They are, on average, some two inches shorter than normal humans. They have been known to be capable of the unnatural stealth abilities also exhibited by mothers, and it is presumed that the padding observed to exist around the hips, buttocks and chest area is repeated in a similar fashion on the soles of the feet; thus allowing for cat-like silent movement on pads of compressed fatty tissue.

Extensive research found that depictions of women in all fantasy books and roleplaying game manuals were universally attractive, half naked and with sizeable mammary glands unseen outside of the depictions thus far. Comparing these wonderfully detailed and delicious depictions with females from real life, and within gaming groups, forced the researchers to the sad and weary conclusion that Female Gamers are not actually women after all, but a completely separate sub-species of feminine demihuman, rather like halflings.⁶

Research by Lucius Darkblade (not his real name obviously, he is a gothic game player after all) concluded, after a long and dangerous study, that Female Gamers are omnivorous, having both canines and molars, though he notes that it can be very difficult to persuade them to eat meat. This being a by-product of the increased prevalence of fluffy-

⁵ Important note to avoid death: A 'chick flick' is entirely different to a 'skin flick.' Ask for the wrong thing at the video shop and you will not get a second chance or even a first most likely. You only live once Mr Bond.

⁶ Perhaps they are halflings! The more common plumpness, the ability to cook, the feeling that they are always hiding something from you, the inherent tendency to thievery and to draining the resources of groups they are attached to. Yes, it all makes sense!

animal based vegetarianism in the female populace as a whole. What did you think we meant?

PHYSIOLOGY

The Female Gamer appears to have a physiology largely at odds with what you would expect from an extensive study of the readily available tomes of lore. Much shorter than the scholars Achilles or Royo would have you believe, and much more covered in opaque clothing. Their hair is seen to be rarely perfect, often frizzy, ratty or greasy and they often wear spectacles, and not in a 'wear them because it is cute' fashion.

There are several theories to account for the worrying and distinct dissonance between the glorious vision of the scholars and the stark and depressing reality of the actual Female Gamer bearing little resemblance to *Zenda: Valkyrie Princess*.

It has been reasoned that the women observed by the scholars were adapted to run around in cold climates in skimpy armour by an evolutionary adjustment allowing them to burn more calories to keep warm. If that were indeed the case, then wearing the kind of baggy and warm clothes we have seen on Female Gamers would mean more and more of this excess energy would be unneeded and would therefore be stored instead as large fatty deposits. This would account for the plumpness seen in many Female Gamers. This theory is most strongly espoused by Spithead, bachelor of the 7th circle and his accomplice Gilbert the Corpulent from their research laboratory in their parent's basement where they get cable television, including the adult channels.

The hair and the glasses are thought to perhaps be measures designed for infiltration of roleplaying groups; your average gaming group not being the most well groomed, washed or longsighted group of individuals in the world. The tangled hair and glasses therefore being a cleverly thought out attempt to fit into the social circle they seek to infiltrate.

The Alexandrian Institute for Pointless Studies examined the issue at great length and, after the consumption of countless litres of caffeinated beverages, came to the conclusion that the Amazonian goddesses presented to us by the



scholars are in fact these days wearing padded hi-tech robotic suits.

Other speculated upon physical changes, including the stealth padding on the feet noted previously, would need to be positively confirmed with a closer look, which, given the multiple black eyes we've received upon attempting, we are no longer willing to undertake.

MATING PRACTICES

Orthodox study would appear to indicate that attracting a mate merely requires the exchange of large amounts of coin from one hand to the other, or the convenient slaying of a dragon.

Brave individuals were chosen by straws to test out these methods of courting on a carefully chosen sample of gamer chicks and in each case reported blackouts preceded by a sharp whooshing sound and a scream of 'Pig'. Donations for their rehabilitation can be sent via the publisher to 'Cerebus House: Home for Gamers Too Stupid and Misogynistic to Breed'. We will ensure they are well cared for until their condition can be cured.

Rescuing the subjects from dragons proved to be even harder and, instead of trying to find a long dead and mythical beast, our test groups attempted rescue from the nearest thing to a vicious ogre – a drunkard at a bar. Interestingly, in this instance, the reports were of blackouts preceded by a sharp whooshing sound and a shout of 'Sod off'.

Having eliminated the two most observed and well-known methods of attracting a mate, we turned our studies to extrapolation based on observation of related species. Money, power and a toned physique all seem to be considered pleasing to non-gaming women. Translating these qualities into the gaming arena we find that:

Money = Material wealth = Gaming book collection

Power = Authority over others = Being the regular Games Master

Physique = Honed quality = Sharp intellect.

Therefore, the ultimate 'gamer chick horn dog passion magnet' should be a devastatingly intelligent Games Master, with a massive game collection containing many rare and out of print books. In a similar fashion, games designers and writers should be able to snap Female Gamer knicker elastic from the other side of a convention hall. Field trials continue.⁷

While the causes of attraction are not known, the most common entry of someone of the female persuasion into a gaming group is via being the significant other of one of the existing, regular players and turning up to see what all the fuss is about. Those that do not flee in shock, disgust and confusion are held there within the group by their apparent affection for one member of that group. This supports the infiltration theory.

The process of mating is a completely unknown quantity; those that were assigned to look into it seem to have fallen to some ancient and insidious eldritch curse, since all they now seem capable of doing is to lock themselves in their rooms with magazines and videos, avoiding human contact and giggling quietly. Some even appear to have developed a wiry fur on their palms and we think they might be transforming into another species entirely.

After another long and involved session, researchers at the Alexandrian Institute for Pointless Studies came up with an interesting theory to fill the gap in our knowledge. Since those latched onto by these female creatures often manifest gratuitously changed behaviour, and unexplained absences from gaming sessions with weak excuses such as 'Its Valentines Day' or 'I'm meeting her parents', it is reasoned that the female deposits her eggs within the male using some manner of spiky ovipositor. Once there, they latch onto the nervous system, causing changes in behaviour, making the male far more susceptible to the female's extensive mind control powers.

Some of these poor gamers disappear from the scene entirely, making weak excuses such as 'marriage', 'growing up' or 'babies'. These are obviously cover stories manufactured by the 'Female Conspiracy' to deflect suspicion from the true cause of their disappearance – a fatal overdose of lace doilies and shoe sales.

SIXTH SENSE

A strong and convincing argument for the Female Gamers' telepathic powers of mind control is their finely-honed sixth sense. This power is presumed to

⁷ If you should happen to hear the snap of knicker elastic from across a convention hall or, more likely, the sight of a games designer crumpling in pain, please do not be tardy in offering assistance. The perils of scientific research are great and your assistance, or ice bags for our relief, would be much appreciated.

be physiologically seated somewhere behind the optic nerve since, when they use their power, it is often manifested as a hard stare that is almost impossible to meet.

The psychic gland in this case seems to be particularly well adjusted to sniffing out guilt of any sort. This power has been tested by several brave volunteers and it has been discovered that it can work at almost any distance, even from across the other side of the world. All that is needed to exercise the effect is a visual or aural contact with the target, such as a telephone call, and in an instant any secrets or misdeeds will be discovered or wheedled out with little resistance.

This makes the woman in general and the Female Gamer in particular, a truly formidable interrogator, especially since what they regard as *wrong* changes from moment to moment and rarely, if ever, corresponds to the normal human view (see Fuzzy Logic below). This means that, effectively, they can choose to perceive any activity, regardless of its nature, as bad or wrong and then pick up on it as an excuse for berating.

This sixth sense also grants them other unerring abilities. Should you happen to lose a gaming supplement, book, or prized miniature figure they will wait until you have turned the entire house upside down looking for it, then go to the first location you looked in and produce the item as if by magic. Less charitable researchers attribute this amazing and annoying ability to theft, concealment and an inherent tendency towards manipulative cruelty. Since mothers display the same semi-magical ability, however, it can be attributed to those with non-cruel intentions and therefore to the psychic ability rather than legerdemain.

While this use of the power is useful, if frustrating, it also allows them to move directly to the location of any incriminating items you might have located in a room – diaries, steamy letters from or to old girlfriends (or at least stalking subjects), pornography, secretly bought gaming supplements and the like.

FUZZY LOGIC

The female brain is possessed of the astounding ability to hold two self-contradicting, mutually exclusive thoughts in the same space without any



evident cranial strain. This takes no further shielding of their minds than the statement 'Well, that's different isn't it?'

These thoughts and opinions change direction and content faster than a laser modulated to cut through phase IV shields, making it impossible for anyone to know where they stand with any individual female from day to day; thereby keeping them permanently off balance. This is a well-documented interrogation process.

Gaming wise, this lends the female player and Games Master a definite and powerful advantage over others, no argument can ever be won with them, which neuters the Rules Lawyer's main form of attack (see *The Slayers Guide to Rules Lawyers* for more information). Similarly, they gain advantages in-character through the same sort of tactics; homing in with a rare and keen instinct on any poorly prepared Non-Player Characters with gaps in their arguments, and often rendering a perfectly well prepared three-hour combat scene entirely unnecessary, shortening the game and lessening the amount of experience points available to all.

Fuzzy Logic also extends to the holistic interconnectedness of things, one simple event, comment or action to a Female Gamer can have

gratuitous, strong and unpredictable knock on effects. A simple comment such as...

'No, the rule clearly states that that shot bypasses your armour and kills your character.'

Or...

'Doesn't she have a really great costume?'

Often lead to excruciating agony, surgery and in the more extreme cases the loss of half your worldly assets and several uncomfortable nights spent sleeping in the back seat of your car.

FRAGRANCE OR DEFENSIVE TELEPATHY?

Whatever the cause of the power, Female Gamers have some kind of pervasive aura, which has a profound and lasting effect on gaming groups. Generally speaking they become better behaved and less crude, at least towards the female members of the group, often bucking up their ideas on personal hygiene and grooming; some even starting to take pride in their appearance and go so far as to brush their hair. Interestingly enough this effect takes place even if she joins the group as an adjunct to an existing member, so the possibility of her affections being won drops into the negative percentile. On the

downside, the group will sometimes turn on itself in a primeval bid to become king of the castle and be the dominant male. It is all very simian.

Conventional science would have us believe that the comparatively fragrant female scent is to do with something the scientific journals describe as 'bathing'. Given, however, that any gamer worth the name knows, bathing is a much overrated pursuit, likely to result in colds or flu, some other explanation is therefore necessary. It is from this that those who believe the power lies in some form of pheromone control draw their evidence.

They believe that, rather than being an aspect of the known and displayed ESP abilities, the change in behaviour of gaming groups is down to proximity to powerful and subtle pheromones carried through the air to the gamer nose from the female body. This also accounts for the temporary effect of the power as, without the presence of the female, the male gamers revert to more typical behaviour – throwing food, leaving pizza boxes on the table or endeavouring to drink through their noses.

This is also supported by the observation that the intellectually detached assessment of the female in question's attractiveness and overall desirability has nothing whatsoever to do with the behavioural changes in the observed groups. It is an independent effect, unrelated to those factors, though it is noted that some individual Female Gamers who master 'being one of the lads' are able to suppress and even eliminate the effect.

THE 'LOOK'

An offensive/defensive capability of awe-inspiring power; the look is seated in the Female Gamer's eyes, which can be very expressive, even behind standard issue inch-thick gamer glasses.

The look has two terrible and powerful aspects, doe eyes and the evil eye.

Doe eyes or the 'calf look' is used when pretending to be hurt or upset about an incident, or when begging for something they really, really want such as shoes, money or cigarettes. They arouse a powerful and instinctual feeling of guilt and wrongdoing in all men and guarantee one hundred percent that the girl gets her way.



The 'evil eye' is its more deadly counterpart; a look of such smouldering, intense and vicious hostility that hair is bleached white by the dread countenance. Nothing need to have been done to give due cause to The 'evil eye', there need be no reason whatsoever; it is just a powerful and terribly nasty ability that can cause the strongest of men to falter in their steps.

HYPNOTIC BOOBS

The female breast is, scientifically speaking, a lump of fatty tissue that produces milk during the time that any children are at the infant stage as well as, according to Desmond Morris at least, a pair of fake buttocks that helped us move to a frontal mating position of more use to us once we achieved bipedal status; thus creating an early dependence in men on the woman for food. However, they do have a secondary defensive capability.

The flesh is not solid enough to stay firm, like muscle, and so it wiggles and jiggles and bounces. The frequency at which boobs jiggle seems to be hardwired to an area in the male mind rendering them totally helpless, the effect is only increased if the breasts are bared, since the nipple attracts the eye making the jiggle frequency more noticeable and effective.

TECHNOLOGY

The heavily increased empathic abilities of the female in general seem to preclude a full and proper mastery of the technological or mechanical devices that many gamers find themselves instinctively drawn to like a moth to a kilowatt bulb. Female gamers do tend to include the very few exceptions to this rule, but overall you will find them unwilling and unable to embrace useless but cool technology as the exciting ew god the rest of us accept it to be.

By way of example, a woman would not see the point of a waterproof web browser, rated to a depth of forty fathoms, set into a shower so you could check your e-mail and watch movies while showering. Alas, it is more than likely that the 'hot sexy chick' who sent you gymnastic and gynaecological pictures that you found while 'cruising' IRC is the very same sweaty, fat, red-necked onanist referred to in one of the earlier sections. The odds of finding a girl both game, attractive and tech savvy on the internet is at least a million to one.

Online games are however breaching the gap and attracting a large audience of Female Gamers as loyal, fanatical and steadfast as any more conventional gaming following. No longer do you need to appreciate logic gates and other complications in order to play. I remember when the internet consisted of just techies! Back in my day we used to rig them together with tins and pieces of string. You whippersnappers with your cable modems and your ADSL, you do not know you are born.

Just remember, because someone has a skimpily dressed, perpetually horny, dark elf character model to use online does not mean their name is not Bubba.

CLOTHING

The illustrated tomes of lore tell us of thin, transparent wisps of silk, tiny chain mail bikinis, tight shiny leather bodices overflowing with creamy vistas of succulent pale flesh begging to be nibbled on, skimpy loincloths barely the size of a penny attached with thread-like drawstrings that could so easily come undone revealing taut, tanned, toned and eminently spankable buttocks . . .

Ahem, and so on. You get the idea, no need to wax lyrical.

These outfits are rarely, if ever, seen, which is both a great shame and a great blessing upon us. Very occasionally at the larger conventions you will spot someone in an honest-to-god genuine chain mail bikini, usually hanging around one of the larger companies booths but they appear to have been paid to do so and it is not their actual everyday clothing. Staggering!

If infiltration is their actual motive, then some of the clothing they are seen in makes sense. Hunched down out of sight and concealed by large skirts and shapeless baggy jumpers, their more plausible Amazonian physiques could be completely concealed from view.

If the great scholars are to be believed though, some of their more 'valuable' assets could not hope to be hidden under any circumstances.

Three things apparently determine the clothing of the usual Female Gamer . . .



† Comfort.

† Complete and utter, total obliviousness to their particular body shape and the clothing most appropriate to it.

† The unending quest for more experience and special gaming favours.

Apparently it is not for distracting male opponents, jiggling interestingly or showing off their well toned and exquisitely oiled fighter's physique as we might otherwise have guessed.

Some, of course, do use their clothing to their own personal advantage, enhancing their natural assets to encourage susceptible gaming groups to fall over themselves even more than they already do in desperate attempts to please them.

The fact that male gamers will go to such lengths to please any woman, regardless who she is and whether or not she has a face like a burglar's dog, sometimes dangerously over-enhances the Female Gamer's self esteem to the point where their ego overpowers reality and they slip and start wearing clothing more suited to the illustrated estimations of the scholars than to their actual, genuine body shape.

Mr James Thorgoode provides a particularly effective cautionary tale on this very issue. James still lies in a coma in a Welsh hospital after being caught in a particularly nasty corset explosion in the beer tent at Muddyconcussion. His partner for the event Queen Mabb had managed to squeeze her size twenty frame into a size twelve medieval dress with the help of her corset, but one too many bottles of mead caused too much stress on the whole structure and James paid the price. Let that be a warning to you.

On the other hand, being able to dress in a libido-inducing fashion convincingly does cause a detectable and strong bias in any player or Games Master with raging hormones. This need not be a deliberate action on the part of the Female Gamer but probably is.

FEMALE GAMER MINDSET

Nothing accentuates the chasm-like difference between your normal bog-standard roleplayer and the gamer chick more than their given reasons for interest in the games. The normal players are, usually, pretty straightforward in their needs from a roleplaying game; kill the bad and evil things, take the vast quantities of lovely treasure and find the McGuffin, widget or doobery to save the world/plane of existence/universe.

Gamer chicks conversely tend to have strange and peculiar ideas about character development, roleplaying and the character's normal, everyday, lives. It's hardly unusual to see six page backgrounds drawn up for normally disposable *Fong Shay* characters and they would probably come up with names, families and motivations for every kobold, goblin and orc in their spiky-chaos-death war game army if they had one.

This can cause a great deal of tension, irritation and feelings of inadequacy within an unprepared gaming group. Particularly when what was originally intended as a quick stop off in town for ale, whores, supplies and armour repairs turns into a whole four-hour session dedicated to finding just the right design of armour,⁸ securing respectable (and clean) lodgings and helping the village crone find her lost cat Binky.

It can cause flashbacks in many of the more psychologically sensitive gamers to the dark days of the school playground where you were trying desperately to get on with the very important business of playing at war, only to be confronted by an armful of dollies and teddies and the choice of six kinds of invisible intangible tea served in tiny, foul-tasting plastic cups.

They do not use familiar terms and phrases in the same way we do. Take character advancement as a typical example. To the normal person this would mean the accumulation of masses of kit, more

⁸ They'll trail around every single armour shop in the realm comparing prices and designs and then take you all the way back to the first one and buy the first breastplate they looked at after making you stand around in women's armour shops, bored, trying not to look at the anatomically correct suits of armour.

powerful weaponry, devastating magical items and sweet, sweet, glorious experience points leading to rapid levelling or greatly increased skills.

Now, to the Female Gamer, character advancement means none of these things. Instead it means emotional development, interrelationships with other characters and similarly alien concepts that simply do not sit well with a regular group. Unfortunately the terrible combination of the 'aura of woman' and the magnificence of boobies mean that the Games Master will include more and more of that sort of thing in the adventures, at the expense of heaps and heaps of axe-fodder and +5 plate mail of absolute indestructibility.

Soon, if you're not extremely careful and heavy handed with your Games Master, rather than finding yourself deep within the dank and foul catacombs of Mount Gragnoor fighting the undead hordes who toil there in the service of K'nt The Great and Terrible Dark Lord you will soon find yourself at a classy ball in the city fretting over which particular cravat Hastrat The Barbarian of the Northern Steppe should wear so as not to gravely offend the Third Duke of Wimsey. Before you know it, you will be putting lace doilies under your weapon racks and having actual, serious conversations about how the fortress would look much better all decked out in earth tones with energy-saving hearths and a lovely marble-topped all-pine kitchen.

Roleplaying becomes less about putting on a silly accent and making humorous comments while brandishing your axe/wand/huge machinegun and the evil bad guy of the week and more and more about actually exploring the complex emotions of the character in any particular situation, with a written background longer than...

'My parents were killed by orcs when I was young'

TIDES

Women and therefore by default Female Gamers suffer much like werewolves from the state of the moon. Once every month, as regular as clockwork, they go from being snippy, temperamental, changeable and unpredictable beasts, foul of temper and quick to anger to abominable rampaging beasts, completely unpredictable, savage, beyond redemption and completely capable of rending you limb from limb for no reason whatsoever.

It can be hard to notice compared to the normal behaviour to start with, but soon and readily becomes apparent. The onset period can be anything from a couple of days to the entire rest of the month and this period of intense evil can last a week. During this time it is best to leave the country and hide in a remote chateau in the mountains waiting for things to subside.

If caught and unable to escape, ice cream may be the only way to survive, that or chocolate. These substances seem to be able to tranquillise the woman temporarily, giving ample chance for a proper escape.

Those researchers in favour of the alien origin theory behind women cite this behaviour as one of their main proofs. Their presence on this planet becomes so intolerable to them after a while that they can no longer bear it and their anger becomes unmanageable, spilling out for a week or so and causing terrible damage to all of those around them. Once the tension is expelled, however, they return to their relatively sweet and approachable selves. Sometimes this even occurs during the time of the lunar tides but do not be fooled, it is merely a trap designed to fool the unwary.

HABITAT

The Female Gamer is, generally speaking, not at all comfortable in the usual and natural surroundings of the other gamer species. The slowly composting mound of stale hot chilli pizza may give off a great deal of heat and save on gas bills as it slowly decays, but the feminine nose seems to be much more sensitive to such things than the male one.

Similarly, your snug nest of character sheets, empty drink bottles and three-week-old washing up will not be deemed acceptable; nor will piles of pants and socks scattered liberally about the gaming area be likely to gain you any favours.

The Female Gamer is more usually found to prefer a refined and ordered setting for gaming, comfortable chairs or big soft cushions, not old bar stools around an upturned washing machine box, decent food freshly prepared or ordered, not whatever you can find with a quick rummage behind the sofa that does not stink too badly.

Many of their foodstuffs are completely alien or anathema to the standard gamer's refined palette. There is the bemusing quiche, a sort of limp rather





will be absent from the floor space, instead existing in cupboards and other 'proper places'. This lends their dwellings a starkly clinical, clean, antiseptic, un-lived-in quality that can be as unsettling as a trip to the dentist and twice as likely to end in pain but half as likely to involve cavities, much to the chagrin of most gamers.

SOCIETY

Gamer chicks are still a relatively rare species, running at about one in twenty gamers in tabletop and one in ten gamers in non-physical live-action games and, as such, there is precious little chance to form a cohesive society with rules, strictures, codes of behaviour, traditions and so on.

depressed looking pie, usually without any scorched animal carcass in it and with broccoli as a serious and intentional ingredient. There is wine and cheese and many types of foul vitamin-containing greenery such as you may have never seen before.

They also tend to want to play at what they regard as a sensible time, not gaming until 6am the following morning just for the sake of it like the rest of us. If they came to your group by dating a member of it, that member will be anxious not to play all night either - in the vain and vanishingly small hope of procuring himself some nookie.

The actual sleeping and living area of the Female Gamer in many ways resembles that of the most anal Rules Lawyers blighting our gaming existence, a place for everything and everything in its place and not a speck of dust on anything.

Books will be neatly ordered and will not smell ripely of spilled real ale, coffee and exotic pizza toppings. They will usually be entirely intact and the spines will not be broken, mutilated, creased or lined with a suspicious brown residue. The rooms will tend to have visible and regularly vacuumed floors. Clothing, books and other standard fixtures

Instead there appears to be a peculiar split between 'universal sisterhood' and hissing, spitting and cat fighting. The universal sisterhood only ever seems to come into play when women are teaming up against some transgressing man, otherwise the default seems to be infighting and a complex ever-changing web of friendships and alliances that are fleeting and impossible to follow.

There are two strongly opposing forces at work here. Pulling in one direction we have the shared experience and loneliness of being one of the few, proud Female Gamers and on the other side the protective motherliness for the group of lads they have adopted as their own personal aides so that they might drain the chi from them at their will to serve their dark appetites. Whichever force wins out in their internal battles determines the Female Gamer's relationship with others of her kind.

GAGGLES

When larger groups of Female Gamers do manage to congregate without killing each other the natural grouping that they congregate into is known as the *gaggle*.⁹

The gaggle is a tight knit grouping, roughly equivalent to your standard gaming group in size (four to eight people). Being in a gaggle greatly intensifies the Female Gamer's natural and mystical powers, as they can all focus them together upon a single target.

There are rumours in the dark shadowy corners of the world of all-female gaming groups gathering in their most secret and hidden places to enact their dark demonic rituals and to play whatever strange and peculiar games their cool, vast and inhuman intellects take pleasure in.

The gaggle is a very dynamic and fluid group structure, constantly shifting and changing, making it impossible to track. The 'alpha female' never staying the same leader of the group for very long, unlike in male groups where they tend to be the same one or two individuals for protracted periods of time. Friendships within the group are also ever shifting, the slightest slip up or poor remark on the part of one individual being enough to completely shift the group dynamic, alliances and loyalties and to cause the creation a new 'alpha female'.

HIERARCHY

As stated in the preceding section, the social pecking order within individual groups of Female Gamers is complex and chaotic. There are many deciding factors, including but not limited to juicy gossip, extensive wardrobe, types of games enjoyed, size of gaming group they have latched themselves onto, talent of the players in it, relative desirability of boyfriend and the type of car they drive and so on.



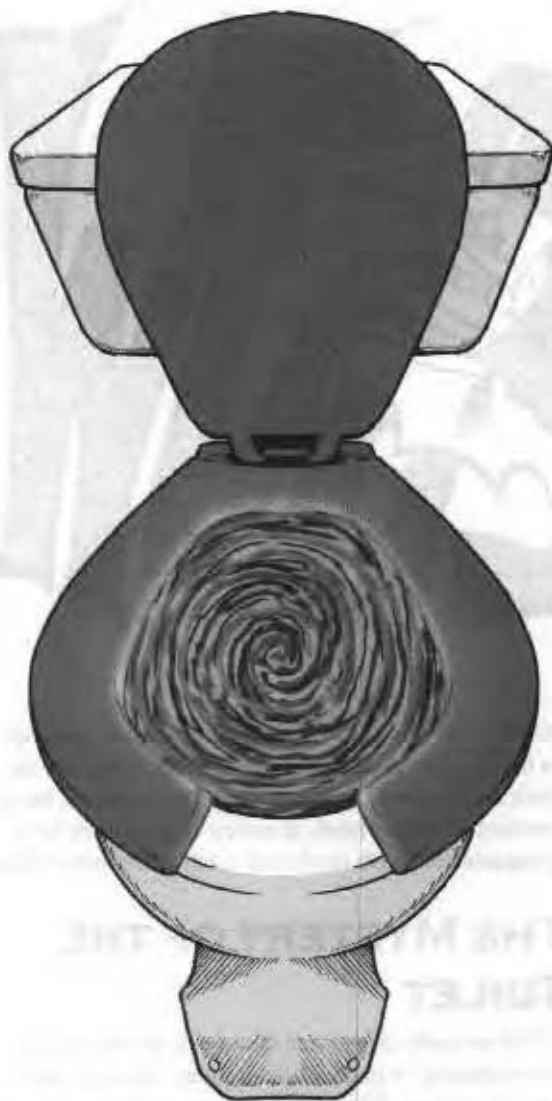
Overall standing within the Female Gamer society on a larger scale is hard to pin down since they are so rare and scattered but, as with normal gamers, having written a gaming book, a review or a column for a magazine is worth scads and scads of brownie points.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TOILET

Why on earth do women choose to go to the public convenience in pairs while at pubs, clubs or other social places? Why does it never smell like someone else has used the toilet when you go in directly after them? Why do they not they mark their territory and leave the room swimming in an inch-deep puddle of urine?

The answer is that, to the female of the species and to Female Gamers along with them, the toilet cubicle is not a place for the relief of one's bladder or bowels (which is worryingly suggestive that their anatomy is fundamentally and completely different to normal humans) but rather a place that can form a gateway into another parallel dimension where they can observe the goings on of the world with impunity.

*Gaggles of Goth gamer chicks are known as A Murder, not as a reference to crows but more due to the fact that after the hundredth playing of Marilyn Manson that's what you'll want to do to them, painfully and messily.



Female gamers seem to have developed the ability to open a gateway to this dimension by casting *toilet door* without the need for an additional, secondary participant and thusly have an advantage over their more common brethren.

What this alternate dimension is like can only be speculated about but those speculations would point towards cute fluffy puppies, flowers, an unfettered flow of gossip, rumour, speculation, dolls, rainbow colours and an environment free entirely of the qualities of maleness.

FEMALE CRUELTY

Some researchers suspect feline ancestry plays a significant part in the make-up of the female humanoid. Cats are well known to toy with their chosen prey, teasing it mercilessly, even letting it think it has successfully escaped their clutches only to descend without mercy upon it just as it clears the fence on its motorcycle and makes a break for the Swiss border.

In normal, everyday women this evil streak, whatever its origin, is expressed through gossip, bitchiness, scorn, superiority and the gratuitously convoluted and nasty ways they come up with of letting go their current glamourised love-slaves. More crudely referred to as 'dumping' them or the 'let's just be friends' dismissal.

In gamer chicks fortunately, or unfortunately, it often finds its way out relatively safely in the games rather than in real life. This is fortunate, since it gives them an outlet that does not truly harm anyone physically. It is unfortunate because it can be extremely disruptive to the game, which in a way is just a more efficient way of being cruel as it reaches several people at once.

You will see this cruelty amply expressed in the gratuitous and tortuous methods employed by Female Gamers to kill, maim and injure monsters and Non-Player Characters. There seems to be a particular fixation with the savage mutilation of the male genitalia via more and more hideous means than you could ever imagine. The fact they spend time apparently thinking up new ways to make you cross your legs while your eyes water down your face should be a reason to be fearful. Stiletto heels, stilettos, coffee grinders, mincing machines, sandpaper, chilli-powder impregnated nail files, blades, knives and swords of all kinds, guns, flamethrowers, even novel, if disturbing, uses of *ray of frost* and a toffee hammer are all employed to tear-inducing effect.

This boundless cruelty also expresses itself in a multitude of other ways; many choose to play the thief in the party, stealing not only from the evil bad guys (who are fair game) but the other players as well. They take great care over devising devious traps of all kinds and express much delight in backstabbing anything with or without a pulse that can be surprised.

On the other hand having this kind of inhumanly devious mind working on your side in the party is a definite boon, especially in those games where you do get to play against an opposing group of characters, individuals or teams such as tournament play, card games or live-action roleplay.

We should be thankful that they have an outlet in roleplaying for all these unhealthy and cruel urges or they might take them out on us here in reality, even more than they do already.

Well of Eternal Spite

There are several ideas being espoused by different research groups on where exactly the propensity for female cruelty springs. The temptation of Adam in Eden and unresolved issues around blaming him for being exiled is one theory of those more theological in bent...

'What did you go and eat that bloody apple for? I wasn't serious you idiot! By God man you're so stupid. Now, go and ask that nephilim for directions to some decent farmland. What do you mean you won't ask for directions? You're so bloody useless! Hard to believe God created you really, Her being so perfect and all.'

One more recent theory currently carrying a great deal of favour is that the cruelty is an unwanted side effect of the stream of endless gossip that is located in the dimension reached by *toilet door*. All that pure concentrated, unadulterated hearsay, rumour and maliciousness must have a strong side effect on the female psyche. Rather than just a stream of gossip, it is a stream of gossip that runs directly into a 'Well of Eternal Spite' and they become so charged by its negative energy that they must dissipate some of it by passing it onto others.

Hell, it is a better explanation that *'They're just mean'*.

RELATIONS WITH OTHER GAMERS

The Female Gamer's relationships with other gamers are much less complex than their relationships with each other, since most members of any of the other gamer types are completely and exclusively male. Occasionally, though, Female Gamer hybrids may

share particular individual qualities with some of the various subspecies.

Fatbeard

The Fatbeard has little or nothing to recommend them to the Female Gamers. They are dull to the point of inducing voluntary coma, even outside the field of gaming. When they are not talking about *Wanderer* or *Dingoes and Delvings* and the rules thereof, they're thinking about how to turn the *Wanderer* technology supplements into a working computer program to design things for them. If they're not discussing that, they're snapping their braces and wielding heavy Linux books like evangelical christians without the charm or tact.

Their all-pervading defensive musk can partially counteract the mind controlling powers of the gamer chick, so perhaps they tend to be hostile because of the partial immunity this gives and the danger to the gamer chick it brings. On the other hand it may just be that the Fatbeards have such a low opinion of themselves and their chances with any given female that they give up and it is this that provides them their immunity.

The Fatbeard does get at one tiny chink in the female armour though. The Fatbeard is subject to a great many pokes, prods and ridicules by everyone else in the world, especially by groups of young men, as most gaming groups are. This makes them an object of great pity and, when they are not talking at length about home-networking and routers, they can be sensitive and good listeners due to the problems they have had themselves. This can, very rarely, result in the Fatbeard being regarded as a big cuddly teddy-bear suitable to be unloaded on with all life's little woes and thus making them a friend, or at least confidante, of the gamer chick.

Munchkin

The Munchkin and the Female Gamer do not, as a rule, get on at all. If any two views of what roleplaying should be about are diametrically opposed they are those of the Munchkin and the Female Gamer. The Munchkin's interest in character development begins and ends with the body count they can mount up, whereas the gamer chick generally wants more from life than a stack of dead goblins high enough to reach the moon.

The Munchkin constantly disrupts what the gamer chick regards as good roleplay, slaughtering tailors



and shop attendants and swinging from chandeliers at noble society functions and so on. There is one point and one point only where their mindsets meet and they can share a moment of understanding within the games.

Torture.

It is only while vying with each other to be excessively cruel to a Non-Player Character who will not talk, or who just plain needs torturing, that these two gamer types will have a meeting of minds, each striving to outdo the other with the tortures getting more and more hideous until the ghastly game is concluded and one of them is declared the winner. They then lapse back into a cold war of stares and total incomprehension of the other.

Rules Lawyer

The Rules Lawyer's neat freak tendency does appeal to the Female Gamer's sense of style and cleanliness and, since they are the only other ones likely to believe that a gaming area you can sit in without getting stale pizza stuck to your arse is a good thing, they tend to become kindred spirits in despairing at the state of their surroundings and the cleanliness of the Fatbeard.

They even arrange their books in a similar fashion, clean, neat and tidy in some manner of logical order, rather than the normal higgledy-piggledy order caused by hasty and resentful tidying. That is, however, where the similarity ends.

To the Rules Lawyer, a game is a thing of numbers, probabilities and immutable rules, set in stone. To the Female Gamer it is a game of social interaction, of niceties, of romance and of high adventure. So, they clash and the clash of wills is an intense one that can be felt physically. You can literally cut the air with a spoon. Rules Lawyers never back down, the book is on their side, the rules are on their side and their interpretation is created from things set down in black and white that anyone can see. The Female Gamer's conviction is no less absolute, even if it has no strong foundation from which to justify its existence. This is no bar to them though, and only the strongest willed Rules-Lawyer will ever manage to stick to his guns; not that that helps however, since it is literally impossible to win an argument or discussion with a woman regardless of the truth of the situation.



While the Rules Lawyer is seemingly impervious to many of the more common tactics of the Female Gamer, their fatal flaw is the need to show off. Should a Female Gamer ask a Rules Lawyer to 'explain the rules to me one more time', they become helpless prey to the Female Gamer, willing to aid them in any situation. Many Female Gamers turn this to their advantage by getting the Rules Lawyer to argue with the Games Master on their behalf, thus managing to appear innocent of any sophistry.

Thespian

Of all the gamer types in existence the Thespian comes closest to the Female Gamer's ideals. They have the same appreciation of roleplaying over rules and the same propensity for character development and long drawn-out scenes of everyday life to 'round out the character'. All would appear then to be a bed of roses for the Thespian and the gamer chick but there is still the one fatal flaw that the Thespian has, the same one that pisses off every other gamer

type and that, when applied to the Female Gamer, threatens their very life.

Thespians like to tell people that what they are doing is wrong.

Lord knows, they are the only ones with even a remote understanding of how to play a character, any character, so why do people take such violent exception when they offer their sage advice? They are only trying to be helpful when they throw up their arms and explain method acting and characterisation for the four-hundredth time to these unappreciative morons who can't understand the craft.

Females in general do not like to be told they are wrong, especially when they are. Female Gamers in particular do not like to be told this about the way they play their chosen hobby, especially by someone who up until five minutes ago seemed like a fairly dreamy kindred spirit who understood what they were talking about.

Alice picked up the dice, this was it; this was the most crucial roll in her character's entire history, including the novella she had written as a background and managed to sell as a teen novel. Everything, absolutely everything depended on this one moment. She shook the dice nervously, looking around the table at each person in turn.

Katie was biting the edge of the table at the tension of it all, she'd have splinters in her gums if she was not careful. Gertrude sat, implacable behind her day-glo pink Games Master screen, the carefully arranged boy-band stickers on its surface belying the wicked mind that came up with their adventures. On the other side of the table was Jodie, Jodie somehow had it in for Alice, she even played her main rival in the game and there had been a lot of note passing this session, it made her nervous.

Come on, make the roll!

She tossed the dice onto the table, watching them spin, listening to them clatter. They came up, they came up... wrong!

She growled in frustration and made calf eyes at Gertrude but it was to no avail, their powers did not work on each other.

'They've sold the last one of the dresses you wanted to buy and they won't have any stock in until next week. That was the only one that suited you, the rest make you look frumpy. Jonathan won't be seen dead with you at the college ball without it.'

Alice glowered at Jodie, she must have bought all those dresses up, even though her character had not rolled a size five during character creation, well, she still had a few aces up her sleeve, the bitch must pay.

She turned her attention back to play. Gertrude was rolling for a wandering dork and Katie was itching to try out her vorpal handbag.



WARFARE

Fighting in the conventional sense of hitting each other until someone falls over does not come naturally to the Female Gamer. They have far more effective ways to cripple and destroy their enemies than the crudity of merely driving a fist into their face. Why smash the body of your enemy when it is possible, even more damaging, to crush their will and soul, leaving nothing but an empty husk available for further torment?

War, for the most part, is waged socially in the female world, not physically. There are the notable and worthwhile exceptions of mud wrestling, oil wrestling, foxy boxing and catfights but most of these are staged or caused by men.

Unlike the women the scholars depict for us, the Female Gamer is rarely armed with sword and shield, her heaving bosom wet with the blood of her enemies, more's the pity.

CATFIGHTS

The one, genuine, exception to the 'no touchy' rule between females is the catfight. Occasionally, the encounter between two Female Gamers is so negative that only blood will cleanse the stain and they fly at each other, hissing and spitting.

A catfight is an interesting, if dangerous, thing to watch; a lot of sound and fury and the tearing of clothing and hair but very little damage seems to actually occur in these conflicts. In this way it is reminiscent of the dominance battles between deer and other animals that vie for positions; just a test to see who is the strongest without permanently harming either.

Females are formidably armed though, with their long, wickedly sharp talons, and against anything other than another woman they are protected by their telepathic and pheromone abilities, as well as the deeply entrenched social conditioning that hitting a girl is bad, no matter what they do. In fights against anything other than another woman, they will not hold back.

THE ROLE OF GOSSIP

Gossip is the most important and the most effective weapon in the female arsenal, anything else pales in comparison before its power. Just the right piece of gossip in just the right place at just the right time, true or not, can smash careers, shatter friendships to pieces and alter perceptions. Gossip is passed from person to person verbally, or magically, faster than light, via the endless stream of gossip on the other side of the *toilet door*.

This is how news and gossip is able to travel so frighteningly fast through the female gossip network, giving them a distinct edge over the more primitive forms of information transferral available to anyone else, such as fibre optic cable.

As well as being a weapon of mass destruction, gossip is a valuable resource. Certain unique points of gossip do not flow as freely into the stream and can only be passed on person to person. These pieces of gossip have their own value, much like rare and polished gems and, when two Female Gamers meet, they will exchange these items and titbits with one another. Of course, the usefulness of certain bits of gossip can be over or underestimated, giving shrewd gossips a way to gain much more than they lose.

DIMENSIONAL MALLET

As yet unseen in real life but known in almost every anime seen by our extensive panel, females appear to be able to produce, from thin air, a giant comedy mallet capable of rendering the strongest and largest man unconscious with but a single blow.

We have not yet seen it used on anyone and it only seems to be available to hit people who are being actively lecherous but we are not going to be taking any chances with it. If you can confirm from personal experience the existence of this *dimensional mallet*, please let us know, preferably with photographs of the mallet and the comedic head wound sustained.

ROLEPLAYING WITH FEMALE GAMERS

From reading this book you should by now have gleaned a pretty good understanding of what the Female Gamer is capable of. Their various powers, their uncanny abilities and perhaps some slight beginnings of an insight into how their minds work but how do you roleplay with them? How do they roleplay with you? How should you portray them within your games? These are all rather tricky matters which urgently need addressing.

HOW TO PORTRAY A WOMAN

As noted a few chapters back in the book there are really only two kinds of non-player character women that appear in any roleplaying games – the chaste princess and the buxom wench. Of course there are also peasants, witches and other characters but basically all it comes down to in the end is the princess and the wench when the players have any real interaction with female characters.

The Princess

The princess is characterised by her helplessness and her worth. The princess Non-Player Character type need not be an actual princess, though this is fairly common in most fantasy games. The village head man's daughter, a character's wife or girlfriend, anyone who apparently needs rescuing and whose rescue will inevitably lead to a fabulous reward of some kind – gamers being gamers – often a sexy reward.

The Wench

Most females players interact with end up being a wench of some kind or another, these use their sassiness and

sexiness to keep the players entertained and are usually little more than sex objects, bargirls, strippers, prostitutes with a heart of gold and so on. Sometimes they will be the evil bad guys, using their seductive techniques to get at the characters, lead them into traps or even kill them. Strangely, players seem to learn to see through this ploy, especially when the Games Master trying to portray a lascivious woman is fat, bald, single and in his forties.

Portraying The Princess

The princess is weak, feeble and extremely helpless, about as much use as a chocolate teapot. She is, however, beautiful and usually her recovery in the adventure will lead to a reward in the form of large stacks of cash from an eternally-grateful father or unnatural sexual acts in the hayloft of the palace stables after being rescued from dragons. (Everyone feels like sex after nearly being eaten and flambéed, did you not know that?)



When running an encounter with the princess you should always portray her as very demure, very modest. You should take at least two paragraphs to describe her sweet 'womanly' virtues (including the huge tracts of land that will be signed over to the Player Characters if they rescue her), not forgetting to play up her helplessness and obvious need for assistance in any situation. She should barely talk during the adventure except to scream 'Haaaaylp! Haaaaylp!' in an ear splitting fashion. During any battle scenes, her dress should always get torn to ribbons in interesting and revealing places and, when a player eventually gets around to rescuing her, she should act in the following manner.

'She clings to your bulging muscular body, trembling like an autumn leaf in the wind, big, liquid, doe eyes looking up to you as her bottom lip quivers 'Oh how can I ever thank you my brave, strong and handsome adventurer?' Her womanly goodies brushing up against you leave you in little doubt as to how she can repay you.'



Portraying the Wench

While the princess has worth apart from and including herself; the wench has little to recommend her apart from her capacious bosom. While many evil creatures with treasure are also considered wenches and therefore have valuable treasure to be looted, most are exactly what it says on the tin. Wenches, no more, no less.

The wench model can be superimposed easily on many standard types of Non-Player Character encountered in an adventure. The evil sorceress may try to seduce and corrupt the players using wenching techniques, the nymphs and naiads and other lure-to-your-doom monsters all use seduction techniques in the same way. The buxom barmaid with the big jugs¹⁰ may be distracting you for her partner in crime, the thief.

When running a game the wench is all 'heaving bosoms' and 'breathy whispers'. Every single action they make, every single phrase they utter should be as carefully targeted as the painstakingly constructed molecules in Viagra on one place and one place only.

By way of example . . .

'Here are your ales my rascally lads' she says as she lays her big overflowing jugs on the top of the table with a toss of her raven tresses. 'That'll be four pence ye cheeky buggers.' She takes the money, expertly making it vanish into her décolletage with a practiced movement, giving you a saucy wink and swaying her way back to the bar.'

FEMALE PLAYERS IN YOUR GAMES

Having a female player in your game can be extremely disruptive to play and can cause all sorts of problems within the group as a whole, so, closing your eyes so you cannot see their boobs, think very carefully and at length about letting them join the group, considering every possible permutation and outcome.

On the plus side, the other players will clean up their act, wash themselves, be relatively pleasant and nice, play fairly, cheat far less often and help clean up the place all in a blatant and obvious attempt to impress the new addition to your group.

¹⁰ Filled with beer.

On the minus side, they will in-fight with each other for favours and focus most of their attention of the girl rather than you, the important one running the game (though she may find your power attractive).

Many gaming groups have disintegrated over a female player joining a group and dating one player and then seeing another. It can be a horrible mess to witness, torn up character sheets, dividing up the miniatures, deciding who gets custody of the books, d4s deliberately scattered on the floor like caltrops to trap the unwary, first issue *Delving* magazines ripped during shouting fits. It's never pretty.

Female gamers will try to worm their way into your games by various methods that appear to make them harmless, or too much trouble to bother rejecting.

The Inverted Dustin Hoffman Technique

In this instance, the girl in question takes the wild step of disguising herself as a man, suppressing her feminine powers and either being so utterly masculine in physique and voice that nobody notices, or simply relying on the standard gamer total obliviousness to their surroundings and the natural assumption that women cannot possibly be interested in their geeky hobbies.

The Ladette Technique

Using this method, the Female Gamer attempts to ingratiate herself into the group by taking on all of the most noticeable bad habits of the normal gamers present. This is most often represented by eating far too much junk food, having an unhealthy level of obsession with martial arts movies, farting loudly, belching even louder and playing the games with the same lack of depth as the other players.

Unfortunately, this tends to just make the players even more enamoured of her. Someone who undeniably has boobs and yet is actively interested in every facet of their geeky existence is the holy grail of geekdom and many men's dream woman.

The Girlfriend Technique

This one cannot really be beaten in any way, especially if they are *your* girlfriend (and being the hunk of a Games Master that you are, with worlds at your command, this is more likely than for anyone else in your group). This is called 'taking an interest' in your partner's hobby and refusing would not only be churlish and insult the woman (deadly) but also

the boyfriend (painful). Best to just grin broadly and bear it and hope she drifts off back to knitting, needlepoint or something after a while.

Wearing Dungarees

Actually being or pretending to be a lesbian would, at first glance, appear to be the absolute best thing going for a harmless and uneventful integration into the gaming group. However, gamers either do not care or do not understand that they are not found attractive, whatever the reason, and will behave just as childish anyway, no matter what the sexual proclivity of the woman. Besides which, most men remain convinced they are the one who will swoop the uninterested woman off her feet. Mugs.

Men who play female characters

Not Games Masters obviously, you have to portray the whole world and have little choice in the matter. Male players who choose to play female characters are, however, at best a little bit odd in the head and at worst about to flip out on everyone and go stark raving psycho, making themselves little suits out of women's skin and prancing around naked.



THE FEMALE PLAYER RACE

The Female Race cannot be considered to be a normal race for character creation; women have far too many of their own unique powers and abilities to be considered fully human and so they gain the following racial template.

Personality: Females are adaptable and diverse only truly united by their contempt for the male species and the unknowable mysteries of 'women's problems'. While they have the same lack of cultural respect and tradition that normal humans suffer from, a woman can hold a grudge across the span of generations and until the end of time for even the slightest infraction and this could be considered a tradition.

Physical Description: Softly rounded, with heaving . . . and long slender . . . and they smell so . . . excuse me; I will be in the bathroom.

Relations: Women believe themselves to be completely and totally superior to all other life forms in the universe; kind of like daleks with breasts and more subtle ways to take on the inferior races. Unlike the daleks they show great cunning, unfeasible levels of sneakiness and the ability to traverse stairs quickly and efficiently, making them far more dangerous.

Humanoid women seem to be coveted by all manner of strange races and creatures as harem slaves and dancing girls, this is yet another reason why it is thought their hypnotic powers over males are based on pheromones or telepathy rather than anything else. Cross species attraction is far too rare and horrible to contemplate.

Alignment: Women can be of any alignment, though they tend towards the chaotic neutral and chaotic evil side of the alignment spectrum. There is a strong link with chaos as evidenced by the complete lack of discernable logic to many of their decision-making processes.

'Do you like the red or blue top honey?'

'I like the red one.'

'I think I'll wear the blue one then.'

Female Lands: The female racial homeland is thought to be the dimension accessible via the spell *toilet door*; otherwise they make their homes, like cuckoos, in the homes of others. Here they set up their nest, draining poor, innocent men dry of their funds through the purchase of shoes and clothes, or via more nefarious and deadly means such as child support and divorce settlements. Some of the scholars have even decided they should be classified as parasites rather than hominids.

Religion: Believing themselves superior to all living things, they tend towards the worship of female deities, often justifying this belief with reference to badly carved statues of Neanderthal women as the 'old religion' or to elevating some of their own number to guru status, be they cooks, writers of feminist literature or chunky chat show hosts with personal issues.

Language: Women speak their own particular variety of the common tongue but, due to their racial link to chaos, many of the words they speak actually mean the exact opposite of their conventional meaning. This can lead to a situation much like listening to Innuendo where you understand each individual word but the overall meaning is lost.

Be wary especially of the words 'fine' 'no' and 'whatever you think is best'. Female language also has some very cunning linguistic traps, allowing the female to trap others so that any reply they give will be wrong, giving justification for their wrath being levelled upon you. 'Does my bum look big in this?' being one of the most fatal. Should the latter phrase be uttered in your presence two courses of action are advised. One, to calmly and simply say 'no' before changing the subject at the first possible moment. Two, to admit the truth, having decided that you yearn to either join the foreign legion or become a monk.

Names: Women adopt feminised names of the society they infiltrate and so can pretty much be named anything. Just to be doubly confusing, sometimes it is only the spelling and not the pronunciation that is feminised and many use male names as nicknames.

Adventurers: Female adventurers are some of the most daring and greedily avaricious of all adventurers, especially those who believe they have something extra to prove because they are women. Why they choose to prove their worth in a man's world is anybody's guess,

we would all be far more impressed with a three-course meal and a finely pressed trouser leg.

FEMALE RACIAL TRAITS

Female Gamers have the same traits as humans with the following differences:

† **Medium size:** As medium sized creatures women have no special bonuses or penalties derived from their size. Many women however believe themselves to be huge or gargantuan creatures despite their actual size and cannot be convinced otherwise by any means. They behave accordingly which can be dangerous and confusing to all concerned.

† **Ability Adjustments:** -2 Strength, +1 Dexterity, -2 Constitution, +2 Intelligence, +2 Wisdom, +1 Charisma (note this is a general trend and is in no way meant to reflect on outstanding individuals such as Lara Croft or Susan Ivanova whose work we greatly admire and respect).

† **Speed:** Female base speed is 30 feet, 60 feet if there is a shoe sale on, 25 feet if wearing high heeled shoes.

† **Skills:** 2 extra skill points at level 1 and 1 every level after that. Females gain a +1 innate bonus to all Move Silently checks.

† **Class:** Favoured Class: Any.

† **6th Sense:** Women can sense trouble or the presence of anything they don't like, which they often consider trouble. At any time they pass within ten feet of anything any male finds embarrassing or is trying to hide they automatically detect it.

† **Fuzzy Logic:** A woman can repeat an attempt at any task once, even if the rules normally say a second attempt is not allowed.

† **Defensive Aura:** Any group of men within twenty feet of a woman cannot take an offensive action against them or even speak harshly to them unless they do something to them first. This includes homosexuals, transsexuals and non-human monsters, which are likely

to become shopping partners or confidantes instead. Other women are unaffected by this power

† **The Look:** With but a single glance the female is able to either persuade, or send running away any male. They may use this particular power a number of times per day equal to their level. The target makes a Will save with a DC equal to 10+level+Charisma Modifier and either accedes to the woman's wishes (doe eyes) or runs screaming in terror (the evil eye).

† **Hypnotic Boobs:** By spending a full action jiggling up and down any males within line of sight of the female must make a Will save Vs 10+Level+Charisma modifier or be hypnotised and rendered immobile for as long as the female continues to jiggle. There is an additional +2 bonus to the DC to resist if she bares her breasts; magical nipple tassels or piercings may increase this even further.

† **Find The Lost:** If a male has already looked for a mislaid or otherwise lost item or secret passage and failed to find it, the female may immediately locate it provided she does so in a manner that belittles and embarrasses the male and makes it seem as though the thing was in plain sight at all times.

† **Padded feet:** Female Gamers receive a +1 bonus to all move silently checks. This bonus is increased to +4 if they are sneaking up on a male attempting to conceal something at the time or doing something that will take a lengthy amount of time to explain.



PRESTIGE CLASSES

There comes a time in every Female Gamer's life when she feels the need to break out of the basic mould administered to her by fate and to specialise. It is the time when she seeks to find her own particular niche in the world and to develop beyond the limitations of her initially chosen class.

When they achieve a high enough level they have the ability to choose one of the following prestige classes for themselves in addition to those more generally available.

VELVET GOLDMINE

Mistress of the dark, puppeteer of the Games Master, wearer of the *mystical corset of distraction*, collector of obscure music of the world. The velvet goldmine manipulates the Games Master (sometimes literally) using them to their own mysterious and nefarious ends.

Any class can become a velvet goldmine but most come from the class of rogue, having already established their natural inclination towards the accrual of shiny things by screwing people over.

Within the game world, the velvet's abilities appear nothing short of magical but they are actually rooted in her real world ability to latch onto the poor, unsuspecting Games Master and get what she needs from him either by dating him, giving him sexual favours or simply by turning up to games in a push up bra and lacy see-thru dress.

Velvet Goldmine

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1 st	+0	+0	+0	+1	Gold-dig 1%
2 nd	+1	+0	+0	+2	Gold-dig 2%, XP-dig 1%
3 rd	+1	+0	+1	+3	Gold-dig 5%, XP-dig 2%
4 th	+2	+1	+1	+3	Gold-dig 10%, XP-dig 5%
5 th	+2	+1	+2	+4	XP-Dig 10%, Nookie Card 1
6 th	+3	+1	+2	+4	Gold/XP-dig 25%
7 th	+3	+2	+3	+5	Nookie Card 2
8 th	+4	+2	+3	+5	Gold/XP-dig 50%
9 th	+4	+2	+4	+6	Nookie Card 3
10 th	+5	+3	+4	+6	Gold/XP-dig 100%

Non Player Characters may not become Velvet Goldmine

Hit Die: d6

Requirements

To qualify to become a Velvet Goldmine you must fulfil the following requirements:

Gender: Female

Charisma: 13 or higher

Other: Be attractive to the Games Master.

Class Skills

Bluff, Craft (makeup), Diplomacy, Gather information, Innuendo, Intimidate, Read lips, Search, Sense motive, Spot.

Class Features

All of the Following are class features of the velvet goldmine prestige class.

Weapon and Armour Proficiency

The velvet goldmine is proficient with light armour (corsets and catsuits) and with hairpins, stiletto heels and other assorted small pointy things. Their movement is also unrestricted by pointy heels or ridiculously large platform fetish boots.

Gold-Dig: As they rise in level the Games Master becomes more and more generous with the rewards for the velvet's character. When treasure is divided up she gains this much extra compared to everyone else.

XP-Dig: As they rise in level, the Games Master be-

comes more and more inclined to provide them with extra experience. When experience is divided up they receive an extra amount according to their XP-dig level.

Nookie Card: Any time an event or die roll goes against the velvet she can 'play the nookie card'. This instantly reverses the decision or roll in the velvet's favour. At 10th level the velvet can choose to 'withhold nookie' instead, which grants her a re-roll but does not reduce her nookie cards.

LADETTTE

The ladette is the perfect girlfriend for most gamers, a geek's wet dream. A girl who likes and does guy stuff, doesn't just tolerate it and feign interest, someone who does not think Linux is a sort of vinyl boxing glove, the kind of girl who will offer to spend the entire weekend watching seasons one to twenty seven of Space Adventure, while hopped up on caffeine.

The sort of girl who knows what a phaser is, who reads science fiction and who knows there is more to anime than just cute girls in sailor outfits.

The ladette sacrifices much of her feminine power to become 'one of the lads' and can even end up completely excommunicated from the sisterhood. She's cool though, so we can dig it.

Hit die
d8

Requirements

To qualify to become a ladette you must fulfil the following requirements:

Gender: Female

Strength, Constitution, Dexterity: 12+

The Ladette

Class Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1 st	+1	+1	+1	+0	Trade In, Chugging.
2 nd	+2	+1	+1	+1	
3 rd	+3	+2	+2	+1	
4 th	+4	+2	+2	+1	
5 th	+5	+3	+3	+2	
6 th	+6	+3	+3	+2	
7 th	+7	+4	+4	+2	
8 th	+8	+4	+4	+3	
9 th	+9	+5	+5	+3	
10 th	+10	+5	+5	+3	

Other: Lack of loyalty or solidarity with more 'girly' girls.

Class Skills

Balance, Bluff, Climb, Disable device, Escape artist, Innuendo, Intimidate, Jump, Open lock, Profession (drink), Swim, Tumble.

Class Features

The ladette does not have much in the way of their own class features but they are nonetheless extremely versatile.

Weapon and Armour Proficiency

The ladette is proficient in all weapons and all forms of armour but especially proficient in weapons that men consider to be cool, gaining an additional plus one with a weapon if the party makes any kind of appreciative noise when she draws it.

Trade In: The ladette may trade in her Female Gamer racial powers. Each female power that is traded in allows her to take one special ability from any class in its place. The level in the Prestige class determines the level that ability is used at.

For example, Madge trades in her hypnotic boobs since she is flat-chested almost to the point of boyhood. In place of hypnotic boobs she decides to take the rogue's backstab ability.

Chugging: This is a basic ability and really a requirement for any ladette. It is the ability to gulp down a whole pint of ale, beer or lager without throwing up or pausing. This ability also allows the ladette to drink down and receive the effects of two doses of a potion in one go.



FEMININE MAGIC

FEATS

Pout

Requirements: Female Gamer

This devastating feat allows the female gamer to instantly improve any male's reaction to her by three steps (See *Core Rulebook II*). Usable once per session.

Cry

Requirements: Pout, Charisma 13+

Despite being raised no less than three times at the Muncie code of gaming rights as a tactic that contravenes all known laws of gaming, concerted efforts by female gamers everywhere has ensured it is yet to be banned. This feat may be used once per encounter to do one of the following: automatically succeed at a single skill roll or to hit roll; gain a substantial clue into a current riddle or problem, receive 5d100 gp or 2d100 xp.

MAGIC ITEMS

Hot Pants

The *hot pants* were forged in the demon realm of lust far back in time, during the reign of the dark lord S'vnntyze. Forged from the tight red skin of flayed succubi, the *hot pants* grant a +3 bonus to Charisma while worn and, in addition, anyone touching the wearer with their bare hands gets burned for 1d6 points of damage. Males within five feet of the *hot pants* must make a will save against a DC of 15 + the wearers Charisma modifier or be compelled to goose the wearer and take damage.

Mithril Bra and Panties

Miriam, a Warrior Dyke of some note found clothes restricting and decided to assert her femininity in a positive way by showing off her finely-toned physique. After her third bout of flu she went to the great dwarven craftsmen of the realm and kicked them square in the nuts repeatedly until they agreed to make her this outfit.

The *mithril bra and panties* is a matching set of tiny, skimpy silvery armour that grants the wearer the same protection as a full suit of plate mail with no encumbrance penalty.

In addition, the mithril underwear renders the wearer immune to the effects of natural cold and provides a +2 enhancement bonus to saving throws against magical cold.

Stocking Ladder

Made and enchanted by the leggy elven models of Holy Wood the *stocking ladder* appears at first to be a normal pair of stockings and suspenders. When activated by the magical words, a ladder can be pulled from the stockings and used to climb over a barrier. The ladder produced is made of sturdy wood and is twenty feet high.

The stocking start with d20 uses and cannot be recharged.

Sloganised T-shirt Of Distraction

This garment is a tight, stretchy T-shirt with some manner of naughty slogan emblazoned across the breasts to draw attention to them. Any male intelligent humanoid coming into combat with the wearer must make a Will save equal to a DC of 15 plus the wearer's Charisma modifier. If they fail, they lose their action staring at the wearer's boobs and leave themselves open for a free attack.

SPELLS

Toilet Door

Transmutation [Teleportation]

Level: Female (innate) Other 20.

Components: S, F

Casting Time: One minute uninterrupted

Range: Close, 5 feet

Effect: Portal the size of one toilet cubicle

Duration: Length of visit to the female dimension

Saving Throw: No

Spell Resistance: No and Yes (object)

Toilet door requires two females (one if no second is present) to go to the toilet together. Once inside they enact the ritual by chatting for one minute, at which point the portals open and both women can enter the female dimension gaining

access to 'the stream of gossip' and the other effects of the dimension. Time elapses normally however, so they can seem to be gone a very long time.

Detect Pornography

Divination

Level: Brd 1, Rgr 2, Wiz/Sor 1, Clr 0, Fm 0

Components: S

Casting Time: Instantaneous

Range: 10 feet

Duration: Level x 10 minutes

Saving Throw: Yes, Will

Spell Resistance: No

Even when the owner of the porn is not present to be embarrassed by the pornography's discovery women show an uncanny knack to still discover it. While a male magic user would be happy at his luck and cast *digby's well greased palm* for an hour or two while looking through it, the female will lie in wait, arms crossed, for hours if necessary, to extract pain and grovelling pleas for apology from the man responsible. Note that this spell detects things according to the woman's definition of pornography, not the man's.

Break Technology

Transmutation

Level: 0 for all Magic users.

Components: V, S

Casting Time: Between instant and five minutes later

Range: Touch

Target: Any piece of machinery or technological item

Saving Throw: Will negates (Harmless object)

Spell Resistance: Yes (Harmless object)

Any intricate and vital piece of technology belonging to a man can be utterly broken beyond repair by use of this simple incantation. Touching the device and attempting to use it is all the invocation that is required, from then on at any time up to five minutes after touching the caster, can cause the device to

spontaneously break in a spectacular and unfixable fashion. This only works on devices and machines smaller than the person casting the spell.

Male Servitude

Enchantment (charm) [Mind affecting]

Level: Fm 0, all others 3

Components: V, S

Casting Time: Instantaneous

Range: As far as your voice carries

Duration: *Until served*

Saving Throw: Yes, Will

Spell Resistance: Yes

Batting her eyelashes and smiling sweetly, the female mage can ask any one small service of a nearby male and have them comply. This can be a neck rub, the fetching of a drink or food or any similar small act of servitude. The spell lasts until the task is complete.

Power Word 'Fine'

Enchantment (command) [Mind affecting]

Level: Fm 1, All others 8

Components: V

Casting Time: Instantaneous

Range: As far as your voice carries

Duration: One day

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: Yes

During a heated argument the female mage can invoke the dreadful and terrible *power word 'fine'*. This word when shouted renders all further argument on this topic impossible and the woman is considered to have won. This is especially useful while trading or when attempting to bluff one's way past guards.

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Unnaturally sharp tongue,
perfect for gossip,
disseminating Furry Logic

Eyes - multiple attack ability,
Poe Eyes or the Evil Eye,
little defense against either

Sturdy skull - able to contain the
conflicting duality of Furry Logic



Cleavage - used to beguile
and befuddle male gaming
counterparts, a
devastatingly effective
weapon

Retractable talons for
cat fights, letter opening

Bag of Infinite Holding
commonly known
as a "purse"

Reinforced skeletal
structure - ideal for
carrying multi-generational
grudges

Foot pads - used for stealth,
catching the male doing
things he shouldn't be doing



Bob,
They do exist!
I have enclosed a copy
of Prof. Warner's
very own findings.
Ted

Possible location of the
psychic gland, assumed
source of the Sixth Sense,
telepathy and other
unexplained female powers



Prof. Arthur Warner
Study of that most mythical
beast - the Female Gamer

MGP
0013

Warning!
Suggested for mature readers only.
This book contains gender based
humour parodying both men and
women which may offend some people

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THE SLAYER'S GUIDE TO

FEMALE GAMERS

And another 'booke of humorous intente' makes its way into the unsuspecting world without so much as a by your leave. What you hold in your hands is a terrible insight into the mind of the Female Gamer.

You cannot truly understand the alien motivations and desires of the Female Gamer, your mind is just not mapped out in the same way but this book may contain a few warnings and signs to look out for so you can avoid the dangers.

Be wary reader, that you do not gain too much understanding of the Female Gamer's ways. If you find yourself toying with your prey, giggling girlishly and trying to use your pizza-induced man-cleavage to gain the Games Master's favour then take a step back.

So enjoy the book but keep it hidden.

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Discover how this rare subspecies came into existence.

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