

# IRON CROWN QUARTERLY

Volume One, Number Two, "Halloween"

The Magazine Featuring

**Rolemaster™**

**M.E.R.P.™**

**SPACE MASTER™**

One Dollar; 1.2 Devonian Elmonits; Lots of Pesos

## NEW FROM ICE!!

• THINGS OUT NOW •

(let's re-hash what we announced last issue)  
**Shadow in the South** (\$12.00): Middle-earth Campaign module set in the far south of Endor. *Shadow* breaks new ground, being only the second module set outside of the more commonly known regions of Middle-earth.

**League of Merchants** (\$12.00): A *Space Master* Campaign module detailing an interstellar crime organization of the far future. This 64-page book is designed for use with the *Space Master* milieu, but the source material is particularly easy to use with any high-tech SF campaign.

**Far Harad** (\$12.00): Middle-earth Campaign module set south of Umbar, this book features beautiful cover art by Angus McBride.

**Mirkwood** (\$15.00; 128 pages): Middle-earth super module combining *Southern* and *Northern Mirkwood*. This new book contains all the material from the old 'Mirkwood sisters' as well as new overview text.

• UPCOMING TITLES •

OCTOBER

**War on a Distant Moon** (October, 6 smackers US) a *Space Master* adventure supplement in which the players are catapulted into the center of a revolution against an oppressive Imperial Province. Political intrigue, sabotage, and a military uprising are all part of the scenario as desperate adventurers fight to escape with their lives! (Hey! It should be out by now! Do you see it anywhere?)

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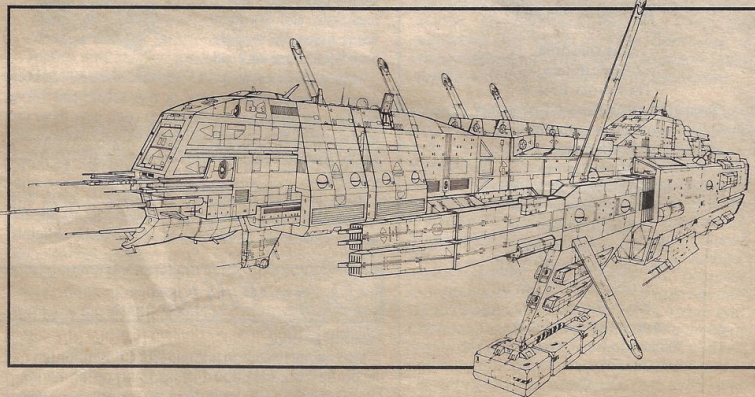
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## SPACE MASTER: STAR STRIKE

Following on the heels of the surprisingly well-received *Space Master: The Role Playing Game*, comes *Star Strike* — *Space Master's* starcraft combat system. Using the same time scale as all of Iron Crown's role playing products, 10 seconds per round, *Star Strike* offers a detailed battle resolution procedure employing the same style of attack charts and critical tables *RM* and *SM* players have become familiar with over the past few years.

Though detailed, *Star Strike* does not necessarily have to be complex. Included in the package will be Basic, Standard, Advanced and Optional rules, so the level of simulation can be chosen by the players. In fact, the Basic Game can be learned and a Basic Scenario played, within two or three hours!

The Basic Game starts players off piloting Single Manned Attack Conveyance (SMAC) fighters and includes a solo scenario for people learning to play the game by themselves.

The Standard Game introduces a full array of starcraft and weapon types along with a quasi-momentum system for frictionless flight.

The Advanced Game puts the player's vessels into the third dimension through the addition of attitude and altitude above or below the playing surface.

Optional rules then add new system capabilities, pods, mines, natural hazards, and a full-blown momentum movement system.

But the game system is only half of what *Star Strike* has to offer. Also included is a step-

by-step starcraft construction protocol with costs for every conceivable sub-system and back-up. There are guidelines for integrating your *Space Master* character into a *Star Strike* campaign as well as Boarding Party tables, vessel statistics, and scenarios. There will be plenty of blank Starcraft Displays (to be filled in with the statistics of your favorite ships), and construction worksheets. And more weapon types than you can fire your Plasmatic Repeater at: Auto Cannon, Blast Cannon, Laser Cannon, Disruptor Cannon, Ion Cannon, Plasma Cannon and Explosive, Nuclear and Matter/Antimatter Warheads are covered. Critical tables for Pierce or Blast attacks are customized to the target type, dividing vessels into four Mass Categories: Small, Medium, Large and Super Large.

Other game components include tactical hex grids, full-color *big* counters (up to an inch and a half by an inch!), utility markers and a self cover insert containing the attack tables and standard forms of the game.

Though designed as a stand-alone boardgaming simulation, *Star Strike* and *Space Master: The Role Playing Game* may be played together to achieve a comprehensive SF game environment.

Whether it be quick duels between opposing one-man fighters, or megadeath slugathons pitting mighty dreadnoughts against bristling space stations — *Star Strike* will fit the bill for all of your deadly deep space encounters.

— KB

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## A Note From the Editor

Hey! It's issue #2! Personally, I'm amazed.

What has happened since issue number one? Well, Valerie Harper won her case against Lorimar (better acting than she ever did on her show!). The shuttle *Discovery* made it back safe, and My ferret hasn't bitten me recently. Two out of three ain't bad.

In more pertinent areas, the response to the *IQ* has been almost unanimously positive (a real relief) and we've doubled the print-run for this issue (yes, now there are twelve copies floating around! Just kidding.) We took the rag to GenCon/Origins, and everyone seemed to get a kick out of it.

Back at the ICE corporate headquarters, some new information has surfaced on the Rolemaster world: the place is known as *Kytain*: the Shadow World. Slightly



larger than Earth and dominated by mysterious energy flows, it promises to be unique and interesting. Scheduled release for the Master Atlas and first few "atlas" modules is still February (fancy that!).

*Space Master: Armored Assault* is grinding its way along, riding on the heels of the impending *Star Strike*.

And for you *Rolemaster* system junkies, Coleman is slogging through material for yet another in the ongoing *Rolemaster Companion* series. There is a complete *Rolemaster Revision* in progress (don't panic, we're not changing the system, just cleaning it up and adding more optional garba—I mean rules.)

As you may have noticed in this issue's letters column, we are receiving tons of mail, some letters more substantial than others. I don't need to remind you that your input is welcome — though I doubt I'll listen to anything you say, it is fun to write, isn't it? I may even print your letter if it's witty and incisive (and there are a couple of crisp twenties enclosed).

This is our Halloween issue, so I should mention something about it, I guess... well, maybe not.

See you guys in the Ides of January.



## Dear Editor...

Dear Mr. Amthor,

My congratulations to you and the ICE staff for producing the best damn Role Playing Game on the market. I have used it for five years and have no plans to change. Continue the fine work.

I write you this letter to submit a variant rule concerning magic that I have been using. You have my permission to print, edit, alter, blatantly plagiarise this submission in the *IQ* or any other ICE publication.

Don Coatar  
Chicago, Ill.

Thanks, Don; we will. (See Don's article later in this issue!)

—TKA

Dear Mr. Amthor:

I play *Warhammer 40,000*. Do you think Iron Crown will ever produce such a garishly illustrated and popular game?

Johnathan Quanze  
Bintown, ND.

Dear Johnny,

Go play with your Bolt Gun.

—TKA

Dear Mr. Amthor:

I am hurt and offended by your including the cast of ST:ing in your list of people forbidden to have *IQ* subscriptions. I also was disappointed by Biff and Brad's review of my show. Won't you please reconsider?

Wesley Crusher  
Acting Ensign  
U.S.S. Enterprise, *Galaxy Class Cruiser*

Dear Wesley,

Sorry, Wes I personally like *Star Trek* — I do, especially your character. Really.

—TKA

P.S.—Put on this bright red tunic and beam down with the next landing party, OK?



This next one is for real, I swear.

Dear Editor (Terry What's-his-name):

Your *Iron Crown Quarterly* was original, informative, and so-o-o funny! I loved it! Are you all crazy? I hope so! Look at the bright side — if you are crazy, when you screw up, you have a good excuse! Are all of you that "funny" when you go home at night? I bet your wives don't think you're that funny. (That's OK — my husband doesn't think I'm funny and I'm crazier than you — if that's possible) Anyway, my son and I are "hooked."

In case you were wondering (and even if you're not) Vampires are my favorite creatures — next to wierd writers and editors. Anyway, I'll let you go. I know you're dying to get back to work and I have to get on to my next important quest — putting my four kids to bed (just one exciting thing after another). Good luck on future editions — keep up the good work!

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Dorothy Fugiel

Dear Mrs. Fugiel,

Thanks so much for your kind letter! To answer your first question, some of us are crazier than others (see this issue's *Mug Shots*). As for being "funny", lots of people think I'm "funny", but maybe not in the way you are implying.

Since your fave creatures are vampires, I'm sure you'll like the *MERP* adventure for this issue. Say hi to the kids for me.

—Terry

**SEVEN SECONDARY SKILLS FOR SPECIAL SITUATIONS**

for use with

**Rolemaster™ & Space Master™**

By William Covert

No world, whether it be backward or technologically advanced, whether it be in a science fiction or fantasy campaign, is ever devoid of some form of intoxicant and the appropriate establishments in which P.C.s may indulge in such intoxicants. Rarely can there be found a P.C. who does not dabble (if not completely submerge himself) in some sort of recreational beverage, especially during those inevitable slow points of the campaign, between adventures, when excitement does not readily present itself. Bored P.C.s often take their leisure time seriously and are apt to bolt for the nearest location which offers entertainment and drink at the first sign of a lull in the campaign's activity. G.M.s and P.C.s can now take advantage of the inevitable "barroom scene" in their campaigns using the following skills to make the most of those interesting deviations from the gruelling tedium of battling dragons or Snee, rescuing helpless halllings, destroying planets, and tiresome travel, whether it be by horse or hyper-shuttle.

The cost for these secondary skills is ultimately up to the GM. However, the following skill cost guidelines may be of use:

- 1/3 for Fighters, Thieves, Rogues, Armsmen, Pilots, and Explorers.
- 2/3 for Warrior Monks, Rangers, Bards, Criminologists, Semi-Telepaths, Administrators, Entertainers, and Theologians.
- 2/5 for all pure Magic Users, all Research Scientists, Medics, Planetologists, and True Telepaths.

**Barfly:** (Pr/In) Bonus for intuitively finding some poor sucker and then persuading him/her to buy you a drink.

**EXAMPLE:** *Brü Doggur is out of cash yet he strongly desires another ale. Suddenly, he spots Sid the Meek sitting alone across the bar. Sensing that Sid is somewhat unsure of himself (a nerd, if you will), Brü decides to try to milk him for a drink (or five). After introducing himself, Brü rolls 89 and adds his Barfly bonus (+25) for a total persuasion roll of 114. Sid, however, may attempt to resist Brü's rather firm request for drink by rolling above Brü's Barfly roll of 114. Sid may roll and add his Self Discipline Bonus (-5) to refuse Brü. Sid rolls a pitiful 23 (it's just not his night) and adds his "bonus" of -5 for a whopping total of 18. Sid buys Brü a drink and may try to resist each time Brü requests another drink (similarly Brü must roll separately for each drink he wants Sid to buy him).*

**Chug:** (Co/Qu) Bonus to imbibe an intoxicating beverage at a rapid rate. The higher the Chug roll, the more of the desired impact (whether it be awe, envy, or disgust) this maneuver will have on the chuggee's audience. The results of a failed Chug roll range from simply not finishing the beverage (roll of 01 to 99, modified) to nausea (-01 to -25, modified) to vomiting and incapacitation (-26, modified or lower) with the varying degrees and specifics left up to the GM.

**EXAMPLE:** *Bud, being the victim of a barbaric social system, finds chugging beer to be the most effective means of meeting and impressing women. Bud catches Ida Mae's eye, raises his substantial mug to his lips and rolls a fairly mediocre 65 chug and adds his ample Chug bonus (+40) for a total of 105. Bud downs his brew in fairly good time as Ida Mae watches*

*cooly from the corner of her eye. Having now gotten Ida Mae's attention (she doesn't seem to be easily impressed), Bud decides to chug another. Bud smiles and once again hefts his mug. This time, however, Bud rolls a pitiful 03 followed by 87 for a total unmodified Chug roll of -84. Even Bud's impressive Chug bonus will not save him now as he is forced to clap a hand over his mouth and stagger towards the restroom (the GM may want to ask Bud to make a maneuver roll at -40).*

**Hide/Control Intoxication:** (SD/Em) Bonus for pre-forming basic maneuvers (such as walking, standing, opening normal doors, etc.) and/or upholding one end a normal, rudimentary conversation (discussing the weather, sports, or current events provided the P.C. has some prior knowledge of these topics. Note: P.C.s receive a +20 bonus when discussing philosophical issues such as, the reason for the existence of life, the stasis or flux of the basis of value judgments, does the light in the refrigerator really turn off when you close the door, etc.) without people perceiving that the P.C. is intoxicated. Unlike the secondary skill of Drug Tolerance, this skill allows a P.C. to actually become intoxicated and temporarily function at a near normal capacity whereas Drug Tolerance simply causes the P.C. to resist the effects of the intoxicants.

**EXAMPLE:** *Although considered to be one of the best SMAC pilots in "The Academy" on Planet 3, Spike is only 19 years old and still lives with his parents. After a night of debauchery at Uncle Willy's Bar and Petting Zoo, Spike comes home to a loving and concerned parent who immediately begins to question young Spike as to his whereabouts this evening... "Just where do you think you've been, young man?" (hands on hips, squinty eyes, tapping foot, we've all seen it before) "Aw, Ma" replies Spike rubbing his hand through his sky-blue mohawk. "You've been drinking, haven't you?" At this point Spike must attempt to convince his mother (and his body) that he is just fine. Spike rolls a 73 plus his Control bonus of 35 for a total of 108, a success. "Geepers no, Ma. I was just puttin' in a couple extra hours on the flight stim... I mean simulator." "O.K., dear you run on up to bed now, it's after 9:30." At this point Spike must once again roll to conceal his current lack of coordination as he trundles off to his room. Spike, a bit overconfident after his initial success rolls a wimpy 08. His bonus just won't help him now as he falls flat on his face in the hall. Spike is subsequently grounded for two whole weeks and forever banned from Uncle Willy's. Bummer, Spike.*

**Provoke Assault:** (Pr/Em) Bonus to successfully lure another being into some form of one-on-one combat without making one's self out to be the antagonist.

**EXAMPLE:** *Spike never did care much for the guys in the Communications Squadron at The Academy; they always seemed so stuck on themselves. Well, one night while Spike was hangin' at Uncle Willy's with some friends, this Com-Squad geek bumps into Spike and spills his drink. Before Spike can do anything this geek says, "Watch it fly-boy, I wouldn't want you to get hurt...and while your at it, lose the mohawk, kid."*

*That did it: the two things Spike simply will not tolerate are comments about his hair and being called "kid." Now, Spike was an intelligent kind of guy and he knew that this Com-Nerd could smear him across the planet...unless he had some help. Spike was a faithful regular at Uncle Willy's (in fact, he was close to Willy himself) and therefore knew that the crowd would be on his side. So, while this guy is moving past, Spike makes a Provoke Assault roll of 92 plus his bonus of 25 for a stunning total of 117. Spike replies, "no problem, friend" and then whispers something no one else hears about the Com-Squader's mother, a Snee, and a micro-fusion reactor. The Com-Geek flies into a frenzy, the authorities are called in. (The Com-Geek is doing 5 decadays for disturbing the peace; Spike suffered a minor abrasion on his left elbow.)*

**Scoping:** (In/Re) Bonus to identify someone who is willing and/or able to satisfy certain desires; whether they be recreational, educational, or logistical.

**EXAMPLE:** *Flanigan saunters into the bar, trying to look cool and collected. The pressure of her mission hangs heavy upon her now. She has to find out which one of the poorly dressed bozos in this dump is her "contact." Apparently one of these guys is an agent in charge of the ambassador's security and a sucker for beautiful women who like to party. Now, Flanigan has had some contact with Imperial agents before and therefore shouldn't have too much of a problem finding this guy. She rolls a Scope of 83, plus her Scope bonus of 30, for a successful total of 113. Flanigan spots agent and walks over to him and says "wacha drinkin', big boy?"*

**Retaliatory Wit:** (In/Re) Bonus to "out-insult" a verbal assailant.

**EXAMPLE:** *Brü Doggur slaps Sid on the back and says, "You're a good little pip-squeek, Sid...now get me another drink." Sid, turning beet-red with both embarrassment and rage, decides to put Brü in his place. Sid, having a great deal of experience with being on the receiving end of insults, roles a sad 17 plus a disappointing 05 for a down-right pitiful total of 22. All the wit Sid can seem to muster is: "Oh yeah?"*

**Recall:** (Co/Me) Bonus to correctly retain and utilize information exposed to while intoxicated.

**EXAMPLE:** *Flanigan moans and gently places the liquid-cooled thermal bag on her forehead, quietly pleading for Phroid to please hurry up with the vitamin B complex injection. Before administering the "hangover helper" Phroid can't help but try to get Flanigan to imagine a spoiled knockwurst milkshake, extra chunky (just for fun). As the bile begins to rise in Flanigan's throat Phroid gives her the injection, just in time. "Feeling better?" asks Phroid, with that snide little smile not even a mother could endure. "No thanks to you, blaster-brain. I almost spewed my goo because of that comment. You really shouldn't do that when you know I'm suffering."*

*"Well, at least you accomplished your mission. You had that Imperial agent eating out of your hand...so which cell block are they hiding the ambassador in?" Flanigan, now beginning to piece together the events of the previous evening, doesn't remember much of her conversation with the off-duty agent. In order for Flanigan to remember this one specific piece of information, she must make a successful recall roll. Flanigan rolls a painfully mediocre 53 plus her recall bonus of 15 makes for an unsuccessful 68. Flanigan scratches her head and says, "uh...three something...I think."*

# THE HEALING TREE

## AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN MIRKWOOD

By Terry K. Anthor

An enchanted golden tree, an artifact made by Elves of the First Age, lies hidden deep within the forest. The vale in which this tree 'lives' — the *Cor Tauraglor* (S. "Ring of the Golden Tree") — is concealed by powerful charms, however, and evil creatures lurk nearby, hoping to snare unwary seekers of this healing aid.

While this adventure is set in Mirkwood, it could be placed (with some juggling of distances and instructions) in the Old Forest or any other large wood the GM wishes. The time frame is also variable — any period after T.A. 1000 (when Greenwood becomes Mirkwood) and before the end of the age.

### THE TALE

In the misty dawn of the First Age, when the Elves made their great journey West to the Undying Lands, they stopped along the way many times. Some never took up the road again, choosing to remain in Middle-earth.

Although few lasting reminders of this exodus linger — beyond the memories of the Firstborn themselves — some of these Elves did build structures to revere nature and the beauty they found. One such lies in the *Cor Tauraglor*.

Hidden deep in Southern Mirkwood, this small glade lies at the end of an overgrown, winding path. The way was once a beautiful road, twenty feet wide and paved with fine white stone. However, after thousands of years, nearly all of the stones are buried or broken and invisible under countless seasons of fallen leaves. Great trees have encroached, and now it will require a skilled tracker or Ranger to follow the way with certainty.

Ten miles north of the Vale lies a crossroads, kept somewhat clear by ancient enchantments. Four paths lead from it, though their departure from the crossroads clearing is deceptive. One leads west towards Rhosgobel; one leads east to an ancient villa. One leads south to the Vale of the Golden Tree.

An Elf arrives in town, clearly ill, carrying an unconscious Elven youth in his arms. He is semi-conscious, but able to explain that he has not an illness (something that anyone knowledgeable about Elves would know is impossible anyway) but has been poisoned by darts from an Orcish raiding party. He and his son were both struck with poison arrows, and there is no known cure for the deadly mixture. However, the Elf (he gives his name as Arminas; his son is Brillthor) knows that a leaf from the Healing Tree deep in the Mirkwood can save them.

### THE NPCs

There are only two NPCs important to the plot of the story (aside from the Elves, who play only a peripheral part). These are Faucharach and Pedraug, the Vampire and his Werewolf servant.

### FAUCARACH

Faucharach (S. "Thirsty Fangs") is a Vampire, master of a beautiful (if dilapidated) mansion. He has lived in this ancient villa since it was built in the beginnings of the Third Age, when he was a living man and Mirkwood was still called "Green". Once surrounded by beautiful vineyards carved out of the forest, this place was famous for its fine wines from Minas Ithil to Thranduil's Halls. Now, the trees have returned, dark and possessive, clutching at the very walls of the ruined house.

The master of this house is also a lord of illusion, able to make the entire area seem to all senses to be in perfect repair and maintenance.

**GM Note:** Faucharach is a 25th level Mage (Illusionist for *Rolemaster*) with all of his Base Illusion lists to 20th level — this gives him the power to transform his entire villa into an appearance of beauty and current maintenance. With illusion he can also conceal the fact that he is undead and evil.

He also has the list *Spirit Mastery* to 20th Level, and favors the spells:

**Word of Stunning** (level 15) Range: 50 feet. Target is stunned for 1 round/50% failure.

**Word of Calling** (level 17): Range: 50 feet. Target is forced to come and face the caster (fighting as he goes if necessary) and then remains immobile for 1 round/10% failure. Caster must concentrate while target approaches, or control lapses.

Faucharach also has the lists *Lofty Bridge* and *Essence Perceptions* to 10th level.

### PEDRAUG

A werewolf in the service of the Vampire, Pedraug (S. "Wolf who Speaks") spends much of the day lurking in the forest outside of Dúronð Guroth, guarding the villa and in search of victims for his master. He is completely and almost mindlessly loyal.

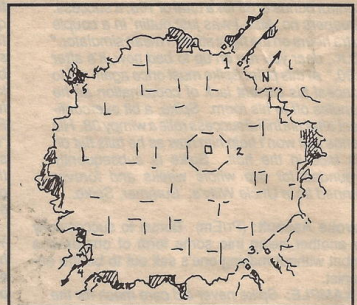
### LAYOUTS

The players may encounter three areas on their journey to the Ring of the Golden Tree: a crossroads, the home of the Vampire, and the Glade itself.

### THE CROSSROADS

Surprisingly clear considering the ruined condition of the rest of the path, the crossroads is marked by a tall, marble obelisk, inscribed with ancient lettering (now worn with the ages and incomprehensible).

Note the North Arrow on the illustration; it is deliberately set off at 45° from the top of the page, so if the GM shows this to the players (possibly even concealing the North Arrow), they will possibly fall for the confusing ploy: the road heading for the Dúronð Guroth is actually more southerly than the one leading to the Vale of the Golden Tree — though after a mile or so, each bends more to true east and south, respectively.



1. Road from the North.
2. Crossroads Clearing. The actual circular clearing is surprisingly open and free of trees. Most of the white marble stones are intact, though grass pokes from between nearly all of them, and the stones are more broken and covered towards the perimeter. In the center of the clearing

stands a tall obelisk. It is somewhat enchanted, and it is the lingering power of the obelisk which keeps the trees at bay. Should the PCs be assaulted by beasts of the wood, the clearing offers some protection: any evil creature entering the clearing must make a successful RR vs 10th level Essence. Those who fail are turned back, and even those who succeed are at -20. This protection power is not obvious however, so the adventurers may only discover it through luck. The surface of the tall, slender, three-sided pyramidal obelisk originally had writing on them, but it is nearly obliterated. Only at night will faint characters — fashioned in the stone with a material similar to *ihildin* used on the doors of Moria — glow in the starlight. In Quenya, they point the way towards the correct road: the one heading southwest.

3. Road to Dúronð Guroth. Heading in a southeasterly direction, this road entry is the best maintained of all four — including the one the PCs must fight through to enter the clearing.

4. Road to the Vale of the Golden Tree. The entrance to this road is choked with underbrush and one of the pillars which originally flanked the roadway is gone. The other is cracked and broken, the original characters unreadable, and it is covered with vines. Failure to make a *Medium* (±D) Perception roll means that the road is not spotted at all.

5. West Road. This route, though almost completely blocked in areas, leads all the way through Mirkwood to Rhosgobel (Radagast the Brown's home).

### THE DÚRONÐ GOROTH

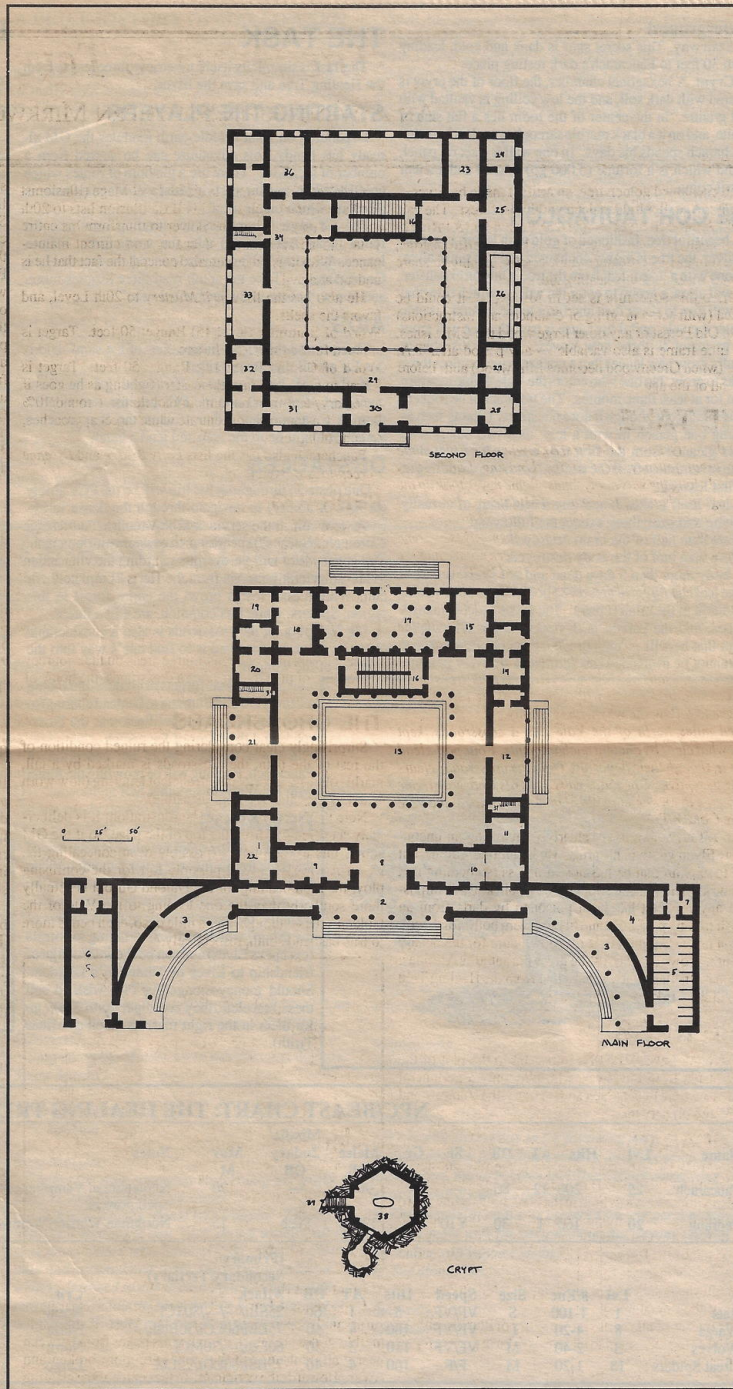
The home of the Vampire Faucharach, Dúronð Guroth (S. "Night-hall of Horror") is a sprawling villa which was once quite beautiful. Now, however, it has fallen into disrepair.

If he is aware of approaching travellers (and he most likely will be) Faucharach will be able to make the villa appear beautiful, clean and well-maintained. Three miles down the ancient road due east will take the unwary traveller to the gates of the house: huge, iron constructs, rusted almost to the point of disintegration. They are stuck in the open position. A 100 yard long driveway is in only slightly better condition than the road, but appears to be well-maintained, with hardly a blade of grass showing between large, flat marble stones.

### The House: Main Floor

1. Loop. This large oval was originally a turn-about for carriages. A massive fountain stands on the grassy center, depicting a variety of water creatures spouting water from their mouths. Though the fountain appears functional, it is actually full of algae-covered water and reeks of decay. The loop itself is full of broken stones and weeds. Beyond it in all directions but the house are tall, forbidding trees.
2. Portico. A wide, colonnaded entryway decorates the front of the villa, with side halls leading to the carriage house and stables. Several steps lead up to the landing.
3. Gallery. An open, colonnaded area facing the loop, each of these has steps leading down to the paved area.
4. Storage.
5. Stables. Formerly the home of the Master's riding horses, this area now houses several of Pedraug's trained wolves.
6. Carriage House. Not surprisingly, this structure houses carriages. The roof collapsed long ago, however, crushing the contents of the building.
7. Servants Quarters. The grooms once lived here; now only rats do.
8. Entry. After the manner of large estate homes built in this mild climate, there are no actual front 'doors'; only a breezeway leading into the central courtyard.

- 9. **Sitting Room.** A reception area where guests are greeted and would await the arrival of the Master of the House.
- 10. **Art Gallery.** This room was unfinished except for a few plain benches. The walls were lined with portraits and other fine paintings. There were also a number of busts on pedestals and other sculpture. All are either damaged beyond repair or missing.
- 11. **Bath.** Decorated with beautiful painted tiles, this is just a washing-up facility for party guests.
- 12. **Library.** A large, two-story room, the library is actually almost intact. Several of the window-panes along the South wall are broken, and the heavy velvet curtains are mildewed and rotting, but all of the more valuable books are stored in sealed glass-front cases, and have been protected from the elements. While none of the tomes here is magical, there are eight which could bring as much as 1,000 gp (total) if sold in a major city like Minas Tirith. A spiral stairway along the South wall leads up to the narrow balcony running the perimeter of the room. Access to this balcony can also be gained from the upstairs hall.
- 13. **Courtyard.** The centerpiece of the house is the great courtyard, open to the sky and surrounded by a grand colonnade. There is another fountain, though this one is a sculpture of a youth with a large jug on his shoulder, with water pouring out of the jug. The fountain is actually still functional, driven by an underground spring, though the pool surrounding the sculpture is broken and the water just spills out across the court.
- 14. **Morning Room.** A small dining room designed for less formal occasions, such as day meals.
- 15. **Study.** The Master's private work chamber, this room holds a number of secrets — including a secret stairway down to Faucharach's 'crypt'.
- 16. **Stairs.**
- 17. **Great Hall.** A Ceremonial and master dining hall, with large tables and a stepped dais to a high table and throne.
- 18. **Kitchens.**
- 19. **Storage.**
- 20. **Servants.**
- 21. **Drawing Room.** Darkly furnished with oak settees and moldering velvet curtains.
- 22. **Music Room.** Many interesting musical devices are housed here — all useless now, of course.
- Upper Level**
- 23. **Guest Room.** Beautifully furnished — as are all of the guest quarters on this floor. The PCs will be unable to tell that they are in fact decaying and ruinous.
- 24. **Bath.**
- 25. **Guest Suite.**
- 26. **Library — Upper Level.** A balcony runs the perimeter of the large room, allowing access to the main floor via spiral staircases.
- 27. **Guest Room.**
- 28. **Master Bath.**
- 29. **Faucharach's Suite: Sitting Room.** This room is actually kept up, as the Vampire lives here.
- 30. **Faucharach's Suite: Master Bedroom.** Since Faucharach does not sleep in his bed, this room is in no better shape than the rest of the house. However, there is a chest at the foot of the bed which contains a few items of interest. It is Locked, Very Hard to open, but holds a wand with an iron orb at the tip. It is called "Angorn" (Iron Heart) and any target (range 100) who fails to resist vs 20th level Essence has their heart turned to iron. While instantly dead, if lifekept soon enough, they can be saved, as the wand can reverse the effects. The wand has 14 charges left. Also in the chest is a cloak of darkness; when the hood of the cloak is donned, it projects Utterdark 100' radius. Lastly, there is a pair of gloves of grasping. When the wearer desires, the gloves will grasp any object desired (no more firmly than the wearer is capable, but they lock in that position) until ordered to release.
- 31. **Guest Suite.**
- 32. **Bath.**
- 33. **Guest Suite.**
- 34. **Servants Stairway.**
- 35. **Guest Suite.**
- 36. **Guest Room.**



"Halloween" 1988

**Underground**

**37. Stairway.** This secret stair is dank and cold, leading down 30 feet to Faucarach's dark resting place.  
**38. Crypt.** A hexagonal chamber, the floor of the crypt is covered with dark soil, and the low ceiling is vaulted with chill granite. In the center of the room lies a flat slab of granite, and on it a black marble sarcophagus. It is here that Faucarach spends his days. In one wall is a secret panel, behind which is a fortune (5,000 gp) in gold and ancient mithril coins.

**THE COR TAURAGLOR**

A beautiful tree, fashioned of gold with leaves of greenish silver, the tree is highly enchanted and in a sense alive. Anyone with a 'used' leaf from the tree (Only an exhausted leaf will allow a group to enter the vale, at which time that leaf will turn to silver dust and filter to the ground.) is able to enter the vale, and if his cause is true, the tree will grant him as many as three new leaves. The tree is able to actually grow new leaves, but a mature leaf requires three weeks to grow. No one who enters the Vale is able to return again for at least three months. The tree cannot be tricked, as it is intelligent, though it does not speak. (Stunts such as sending one person in with a leaf, then two others with leaves gleaned from the first trip, etc., will be met with negative sentiment from the tree and possible powdering of the first leaves).

A leaf itself is able to heal any single being of virtually anything and everything except the following:

1. More than half of the brain destroyed.
2. More than half of the body destroyed.
3. A body more than 3 days dead and not *Preserved*.

The leaf can *Lifegive* preserved bodies up to 30 days old, in addition to the other repairs. The entire process takes 3 minutes, and the patient is in perfect shape afterwards, except that he will — man or Elf — sleep for three hours and cannot be awakened (no additional recovery period).



**THE TASK**

The Task is simplicity itself: to retrieve three leaves from the Healing Tree and save the Elves.

**STARTING THE PLAYERS**

Depending on what Middle-earth modules the GM already has handy, this adventure can be started from a number of locations. There are a plethora of routes which could be taken, and the starting point will of course have an effect on which one is used.

The Elf says: "Seven leagues heading west into the forest (from Buhr Widu) take the south fork. Fifteen leagues due south will bring you to an old crossroads of the Gondorians... Take the south road three leagues more, and you will come to the enchanted vale."

**AIDS**

The leaf and the verbal instructions of the semi-delirious Elf are all that are provided.

If the GM has *Southern Mirkwood* (or the new, combined *Mirkwood*) and the PCs get into real trouble, there is a chance that either Huinen the Scer or even Radagast might be in the area and lend a hand.

**OBSTACLES**

One obstacle throughout the trip will be the PCs' ability (or lack of ability) to navigate through the dense forest. Even with the instructions and the road, a successful *Extremely Hard* (-30) Tracking maneuver must be made. The entire route will be overgrown (except at the crossroads) so getting bearings from the sun will also be difficult. Wolves and Wargs prowl the entire forest in this region; Spiders, while less common, are still a threat.

The deception at the crossroads is also a considerable obstacle, for to be deceived is to find one's way into the clutches of the vampire.

Also, Arminas forgets in his delirium (being a Lordly Elf and immune to Undead charms) to warn the PCs about the illusion at the crossroads and the terror of Faucarach.

Even if the PCs avoid the deception of Faucarach, Pedraug will be prowling the forest with his Wargish servants...

**REWARDS**

The Elf offers to let the players keep one of the three leaves the tree gives; he requires one for himself and one for his son. In addition, he has several beautiful Elven bracelets (coincidentally, the same number as the members of the group) which add +20 to hiding in forests (except vs Elves) and can be shown as a sign of friendship to Elves of Thranduil's kingdom. Should money-mongering PCs wish to sell these bracelets, they could get up to 3,000 gp for them in the right markets (such as Minas Tirith).

**ENCOUNTERS**

Many terrors await those brave (and/or foolish) enough to venture into Mirkwood.

**RANDOM FLORA**

While trekking through the wilds of Mirkwood, adventurers are likely to run into any number of potentially hostile plants. While most of these can be avoided by wary scouts, some are quite devious and could be the undoing of overconfident PCs. The *Mirkwood* books provide an excellent guide, or the GM is encouraged to use his imagination.

**WOLVES & OTHER BEASTS**

The journey to the Vale of the Golden Tree is no less than 200 miles (nearly 70 leagues) round trip, requiring at least three nights spent in the terrifying Mirkwood each way. Natural choices to stop for the night are the first fork in the road, halfway between the fork and the crossroads, and the crossroads itself. Wolves hunt at night, and at the very least, the PCs are in for an uneasy night's sleep. Wolves fear fire, but it also draws them, so it will be a tough choice whether to build a fire for camp.

**WARGS**

Traveling apart from normal wolves, Wargs are far more dangerous. A pack led by Pedraug is to be especially feared (though of course the PCs won't know, and it will take a skilled Ranger to realize that the animals on the trail are indeed Wargs and not wolves. When they attack, however (and they will attack) they will display more cunning and intelligence than normal wolves. The bodies of any killed in the attack will vanish by dawn.

**THE VILLA AND FAUCARACH**

The villa is a big part of the adventure, and the GM should find any way possible to steer the players into this evil trap. Of course, if the PCs do manage to avoid the Vampire through skilled play, excellent resistance rolls, and determination, they should be rewarded with appropriate Experience Points on this 'quest.' However, much of the fun will be spending a night in the terrifying mansion.

**An ICE joke**

by E. Claire Smith

How do you catch a polar bear with a saw and a can of peas?

Take the saw, cut a hole in the ice. Then take the peas and line them up around the hole. When the bear comes to take a pee, you kick him in the ICE-hole!

**NPC/BEAST CHART: THE HEALING TREE**

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
Faucarach	25	200	12	80	—	—	90ss	—	20	Númenorean Vampire; capable of changing into a bat or wolf. See text for spell powers.
Pedraug	20	160	1	30	Y10	N	120bs	90sb	15	Northman Warrior/Werewolf.
<b>(Primary/Secondary/Tertiary)</b>										
	Lvl	#/Enc	Size	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	Attack	Crit.	
Bats	1	1-100	S	VF/VF	5	1	60	25SBi/—/—/30TCI	Norm	
Wargs	8	4-20	L	VF/VF	180	4	60	75LBi/60LCI/50Both/—	Norm	
Wolves	3	2-40	M	VF/VF	110	3	30	60LBi/—/30MCI	Norm	
Great Spiders	18	1-20	M	F/F	160	4	40	75HSi/60LGr/75Lbi	Large	

**WRITE FOR ICE!**

Currently over 80% of ICE's published products are designed and written by out-of-house authors. We are always looking for authors / designers for a variety of product lines. Each series has its own individual guidelines, so contact us before you begin to actually work on a project. The ICE contact is listed for each series.

**Middle-earth module series:** below are listed some suggested topics for the M.E. module lines.

**ICE Contact:** Pete Fenlon or John Ruemmler.

**M.E. Ready-to-Run modules:** MERRS may be set in any of the territories covered by our existing modules.

**M.E. Adventure modules:** Open topics include — Harondor, Edhellond, Linhir, Mount Gundabad, the Etenmoors, the Old Forest.

**M.E. Campaign modules:** Open topics include — the Shire, a Dorwinion campaign, Western Gondor, Enedhwaith, Old Púkel Land, etc.

**Fortresses of M.E.:** Open topics include — Cair Andros, Mount Gram, any one of the seven Gondorian Beacons, Ar Phazarón's monumental tower in Umbar, any one of the White Towers of the Tower Hills, the refuge at Dunharrow, etc.

**Cities of M.E.:** Open topics include — Dol Guldur, Minas Morgul, Linhir, Aldburg (Calmirë), Umbar, Calembel, Edoras, etc.

**Space Master module series:** Campaign modules and Adventure modules for use with *Space Master*.

**ICE Contact:** Terry Amthor.

**Star Strike support products:** Scenario packages with adventures, ships, and crews for use with *Star Strike* and *Space Master*.

**ICE Contact:** Kevin Barrett.

**Shadowworld Rolemaster/Fantasy Hero module series** (first releases in March 1989): We are looking for FRP campaign and adventure manuscripts that fit into the *Shadowworld of Rolemaster* / *Fantasy Hero* and can be inserted into and used with anyone's campaign.

**ICE Contact:** John Ruemmler.

**Rolemaster Classic series:** Sourcebooks (for *Rolemaster*, *Fantasy Hero* and *MERP*) based on a readily recognizable topic / setting (e.g., Arabian Nights, Vikings, Pirates, etc.). For example we have published a Robin Hood module and a Mythic Greece module.

**ICE Contact:** Terry Amthor or Coleman Charlton.

**General FRP material:** ICE plans to publish articles for the *Iron Crown Quarterly* and *Rolemaster* / *MERP* supplements. Such projects will include material from a number of different authors/designers: optional rules, collections of traps, collections of items, collections of "encounters", collections of "lair", collections of generic mini-adventures, etc. So organizing and submitting your favorite such FRP material is a good way for you to get your material published and for us (and you) to get an idea of your design / writing / organizational abilities.

**ICE Contact:** Coleman Charlton or Terry Amthor.

**Rolemaster Companion material:** Periodically we publish optional rules, guidelines and material for *Rolemaster* in the form of the *Rolemaster Companions*.

**ICE Contact:** Coleman Charlton.

**MERP Companion material:** Optional rules, guidelines and material for *MERP* in a form similar to the *Rolemaster Companions*.

**ICE Contact:** Coleman Charlton.

**Middle-earth Quest gamebooks:** Our series of Gamebooks set in Middle-earth. These are challenging and complex projects that require creative writing ability and a knowledge of gamebook mechanics and role playing expertise and a familiarity with the works of J.R.R. Tolkien.

**ICE Contact:** Kevin Barrett.

"Halloween" 1988

**A BRIEF HISTORY OF HALLOWEEN**

by Little Mikey Blumfield

Born of myth and superstition, Halloween has come to be a really cool holiday and a great excuse for eating so many Tootsie Rolls that your teeth ache and drop out of your head before the dawn of November first, am I right or what? Way back before the Celtics played at Boston Garden, they used to celebrate New Year's Day in October, like on the last day, you know? I mean, like CLOSE, guys! Anyways, they invent this holiday and call it like Hallowmas on the eve of All Saints Day, to make the priests happy, and they booze it up till they drop. Like they said it was to appease evil spirits and the unhappy dead (how many happy dead guys do you know?) sailing around in the air like hot dog wrappers in Manhattan, but I think they just wanted to get down and do some major league damage to their nervous systems, you know? Anyways, guess who brought the holiday to the good ole US of A? The Scots and Irish. Now there's happy and sober bunch of dudes. I mean, these two frigid and wind-swept countries were like world powers back when the major mode of transport was fear and the nuclear arsenal a stack of spears. Since then, Scotland and Ireland have kind of waned, world power-wise, if you know what I mean. (I was there once in June, and it was like forty-six degrees, and I says to my mom, "Let's go home!")

Well, like enough History 101. Nowadays, Halloween is famous for "Trick or Treat!" which way back when (yeah, I know, like more history; but this stuff is important. Like Dan Quayle says, "If you don't learn from history, you better be rich, like me.") meant: 'Gimme a cookie or I'll slash your cattle to ribbons.' So they gave cookies, by the gazillions.

So like the best "prank" me and the guys ever did was to drag a dead horse into my grandpa's bed while he was "indisposed," if you know what I mean (he was old and like indisposed for maybe half his waking hours), and then we hid in the closet in his bedroom and waited till he climbed back under the covers. Then I flipped on the light switch and we all hummed the theme from "The Godfather." Man, did his eyes get big! Well, anyways, right after the funeral, I started to tell my mom all about it but Bruno, who's gonna be a lawyer, advised me to keep quiet, so like I did.

What's the best prank you ever pulled? Write and tell me about it and if it's not like too gross or the magazine won't get sued, maybe they'll print it and you'll have documentary proof that you really do exist.

Hey like thanks for reading this far. Now go do something else. Don't you ever play catch outside or bird dog chicks at the mall?

Your correspondent from New Rochelle,

Mikey

**Coleman's Corner**

*Nadeem Ramzam from the U.K. dominates Coleman's mailbox his issue...*

TKA

Dear ICE,

High (sic) there, I am a big fan of the high quality work you produce, but would I be sending you this letter all the way from England just to give you people compliments. NO!

I have written hoping you could reply to a few questions:

**Q1:** Concerning RM and Arms Law — the whip table can not surely do a max of 27 hits and an "E" crush! Even if the Crush was replaced by a Grapple, the hits would be too much. In some of your modules men, children, women have 5-25 hits; this would kill most of them in one blow! Usually a whip inflicts pain and usually slashes. It was not invented as a weapon.

**Q2:** What about the Quarterstaff table — if it was made of metal, fine! But a wooden staff which does more damage than most one-handed weapons that were made to kill seems a bit silly.

**About Space Master:**  
**Q3:** What language do people speak — Terran? Can slang language also be developed, e.g., Devonians, Colosians?

Stop doing the *Middle-earth* modules and do more *Space Master*!

Yours Expectantly,  
N. Ramzan

Dear Nadeem,

Thanks for your comments concerning our products. In answer to your questions:

**Q1 — Whip criticals should be 'Grapple.'** The key thing to remember is that "hits" do not usually kill or slow down characters; "criticals" do. "Hits" reflect pain and accumulated shock, thus a weapon like a whip is designed to cause pain against unarmored targets. So 27 hits vs. no armor or heavy clothing is not too far off-base; max hits drop off to 2 vs AT 20.

**Q2 — The Quarterstaff is the least effective of all 2-handed weapons and delivers less severe criticals than any of the 1-handed bladed weapons; see "Q1" for a discussion of the implication of "Hits."**

**Q3 — The official Imperial Language is Anglaman, derived from English, French and Germanic tongues. Most Provinces have their own home languages, often descended from their own Terran heritage. (TKA)**

Yours Truly,  
Coleman Charlton

Dear Dr. Charlton:

Invisibility in *Rolemaster*, in particular the 10' radius type, can be interpreted in a number of ways. Can the caster make everything within the radius invisible, including walls and floors? How about someone who was inside the radius when cast but then wanders 15' from the caster — do they become visible? Can invisible people within the radius see other invisible people in the radius? (No — SCC) In short, what are the effects and limits of flexibility of the spell?

Inquisitively,  
Anonymous

Dear Anon,

We handle Invisibility in the following way:  
a. Everything in the radius becomes invisible when the spell is cast, but to become invisible the creature/thing must be entirely within the radius.  
b. The Invisibility radius is centered on one person/thing and will move with the person/thing, but anyone leaving the radius will become visible.  
c. See above "No."

Sincerely,  
Coleman

**I.C.E. Product Listing**

Now that you've found your IQ ... we'll clue you in on products currently available for *M.E.R.P., Rolemaster & Space Master*... now at select stores (or distributors!) (Prices are Manufacturer's Suggested Retail - USD)

**MIDDLE-EARTH ROLEPLAYING:**

**RULES & SYSTEM SUPPLEMENTS**

M.E.R.P. Rulesbook .....ST#8000 .....\$10  
M.E.R.P. Box Set .....ST#8100 .....\$15  
(This includes ST#8000)

M-E Combat Screen .....ST#8001 .....\$ 6  
Lords of M-E, Vol. I .....ST#8002 .....\$12  
Lords of M-E, Vol. II .....ST#8003 .....\$12  
M-E Folded Map .....ST#2100A .....\$ 5  
M-E Guidebook .....ST#2200 .....\$ 9

**ADVENTURE & CAMPAIGN SUPPLEMENTS**

Bree .....ST#8010 .....\$ 7  
Thieves of Tharbad .....ST#8050 .....\$ 7  
Goblin-gate .....ST#8070 .....\$ 7  
Rivendell .....ST#8080 .....\$ 7  
Brigands of Mirkwood .....ST#8090 .....\$ 7  
Months of Entwash .....ST#8011 .....\$ 7  
Haunted Ruins .....ST#8101 .....\$ 6  
Pirates of Pelargir .....ST#8104 .....\$ 6  
Gates of Mordor .....ST#8105 .....\$ 6  
Assassins of Dol Amroth .....ST#8106 .....\$ 6  
Woses of Black Wood .....ST#8107 .....\$ 6  
Raiders of Cardolan .....ST#8108 .....\$ 6  
Isengard .....ST#2800 .....\$12  
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Riders of Rohan .....ST#3100 .....\$12  
Lorien .....ST#3200 .....\$12  
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**FORTRESSES OF MIDDLE-EARTH**

Weathertop .....ST#8201 .....\$ 6  
Teeth of Mordor .....ST#8202 .....\$ 6  
Halls of the Eleven-king .....ST#8204 .....\$ 6

**CITIES OF MIDDLE-EARTH**

Minas Tirith .....ST#8301 .....\$18

**MIDDLE-EARTH QUESTBOOKS**

A Spy in Isengard .....ST#101 .....\$3.50  
Treason at Helm's Deep .....ST#102 .....\$3.50

**ROLEMASTER**

**RULES & SYSTEM SUPPLEMENTS**

Rolemaster Box Set .....ST#1000 .....\$34  
(Contains #1100, #1200 & #1300)

RM Combat Screen .....ST#1001 .....\$ 6  
Arms/Claw Law .....ST#1100 .....\$12  
Spell Law .....ST#1200 .....\$12  
Character/Campaign Lw .....ST#1300 .....\$12  
Creatures & Treasures .....ST#1400 .....\$12  
Rolemaster Companion I .....ST#1500 .....\$12  
Rolemaster Companion II .....ST#1600 .....\$12

**CAMPAIGN CLASSICS**

Robin Hood .....ST#1010 .....\$15  
Mythic Greece .....ST#1020 .....\$15

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**RULES & SYSTEM SUPPLEMENTS**

Space Master RPG .....ST#9000 .....\$30  
SM Combat Screen .....ST#9001 .....\$ 6

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League of Merchants .....ST#9700 .....\$12

**ALTERNATIVE SPELL/PSION ACQUISITION SYSTEM**

Don Coatar

The variant presents a new system of spell acquisition based upon a spell by spell (rather than a list by list) theory. While I have always used *Spell Law* in my campaigns (with slight modifications), I have never really felt comfortable with it. The concept of paying Development Points for a chance at receiving a whole block of spells always seemed incongruous to *Rolemaster*. To me, it equated to a thief paying 1 DP in order to get a 5% chance of receiving Stalk and Hide to level 10!

In addition, I have always run a relatively low level campaign. Lord level PCs and NPCs are typically around 10th level. The system I have detailed herein suits this type of campaign well. When level advancement is slow, magicians must have more versatility in order to survive, especially when considering the lack of power of *Rolemaster's* 1st level magic users.

Another advantage this system offers is increased flexibility. For players, the flexibility is obvious as magic using characters have a more varied selection of spells. Since they pay only for the spells they will use, there are less wasted DPs. GMs will also appreciate the new system: as always new lists can be introduced but now GMs have the option of introducing singular "non-list" spells into their campaigns.

The mechanics of the system are not complex. Spells are purchased individually at costs determined by Table 1 (included). Any number of spells may be acquired at one level. Spells must be purchased in order of level, so to learn a 50th level spell, the rest of the list must be learned first.

At 1st level, a pure or hybrid spell user may select spells from up to 4 different lists; a semi-user from 2, and a non-user from only one. At each later character level, the character may select from one additional new list.

A GM can easily tinker with the details of this system to make magic users weaker or more powerful in his or her campaign. It is strongly suggested that the GMs restrict and/or monitor new spell acquisitions by PCs. Since this system is so flexible and open, it does have a loophole or two in terms of game balance. In a group of good role players, though, I doubt very much that this would be a problem.

I have playtested the system in my own campaign for about nine months and it has held up well. In the interest of fairness, I have noticed two aspects that some GMs might not appreciate or want in their campaigns. First, low-level (1 to 3) magic using characters (pure, hybrid, and semi) become much more powerful than they were under the "old system." They are still in line with the power of low level fighters, thieves, etc. Second, high level (10+) magic using characters tend to be a bit weaker than they used to be, though not overly so.

I also must add that the power point variant rules in *ROCO2* can greatly reduce or increase the character's relative power, depending on which one (if any) the GM uses.

If a spell list has no spell for a particular level, that "slot" must still be purchased. The cost to buy a blank slot is 1 DP for all classes. The cost is cumulative though with consecutive "slots" purchased for that character level. Buying 2 slots in a row without a spell would cost 3: 1 + (1 + 1). Buying 3 would cost 6, etc. A character never pays more for an empty slot than he would for a spell of the same level, so actually most pure and hybrid users will pay only 2 DP's for "empty slots" of levels 1-10.

I feel that this system gives the GM more options to

exercise in his magic rules while also supplying the players with a more diverse approach to spells. The system is balanced, fair, compatible with *Rolemaster*, and generally seems to "fit" the game rules. Also it would eliminate the strange concept of paying DP's for a chance to get a skill. Finally, it would enable 1st and 2nd level magic users to have something of a chance of survival in smaller groups.

**INDIVIDUAL SPELL MAGIC SYSTEM**

**Open Lists**

	Pure	Hybrid	Semi	Non
A	-	-	8*	2x
B	2*	2*	-	-
C	-	-	16*	3x
D	4*	4*	32*	-
E	8/16/32	8/16/32	-	-

**Closed Lists**

A	-	2*	16*	4x
B	2*	-	-	-
C	-	4*	32*	-
D	4*	4*	32*	-
E	10/18/36	25/-/-	-	-

**Base Lists (Own)**

A	-	-	-	-
B	2*	2*	8*	-
C	-	-	-	-
D	4*	4*	15*	-
E	8/16/32	8/16/32	20/32/50	-

**Open Lists (Different Realm)**

A	8*	10*	24*	5x
B	-	-	-	-
C	16*	20*	-	-
D	32*	-	-	-
E	-	-	-	-

**Closed Lists (Different Realm)**

A	16*	32*	-	-
B	-	-	-	-
C	32*	-	-	-
D	-	-	-	-
E	-	-	-	-

**Base Lists (Different Realm)**

A	32*	-	-	-
B	-	-	-	-
C	-	-	-	-
D	-	-	-	-
E	-	-	-	-

**Base Lists (Not own, but same Realm)**

A	6*	8*	40*	-
B	-	-	-	-
C	12*	16*	-	-
D	20*	30*	-	-
E	40/50/-	-	-	-

**Pick Spell Levels**

A	1-5
B	1-10
C	6-10
D	11-20
E	25 / 30,35,40 / 50

*Note: All point costs are per individual spells, not for the entire list.*

*Note: No level may be skipped when selecting spells, i.e.: to buy a third level spell in list x, you must have the first and second level spells from list x.*



# ICE MUGSHOTS

For our second issue, we chose one of our Editors and the company's Controller (\*snore\*).  
—TKA

**John Ruemmler, Up Close and Personal**  
(At least as close as you're ever going to get)  
*Editor's Note: we are graced by the presence of the world-renowned author and lichen-licking linguist of Lexington, Miss Courtney Bishop, in Charlottesville to promote her Civil War novel about the USS Monitor, The Hale Boat. (Watch for the TV mini-series this fall on ABC, starring Gavin Macleod as U.S. Grant and Nipsy Russell as Robert E. Lee.) Dressed in a stunning chiffon evening gown the color of a Paramus, New Jersey sunset in August, Miss Bishop has kindly consented to interview our own John Ruemmler (not the jailbird, the writer), ICE editor-at-large, and before his fall from grace (Grace was not injured in the fall) this spring, ICE's production manager.*

**Miss Bishop:** John, you have worked at ICE for five years now. How have you grown as a person?  
**JR:** (Grinning hideously, like Charles Manson addressing a slaving but natty Geraldo Rivera) Actually, I've shrunk. I was 6'2" tall when I started here back in '83, when ICE worked out of Pete's garage, and here I am five years later, 5'10" tall. And every time I do this... (He stands, bends over and slams his head on a desk.) it hurts something awful.

**MB:** You should see a doctor.

**JR:** I did.

**MB:** What did he say?

**JR:** He said, "Don't do that. That'll be fifty bucks."

**MB:** You should get a second opinion.

**JR:** I did.

**MB:** And what did he say?

**JR:** He said, "Okay, you're ugly, too. That'll be a hundred bucks."

**MB:** On a different tack, what part of your work has given you the most satisfaction?

**JR:** Oh, undoubtedly, it's conceiving an idea, like the *Sherlock Holmes Solo Mysteries*™ line of questbooks, finding and coordinating the efforts of a dozen writers and artists, working twelve hour days week after week only to see the entire line die in a matter of moments. Fruit flies live longer than that line did.



Photo by Marcia Sterrett

"Halloween" 1988

**MB:** There's a rumor in the industry that returns were as high as 200%.

**JR:** That's true. People returned books to us that only mentioned Holmes.

**MB:** What's your favorite single moment at ICE? What instant would you save in a time capsule?

**JR:** (Laughing like a hyena) It had to be the day in '87 when we learned that the guy we had been paying \$200,000 a year really wasn't Christopher Tolkien, but just a good actor from the New York School of Fine Arts. I thought Bruce, our CEO and Money-man, would never stop laughing. In fact, he laughed and howled all the way down to the ambulance and ten blocks up Ridge Street. Some Charlottesvilleians say that on a clear night, you can hear him howling at the moon up at the Blue Ridge Hospital, which is a good six miles outside of town.

**MB:** And the low point?

**JR:** Hmm. I guess it was the day I realized I'd never amount to much and that my father was right: I am a lazy bum.

**MB:** When was that?

**JR:** Every day for the last five years.

**MB:** What makes a company like ICE unique?

**JR:** What makes the Manson family unique? Why does the term "Blitzkreig" live in our memories? Why is Cher so darn attractive at forty? It's because together, we are at once more than each of us might be alone and apart and yet much, much less than God would have us be.

**MB:** How do you know?

**JR:** Hey, I have cable. I watch Dr. Gene Scott.

**MB:** Tell me about your family.

**JR:** (Incensed) Let's leave my family out of this, OK? It's tough enough talking to an alter ego of the opposite sex. Suffice it to say that I was abandoned by wolves at an early age and raised by my natural parents, who moved often when I was a kid. But I always found them.

**MB:** Must have been a difficult childhood.

**JR:** It was. My high school football team in Granite City was so tough, after we sacked the quarterback, we went after his family.

**MB:** What words of wisdom do you have for someone looking to enter the exciting world of fantasy roleplaying?

**JR:** Don't! No, seriously, I'd say "don't!"

**MB:** Thank you for your time.

**JR:** Go fish! Hey, there's a tear in your hose. (MB looks down.) Gotcha!

## Kurt Rasmussen

I was born a poor black child. (Oops; that's already taken. Apologies to Steve Martin.) No, actually, I was born a stunningly handsome baby in of all places Kalamazoo, MI. Childhood saw such milestones as my first tooth and the onset of a pair of large feet. Isn't there some correlation between big feet and... Maybe not. My formative years (I still consider myself in the cavity prone years) have been spent compiling — done mainly with a beer in each hand for balance — all the knowledge needed to become an enlightened human being. Whatever the hell that is.

College was spent right here in lovely (\*Argh\*) Charlottesville. Five years I will never forget. Although most experiences are kind of vague in my memory for some reason. Imagine that. Now I'm out of school and out in the real world, kind of. My friends are getting married and having babies or vice versa. Thank god most are practicing safe sex. I still believe that abstinence is best, and then again maybe not.

Here I am at Iron Crown, I am the Controller. For those of you ninnods in our audience unfamiliar with the title, I handle the finances and stuff in our multi-million dollar conglomerate. The 'stuff' part of my job is super-secret and I am not at liberty to discuss it in this column. I am NOT a gamer. Never was and never will be. (He's lying; he played *Space Master* for months; it just interfered with his social calendar. TKA) The only fantasy roleplaying I indulge in is thinking about that blonde I see on the Mall with the nice tan legs and wavy hair and... Now that kind of fantasy is truly what America is all about.

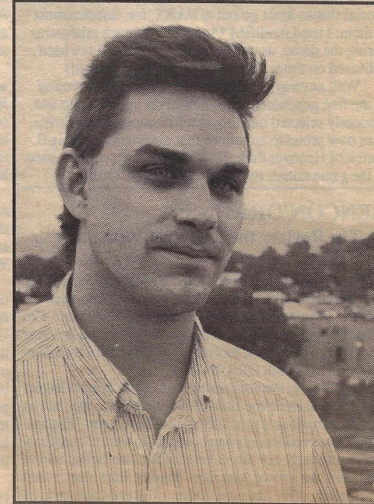


Photo by B\*art Hlavin

But seriously, I'm going to digress here a moment and give you gamers some advice (I feel like Dr. Ruth). Sports and Chicks (*Boys, for you female gamers.* TKA) are important too. I have spent half my life at these pursuits and believe you me I'm a better man for it. My suggestion is that you guys put down your rules books, drop your twenty-sided dice, burn those polyester clothes, wash your greasy hair and go outside and get some exercise. I'm not saying give up gaming altogether, just that it should not be such a large part of the lives of some of you. I also realize that all gamers are not fanatics (take Biffer here, for example) so if this does not pertain to you I am truly sorry. I really don't mean to preach but I feel it's my duty to tell you guys how I feel. Enough.

Now for a few of my varied interests. I feel compelled to include this section because my mugshot would certainly not be complete without it. Kind of like a donut. Money often plays a rather substantial role in how well one can enjoy their leisure time activities. Consequently, I seem to spend more time watching ESPN than I would like to. But such is life for the time being. Shopping is a genetic habit that has been passed down through generations in my family. Fortunately I have kept up the legacy nicely, thank you. Athletics are a good thing. Animals are way cool. Especially big black German Shepherds named Troy. Swink beware. Sunny fall days with a choice female on the Blue Ridge Parkway with as many brews as possible is what I would have to classify as a perfect day. Oh, yes, and how could I forget (Although I tend to do that with alarming regularity) all those home UVA football games. Jim Beam and I have attended them regularly for years. These are a few of my favorite things.

Cheese and crackers I've babbled long enough. Maybe a small glimpse you now have. Which is fine. Maybe I'll have an aspirin around noon. Or just take the day off. Stress and pressure will burn out your brain, so stay loose and try not to worry too much about everything.

GenCon/Origins Reports .... GenCon/Origins Reports .... GenCon/Origins Reports

**STAR STRIKE DEBRIEFING**  
A POST ORIGINS/GEN CON REPORT

— K. Barrett

I had the pleasure of hosting Iron Crown's Star Strike Demo at last summer's Origins/Gen Con game spaz-out in Milwaukee; and although the rules were only in manuscript form at the time, all involved appeared to have a good reaction to the new Star Strike system. (A special thanks must go out to FASA, for, unbeknownst to them, I used modified **\*\*gasp\*\*** Aerotech miniatures during the demo, as our metal prototypes had not been delivered on time. Nice work by the way, Jordan!)

Well anyway, I collected the names and addresses of the fine gentlemen who showed up for the demo and randomly selected one to win a free copy of Star Strike. I am now proud to announce that the winner is Craig S. Marek of Hanover Park, IL. I'll send you a copy as soon as the game comes in (hopefully before Christmas!).

**GENCON/ORIGINS:**

**The Review, the Facts, the Real Story...**

By Sue Wojahn

Why do people go to GenCon? To play games, look for new products, talk to the vendors, play the demos, see the artwork, or just spend tons of money in Milwaukee? I'm not sure anyone has just one reason for going, but this year there was an additional incentive for gamers from all over the world to attend: ORIGINS!

Surprisingly, the combination of GenCon and Origins being held at the same time in the same place was not as well publicized as it probably should have been. The true die-hard conventioners knew, and there were a lot of first-timers that came for the novelty of the two being held at once, but the crowd size was smaller than I had anticipated. The disorganization of events and lack of

preparation the previous years accounts for the smaller number of people. The program booklet was well-organized, unless of course you needed to know a specific time or day an event was taking place. I assume that we were supposed to use osmosis to find this out, but I couldn't find any hard facts to back me up on this theory (I tried putting the program under my pillow Thursday night, but I still didn't know where my demo was Friday morning—and my program was gone too! TKA)

Now that I've moaned and groaned about a few of the irritating issues, let's talk about the fun stuff. There were a few interesting promotions for games going on in the exhibitors' area. Most notably, the *Battletech* Wedding that took place. Invitations were handed out to anyone who looked interested, and even to those who didn't. A small, simple ceremony was performed and the couple are on honeymoon in a warehouse close to Padre Island. Let's hope Gilbert didn't disturb the happy couple too much. After the ceremony, punch and cake were served to anyone adventurous enough to try it. Congratulations to FASA for such a creative gimmick to captivate such a rowdy crowd.

Perhaps the most blatant tactic to lure gamers to a demo was an effort made for the all-new and unproved *Woof-Meow*. Blonde women in skintight black cat outfits with ears, a tail, and high-heeled shoes (for authenticity) handing out flyers to promote the game was the tackiest effort to prey on the fans I've seen yet. Define tacky: *Woof-Meow*. Two thumbs-down, guys.

The conflict simulation gamers set up a number of excellent exhibits involving a lot of hard work, imagination, and creativity. The detail of the terrain, miniatures, and scenarios was excellent. My favorite was the Great Wall in the Exhibitors' Hall.

Conflict simulation fans spent a tremendous amount of time and money at the auction this year. Origins brought in the serious collectors, buyers, and sellers to Milwaukee. Unlike previous years, the auction was held every day of the convention from 9:00 AM until 9:00 PM, and was perhaps the only well-organized event at MECCA. The bidding was intense, and the board games went for higher prices than you would normally witness at GenCon thanks to the Origins crowd. There was never a lack of people being crowded into the room though. The auction was well thought out and executed; give the man in charge a cigar!

Some of the big name artists were hanging out in the corner of the Exhibitors' Hall. Cyle Caldwell, Jeff Easley,

Rowena Morill, and Liz Danforth were a few to make an appearance this year. Unfortunately, I was disappointed in most of the art at the show. It appeared to be a lot of the same stuff we've seen for the last three or four years, until I started looking at some of the new names in the business. If you are an art fan, the names to watch are Tim Bradstreet, Rick Lowry, and Angela Bostick. These dudes (and dudette) are up and coming; watch for their stuff. Some interesting three dimensional work was done by Ray VanTillburg. Over all, I was very impressed by the new work, and all the artists for taking time to talk with the fans about their work. Hats off to Gerry Wells for putting it all together.

Some of the fans did actually venture out into the city for fine dining at the local restaurants, drinks and dancing at the clubs, and of course shopping (well I know I checked out the Mall!). [Totally! Like, the Galleria was just bitchin'! TKA] Dining out seemed to be a necessity for anyone without a lot of cash. The expensive food at the MECCA was only advisable for consumption by those blessed with dead taste buds and cast iron stomachs. For relaxation and a good time — gamers, exhibitors, artists and locals seemed to have taken a liking to The Safehouse, a club just down the road. The bar has secret doors, revolving panels, spy holes, alibi phones, code words, passbooks to get in, and a deadly drink called the *Spy's Demise*. Truly an adventurous bar.

Although there were a few discouraging issues and changes from previous years, the Convention as a whole was entertaining and enjoyable. Anyone that went and didn't have a good time, meet new people, buy as much as they could, play anything as often as possible, or enjoy just being in Milwaukee has only themselves to blame. I'm not sure about you, but I'm looking forward to next year... see ya there!

**Tolkien Trivia Aftermath**

For the third year in a row at Gen Con, I've had the pleasure of running (with lots of help!) Iron Crown's Tolkien Trivia contest. The rules of our competition are fairly straightforward; three questions per day of the Con, you come up and read it, then fill out an answer ballot. Every few hours we select ballots at random till we get a right answer. This person gets a free \$6.00 product (\*\*Ooh, Aah\*\*). At the end of the Con, we mix up all the ballots received, whether the answers were right or wrong, and draw one grand prize winner. This lucky fellow/lady gets \$50.00 worth of ICE stuff (\*\*Oooh, Aaah\*\*).

(continued on page 14)



**The Gamer's Choice Awards**

(brought to you by F.I.R.E.)

1. The Twilight Zone Award for the Most Bizarre Game
  - a. Toon
  - b. Christians and Lions
  - c. Sandman
  - d. (write in) \_\_\_\_\_
2. The Wooden Nickle Award for the Most Worthless Game:
  - a. WOOF-MEOW
  - b. Pig-Mania
  - c. Junta
  - d. (alien women game)
  - e. (write in) \_\_\_\_\_
3. The Psycho Award for the Most Distressing Game
  - Name: \_\_\_\_\_
  - a. Paranoia
  - b. Chill
  - c. ADVANCED (!!) D&D\*
  - d. Taboo
  - e. (write in) \_\_\_\_\_
4. The Wave Award for Most Original Game Promotion:
  - a. FASA, for the Battletech Wedding
  - b. The Great Wall of China Exhibit.
  - c. Chaosium, the *Name that Horror Movie* Contest
  - d. (write in) \_\_\_\_\_
5. Bozo Button for the Tackiest Promotion of a Game:
  - a. WOOF-MEOW
  - b. WOOF-MEOW
  - c. WOOF-MEOW
  - d. WOOF-MEOW
  - e (sorry, absolutely no write-in votes!)
6. The Moron Award for the stupidest question asked at GenCon/Origins:
  - a. "Is the food good at the MECCA cafeteria? (Yeah, if you like expensive cardboard...)"
  - b. "What Color was Glorfindel's white horse?" (nearly surpassed by the followup: "Was it white?")
  - c. "Whatever happened to Gary Gygax?" (ask his ex-wife!)
  - d. (write-in) \_\_\_\_\_

7. Houdini Award for the best disappearing Act :
  - a. Peter "I have a meeting now..." Fenlon.
  - b. Gary "I designed it myself...really!" Gygax.
  - c. All that hard-earned money you brought to the Con.
  - d. Bruce "I was talking to the vendors." Neidlinger.
  - e. (write in) \_\_\_\_\_
8. The Textiles Award for the Best T-shirt at the Con:
  - a. Jorune (anything by them)
  - b. "I'm just one of the Geeks." (worn by an anonymous guy who did not look like a Geek).
  - c. NETWORK 23
  - d. (write-in) \_\_\_\_\_
9. The Hops Award (with Malt stalks) for the Best Bar in Milwaukee:
  - a. Safehouse
  - b. Park Avenue
  - c. 646 Club
  - d. (write-in) \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in your nomination for each award, and mail your votes to IQ Awards, ICE, by November 31. Your votes will be electronically tabulated and published in the next issue of the IQ.

# “I WISH I HAD AN IQ”

— Ronald Reagan

While the Gipper has been without a doubt one of our most popular presidents, the Chief Executive is insightful enough to know how much easier the last eight years would have been had he been an *IQ* subscriber. With our up-to-the-quarter product updates, in-depth articles, campaign writeups — not to mention Biff and Brad’s insightful reviews (indispensible for deciding what to watch after nap-time!) the *IQ* is indispensible. And consulting *Madame Jarre’s Horoscope* would have been much easier (and more discrete) than Nancy’s calls to the west coast. The NSC could have been role playing with our featured adventure/system material instead of role playing arms trades with Iran. El Presidente would have enjoyed the wisdom of *Canuck Corner* and no doubt found it useful in trade talks with Prime Minister Mulroney.

While the First Statesman had to muddle through without the aid of the *Iron Crown Quarterly*, you don’t have to! Five times a year, sixteen pages of tabloid you just can’t put down! Look for it at your favorite hobby/game store, or order your subscription now!!!

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# T'REVOR's TALE

The story of a young Half-elf in search of his heritage in Fourth Age Middle-earth.

(His letters to his brother in Tanith, as translated by Agonar)

When we left T'revor, he was recovering his ship from a band of nasties while off the coast of the mysterious Great Southern Isle, Vulm Shryac...

## Letter Two

(Still) on Vulm Shryac

Let me digress for a moment. There was this chick, (her name's M'raj [no comment] by the way) like, she has this evil (well, maybe evil) orb which she can use to suck people's souls out of their bodies, and then use them as fuel for very intense firebolts. Its pretty gnarly, but that's the way it goes.

Several of us also have these amulets, which Darien wants to get 'attuned' (sounds cosmic, no? kinda like a Harmonic Divergence or something...) a process involving a rather elaborate tour of the eastern seaboard. We'll start on that little project after we get off Vulm Shryac; I just wanted to tell you about it now.

Any-way, Mirage got into trouble while we were rescuing the boat, and was down a 2000 foot pit ('How did she get to the bottom of the 2000 foot pit?' you ask, I don't know. I don't want to know). Darien and I raced to the rescue, flying down the pit. I eyed some wussy magical Rune on a door, but resisted it with my usual skill. Sashaying into the side hall, I calmly reached through the Rune (which was an illusion) and lifted up the counterbalance door just behind. We dared inward, followed by the flying laen rock (her name is Mandengil or something). I had a talk with the Trident, but it wouldn't speak to me. I got the impression that it thought I was inferior. I decided to employ my usual charm technique with women, which always works: put out or get out. I informed it that if wasn't able to perform, I would just have to use the bow, a truly great item. Then I stuffed it in my backpack and drew the bow.

The Trident started to glow, so I pulled it out again. "That's better," I said. I charged down the hall, followed hesitantly by Darien and the floating boulder. We encountered the chick; she was going to attack me, so I blasted her a couple of times. Then we found out that she was possessed by a fire spirit. I decided that it had better be driven out pronto (despite the fact that the dude I had come here with was trying to talk to the spirit). I don't like weird spirits. So, I told the Trident to get rid of the spirit (one of the Trident's other powers). Things got rather violent, cause of course the stupid spirit didn't want to go. The guy behind Mirage (the same one I firebolted earlier 'cause he got in the way) got in the way again, and took a critical hit. Too bad for him. But he survived anyway. Then I got turned to stone by one of the resident rock-heads (I was distracted or I would have resisted that spell, too), but Darien turned me back.

Soon, though, things began to get really sticky. Darien, N'amu (the dude who wets himself), Sen-Kay, and Carnil and I cruised up to the library (if you can call a rock library that; more like a reading quarry), and this plug of stone dropped down the pit, cutting us off from the rest of the group. What a hummer!!! Cut off from the Dwarves and the dude who gets in my way! Talk about an act of the Valar! I considered taking up religion (for about two seconds).

Anyway, we abandoned the rest of the group, hopped onto our snazzy boat and headed for the mainland of... VULM SHRYAC!!! (are you scared? you ought to be). We met up at this town with two new dudes: a Noldor Elf named Lindenar (silly name), and a dude named K'raez. I arranged to get Carnil's

scrambled brain fixed up, and we had a long talk. It turned out that he didn't know jack even with his brain working. Oh, well, typical Silvan Elf. I gave him his items back, but kept the Trident (I won it fair and square).

He talked about an evil magician called The Bearer of the Root, who carries this small root-staff, and has some diabolical plan for the future of the world. No one can see his face, and he can erase memories. The 'Big Day' is supposedly when he 'plants the root'. Sounds just too weird for me. Then he talked about the Dragon-helms, six powerful items which, when worn, create the "Ultimate Illusion." Now, exactly what that is, I'm not very sure but I think you might be able to guess. There is also this woman called the Mediator, who lives on Arg-Simourng and reputedly has a very nice set of Golden Dragonskin armor. She is not to be trifled with; she reputedly has one of the Helms of Ultimate Foolery (as I like to call them). She sounds like quite a hot item to me, actually. Lastly, there is a guy who has about twenty names, one of which is Lianis. He has a lot to do with death and souls getting sucked.

Later, journeying south, we encountered this bunch of goat-riders (don't laugh) who started chasing us. Well, it wasn't pretty. One shot poor Carnil right in the eye. I blasted the rider's anterior, though, and it turned out that the amulet Carnil wears (some T'sbalnic item; one of the things to be 'attuned') held his soul. Pretty nifty.

Darien then did a makeshift pyre job on Carnil, explaining that if we put his ashes in this special little bag, we can reassemble him at a later time. Sounded pretty shaky to me (most of Darien's little schemes sound shaky to me; I think he's always eating with both hands, as the Hobbits say), but, not knowing what else to do, I agreed to it. Continuing south towards V'endikar, where the Trident wanted to go, we veered to the east of (something-or-other). It was really foggy, but that's good for my mistwalking cloak. I swooned in the lower regions. Then we discovered that we were being tailed by evil dudes, including one BETRAYER ELF!!!

We tried various shenanigans to evade him and his wussy flunkies on their flying/fell beasts, but one of our maneuvers backfired, and the Elf Dude and his creepy minions cast 'Unfog' (which really caused problems for my Mistwalking cloak) and uninvisibled my companions while we were separated from N'amu the Wet and Darien the Illusionary. All but me turned visible, and got plugged by the creeps on fell creatures. Not nice. In fact, Linde's levitation also failed, and I was forced to grab him or let him tumble into the trees and certain death. I grabbed him. We settled to the ground, but it turned out that Linde was indeed near death due to battering. AND, he lost my Trident. I stopped his bleeding, and put the orb (of soul preserving) on his chest. I went to get the Trident, and when I got back, Darien had arrived and was applying a mysterious herb to Linde, which healed his hits, but did bad things to his mental stats (no big loss). So there we were, stuck in the woods, waiting for the creeps to come and get us. Sometimes it just doesn't pay to come out of Meditation.

Well... at Darien's suggestion, we sled into this weird place, like underground in this hole that Darien says is 'safe'. I got a parting shot at the Betrayer Elf, who got a shot at me and collapsed his lung. What a slug. Once safely inside we made the brilliant discovery that this is NOT a safe place, since it is the dudes' HOME. Darien wasn't as smart as we thought. After a lot of running and gunning, we escaped the dudes. (We had a bad dream that night in which we were captured and put to death. Pretty grim.)

Later, we attacked a Dragon, and Lindenar took the big hit. Oh, well. I got his LOOT. Then I decided that I was weary of adventuring and took a short cruise around Vulm Shryac while I was getting my head together. It has been very restful - and my tan had gotten rather faded after all that running around in caves and bejogged valleys. I also re-bleached my hair to its snow-white Durakfiani color and did some blue and purple highlighting.

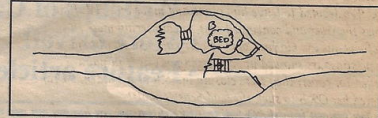
Finally, I decided to catch up with Darien, who, in turn, has caught up with the rest of the crew. Why I developed a burning desire to rejoin Dwarves and the Girl with the Nasty Orb and the Guy Who Gets In My Way, I don't know. You know what's really bad about Vulm Shryac? There are hardly any sheep. Tons of goats, though. Too bad I'm not into goats, I guess.

Any-way, Darien recommended this guy in the city we're at who does analysis of items. The Valar know I have enough items that need therapy. Well, if this dude was to be trusted, my items are even more messed up than I originally thought. He said that he had a sense of forboding about the bows - like maybe the Betrayers they detect aren't really Betrayers. Uh-oh. The Trident turned out to not be evil (I suspected that it was, but what the hey). The upshot of all this is that Carnil might have been drilling the WRONG DUDES!! Things are really getting complicated. Poor Carnil, he always did seem very confused anyway; but then those Silvan Elves are chronic head cases, as far as I'm concerned. We decided that it might be a long time before we could reassemble Carnil's body from the campfire leavings Darien had in the bag, so we decided to free his soul from the Amulet and let him take the Big Hike to the Halls of Mandos. I'm sure he was relieved, especially after this Betrayer confusion business.

On other item fronts, my fake eye is some sturdy material, but is somewhat unstable. Great. Somebody who happens to hate my guts and knows the right word can make my head explode.

After a little random buying in the town, as well as attending a boat-party with one of the city oligarchs, we decided that it was time to get down to business.

We set out north in search of some legendary place, where Coma believed his heirloom (the silver frog - what's a silver frog? Some kinda boat, he says; but then he's an abomination at worst and a Dwarfbrain at least) was, and Darien the Secret Elf said there's a Dragon-Lord waiting to be raised by the Bearer of the Root. Don't Ask, 'Fridge-tridge.' No sheeps; only a goat, and you know I'm not into goats. We encountered some bizarre constructions that look like products of an insane civil engineer, then entered a forest, following in the footsteps of what M'raj confidently stated were an old man and a young woman. (Remember Mirage? she sucks souls and talks to orbs. She's a Ranger. More on her later). Into the woods along a path we encountered some snazzy beasts that looked like plesiosaurs with tentacles instead of fins, who swing from tree to tree. Coma said that things like them attacked the group before (but then, knowing Coma, he probably demanded that the creatures give him their treasure, and poked them with his nasty little Kynac). We avoided them. Eventually, we came to this bridge. What a bridge; it looked like either the civil engineer was on heavy doses of Sweet Galenas, or some dragon gave up the go right on this bridge, 'cause that's just what it looked like: a dragon stretched out across the crevasse. Cute. We entered the mouth of the dragon. Yummy. Somewhere in the middle, we came upon a divergence (See figure 1. Aren't you lucky, big 'bro? Even PICTURES!!).



Ste', one of the mortal group members at this point put on his Aura Helm. "What the 'Uduin is an aura helm?" you might very well ask. Well, 'bro, you always were a mollusk-brain, but I'll tell you anyway: it blinds you (there are no eye-holes) but allows you to see the 'Auras' of people, animals and other living things in living color. Elves are white, Dragons red, Dwarves green, and the rest I forget. But anyhow, I decided that some fun might be in order. I was invisible at the time (hatch), and used one of my Mystic spells to alter my Presence to that of a Maiar. Now, at the time I didn't think twice about the possibility that 'Presence' and 'Aura' are two different things; not to mention the fact that I had no idea what a Maia's Aura was supposed to look like anyway. Well, Ste' freaked, because he saw a new Aura, but couldn't tell where it was coming from (since I was unseen). This was pretty funny for awhile, as the group spazzed out and I acted scared, since Ste' said it was right on top of me. Finally I got tired of messing with their heads and confessed. No one was amused. Only later did I start wondering, especially because the Trident also had a silvery Aura...

Anyway, the footprints headed into side door "A", even though straight through the tunnel it not that way. My Trident was cold (that means its unhappy, but psyched to fight). M'raj and Coma wanted to investigate (of course). We cruised into room "B", and Coma began to rifle the chests, playing with ladies' underwear. Note the boxwood bed in the center of room (yes, a bed of shrubbery). The Trident was more uncomfortable, especially in the direction of the far stair. To make a long story less long, upon hearing that the Trident was wary of what might be up the stairs, Coma and M'raj darted up there into an oval room with a big orb set in a table in the middle. Beyond was a circular room with thrones all about, overlooking the valley through glass which is undetectable from the outside. In the center of the room was a tree. Coma had a nice conversation with a dude in the orb, telling the dude who he was and what his quest was all about. Very clever, Coma. The Trident had a nervous breakdown on four undead pipped in (the opposite of what the Trident deals with). I beat a retreat, followed quickly by the astute Namu, who occasionally actually listens to what I say. Soon the rest of the group got wise, avoided the Undeads, and booked out. We then flew down into the canyon, and walked along next to the river for awhile. Still no sheeps.

Somewhat later, we stumbled upon a small tower. Darien, always ready with a utility spell, threw 'portal' on the wall. Namu and I, always invisible and flying, flew in. Before us were three carrier chicks (yes, women who ride giant cats, with saddles, bridles, the whole nine cubits), feeding their giant kitties. Very uncool. The rest of the group squealed "We're not going in there, since we're not invisible or flying!" Such wusses. Namu and I retreated, then all of us went around the outside. But, we were detected, and two cat-pairs cruised out after us. Suddenly, Darien remembered that he was an ILLUSIONIST! (maybe I should make a note and pin it to his shirt...) Anyway, he created the illusion of this giant battle barge, with flaming catapults. Meanwhile, Namu and I entered air force mode and strafed the pursuit, nailing them with fireballs and bolts (to add to the authenticity of the illusion). The torched chicks retreated to the sound of blating horns from the tower; we fled.

At last we reached the lake and camped out. "We got up and headed east, towards where we think we're supposed to go. I spent some time trying to decide which of my items was trying to pull the wool over my eyes. More interesting and useless monuments passed on either side, and it began raining. What a bummer - my hair falls down in the rain. Trudging through the muck and grime, the group followed my questionable lead (I led because I could limbrun, and was much more maneuverable in this dense forest). Suddenly, I came upon a cave on the right. Checking it out, I sidled forward - and slipped, falling right on my butt and sliding into a ditch. Checking to be sure my new leather pants were undamaged, I climbed out, even as I heard a voice and a bark from within the cave. The voice said "Who is there?" in Locha. The bark said "bark!" in a dog dialect. Of course, these two sounded similar to me, as I know absolutely no Locha. I east a 'fly' and returned. Looking rather sheepish (I am sick!), I returned to the crew and warned them about the guy. We decided to leave him alone and move on. We flew across the river and continued east, encountering more fun artefacts, all too big for Coma to carry off. Suddenly, more of the plesiosaurs showed up, one crying out as if in pain. I ducked for cover; they were closing in. All of a sudden, M'raj ordered her ORB to suck the lead beast's soul!

Well, the Elf in the Orb didn't like this at all, as he was apparently out of practice, and also wasn't able to suck animal souls. In a panic, he took the nearest one's: Ste'. (she's really lucky it wasn't ME) I dived for distance, trying to beat the alleged forty-foot range limit. Anyway, that took her out, and the front thing moved in on prone little me, winding up with a tentacle. I gritted my teeth and thought "go ahead, lizard, make my day". Fortunately, its aim wasn't so good, only giving me a couple of bruises. With total coordination and coolness, I rolled over onto my back and drilled the sucker with my dual barrel fireball. Trident ("sizzle") Stunned, smoking and confused, the beast reeled about, and I tried to get out of the way as I turned invisible. Unfortunately it got in a lucky swing, but again, only leaving a welt or two (I love the pain). Then I remembered my "Long Door" rune in the insta-spell ring on my finger. My memory is failing; must be lack of sleep; uh, I mean sleep.

Whilst all this was going on, Darien was diving onto the thing's back, hoping to deal death with his lizard-slaying

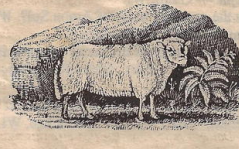
dagger. Too bad Darien's knowledge of zoology isn't better; these things weren't lizards. On other fronts, M'raj had temporarily abandoned the orb for a bow (wise move), and she, Vorn, Coma and Namu were trying to beat up on the other beastie. They were having limited luck at first, though they stunned it, and the sucker finally dropped.

I Longdoored away, and my opponent turned its serpentine neck on other targets, namely Coma. He fared less well, and it scooped him up and tried to walk (or swing) off with him. Well, there's no accounting for taste. I popped a Zulzendura for some stimulation of my overworked nervous system, and bolted off after the pair while Namu and Darien used spells to get ahead. Why I used up a Speed and risked my tender neck to save the Dwarf I don't know, but at any rate, as it passed I told the creature to eat hot death, and let out a yell as the thing took the big burn and dropped like the proverbial rock. Unfortunately, it didn't fall on Coma. Such is life. I blew its head off, and Namu and I forged a pact: if M'raj tries to use the orb, we kill her. Darien's voice from above agreed to join our exclusive You Suck Our Souls, We Kill You Club (YSOSWYU). M'raj pleaded for mercy, saying that the Gldor Elf was out of shape, etc., etc. We negotiated, making her promise to warn us before doing it again (barring emergency) and I told her that I didn't care what kind of emergency it was; if she sucked a group member's soul (even the Dwarf), I kill her. She seemed amenable to this arrangement (fortunate; she had no choice). We managed to get Ste's soul (or most of it) back into his body... sort of.

Namu and I flew up, and discovered that there were 16 dudes, two of which were probably Elves - and my Trident indicated that they were Betrayers. Now, here things get sticky again. The Trident gets cold when its agitated; so do the bows. Of course, when the Trident got cold in this instance, the bows got warm and kinda happy. This makes for constant confusion; maybe I should just throw both of them in a well and turn to sheep herding. (There I go again). We saw smoke from a fire in the direction of our camp. Oh, yeah; Coma had made a little fire with wet wood in the rain to boil herbs. Stupid Dwarf.

Returning to the group, Rain-man (Namu's new nickname; he seems to like rain and water alot - sounds like a poetry-training problem to me) and I discovered that they were again doing their best to get into trouble; they had found some dumb ruin and Coma had just thrown himself into a trap. Darien rescued him, but all Coma did was whine about how his shield had gotten busted. We fled from the 16 dudes, cleverly leaving false trails and slithering along old paths, all the while avoiding the myriad do-dads scattered along the way. At last we came to the lake-coast again, stumbling upon a weird sort of cut in the land (see beautifully rendered sketch #2) and a stone turtle a few hundred feet out.

(THERE IS NO SKETCH #2)

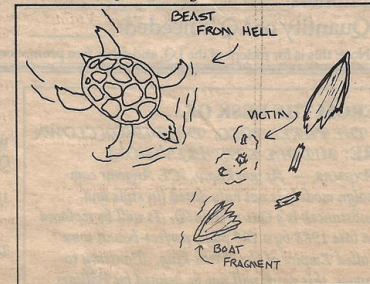


Vorn immediately announced that this was the place we were looking for. I revelled in the mist and walked on it. We ignored Vorn and moved on, following the coast to the next river, which was preceded by a canal with a series of locks - all out of commission. Vorn immediately announced that this was the place we were looking for. We decided to randomly camp here.

Namu and I went to sit on a rock by the lake; he to read the Book of Lakes, me to dream of soft, woolly four legged friends (and to protect Namu from roving bands of creeps). The rest of the group gradually wandered over from the campsite in the woods and hid themselves around. Noticing a rising mist on the lake and not wanting to hang around any longer with these dudes, I decided to go for a little walk. What should I see but four little boats, each with 8 (count 'em) creeps in them. The Bows were mildly friendly, the Trident mildly antagonistic. It

was at this time that I remembered that I wanted to ask the Trident about its exact purpose. All it said was that it was to "right wrongs and return home." Spooky, huh? When pressed about what it considered to be wrong (specifically if the bows were 'wrong') it replied "all those who seek to mould from without are wrong; all tools which serve that purpose are wrong." Crystal clear. When I asked about where 'home' was, it got all quiet. Just like a woman. Trident, phone home.

Well, well, the guys in the boats cruised on past, and docked over at the river. After lighting a few subtle signal fires about 200 feet from our camp, they rested. We, after intensive searching, noticed the signal fires and decided that the time to move was ripe. Namu awoke and said absolutely nothing useful, something about the lake being a sea, whirlpools, islands in the depths. Drug-induced babbling. It was around this time that I began to think that I heard the sweet bleating of sheeps in the hills above. Now I'm having audio hallucinations.



Needing to head further east and south, we made plans to borrow one of the boats from the dudes and sail onward, the land route having ended abruptly. Without too much ruckus we did so, and were soon sailing lazily across the lake when... da-dum. Da-dum da-dum. Da-dum da-dum da-dum da-dum da-dum da-dum. ("Jaws" music, dumb!) Something started coming towards our frail craft. I had my instant 'Fly' at the ready. It was... a giant turtle!!! I blasted off, as did Namu. (Darien was already playing junior ballman, as he always does.) Namu tried abortively to use an Earthball as a depth charge, to no effect. Huge beaked maw opening, four foot long prehensile tongue darting out, the gargantuan reptile accelerated to ramming speed and rose to the surface as it neared the boat. I flew over to blast it, and Namu unleashed another Earthball right on its head - where I happened to be hovering. **BLAM!** A flashy blast scattered clouds everywhere and muddled my outfit, but little more. I unloaded with twin fireballs, but fared little better against the armored submersible. Darien slipped through his stock of Slaying daggers, once again frustrated by the evolutionary background of our foe. The boat people covered us, not even slowed, the living torpedo of death crashed into their craft. Like so much balsa and cheap plastic the hull splintered, leaving two sinking halves. Ste' got serious eye splinters while Vorn (The guy who gets in my way) took multiple contusions and some abdominal injuries. M'raj drew out her Orb, warning that she might use it. It, however, refused to suck the turtle-soul, and was thus ineffective. Survivors tried to help the dying, as the marine marauder turned for another run. I (feeling much like the ME Coast Guard) hovered just out of range of the tongue and continued blasting, but my fiery bolts were unable to penetrate the thing's plating. It struck again, and Coma found himself in deep water, wearing metallic armour. Glug-glug, Coma. M'raj seemed a picture of fumbling ineptitude tonight, as Ste' seemed bent on slipping from her grasp and sliding into the depths. Darien swooped in to help Vorn; Namu attempted to use his water skills to keep the boat fragments afloat. After several rounds, punctuated by fiery volleys from me, boat crunching and Coma squeezing by the turtle (it seemed intent on having Dwarf for a snack) and healing and fumbling by the others, it wandered off. So there we were, stuck in the middle of this lake with not much of a boat, and not very many spells. Things looked grim (grimmer than usual, even).

I'll keep you in suspense 'till next time. Trevor

# ATTENTION RETAILERS!

Each Issue of IQ should be available at publication from your distributor. But — if you wish to guarantee receipt of a set quantity of the IQ, fill in this reply form and mail to ICE, P.O. Box 1605, Charlottesville, VA, 22902; or call 1-800-325-0479. Get 'em while they're hot — we do not plan on keeping back issues!

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### FROM THE DESK OF...

*THE PUNKEL-BOZO, THE DEMON CLOWN*  
**RE: MIDDLE-EARTH REVISIONS**

**ANGMAR** — As you know, ICE Angmar campaign module is not only dated (in style and substance), it's Out-o'-Print®. It will be replaced in late 1988 by a 128 page, perfect-bound tome called *Empire of the Witch-king*. (Contrary to rumor, this work will not be penned by William Wordsworth.) The infamous first edition Map of Angmar will be redone so that it fits with all of ICE's other Middle-earth maps.

**UMBAR** — ICE's Umbar campaign module will be replaced in 1989. We plan to do a hardbound piece covering the port metropolis ala Minas Tirith. In addition, we will be producing campaign modules tentatively entitled *Harondor, Near Harad, and the Kingdom of the Corsairs*. (The piece entitled *Near the Wild Wind Tanning the Passionate Flame Over the Desert Heart* is on hold.)

**MIRKWOOD** — ICE's Northern Mirkwood and Southern Mirkwood campaign modules will be replaced as of October 1988 with the magnificent (oh, it's good, real good!), 128 page Mirkwood supplement. This new work is a complete revision containing about 30% new material. The old text has been revamped, reorganized, and refined. Both of the eight-page color inserts are in the new Mirkwood supplement, but one four-page face has been revised and is now in black & white.

### Tolkien Trivia

(continued from page 10)

Well, here is our list of questions and winners from Origins/Gen Con '88:

- 1) How old were Bilbo & Frodo when Bilbo had his birthday party and vanished? 111 & 33. Steven Frank — Hartland, WI.
- 2) Identify the language & alphabet of The Ring's inscription. *Black Speech & Tengwar*. A N Valle — La Grange, GA.
- 3) At what battle did King Azaghal of Belegost die? *Battle of Unnumbered Tears*. Larry Keber — Salem, NH.
- 4) What famous gate overlooked Kheled-zaram? *The East Gate of Khazad-dûm*. Chad Tritt — Omro, WI.
- 5) Did Erkenbrand ride or march to the Fords of Isen to do battle with the White Hand? *March*. Stefan Vincent — Salisbury, MD.
- 6) Who seduced Saruman the White by means of a Palantir? *Sauron*. Ray Frandsen — Newport, RI.
- 7) Name King Thranduil's most famous son. *Legolas*. David Lemire — Torrance, CA.
- 8) Name the King of Arthedain who was lost when two Palantiri sank into the sea. *Arvedui*. Neal A. Baedre — Milwaukee, WI.
- 9) Name one of the Three Rings for the Elves, the metal from which it was wrought and the gem in which it was set. One of: *Nenya/Mithril/Adamant, Narya/Gold/Ruby, Vilya/Gold/Sapphire*. Rodger Holtmeyer — Omro, WI.
- 10) What is the common name of Amon Sul? *Weather-top*. David Lemire — Torrance, CA.
- 11) What creatures haunted the burial cairns to the south of Bree? *Barrow Wights*. Nicky Robinson — Mountain View, CA.
- 12) In what did Morgoth set the three Silmariis? *The Iron Crown!* Lisa Flegel — Milwaukee, WI.

Our Grand Prize winner for the Con was Aaron Loeb of Urbana, IL. Congratulations!

Now for the most ridiculous and original answers we received (the authors shall remain nameless, but you know who you are):

Question #2 (concerning The Ring inscription). It seems someone was under the impression it was in English, written in Arabic. Most curious.

Unbenounced to the most bookish Tolkienian scholars, King Azaghal died at the Battle of New Orleans.

And finally, it appears that the creatures haunting the burial cairns south of Bree are, in fact, the designers of the Fiend Folio still looking for a decent idea. (Well, I'll be...)

— KB

### BULLETIN !!!!!

E&D has discovered that the new anagram for ICE and HERO is:

**ICE™ HERO™ = CHEERIO™™**

Discovered by:

Taller Robber Nerd B,  
 Pont the Small Woods Raccoon, and  
 Craven Trekki Pit Brat

P.S. And you thought we never did anything productive at ICE/HERO

### Concerning Small Type in ICE Products

Many of you little four-eyed monsters (I can say that because I wear glasses and am considered to be something of a monster myself) have complained that reading some of the small type in ICE products gives you eye-strain and headaches. Well, tough luck, we pack as much meaningless drivel into each and every project as we possibly can; so if that means we have to reduce the point size a little, you will just have to go out and buy new glasses or buy contacts or buy a magnifying glass or have some person with 20/20 vision read the material to you or buy a microscope or hire a photographer to blow the pages up or use a photocopier to blow up the pages or send us money to print your own, personal copy with larger type or, well, maybe you could get the party over and...

— SCC

### What's New!

(continued from page 1)

### NOVEMBER

*Space Master: Star Strike*: (SM \$30.00) This stand-alone boardgame is also designed as a starcraft expansion to ICE's *Space Master* Role Playing system. See the feature article on *Star Strike* in this issue!

— CHANGE (Oops!) —

*Creatures of Middle-earth* is really only \$10.00 (what a bargain!) not \$12.00 as previously reported. It won't be out 'till November...

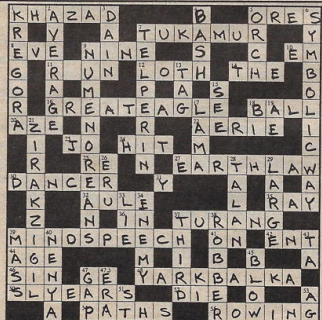
### DECEMBER

*Lords of Middle-earth III* (MERP, \$12.00): This volume completes the trilogy of LOME's, detailing the remaining races of Middle-earth: Hobbits, Dwarves, Ents, Trolls, Orcs, and more.

*Rolemaster Companion III* (RM, \$12.00) With RoCo II a bestseller, how far away could be RoCo III? More new Spell lists, new professions, more, more, more optional rules! Cantrips, Education rules, and just tons of stuff... a must for every *Rolemaster* aficionado.

*Empire of the Witch-King* (MERP, \$15.00) As with *Mirkwood*, we are revising older campaign modules (in this case, Angmar) and re-issuing them in a new, expanded format. 128 pages packed with info on the Lord of the Nazgûl, Orc-lairs, Troll-camps, and more than anyone could want to know about the evil armies of Angmar.

That's all the reliable up-to-the-minute information we have now. (If you want unreliable info, see the "rumors" column.)



# ASTON APPLAUDS

Please allow me to introduce myself... I am ASTON, the entity responsible for getting the IQ in your hot little/medium/big or whatever hands! No, I haven't taken over Amthor in a coup, I just do the gritty work, like process your requests to receive this tome at your address, be it store or home! I also have access to the I.C.E. classified files revealing who out there really is active in overt support of **M.E.R.P., Rolemaster & Space Master** gaming (like THE con scene you know?) But I'll not reveal who was really responsible for that **Space Master** session described by the Alien!

ASTON would like to recognize some achievers in the field, after all everyone likes to see their name in print as long as we spell it right! So if YOU are running events (uh, for OUR stuff needless to remind), or co-ordinating cons that include RELEVANT happenings, contact the I.C.E. Promotions Department or Sales Manager. Then I'll sneak a peek at those files and get kudos, thank yous, APPLAUSE! in the IQ for all to see.

**For Example:** Suz may be masquerading as a GENCON roving reporter, but she also (gasp) helped "man" the I.C.E. booth! So hey, a round of applause for the Wench, uh gal!

ON THE LOCAL SCENE, if you're in Kentucky that is, **Mike Veach** was at *RiverCon* seeing that the right stuff was there in the dealer's room! BUT FOR REAL Mike, like, thanks for being there (where did you stash the \$?) Speaking of THE RIGHT STUFF, I must digress and applaud my choice for "**IQ Event of the Quarter**": The launch and successful mission of space shuttle *Discovery!* Now I can try out that satellite



access code and get on with some hi-tech investigation of the "grass roots" gaming scene...

UNAIDED BY SATELLITE, I was able to come across evidence of another type of space event: **STAR CON**, Denver, Colorado and **ASTON APPLAUDS Chet & Cherie Cox** and their goal in co-ordinating the gaming at STAR CON: "To generate further interest in games other than D&D". Well our Promo people (who will remain anonymous 'cause I'm not sure who they are this quarter) took that bait & sent a gaming support care package for Cherie's **M.E.R.P.** event... Thanks again to Chet & Cherie (honest I didn't make up those names!)

ONE LAST MENTION; a report from **Donald Harrington** at *Westcon 41* in Phoenix, AZ claims he witnessed gamers participating in **M.E.R.P., Space Master** and **EVEN Rolemaster** events at that gathering.... so ASTON knows there are some "no longer in the closet" **M.E.R.P., RM& SM** gamers out there and the IQ wants to hear from YOU! (So does our Promotions Dept.) Watch this space for more **NAME DROPPING** in IQ#3, due out next year (more or less).

# CANUCK CORNER

By Alien

OK, I'm back.

So last issue I promised a trip to the University to find a **MERP** game. Well, I like **MERP** about as much as you, so let's do somethin else.

Seems some o those **Space Master** things have made it north o the boarder, don't you know. Ooo, Sci-Fi! Like those 60's Blob-like films are just making it through customs now and gettin into the movie theatres. Some o the stuff, like *Planet o the Apes*, can even be seen on TV (if you got a big enough aerial). Thank you, CRTc! Well, its all catchin on like stink, and with it, Sci-fi role playin.

**Traveller** made it here first, but it was just stupid, and it got too convoluted after it split into three or four different games. Couldn't ya just figure it? Anyway, a spiffy new **Space Master** box just showed up in the local Game Igloo. I talked to the shop's proprietor an he said he sold a copy (and two others had just disappeared). He knew the rock slags who bought it, an so gave me their RR# since I was interested in seein a game.

I showed up at the cabin on a Sunday night (I found the place by following the Bon Jovi riffs trailin through the pines. I snuck up to an

open window an this is what I saw an heard. No Joke!

Three guys, maybe 17 years old, with long greasy blond hair, lumberjack shirts and workies are sittin around a table. Each has a **Space Master** set. They're smokin like chimneys an kinda have that slouched shoulder — anorectic look.

"OK, Dave. You got a Trilopter by the grogon, an hold a Disruptor to his head-thing."

"Ya, I tell him to hand over his loot or I blow his brains into the next solar system. Ha ha, this is great!"

"OK, he umm... turns one of his eye-things

to look at you. It's really gross. He makes some noises, but you can't figure em out."

"I pull the trigger! Ha ha, this is great!"

"OK. The roll is a 136. He's a mess."

"Right on. I toss his body-thing onto the stack of fifteen others. Are there any more?"

"Ya, umm... four more."

"I go up to the next one, grab his grogon, an put my Disruptor to his head-thing. Ha ha, this is great!..."

Inspired role playing, if you ask me.

Now here is a list of dirty words to annoy the censors:



AN ICE CROSSWORD PUZZLE!

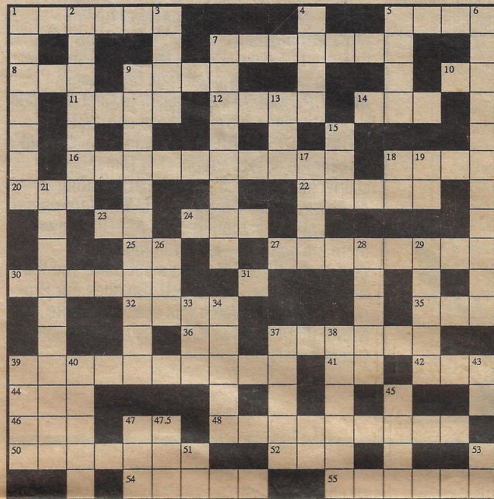
By Susan Wojahn

Across

- 1. Aüle's Children
- 5. Raw metals
- 7. Euphoric intoxicant; causes shared dreams
- 8. Night before
- 9. Number of Nazgûl
- 10. abbrv. Empathy
- 11. Sindarin for 'East'

Down

- 12. Silvan for 'Flower'
- 14. Article
- 16. (2 wrds.) Carried Thorin's party to safety
- 18. Fire or Ice spell
- 20. Quenya word for 'Sunlight'
- 22. Imaginary Elven kingdom in the poem 'Errantry'
- 23. One-handed club.



- 24. Opposite of cold.
- 25. abbrv. Reasoning
- 27. (2 wrds.) Essence Spell List
- 30. New Character Class
- 31. Letter on the last page of the Book of Yesh
- 32. Valar known as 'The Smith'
- 35. Sunbeam
- 36. go \_\_\_\_.
- 37. Artifact created by the High Elves
- 39. Ninth level Mentalist Spell
- 41. Not off
- 42. Quickbeam was one
- 44. Third \_\_\_\_.
- 46. Err
- 47. Fantasy weapon.
- 48. Long double-edged blade
- 50. First level Mentalist Spell
- 52. Convert or \_\_\_\_.
- 54. Trails
- 55. A Skill

Down

- 1. Anti-magic alloy
- 2. Common
- 3. King of Durin's folk
- 4. A critical type
- 5. Grey Elves' name for 'Orc'
- 6. Channeling Spell list
- 7. Quenya, means 'silver-like'
- 9. Inhabitants of 'Heart of the West'
- 13. Child's game
- 15. Vision
- 17. Buddhist monk
- 18. Two
- 19. Vowels
- 21. Dwarfish name for Celebdil
- 26. The One
- 28. Flet
- 29. Critical
- 31. Letter on the last page of the Book of Yesh

- 33. False
- 34. Sauron
- 37. \_\_\_\_ Age.
- 38. Thief
- 39. Weight
- 40. Elven Ring
- 43. abbrv. Third Age
- 45. \_\_\_\_ gun.
- 47. Space
- 47.5 Epoch
- 49. Skill
- 51. abbrv. Strength
- 53. abbrv. Agility

PRODUCT TITLES YOU'LL NEVER SEE

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