

IRON CROWN QUARTERLY

The Magazine Featuring
Rolemaster™
M.E.R.P.™
SPACE MASTER™

Volume One, Number Five, "Back to School" One Dollar; quite a few Post-revolutionary French Francs, 2 Deflated Disney Dollars

REVISION MANIA SWEEPS ICE! ROLEMASTER and CHAMPIONS to Get Facelift and New Format!

A NEW LOOK FOR THE OLD STANDBYS

Cover Story by Preston M. B. Eisenhower IV, lowly assistant Editor

WHAT, you may wonder, has ICE been up to the last few months? Well, whether you're wondering or not, I'm going to tell you: we've been revising not one but *two* of our cornerstone products. This is really a tale of two systems, though, because what is happening to *Rolemaster* does not resemble in the least what is happening to *Champions*. Thus, I will tell the tales separately.

PRODUCTION STAFF

ALMOST RINGS BELL'S NECK

Time was short and so were tempers in the Production Department. Pasteup and Pagmaking were bandaging their bloodied fingertips when *Champions* Chief Rob Bell entered with six reams of poorly collated *Champions* revision suggestions. "Just a few more little changes!" He pleaded. Trembling hands crawled towards dulled exacto blades and CRT-glazed eyeballs fixed the HERO Editor with murderous rage. But he was too fast. The volley of deadly blades and killing looks only struck the well-chewed back of the Production door. He had escaped again — and he still had a red pen.

More than a revision, *Champions* was to be transformed from three books to one 352 page hard-covered tome, cleaned-up, with all inconsistencies gone. New art, new layout, new everything. Original HERO designers were consulted; FAX machines hummed well into the night. Federal Express was subsidized. AT&T was well pleased with our choice of long distance service, because the HEROs reached out and touched each other for far longer than the average 3 minute call. Computers crashed, type was chewed, and microwave burritos consumed by junk-food numbed bodies. Coffee and Cokes flowed like rivers of cheap energy. At last it was done. It went to the printer, and now it's back.

Next, *Fantasy Hero*...

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"Back to School", Fall 1989

ROLEMASTER GETS ITS ACT TOGETHER



Rolemaster has been around for more than seven years, and while the system has had some propping-up and optional rules added, it has never really had a complete facelift... until now.

But, don't panic, *Rolemaster* Fans! We HAVE NOT changed the *Rolemaster* system AT ALL! No siree. We have organized the rules a bit better and made the various parts (we hope) more easily accessible. The layout is breathier and the look cleaner and more 'professional' (if I do say so myself).

In the same way that *Rolemaster* came out in the beginning, the revision will emerge in parts. Unlike the original, *Spell Law* is the first revised piece. Beefy and slick, *Spell Law* has a new cover (famed *Osprey* and *Middle-earth* artist **Angus McBride** will be doing the cover art for all three). And — get this — *SL* has an **INDEX!!!**

Spell Law is available now, and will be followed by *Arms Law & Claw Law* in September, and *Character & Campaign Law* in October (along with the complete boxed set).

While not the tempestuous crisis that *Champions* was, Production has fifty ferrets typing for an infinite number of hours on fifty Macs to generate the newly formatted Attack Charts for *AL&CL*...

ORIGINS '89 REPORT

written by Olof Biscuitbarrel

Origins '89 was held partially over the July 4th weekend (running from Thursday June 29th to Sunday 2nd) at the Hilton Towers Hotel, Los Angeles Airport, Los Angeles, Ca. Your roving Swedish reporter was there to check out how the Amerikanski guppibones enjoy their game conventions and see what was new and exciting from the US manufacturers.



Numbers of attendees were quite low for an Origins — year sur even a west coast-based event. This may have been due to the parallel time-slabbing with a Fantasy & Science Fiction Show at Anaheim Convention Centre, the lack of promotion by the organisers prior to convention, the selection of a site which does not provide low-priced amenities and accommodation, the selection of a site quite isolated from any alternative amenities and accommodation, political in-fighting and/or apathy amongst the organisers, time-slabbing convention days so as not to take advantage of the long holiday weekend, aging of the arteries amongst organisers, etc.

This Origins, the exhibitors hall was closed over lunch-time every day. The weather was fine and sunny — perfect for the now-traditional "Americas Pup" event (covered in detail elsewhere). It drew big crowds of unwilling onlookers since it was held outside the exhibitors hall entrances prior to afternoon opening. It sure appeared to be the most exciting event of the weekend.

ICE, in their usual subdued fashion, hid the new releases amongst their huge product line. The determined and/or discerning gamer could eventually hunt out the secret locations or if lacking adventurous spirit, ask the always helpful booth personnel. New releases included *Star Crown Empire* for *Shadow World*, *Dark Mage of Rhadare* for Middle Earth, *Vezel Compendium #2* for *Star Strike*, and (at last!) the double-issue *Adventurers Club #13*. Of particular interest was a new line of *Flying Turtle* boardgames imported from Belgium with rules in four languages (including that useless dialect of English called American). Hot titles were a financial game called *Shark* and a fantasy quest game called *Kalahen*.

World Wide Wargamers seemed to be doing extremely well with their new range of boardgames which included *Modern Naval Battles*, *Tomorrow the World* and *Light Division*. Avalon Hill were as usual doing great business with their latest ASL release *Hollow Legions*. There really did not seem to be much new or exciting material for roleplayers from the other companies, although Chaosium easily had the most exciting fun-looking booth with plenty of spooky lanterns and a shrine to Elvis Presley.

All in all a most tired-looking and disappointing Origins — certainly not worth an expensive trip from the eastern United States, Sweden or overseas. Exhibitors really need to do something different to put some excitement into their booths — and GAMA need to take a stronger hand in organisation py yiminy.

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A Note From the Editor

Can you believe it?! We have already arrived at fabulous issue number five. I can tell you're excited; your hands are shaking even as you read my stimulating words. We have tons of fun in store for this issue—including a *MERP* adventure I'm sure you're going to love.

Now I know you're all wondering about this issue's page one, with space dedicated to that Champions stuff. Well, it is the Back to school issue, and we thought that Champions coverage would be appropriate...



Dear Editor...



This issue we're printing a variety of letters to other departments which might be of general interest to our readers.

TO: ASTON, IQ Subscription Manager

Sir:

It seems that my local hobby store sells the issues of *IQ* that they receive. If they receive *IQ* for free (do they?), is this kosher? (Reprinted in part; name & city withheld for national security reasons)

Dear faithful *IQ* reader. We get this question alot! Here is ICE's response per our marketing experts: (Translated by ASTON)

The *IQ* carries a cover price of \$1 to assure wholesalers and retailers (and consumers) that it has value! In turn this should encourage wholesalers to send the *IQ* on to retailers and it should also encourage retailers to display it somewhere instead of using it for packing material in the storeroom! (Stop wincing editor, it happens to the best of publications). Supposedly all these folks wouldn't make the effort to process this exquisite periodical without a PRICE on front to guarantee that it is NOT JUNK! ICE provides the *IQ* to wholesalers & retailers at no cost and suggests they pass this savings on making the *IQ* a complimentary item for customers visiting stores and/or making purchases. Please understand that stores may charge for the *IQ* to defray their costs in handling & displaying it. Likewise, ICE must charge a fee to cover handling expenses to those consumers who ask to have the *IQ* mailed direct though we encourage consumers to look ask for the *IQ* at their favorite store (where they may find it for free!) In short, capitalism reigns and there are no bad guys, just good guys for putting the *IQ* out there somewhere, somehow OK? Oh, by the way, have you ever noted the illo by my space? And you call me sir?

I hope everyone enjoyed issue #4. If you missed it and you're reading this at gen con, there's a chance we have some back issues available at the booth (that's 715 and 717, in case you're curious)

Also in this issue is a survey done by our marketing department. Please send it in or give it back to us!!! You could win a coupon for products (and we all want more ICE products, right?) And besides that, your input on the *IQ* and other stuff is very important — we may actually listen to what you have to say!

Trevor is on vacation this issue to make room for other irrelevant stuff, but he should be back next time.

Keep those cards and letters coming in, and be sure to buy your *Shadow World* lunchboxes before they run out.

Once again, if you're at gencon, check out the ice booth and say hi to the designers!

To Whom it May Concern:

I have been unable to find any *Loremaster* modules in any local hobby shops or bookstores. Have they been discontinued? If not please send me a copy of the *Cloudlords of Tanara* module. I do not know the price of this module, so please bill me afterwards.

Thank you,
Jacob Stevens
Hallstead, PA

Dear Jacob,

You can't find any more *Loremaster* modules because there aren't any more! Actually, *Loremaster* was a project launched several years ago that we put on hold for a number of reasons. The secret seems to be out, though: *Shadow World* is the same planet as *Loremaster*! The old *Loremaster* modules are fully compatible. Check your hobby store for *Shadow World* stuff! As far as *Loremasters*, I think we have a few left in stock (including *Cloudlords*) so you'll have to call Customer Service. As a final note, we — as a matter of policy — don't send products and then bill customers; but the friendly C.S. staff can explain how all that works!

Sincerely,
TKA

Ahoy, ICE People!

I did not want to let the opportunity pass by to thank you for your help in StarFest (aka StarCon) this past March/April. Since StarFest is not a gaming convention, I was surprised that the convention committee quadrupled our rooms this time! Most folks had to end up watching because we had (yow!) over 2500 people through the gaming rooms throughout the weekend.

One player told me she dropped out of line for William Shatner's autograph because the sounds from Gaming Room B sounded so much fun. (The lines for this Shatner person went from one floor, down some stairs, past the gaming rooms, back to a cafeteria.)

At September Star Con our gaming events will get even more rooms thanks to the continued turnout we've had; hope you'll give us a mention in *IQ* again. We've been lucky enough to introduce people to rolegaming — people still tend to think of it as "that D&D stuff". It's always good to see how well people respond when they see strong roleplaying. Thanks again for your help!

SSgt Chet Cox
Denver, CO

Aston's Note: StarCon '89 is Sept 29-Oct 1 Denver, CO!

ASTON APPLAUDS

HELLO BUYERS! (Consumer, retail & wholesale) You can't have missed all the news about revisions in this issue of IQ, so by now you're very well informed about what these new products can do for you! BUT, has anyone clued you in on buying tips? Where? When? What price? What stock #? What's gone? We sales people realize that designers & editors sometimes forget such significant details, but hey when you're cleaning up and/or revising massive Rules Systems like *Rolemaster* & *Champions* something's bound to give right? And tho' we APPLAUD the efforts of the E&D and PRODUCTION Staffs to live through those trying revisions, we want **you** to be a well-informed buyer (YES! we want your money!). So here it is: ASTON'S GUIDE FOR REVISION BUYERS! Since those HERO-types are sort of guests in this IQ we'll start with the Champions titles:

Stock #	Title	Available	Price*
ST#400	CHAMPIONS (Hardbound) 350 plus pages This tome replaces the previous ST#01, #08 & #15 (Champions, Champs II & Champs III). All the rules in ONE book! For collectors or others who may want the OLD BOOKS for whatever reason, SORRY WE ARE OUT! The "Champions" Hardbound will be shipping to distributors early August.	GenCon!	\$28
ST#401	CHAMPIONS GM SCREEN & ACCESSORIES This GM screen will be beefed up with a variety of character sheets & counters. And if you're observant you will see a pattern developing, yes! some logic to Champions stock #'s, all will be 400 "something" (soon to be a major mini-series)	September	\$12
ST#402	MIND GAMES The first Champions supplement (Organization) to be published after the revision, you will not need to worry about converting to new rules. For those with "pre-revision" supplements the only "conversion" work needed would be in adjusting character stats. See the product listing (somewhere else in this issue) for "pre-revision" titles that are still available.	September	\$8
ST#403	CLASSIC ENEMIES All the most famous villains in one place! This title will replace the previous ST#02, #06 & #16 (Enemies, Enemies I & Enemies II). Unfortunately, we ARE OUT of "ENEMIES" and "ENEMIES II" and there is only a limited supply remaining of "ENEMIES III". "Classic Enemies" makes sure all the info for these meanies is consistent with the rules, what a pleasant change!	October	\$13



Aston is waiting for your IQ subscription!

Rolemaster: The Price of Heroism by Chet (um, that's Chad) Brinkley

Rolemaster is a game of heroic fantasy. Generally that means the players can have characters who perform impossible feats, fight hideous beasts and wield mighty magic. Never let it be said that characters cannot be mighty. However, perhaps characters should beware the one beast they can not vanquish, the critical hit. What follows is the tale of a brave Paladin and his encounter with a Pale V Demon.

Our Hero, Tarogriff the Paladin, stepped up to the beast.

"Fear not my lord," he said to the man behind him, "I shall protect you from this beast."

Bravely the warrior strode forward to confront the mammoth creature before him. The beast was large, larger the any being he had ever met before. It's dark blue skin concealing the creature's rippling muscles. It looked truly evil. It grimaced menacingly as Tarogriff approached causing its horns to raise slightly on its forehead. Each of the beast's stocky hands held a huge sword which any normal man would need two hands to lift.

Tarogriff looked down at the broken sword in his hand and thought of his armor, safely packed away in his saddle bags. He had not expected to meet with such a beast this day. Already Tarogriff had been wounded, and only by the grace of his deity had he survived. Things looked pretty bad. Still, he was Tarogriff, brave paladin and warrior. He would protect his lord or die trying.

"Reann, guide my hand and aid me in slaying this beast," muttered the Paladin as he drew up his shattered blade and prayed that his god might aid him once more.

"Reann!!! That is my life long enemy!" yelled the beast, raising its swords. "I shall kill you!"

Well, it was about this point that things started looking bad. The game master started to roll the dice and... Well, he rolled open ended high four times. But that's not the worst of it. Nooooooo. Then came the criticals. 66 E Slash, 100 E slash, 97 B crush (not to mention a few others). The end result...

4 cracked Ribs, Two backbones hits, spine severed (twice), hip crushed, massive nerve failure, skull crushed, brain destroyed, both legs severed, slashed tendons, shattered shield arm, stunned 14 rounds, bleeding at 17 hits per round, and -112 hits.

That strike accounts for the most damage ever delivered to a single person in a single round of melee combat (as far as ICE knows). Our mighty hero bit it four times over with the same sword strike. Moral of the story: the critical is mightier then the sword.

NOTE: Other titles that are OUT of print and will not be reprinted and are no longer available: ST#22 *Super Agents*, ST#25 *Hero Bestiary*, ST#26 *Coriolis Effect*, #17 *Danger International*, AC#1, #4-#6 and #9

FANTASY HERO current edition is out of stock, but MAY be reprinted as is before the revision early 1990, Hang in There Fans!

*Suggested retail price

Condensed Summary for Numbers Readers:

Delete #01, #02, #06, #08, #15, #16, #17, #22, #24, #25, #26, AC#1, 4-6, & 9. BUY #400 now and #401 — #403 and all the #400's to follow!

Whew! This is enough to make me tired of selling! But I can't leave all you *Rolemaster* shoppers out in the cold, so on with the *Rolemaster* revision buying guide:

First, I must remind you that the Rules are **not changing** and to be honest if you are happy with the *Rolemaster* rules books you have now (but I'm sure they're worn & dog-eared right?), you do not have to buy these new publications of *Spell Law*, *Arms Law & Claw Law* and *Character & Campaign Law*. BUT, if you're looking for *new cover art* by Angus McBride, *new organization of tables*, corrections of errors (all the printer's fault of course) and indexes to boot, then the 2nd edition *Rolemaster* books are for you! The *Spell Law* book is the first to be revamped and will ship to distributors mid to late August. By mid-September we should be releasing the *Arms Law & Claw Law* book and finally in late October we'll have both *Character Law & Campaign Law* book and the new *Rolemaster* Box (all 3 new books and new art on the box). Please be warned; if you purchase the current *Rolemaster* Box (Blue) at the current suggested price (\$34) between late August & late October, it will **not have all three new books** in it. It may contain 0, 1 or 2 new books but not all three ok? Now here's the story in numbers so to speak:

ST#1200	Spell Law (2nd edition)	August	\$14 (new price)
	"Old" version out of stock		
ST#1100	Arms Law & Claw Law (2nd edition)	September	\$12 (same price!)
ST#1300	Character Law & Cam. Law (2nd edition)	October	\$14 (new price)
ST#1000	Rolemaster Box (all 3 books new)	October	\$38 (new price)

All of the above will have new cover art so it will be easy to distinguish them from the "old" versions. If you don't know what the old ones looked like, well we've given you a clue "cause all 3 new books will feature a red band on "em! No red band means no new organization, no indexes, i.e., it's not the improved *Rolemaster* 2nd edition!

"Back to School", Fall 1989

Ogrut's Task

By David Reeder

AN ADVENTURE SET IN MIDDLE-EARTH... SORT OF

Here is a grim tale of Orcs and Elves... with a twist. It begins in the Middle-earth we are familiar with, but then things begin to change. Beware!

—Ed.

1.0 A STORY

Ogrut growled softly in his throat, anticipating the fight to come. The rattle-clank of his fellows and the drumming of the rain about them drowned it out, but the bloodthirsty sentiment was shared among them. More than a dozen of the hulking brutes strode through the downpour and the trees, trampling the thick grass into mud with their iron-shod feet. A few talked among themselves in guttural, unpleasant voices. Most looked about them with pigish, hate-filled eyes, and grinned wicked, fusk-filled grins.

The trees about them were tall and full-leaved, and the ground was covered with thick shrubs and short grass. The wind was strong and storm-laden, whipping the falling droplets into a frenzy that hurled water into eyes and cloaks and mail. The Orcs marched uncaring through the thinning woods, and left a glaring path of churned earth behind them. They were trailing a company of the despised forest folk, the Elves, and expected to overtake them soon. Their pace was swift and sure, for they were an iron-thewed and enduring race, caring little for the loads they bore or the storm above them—and the Elves did not know they were coming.

Ogrut was in the center of the column, and alone among his troop wore no mail, only leathers. He carried a mattock loosely in his left hand and a crossbow hung from his pack. He looked about himself again, and spied a great fat tick on the neck of the one-eared fellow before him. Taking an extra half-step, he reached forward, tore it loose, popped it 'tween his jaws, relishing the taste as it burst in his mouth. The one-eared Orc clapped a hand to its freely bleeding and filthy neck and turned on Ogrut, ready anger in its eyes. Ogrut leered at him, exposing a trifle more yellowed tusk than necessary, and chuckled when the Orc, Ugruth, turned away. Ogrut was chief of this band, and the others knew it.

Ogrut's chuckle was harshly joined by that of Lugdush, the largest of their company, who had watched the whole scene. Lugdush was a great savage brute, a head taller than his strapping fellows and nearly as wide. He wore a long hauberk of dirty chain and a dented cap of steel. He bore a long-shafted spear in his hand, the tip barbed and poisoned, the haft dangling matted scalps of Elves and Men. Prized most among these grisly trophies was the long beard of a Dwarf with dried blood on its roots where it had been torn out. Lugdush was Ogrut's second, and unpleasant even for his kind.

They'd been moving for another quarter hour when a smaller Orc burst from the trees before them, wild-eyed and panting. He splashed to a halt and cried out in a whiny version of his greater fellows' tongue.

"Ware! They come!"
Ogrut and the others barely had time to react before there came a sibilant hissssss-thok! and a long Elvish arrow took the shorter Orc, one of the wide-nosed "little snifflers" that the bigger breed used as scouts, in the upper shoulders. The ugly runt pitched forward soundlessly to lie face down in the mud.

Startled, hoarse cries sounded from amongst the Orcs when a half-dozen of the tree folk burst as their scout had from the trees. They were running full-tilt, and easily looked as surprised as the Orcs when their momentum carried them into Ogrut's company's midst.

They were tall and fair, and their mail and bared steel gleamed gold and silver even in the still-pouring rain. One, the archer who'd shot the scout, reacted first and put an arrow into another Orc's eye. He was reaching for another shaft when Magdush, Ugruth's brother, lopped off his head and kicked it when it splashed to the ground. Another Elf, desperate as his comrades, ran a long blade through a thick Orcish chest, but slipped and fell to the ground where Ufthak, a spearman like Lugdush, impaled him and pinned him thrashing in the mud.

Two more of Ogrut's company fell in quick succession to the skill and fury of the Elves. Ogrut incanted a spell in some crawling black language, and a tall Elf nearby screamed as his sword arm was wrenched up and around to hang unnaturally broken. Ogrut laughed and leaped upon him, throttling him with powerful mailed hands.



Another Elf, surrounded, was hacked to pieces by scimitar and axe. His nearest companion fended off a blow with his shield and parried another with his sword. He was open to Ugruth's bull charge, however, and was siezed and slain, his throat torn out by Orcish tusks.

The last of the six was not to be taken so easily. Gathrig lay slain before him, and he hewed off Magdush's hand. He was the lordiest of his band, fierce and noble, and his blade sung a hymn of death. Tundrat staggered backward, trying to catch the loops of gut that slipped from between the links of his shorn mail. Other Orcs stepped back, momentarily daunted.

The Elf laughed, and a sliver of sun shone upon his brow. He sang out some defiant and passionate oath, and then cursed the Orcs in a fair and golden tongue. A quarrel from Ogrut's crossbow sank into the Elf's thigh to poke gorily out the other side, and the Elf gasped and stumbled. He tried to parry as Lugdush stepped in — Lugdush who could break an Ogre's back in a bear hug — and failed. The scalp-hung lance drove deep into the Elf's chest, spitting bone and matchless, moon-fired armor alike. The Elf's mouth opened in a voiceless scream as Lugdush ran his spear completely through him, far past the scalps, and then lifted him into the air upon its shaft. The Elf's eyes rolled as he held onto the wood that pierced him, and bloody froth came from his mouth.

Lugdush laughed and gave the spear a shake. The Elf's mouth worked as he labored to breathe, and the massive Orc lifted the spear up and over in an arc to slam the Elf into the sodden earth. The Elf shuddered, his back now broken, and then retched gory vomit as Lugdush stepped on his chest and twisted the bloody spear out.

A few coins passed hands in wager as the Orcs watched the Elf slowly die, but Ogrut, impatient, spoiled them by stepping forward to stomp out the last spark of the Elf's life. Only a few moments were then needed to strip the dead of their valuables. The slain were left to rot where they lay. Two brawny Orcs held Magdush still and laughed while Ugruth, equally amused, cauterized the stump of his brother's arm with a torch.

The rain died out as they prepared to go on, for one of their scouts was still missing and so too, they thought, were at least four of the forest folk. Ogrut was uneasy, and Lugdush, too — for it seemed the Elves had been running away from something rather than to attack them. They cursed and threatened and beat their surviving fellows back into a wary column and set off along the Elves' trail. This too made Ogrut uneasy, for he knew the forest folk were usually very difficult to track.

On they pressed for nearly a half a mile, and then they came across the still form of the other "little sniffler", an Elvish arrow in his eye, throat, and cold breast. The Orcs muttered some at this, for they had reason to respect and fear the bowmanship of the Elves.

Three hundred yards further on they entered a small clearing. The wind picked up as the nine remaining Orcs moved cautiously into the glade. There in the clearing's center they found a grisly scene of carnage. Three Elves lay dead in a cluster, one headless, with the head nearby, another almost unrecognizable with myriad tiny chunks torn from him, and a third wide-eyed and white, apparently drained of blood. Two more were slain closer by, as though they were running away when taken. One of these too was decapitated, the other torn literally to pieces.

The Orcs looked to one another and to the trees about them, appreciative of the slaughter but worried about the source. Ogrut began to chant a spell as Lugdush sent two lads out to look around the edge of the tree line.

These two had just moved off when a rabbit leaped into the clearing and halted a few paces from the ravaged Elf corpses. Ogrut, busy incanting, failed to notice. Lugdush, also preoccupied, failed to notice. But Ufthak did, for he was nearby, and in typical Orcish humor he strode up (not wondering why it failed to flee his approach) and thrust his spear at it.

His spear turned only earth however, and as the stunned Orcs looked on the bright-eyed rabbit leaped for Ufthak's throat and with wide steely jaws ripped his ugly head from his shoulders.

The Orcs howled their surprise and outrage and leaped forward. Few travelled more than two steps before scores of grey, white, and brown rabbits came ravelling into the clearing and hurled themselves at Ogrut's band.

Lugdush's two investigators were quickly overrun, and were covered head to toe in a coat of rabbit fur that roiled like maggots as they were ripped apart.

The Orcs, panic-stricken, began wading through the savage pack of hares attacking them. They stomped and hacked about them to no avail. Lugdush had seven stuck side by side, wriggling on the end of his spear, but the rabbits were undaunted.

Back for the trees the Orcs ran, ravaged as they went. Ugurth fell, bleeding from a score of wounds, and there was a loud clap as the air about him left and rushed back in, killing at least a half dozen of the hares that had ravaged him. Ogrut, who'd cast the spell, gave a startled cry when he saw Magdush beating at a black rabbit with his charred stump of a wrist while the rabbit sucked the lifeblood from his body. An Orcish head bounced by and interrupted the sight. The rain started again with renewed vigor.

Ogrut, who knew of dark magic enough to know the chilling touch of undead when he felt it, gave full attention to his run for life. Lugdush and another Orc did likewise. The third Orc was overtaken and dragged down a horse's length from the trees. Ogrut and Lugdush made it into the sheltering trees however, and didn't stop running until they'd exhausted all of the energy their hardy race had bred into them...

2.0 AN ADVENTURE

2.1 SETTING

Ogrut's Task is designed ambiguously, so that a GM can easily fit it into whatever campaign he's running. Basic needs are a town, an inn, and some fairly untamed or "wild" hills, preferably forested, a few days from the aforementioned town.

2.2 REQUIREMENTS

A rough and tumble party of characters open-minded and unorthodox enough to cooperate with couple of particularly nasty but at least at this time desperate and so trustworthy Orcs. A cleric and/or healer (preferably both) will be necessary, as well as the fighter and wizard bread and butter of any adventuring party.

2.3 AIDS

Love of and skill at hard fighting, knowledge of the Orcish language, the help of Ogrut and Lugdush, and an H.H.G.O.A. (though this last is extremely unlikely).

2.4 REWARDS

A small fortune in jewelry and the loot of a truly powerful and terrifying monster.

3.0 THE TALE

A sub-chief of the Hewing Axe Orc clan and his lieutenant, Ogrut and Lugdush (whom you've already met), were returning from a raid with a prize their chief wanted very, very badly. They and their band were to bring this item straight back to the clan's stronghold in the mountains — no excuses or delays to be excused or tolerated. On their trek back, however, Ogrut's band ran across the trail of a small group of Elves, and being Orcs decided to find a detour sufficient to jump them. They overtook and slew the Elves, but were shortly thereafter ambushed by — and they scarcely credit this themselves — rabbits. Out of the entire seasoned band only Ogrut and Lugdush escaped. They are sufficiently afraid of their chief, Ragishnak, not to want to return without his prize, for they believe (and rightly so) that to return alone and empty handed would cost them their heads. So, they came down out of the hills to a farmstead a few miles from town and overpowered its occupant, convincing him (with a bribe of more coin than he'd likely make in a year and thinly veiled threats against his family if he failed to return) to travel into town and return with a likely band of adventurers. They gave the farmer a 200 g.p. ruby to pique the party's interest, and instructions to offer three more like it if the party would return with him to speak with them. (He will also doubtless tell them about his family the Orcs hold hostage.) There, if the party does return to speak to the Orcs, Ogrut and Lugdush will relate their tale. Obviously there will be some difficulty getting the party and the Orcs to converse diplomatically. This trouble will be further augmented if there are any Elves in the party, or dwarves who notice the beard on Lugdush's spear. The two Orcs, however, are genuinely desperate and may be trusted at least for the purposes of this, the most dramatic of scenarios. They will guide the party to the ambush sight and help the party to destroy the beasts there. All they want is the prize for

Ragishnak which it was Ogrut's Task to recover — the party may keep any loot found and the four rubies besides. If the party seems to hesitate, the Orcs will grudgingly offer up a necklace of gold chain links crusted with flecks of crushed beryl. It is the only other valuable they can offer (besides their own gear, which they will not barter away at all) and is worth 500 g.p. If all goes as it should, the Orcs and the party will return to the clearing where the Orcs were ambushed, destroy the foul creatures there, and then part company under a wary truce. The Orcs will not fight the party unless provoked. Hopefully the party will do likewise.

3.0 THE ENEMY

The foul creature that engineered the ambush on the Elves and Ogrut's group is a very terrible beast indeed. It is a Killer Rabbit (C&T, p.30), one of the most legendary and feared monsters of fearful legend. It is served by three Vampire Bunnies (C&T, p.41), regarded even in the company of Liches and Barrow-Wights to be among the most horrifying of undead. These four creatures are served by a small pack of wild hares (C&T, p.7) which they have seduced to their black cause. If not stopped soon this evil horde could spread out to blight the entire land...

4.0 THE TASK

Travel to the glade should take at least four days from where the characters begin. For the first portion of this journey the GM should use the Encounter Tables beginning on page 83 of C&T. The last two days, however, should see the use of the modified chart of random encounters provided below:

Use the "Rough & Rugged Hills" chart on p.85 of C&T, and on any result except for REROLL use the chart that follows. Encounters should be twice or thrice as normal.

- 01-15 Nothing but ticks and other annoying insects.
- 16-30 1-5 to Great Porcupines (C&T, p.30).
- 31-35 1 Runtifusel (C&T, p.30) draped over a stump.
- 36-45 A Patch of 2-11 (d10+1) Shympraxrots.
- 46-75 12-30 Carnivorous Flying Squirrels (RMC I).
- 76-92 A Blastnut Vine (SW, IG p.11).
- 93-00 7 Dwarves carrying mattocks, picks and shovels. Ogrut and Lug will be adamant about not contacting them. They will not explain why. The dwarves will be singing and/or whistling.

5.0 CHARTS

5.1 RANDOM MONSTER CHART

Name	Lvl	Base Rate	Max Pace/ MN Bonus	Speed MS/AQ	Size/Crit	Hits	AT/DB	Attacks
Great Porcupine	3	70	FSpt110	MD/MD	M/-	70E	3(40)	60lcb(1-10x)/30SCI&40SBI
Doesn't like dogs or tourists; shoots quills. Savage red eyes, slavering mouth. Bloodthirsty.								
Runtifusel	3	40	Spt/40	VS/BF	M/-	90C	4(30)	90MGr/Special<
Rug-like, looks like an expensive fur. Glides over foes shoulders and devours everything but the bones through suckers (2-20 hits/round). If struck while on victim, victim receives same hits and crits of two severities less.								
C.F.Squirrels	0	30	Dash/40	FA/FA	S/-	20A	1(40)	20TBa100/10SBI/30SBI<
Piranha-like disposition, attack in a berserk swirling cloud, 6"-24" long.								

5.2 NPC TABLE

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee	OB	Missile	OB	Notes
Ogrut	7	78	6	24	no	no	70	Mattock	60	lcb	Orc Sorcerer
Lugdush	6	99	16	45	no	yes	110	Spear/45MBi	86	Spear	Orc Fighter
Upchuk	3	50	14	15	no	no	65	Battleaxe/40MBa	none		Class II Zombie, touch causes nausea, -15 to activity (RR).
Lugnut	3	50	14	35	yes	no	55	Scimitar/40MBa	none		Class II Zombie as above.

5.3 MONSTERS OF THE KILLER RABBIT'S LAIR

Type	#	IV	Rate/Speed	Hits	Crit	AT(DB)	Attacks	Notes
Killer Rabbit	1	10	200/BF-BF	190	SL	3(30)	150HBi [crush/slash]	Horrible creature that must be stopped.
Takes "exploding" attacks as slaying. SL crits, does additional crush and slash of equal severity.								
Vampire Bunny	2	5	170/BF-BF	70	LA#	4(80)	80TBa/80/SBI</Special	Hidcous undead serving the Killer Rabbit.
Bite drains 20-30 hits/md, touch drains 2-4 Con pts/md (-15 RR). Harmed only by magic or silver weapons.								
Wild Hares	48	1	100/VF-FA	10	norm	1(50)	0TBa/10SBIa6	Rabbits seduced by the Killer Rabbit to his cause. Some are misguided, others criminal; all are fanatic. Six of them deliver the Bash attack. Foe must make a Hard Maneuver not to trip and fall when attacked by a swarm of these beasts.

"Back to School", Fall 1989

5.2 RANDOMLY ENCOUNTERED PLANTS

Shymuroot: mh-CD-3 AF0. A shymuroot is a fat, potato-like tuber which, when pressed, may be drained of a honey-like syrup. This resin, if mixed equally with good quality ale, makes a shampoo that not only cleans hair and leaves the scalp tingling but protects the head (via the hair) as though the washer was wearing a full helm good steel. This effect will last for 21-30 hours, and for the first two hours will give 10% Head Critical protection as well. Two tubers provide for one application.

Blastnuts: Large, roughly spherical nuts about 4"-6" in diameter, these grow on vines along the ground like squash. However, should the nut be stepped on or struck against a hard surface, it will explode (Fireball Table, 2x damage, Impact crits). Parties stumbling across them should make Perception and Maneuver rolls to avoid trodding them underfoot and hurting themselves.

5.3 NPCs AND MONSTERS

ORGRUT

Ogrut is a subchief of the Hewing Axe Orc clan, a farsized tribe led by one Ragishnak the Terrible. Ragishnak is, by all accounts, a fearsome fellow and a champion of his race. Ogrut is as close to friends with Ragishnak as Orcs can get, but knows that if he returns to their stronghold without the Cup of Leegrash his life is forfeit, friends or not. Ogrut is big even for an Orc, and more intelligent than most. It is not known where he was taught his sorcerous skills. Ogrut delights in the agony he can cause with his spells, and often casts them slowly so as not immediately slay their subject. He is able to control his temper better than most Orcs (which is to say hardly at all) when necessary, but may rage berserk for hours when angered. He is fond of halfling flesh. Ogrut's surcoat is of soft leather and protects as AT6 with no penalty to maneuvers or Spellcasting. It is a dark russet fading to brown in color, and bears a mild enchantment (+10 DB, +3 Spell Adder). His matoock is +5 (non-magical) of Orcish make, and he has one quarrel that is a +10 Crossbow Bolt. He has 2 scrolls [Major Pain (Mind Destruction) and Haste III (Rapid Ways)] and a Potion of Healing (C&T, p.72). He knows Mind, Flesh, and Solid Destruction to 10th level, and Shield Mastery to 10th as well. +12 Base Attack Roll.

LUGDUSH

Lugdush is Ogrut's second, a trusted (?) lieutenant. He is nastier than most of his bloodthirsty and cannibalistic kin. He is a very able fighter, and experienced as well. He is no coward but is not foolhardy. He carries with him his Spear (it has no name, it's just referred to as the Spear or Lugdush's Sticker) which he prizes above anything else in his Orcish world. The Spear is +15, and does double concussion damage to "good" men, dwarves, and halflings. It strikes on the "mounted lance" table against Elves. Various human and Elvish scalps hang from its shaft near the head, and the beard of a famous dwarf as well. When not using his spear Lug favors grasping foes in a bear hug and squeezing them, perhaps biting a chunk out of them as he does so. Lugdush wears Chain-mail +5 non-magical and arm and leg greaves of High (Orcish-forged) Steel. His only item besides his spear is a Bone Necklace of Charging (C&T, p.78).

UPCHUK AND LUGGNUT

Upchuk and Luggnut were two of Ogrut's best fighters (and in a troop of seasoned raiders this is no mean statement). Upchuk has been mostly drained of blood while Luggnut has had an impressive number of chunks torn from him. They are both zombies under the control of the Vampire Bunnies, directed by the Killer Rabbit.

5.6 AN INDEX OF MAGIC ITEMS THAT APPEAR IN THE TEXT

• **WillrobYnsin's Golem** — The Golem is a one foot tall, vaguely human shaped construct with ill-defined features. It was crafted as a guardian, i.e., the owner could lie down to sleep and the Golem would beat out a path of

sentrygo around him. If the Golem detects the presence of some danger it will cry out in a loud, stilted voice, "Danger WillrobYnsin! Danger!", or "Warning! Warning! Awaken immediately!" (Alas, there is no way to get it to do this quietly or subtly.) The Golem may cast up to 10pp from the Mentalist Presence Base List at 10th level each time it is activated. It also possesses the equivalent of the following skills: Detect Traps 30, Direction Sense 60, General Perception 85, Lie Perception 55, Locate Secret Opening 45, Poison Perception 10, Time Sense 70, and SLA 90. WillrobYnsin's Golem may be active for 6 hours out of the 24 in a semi-passive sentry mode, or as a scout for a moving party. It must be stored in a small box or chest when inactive.

- **The Cup of Leegrash** — The Cup is not an especially potent item. It is a precious metal and gem encrusted drinking flagon made from an Orc skull. The skull is that of Leegrash the Repugnant, who was chief of the Hewing Axe clan before Ragishnak (and, incidentally, his uncle). Leegrash's head was taken from him and his clansmen by raiders of the Rotting Eye sept of the Severed Head Orc clan, and back in their stronghold it was turned into the Cup. Ragishnak sent Ogrut and a picked band to get it back. Things didn't quite work out. The Cup's only magic is that it gives a drinker from it a +20% Drug Tolerance/Alcohol skill and the ability to belch like a Hill Giant besides.
- **Metalskin Amulet** — Amulets such as these have been worn by Barbarians and Heroes since the dawn of time (though, strangely, the sagas and tales never credit their presence), allowing them to suffer unbelievable punishment (sword wounds, terrible inclement weather, and nearby mortar shells, etc.). Amulets give their wearer a +20DB, protection as AT20, allow him/her to use the Large Creature Critical Table, and allows the tolerance of virtually any extreme of weather. Generally shouldn't be worn with a shirt.
- **Arrows of the Turkey Feather** — (from C&T, p.78). Usable once. When shot and it hits, it becomes an "attack turkey" with attacks of 70SPI and 50SCI(2x).
- **Pouch of Preservation** — (from C&T, p.79). Sack (holds up to 50lbs) will protect and preserve food, herbs, items, or anything else perfectly for at least one month. This one holds some unidentifiable meat, an Orc's left ear (it was Ugruth's. He, sadly, no longer needs it), and the forecarn of an Elf.
- **Nilmom's Miraculous Steed** — The Steed is actually a pair of rune-chased cocoon halves bearing a heavy Elemental enchantment. Clapping them together to sound like horses' hooves for two rounds will summon either an Eardmount I (RMCI, p.86) or a Water Steed I (same place) at the clappers direction. The mount will persist for two hours. Usable thrice per day.
- **Acorns of Any!** — No one knows the origin of these Acorns. They are typically found in pouches containing a dozen or more. One round after they are thrown to the ground each Acorn will summon 2-5 Carnivorous Flying Squirrels (RMCI, p.72) which will stay and fight for the summoner for 6 rounds and then wing off, taking the Acorns with them.

6.0 LAYOUT: THE LAIR OF THE KILLER RABBIT

OUTSIDE THE LAIR

1. Trail. This is the trail of the Orcs' passage through the woods. The earth has since dried, and is for now an obvious marker of their path. The dirt and grass has been churned and trampled into a terrible mess, and there are numerous little side-trails that leave the big one for a space and then come back. These are places where the Orcs left the column to go stomp on a flower or hack at some cute woodland animal.

2. The Clearing. Scattered about this clearing are the bones of several Orcs amidst the remnants of their gear. This is the glade where Ogrut's band (and the Elves before it) was ravaged. Nothing of extraordinary value is here. Players may get the feeling that they're being watched. Several hares peek out at them from superb hiding places (Absurd Perception). The Killer Rabbit will know of the party's arrival. Anyone with a modicum (Webster's New World Dictionary, 2nd College Edition, p.913) of tracking skill will be able to follow the myriad rabbit tracks (enough to be very obvious) through the woods to (5).

3. Creek. This is a cold, swift-running stream. The Orcs' trail cuts across it about a half mile downstream. Remember that no vampire, even the dreaded and terrible Vampire Bunny, can cross running water.

4. The Hill. This is a fairly tall (80') knoll, steep and covered with thick tall grass. Many rabbits hide in this grass. Two small stands of trees mar its surface, the smaller one home to a group of Blackbirds which the Killer Rabbit has been trying to recruit for weeks.

5. Trees. This copse of trees hides within it the cave-like entrance (6.5' high, 5' wide) to the Killer Rabbit's Lair, which is dug under the hill. A few hares lounge idly about these trees, but will vanish inside or onto the hill at the party's approach.

INSIDE THE LAIR

The Lair has been tunneled out from the hill by legions of dedicated rabbits. Most of the ceilings average 6' in height. The exceptions are the tiny tunnels that honeycomb the place. These are just big enough for a good sized hare to maneuver through or attack from. There are a dozen rabbits inside the lair, besides the Killer Rabbit and the Vampire Bunnies, and three dozen more outside, in hiding. The party must overcome this deadly host to be successful.

1. The Common Chamber. This is where the rabbits usually pass their time when not out pillaging the surrounding woods. 1A is a 3' tall rock shelf whereupon the Killer Rabbit usually resides. There will be no rabbits in the room. They will have retreated to draw the adventurers into more cramped quarters. There are, however, two big Orc zombies created by the Vampire Bunnies from slain members of Ogrut's band. (He will recognize them. They are [were] Upchuk and Luggnut, two of his toughest.) The rabbits will watch the party deal with these two to assess its strengths. Once the characters have gone further in, the hares on the outside will swarm in to cut off any escape and the rabbits will attack. This will typically take place while the party is in transit between two of the larger rooms. The Killer Rabbit will lead a death or glory charge at the party's front while the Vampire Bunnies lead assaults from the flanks and rear (from side tunnels where possible). The entire despicable horde will fight to the death.

2. Storeroom. Stores of roots and berries and nuts and such are here stockpiled, together with more grisly provisions (like Ulthak's head, Magdush's stump-wristed arm, etc.)

3. Harem room. This chamber is intended for use by female rabbits and young. It is currently empty.

4. Den of the Vampire Bunnies. This room is a tad cooler than the others, and avoided when possible by most of the "normal hares". The Killer Rabbit intends to have another chamber, a secret one, dug beyond this one. There he will quietly have a few of his more promising followers turned to undead by the Vampire Bunnies. His lads do not know of this plan. Cobwebs hang from the ceilings here, and there are three nests on the rock shelf (4' high) where the Vampire Bunnies sleep. Scattered about the shelf are 280s.p., 100c.p., and two 150g.p. opals. All the way back against the wall, in a niche, is a small box. This box contains WillrobYnsin's Golem (q.v. in the Magic Index).

5. The Killer Rabbit's treasure vault. This room contains all of the loot his minions have garnered thus far in their raids. A stack of various weapons is next to the wall, and some mundane adventuring gear litters the floor. Upon the shelf of rock, though, are some more promising items. These include the Cup of Leegrash (the prized item Ogrut and Lugdush are after); a Metalskin Amulet, a quiver containing three silver arrows, two normal arrows,

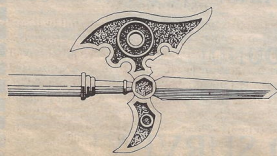
and seven Arrows of the Turkey Feather, a Pouch of Preservation, Nilnom's Miraculous Steed, and a pouch containing eight Acorns of Any! There are also three rare coins of mithril, 150 more of gold, 1,000 of silver, a Rumtiffus! pelt (now quite dead), a silver and jade bracelet worth 200g p., the Deed of Ownership to a very expensive Bridge and the Real Estate surrounding it, and an autographed color picture of Wesley Crusher (...lots o' love, the Acting Ensign!!)

7.0 CONCLUSION

Ogrut and Lugdush will thank the characters sincerely, invite them over for dinner, and hustle off home with the Cup of Lecgrash. The characters should feel proud knowing they've put a stop to a grave threat to the forces of good everywhere.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Ogrut and Lugdush only appeared in this production as a special favor to me. Normally they are a pair of very real and very dangerous foes to the characters in my campaign. They are Uruks in *MERP* or Greater Orcs in *Rolemaster*, and could very easily be converted to Greater Lugröki in *Shadow World*. Look for further tales of these adventuring Orcs in the future...



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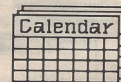
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ICE Contact: Jessica Ney

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ORIGINS 89!

A (brief) Pictorial Essay of Life in and around the ICE Booth in LA



HERO Editor Rob Bell caught holding his prize take of the Con: *Space Hulk* (embarrassingly manufactured by another company). In a mysterious footnote, *Space Hulk* vanished from the shipment back from LA!



BOOTH DAZE PART 1: Designers Coleman Charlton and Terry Amthor have a rules discussion! (Probably about Monks as Mentalists again!)



The glittering room at the LAX Hilton and Towers (one of several, replete with expensive snacks!)

BOOTH DAZE PART 2: Coleman walks away smiling; Terry turns in a huff; Coleman wins again! (but Terry's hair is perfect)



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"Back to School", Fall 1989

The America's Pup Saga

Amer'ikas' Pup (aka "The Pup") — The Annual International Games Manufacturers Sports Competition, a questionable game with rules that can change each year. The only constants are: (1) it always involves players holding one or more raw eggs; (2) it always involves teams vying to see which challenger has the right to take on the Pup Holder in the finals; and (3) it always involves games played under protest.

Some years ago (1985), when I could drink all night without testing death, ICE was invited to compete for the honor of holding the Americas' Pup. This dubious prize amounted to nothing more than a goofy dog statuette purchased by (the English) Steve Jackson and cherished by the Games Workshop crew as a lame symbol of Britain's dominance over the upstart Colonies. Still, when we saw the Pup, we wanted it... bad.

PUPS PAST

What made the Pup important was tradition and glory. After all, the history of the competition was colored with international intrigue and could be traced all the way back to Origins 1984. It was then that the two co-founders of the concept, Steve Jackson of Games Workshop and Jordan Weisman of FASA, concocted the annual event. Their respective firms agreed to play a three-round game incorporating raw eggs, highlighted by a spoon-borne egg race and an egg toss. Games Workshop won and took the Pup home to London.

The next year (in Baltimore), Games Workshop returned and offered a new game. While they retained the tradition of using raw eggs, the Brits wanted to play soccer (aka "Football") using a ping-pong ball. FASA, ICE, RAEM, and Grenadier vied for the right to play the vaunted Royalists. ICE won a tough first-round match on penalty points and defeated FASA in a contest scarred by a spectacular egg fight. Then we took on Maggie's Boys and lost, GW retained the Americas' Pup. Our only consolation was that we were much better at throwing our eggs. We bloodied some of the Englishmen with our penalty shots. They were lucky to hit the pavement.



Thrills and Spills as the ICE & Californians face off. (note attentive posture of Ref Mike Stackpole, far left)

At L.A. in 1986, the Americas' Pup became an established sport. Teams from the English Commonwealth and Sweden joined FASA and ICE in the early rounds, lending the competition a global (albeit cheesy) aura. The game was akin to Ultimate Frizbee, only we used a Nerf Ball and everyone had to hold a raw egg in one hand. Led by Ross Babcock, FASA edged the Swedes. We simply pounded the Commonwealth, capitalizing on our quickness, wit, and skill in exploiting rules crocks. ICE then defeated FASA for the right to challenge the Pup-holders. Given



IQ Publisher Peter C. Fenlon presents the Game Cat to the Californians. They play FASA at GenCon. Mr. Fenlon seems reluctant to part with the cat...

that we had helped make up the game, we were up for the finals. ICE defeated Games Workshop before a home crowd of stupefied gamers. The Pup came to America (where it belongs).

Puperobelia: *At this time, the Games Workshop President fled into retirement in Spain, taking the original Pup statuette with him. He has yet to reappear at the event, possibly because he fears that he will once again be ambushed by water-pistol wielding maniacs, possibly because of the great Spanish weather, or possibly because of hormonal difficulties.*

Origins Baltimore was the site of 1987 Americas' Pup, which was unfortunate. Due to humid conditions, none of the major networks covered the event. Teams from Australia, Canada, TSR, Sweden, Flying Buffalo Inc., FASA, Leading Edge, and Games Workshop entered the competition, along with a group of brave women and the stalwart Dudes of ICE (including that notorious Pup Rules expert and seasoned veteran Coleman Charlton). We played the same game as the previous year. FBI's Mike Stackpole established the tone of the affair when he chucked the ball onto the convention center roof. Not to be outdone, the Aussies staged an ugly fight with the ref. Neither of these fiascos stood in the way of FASA's march to the Challenge Round. It was an all-USA final, which ICE won due to a freak default. Embittered but noble, FASA swore revenge on behalf of the entire Rust Belt.

FASA wrested the Pup away from the ICE team (consisting of Coleman, Kevin Barrett, Rob Bell, and me) at Origins/GenCon in Milwaukee in 1988. After surviving duels with the Swedes and Grenadier, the Freedonians (with a little help from Infocom) slipped past ICE in a thumb-stacking overtime battle. FASA's Ross Babcock was awarded the MVP Award for the second year running. The Pup traveled to Chicago.

THIS YEAR'S SAGA

In 1989, the Rules Committee consisting of Jordan Weisman (FASA), Bob Watts (Grenadier), John Morgan (Jedko), and I changed the game again. This time they chose a variation of Aztec Arena Ball, substituting a stuffed cat for the ball and a mutilated Adeptus Titanicus (courtesy of Games Workshop) box for the hoop. The box was oriented sideways and set atop a tall pole. Players could toss the fabric feline to one another but they could not move when they possessed the cat. An exception was made for those coordinated (and lucky) enough to "dribble" the beast. Turnovers occurred whenever the cat hit the ground or whenever someone walked. As usual, every player carried a raw egg and every game was played under protest.

You could score a point by just hitting the box, and noich two points by tossing the cat through the hole. If you broke your egg the other team received one point. If the other team broke your egg, though, your team received two points. It was a rude game.

Publisher's Note: *The so-called "stuffed cat" was actually a small plush toy, not a bona fide dead cat.*

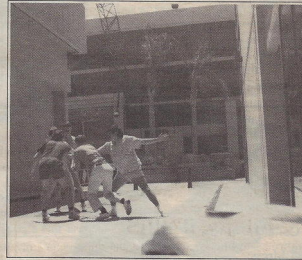
In the opening round, the pairings were exquisitely balanced. The Swedes (with their famous American free agent, T. K. Amhor) beat West End Games in the first game involving a negative score when Fred Malmberg was (apparently) knocked down and broke his egg. The referee, played by Mike Stackpole was appalled by the paltry bribe offer out of West End and awarded two points to the Swedes. Meanwhile, a Grenadier team led by Will Niebling edged a Commonwealth Team composed of John Morgan, Drew Fyfe (Jedko), and Brian Walker (Games International magazine). A tough, co-ed California team comprised of ex-Leading Edge, ex-ICE, and ex-FBI players beat ICE when our entire team came down with a rare nervous disorder just before scratch-off.

In the second round, the Californians took out the Swedes in a close, clean match. Mr. Amhor distinguished himself by scoring on a freak turnaround cat-spike. Later, Grenadier bested Task Force Games, who were led by John Olsen, an ex-Workshop executive who was instrumental in keeping the Pup traditions alive in prior years. Task Force scored with no time remaining to send the game into overtime, but they lost anyway.

When Grenadier and the Californians fought it out in the third round I could taste the tension (or was that the L.A. smog?). Eggs were 'a fyin'. It was good, real good. Grenadier came storming back in the second half, only to be beaten when the Pup MVP scored a two-pointer on a cross-court spin shot with only forty seconds left.

Now, we await the Challenge Round between FASA (the current Pup Holder) and the Californians (aka the "Don Rentz Memorial Cathandlers"). The finals will be held at GenCon in Milwaukee, and all of us at ICE wish FASA the best. After all, the Californians knocked us out in the first round fair and square — and we're spiteful.

Puperobelia: *The Americas' Pup Veterans Team (three or more years) includes Ross Babcock (FASA), Jordan Weisman (FASA), Coleman Charlton (ICE), Pete Fenlon (ICE), Brian Bouton (ICE, the Californians), Bob Watts (Grenadier Models), Nick Ferrago (Ventura International), John Morgan (Jedko Games), Fred Malmberg (Target Games), Don Rentz (four different teams), and John Olsen (Games Workshop, Task Force Games).*



Another shot of ICE vs. California. Tragically, the scintillating photos of the thrilling Sweden team beating West End match were lost.

• SHADOW WORLD BESTIARY •

As an ongoing feature, we're going to be presenting a selection of new creatures and personages for the *Shadow World* (that's the role playing world designed just for *Rolemaster* and *Fantasy Hero*, in case you've been asleep for the last eight months!). In this issue, we introduce the Kæden, a nasty beast with a cruel twist.

1 • GENERAL INFO

One of the many devilish constructs to emerge from the First Era, the Kæden stand with the *Shards* and *N'ng* as hideous aberrations and mockeries of life. Slightly larger than man-sized, they combine maneuverability with a frightening array of offensive abilities. While in some ways insectile in appearance, Kæden are basically anthropoid in form and have a considerable intelligence; they might be some sort of unholy fusion. Large, faceted eyes allow 270° vision. The long, prehensile tongue is a powerful scent organ, and antennae act as unique radar sensors. Thus, while blind in darkness, their scent and radar more than compensate.

Kæden webs are also a potential weapon. They can either be mixed to form a tough, rigid lattice or a binding/coocoon form, or even as an attack. The spinnerets are located on the end of an abdominal protrusion. The webs serve an additional purpose as a mode of transport: they may shoot a web strand up to 100', attach the near end, and travel along the strand with frightening agility and speed.

Like all constructs, Kæden cannot reproduce. They can, however, go into a state of hibernation, cocooning themselves with a pre-arranged awakening time.

Kæden are carnivorous creatures, and though they have no teeth, their tongue is a powerful 'needle'. They capture food and 'cocoon' living prey, inject a powerful reduction poison and later drink their victim's bodily fluids for nourishment. Kæden are actually nocturnal by choice — though if needed they are able to switch to sidereal living.

Kæden were made in squads of six (five workers and a warrior) and there were originally six 'Queens' (with Kædena as the High Queen, supposedly).

FEEDING

Should a victim be rendered unconscious or immobile, he is enclosed in a cocoon (see above), injected with a dose of *Extreme Severity Reduction* poison (see *Shadow World Master Atlas Inhabitants Guide*, pg. 14) and suspended in a convenient place for later consumption.

WARNINGS

These hideous creatures leave signs of their passing. Wary adventurers will see these harbingers and flee.

- Warnings of the proximity of Kæden include:
1. Large, greenish, glittering webs blocking cave corridors, or strands of similar material spanning crevasses.
 2. Shriil piping (Kæden radar in use).
 3. Cocoons: 6 long ovals of a translucent green opalescent appearance.

WEAKNESSES

Kæden have few weaknesses, but the few they have can be devastating. These insectile beasts do not care for fire, and take double hits damage from fiery attacks. Often they will flee from intense flames unless driven by a powerful will. Sunlight they also shrink from (though it does them no physical damage). Lastly, Kæden will flee from the power of Oriana or Phaon. Powerful servants of either of these Lords of Orhan might be able to summon their blessings and drive forth these vicious servants of Darkness. (Most, however, must seek more mundane defenses.)

2 • KÆDEN TYPES

Following are brief summaries of the three types of Kæden. Also included is system information not covered in the Beast Chart at the end of the section.

WORKER KÆDEN

Workers are almost always found in groups of five, led by a Warrior. Each stands about 7' tall on its rear 'legs', not counting the antennae which protrude from the large head.

The attacks noted in the chart refer to their pincers ('arm' appendages), their long tongue, and finally the web, fired from the abdomen, which extends below the lower 'hips' and can be aimed separately.

WARRIOR KÆDEN

Slightly larger than workers (standing about 8' feet while on their hind appendages) Warriors have noticeably larger pincers and their abdomens are also more elongated.

QUEEN KÆDEN

There are only Six 'Queen' Kæden known to have been created. Tales tell of the deaths of at least four in the Great Conflicts which ended the First and Second Eras, but there was never proof that any really perished. All six may still survive, in slumber in some deep cavern, or ruling some dark corner of the Shadow World. The Queens stand well over 20 feet tall, with massive pincers and a bulbous abdomen extending beyond the wasplike thorax.

SYSTEM INFO: FANTASY HERO

Following is System-related data for *Fantasy Hero* players.

GENERAL

- 1 level of growth (0 End, Persistent, Always on.) Characteristics already figured in) (-3" Kb x 8 mass, x2 height, x2 width, x2 reach)
- 6 r.p.d./5rc.d. Armor.
- 25 Strength Clinging
- +5" Running
- Active Sonar (Antennae).
- +3 Smelling Perception (Tongue).
- 360° vision (limited to 270°)
- Nightvision
- Ultrasonic Hearing
- +2 Hearing Perception
- *Reduction Poison*: 1d6 Strength Drain, 2d6Con Drain, 1d6 Stun Drain, (0 End, 1 recovery per day. Attack last 1 turn. Based on a Bite.)
- *Webs*: 5d6 Entangle. 1 hex effect (ocv in combat Full phase attack).
- *Pincers and Bite*: 2x 1/2 d6 HKA. (2x 1d6+1 with Strength).
- *Skills*: Stealth (15-), Climbing (15-), +1 General Percep.

WARRIORS

- 4d6 NNd against Immunity to cold. Area effect Cone. Useable once per turn. 6 uses per day.
- Stealth (16-), Climbing (16-), +2 General Perception.

QUEENS

- +1 additional r.p.d. Armor (for a total of 7 r.p.d.)
- Warriors NNd, except it can be used 12 times per day and has 1 level of extended Area.
- Webs require enchanted weapons to hit.

DISADVANTAGES (OPTIONAL)

- 2x Body from Fire Based Attacks; Dislikes Sunlight (-3 to all rolls); Fear of Oriana and Phaon; Respectful/Fearful of Kædena; Aggressive Predator; Can not reproduce

HIT LOCATION CHART

3d6 Roll	Location	Stun X	N Stun X	Body X	to Hit
3-6	Head	x5	x2	x2	-8ocv
7	Pincers	x1	x1/2	x1/2	-6ocv
8-10	Chest	x3	x1	x1	-4ocv
11-16	Appendages	x2	x1/2	x1/2	-4ocv
17-18	Abdomen	x4	x1-1/2	x2	-6ocv

SYSTEM INFO: ROLEMASTER

Following is System-related data for *Rolemaster*.

GENERAL

- Senses: Hear as well as a dog, see at night as in full light; -30 to activity in full daylight; sonar allows them to 'Detect Invisible'.

WORKERS

- Skill Bonuses: Climb100; S&H150; Perc110; Amb±20.

WARRIORS

- *Breath Weapon*: X3 +50 *Cold Ball* in a cone extending up to 30' and 15' across at the furthest extent. Useable up to once every 6 rounds, total of 6x per day (the 2nd use of this is to finish a cryogenic cocooning process).
- Skill Bonuses: Climb150; S&H100/180; Perc150; Amb±20.

QUEENS

- *Breath Weapon*: X5 +100 *Cold Ball* in a cone extending up to 100' and 50' across at the furthest extent. Useable up to once every 6 rounds, total of 12x per day.
- Webs: A Queen's webs are enchanted, and cannot be harmed by non-enchanted weapons.
- Skill Bonuses: Climb150; S&H100/180; Perc150; Amb±20.

WEBS: SYSTEM DATA

The Kæden webs are one of their most versatile tools, useable as weapon, transportation mode and defensive barrier, as well as a hibernation enclosure. The web fluid can be mixed to form a tough, rigid lattice and woven across doorways or blocking a passageway. In this form it is treated as AT 12(20), 30 hits each fiber, with 5-10 fibers needing to be cut before a man could pass through.

As a cocoon, treat the web as AT 20(50), requiring 100 hits (no criticals) to cut through to the sleeping creature. Each round the cocoon is delivered hits the Kæden inside has a 5% chance of awakening, after which it requires only one round of preparation before bursting from the cocoon.

As an attack, treat as a Large (or Huge) grapple, with appropriate criticals. The attack web has the following range modifiers: 0-50': ± 0; 51-75': -25; 76-100': -50.

ROLEMASTER BEAST CHART

Type	Base Lvl	Max Rate	Pace/Speed	Size/	AT	#	Attacks	Enc	Outlook
Worker	8	100	FSp/30	F/VF	M/I	80	11(40)	50MPi(2x)/80LS*/60LGr	1-5 Hostile (MD)
Warrior	12	120	FSp/40	F/VF	L/LA	120	11(70)	80LPi(2x)/110LS*/80LGr	1 Hostile (AA)
Queen	30	90	Spi/30	ME/F	L/SL	280	12(100)	160HPi(2x)/140HS*/150HGr	1 Hostile (HD)

* Reduction Poison: poison level equals level of Kæden attacker.

FANTASY HERO BEAST CHART

Type	Str	Dex	Con	Body	Int	Ego	Pre	Com	Pd	Ed	Spd	Rec	End	Stun	OCV	DCV
Worker	25	14	13	15	3	3	20	0	5+	3+	3	6	30	35	6	5
Warrior	30	18	15	17	5	5	20	0	7+	3+	4	7	36	37	9	7
Queen	45	14	20	23	8	11	30	0	10+	5+	4	8	50	50	10	5

"Back to School", Fall 1989

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS IN SPACE MASTER

Michael Veach

Mike Veach brings another useful rules supplement for Space Master...

Many interesting adventures can be centered around characters paying off a loan on a small freighter. The question is how do they make money by importing/exporting goods? There are several ways to do this, but there are also pit falls and uncertainties to the business.

One of the most common and easiest ways to gain cargo is through a broker. This type of shipping is usually the safest income, but also the least profitable. The Captain of the ship contacts a broker who will tell him where to pick up a cargo and where to drop it off. The cargo is already paid for, and the taxes, duties, fees, etc. are somebody else's problem. Of course the broker is charging the shipper of the cargo a fee to arrange this, so this leaves less for the Captain's fee. The Captain of the ship can usually get enough to pay the cost of the fuel and maintenance of his ship, and a few thousand in profit. Out of this profit he has to pay crew and other costs (e.g., loan payments).

The next possible way to make money is to skip the middle man and go straight to the company wishing to ship something. This is harder to do, because the captain needs contacts on a planet that will inform him when somebody wishes to ship something, before they can hire a broker. This will about double the profits that he would make if he went to a broker. Captains who own bigger ships may find it profitable to have offices on several planets that arrange cargos for the ship. The down side of this is the cost of the groundside managers of these offices (more payroll to worry about). This also calls for a rather restricted number of stars which can be destinations and a rather steady schedule (the offices need to know when the ship will be there and how long it will take to deliver).

Another way to make money is to just buy and sell cargos with your own money. This calls for a knowledge of trading and appraisal of goods. The profits from such trades when done properly, are the highest to be made. A good trader will buy at the cheapest cost and sell in the most profitable markets. The questions are: where do you buy the goods at their cheapest rates; and where do you sell them at their greatest demand? This calls for a little work on the GM's part. Every planet should be indexed as to what is produced for export and what is needed for import.

First there are 3 basic types of goods: 1) Food, 2) Raw Materials, 3) Manufactured Goods. These groups can then be split down further. Food can be split into (A) Grains, (B) Meats, (C) Sea Foods, (D) Fruits And Vegetables. Raw Materials can be split into (A) Industrial Metals (Iron, Tin, Aluminum...), (B) Rare Metals (Silver, Gold, Copper...), (C) Organics (Coal, Oil, Natural Gas), (D) Radioactives (Uranium, Radium...), (E) Crystals (Gems of all types, but especially those used in industry). Manufactured Goods can be anything capable of being bought in the *Tech Book*, with the possibility of some planets specializing in certain areas (i.e. weapons, or computer), thus making these things cheap to buy on this planet, while creating a market for other Manufactured Goods (i.e. GravCars).

The next thing to do is to determine a planet's productivity in these areas. A scale from 0-10 with 5 as the median is a good way of doing this. A planet with a productivity of 5 will produce enough to sustain its own economy, while a 0 means that product has to be imported, and 10 meaning it is produced in glutinous proportions. This will have an effect on the cost. A good scale is for every number below 5 will increase the selling price by 10%, while every number above 5 will decrease the selling price by 10%.

To illustrate this let us create a sample planet called Gamma Scuti IV. The planet has a breathable atmosphere and a hydrosphere of 05% free standing water. It had no native life forms and is Terraformed into an agricultural world. The trade chart would look like this:

Food Productivity	
(A)Grains:	10
(B)Meats:	7
(C)Seafood:	10
(D)Fruits/Vegetables:	5
Raw Materials	
(A)Industrial Metals:	5
(B)Rare Metals:	3
(C)Organics:	3
(D)Radioactives:	4
(E)Crystals:	5
Manufactured Goods	
(A)Farm Machinery:	6
(B)Vehicles:	5
(C)Pharmaceuticals:	4
(D)Other Goods:	2

From this chart it can be determined that food products can be bought cheap here, but the market is weak. It could still be possible to sell some food products, but the product would have to be something unable to be produced here. (For instance, the U.S. grows plenty of fruits and vegetables, but still imports bananas and coffee.) Raw Materials could be sold here for a profit, but as a whole the planet produces enough to support its small industrial sector. Manufactured Goods is the real market here. There is not much industry here and most is tied to the agricultural needs of the planet.

Let us now see what it would be like if a ship came here with a load of 100, 2 man Helicopters. The Captain would try to find a buyer for the helicopters, so the GM would determine the market based upon the chart above. The GM could include helicopters in with vehicles thus making the market weak. After all the planet produces enough for the demand on this planet in the vehicle category. Another option is for the GM to determine that they are not the type of vehicles produced here, and fall under the category of other. Let us look at the second option. The GM determines from the *Tech Book* that a 2 man helicopter sells for 15,000 elmonits. Because of the



PURCHASE CHART

Roll	% Cost Open Market		% Cost Illegal Market	
	Merchant	Street	Merchant	Street
<-50	Swindle	Armed Theft	Theft	Armed Theft
-50-05	0	Armed Theft	Theft	Armed Theft
06-10	Unavailable	Theft	Swindle	Armed Theft
11-15	Unavailable	Theft	Swindle	Theft
16-20	Unavailable	Theft	Swindle	Theft
17-25	300	Unavailable	0	Swindle
26-30	200	Unavailable	Turned In	Swindle
31-35	175	Unavailable	Unavailable	Swindle
36-40	150	Unavailable	Unavailable	0
41-45	140	200	Unavailable	Turned In
46-50	130	175	Unavailable	Unavailable
51-55	150	150	Unavailable	Unavailable
56-60	120	120	Unavailable	Unavailable
61-65	120	110	Unavailable	Unavailable
66-70	110	110	Unavailable	400
71-75	110	100	Unavailable	300
76-80	110	100	Unavailable	200
81-85	105	95	Unavailable	175
86-90	105	95	Unavailable	150
91-95	105	90	400	125
96-120	100	90	300	110
121-140	100	80	200	105
141-160	90	70	150	100
161-180	80	60	110	90
181-200	70	50	100	80
201+	60	40	90	60

demand they will sell for 30% higher (5-2=3 times 10%-30%) giving them a final selling value of 19,500 elmonits. Now the GM does not tell the Captain this, but instead has the Captain do some bargaining using his trading skills and the Purchase and Resale Price Chart in *Character & Campaign Law* to determine the final price. (This chart was for some reason that defies comprehension left out of *Space Master*, so I will copy it for those who do not own *Character & Campaign Law*.) Swindles could include such things as making the Captain pay the tariffs and duties, or some other charge that should really be paid by the buyer. Let us say that the Captain has 10 levels of Trading and a stat bonus of 10 for a total Trading of +60 and he rolls an average 55 for a total of 115. This means he can sell them at 70% of their planetary value (19,500 elmonits each) or for 13,650 elmonits each. Now the Captain knows that this is not much more than he paid for them so he says no deal and after a better sales pitch and threatening to go somewhere else he rolls again (76 for a total of 136) and is offered 14,625 each or a total profit of 462,500 for the lot of 100. Out of this he must pay for fuel for the trip, crew wages, and buy new cargo.

To buy a new cargo, the Captain checks the market and finds food products the best deal. He does not have freeze units in the hold, so that counts out fresh/frozen meats and sea food. Grain is cheap, but also a low profit margin. (It takes a big cargo hold to make grain really worth the trouble) He finds someone that will sell him some canned fish for 50 elmonits per cubic meter. He buys 1,000 cubic meters worth for 50,000 elmonits and is ready to head out to the next star.

It should be noted that smart Captains will carry more than one type of cargo and should not think that they have to sell everything whenever they come to port. If the price isn't good, hold on to it until the price is good. The number 1 rule is never leave port with an empty hold, a small profit is better than no profit even if you have to go to a broker for a cargo.

Here are some price suggestions for food and raw materials. The prices are based upon a cubic meter worth of cargo space.

Food Products		Cost
Grains (all types)	10
Fresh Meats *	200
Canned Meats	100
Fresh Seafoods *	150
Canned Seafoods	100
Fresh Fruits **	150
Canned Fruits	50
Fresh Vegetables **	125
Frozen Vegetables *	75
Canned Vegetables	25
Exotic Foods	250
Raw Materials		Cost
Iron	20
Tin	25
Aluminum	30
Copper	250
Silver	1,000
Gold	10,000
Platinum	15,000
Titanium	7,000
Coal	500
Natural Gas	750
Oil	1,000

- * Must have freezer to transport.
- ** Must have a refrigerator to transport.

Other merchandise can be added to the list at cost determined by the GM. A GM may determine that a desert world needs water and imports water in the form of ice (But Beware of Ice Pirates!).

On the previous page is a copy of the Sale/Resale chart.

"Back to School", Fall 1989

THE RAMPAGING REVIEWERS

The terrible twosome has been on vacation from their roles as reviewers since issue #1 ("There hasn't been anything worth seeing except *Dangerous Liasons*, and that doesn't even distantly relate to Role Playing... well, maybe it does, but not the kind of Role Playing we normally talk about here." says Biff.) And in addition, Brad suffered a mysterious accident one evening while watching *Friday the 13th part VII* at Biff's, making future team-reviews a problem. But we have a summer intern here at ICE named CHAD (it even rhymes with Brad!) who has volunteered to take the aisle seat. Still blinking as they emerged from an orgy of screening, this is what they saw and thought about it...

INDIANA JONES AND THE LAST CRUSADE

Biff's Rating: □□□□

Chad's Rating: □□□□

Biff: The best part of this movie was the opening sequence with River Phoenix as the young Indiana Jones. The rest, despite a valiant job by both the principles (Harrison Ford, Sean Connery) was just another rehash. I wondered if I was being too harsh on this one, so I rented *Raiders* and watched it again — I still liked it better the 14th time than *Last Crusade* the first. There was none of the wonder. Remember the eerie scene where Indiana and Denholm Elliot described the Ark to the government guys? The music, the foreboding! Remember Indiana in the chamber with the staff of Ra, where the sun hits the Well of Souls? None of the mystery was there in *Last Crusade*, just frenetic action and mad chases. The movie was not bad (see *Star Trek V* for that) just a letdown. **Chad:** I think that Biff, my bestest buddy in the whole world, is making a very classic mistake, often made when reviewing sequels. He is trying to compare it to the original. If the film is exactly the same, then it's "predictable". Leave it to you, Biff you lunthead, to fall into this old trap. While you, Biffy-boy, were busy recalling every last second of the original, some of us were watching the film. Those that were treated to a fine display of action, adventure and acting. Granted, it wasn't the best film ever made, but it certainly wasn't the disappointment you made it out to be.

STAR TREK V: THE FINAL FRONTIER

Biff's Rating: □

Chad's Rating: □□

Biff: I don't think I can fully express my disappointment with the latest *Star Trek* Sequel. From the early sequence which switches from a lean, young mountain climber to the noticeably tubby William Shatner (both were — incredibly — supposed to be James T. Kirk), the film only got worse. The offenses were myriad: Plump Uhura's sudden hots for the blimpy Scotty, the tacky, plastic *Enterprise* lounge, the entire plotline, the surprisingly shoddy special effects (not done by Industrial Light and Magic, I noticed), Spock's blatantly obvious beer gut (Leonard!) is this retaliation for Shatner insisting that he direct one? etc. If the poor effects and flagrant, hackneyed plot devices (transporter's busted again, Captain!) were a deliberate attempt to recall the old series, they failed. The old series looks somewhat tacky now, but it was state-of-the-art for its time. The look of this is just low-budget. (Perhaps the stars demanded too much dough; none left for sets and effects?) This outing looks especially bad when paired with the *Next Generation* series. While the latter has dumb plots, at least the effects are first-rate and the rather middle-aged captain of that *Enterprise* looks good in his leotard!

THE IC EXCLUSIVE RATING SYSTEM:

- Absolutely Great; don't miss
- Reeeeeee Good.
- Pretty Good; worth a bargain fare or an otherwise wasted evening
- Don't bother
- Flee in Terror

There are also "1/2" increments for when they couldn't make up their minds

Chad: Oh, come on, 'Preston'. I know your name carries a bad rep, but you don't have to live up to it. I expect a bit more from a film besides special effects, which is all you seem to be whining about. Let's just get to the heart of the matter. The film attempted to concentrate on the characters and their relationships with each other. It dealt with the forces which drove these people. The true disappointment of this film is the total failure of this movie to portray these characters as anything other than overaged, overweight spacers. It wasn't the effects which ruined this movie. It wasn't the acting that ruined this movie. It wasn't even the directing that ruined it. It was the lack of substance, plot, and characterization which ruined *Star Trek V*.

Biff: but the special effects were bad, weren't they?

BATMAN

Biff's Rating: □□□□□

Chad's Rating: □□□□□

Biff: Wow! Boff! Holy Hype, Chad, it's Batman! It broke all the records, it's been seen by millions; is it worth all the attention? Maybe. Yes, well, OK, it was a great movie. I don't know if it is quite as great as the box office makes it out to be, but the mediocre and downright disappointing performances of some of the earlier films of the summer only helped to build expectations for the Dark Knight to a fevered pitch. And what do you know? It was GOOD! I have a few bitches (what did Bruce see in Vicky Vale? — aside from her looks, of course). What kind of anti-aircraft pistol did Joker have to shoot down the Batplane? A rather pathetic crowd showed up when Joker gave out the money — are there really only a few dozen people in Gotham, or was *Roseanne* on that night?). Yes, indeed, Jack Nicholson was scintillating as Joker; he stole the show — everyone knew he would. But let's give credit to Michael Keaton, the one everybody said "they cast *who* for the Caped Crusader???" He had the tough job; there were many skeptics, including me. But I think he pulled through brilliantly. He brought a new humanity to Bruce Wayne, and a real schizoid aspect to this dual character. As the millionaire, he is sensitive, disarming, and sort of an airhead. As Batman we see another side: cynical, yet with a strange sense of humor (and he has wonderful toys).

Chad: Biff you putz! I, for one, go to a movie to enjoy it, not to find something to bitch about. Sure there were minor plot flaws, but this was a character film. Keaton and Nicholson both did excellent jobs bringing their characters to life. I enjoyed the film greatly, even despite your constant whines of "But you can't shoot down the Batwing with a pistol." Definitely one of the best — if not THE best — movie of the summer.

CHAMPIONS HARDBOUND: The word is getting around!

Fanduril gathered his grey cloak close about him, not to ward off the chill wind blowing down from the Ettenmoors; his elvish frame did not feel the cold. Rather, he wished to obscure himself from the watchful eyes of the servants of the Enemy. Several times that day his keen eyes had spotted some foul bird circling high above in the cloud-stream sky.

Now if only Eremir would return, we would be on our way, he thought. The ranger had been gone overlong.

"Come, master elf, and warm your scant-clad bones by a proper fire!" Tulgin, Fanduril's only other travelling companion, gestured to a small blaze his dwarvish hands had created, built in the shelter of a large group of boulders.

Fanduril, however, had not heard the dwarf. Or rather, he had heard but not chosen to respond. His head cocked in a listening posture, he heard the footsteps just moments before they were upon the clearing. In a single, rapid motion, he drew his bow and nocked an arrow.

When Eremir appeared, it was a moment before the elf relaxed his bow. "Your stride nearly matches that of an elf, Dunadan", then he smiled, "how was the luck of the hunt? Have you brought our sturdy master longbeard here some supper ere he shrinks down further?"

The question was never answered, for suddenly —

ZAPOW!

A figure clad from head to ankle (his feet were bare) in a bright blue, yellow, red, green, purple, gold and aquamarine bodysuit appeared in the air before the trio. He was surrounded by a silvery aura which crackled with the burning intensity of a thousand white hot suns. Eremir at first thought he was a ranger, for his only other adornment was a small button bearing the words "BUSH/QUAIL" (the latter misspelled). He smiled benevolently down at the trio.

KABOOOOM!

He gestured to the sky, and brilliant energy shot toward the heavens. "Silence, Mortals! I am here to educate you about the upcoming

CHAMPIONS REVISION!

"First of all, I'm not mortal," stated Fanduril, a thought balloon appearing above his head. "Secondly, this is the IQ. You have your own magazine, Hero. Now beat it!"

"Never! Not until I have my say! You MERP and Rolemaster players are a large and enthusiastic market." The garish figure pointed to a

CANUCK CORNER

By Alien

Here's a little poem about Canada...

O' the Land of the North is big and white,
The moose are loose, but the girls are tight.
There's lots of snow if you like to ski,
And lakes full of beer, for people like me.

There's scrub and tundra in the wilderness,
Full of bears and wolves you shouldn't kiss.
And one or two cities, you're sure to cross;
Not an igloo in site, 'till the coming of frost.

The country is run by a parliament,
Full of incompetent fools who don't pay rent.
And every four years they hold an election:
We vote for the guys, but we'd rather reject 'em.

Canadians eat stuff you'd find rather gross,
Though beaver-in-blubber's best left for a roast.
We swill it all down with the Newfie's skreech,
Made of potatoes and pine, fermented in bleech.

Not much more can I tell of the ol' Great White North,
Twas home all my life 'till I ventured forth,
To this great country called the U.S. of A.,
Though no more can I shop at the fine Hudson's Bay.



small scrap of paper with marketing figures and an amphibian on it. "Croc says I should try to reach you with my tidings of Herodom!"

"Have you ever wanted to soar the skies above Megopolis, on the lookout for irksome evildoers? Have you ever wanted to match wits with a fiendish megalomaniac? Have you ever wanted to be a grim, black-clad vigilante stalking the streets beneath a blood-red sky amidst shadows so sharp they could cut you? In short, have you ever wanted to

Be a Hero???

"If the answer to any of these questions is yes, then the new hard-bound edition of CHAMPIONS is for you! 352 pages of pulse-pounding excitement. Years in the making, it contains all of the rules (revised, balanced and consistent) needed to play any HERO game! It also contains tons of useful campaigning information, adventures, good guys and villains! It's the most monumental Hero Games achievement yet! A must for any HERO gamer and a wonderful addition to any gamer's collection! Be on the lookout, it's available in August! The Hard-Bound CHAMPIONS, the brightest new star in the role-playing heavens!"

"Sounds good to me," stated Eremir. "I shall most likely buy one when I return to Rivendell. But for now, we are stalking orcs, so await, shade!"

"Wait!", cried the figure, growing fainter, "I forgot to tell you the cover art is by George Perez, famed comic artist!"

"Impressive," said the Dwarf. "I shall purchase one as well! Now begone, ere you alert every Orc in Rhudaur!"

"Did I mention that all HERO games are now 100% consistent?!"

"No, and that's truly wonderful," said Fanduril, "but you really must be going."

With a final cry of "You fool! Your puny energy blast only makes me stronger! Now I'll DESTROY you!!!!" (directed at no one in particular), the strange, caped figure vanished.

"What a strange person!" Eremir exclaimed. "Yet in his own bizarre way, he spoke of amazing doings!" added Fanduril.

"Indeed," added Tulgin. "I'm glad he told us, and if he appears again I shall thank him ere I teach him proper speech. But now, I believe there is the matter of a few orcs to settle..."

?

IQ QUESTIONNAIRE #1

PUT IN YOUR 2¢ AND GET BACK OUR \$1! (COUPON, THAT IS!)

?

Please circle Yes or No, or fill in the blank, as appropriate.

1. Where did you obtain this copy of IQ? _____
2. How many person(s) besides you have read this copy of IQ? _____
3. Which game or game system, produced by ICE, is your favorite?

4. Which was the first ICE product you purchased or played?

5. How old are you? _____
6. How long have you been regularly playing role-playing/strategy games? _____ years.
7. Where did you first find information on ICE?

8. Where did you first find information on IQ?

9. How many persons regularly play together in your group? _____
10. Do you regularly attend conventions in your area?
 Yes No
11. Do you regularly attend the Origins and/or GenCon conventions?
 Yes No
12. Which magazine(s) do you regularly read? Please include any periodical(s) of a non-gaming nature. _____
13. How much money have you spent this year on games? _____
14. Where do you buy most of your games? Please supply the name and type of store if applicable. _____
15. Have you ever purchased an ICE product from a Waldenbooks store? Yes No
16. Apart from ICE, who is your favorite manufacturer of games?

17. Which feature(s) do you most like about ICE products

18. Which feature(s) do you dislike the most about ICE products?

19. Are ICE games:

a) too violent?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
b) too sexually explicit?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
c) too serious?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
d) too complicated?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
e) too easy?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
f) just right?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
20. Do you play:

a) play-by-mail games?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
b) computer games?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
c) video games?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
d) boardgames?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
21. Do you prefer serious or light games? _____
22. Do you prefer complex, simple, or average games? _____
23. Please select your three favorite genre in order 1-2-3.

a) science fiction	_____
b) superhero	_____
c) fantasy	_____
d) near future	_____
e) mystery/espionage	_____
f) horror	_____
g) other	_____
24. What particular game or accessory/supplment would you most like ICE to produce? Please include as much detail as possible.

25. Do you find questionnaires like this a real drag? Yes No

**IQ QUESTIONNAIRE #1
CONDITIONS**

1. This questionnaire expires December 31, 1989.
2. Persons who fully complete the questionnaire prior to the expiration date automatically qualify for a one dollar credit voucher and will go in a barrel draw for a further benefit.
3. Ten questionnaires drawn at random will be issued with a ten dollar credit voucher and each winner will receive a lifetime subscription to IQ.
4. There is a limit of one questionnaire per person.
5. Winners will be notified by mail no later than January 31, 1990
6. Credit Vouchers issued will be redeemable only for ICE product, and through IQ Promotions only.

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IQ # 5

"Back to School" , Fall 1989

FRP Video Gaming Opera Digest

Due to overwhelming demand (and overweening ego), ICE and the IQ bring you this issue's installment of the FRP Video Gaming Opera Digest. If you missed even one issue of the Hero gaming quarterly, the Adventurer's Club, you won't believe what happened to Sensor and the Pocket Demon at Lava's arraignment in Superheroes' Court last Wednesday! Needless to say, when Squirmie (the giant Slug) escaped from Slugmaster's shiny red Frizmobile and accosted the jury en masse, Chaos erupted! Read on, Macduff!

AS THE SHADOW WORLD TURNS

Andraax the Loremaster turns his back on the feckless Lord of Orhan, Xaniax "Mopsy" Xania, who still pines for the absentee landlord and would-be Fusion Being, Finnella the Wise and Most Loving (For a Price). Meanwhile, back on Tanara, Cloudlord Trevor Arain is successfully sued by the Billy Idol estate and must surrender his entire hologram-collection of obscene Emerian hand gestures to the Authorities. Furious at Russell Dukmajian's dalliance with the fatally beautiful Arch Mage Regina Angina, Priestess Shamere disguises herself as a Lagroki sleeping mat and observes the conniving pair dancing the night away at The Implementor, Tanara's hippest disco/High Temple. She vows revenge before being trampled into unconsciousness by 6,000 high-stepping Priest-Lords.

ONE LICH TO LIVE

Arch-villain and insane Necromancer Perry Weld trails Priscilla Perdilla to her manor, Persimmon Heights, where he observes her handmaiden Garnish slash deep gashes in the gold-embroidered furnishings of the ornate residence, much to Priscilla's amusement. (She is only renting.) Nearby, lavender-loving Lich Linka Lanka lies in wait at the Tomb of the Unknown Loremaster, praying that his classmate from the University of Magic, Selonn Felom, will soon join him in harassing the kleptomaniac used seer-corb salesman, Uno Bleck, a common man consumed by lassitude. The mainline of the odd trio is none other than The Unlife Itself (played masterfully by Raymond Bure), who swoops in on a freak hailstorm (hailstones are the size of canned hams) and sends all three hapless characters into another plane, a plane so distant and obdurate that even people playing *Space Master* might never find them.

THE GUIDING WIGHT

The cold-hearted spectre Alanon lures a hapless party of adventurers (led by the witty and demure half-Elven rogue Bwooz) into a pit trap with ten-ton Walls of Crushing; the party's leader, Bwooz, cracks wise: "What are we, canned tuna?" before they are all pressed flatter than a mint wafer. Thus, the secret of Prince Renoldo's Tomb dies with them, and the 5000gp of sugarless chewing gum remains undiscovered and unchewed, stiffening by the moment. (PCs playing along at home with Chewing Renewing skills above the 20th level may later prove invaluable.) Unknown to the dim-witted inhabitants of the village of Guscarias, a Stone Troll (posing as a statue of a very ugly human being) has devoured most of the village's children.

SANTA KADENA

Dismayed by the ritual beheadings of the Town Council and their pet-Nengs, Dragonlord Oran-Ju-kuul calls for an investigation by Skimm Mulcher, aide-de-camp to the Navigators of Nexus and would-be Kynac sharpener. Meanwhile, someone has defaced eleven volumes of Cooking lore at the sacred and revered Library of Nomikos, and suspicion falls upon the unocular psychotic chef and former Herald of the Night, Oro Boskins, recently fired for spicing the chili with the remains of his half-Hirazi wife, the skeletally lean and terminally silent skulky maid, Helena Felina. The whole town of Santa Kadena assumes mourning togs and wraps every inch of the village — even its wells and fountains — in black crepe (the pancake dough, not the wrinkled paper) until the mess is just too much to put up with.

TITAN'S HOPE

The lonely and three-story tall Trad Govern (a Titan and Master of Emer) inexplicably insists upon serving drinks at the Swollen Livin, a tavern in the depths of the green continent's foulest bog, Flagnuzanz. His pitiful desire to please the Common Man instead kills him as Trad over-erves the town cartographer and would-be ferret exterminator, Lamm De Will, who drowns in the immense flagon of meads the hapless Titan has drawn. Aghast, Trad vows to take his own life, diving from the Tower of Woes, but his sixty foot fall is broken by the unfortunate Happ family, bringing their grain to market. Services for the Happs are presided over by Mayor Harding Flaeg, who publicly scolds the Titan for his "clumsy and homicidal attempt at

self-murder." Trad withdraws to the central Emerian Mountains where his tears drown scores of baby bunnies and featherless eaglets.

THE YOUNG AND THE WINGLESS

Unmoved by her talking crow's plea for clemency ("Don't! Awk! Don't!"), Hirazi King Garniff (the Great Grabber of Guano) banishes the handsome thief and pond scum collector Ree-yea-no to the "far reaches of the kingdom." (Fortunately for Ree, the Hirazi kingdom extends only about 2 1/2 miles in every direction.) Bidding a tearful goodbye to the village of his birth, Ree swears that he did not (to the consternation of many) switch infants with the Lycanthropes up the road, leaving the mystery of the hirsute, lupine infant unsolved in the minds of some villagers. Ree cheers when he is joined by the Wingless One, similarly banished, and they vow to solve the mystery and to find the real Hirazi child "if it's the last thing" they do. A moment later, they fall to their deaths down a 46,000' high slope, momentarily distracted by the keening song of a coral-blue fuzzy sentient moss the Hirazi call "Como." The eerie song of the Como echoes in the snow-capped peaks as the Wingless One wishes once again that she had another name.

DAYS OF OUR SCRIBES

Weary of the squabbling between the Master Scribe and his most promising but headstrong apprentice Skraal, the Lords of Orhan strike them both blind, whereupon they begin arguing about who has less vision. ("I am blind as a bat in a cave!" cries the Master Scribe. "I am blind as the cave!" retorts young Skraal.) The library of Nomikos is split into two opposing camps, and soon invaluable texts of lore are flung about recklessly, splitting open a skull here and caving in a rib there. Slain by the immense tome *Foolish Acts, Guilty Pleasures & Private Perversions*, is the lanky scribe Oran, who dies crying out for "justice, mercy and 60,000 gold pieces!" Only the sudden appearance of the Dragonlord Sulthon Ni Shang (in the shape of a butterfly with the head of a bison) calms the chaos. Sulthon orders the library closed for a Kiltueen week (10 days) and confiscates everyone's card, returning it only when the individual scribe apologizes for the mess and removes a body part without benefit of anesthetic. Meanwhile the sage Sage Sega is lost in the Undervaults searching for a reference to the "Iron Wind" amongst the most obscure texts known to man.

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