ELANTHIA HERALD

The Official Newsletter of GemStone III

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From the Editor's Quill

After Ice, Comes the Spring

by Gira Gavilan

It is of a brave, new world I sing. Elanthia, we have missed you; old Elanthia is long dead, long live the new Elanthia! It is a world where thinking makes it so, wishing makes it come to pass, and dreaming makes it real.

This very merging of fact and fiction, reality and fantasy, is what beckons us to leave our everyday world behind and return time and again to the lands and inhabitants of Elanthia. I hope this premiere issue of the *Elanthia Herald*, a successor to the *Kulthea Chronicle* and the *Kelfour's Edition*, will herald the start of a new era in the lands. The Ice Age is past, the Thaw has come upon us; our lands prosper and increase before our eyes. We welcome the new adventurers among us and old friends who after wandering for ages have rejoined us.

The *Elanthia Herald* is the voice of all in the land. We encourage adventurers to send us submissions that will be of interest to all of our citizens. There are so many new things to explore and changes to keep up with, this is a crucial time for bringing information and enlightenment to all our readers. Articles on the latest areas, creatures, and most recent mechanics are especially needed now. Personal anecdotes, tales of triumph and tragedy, poems and original artwork are also most welcome. This premiere issue contains updated reprints from past issues of the newsletters. We have updated names as much as possible, but if some old pre-Thaw names have slipped by us in anything but historical contexts, we apologize. The healing and forage charts that have proven invaluable to many adventurers have also been updated. In the event there is some question, you can consult the names translation table we included in this issue or the SHIFT command in GemStone. It is hoped these tools table will make past issues more useful for our present population.

The essential quality of this newsletter, that is player-written and an expression of the concerns and desires of our inhabitants, is a tradition that will be proudly and steadfastly upheld by the *Elanthia Herald*. In order to enhance that aspect, we will be appointing a player-editor in the near future. Again, we encourage interested applicants to apply. Contributors and player-staff of the *Elanthia Herald* will be compensated for their efforts with free time in GemStone, and other attractive "perks" we will be instituting in the near future.

We know the future holds exciting developments for the lands of Elanthia and its entire cosmos. And with the help of all of you, we intend to be an important component of that bright and shining future. ❖

News Briefs...

The Roleplaying Award

GameMasters are constantly on the lookout for players who are engaged in good roleplaying. While the debate over what constitutes good roleplaying rages on, the awards of fame, experience points and "multipliers" continue to be handed out on a regular basis. Both the fame and experience points are immediate rewards that are applied to your character's status the way combat or special skills experience points are applied.

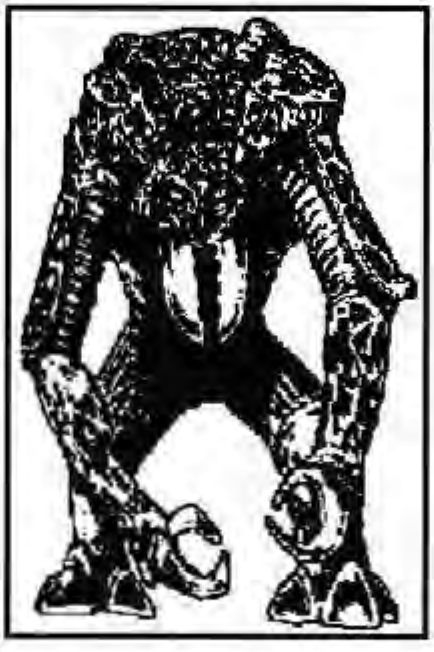
The multiplier, however, works a little differently. Essentially, a multiplier will enhance the amount of experience absorbed over a certain period of time; higher multipliers given for exceptional roleplaying will last several hours, while lower multipliers given for average roleplaying will last only an hour or so. The thing to remember about it, is that the timer is only running while you have experience to absorb. Relaxing around town, while your mind is clear as a bell, will not have any effect on its duration.

New Players Tips

The newer arrivals to Elanthia should be aware of a great many things about the world which they have entered. Here are several hints that can help make Elanthia a more exciting and rewarding place to start out in.

- Train in a weapon so as to be able to use it and survive.
- With this in mind, always use the full character generator.
- Become familiar with the innate abilities of your profession.
- Become familiar with the certain limitations on where and what you can fight, initially and later.
- Know when to run!
- Become familiar with the lands.
- Don't be afraid to reroll.
- Realize what Deeds are, how you can get them, and how they can help you.
- Understand the way in which you gain experience, and how it is absorbed.
- Understand the combat system.
- Set MACRO keys for your computer at home.

The above suggestions are further explained in the GemStone Help files located in the GemStone File Libraries as well as a set of maps, of the town and surrounding areas, exquisitely done by Zepath the Ranger. GemStone is patterned on roleplaying games for a reason, and it is much more fun to play if you play your part as realistically as possible. No one will make fun of your spelling (well, not much anyway) and no one should laugh at someone who is trying to make his/her character fit in with the tapestry of life that makes up Elanthia. Have fun and role play your guts out (hopefully not literally) and I will see you in Wehnimer's around sunrise.



The Mystery Of Debt

New arrivals to Wehnimer's Landing are faced with repayment of the modest loan they receive to help them get outfitted and established. Once repaid, most citizens expect to lead debt-free lives. Instead, they find themselves back in debt, wondering how they got there. The two most common sources are the lockers in Moot Hall, and the Inn. While most people make the connection between their lockers and the rental fees, many have no idea that checking in at the Inn can incur debt. The way to rid yourself of debt is to visit the Debt Collector's Office in Moot Hall, just off Town Square. Read the sign, to pay up your debts. For those of you unfortunate enough to have a run-in with the Town Constable, this is also where you must settle up in order to get your confiscated items back. ✦

We're Looking for a Few Good Men...or Elves, or Dwarves...or Even Halflings!

Have you got what it takes? The Elanthia Herald is seeking fearless adventurers who aren't afraid of a little hard work. We need articles on all aspects of game play, mechanics, exploration, character sketches, poems, fiction and regular columns. In addition, submissions of original maps, graphics and artwork are eagerly sought.

Also, good roving reporters are need, who can keep an eye out for any unusual occurrences, impromptu happenings and general items of note during each month and submit news for publication.

Rewards and compensation commensurate with output. All interested parties should apply through Email to **SIMU.1** at GEnie, **GYRFAUCON** at AOL, or **GYRFAUCON@AOL.COM** via Internet with particulars.

You will be entitled to a number of unique perks in the lands and other exciting compensation in exchange for your work on the Elanthia Herald. So if you think you have what it takes, come get what you deserve! ✦

Elanthian ABC's

by Gira Gavilan

When cataclysmic forces conspire to move heaven and earth, and change worlds in the blink of a fickle god's eye, there is no telling what can happen.

So not too long ago, in fact a mere tick of the cosmic clock, the world many of us had come to know and love changed radically. Kulthea became Elanthia, Kelfour's became Wehnimer's, and we found ourselves in a land that was at once strange yet familiar.

In order to help assuage some of the confusion that may arise and, on a more practical level, to make the back issues of the official GemStone III player-written newsletter more friendly in this brave, new world of ours, the following table of Old Names and their New Name equivalents is offered here.

Many of the older Player Library files on GEnie, helpful player-drawn maps, and previous issues of both the Kulthea Chronicle and the Kelfour's Edition (which are available on GEnie and AOL) should be a lot more useful if you keep this table handy. The table is continued on page 35.

(Continued on page 35)

Old Name	*New Name*	*Old Name*	*New Name*	*Old Name*	*New Name*
akalatan	amasalen	feartoth	startoph	kelfours	wehnimer's
akbutege	acantha	flaeshom	traesharm	keron	kalon
andaras	andelas	flimelar	golsemar	kesh'ta'kai	fash'lo'nae
arfandas	aloeas	galtoth	keltoph	kieron	cholen
arinyark	ahnver	galvom	golvem	klysus	lunkos
arnumines	ambrominas	gogor	vruul	kral	krolvin
basns	voans	grotti	shopai	krals	krolvins
baldakur	bur-clover	healer	empath	kregom	krodera
belrama	bolmara	healers	empaths	kulthea	elanthia
berteim	basal	hegheg	haphip	kulthea's	elanthia's
bladderwrack	gallorwrant	heralds	ordainers	kulthean	elanthian
bletoth	glatoph	hobbit	halfling	kulthean's	elanthian's
bluestar	blaeston	hobbit's	halfling's	knor	koar
bursthelas	brostheras	hoen	haon	laen	mein
catoetine	coraesine	hraask	arachne	laenstrake	meinstraek
cay	kai	hrassk	arachne	laia	leya
charon	lomon	hudvaark	fenvaok	laxton's	valson's
claed(e)sbrim	darkstone	hudvaarks	fenvaoks	lifekeep	lifeweave
colewaether	locksmehr	ilmira	imaera	lifekeeping	lifeweaving
curfalaka	calamia	iris	ivas	loremaster	sage
dagmather	cactacae	iorak	eonak	loremasters	sages
dir	fil	iorake	eonake	lysanghton	lyshalvaon
dragonsfang	dragonsclaw	ithloss	imflass	mage	wizard
earthnode	focus	jaynor	jaston	mage's	wizard's
edram	ephlox	jaysek	jastev	mages	wizards
eidblon	veilmor	kadaena	gosaena	man'ta	broken
eissa	lorminstra	kaldsfang	trollfang	miran	vann
gang	strigae	karnelin	velnalin	mirenna	mylirra
emer	finnia	karnelins	velnalins	moralis	mularos
eog	ora	kelfour	wehnimer	morgu	marlu

The Definitive Guide to Healing for the Aspiring Empath by Lord Strom O'Berin

Being an empath can be fun and rewarding, but you have to train and study with great dedication. An empath is a true spellcaster who has access to three spell circles–the empath base, the minor spiritual and the major spiritual. Although the empath is a single weapon trained person and has no base list offensive spells, he has many allies in his quest for advancement: Wizards and sorcerer that can't count and fighters are an empath's best friends.

Healing and Transferring

Empaths operate by transferring the wounds from others onto themselves, then casting an empath spell to minister to their own wounds. This is where the experience and a bit of fame is gained. Empaths do not gain experience from other empath's wounds, even if the would-be patient happens **area]**. When transferring a wound, **TRANS [name] RIGHT ARM**, for example, would take another person's arm wound first, then any hand damage. Transferring system or nerve damage is accomplished with **TRANS [name]** only, no area named. This will take any concussion damage present first, then the nerve damage. To take eye wounds, you **TRANS [name] HEAD**, and any head damage is transferred first, then the eye wound.

Tending, Diagnosing and First Aid

For an empath, some first aid training is desirable. In fact, the more training in that skill, the better off you are. If you find you are out of mana and no one can send mana to you, or if you are very mangled and will die while your spell is being prepared, you can tend one wound and heal the other. But be careful and thoughtful when using this technique since casting will cause bandages to fall off an arm or a hand. You could tend a broken leg, then heal the broken arm though.

You can tend yourself by using **TEND MY LEFT LEG** for instance, or heal others with **TEND [name] [wound area]**. Even if you are just a

A young empath must be ready to receive the lore of generations of empaths who have come before.

young empath, you still may be able to tend someone's wound so they may survive to find a more experienced empath or get an herb. The student empath will note here, that tending a wound first and then transferring any concussion lost will garner more experience. You will learn nothing if you take concussion damage on yourself while the patient is still bleeding.

You can **DIAGnose [name]** or **DIAGnose [name] FULL** to gain more information on an injured person's condition. **DIAGnose** alone will tell you only whether or not they are injured. A full diagnosis will tell you their scars, wounds, bleeding rate and how long the bandages will last. Once you have enough first aid training, you can even assess the ravages of any poison or disease they may have.

Since tending wounds on others requires that they sit or lay down and because tending takes some time, be careful when and where you use the skill. You may stop the bleeding only to find yourself vulnerable for three or more minutes while the patient, who is also still recuperating for this time, gets nailed by a cave troll who wanders in and gleefully murders the prone, hapless victim. Your patient will take exception to this, believe me.

The more first aid skills you have, the faster you apply bandages, the worse the wound you can tend, and the longer your bandages will last. You will also find that your first aid skills come in handy when skinning that critter for its high-priced pelt.

this 75 point max more than once, especially if they are of a hardier race. If they have mana to burn, they can transfer the HPs, cast *Heal I* or *Heal II* and transfer again.

Swapping

Empaths perform a ritual known as swapping. In this ritual, one empath will have healed a wound to a lower level, but not totally since it would leave a nasty scar if he or she healed it completely. Healing the wound only until it has reached a minor or level 1 state will give them both a scar from whatever level the wound began as and the minor wound. When you have a minor wound with a scar an empath

(Continued on page 6)

(Healing Guide, continued from page 4)
can transfer the wound *and* remove the scar for you at the same time. Empaths do this as a convenience between themselves or to rid others of scars.

They do *not* gain any experience from this, only practice transferring wounds. This practice allows the empath to use less mana because the major scars are gone. The student empath is thereby allowed to practice on the wounds they can handle and learn to recognize major scarring effects while making the old empaths more comfortable. Students should consider a quick look at al oldster to see what may be in store and kindly offer to assist as best they can.

Empaths can get very busy at times, especially around the Town Square.

An empath gains mana based on Intelligence, like a cleric. The higher the Intelligence, the more mana they can garner per advancement. When you decide to be an empath make sure you have a very high Intelligence. We empaths can get very busy at times and the more mana you have, the quicker you can soothe the injured and, not incidentally, possibly keep someone from dying. Make sure you learn to send mana so you can borrow mana to keep up with the wounded or aid the fatigued cleric.

Etiquette

An older empath will usually try and save minor wounds for the student when one is around. This lets a student get more practice in the "practice." If there are nothing but minor wounds then the student should share with the more experienced empath and observe their technique. There are a few exceptions to this generalized protocol.

Older empaths have to learn more than a young one to advance, so if an empath is close to training, do not be surprised if they are a whirl of bandages and spells. It happens to all of us when it is nearly *that* time.

An older empath with an empty head is nearly as bad, so the student may see the oldster snap up a few wounds here and there that the student may have wanted.

Wounds

Wounds are distributed to four main areas of the body and consist of four levels of damage. The fourth level of damage (scars) has three levels within it. The first and last levels are non-bleeding. An empath should know the areas, effect, spell to cast, and the alternate herb that will heal in place of a spell.

Area one for wounds is the limbs. This encompasses the right/left arms, legs, and hands. The healing sequence when casting or using herbs is right then left arms, legs then lastly the hands. Paying attention to the sequence can save you from an embarrassing mangle.

The next area is the nervous system. This is a single area affected and has no sequence except the severity.

Third is the head. The head area includes the neck. Spells cast to heal this area have their effect first on the neck then on the head. (Note: If the neck is still wounded the higher level spells will not work on the head until the neck is finished.)

Fourth and last is the organs. Organs include, chest, abdomen, back, and the

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Artifacts of Wonder and Magic

by Bexxon Glenriver

Herein begins a tale of legendary items of mythical powers that have been known to appear for a time in our lands. Some of you may remember them, while others may have only heard of them in hushed and respectful recollections, or in the tales of bards and the lays of troubadours. I herein submit to the readers of this most honorable chronicle my humble knowledge of a variety of these artifacts known to me. I commence with perhaps the most fearsome of artifacts–an evil weapon, and detail other items as well.

A Dark Saw-Toothed Scimitar (The Demon Blade)

This wicked blade is perhaps the most deadly weapon in the land. It was first seen in an auction held by the beautiful Rowena Dekdarion, a disciple of Lorminstra. She entrusted this weapon to Lord Maruko of House Rising Phoenix, a most pure and untainted ranger. Rowena is a relative of the infamous Tvaar Dekdarion, Master of Defenses on Karilon. Soon after this auction, Rowena became a Scribe of Biblios.

The scimitar was first found by Nebros the merchant near the Isle of Aranmor, far south of Jaiman. Aranmor is home to a ruined city that is inhabited by demons. The demons of that realm can be mastered by the most powerful of sorcerers. Of these demons, some can be constrained within a weapon or armor. A powerful Slayer Demon is said to be imprisoned within the fabric of this very blade.

When Lord Maruko first drew the blade from its sheath, he felt the demon's presence. "Greetings, master! Together with the help of Maleskari, we shall devour many souls!" were the

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A Volngar Ghost Story

by Dirtbeard (the Gravedigger) Oakenheart

Them as knows me, knows I ain't one ta turn up me nose at a bit a honest labor. Truth be told, I'd as soon swing a pick as a pickaxe. An' even them what don't know me ain't got ta be swift as a elfie runnin' from a troll ta catch on that I ain't averse ta gittin' a bit a grime under me nails. Iffin me own mum named me Dirtbeard, ya gots ta figger the name fits. So when old Bloodsmythe called on me one day in the dead'a winter with a task what needed doin' I perked right up. No dwarf worth growin' a beard's gunna pass the chance ta earn some silver an' show a half-elf ya gotta git down close ta the groun' ta 'complish anythin'.

I says as much to that old sorcerer an' 'stead a hollerin' like he's most offin apt ta do, he jes chuckles. An' it ain't the sorta chuckle I likes ta hear. Ain't the sort what a fella gives sittin' by the fire after tossin' back a pitcher of stout an' tossin' down the good porshun of a karnelin. No sir, little pointy-eared boys an' girls, believe you me when Uncle Dirtbeard tells ya that this here chuckle was the sort what wilts them daisies ya fools is always pickin'. We're talkin' bout the sorta mirth that the Executioner likes ta engage in at the end of a long day with his buddies the Undertaker an' the Gravedigger. 'Twas a chuckle that comes from spendin' too much time cavortin' with them nether spirits an' not enough time courtin' the earthly spirits what's found in a good respectable bottle a rum.

"Close to the ground you are, and closer still you shall be," says the uppity master of unholy arts, like he's preachin' ta some crowd when thar ain't but two of us in attendance, 'ceptin' acourse me travelin' menagerie a' fleas, flies, an' other otherwise homeless vermin.

"Fine!" says I, not ta be out done. An' he tells me ta head on out ta the graveyard as there's a fella there fer me ta meet.

So when I's done drinkin' me payment after some hard negotiatin', I heads on out inta the winter snow an' me stout yet powerful legs soon carries me ta the gate out there. It seems ta me that when ya's headin' out inta the snow an' ta the graveyard at dusk ta boot, sharp wits is jes 'bout as useful as a halberd to a halfling, so whiles I's passin' time sittin' at the gates ta the Hell on Earth what's become of our graveyard an' likely waitin' on a rendezvous wid a demonic fiend, I helps meself to a few more sips from me handy flask. Needless ta say, when me appointment shows his face, I's face down in a snow drift wid a grin on me face.

First all I feels is this here kickin' in me side. Then when me wits flits by close enough that I kin grab 'em by the hair, I sits up, dusts meself off, and sizes up me visitor. An' ugly cuss he were too! Fully six ungainly feet, blue eyes buggin' outta his head, an' hair the color a' wheat what's beggin' ta git lopped off an' fed ta a mule. Ain't much what's more revoltin' than the sight of some crazed giantman late at night with a belly full of brew. Now I'd a beat him good fer kickin' me, 'ceptin' he were twice me size, smelled a durn bit more sober, an' had some kinda wild look in his eye.

The fella weren't from these parts an' didn't speak more than a few words a common, but that "I'd like ta rip apart everythin' what ain't sewed tagither tight an' can't run faster'n me" look a his told me thar weren't much for us ta discuss anyhows. He hands me a shovel an' we starts pushin' on the gate. Which is fine by me. Never was much of a conversationalist.

When we gets that gate open I durn near up an' met the Smith personal like at what I seen! That there graveyard was piled knee-high ta a Troll King wid skeletons an' ghouls what had given up the ghost twice. Thar was heads here an' rotten entrails thar an' bones rattlin' 'round like we'd stepped inta one a them wand filled disks what floats around tryin' ta keep up wid scamperin' mages. By Iorak's Sweaty Armpits, I ain't seen so many unholy bodies lyin' bouts since the last Thieves' Guild party. The giantman jes mumbles somethin' in that odd

Seems thar's a new lot in our lands what thinks they oughta pound the tar outta every Undead they sees.

language he speaks an' starts a wadin' through the mess ta some tombstones a bit further on. Without much more talkin', he sets ta diggin' up grave!

Now mind ya, I's done me share of gravediggin'. More'n me share, in fact. But ta me mind, ya only oughta be diggin' a grave one time. Once ya got that dead fella restin' sound, thar ain't no call ta go doin' any extra labor. But then I's bin paid in full, so I leans to with me spade an' dirt starts ta fly.

The grave we's workin' at is mighty deep as most of the shallow

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Guild Master of Rogues Unmasked (??)

an Interview by Jerusha Monfjoy

Word gets around Wehnimer's Landing. It is inevitable. Anything that a few people know is soon fodder for public conversation and debate. However, little has ever been mentioned about the workings of an organization of rogues that are based here about. No one knows much about them; who they are, or what they represent. And I found that no one much wanted to be heard pursuing the topic.

There have been rumors, however, about "The Guild." Dark rumors, at that, concerning some of their supposed activities. I have learned that rumors can not always be taken at face value, and I also know (from personal experience) that the thiefly profession, as a whole, is never quite as trusted as others. So, with my usual nosiness, I started asking around to see if I could reveal a little of the truth.

It was easier to get answers than I had anticipated. My sources informed me that the Guild Master of the Rogues would be willing to grant me an interview (at the location of his choice), if I was so inclined. Such an invitation, so politely rendered, was impossible to refuse. A few days later, I found myself seated at an obscure table in the corner of Beldrin's Game Hall.

I find Beldrin's to be an uncomfortable place. It is the home of the serious gambler, and I was astonished at the phenomenal amount of coins which changed hands. Although fairly quiet in the main room, save for the sounds of dice rattling and coins clattering, the amount of nervous adrenaline in the atmosphere was enough to give anyone the jitters. I watched for several minutes trying to figure out who was winning and who was not, when I got the unnerving sensation that someone was watching *me*. I looked around, trying to be nonchalant as I searched. A quiet chuckle manifested itself close at hand, and a dark form emerged from the smoke-filled murk enveloping my table.

His long, black cloak seemed to drink in the light, enrobing its wearer in impenetrable shadows.

"You will have to do better than that," he said in a hushed voice, taking a seat across from me. If I had any thoughts of finding out *who* the Guild Master was, they were quickly squashed. The man opposite me was wearing a long, hooded cloak made of a thick, soft material, the like which I had never seen before. It seemed to drink in the light, enrobing its wearer in shadows. He had the hood sufficiently pulled down to obscure his face, leaving me with nothing but a voice to attach identity to. Perhaps it was as well--sometimes a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing. And sometimes, *even I* know when it's best not to push things too far.

The Guild Master leaned back in his chair. A great deal of strength and grace was evident in his movements. He seemed to look about the hall's proceedings with interest. When he spoke again, it was in the same quiet tone he had used before.

"I own this, you know." He indicated the Gaming Hall with a negligent wave of a well manicured hand. "They saw the, ah...logic, of it."

I got the impression that he was smiling. He removed a pair of finely crafted dice from a pocket, and fidgeted with them a little.

"Shall we start?" he asked me, throwing the dice on the table. They came up a one and three.

I nodded to him. "Very, well...Can you describe the Rogues' Guild to me? What exactly is it?"

"The Guild is here to see that all is orderly in Wehnimer's Landing. The Guild doesn't want to see chaos, or invaders overtaking this fine town. I think a lot of people see us as criminals because they label us as rogue rogues."

I had to agree, having felt that injustice myself. "I am aware of that opinion. What would you say is the Guild's primary purpose?"

"The Guild is here to unite the rogues and train them into locksmiths of fine repute. And we are here to see that order is kept."

I raised my eyebrow a little at that.

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(Unmasked, continued from page 7)

"Order?...In what way?"

His response was prompt. "Order in that we don't have rogue rogues walking into town stealing, from the fine people of Wehnimer's Landing. Order in that lockpicking is regulated and monitored. As a service, it is like any other one. It must be monitored or the market will turn into chaos. Think about if we had eight weaponsmiths in town with no regulation. It would be chaos, you follow?"

"Yes, I think I do..."

"Hence, we can't have rogues coming in trying to destroy the market. Furthermore...The Guild is here to provide certain services to the public."

"Such as?"

"Oh...," an easy shrug. "We can help people get places, help them acquire goods they need, or perhaps just help them out with some silvers when they are in need."

"You provide loans?" I don't know why that astonished me, but it did.

"Exactly."

I was more than a little dubious about the terms of such a loan, but I kept my peace. "So, how long has the Guild been in operation?"

"The Guild was started a little over a year ago."

"And it is open to whom? That is to say...what are the qualifications for entry?"

"It is open to all promising rogues. We want to take all rogues, young and old alike, into our company. There they can find the kinship and training they deserve."

"Why should they join? Can't they get fellowship outside of the Guild?"

He shook his head negatively. "No, not really. Rogues are loners by trade. Not to say they don't make friends...but friends are different than brothers that share in your trade and skills. Furthermore, the Guild can enhance their training and help to become better locksmiths."

"Truly?" Even I could see the benefit in that.

"Yes, truly." The Guild Master shook the dice in his hand, and rolled them on the table. After bouncing a while, they came up a five and a two.

I decided it was time to broach some meatier matters. "There have been some pretty unsavory rumors bandied about the Guild, such as forced enrollment of members. That persons who don't want to join are harassed, or worse." I looked down at the table and indicated the dice. "Nice roll."

"The Guild wants to see that all is orderly in Wehnimer's Landing...We don't want to see chaos, or invaders taking over this fine town of ours."

"No such thing. We require loyalty in our smiths but we force no one. Mainly we let people come to us." He picked up his dice and threw them again. Another five and two.

Another roll... a one and six.

I had to smile a little at the man's luck (or something). "You must win often," I said.

He chuckled, satisfaction evident in his voice. "Ahh, lucky seven again. Three out of four were sevens. Amazing dice, really."

I looked suspiciously at the dice. "Amazing..."

He gathered the dice up, the threw them again...Double sixes. "There she is." A brilliant smile flashed out from under the hood. "Please, do continue..."

I tried to get my mind back on track. "All right...Other rumors include Guild retribution for anyone who harms or threatens its members..."

"We protect our own if that's what you mean. But we don't harass people just because they have a problem with one of our members. We're all adults and can take care of ourselves. We let our members fight their own battles."

"In what way do you 'protect your own'?"

"Hmm, let's see...If someone is harassing one of our members, bullying them...or say, is getting a press gang on them, we'll step in. Likewise, if someone is out to kill one of our members, and we are satisfied our member isn't to blame, we will tell them to back off. If your brother was being harassed, wouldn't you help him?" Again the dice, again a seven.

"How about the allegations of Guild-sponsored deaths?"

"You mean hit jobs?"

"I do," I answered emphatically.

"Outrageous slander...They don't exist."

"Okay..." Well, that seemed to take care of that line of inquiry. I backtracked a bit. "What are the requirements to join?"

"They must have at least passed their training tests five times."

"Is that it?" I was frankly skeptical.

"And they must go through an initiation which asks them a few questions. It's nice if a fellow member can vouch for you. We take that very seriously."

"So, if a rogue wishes to join the Guild, who would they contact?"

"They ask around." Another illuminating smile, this time for my ploy. "The Guild gets wind their asking and approaches them."

"I see..." I chuckled to myself. I didn't really think he would reveal any names. I chuckled again, thinking it had been worth a shot. "Well, you have been more than kind in answering my questions. Is there a topic you would wish to broach, Sir?"

"Yes...The Guild supports no other organization. We are independent of all other influences."

I raised my eyebrow, inquiringly. "What do you mean?"

"We don't care if you're an elf, a dwarf, even," he shuddered, "a halfling. We don't care if you're a

(Continued on page 36)

De Verbus Elanthianus: A humble treatise

by Dmitri Chyrtri

There is little doubt that life in Elanthia is a matter of language. You employ it to go everywhere and do everything. Few inhabitants, however, know all the action words at our disposal. Hence, this compendium.

Read it over. Perhaps it will help. And if you find any words that are missing, as you will since much has changed in the lands of late, please let me know. I'll add them to an addendum.

If you aren't sure how to use a particular verb, often typing just the verb will give you the correct syntax, or an explanation of how to use it.

Here are the codes used in ranking the verbs:

IV=Important Verbs. These are the essential ones you should know from the start, to master the environment.

SV=Secondary Verbs. These are of lesser importance, but will come in handy sooner or later.

FV=Flavorful Verbs. No, they don't help out, but hey, they're fun.

I offer up this humble list in the hope it enlightens and inspires:

ACCEPT (IV). Someone offers you something. You have 30 seconds to ACCEPT it, or the offer is canceled.

ACT (FV). Put ACT at the start of a sentence if you want to perform an activity which no other verb can handle. ACT begins a sentence with your name, and includes that sentence in parentheses. So:
<ACT bobbles a troll head across the court> becomes
(X bobbles a troll head across the court)
Frankly, ACT isn't used very much. It doesn't really do anything, it only gives an impression.

ACTing can give your character its own special personality.

ADVICE (IV): For level 1 players, a very important verb that leads you step-by-step through how to go about starting out in the world of Elanthia. Each time you type it, it leads you one more step ahead. While it is a great aid, there's no substitute for politely asking more experienced players for help and a tour. But remember, *do* ask nicely.

AMBUSH (IV). Arms users enjoy doing this to poor, helpless CREATUREs. To use it, type AMBUSH <CREATURE> <MAJOR BODY PART> and hack away!

APPRAISE <OBJECT> (IV). You don't know if you want to sell that item, but you want to know what a local merchant will pay for it. Tell the merchant to APPRAISE it.

ASK (SV). You ASK NPCs around town about things they know: ASK GIRL ABOUT FLOWERS, for instance.

ATTACK, or AT (IV). If there's one CREATURE in the room with you, AT <CREATURE> will suffice. AT <OTHER CREATURE> will attack a second CREATURE. AT <THIRD CREATURE> will attack a third. If there are more than this, you are crazy, high on adrenalin, or a fighter. Or all of the above. When attacking, and there is a player in the room whose name starts with the same letter(s), please type enough of the CREATURE's name to distinguish it from the hapless adventurer in the room. Many a newbie with a name like Oreslayer has met a premature demise due to such carelessness. Of course, they soon learn to reroll.

ASSIST (IV). If something goes wrong in the game and the matter is of a technical nature, try ASSIST. It will put you in a queue to receive the services of a live GM. If the queue is long or no GM is online, you may have to wait. Note that ASSISTs remain in place from GemStone session to session. To cancel an ASSIST, type ASSIST CANCEL. To see your updated placement in a queue, simply type ASSIST again. If it's something that is not urgent, or you don't wish to wait, use the FEEDBACK option at the main menu. GameMasters cannot give hints about game play, puzzles or mechanics, nor can they give you directions or advice about what to do next. For that information, refer to the online documentation, the file libraries, or ask more experienced players for their advice.

BABBLE (FV). Allows you to spout nonsense, with the expected results.

BEAM (FV). A more intense form of smile. BEAM <PERSON> lets you direct your beaming.

BLINK (FV). As in fleeting disbelief. X says, "Take my +40 flashing greatsword with lightning crits. It's yours." Y blinks.

BLUSH (FV). You accidentally sell The Glowing Rod of World Domination for 3K instead of giving it to your glaring magic user buddy who can wave it. What do you do? Hope for the best, and BLUSH.

BOW (FV). A formal method of greeting in many cultures, and standard in various rituals.

(Continued on page 24)

A Peek at the Quick Character Generator

by Mazhe Sul'Din'Thalion

Little Mazhe sat quietly under the old tree, swinging her legs on the bench. She was enjoying the crisp breeze which caused leaves to crackle and swirl, sketching miniature dust devils a dozen yards in front of her in the dirty open spaces of the bazaar.

After two and ten days indoors, it felt good to be away from the classroom. And, cha! it was good to be away from Sir Bazzell, as he liked to be called. The Last Wizard, the kids laughingly called him behind his back, because he simply had to be the oldest: surely he was 200 years old, if he was 50. He had a face with more cracks in it than the schoolhouse walls. Knaves, but he was ugly! And that smell! One of her classmates once likened it to a dead rolton left to rot on the road, and there were some days she just had to agree.

Mazhe increased her rhythm and sighed, thinking of the next two ten days after this brief break. She didn't understand why she had been chosen for this Class, with all of its high-class prissy girls and boys with more coin in their pockets at this moment than she had seen in her entire life. It made absolutely no sense, and it certainly wasn't ever going to. But he merely smiled that travesty of a smile, continued on his lecture, and left her alone for another day. Two more days, and she would be immersed in it again. Why had they taken her from her home?

"Are you paying attention?" She glanced up at the snickers, embarrassed to have been caught daydreaming. He motioned again, and she saw the electricity crackling between his fingertips. Leaning forward, she watched his hands, and as always she could feel it from her seat across the room. Indeed, the hairs on her arms stood up as he continued to gesture, building a tiny ball of glowing light between his palms.

Sir Bazzell nodded at her apparent interest, and after several minutes the ball of light was the size of a dog's head. Then he suddenly pulled his hands apart, and the ball of light vanished with an audible pop. The rest of the students nodded and sat back in their seats, but Mazhe continued to lean forward. It was as if the floor and ceiling above and below old Bazzell had thickened and condensed in some indescribable fashion. When she blinked again, everything was back to normal and Bazzell was rambling on about something else.

Mazhe just sat back in her chair and shook her head. She saw the magic, but figuring out how it got there was another story entirely. And as for becoming a famous mage? Pah!

Sir Bazzell nodded to himself, watching the frustrated youngster lean back in her seat. Perhaps another path would be necessary for this one. He would send her to Quarrel Gesumitans. Yes, the younger man could work wonders with this child. The old librarian would take the skills she did possess (hard-headedness in this youngster's case, he wryly suspected) and show her how to apply them. From there, it would be up to the child whether or not she would be spending her years in the streets begging, or putting her skills to good use defending the town.

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The Quick Generator, as I have found, does a solid job of putting new characters on their feet before they enter the game. It sets the character up with a usable group of stats that, while not miraculous, are certainly enough for a newcomer to come in and enjoy the game (without meeting his or her demise in the teeth of the first rat they stumble across). I can easily see someone working their way up through the ranks using stats obtained in this manner: The Quick Generator now, rather than being a thing to avoid, is instead an excellent tool to use when you are learning how to play the game. Now you can see what a fairly experienced player would have done with those confusing rolls.

What it Does

The Quick Generator rolls a great many sets of ten stats until it comes up with an acceptable group. I was not able to determine any particular pattern, other than to say I usually ended up with a high 80th- to low 90th-percentile character in comparison to a perfect set of stats.

The generator places the stats in order depending on what class you have selected (see the chart below). Next, skills are chosen according to the class, and they tend to be pretty much the same for each character of any one class, with variations only when there are not enough development points to go around.

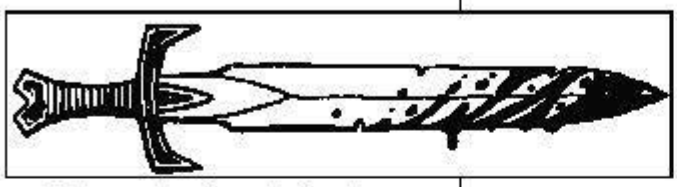
Remember that 10 points will be added to two of your base stats, as indicated here:

Warrior: +10 CO / ST
Rogue: +10 RE / DE
Wizard: +10 AU / IN
Cleric: +10 WI / LO
Empath: +10 WI / LO
Sorcerer: +10 AU / WI
Ranger: +10 WI / CO
Bard: +10 AU / LO

Here's the stat order the Quick Generator sets you up with when you ask for each of the eight classes, with the class, and the stats in order from highest to lowest:

(Continued on page 14)

(Artifacts, continued from page 5)
words of the demon, heard only in the mind of Maruko. Any lesser man would have crumbled to the powerful will of the sword and have been corrupted.(Note: Maleskari is Demon



Lord of Death and Undeath, the most feared of all his foul and despicable kind.)

The power of the sword is dependent on how hungry the demon is, and the demon's only craving is Life. When the sword cuts into a living being, it drains the life force of the victim. Its favorite "food" is the life force of elves, humans and dwarves, as it often reminded the Lord Ranger. It must continually be fed, or it feeds upon its wielder.

The sword can never be dropped, as Maruko demonstrated to me. When Maruko attempted to drop the blade, I felt a chill down my spine as an evil voice hissed, "Thou are not permitted to abandon me!" Lord Maruko's face suddenly looked very pale, and he almost dropped to his knees. As punishment, he was drained a part of his life force. If the demon's hunger was not quenched, it compelled Maruko to raise it out of its sheath and hold it above his head, where it could sap some life force from everyone present in the room. A most dreadful weapon, about which I still have nightmares. It was last sighted in the possession of Lord Maruko.

A Small Resinous Lump
This small, waxy object is deep gold in color, with a small tau cross inset into the surface in white. It was made for Lord Unum the healer, during the Quest of the Loremasters. Lord Unum was too scarred and mutilated to return to Wehnimer's Landing at the end of the quest, so, in appreciation of his selfless sacrifices by ministering to the wounds of others, one of the Loremasters gave this to the healer. It is said to be able to remove any light and medium bodily scars when applied. This item was last seen on Lord Unum.

A Twisted Oaken Wand
This wand was found during the opening of the monastery by the brave and fearless Lords and Ladies of the Landing. Lord Mikhail opened the trunk that contained this and many other strange artifacts. Most of the other items was cursed and useless. When waved at an adversary, this unassuming-looking wand has the power to blind the target. The wand was last reported to be in the possession of the honorable mage, Lord Whilder.

A Wicked Kris Sword
This blade was bought from some pirate merchants some years ago by Lord Enegue the master bard. It is a most deadly sword, for it was as magical as a shaalk weapon and it had the ability to inflict far more critical injuries when it struck its intended target. Even steel golems, known for their extraordinarily damage-resistant constitution, were often destroyed in a single blow. This artifact is no longer among us, as it was last reported destroyed by a hooded figure's mace in the Broken Lands, an ignoble end to an exceptional tribute to outstanding weaponsmithing.

As a professional swordsman, my most ardent interests are weapons and armor. In my childhood I heard tales of the Sword of Cyanidia, and I longed to gain this legendary blade. The following is what I have found out about the Sword of Cyanidia and the Sash of the Rising Phoenix.

The Sword of Cyanidia
The story begins with a female thief named Cyanidia. She was most unscrupulous, slaughtering young adventurers and taking their purses, so we citizens of Wehnimer's dealt her our own special breed of "justice." Lord Mikhail slew her where he found her, and left her body to rot in the street. (Personally, I think it was a territorial dispute, as Lord Mikhail was rumored to be the Head Thief of Wehnimer's and Cyanidia was working without a license.)

However, this woman was most resourceful. She returned again to Wehnimer's, this time seeking vengeance. (Methinks sometimes the Merciful Lorminstra is too generous with her giving.) Using a more subtle method, she entered town in the guise of a caravan master. Into her lair she lured her victims, who were all weighted with large sacks of silvers, thinking that it was a merchant wagon. They were subdued by drugged tea, bound and taken to Iolan's Warehouse on the east side of town.

She kidnapped these people in order to ransom them for money. A greedy mistake she would regret later, for the Elanthians are most famous for breaking out of a kidnapper's grasp (in fact, I haven't heard a single story, where someone that has been kidnapped did not break loose). By then, fighter Gilthor Longblade found Cyanidia's hiding spot, and began to combat her and her gang alone. Eventually, one of the captives frayed her own bonds, broke free and released the rest of them. But by that time, Lord Gilthor lay dead, slain by Cyanidia's bodyguard Dolph.

Gilthor's sacrifice bought the rest time to regain their composure and wargear. They chased Cyanidia and her gang though the streets of Wehnimer's, and eventually cornered her by the garden near House Argent Aspis. Lord Waldo Ptolomy the Second struck her in the chest, stunning her, and Lord Maruko Ashimine finished her with a gruesome slash to the abdomen.

She dropped a deadly black

(Continued on page 36)

Hear Ye! Oh, Newcomers to Elanthia!

by Stanyon Sting

Inside the gates of Wehnimer's, most citizens gather in the Town Square, as it is easy to get to and is renowned for its virtue in experience absorption and mana point regeneration. When many are present to socialize and transact business, "whisper" your private conversations so as not to disturb others.

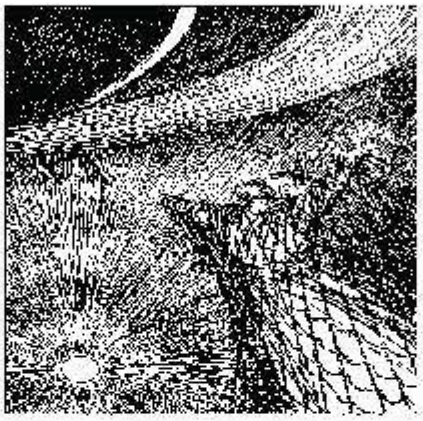
Found a chest? You may unlock its secrets here, but you are better off to conduct such business at the well. Many kindly thieves are willing to risk life and limb for your enrichment. While I charge not for my services, I do advise offering your chest champion some money for the sake of politeness.

Beleaguer not the good thief to open all your things on demand as soon as he or she enters the room, but find time to greet this selfless citizen. You may thus avoid paying that dastard locksmith who preys upon your pocketbook like a rabid navigator. Happy am I to pick chests for any soul, but once in a while my own business at hand beckons me first.

Empaths are found here, too! The juxtaposition of hopes within these talented people is mighty strange indeed. They hope for injuries to fall upon us so they may increase their skills through experience. Yet, at the same time, they show compassion for us by taking our injuries upon themselves! Honor them always, for they are always on the lookout for people who need their help.

Friendly spell users will bestow upon you some extra DS or AS with their spell craft if they take a liking to you and want you to be safe outside the gate. The best way in Elanthia to achieve all your goals as fast as possible is to make friends. The simple "thank you" for any favor goes a long way to achieve fast friendships.

Give gifts! Empaths always can use your extra crystal amulets to keep on the "net" and thus be available to critically injured players who are not able to make it back to the temple. Herbs that you may not wish to carry can serve others if you offer them.



Friendly spell users will bestow extra DS or AS with their spell craft if they take a liking to you.

Non-magic types can donate any runes they find to rune-trained characters. No one in Elanthia can prosper on his own, and considerate behavior at early levels can make the difference between Life and Death in Elanthia, as well as making true and long-lasting friendships.

Etiquette Outside The Gate

When you encounter another character in battle with a monster, do not join the fray unless invited to do so. It is polite to ask if the adventurer needs any help. Often you get a nod to join and, presto, you have a hunting partner.

Do not frivol time away with questions when you come upon some unfortunate who is stunned or prone with a monster in the room. Use the DRAG command to save the victim's life. Know the room exits and type DRAG <PERSON> N or S or whatever the exit is. Or, call for a cleric to come revive them, or guard their equipment if they must depart. Saving someone's life is a wonderful way to introduce yourself.

When you come across a group of adventurers, it is mannerly to ask if you may join them. However, a rejection here is not necessarily contemptible behavior on their part. They may be too many. They may be higher level characters on their way to a place too dangerous for you to hunt. They may be lower level players who will be hunting in places you have outgrown. Remember, though, there is safety in numbers, especially since it is likely you will meet death sometime in your career.

You Just Bit The Dust!

You are dead. If you are killed by some lucky monster, you drop whatever you are carrying in your hands, most likely your shield and weapon. If you are in a party, others can recover your stuff to return to you. You will (we hope) be raised by some wonderful cleric, or (preferably not) depart from your body and re-appear in the temple sans all your equipment.

If you have died alone, you have several minutes to linger above your body hoping someone will come by to help. After your allotted time, you will depart, leaving your belongings behind. You then reappear in the Temple, provided you have honored Lorminstra with a deed on your record. At first level there is no penalty for dying (up to five deaths), but after that you can suffer.

Deaths are generally announced throughout the land to every player, so if a companion of yours gets wind of your premature demise, most likely they will try to rescue you or recruit some help. Informing your friends in advance of where you are going is also a good idea, in case of any unfortunate accidents. This is another example of

(Continued on page 13)

(Hear Ye, continued from page 12)
how developing friendships is crucial to success in GemStone.

Battle Tips
When fighting, varying your stance is referred to by veteran adventurers as "parry tag." Parry at Stance Defensive when the monster attacks you. Quickly parry at Stance Offensive to attack the monster. Return to Stance Defensive again as quickly as possible to wait for the next attack, and so on. It is an effective way to fight, but the risks are great. If the monster catches you at Stance Offensive...ACK! I suggest parry tagging only in a group until you are familiar with the various monsters and how quickly they attack plus fluctuations in system speed.

Because time is of the essence in parry tag, using macros is crucial to your survival. Most communication systems allow you to use macros, and I really advise it. Macros enable you to invoke commands without typing more than a stroke or two. The time saved may be the difference between life and death in parry tag.

Survival Tips
Oh boy, a chest! When gathering treasure in the wilds outside of the Landing, always put away your shield and not your weapon. At Stance Defensive, all your weapon bonus goes into your defensive posture. When you put your weapon away, you lose all that bonus and thus are vulnerable to an attack from whatever whatever may walk into the room. The only exception to this rule would be for the Level One player whose AS is actually less than a shield's DS bonus.

Finding An Item
When groups of hunters find such special items as a Ruby Amulet or a Black Storm Blade, and everyone wants it, then it is customary to "roll" for it. Players put their weapons away (please go to a safe place before you do this), parry at Stance Defensive, and attack each other once. Whoever rolls the highest number with the 100-sided die wins the item. This is fun because attacking your friends is something you don't normally want to do. Be a good sport and congratulate the winner for being so fortunate unless of course, you win.

I hope these hints will help make your life in Elanthia more pleasant, more exciting and, most of all, longer. Just keep in mind, it's all right to kill monsters, but good friends are hard to find, so make it a point to cultivate them. ❖

When groups of hunters find such special items as a Ruby Amulet or a Black Storm Blade or a Crystal Orb, and everyone wants it, then it is customary to "roll" for it.

So, You Want to Be a Gladiator?

by Gallenod Varynesti

[Gallenod took a break from story spinning long enough to run the Gladiatorial Games and dash off this account. The rules for each edition of the Games can differ, but the general principles, the electric atmosphere and the spirit of mayhem remain constant.]

He gripped his sword a little tighter as the Controller pointed a blue tonak staff at him. Things blurred for a moment, and then he found himself on the hard-packed sand of the Arena. He examined his surroundings briefly–a bare pit, 30 meters in diameter, filled with shards of broken metal, ragged pieces of cloth, sand stained with the blood of countless victims. A shattered shield lay at his feet.

His opponent appeared moments later. A mage, he noted. The young wizard smiled nervously, looking around. Probably a newbie. But still a until you can smell them in your sleep? Looking for something a tad more intelligent than a steel golem? Ready for a real challenge? Have we got a deal for you!

The Wehnimer's Landing Gladiatorial Games offers you the opportunity to pit yourself against the most difficult and dangerous opponents you will ever face in your life–your fellow adventurers. Arena combat is a little different from what you may be used to, so you should know the rules before you enter.

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He studied the mage, thankful that this was only Batch #5 Magic users

(Continued on page 15)

(QuickGen, continued from page 10)

Warrior: CO+, ST+, RE, DE, DI, AU, WI, LO, IN, CH

Rogue: ST, RE+, DE+, CO, DI, AU, WI, LO, IN, CH

Wizard: AU+, DE, RE, ST, DI, CO, IN+, WI, LO, CH

Cleric: WI+, DI, CO, RE, ST, LO+, IN, AU, CH, DE

Empath: WI+, DI, AU, CO, RE, ST, LO+, IN, CH, DE

Sorcerer: AU+, WI+, DE, RE, ST, DI, CO, IN, LO, CH

Ranger: CO+, WI+, ST, RE, DE, DI, AU, LO, IN, CH

Bard: CO, AU+, ST, RE, DE, DI, WI, LO+, IN, CH

[+ indicates where 10 points will be added on.]

Keep in mind that your Stat Bonus (on the list when you type INFO inside the game) is actually the bonus derived from your stat, plus adjustments according to your race. In no way does race actually affect what the stats themselves are. You'll need to take this into consideration when deciding what race you wish to be.

The Stat Bonus is derived from the formula:

(Stat - 50) / 2 (Rounded down, then adding or subtracting racial adjustments.)

Therefore, if you started with a Strength of 100 (which gives a base bonus of (100-50)/2 = 25, and you wish to roleplay a halfling, you're going to find that your +25 bonus has been whittled down to a +5. This, and situations like it, should be taken into consideration when you choose your race/class combination.

The stat bonus adjustments according to race are as follows in order of CO, DE, DI, LO, IN, ST, RE, CH, WI, and AU:

Human	0	0	0	5	5	5	0	0	0	0
Giantman	10	-5	0	0	-5	15	-5	5	0	-5
Half-Elf	0	5	-5	0	0	0	10	5	0	0
Sylvankind	0	5	-5	0	0	0	5	5	0	5
Dark Elf	-5	10	-10	0	5	0	5	-5	5	10
Elf	0	5	-20	0	0	-5	15	15	0	5
Dwarf	15	0	10	5	0	10	-5	-10	0	-10
Hlflg	10	15	-5	5	10	-20	10	-15	0	-5

After you give it your choice of race and class, the Quick Generator will assign various basic skills to your character. Though it does not choose a perfect set of skills for you (in some cases you'll end up missing a skill or two that could be useful), the skills are a very good template from which to work, and should serve you well.

Here are the skills assigned to new characters, by class. Remember that skills will be shaved off if your character doesn't have sufficient development points to support them. If this happens, you might want to reroll the character and try again.

Warrior

10 Armor Use
10 Shield Use
5 Combat Maneuvers
10 Edged Weapons
5 Two-Handed Weapons
5 Stalking & Hiding
10 First Aid (priority over Brawling)
10 Brawling

Rogue

10 Shield Use
10 Edged Weapons
5 Thrown Weapons
10 Disarming Traps
10 Picking Locks
10 Stalking & Hiding
10 Ambush
10 Picking Pockets

Wizard

5 Shield Use
5 Edged Weapons
5 Perception
10 Scroll Reading
10 Magic Item Use
10 Spell Aiming
5 First Aid
1 Wizard Base Spell

Cleric

5 Armor Use
5 Shield Use
5 Blunt Weapons
5 Perception
5 Magic Item Use
10 Mana Sharing
10 First Aid
1 Cleric Base Spell

Empath

5 Blunt Weapons
10 Scroll Reading
10 Magic Item Use
10 Mana Sharing
15 First Aid
1 Empath Base Spell

Sorcerer

5 Shield Use
5 Edged Weapons
5 Scroll Reading
5 Magic Item Use
5 Mana Sharing
5 Spell Aiming
5 First Aid
1 Sorcerer Base Spell

Ranger

5 Armor Use
10 Shield Use
10 Edged Weapons
10 Stalking & Hiding
5 Perception
5 Mana Sharing
5 First Aid

Bard

5 Armor Use
5 Shield Use
5 Combat Maneuvers
5 Edged Weapons
5 Disarming Traps
5 Picking Locks
5 Stalking & Hiding
5 First Aid

You can create a character that suits your advancement and roleplaying needs armed with some knowledge and patience. But it's comforting to know that Quick Gen offers a viable alternative to Full Character Generator when you just can't wait to get started. ❖

(GladGames, continued from page 13)
didn't come into their full power until past Lord level, so he had a chance if he was smart. And lucky; he'd rather be lucky than smart, any day. Smart people could still be killed by bad luck. Lucky people didn't have to be smart.

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Combat is arranged in "batches" of levels, to give people an even chance. The batch level breakouts for this edition of the Games were:

Batch 1: 1-3
Batch 2: 4-6
Batch 3: 7-10
Batch 4: 11-14
Batch 5: 15-19
Batch 6: 20-29
Batch 7: 30+

Next time around, if the town keeps growing as it has recently, we will probably limit Batch 7 to levels 30-39 and add an 8th batch for characters level 40 and higher.

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The swordsman wished this were a melee, instead of single combat. Mages died quicker in melees, he mused. Too many targets for them to focus all their energy, and the arms users generally banded together to kill them first. He smiled at that thought.

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Within each batch, there are three types of events–single combat, melee, and team combat. Single combat is one-on-one battle, skill versus skill. There is no way to win this by luck.

Melees are some of the most spectacular, though chaotic, events. The current participation record for a melee is 23 people all trying to kill each other at once! The action can be positively mindboggling.

Team fights pit groups of two or three working in unison against each other. Arms and magic users may try to combine the best elements of their skills to defeat their opponents. Team events are generally won by the team with the best group tactics.

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The swordsman considered his options. Thanks to the new rule changes, he and the mage were very limited in what they could bring into the Arena. Each was allowed magic armor, and one wand, which was useless to the swordsman. He felt slightly better than the last time he had competed, though. In a lower batch three months earlier, he hadn't been allowed to wear anything magical. He'd become so accustomed to magic that going back to plain steel, leather and wood left him feeling a bit vulnerable. He supposed the mage felt the same, though.

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You may only take a limited number of magic items into the Arena. Participants in all batches may take a single magic wand; no other magical items are allowed in Batches 1-4. Batch 1 is limited to wands that cast *Shockbolt* or *Touch of Disruption*. Batch 2 may add golden wands to those. Metal wands may be used in Batch 3 and higher.

Magic armor or shield may be used starting in Batch 5. Both may be used in Batch 6. And finally, magic weapons may be used in Batch 7.

Remember, only "normal" weapons are allowed in Batches 1-6. New gladiators are often confused about what is and is not a magical weapon. Any weapon that has a bonus to hit, does more damage than normal, or does special critical damage is magical. This includes all mithril, eog, laen, and shaalk weapons, and drake falchions. It also includes weapons with any temporary enchantment on them, like *Magic Edge* and *Essence Blade*. If you aren't sure if your weapon is legal, have a Controller or GameMaster check beforehand.

However, that doesn't mean weapons have to stay normal. Once combat is open, those with the *Magic Edge* or *Essence Blade* spells may cast them freely on normal weapons.

Most spells are allowed in the Arena, providing they don't have the potential to cause damage to the

(Continued on page 16)

WANTED

Columnists, fiction writers, poets, humorists, cartoonists, artists, and editors to contribute to the Elanthia Herald. Earn free time in GemStone while having a grand time! Inquire to Gira at GEnie EMail SIMU.1, to Gyrfaucon at AOL Email GYRFAUCON, or Internet EMail GYRFAUCON @AOL.COM.

ELANTHIA HERALD

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SIMUTRONICS CORPORATION

(Glad Games, continued from page 15)
spectators. *Call Wind* is allowed, for example, whereas *Firestorm* is not. If you have a question about a particular spell, please ask before you fight.

Rubbed, drunk, or other charged magical items are only allowed in the Grand and Royal Melees, specialty events which will be explained later.

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He shuddered; submitting yourself to the Arena meant giving up control over some of your actions. Once combat began, they would have a few moments of control before the Arena would force them to fight. It was almost as if, once released by the Controller, the Arena sands hungered for blood so much that it made you go into a frenzy.

The Controller stepped forward, raising his staff. A hush fell over the Arena. Swordsman and mage gripped their shields more tightly. Suddenly, the Controller tapped the ground with his staff, and the Herald shouted, "Combat in the Arena has opened! Attack at will!"

The swordsman moved, but not quickly enough. A ball of icy cold slammed into him, freezing his left thigh. He stumbled slightly, thanking the Lords that his ring mail had absorbed the brunt of that attack, and moved in for his attack, drawing a slash across the mage's side. He saw the mage wave the metal wand again, and braced for the impact. He only need hold on for a few more seconds, and then he'd have his chance, the chance that he had waited for.

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Parrying in the Arena is different from regular combat. No combatant is allowed to parry higher than 80% at the beginning of a match. Once combat has begun, you will have approximately 10-15 seconds before the maximum parry allowed in the Arena is dropped to 30%. In that time, you may try any offensive or defensive spellcasting you desire. However, there is no warning when the parry drops. It is wise not to be in a round time when it does.

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Fumbled! The mage's cold ball glanced harmlessly off the sands and dissipated against the invisible shield that protected the spectators! The swordsman knew he had three seconds before the wand recharged. Wait for the parry, or take his chances now? His mind raced, knowing that hesitation and indecision in this sandy crucible had only one result–death.

He attacked, feeling the point of his rapier puncture the mage's right forearm. Briefly stunned, the mage reeled back. But it was enough. The swordsman felt the Arena take hold of him and the mage, feeding them with

He stumbled and saw the mage wave the metal wand again, and braced for the impact.

the frenzy of the spectators and the bloody hunger of the sands. He lunged again, piercing the mage's chest.

The cold ball took him by surprise. The mage managed one last, desperate shot at point blank range. The swordsman felt his chest freeze solid, then shatter, even as the mage's heart was tearing itself apart on his sword. Then, blackness...

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Worried about dying? Don't be. Thanks to the magic of the Arena, death is never final there. Healing, however, is another matter. If "killed," your lifeless body will be carefully dumped like a sack of potatoes in the Infirmary, where the healers will cheerfully piece you back together.

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The swordsman vaguely felt the impact as his body hit the table. Insult to injury, he thought, though he felt no pain at this point. A Lord Healer looked at him, smiled, and tended to the chest and leg wounds. Another healer was busily engaged with the mage.

"A double kill!" exclaimed the healer. "They're still adjudicating!" The swordsman nodded, not sure what that meant.

Then, the Prizemaster marched in, smiling broadly. "Congratulations, young man. You killed your opponent marginally before he killed you. You win!"

The swordsman felt a momentary swell of pride as he accepted the silver. His mind felt clearer, and all around looked at him with a little more respect.

❖❖❖❖

Winning in the Games means silver, experience, and fame. Winning any event in Batch 1 will earn you 600 experience, 2,000 fame, and 2,000 silver. Winning a preliminary match, singles or teams, in Batch 1 is worth 20% of the final prize. Higher batches multiply your winnings by the batch level.

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The swordsman wandered back out to the Arena, phantom pain still in his chest, though the healers had taken his injuries. The mage moved next to him and whispered, "Maybe we can team up tomorrow, OK?" The swordsman nodded, and smiled. The two regarded each other as potential allies now, when five minutes earlier they had been intent on killing each other. Such was the camaraderie of the Arena.

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Due to the number of people who participate, the Gladiatorial Games

(Continued on page 17)

(Glad Games, continued from page 16)
usually run for an entire weekend. Day 1 is generally reserved for single combat, as these events take the longest. Day 2 will start with the melees, brutal affairs that tax the healers in the Infirmary to the limit of their power. Then come the team fights.

As soon as he lunged, he knew it was wrong. His sword scored a glancing blow, barely a scratch. Losing consciousness, he saw his opponent use his cloak to wipe his blood off her sword.

❖❖❖❖

The swordsman studied the odds on the tote board. He placed a small bet from his winnings on a bard against a sorcerer at 6:1 odds. The sorc won, he lost. Another preliminary match over. He hoped someone else would get to fight the sorcerer in the next round. The attendants were still picking up the widely scattered pieces of the bard.

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Betting is a major part of the Games. Hundreds of thousands of silvers have changed hands in a single fight! Fortunes are made and lost betting on favorite gladiators. Single combat and team fights rarely offer long odds, but guessing correctly in a melee can bring in a huge windfall. The current Arena record is someone who won a pot at 61:1 odds!

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The Controller was announcing the next matches. The swordsman noted that the sorcerer was facing a mage. His own opponent was another arms user. The world blurred again, and he found himself facing his opponent in the Arena. Without a word, they saluted each other with their swords. The crowd called out their bets until the Controllers closed the betting. The Senior Controller tapped his staff on the ground, and the Herald cried out loudly, "Combat in the Arena has opened! Attack at will!"

The two circled, each casting a minor defensive spell. Combat between arms users was frequently a waiting game. Suddenly, the swordsman felt the Arena calling and lunged forward, hoping his thrust would score first blood.

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Tactics are an important part of gladiatorial combat. Is it better to wait and cast defensive magic, or launch an all-out attack from the start? The answer is, it depends. Sometimes, moving first can be deadly if you miss. Sometimes, if you don't move first, you never move again.

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As soon as he lunged, he knew it was wrong. His sword scored a glancing blow, barely a scratch. He took the return stroke through the kidneys; the pain was extremely agonizing. Losing consciousness, he saw his opponent use his cloak to wipe his blood off her sword. She flashed him a smile as the attendants came out to drag him off.

When he awoke in the Infirmary, she was waiting for him. "Sorry about that, dear," she giggled. "Nothing personal, you know."

"No problem," he smiled back.

"Still want to marry me next week?" she asked coyly.

He coughed. "Of course, dear. I'd hardly last long without you to protect me, now would I?" They both laughed and embraced.

Just then, several attendants came in bearing arms, legs, and a torso. In separate pieces. It was what was left of the mage. The swordswoman frowned.

"Someone needs to teach that sorc some manners," she huffed. "He keeps littering."

The swordsman nodded. "Be careful, dear," he said. They smiled, and embraced. She went off northeast to the Arena while the healers pieced the mage back together.

"I can't wait until tomorrow," said one of the healers. "I hear they're running some specialty events at the end." The swordsman shuddered as the healers chuckled and shared graphic descriptions of the mass slaughter they so blithely referred to as "specialty events."

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After the team fights on Day 2, certain special events are run if time permits. The first of these are the Naked Brawling melees. No armor, shields or weapons of any kind are allowed. There is one melee for commoners, and one for those of noble rank. Adding mud to the Arena for these fights is a regular suggestion, but impractical at this time.

After the melees, the Gods reinforce the magical wards protecting the spectators for the Grand and Royal Melees. All bets are off for these fights, as are virtually all the restrictions on use of magical items. The Grand Melee is for characters of levels 1-19, and the Royal Melee is for Lords and Ladies. It has been said that the amount of magical energy expended in the first 30 seconds of a Royal Melee would obliterate an area 10 miles in diameter. So far, the God-given shields have held.

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The sorcerer's body hit the table with a thump. He still looked a bit dazed as the healers commented on how clean his ears were. The swordsman collected his winnings, at 8:1 odds. He could afford that diamond ring, now. His fiancee limped in. Her left arm was shattered and she was bleeding from the nose, but she grinned broadly despite the pain. In her good hand, she held the silver that would finish paying for her wedding dress.

"Still not afraid to marry me?" she asked sweetly.

"Of course not, my love," he grinned. "It's a lot less expensive than just hiring a bodyguard."

Fortunately for him, combat is not allowed in the Infirmary. ❖

(GhostStory, continued from page 6)
ones gave up the bodies long ago ta send them walkin' about in the night slobberin' on honest folk an' generally causin' a ruckus. At first I figgers Bloodsmythe needs a body fer some experimentin' wid them forces what he'd best be lettin' alone anyhows. But this here lunatic giantman next ta me is shovelin' so fast that I can't believe he's doin' this here for money. More

Don't ask me how, as I ain't got a mind ta know, but seems thar's some foul curse out thar.

like maybe he's out ta steal some baubel off a the corpse. Or maybe he's one a them folks what worries they loved ones is buried alive. Either way, we's down ta the casket in no time.

Now fer them as don't know, them undead scourges in the graveyard comes outta graves. Don't ask me how, as I ain't got a mind ta know, but seems thar's some foul curse out thar what turns the rest of tired souls ta murderous sleepwalkin'. Somethin' wakes them undead in them graves, they claws themselves out, an' next thing ya knows ya got mummies an' skeletons an' whatnot hangin' off a ya like moss on a halfling's feet. So I weren't surprised when we opens the coffin an' out starts a skeleton with glowin' pieces a coal fer eyes what seem ta have lit a burnin' desire ta rip out our throats.

My big giantman friend didn't seem surprised either! Why he lets out a whoop an' breaks inta a big grin as the thing starts chewin' on his leg! I ain't never seen such foolishness! So ta be neighborly, I calls on me rangerly talents ta summon a vine an' throttle this here skeleton. No sooner is the skeleton dead, than the giantman up an' starts in throttlin' me! Talk about ya fellas what ain't thankful fer nuthin'!

Well, soon he calms down an' settles fer jes cursin' me, an' since he's speakin' that furin tongue a his, I ain't takin' no offense. After a bit he calms down an' starts diggin' aggin. This time I ain't havin' none, so I jes sits down an' watches the fool, dodgin' the odd dirtclod he hurls at me. Before long he's down to another coffin, his eyes glowin' jes as wild as afore. This time when the skeleton pops out he's clobbered it upside the head afore I even blinks, an' jes stands thar grinnin' at me like he oughta git some prize.

That foolishness went on fer hours

an' it weren't till jes afore the crack a dawn when I's back in me bed. Acourse the next day I looks up the sorcerer ta find out what the skinny is on this odd furin friend a his. What do you suppose the old codger tells me? Seems thar's a new lot of wild men in our lands what thinks Lorminstra's told them personal like through her valet Voln that they oughta pound the tar outta every Undead what they sees. Seems they bin tearin' up alla the usual haunts so fierce that them Undead's gittin mighty tough ta find. So some a the more fanatical types has taken ta pullin' Undead outta the ground afore they even gits a chance ta wonder around gnashin' them teeth a bit an' cursin' things.

Looks like Gravediggers is gonna start makin' silver hand over fist so I's ordered me a mithril shovel an' a few crates a' rum! ❖

Elanthia Herald Classifieds

This is your forum for classified advertisements and public notices. If you wish to place an ad in this department, please contact Cira at GEnie mail SIMU.1, or Gyrfaucon at AOL mail GYRFAUCON. Special rates will apply on classifieds, with ads being free of charge until further notice. Box numbers are also available at no charge for those wishing to remain discreet.

Personal Notices

Let's make a deal! Well-traveled, successful but lonely entrepreneur seeking partner for possible life-long merger. I am tired of life on the merchant road. Come be my reason to settle down. This is a limited time offer. EH Box 7.

Not just another pretty face! Cultured young lady seeks sincere, sensitive friend for garden strolls, moonlight rambles and romantic outings. Hoping the daisy stops at *you*! He loves me...he loves me not...he loves me...he loves me not...he loves me!!! Those with hay fever or other allergies need not respond. EH Box 6.

Lost and Found

Found: One wedding band, made of gold and flecked with diamonds. Inscribed with the phrase, "Love always. We will never part." Claim in person. See Cave Gnome Dremmer, in the Catacombs beneath the Town Well. Must show proof of ownership.

Still Lost: One cute, tiny kitten. Am even more brokenhearted. If sighted, reply to EH Box 1.

(Continued on page 35)

Foraging for Fun, Profit and Information

By lord Trachten Bickapod

Let me begin by saying that I've put in more hours on this article than any other I've ever written, yet I am less than satisfied with the completeness of the information I'm about to give you. According to highly placed sources, all of the herbs available from the shop in town are forageable somewhere (excluding potions of course). Four herbs remain unfound to this day, however. Those herbs are *strigae* (HPs), *kaphip* (light head scars), *calamia* (medium limb scars), and *woth* (medium/heavy nervous system scars).

Keys to Successful Foraging

Now, let's examine how to forage effectively for those herbs that have been located. Each time you forage you get an open 1d100 roll. The result is compared to an invisible threshold, which is different for each herb. If you roll over the threshold, you are successful. There are several factors which can raise and lower the success threshold:

- kneeling: lowers threshold
- empty hand(s): one hand free lowers some, two even more
- hand scars: raise threshold
- forage spell: lowers threshold
- level: higher level lowers threshold
- profession: rangers have lowest thresholds, wizards and sorcerers highest
- environment: the area where you can find an herb may be less than perfect for that herb, raising the threshold

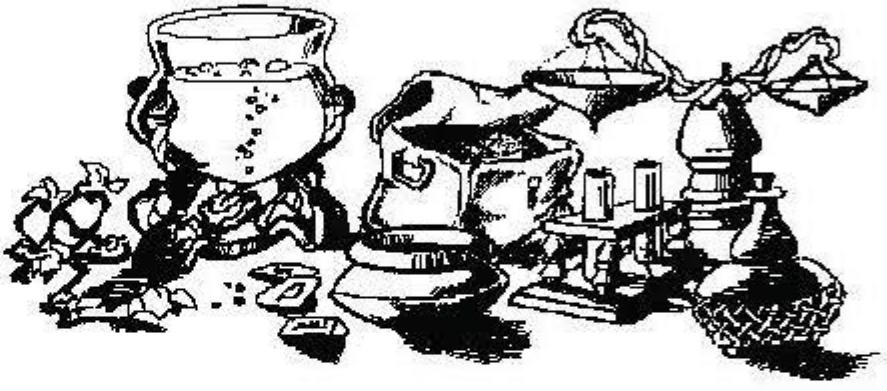
In the table I give approximate thresholds for the various herbs. The numbers show what a Level 45 ranger who has the forage spell up, is kneeling, and has both hands free must roll to find that herb. Your threshold will be higher, but the relative difference between herbs should be somewhat consistent. One important feature to note, if your left hand is not free, the herb will be left on the ground.

Right Place at the Right Time

Now, you want to make sure you are looking in the right place. You can tell if it is possible to find a particular herb in the room you are foraging in by looking at the failure message. If it ends in "...nothing of interest," you are looking in the wrong place, but if it ends in "...nothing," then that room contains the herb you are foraging for.

Please note that in my chart, if you see "abundant" that means almost every room in that area grows the herb. After you've found an herb, the room you foraged in is depleted for awhile. After finding three herbs in a segment, the whole segment is depleted. After about an hour, the herbs tend to regenerate in an area, I believe, but that time frame is very approximate. You can tell if the room is depleted because you get the message "...someone has been foraging here recently..." when you should have successfully gotten the herb.

Foraging has one major problem (besides the missing hot climate herbs). Each herb foraged takes up one slot in your inventory. The ability to clump herbs together into single items with multiple doses could be implemented before foraging is really useful. This would allow greater storage capacity in lockers. etc. As it stands today, foraging is mostly used to find sticks to imbue into imbeddable wands and rods, and many useful herbs are left either on the bench or in the field due to lack of space.



According to highly placed sources, all the herbs available in Wehnimer's Landing are forageable somewhere, except for potions.

Another suggestion to make foraging more popular is to implement a skill which would allow a skilled ranger to survey an entire segment and tell what herbs grow there. The ranger would still have to forage around to find the correct room, but the missing herbs (and extensive foraging maps) would be taken care of.

What follows on the next four pages are tables for use in foraging. I attempted to make them as accurate as possible, and have added notes where relevant.

Afer all that foraging, I'm exhausted! I think I'll sit back and relax with a nice cup of herb tea! ❖

[See pp. 20-23 following for all of Lord Trachten's foraging tables.]

Heals	Name	RT	Thrsh	Cost	Foraging Locations
10hp	Acantha	5	V Easy	45	supposedly all climates
					Black Sands (abundant)
					Beach Area (abundant)
					Rock Shore (abundant)
					Wehnimer's Exterior
10hp	Cucurcae	5	Easy	NA	high, cool
					Upper Trollfang, Foothills
					Upper Trollfang, Glatoph
10hp	Marallis	5	Easy	NA	cold hills and mountains
					Glatoph
					Glatoph, Glacier
					Upper Trollfang, Foothills
30hp?	Strigae	5	Easy	NA	desert
					Unknown
5-50hp?	Yabathilium	6	Normal	NA	beach, saltwater
					Black Sands
					Wehnimer's Exterior
15-60hp	Cothma	8	Normal	NA	cold, barren
					Glatoph
					Upper Trollfang, Outside Inn (abundant)
Head1	Rosemarrow		NA	84	Potion
					Must buy from herbalist
Head23	Aloeas	5	Normal	281	cold, wet/near river
					Wehnimer's, Exterior
Head15	Haphip	10	Hard	113	hot, humid
					Unknown
Head23S	Brostheras	NA	NA	563	Potion
					Must buy from herbalist
Limb1	Ambrominas	5	V Easy	56	grasslands, hills
					Wehnimer's, Exterior
					Upper Trollfang
					Lower Dragonsclaw, Grasslands
					Lysierian Hills, Ruined Village
					Valley

Heals	Name	RT	Thrsh	Cost	Foraging Locations
Limb23	Ephlox	10	Hard	141	cold, wet/near streams
					Upper Trollfang
					Wehnimer's, Exterior
Limb18	Cactacae	5	Normal	56	desert
					Upper Trollfang, Outside Inn (abundant)
Limb28	Calamia	8	Normal	281	warm, moist
					Unknown
Limb38	Sovyn	10	Normal	~2k	unknown, look for dried plant
					Upper Trollfang, Foothills
					Upper Trollfang, Outside Inn (abundant)
Organ1	Basal	5	Easy	113	temperate, deciduous
					Glatoph
					Upper Trollfang, Foothills
					Upper Trollfang, ?
					Wehnimer's, Exterior
					Coastal Cliffs, Overgrown Path (abundant)
					Lysierian Hills
Organ23	Pothinir	5	V Hard	450	hot, humid, sunny
					Broken Lands, Broken Plain (abundant)
					Lower Trollfang, Forest
Organ18	Talneo	NA	NA	225	Potion
					Must buy from herbalist
Organ238	Wingstem	NA	NA	563	Potion
					Must buy from herbalist (not for lvl3 eye injuries)
Organ38	Bur-clover	NA	NA	900	Potion
					Must buy from herbalist (only for lvl3 eye injuries)
Nerve1	Wolfrew (1)	8	Normal	56	cold, dark/cave
					Cave, Drip Room
					Cave
					Upper Trollfang, Foothills
					Upper Trollfang, ?
					Upper Trollfang, Glatoph
					Sea Cave
					Sea Cave, Small Passage
					Coastal Cliffs, Wrecked Village (abundant)

Heals	Name	RT	Thrsh	Cost	Foraging Locations
Nerve2S	Bolmara		NA	113	Potion
					Must buy from herbalist
Nerve1S	Torban	5	Easy	112	mild climate/trees
					Glatoph
					Forest Path
					High Ridge
					Upper Trollfang (danjirland)
					Upper Trollfang
					Upper Trollfang, Foothills
					Upper Trollfang, Glatoph
					Wehnimer's, Exterior
					Wehnimer's, Exterior (near breach)
					Coastal Cliffs, Overgrown Path (abundant)
					Lysierian Hills
Nerv23S	Woth	10	V Hard	450	hot, humid, dark
					Unknown
Fluff	Flower	5	Easy	NA	apparently in grassy areas
	Daisy				Upper Trollfang (danjirland)
	Rose				Lower Dragonsclaw, Grasslands
					Valley
					Lysierian Hills, Ruined Village
Fluff	Spearmint	6	V Easy	NA	grassy or cultivated
					Upper Trollfang (danjirland)
					Wehnimer's, Exterior
					Wehnimer's, Exterior (near breach)
					Lower Dragonsclaw, Grasslands
Imbue	Stick	5	Easy	NA	near trees
	Branch				Practically any place outdoors. If you don't
	Club				find a stick in your room, move one room
					away and odds are you will find one there.

Price shown is initial (no haggling) price per dose at shop.

Organ = eye, abdomen, back, chest (except lvl3 eye)

Difficulty thresholds for me (yours will most likely be higher): Very Hard > 100; Hard = 80-100; Normal = 50-79; Easy = 30-49; Very Easy < 30

Listed below are two charts detailing some of the messages received while foraging.

The first chart breaks down the messages and distribution of herbs. Note that the failure message is slightly different if the herb does not grow in that room, as opposed to the message for the herb being available there, but depleted or the herb being there and you failing to find it.

The second chart indicates the types of foraging fumbles and their damage, round times and other consequences. ❖

Herb Frequency	Success Message	Failure Message
Herb Never Found in Room	As you carefully forage around you can find no hint of what you are looking for. You are not even sure it could be found here.	You forage around but find nothing of interest.
Herb Found in Room but Room or Area Depleted	As you forage around you notice that someone has been foraging here recently and you are unable to find anything useful.	You forage around but find nothing.
Herb is in Room and Available	You carefully forage and manage to find some...	You forage around but find nothing.

RT/Damage	Fumble Messages
Normal RT	You clumsily forage around and find nothing.
Normal RT + 3	You stumble about in a fruitless attempt at foraging.
Normal RT + 10 + Level I Hand Damage	As you forage around you suddenly feel a sharp pain in your left/right hand.
? RT + Poison 10/2	You begin to forage around when your hand comes into contact with something that stabs you in the finger.
Normal RT + Poison 5/1	You begin to forage around when suddenly you feel a burning sensation in your hand.
Normal RT + 5	You fumble so badly on your unsuccessful search that you can only hope no one was watching you.
RT 1 + Level I Hand Damage + Prone	You forage around for a moment, but then... Ow! You grab something sharp! You fall to the ground in surprise!
Level I Hand Damage	You have just begun to forage when you feel a sharp pain in your left/right hand.

(Verbs, continued from page 9)

CACKLE (FV). The mentally unbalanced and just-plain-silly use this a lot.

CAST (IV). The verb for magic users. You PREP a spell, then CAST it, usually at someone or something. CASTing a spell forces your STANCE down (unless it starts low), and takes up a certain amount of time depending upon the relative spell and caster level. If you don't specify a target, CAST defaults to yourself, so be careful when flinging those offensive spells.

CHECK BALANCE (SV). At bank.

CHECK IN (IV). Do this when you want to train or check your stats at the Front Desk of the local Inns in town.

CHUCKLE (FV). A GRIN revealed.

CLIMB (IV). Both an important action and a trainable skill. CLIMB without training, and you die. CLIMB with training, and you'll likely get someplace no version of you has traveled before.

CLOSE (IV). For a backpack to keep a gremlin's nasty little fingers out of it. CLOSE a door to keep out intruders.

CON (SV). Provides less information of a similar kind to EXP.

COUGH (FV). Draws quiet attention to something. Also useful in a room occupied by smokers who are, for some arcane reason, still alive.

COWER <PERSON> (FV). If someone frightens you, here's a good way to show it. LAUGH works even better.

CRAWL (SV). Not many areas use this but there are a few. Halfings and dwarves have to crawl less. They just walk upright, jumping less often so as not to bruise their tender scalps.

CRY (FV). When pout isn't enough, try CRY. Real angst.

DANCE <WITH PERSON> (FV). An interesting verb. If you offer a dance to someone, the first person moving into the next square simply becomes the leader, whether it was the person who initially offered the dance, or not.

DECLINE (SV). When someone offers you something and you don't want it, either wait the obligatory 30 seconds or DECLINE it first.

DEPART (SV). When you die and don't want to hang around waiting for a cleric to tie soul back into body, try DEPART.

DEPOSIT (IV). Works in a bank.

DESCRIBE (IV). When you want to find out how a CREATURE or NPC genuinely looks, try DESC <CREATURE>.

DIAGNOSE (FULL) (IV). Best way to check someone for injuries. By itself this will provide a cursory display, while DIAGNOSE FULL will give you a lot more detail. Healers get more material in each.

DIG (SV). Rumored to be useful in one or two situations.

DIRECTION <PLACE> (IV). First level players, only. If you need to get somewhere important, use this. It will direct your footsteps one square at a time. There are also directional verbs like SOUTHWEST, UP, OUT, etc., but you already know that. These may be abbreviated, as well, for example SW, U, O, etc.

DISARM <OBJECT> (IV). Used mainly by thieves, but also by other professionals. DISARMing lets you search a locked container for traps. DISARM as often as you want; sometimes it may take 3 or 4 tries before you find a trap (if one exists). When you've found it, the next DISARM will attempt to truly disarm the chest. Don't do this unless you have good lockpicking skills. Otherwise, you may set off whatever trap lies in wait.

DISBAND (IV). When you're leading a group and want to stop, DISBAND it.

DRAG (IV). If a friend is stunned near creatures and you have a free hand, you can drag them to safety: DRAG <PERSON> <DIRECTION>, for example, DRAG BOB EAST. Works best on short and/or light people. You can also DRAG people around to different places just for the heck of it. DRAGging contests have been known to happen.

DRINK (SV). For potions that act like spells or for a jolly time at the taverns.

DUCK (FV). When you say something you find funny but everybody else just stares at you. Also useful when friends insist on waving their weapons about, or you make an awful pun.

EAT (IV). Lots of great food in town—why not try some of it? What raises this verb from FV to IV, however, are the herbs you eat to heal nerve and body damage. Ask an empath about their favorite herbs, and get ready to spend a long time listening online.

EXIT (IV). This terrifying command will actually take you out of GemStone and drop you in a world occupied by television, fast food and aluminum siding. Not recommended for the faint-of-heart.

EXP (IV). Will tell you your fame, experience this level, and state of your mind—how well you can currently absorb knowledge.

FIND (IV). A lot of people walk the lands these days. To find only a few out of the hundreds, type FIND <PERSON1> <PERSON2>, up to 9 people. A very useful, recent addition to our vocabulary, and many thanks to the GameMasters for it, too.

FLAIL (FV). A fun verb of frustration.

FLINCH (FV). Ouch! That hurt!

FORAGE (SV). You search wooded areas for sticks and herbs. Rangers have an easier time of it and get their hands hurt less often. One wishes they were as good at finding destinations as they are at finding vegetation.

FROWN (FV). A smile confronted with reality and no dignified retreat.

FURROW BROW (FV). When you're thinking really hard about something, and want to show that to people around you.

GET (IV). Takes or picks up an object.

GIVE (IV). GIVE <PERSON> is automatic if you're holding an object you want to transfer in your right hand. Ah, but if it's in your left, you must type GIVE <OBJECT> <PERSON>.

GLANCE (FV). A quick way to check what you are holding in your right and

(Continued on page 25)

(Verbs, continued from page 24)
left hands. This is useful before combat. GLANCE <PERSON> is a sidelong look—as if you're sizing up the person alongside you.
GLARE (FV). GLARE generally, or GLARE <PERSON>. Either way, the point comes across: you're pretty annoyed.
GO (IV). Movement through portals or anything that is not an obvious compass direction, requires this verb along with an object: GO ARCH or GO WELL, for instance.
GRIMACE (FV). A sympathetic reaction to someone's else's troubles, or even to your own.
GRIN (FV). A chuckle in hiding.
GROAN (FV). A perfect reaction to the many bad puns that inhabitants inflict upon the lands.
GROWL (FV). A good way to frighten the easily frightened.
GRUMBLE (FV). Like it says. I dropped my sword, my pockets were picked, I hate life, I'm going to go kick a squirrel...
HEALTH/HEA (IV). Tells you what's bleeding, injured, severed, mangled and/or scarred. You may not like the way it looks, but you've got to deal with your injuries if you're to survive in Elanthia.
HELP (IV). Novice help is available by typing this at any time.
HICCUP (FV). Try putting your head in a paper bag for two hours and don't breathe. Works every time.
HIDE (IV). Essential for thiefs and other sneaky types, cute for anybody else. Lets you stay quietly in the background, observant but unobserved. But be careful since there are many actions that will automatically take you out of hiding first!
HIT (IV). Used in only a couple of places, but very important. HIT <OBJECT> with <OBJECT>.
HOLD <PERSON> (IV). When you want to lead somebody, HOLD will take them tenderly by the hand. They will then accompany you anywhere unless they LEAVE you, you DISBAND your group, or you enter an area which lets people pass through in single-file, only.
HOWL (FV). I lived, it died. Reason enough to celebrate, eh?
HUG (FV). Lot of these going around. You develop real companions on the hunt, particularly when you're saving each other's inappropriately armored butts, and this translates into hugs once everybody is safely back home.
IMBED (SV). Wizards and semis can IMBED certain objects with powerful spells. The syntax is IMBED <SPELL#> <ITEM> using <ACTIVATOR> for <#> charges.
INFO (IV). For a quick view of your stats, type this.
INVOKE (SV). Spells on scrolls found throughout Elanthia can be INVOKEd. You need to READ the scroll first, and have your other hand free.
JOIN <PERSON> (IV). Very useful. This command lets you JOIN a group led by a single person. Hunting parties are JOINed.
JOIN LIST (IV). Useful when merchants arrive in town. This command lets you add your name to the growing number of inhabitants waiting for a service.
JUMP (FV). Shows great enthusiasm.
KICK (FV). Doesn't do any damage, but it looks aggressive. Use it when you want to express great displeasure. Often accompanied by GLARE.
KILL (SV). Same as ATTACK, but AT is shorter.
KISS (IV). Anything from a friendly greeting to an affirmation of love. Depends upon the participants.
KNEEL (SV). If you're gonna pray, you're gonna kneel. Effective if you can't stand up, due to weight. KNEEL makes an easier intermediate step.
LATCH/UNLATCH (SV). A few doors on Elanthia have latches, rather than locks.
LAUGH (FV). An erupting CHUCKLE that spews mirth, and disperses the demons of the mind. A GRIN that flashes without regard to penal codes.
LEAN (FV). You can LEAN against various objects, LEAN back and forward, left or right, east, west, etc., against someone, or merely, conclusively LEAN—in which case, you shift your weight.
LEAVE (IV). To exit a group. Another way to do this is simply to walk in a direction not taken by the group.
LICK (FV). Use it on objects to have people question your sanity: "X licks a rusty doorknob." But if you're kneeling or lying down and another player is doing the same, LICKing them becomes a deep kiss. Use this only with someone you really, really like.
LIE (SV). Perpendicularity, in a horizontal sort of way.
LOOK (L;IV). Tells you basic information about something. L PERSON will tell you what a PERSON is wearing and holding in his hands, his general health and certain spells he has active. However, L OBJECT may give you more detail about something you're seeing, particularly if it's part of the surrounding environment.
MEDITATE (IV). This looks like PRAY, but clerics use it to receive back life levels and absorb experience more quickly.
MEASURE (SV). is useful on potions to determine how much is left. It's not exact, but then, neither is life, so what do you want?
MOAN (FV). Usually follows drinking too quickly at Helga's.
MUMBLE (FV). When you type or do the wrong thing, MUMBLE is the word for you. Equivalent to cursing under your breath. Get used to it.
NEWS (IV). Type this to get the latest NEWS on general Elanthian events.
NOD (IV). General nod, or nod at someone. Seems like an ordinary enough verb, no big deal, but it's among the most important, if modest, verbs in GemStone's vocabulary. NOD tells somebody you've heard them, or you agree.
NUDGE (FV). A modest POKE. On an object, shows up as a gradual ap-

(Continued on page 33)

LORD STROM'S HANDY GUIDE TO HANDS-ON HEALING – DON'T LEAVE TOWN WITHOUT IT!

INJURY TYPE	HERBS	SPELL	INJURY TYPE	HERBS	SPELL
LIMB INJURIES			**NERVOUS SYS. SCARS**		
Minor bruises/lacerations	Ambrominas Leaf	802	Slurred speech	Torban Leaf	812
Fractured and bleeding	Ephlox Moss	807	Constant spasms	Woth Flower	816
Severed	Ephlox Moss	807	Difficult time/muscle control	Woth Flower	816
LIMB SCARS			**BODY INJURIES**		
Battle scar	Cactacae Spine	811	Minor bruises and cuts	Basal Moss	805
Mangled	Calamia Fruit	815	Deep lacerations	Pothinir Grass	810
Missing	Sovyn Clove*	820	Gashes and serious bleeding	Pothinir Grass	810
HEAD INJURIES			**BODY SCARS**		
Minor bruises about head	Rose-marrow	804	Old battle scars	Talneo Potion	814
Lacerations/mild concussion	Aloeas Stem	809	Painful looking scars	Wingstem Potion	818
Bleeding from the ears	Aloeas Stem	809	Terrible perm. mutilation	Wingstem Potion	818
HEAD SCARS			**EYE INJURIES**		
Scar across the face	Haphip Root	813	Irritation	Basal Moss	805
Facial scars	Brostheras Potion	817	Swollen	Pothinir Grass	810
Terrible mutilation wounds	Brostheras Potion	817	Blinded	Pothinir Grass	810
NERVOUS SYS. INJURIES			**EYE SCARS**		
Twitching	Wolifrew Lichen	803	Black and blue	Talneo Potion	814
Sporadic convulsions	Bolmara Potion	808	Bruised and swollen	Wingstem Potion	818
Uncontrollable convulsions	Bolmara Potion	808	Blinded	Bur-clover Potion	819

*This herb is available in a garland from the back room of Syiah's herbalist shop. If you are missing several limbs, the price is worth it.

Character Building From the Ground Up

by Katrioania Azarial

One of the secrets to good roleplaying is to take the time to look past the stats and bonuses and give your character a life. Before you spend hours in the character manager trying to roll up the perfect stats, take the time to ask yourself a few questions about your character that will make the generation process a lot easier and possibly even almost enjoyable.

Bare-bones Character

If you take the time to ask yourself the following questions and write the answers down on a piece of scratch paper, you will start to develop a character with a life and a real personality. Let's start with the basic questions that everyone asks themselves before entering the character manager. The most salient things to decide on are:

What's your profession?
What race is your character?
Are you male or female?
What's your character look like?
What is your character's name?

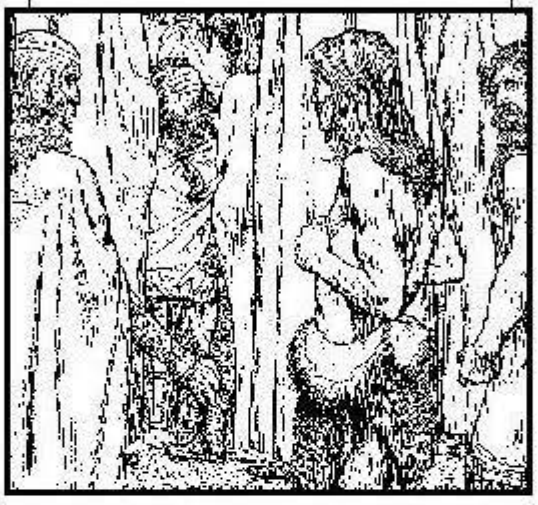
Although that last question can be a tough one, if you have the answers to those questions, you have the bare skeleton of a character.

Fleshing Things Out

Before you go any further, take some time to flesh the character out a little bit more. The following questions and examples are just that, examples. Feel free to come up with your own twists or your own ideas. These are merely an expansion of the questions you have already asked and just a guide.

Why did your character choose their profession? Are they the next in the family tradition? Did they break from family tradition? Were they called to their profession or is it something that they have had to work long and hard to develop?

How will you portray your character's race? If you want to play a grumpy halfling, a jovial dwarf, or a book-loving high man, have a reason behind it. Take the time to decide how your character would react to people of their own race as well as to other races. If your character is a half elf, do they consider themselves better or worse than pure elves and pure humans? The possibilities of roleplaying a race are often vastly overlooked but race is as big a factor as profession.



Take the time to decide how your character would react to people of their own race as well as to other races.

Breeding Counts

Why did your character decide to go adventuring? Were they the first born who had to get out on the road and prove their worth before they return home to take over the family business or estate? Are they the youngest and left home because they were tired of living in someone else's shadow? Perhaps your character is a middle child who just found that the town or village they grew up in was not exciting enough anymore.

What kind of family does your character have? Do they have a big or small family? Are their parents alive or deceased? How does your character feel about their family and how does the family feel about your character? Did your character have a falling out with the head of the house and storm off to decide their own life? Only you can decide.

What kind of childhood did your character have? Were they the rebellious youth who avoided school in favor of outdoor activities when ever possible? Were they the one who lost themselves in books and found themselves fascinated by the powers of the gods or the control of essence? Did they have a lot of friends or were they a loner?

How does your character feel about basic things? Will they fight to protect someone else in trouble or do they look out for number one? Will they be the sort to fight for the cause of good, or evil, or do they think all that religious stuff is best left to the clerics and healers (provided your character isn't a cleric or healer, but even then, that could be a neat twist)?

The Skin You're In

Now that you have given your character a past, you have put some muscle on the bones of your idea. You have a person who has a home, a family, a childhood, and some basic feelings that will enable you to react more naturally when situations develop in the game. It is time for the final step, the flesh of your character. This is something that many find hard to understand at first, but after roleplaying for almost 17 years, I have found that it adds immeasurably to my character. Give your character a flaw of some kind. Make that cleric just a touch too fond of the sacramental wine. Give that bard a soft heart and inability to control their silver in the presence of a pretty lass or handsome lad. Make that thief have an obsession with uncut diamonds. Make that fighter of yours have a scholarly degree. Find something that is not the norm for either the race or the profes-

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Roleplaying: Just for the fun of it

By Lord Erek SnowMane

Here is a scenario that many people in Elanthia might be following every day. See if you do the same:

Enter the lands, find somewhere to hunt, kill critters, look for treasure, kill critters, fill up on treasure and experience, go to town to unload, rest for a minute or two, then restart the whole process anew. This sound familiar? If so, don't you think you are missing something? I must admit that when I was starting out I did this very thing until I discovered the fun and rewards of creative roleplay. In this short piece, I'll discuss some techniques and ideas that I have either used or seen used that may make the time spent in Elanthia more enjoyable and rewarding. This body of work is mainly directed toward the new adventurer, however some readers who are already wonderful roleplayers might find an interesting idea or two in here as well.

The frame of mind I take with me when I step away from the bounds of the mundane universe and step into the magical lands of GemStone is one of an author approaching his own story. Each of us has a special and unique opportunity to be a part of a living and ever-changing tale. We can either be minor, two-dimensional characters or we can take the initiative and become major, fully detailed heroes and heroines. Mind you, I am not speaking in terms of wealth and power. Some of the greatest roleplayers I've ever interacted with have been well beneath the Lord/Lady level. The choice is yours alone to make, and the ability to carry out your objectives is always at your fingertips. Here are some ideas that might help you give life to your character.

Roleplaying Personality

Obviously the easiest way to do this is through dialogue, but it's certainly not limited to such. Friendly, caring individuals might wish to use the SMILE and ACT verbs to add some appropriate actions to their words. For example:

>Erek asks, "Did someone say that they were going to help me open this gold box?"

>Erek smiles politely in quiet anticipation.

Oftentimes I use those verbs to express emotions that are better shown without dialog. When I am particularly anxious about something, I will shift my weight a lot (LEAN without specifying direction), or stand up and ACT an appropriate message to fit the mood, as in:

>ACT suddenly stands up and begins fiddling with his armor, showing a fretful expression.

[Others would see...]

(Erek suddenly stands up and begins fiddling with his armor, showing a fretful expression.)

Those who prefer more sinister or impatient characters might do something completely different. For a good example, sit in the Town Square and watch the interaction of others; you will find a wide diversity of personalities. Some people question the need for "evil" types of characters as purely adversarial contacts, and think that "conflict" might be detrimental to the playing experience of everyone involved. I say, take a look at what's coming out of such conflicts. Is there growth and learning involved? Try to imagine how you'd act as a "goodie-goodie" (a stereotype, I know) if you are playing a darker individual, or vice versa, depending on the situation. The point is to be creative and make it fun for everyone because it will be even more fun for yourself.

Be sure to develop a pattern by doing the same types of things often. This helps establish character so that everyone, including yourself, can enjoy a fuller roleplay experience.

Roleplaying Health

How about illness? There's no reason to be perfectly healthy all the time, in my opinion. Once I had a cold that

lasted for two days. I kept coughing (making sure I wasn't doing it often enough to be too annoying), sniffling, and sneezing and, by the second day, I had people whom I had not seen for several days asking me if my cold was better. As an aside, I did get a roleplay bonus for that, which leads me to an important topic.

Roleplay Awards

Certainly they do exist, and certainly they are fun to get, but should you be disappointed if you don't get an award after a seemingly large amount of roleplaying? I don't think so, and here's why–the true reward for roleplay is self-enlightenment and the fun it creates for you and those around you. One of my favorite things to do used to be scooping Cricket up onto my shoulders for a ride around the

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(Character Building, continued from page 27)
sion you have chosen and make that a part of your character. You will find that your character is one that people will remember and look for and, since everyone likes to be memorable if not necessarily popular, this will make your time in the game will be much more enjoyable.

Perhaps your weakness is a very slight one, like a different speech pattern or a flair for the dramatic. Perhaps it is something that is even considered the norm for the race or class but that you take to the extremes. Dirtbeard is a prime example of a character who is total dwarf, and we all know and love him for it.

If you are willing to look at your character and see potentials instead of pitfalls, when you are in the character manager you will be able to put a reason behind those less than perfect stats. My character Katrioana has a very low constitution for a healer. I chose to play that as her weakness. She is three feet tall, a petite halfling it is hard on her to take wounds that are about to kill a high man. Still, she is called to her profession and she will not refuse to help anyone who needs her. She has died many times because it was too much for her but she is now 27th level and I have had a world of fun getting her there.

The most important thing to remember about creating a character is that GemStone III is a fantasy game. Be as perfect as you want to be, just have a reason. Have a flaw, but again, have a reason behind it. View each time that you log on as another chapter in the ongoing story of your character's life, one that did not start in Kelfour's Landing and most likely won't end there. Nonetheless, your sojourns in Kulthea can be filled with drama, adventure, tragedy, laughter, tears and all the wonder of great fantasy, if you only take the time to be the author of your own story. ❖

(Just for Fun, continued from page 28)
Square (she was a halfling and not too heavy at all). I didn't expect a bonus for such activity so, what was in it for me? Her squeal of delight and subsequent actions. (She once pulled a flea out of my hair which caused quite a row. I swore up and down it had come from a giant marmot who had the misfortune to cross my path.)

Roleplaying Religion

So why not? Elanthia is a magical land where gods deal more closely with their faithful. There is a wide variety of them to choose from. (Such a listing is outside the scope of this article, but look in the *Tomes* for a complete listing, or ask some of your friends in town.) One thing to remember is that many people come to Elanthia to escape the mundane, and might not appreciate you trying to force your beliefs upon them. I have seen more than one conflict crop up that had to do with some silly discussion about "my deity is better than your deity."

Roleplaying Love and Marriage

Yes, you will meet many diverse people in the lands, and yes, you will have feelings for some of them. There is no reason why a budding romance should not be cultivated if both parties are agreeable. My own marriage to Lady Belladonna Atropa has granted me a richness, and a feeling I cannot describe. One thing to be aware of however, is that some folks may simply *not* be interested in this type of "foolishness" and that is simply fine. There is a vast amount of wonderful people to interact with.

Remember that *you* are the author of this story and you can, with the help of the friends you'll meet, weave a magnificent tale if you but put your heart and mind into it. ❖

Letters to the Editor

Dear Elanthia Herald:

My name is Sadac Kleen. I am a philosopher, my field of interest lies in the study of good and evil. Recently I had a rather thought-provoking encounter with one of the inhabitants of our lands, and I feel it is my obligation to bring this to the attention of your readers.

Now, I like orcs as much as the next elf, but everyone has to admit they are savage brutes, even if they do possess some sort of intelligence.

I was walking along the mine road one day with two traveling companions, when we came upon a rather brainy-looking specimen of the orc race. On a whim, I used my magic to immobilize the creature. We then took the orc to a small, secluded cave. Once there, I cast one spell to increase his verbal abilities and another spell to calm the orc and make him willing to speak to me. I was able to carry on a reasonably coherent discussion with the brute. I think you and your readers may find this exchange very interesting.

He seemed quite eager to talk actually; perhaps orcs don't get much chance to shoot the breeze with higher life forms all that often. He told me his name was G'rup. He seemed like a typical orc of this area, usually referred to as lesser orcs

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(Healing Guide, continued from page 5)
eyes. Eyes are special in that they are organs only until they are lost. Spell effects are, on same level wounds to the organs, first chest then abdomen, back, then right eye, left eye.

In the preceding part of this article, I described what it takes to make and build a good empath. We have covered the skills, talents and characteristics that are essential in being a first-class practitioner of the healing arts. Once we have the proper raw material, we must imbue the nascent empath with knowledge. A young empath is a *tabula rasa*, as it were, who must be made ready to receive the accumulated lore of generations of empaths who have preceded him.

What follows is a compilation of that lore. I am greatly indebted to those in my profession whose fastidious research has blazed a trail before me, particularly Lord Caretaker and Lady Vesitsa. The empath base list spells, the description of the wounds they heal and the herb or potion that does the same are detailed in the paragraphs below. Just to help you remember, if a spell name has a *II* in it, that means it may need to be cast twice to heal; that is, it heals both the medium and severe, or levels 2 and 3, of a wound or scar.

Non-Bleeding Injuries

The least serious level of injuries, those that are most straightforward to treat, are easily handled by novice and experienced empaths alike. They are ministered to in the following manners:

801: *Heal I* replaces lost concussion damage from things like bleeding, poison, disease, or just hard hits. The spell replaces up to 10 HPs per cast and works the same as *Acantha Leaf*.

802: *Limb Repair I* heals minor bruises and lacerations on the arms, legs, and hands. Works the same as *Cactacae Spine*.

803: *System Repair I* heals twitching. Works the same as a bite of *Wolifrew Lichen*.

804: *Head Repair I* heals minor bruises about the head or some lacerations on the neck. This spell works the same as *Rose-Marrow Potion*. The order in which healing occurs is first neck wounds, then head.

805: *Organ Repair I* heals minor bruises and cuts on the chest, abdomen or back, and heals irritation around the eyes. Works the same as *Basal Moss*.

It is common to see these wounds after the casting of higher spells or the ingestion of some herbs used by the patient to stop bleeding. The student empath will want to take special note of the following medicines. With just the above spells, and a sound knowledge of herb/potion lore, an empath can stop training past this point in the empath base circle and move to the Minor and Major Spiritual spells. Carry herbs with you to reduce injuries to a level you can handle, then transfer them.

Level 2 And 3 Bleeding Injuries

Should you decide to continue training in the empath base spell list, you will acquire skills to handle bleeding and moderately serious wounds. Again, should you decide to forego further base circle training and to delve into the esoteric secrets of Major and Minor Spiritual circles, the herbs mentioned here will serve you in the practice of your profession just as admirably. For the treatment of these graver injuries, it is suggested:

806: *Heal II* restores up to 75 HPs of concussion damage. Works like taking several bites of *Acantha Leaf*.

807: *Limb Repair II* heals limb wounds that are fractured and bleeding, reducing the damage to a scar and level 1 wound. The spell works the same as *Ephlox Moss*. This spell is used to heal severed limbs by casting twice. The first cast of the spell with a severed, missing limb, or first bite of moss, reduces the wound to the broken/fractured level.

808: *System Repair II* heals sporadic or uncontrollable convulsions and works like a drink of *Bolmara Potion*. One or two doses of the potion or casts of the spell as indicated. The student empath is cautioned here that concussion damage is transferred first, then the nerve damage. Make sure you can handle the HPs before you take any nerve wounds.

809: *Head Repair II* heals lacerations and a mild concussion on the head, severe head trauma and bleeding from the ears, lacerations on the neck, or snapped bones and serious bleeding. This spell works like *Heliotrope Stem*, in one or two doses or casts as indicated.

810: *Organ Repair II* heals deep lacerations or gashes and serious

(Continued on page 31)

(Healing Guide, continued from page 30)
bleeding on the chest, abdomen, or back. This spell is also indicated for swollen or blinded eyes. Blinded eyes may also be a scar; the only way to be sure is a diagnosis or unsuccessful attempt to transfer the wound. This spell works like *Pothinir Grass*, one or two casts or doses as indicated except for the blind eye that is a scar. Check first to be sure you are treating the eye correctly.

Vanity and Descarring

The spells that follow are ones I call vanity spells because they have no effect in gaining experience. Mostly they serve to make you look pretty. The gods in their infinite wisdom have deemed scar transfers as not possible. Unless you wish to make Syiah the herbalist rich with your herb and potion purchases, you may want to learn the "vanity" spells anyway.

Empaths can cast base spells no matter how injured they are. An empath with no arms may still cast a limb restoring spell or a heal. What an empath cannot do is cast spells from the other spell lists under standard conditions suffered by everyone. You can't cast with level 3 head or nerve wounds. You can't cast with a level 2 head or nerve *and* a level 1 of the other. You can't cast without arms, and if you get really mangled, you lose the ability to tend and cast.

Here are those procedures that will help make you or your patients more aesthetically pleasing:

811. *Limb Repair True I* heals old battle scars on the limbs. This spell works like *Cactacae Spine*.

812: *System Repair True I* heals slurred speech. This spell works like *Torban Leaf*.

813: *Head Repair True I* heals a scar across the face and some neck scars. This spell works like *Haphip Root*, acts on the neck first, then head.

814: *Organ Repair True I* heals old battle scars on the chest, abdomen or back in that order, and heals black and blue eyes. This spell acts like a drink of *Talneo Potion*.

815: *Limb Repair True II* heals mangled arms, legs and hands. This spell acts like a bite of *Galamia Fruit*.

816: *System Repair True II* heals constant spasms and difficult time with muscle control. Acts like a bite of a *Woth Flower* and is the only one that heals medium and severe scars.

817: *Head Repair True II* heals facial scars, old mutilation wounds about the face and head, some old neck wounds, and terrible scars from some serious neck wound. This spell acts like a drink or two of *Brostheras Potion*. First, scars of the neck, then those on the head are treated, so if you have both, buy two potions. The second head wound prevents casting of non-empath spells.

818: *Organ Repair True II* heals painful-looking scars and terrible permanent mutilation on the chest, abdomen, and back. This spell also is used to heal bruised and swollen eyes. This spell acts like a drink or two of *Wingstem Potion*.

819: *Eye Regeneration* heals the blinded eye, but only if it is at scar level. It takes practice to determine if this wound is a scar or if it is a severe eye injury. This spell acts like a drink of *Bur-clover Potion*. It replaces first a right, then a left eye.

820: *Limb Regeneration* restores a missing limb lost due to having an extremity severed. This spell acts like a bite of *Sovyn Clove*. The spell works right to left, arms, legs, then hands.

I have summarized my findings and incorporated research by those who have gone before, on a table I hope will provide quick reference to novice empaths and all wounded, needful adventurers *[see page 26]*. Till we meet again in the land, and I am sure we shall, keep safe. ✦

Lady Heart

by Keener, of the Clan Chudei

've none and none in way of thought,
Which in a haze bleary, lost now.
A voice for soul; My voice be naught,
My soul be silent, dove now crow.
Amongst seraphim high and high,
Sweet Nightingale in midsong hears,
Alights singing on shoulder mine.
Nightingale sings, "Think through thy tears.
Prisons wrought of most hardy stone
Contain yea thy body, but mind.
'Tis too strong; 'Were the poet souls
Which burst though rock; soul such as
thine."
"Can't be this truth? Lost now be art?
"Nay," cries her. "But do what bids heart."

Heart! Oh heart! Thou art true cruel!
Oft art thou said; Still thou art keen
As blade that draws fast blood too well,
Leave ever scar of mournful weeping
And so 'tis my recollection.
With fury wrought of grief, I feel
It leav'th me feverish and gone
To mem'ry of War, I and thee,
Lady Heart; Thou comest forth from dim mists
That pervade these fell dreams of mine.
Thy silken hands touch my bound fists
And let free my passion to yon sky.
My bloodied arms she strok'th gentle.
'Round my mistress' grace, storm settles.

Familiar land my feet do tread.
Familiar faces mine eyes do meet.
She be here now by mad War's bed,
Tending to a beloved Blood seeks.
A Kin to me she be. I love,
Though love from her is naught for I.
She cares for him whose war is god.
War I name him who forced her cry.
She of regal grace and stately air,
I weep to see her lowly so.
She, with halo of majesty, stare
Now on ground at War's boorish tone.
Lady Heart thy tears I bear alone,
But thou art my queen, on love's throne.

'Twas blackest of nights, darker still,
Thou hadst taken blade in slave's place,
That War had swung in jealous zeal.
Thou hath thus fallen in my place.
Innocence pervadeth our night,
Sharing grievances, share our light.
For life's journey, it be too dim
For single flame; Life be too dim.
Now thou hadst left life, War is spent.
As was I for I died as well.
Raging fire be no more I.
He bled away as thou hadst died.
Thy life in my hands bled away,
I took my leave some light of day.

Now I walk long, with one purpose true.
Lady Hearts no more, be young, entombed.
No blood shall seep past my light hand.
Life be saved from falling as sand.
A healing of a fiery soul
To keep the flame alight and strong.
'Tis a fuel from life's earth,
To stay cold and darkness long,
Earthen fire crackling in hearth.
My hands they art for dealing good,
Imparting blessings real and true
To all living under night moon,
To all striving beneath sky blue.
Faithful keep to word past sworn
O'er Lady's grave, whose death I mourn.

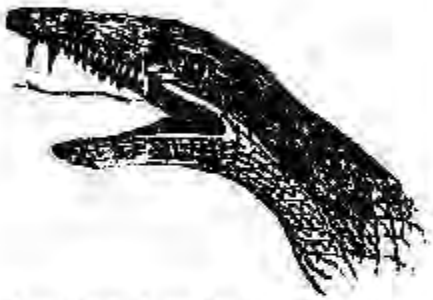
(Verbs, continued from page 25)
proach which never quite reaches its goal.
OPEN (IV). OPEN a chest to get at its contents. OPEN a CLOSEd door then GO through it.
PALE (FV). drains the blood from your face, as if you've just seen or heard something terrifying. X says, "I am going to have your child." Y pales: the blood drains from his face.
PANT (FV). Down, boy!
PAY (IV). To pay back debts owed to a town NPC. Usually at the Debt Collector's Office, though he's been known to show up elsewhere.
PEER (FV). Causes the message, "X peers quizzically at Y." It's the equivalent of saying, "Why did you do or say something as extraordinary as that?"
PICK (IV). This is the lockpick command, so its importance is relative to your desire to open chests. Everyone likes it, however, especially when it works and doesn't blow anything up.
POINT (SV). Indicates omething or someone. You can also POINT at someone who's just hidden, but which you happened to see go into hiding. It reveals their hiding place. You can POINT in directions too.
POUR (SV). Pouring creates some interesting effects. There's a potion you can pour into a corpse to keep its spirit attached for a longer time.
POUT (FV). When things get you down, try a POUT.
PRAY (FV). KNEEL to a god, murmur and PRAY. Can yield surprising results at certain times and in some specific places.
PREP or PREPARE <NUMBER> (IV). To CAST a spell, you first have to PREP it.
PULL (SV). Useful on a few objects. PULLing a person won't move them, but it will indicate to them that you want them to move.
PUSH (IV). There are some items, such as gates, that need pushing. Incidentally, it two parties on opposite sides of a gate both push, the gate will actually open faster. Thus Elanthia improves on real-world physics.
PUT (SV). does something with an object you have in hand.
QUIT (IV). Just as nasty and final as EXIT.
READ (IV). There are signs at some important Elanthia locations, like dangerous areas and merchant tents. Some people also know how to READ spellcasting scrolls.
RECITE (FV). As in poetry. Semi-colons separate lines: RECITE <I love you truly;Yes I do;Honest!>
X recites:
I love you truly
Yes I do
Honest!
REMOVE (IV). Take off garments. To bear your inner virtual soul.
RENEW (SV). Allows bards to renew their songs before these would normally terminate.
REPORT (IV). Only for reporting to GameMasters on important gaming matters.
RESYNC (IV). Special verb, used in GemStone III front end, only. If you lose visuals, exit and reenter the program, RESYNC should redisplay your character panel properly.
ROLL (FV). When you got dice, you do this.
RUB (IV). RUBbing objects with imbedded spells will cast those spells. RUBbing a person is a sympathetic gesture. (X says, "I just lost my favorite weapon." Y rubs X tenderly.)
SEARCH (IV). You kill something. Could it have any concealed valuables? Find out by doing a quick SEARCH of the body. SEARCH also in areas where there may be hidden features, like tunnels, trapdoors and levers. Finally, SEARCH to reveal hidden players.
SET <ON/OFF FLAG> (IV). This lets you change some of the GS3 activities that display onscreen.
SHARE (IV). Anybody in a group can share the proceeds they receive from sale of an item by SHARING the total amount. The division is automatic, fortunately for those of us who aren't mathematically obsessed.
SHAKE HEAD <PERSON> (SV). Not used that much. Simply typing "No" is a lot quicker than shaking your head.
SHAKE HAND (SV). is a nice, polite way of greeting for more formal folks, but they usually prefer to BOW, anyway. The informal types do a lot of HUGs, WAVEs and SMILEs.
SHIVER (FV). Cold or terror invokes this reaction.
SIGH (FV). Yeah. Life's pretty tough, ain't it?
SING (IV). Important for bards. They sing poetry at items to discover the items' unrevealed properties. Anyone else can sing, but without result save its entertainment value.
SIT (SV). Note that you cant be DRAGged and moved in a group if you're SITting.
SKIN (IV). Most Elanthian creatures have skins, pelts, or something of the sort, and first aid lets you SKIN these creatures. If you successfully SKIN, the results can usually be taken into town and sold to Dakris for his customary disgustingly low prices.
SLAP (FV). is another verb that doesn't really do anything, but it looks aggressive. So don't do it unless you know a person well.
SMILE (IV). Multitude of uses. Generally directed ("X smiles") it conveys simple pleasure. (And contrasts with the more intense BEAM.) SMILE Y, however, becomes "X smiles at y," which can earn you a spell, a kiss, some money, or a slap, depending upon the situation. SMILE is also the only verb to currently accept add-on adverbs. Type SMILE SLEEPILY, for example, and the screen will display "X smiles sleepily." You can make up whole sentences this way, and most people do, sooner or later.
SMIRK (IV). A sarcastic smile. A facial poke in the ribs. X says, "I have a Wand of Ugliness that let's me turn anybody into a dwarf." Y smirks.

(Continued on page 37)

Lord Strom Goes Skinny Dipping

by Lord Strom O'Berin

I was talking with that trader in town the other day about the itinerant merchants and things, when he said something strange to me. Out of the blue he warned me in a harsh whisper that I



should watch out for that Dakris fellow who runs the furrier's. His exact words were, "Watch that Dakris, he's a sly one. Almost ruined me, he did. But you can weasel a good deal outta 'im."

Now, I have done business with Dakris for many seasons and I had not considered he would cheat us like that crook Murdos, over at the gem shop. I thought this over for a while and it kept gnawing at me. Was he a cheat? Had he been skimming from us? Could we continue doing business or should I repeat the charges to the constable and hope to see Dakris arrested. Was he even guilty? I thought and thought about this, then hit upon a plan to test the man's honesty and integrity.

I resolved to go on a great hunt. A hunt to put that trader, who hangs around town, to shame. I stocked up on supplies, planned my defenses, and figured my itinerary. I ended up traveling all over the lands of Kulthea surrounding Wehnimer's Landing, and even to another distant, war-torn land that I was transported to by magical means. I saw forests and grasslands, caverns and mines, mountains and valleys. I spent several days seeking out the beasts of our lands and collected samples of various remnants of the critters to show Dakris and ask his pricing. Some beasts I could not find even with Lady Kali's help. Lord Gillaume managed to track down a brown bear for me though.

I brought Dakris more, different business than he had seen in a while, in hopes I could maybe trip him up and discern what, if any, dubious practices he was employing.

I found 48 current beasts with salable body parts. When I took my loot to the furrier's and turned them in, sure enough! Dakris tried to cheat me over and over. Sly one indeed!

While he offered me the same top price for each of my goods, he would lower his worst price and try to pay me that, since the lower prices varied so much (generally the lower price is within 10 silvers of the top price).

I won't mention them, except to say, "A few silvers here and there, all the time, adds up pretty quick."

Now I have come to believe that Dakris was out and out cheating me every time I came to him. Why, he would stutter and even rename a price for a particular skin! I only asked him his price again, as if I did not hear or perhaps understand him the first time.

(Continued on page 35)

Beast	Body Part	Price	Beast	Body Part	Price
Tomb Wight	Wight Claw	75	**Hill Troll**	Troll Beard	55
Black Bear	Bear Hide	100	**Hobgoblin**	Hob Scalp	35
Brown Bear	Bear Skin	100	**Ice Skeleton**	Skeleton Skull	25
Boar	Boar Snout	75	**Venalin**	Karnelin Hide	25
Leaper	Bounder Hide	90	**Ki-lin**	Ki-lin Horn	875
Carrion Worm	Worm Skin	35	**Kobold**	Kobold Skin	25
Cave Troll	Troll Skin	55	**Lesser Mummy**	Shroud	75
Cobra	Cobra Skin	45	**Lesser Orc**	Orc Hide	35
Cockatrice	Cock Feather	35	**Manticore**	Mant. Tail	35
Death Dirge	Dirge Skin	35	**Marmot**	Marmot Pelt	45
Dark Orc	Orc Ear	55	**Mountain Ogre**	Ogre Nose	75
Fire Cat	Cat Claw	600	**Puma**	Puma Hide	290
Fire Rat	Rat Tail	350	**Salamander**	Sal. Skin	75
Fog Beetle	Carapace	1000	**Skeletal Giant**	Giant Bone	45
Forest Troll	Troll Hide	55	**Shel Soldie**	Shel. Skin	45
Frost Giant	Giant Toe	100	**Shel Chieftain**	Shel. Crest	75
Ghoul Master	Ghoul Finger	100	**Storm Giant**	Giant Skin	100
Giant Rat	Rat Pelt	25	**Thrak**	Thrak Hide	45
Gnome	Gnome Scalp	35	**Titan**	Titan Scalp	75
Goblin	Goblin Skin	35	**Roltan**	Roltan Pelt	25
Grey Orc	Orc Beard	45	**Werebear**	Werebear Paw	45
Greater Orc	Orc Scalp	45	**Wolverine**	Pelt	35
Greater Ghoul	Ghoul Scraping	45	**Wraith**	Wraith Talon	55
Greater Spider	Spider Leg	55	**Bone Golem**	Golem Bone	35

(Skins, continued from page 34)

I did not try to barter with him, using my skills as a trader that I have picked up over time. Dakris seemed only too ready to repeat his prices to me, as if he thought that I truly could not hear well and that he could fool me repeatedly!

The man greatly offended me, but when I asked the constable about Dakris's pricing policies, he replied, "High Lord Strom, while I understand you feel cheated, Dakris is the only one willing to buy these things.

"In truth, milord," he continued, "I fail to see that he is practicing unlawful acts. I mean, the man does always give you the same top silver bid, even if he rarely pays it!"

Accompanying this article is a table *[p. 34]* showing the best prices Dakris would offer me on the various skins I had collected. I hope that once armed with this information, if we citizens of Wehnimer's Landing band together, we can force Dakris to treat us all fairly. ❖

(Classifieds, continued from page 18)

MORE CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

Rewarding opportunities in the field of journalism await! Authors, poets, reporters, columnists, artists, needed now! Earn credit towards free time in GemStone III, while earning the admiration and respect of your fellow adventurers. Send submissions and info requests to Gira at GEnie Email SIMU.1, Cyrfaucon at AOL Email CYRFAUCON, or Internet Email CYRFAUCON@AOL.COM.

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(Elanthian ABC's, continued from page 8)

While we have tried to include important names in this table, you will find more details in the game by typing SHIFT for Metals, Dark Gods, Light Gods, Qabbals, Professions, Woods, Herbs, Stats, Races, Places and Creatures. ❖

Old Name	*New Name*	*Old Name*	*New Name*
navaal	maoral	strake	straek
neela	niima	talaraine	tilamaire
nomikos	biblia	tarnas	talneo
omir	onar	terbas	torban
orgiana	eorgina	teris	tonis
orhan	liabo	thokot	thanot
orima	oleani	threk	thrak
pasamar	pothinir	threk's	thrak's
phaon	phoen	threkskin	thrakskin
pn'tainken	lands	tikrek	grak
quellbourn	elanth	tonak	tanik
quellbourne	elanth	torkaan	rolton
quellburn	elanth	torkaans	roltons
quellburne	elanth	trelkinaark'est	glaoveln
quien	kron	vaanim	vaalin
ras	myklian	valnis	lumnis
reann	ronan	veercat	voalcat
rewk	rose-marrow	veercats	voalcats
rularon	rolaren	vult	voln
scalian	sheruvian	wekwek	wingstem
scalu	sheru	widow-wort	dirge-vaon
seolfar	lysierian	wifurwif	wolifrew
shaal	chard	windak	modwir
shaaljin	zhaolmin	windaks	modwirs
shaalk	vultite	xenium	venium
siran	sovyn	xeno	alum
strenflowers	mournblooms	yuth	woth
sinatoth	sentoph	z'tarr	v'till
sohleugir	shelfae	zania	zelia
stonehold	cavernhold		

(Artifacts, continued from page 11)
broadsword from her dying grasp. The indestructible sword was sharper than a rularon blade. It also was rumored that the blade was created in ages past by Eonak the Smith, and was discarded as a failure. Even so, it was most deadly, inflicting gruesome wounds as if it were a miniature claidhmore.

The sword became one of Lord Maruko's possessions, then was traded to Lord Mikhail for a most magical cloak. Before Lord Mikhail left the Landing he traded it to Lord Enegue, the Master Bard, for a very large sum of silver, which I believe was used to pay for a most luxurious ship. The sword was lost in the Dark Grotto, when Lord Enegue was slain by a kiskaa raax. Perhaps one day I may yet recover this mighty blade, and use it to defend our fair city.

The Sash of the Rising Phoenix

This crimson and gold sash emblazoned with a rising phoenix is not only most majestic, it also contains a very potent magic power. It was once the magical cloak that Lord Mikhail traded to Lord Maruko for the Sword of Cyanidia. Lord Maruko hired a most skillful artificer to create the sash using the fabric of the cloak, without losing the original power. The sash grants the owner the power of *Displacement*, any time its wearer wishes. With the power of this sash, Lord Maruko was able to become one of the land's greatest rangers. Even the most powerful foe found the displacing ranger a hard target, as Maruko disappeared and returned, only to strike from a different angle.

As to the origin of this magic item, Lord Mikhail was most reluctant to profess. Even as I am fearless, I am not brainless. Knowing the darker reputation of Mikhail Minnehan, I thanked him and bade him farewell. I took my research to other sources.

As of now I am still looking into the background of this sash, and something of promise showed in Finnia,

where I will be traveling to. When I return I hope to update the story. Currently the sash is in the possession of Lord Maruko, who had taken it with him on his travels. Though he has, praise be to Liabo, recently returned among us, I have yet to inquire as to the disposition of the sash. In my work, discretion is key. ❖

The Sea Nymph

by Mojo Cremolos

The maid emerged from the foaming shore.
I watched from safety on dry land.
A creature fair from ancient lore,
She beckoned me with a golden hand.
I was mesmerized when she smiled.

Her voice was liquid-throated grace.
A song of time that's long gone by.
When men walked freely in a place,
Where ocean's roar is just a sigh.
I was happily beguiled.

Her tune waxed lyrically ever on,
'Bout quicksilver-gilded watery dawns,
Where golden-scaled creatures floated upon,
Shoals of silver and white coral lawns.
I was helpless as a child.

The nymph withdraw a silver dirk.
It glinted in the midday sun.
Singing still, she went to work,
Until her treacherous work was done.
To the deep I was exiled. ❖

(Unmasked, continued from page 8)
vegetarian. As long as you're a rogue."

"I see..." I grinned.

"And we help anyone who asks for it. Providing they are in good standing with us."

"Anything you wish to add?"

"No, that is all." He gathered his dice up again and threw them on the table. I noted, with a sigh, that it was another three and four.

I shot the hooded figure a sharp, rather disgusted look. "Are those dice fixed?"

He chuckled. "Of course... not." He scooped up the dice and offered them to me. "You try."

"Sure." I held out my hand, took them from him. I shook them a little and let them land on the table. A one and four.

"Oh, tough luck... a five."

I tried again. The dice bounced a few times and came to rest on one and a five. "Not much better..."

"A six." He picked up his dice, and tossed them down. A double five. A definite smirk was in his voice. "I'm afraid you'd have lost."

"I usually do in games of chance... That's why I don't play."

He looked around the hall again. "Well, if that is it, I have other business to attend to. It's been a pleasure." He bowed to me.

"Likewise. Thanks for your time." I stood up, and returned the bow.

"Good day then," he said, simply. Then, before my eyes, a black vortex descended on the man, and sucked him into an abyss of darkness. I gaped at the empty space before me, and let out a whoosh of breath. Really, I never saw his face, or got his name. In fact, I have only his word that he was who he claimed... the word of a rogue! My head spun; I sallied forth into the cool of the Elanthian evening. ❖

(Verbs, continued from page 33)

SNEAK (IV). Once you HIDE, you'll probably want to stay that way. If you move normally out of a square, you'll come out of hiding; hence, SNEAK. It let's you stay hidden.

SNEEZE (FV). A nasal exclamation.

SNICKER (FV). An upwardly mobile SMIRK. A CHUCKLE with a real attitude problem.

SNIFF (FV). Like it says.

SNORE (FV). Ditto.

SNORT (FV). An explosive way of calling an idea a lie.

STALK (IV). If you train in AMBUSH, you can STALK creatures and even other players from room to room. In effect, you become an invisible member of the group.

STANCE (IV). Your respective degrees of attack and defense are controlled by your STANCE. Type STANCE ? to get a list of choices.

STAND (IV). Much more important than just getting ready to move. Creatures in some areas stomp, and knock you to the ground. STAND will counteract this before the next thump converts you into adventurer sauce.

STARE (FV). A straight look in disbelief, horror or shock. "X stares at his broadsword. X stares at the dead vruul. X stares at his broadsword"

STATUS (IV). Type this to get a complete listing of online players.

STRETCH (FV). For those weary, aching bones, there's nothing like it.

SWIM (IV). Like CLIMB, both an important action and a generally trainable skill. You'll need to swim through several Elanthian environments if you're to advance and survive. But it isn't needed during the first few levels.

SWOON (FV). Not for real, but you do fall to the ground in a mock-faint. Be careful not to use this in creature territory. Your swoon could become permanent.

TAP (FV). Points out an object, or gains someone's attention.

TEND <PERSON> <BODY AREA> (IV). Applies bandages to a bleeding body region. (You don't need bandages in your inventory for this. It's automatic.) Depending on level of first aid skill, TEND will be more or less effective.

THINK (IV). Crystal amulets let you think across the lands, so that everybody who is "on" the net hears them. Be advised, THINK attaches your name to your thoughts. Don't think anything you don't want overheard.

TICKLE (FV). somebody to put them at ease, or show that you're kidding them. Don't do this to somebody you don't know well. They may kill you.

TRANS <AREA from PERSON> (IV). Only used by healers. This TRANSfers injuries from others to themselves, for subsequent spell treatment. Be nice to healers.

TOSS (FV). Certain useless objects lend themselves to this verb. Wouldn't be without one, myself.

TOUCH (FV). Used to POINT out an object more delicately, or direct a subsequent remark with genteel panache.

TURN (SV). There are objects in GemStone which, when turned, set a location in memory.

UNLOCK (SV). Not to be confused with PICK. This has to do with a few doors that are locked.

UNWRAP <PERSON> <BODY AREA> (SV). unwraps old bandages on a person. Good for a person with higher first aid to use on bandages applied by someone less skilled. The injured area can then be TENDed to or healed.

WAIT (FV). There are times when you want to appear impatient. WAIT will make sure those around you are perfectly aware of your feelings.

WAVE (IV). You can generally wave, or wave at someone, indicating hello or goodbye. But you can also wave objects like a wand, causing a (usually important) effect. WAVE WAND TROLL becomes "X waves wand at troll."

WEALTH/WEA (IV). Use this to find out how much cash you are carrying. The more you have the heavier you are, and the more thieves will like you.

WEAR (IV). Once you pick up a wearable object, WEAR will slip it on, unless the object is rather cumbersome. Then it may require several tries, which will take up time. (Hint: don't change clothes in front of a creature. Aside from the fact that they'll probably attack, with disastrous results, there's a chance they may also SMIRK, embarrassing you.) You also WEAR your shield when you want to use it. REMOVE has the opposite effect, freeing up your hand.

WHIMPER (FV). Post-POUT, pre-CRY.

WHINE (FV). Pleeaaaaaazzzze help me! Whiners aren't well-liked.

WHISPER (IV). If you want to say something to somebody without its being overheard by anybody else in the room, WHISPER it to them.

WHISTLE (FV). If you're a bard, you can whistle a complicated ditty. If you're anyone else, it looks like you're impatiently waiting or bored. Useless command in any case, but hey, you gotta problem wit' dat?

WHO (IV). Same as STATUS.

WITHDRAW (IV). Works in a bank.

YAWN (FV). It's easy to get tired out on the trail. ❖

(Letters, continued from page 29)

because of their smaller size when compared to their greater cousins, but I didn't want to tease him about his puny size, so I just kept calling him plain old orc. He was about 6'1, maybe 210 pounds of dirty flesh that smelled like it had never known water. His low sloping brow, pig-like snout and jagged teeth gave him a savage appearance, and made him slobber a bit as he spoke. His small black eyes, however, sparkled with the intelligence I had bestowed.

When I asked him what he thought of the droves of elven, human, dwarven, and halfling adventurers that roamed through his territory, he got very emotional. He slobbered, "Those adventurers are a savage lot. I mean they call us evil! They're the evil ones if you ask me!"

I was somewhat taken aback by this, and asked him to explain.

G'rup continued, "Do you see orcs wandering the streets of Wehnimer's!? No, you don't, because an orc or any creature for that matter wouldn't last a minute in the streets of Wehnimer's, the home of these so-called brave and noble adventurers. Now, adventurers accuse us of attacking them, but this is *our* home. They are the invaders and they come here for one and only one reason. To *kill* us. So, of course we're going to attack them on sight. It's kill or be killed. It's not our fault. You see, *they're* the evil ones!"

It was clear he was getting so upset that he actually might shake off my calm spell, so to avoid that deadly possibility, I tried to sound agreeable. "Umm...interesting...umm, I can certainly see what you are saying."

"Ah hah, I knew you would." G'rup was on a roll. "Ya know what else reaaalllly gets my torkaan?? These adventurers treat us like property. Do you know how many creatures hear the words, 'Is that your orc?' or whatever creature it may be. '*Your* orc!'" He stopped slobbering long enough to spit on the ground in disgust.

Thanks to my high agility, I managed to barely evade the moisture-laden missile, while my companions chortled loudly behind their shields. "That does seem like rather thoughtless behavior," I replied feebly.

"Thoughtless isn't the word for it, my friend! It's like you adventurers think you have the right of life or death over us. One time two of my tribemates told me how they were defending themselves against a heartless adventurer, when another one came on the scene and asked the first adventurer if he could have one." Here G'rup paused and let out a bloodcurdling growl, the orc equivalent of a chuckle.

"The fool declined help and when the other adventurer had left, my tribemates overwhelmed the whelp and killed him. Anyway, if that is not evil behavior, then tell me what is."

"Er...umm...uh...yes, yes," I stammered as G'rup leaned over and breathed heavily on me to make his point. My stalwart companions' quick thinking prevented me from keeling dead over, as they closed ranks on either side to prop me up.

"And that's not the half of it! After they kill us, they actually skin us or scalp us. What are they going to with orc skins, make orc hide boots? Do you see orcs wearing human skin leather??! And I don't even want to imagine what they do with orc scalps," G'rup sighed.

I mumbled guiltily, "That is rather gruesome behavior."

"Another thing...you call us greedy. The adventurers are the greedy ones. In fact, their whole existence revolves around greed. They never have enough of anything. Sure we may hoard treasure, but not to extent that they do. And they will happily kill you in the pursuit of treasure. In fact, I bet if I started a rumor that us orcs had a fantastic magical treasure, they'd be up here in no time. Killin' all of us, trying to get the loot."

(Continued on page 41)

One Woman's Art

by Jerusha Monfjoy

he weight of coins in hand
by sleight of hand collected.
The opening of lock by skill
without aid of item embedded.
Disappearing from my foes at will
remaining safe, and undetected.
Puzzling out a complex trap,
receiving rewards unexpected.
It's good to be a thief.
Training time has come once more,
so many skills for choosing.
Shall I pass by the fisticuffs
and learn of magic warding?
Though it's most unladylike
I much prefer the brawling.
Finding more about those locks...
Yes, that could prove rewarding.
There's much in being a thief.
"You need to learn to wave a wand,"
so speak my friends, the Mages.
"And maybe learn to cast some spells,
but for you it would take ages."
Power of a sort, they have, it's true,
though my fancy it never engages.
My art is at my fingertips,
and my needs, my art assuages.
There is joy in being a thief. ❖

The Most Impressive Race

By Cybela Azarial

Once upon a time, in a kingdom kind of close to here, the King decided to try and find out which race was truly the most impressive. He sent out flyers promising 10,000 silvers to the one person of any race who could perform the most impressive feat. A date was set and word of the outlandish proposal soon spread throughout the land. By two weeks before the competition, the King realized that he would have far too many applicants to be able to watch them all himself, so he sent his royal advisors out across the land and told them to narrow the field down to the most impressive of each race, and bring them to the great hall of the palace at the appointed time.

The day of the competition was dark and cloudy, and the hall of the palace was soon packed. Villagers and farmers, merchants and wandering adventurers had all arrived to see who the winner of the contest would be. The royal trumpets sounded as the final contestants made their entrance into the hall.

Leading the way was a huge giantman. His shoulders were so broad that he had to turn almost sideways to get into the room. Well-worn armor fit him perfectly and many a lady sighed as he sauntered past. Long dark hair and eyes as blue as the bay at dawn smiled as he walked proudly to stand in front of the King.

Behind him, far enough behind him to not get overlooked, came a regal elf. His long blond hair was intricately braided and sea-green eyes stared imperiously over the watchers gathered round. His robes were embroidered with strange symbols that seemed to change if you stared at them, and the hem swept regally across the floor as he made his way gracefully to stand beside the fighter.

Only the most alert noticed the next contestant enter the room. Most of the observers gasped as they noticed that standing beside the mage was a tall, thin man dressed in the softest of skins. His hair was a sandy brown, braided simply down his back, and his brown eyes sparkled merrily as he watched the crowd's reaction. His

features seemed to be almost elf, almost not and only the slight tilt to his ears revealed him to be half-elven.

A loud giggle pierced the silence and the watchers turned to see a halfling stumble through the door. Bright red hair stood up on his head like a flame and kelly green eyes twinkled as he giggled once more before starting up the aisle. A short brown tunic and calfskin breeches rustled as he tried to be serious but the moment was soon lost when he spotted a small child eating a cookie near the front of the room. His stage whisper begging the child for just one bite brought a smile to even the King. The child brightly offered the cookie and the little halfling, brushing cookie crumbs off his face, straightened in front of the King.

The last figure in the contest stomped noisily down the middle of the room. A well-sharpened battle axe gleamed over his shoulder as he mumbled and muttered all the way to the front. With a quick gesture, the dwarf flung his beard over his shoulder and glared at the King.

"Well, I'm here, get on with it. Ain't got all day." The dwarf stretched and dropped the axe to the floor at his feet.

The King sighed as he noticed the chip the heavy axe head had just made in his main reception hall floor. With a gesture he indicated to the giantman. "Very well, you may begin."

The giantman slowly removed his shirt, muscles rippling smoothly as he stretched and preened for the ladies. (In fact, several of the ladies fainted and had to be removed from the room.) With a slow, seductive smile he removed several long bars of iron from his pack and began to bend them into the most wondrous shapes. First, he crafted a horse, mane blowing in the wind and legs arched in flight. His next creation was a farmer with his back bent under a heavy sack. The third rod he fashioned into a crown fit for a giantman king. The giantman approached the throne and offered the farmer to the King's counselor. Kneeling in front of the Queen, the giantman offered her the horse and, with a flourish, he presented the crown to the King.

The King smiled as he accepted the crown from the strong hands of the giantman. The Queen blushed prettily and the audience stood and applauded enthusiastically. As for the other contestants, the elf simply stared with a very condescending look on his face,

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the half-elf smiled at the giantman, the halfling led a small group of children in the front row in an impromptu cheer, and the dwarf's expression never changed.

The giantman stepped back and the elf stepped regally in front of the King. With a slow, deliberate gesture he smoothed the folds of his heavy robes and looked slowly around the room until the audience had grown silent again.

"That was quite a show but I feel confident you will enjoy this one far more." The elf's voice was like silk in moonlight as his nimble fingers began to draw shadows in the air.

They slowly took form and the crowd held its breath as silver flowers blossomed and died in the air before the King. A single rose grew slowly, blush pink to deep wine, and then became the silken smile of an elvish maiden. Long hair twirled about her as she slowly formed in front of the

The elf's voice was like silk in moonlight as his nimble fingers began to draw shadows in the air, which took form.

King. Soft music began to be heard in the background as the maiden danced slowly and seductively before the King. Long hair and sparkling eyes bedazzled the crowd and had the Queen flashing a sharp look at the elven magician. With a slow smile and the last beats of a song half heard, the maiden sank into a curtsy before the King and continued to sink until a puma stood in her place. The puma roared once and leapt straight towards the King, only to disappear into a cloud of gold dust that settled on the King's shoulders.

The audience went wild as the magician bowed slightly to the King. The King glimmered in the light of the torches as he smiled back approvingly. The giantman looked as though he were quite uncomfortable, while the half-elf simply stared at the spot where the maiden had danced. The halfling was whistling and catcalling to the magician until finally the half-elf leaned down and put his hand over the little fellow's mouth. The dwarf's stoic expression stayed the same.

The half-elf stepped up on the dais and turned to smile at the audience. He began to speak and told of the wonders that only someone of his profession could know. He moved slowly as he spoke, drawing pictures in the air before the crowd of dragons' halls full of gold with doors that could not be opened. He paused before a town matron and smiled deep into her eyes as he asked her how she would have gotten the gold. With a blushing smile she shrugged her shoulders and he continued tales of high adventure. Tales of chests of gold and jewels meant for kings, with poisons strong enough to kill manticores hidden in the locks. Castles long abandoned full of promise and danger, that only the bravest and most agile could survive. He finished his story back where he had started on the dais in front of the King. The crowd muttered as neighbor asked neighbor if this were truly the best representative of the half-elf race. With a grin, the half-elf bowed to the King and began to make his way back to other contestants.

"Oh, wait, I seem to have forgotten something." The half-elf smiled as he flipped his cloak back to reveal necklaces, earrings, bracelets, even an iron horse and an iron crown, tied to the lining of his cloak with small, delicate bows. He bowed low as murmurs of "That's my necklace" and "How did he do that?" began to sweep the room. Stepping back to the dais he untied the horse and kneeling, presented it to the Queen much as the giantman had. The crown he removed and spun on one thin finger before tossing it to the King with a rueful grin and a casual nod of his head.

"Would it be gold instead of iron, I might have been happy to lose this contest." The half-elf bowed deeply and returned to his position among the contestants.

The giantman glared at him and pointed to an earring tucked deep inside the cloak. With a smile the half-elf returned it to the mighty warrior. The elf was smiling smugly until the half-elf handed him a small broach of gold inset with fire opals. At that the smile quite vanished from the magician's face to be replaced by a look of profound gratitude. The halfling was all over the half-elf by this time, asking him questions and offering pointers, while the dwarf watched without once moving in any way, his face a mask.

The halfling looked around expectantly before realizing that he was the next contestant. With a merry grin he skipped to the front of the room and took a seat on the steps of the dais. He pulled a small lute out of his backpack and with nimble fingers quickly checked the sound of the strings. With a smile he waved grandly at the audience, although he lost control of the lute in the process. With a giggle he picked it up and tuned it once more.

"I don't know how I can top those three. I wouldn't want to be the one having to decide because I thought they were all the most impressive. But, I'm here and food is free, so I guess I'll sing for my supper." The halfling's eyes shone brightly as he began to strum the strings of the lute quickly.

His nimble fingers fairly flew over the notes as he began to sing of a tavern keeper's daughter. The girl had grown up good and proper, but when her father died, he left the tavern to his cousin. Now the cousin was not a

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My magic was wearing off, and the orc's intelligence was rapidly regressing. He was slobbering a lot more, and enunciating a lot less. Our little encounter was over. As my companions dragged me out of the cave (I was still a bit weak from the orc's breath), I thought, "Gee, maybe orcs are people too."

In any case, I hope this gives your readers something to think about. I would not make any judgments based on this conversation alone. Orcs and other creatures can and do do horrible things themselves. I hope however it makes your readers think about some of their actions.

Humbly Yours, Sadao Kleen

P.S. I would like to note that after the chat, we spied G'rup leaving the cave. As we were getting ready to move along, we heard the sounds of battle. Rushing southeast we found poor G'rup dead, surrounded by a group of adventurers. They looked at us and said, "Was that your orc?" ❖

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nice sort of fellow and he began making all kinds of rude approaches to the innocent young maiden. When the maiden realized that all her cousin was interested in was a quick toss in the hay, the story took a comic turn.

First, the dashing cousin cornered her as she cleaned the fireplace. Quick thinking and a closed flue helped her put him off. (Not to mention kept him rather busy for quite a while repairing smoke damage.) Soon she was spilling beer and locking him in closets, quite by accident. By this time the halfling had the audience in stitches as his expressive face danced and smiled and sneered.

Finally in a fit of desperation, the young maiden escapes to the wine cellars to hide and there she finds a dusty scroll tucked in an empty wine cask. The ardent suitor finds her there and as she reads the words of the scroll, suddenly a blinding flash of light fills the room.

At this point the halfling paused as the audience waited impatiently. The King leaned forward on his throne and motioned for the halfling to finish. The halfling's small fingers found the beat again as he sang of the small grey ass that stood where were the cousin had been. He finished the song with the maiden selling rides on the ass to all the local children for a pence a piece and making enough money to sell the tavern and retire in seclusion. As for the cousin, well, the spell had been a very simple *–Show True Self!*

"I's the only dwarf that came here so I guess I'm it." Turning, he stomped his way out of the hall and back to his beloved mountains.

The crowd was laughing uproariously at the tale and the King was clutching his sides from the pain of too much merriment. The giantman wiped tears from his eyes with a scrap of fabric and even the elf had a hard time catching his breath. The half-elf had given in a long time since and was seated on the floor applauding enthusiastically. Even the dwarf grinned before he realized what he was doing and quickly resumed his normal stoic expression.

The halfling stood and tucked the lute into his backpack. With another of his merry little grins he bounced happily back to his place.

The King then motioned for the dwarf to take his turn. The dwarf scowled and then shifted his axe loudly across the floor of the grand hall. The King winced as he saw the damage the bright blade was doing to his pristine woodwork.

"I's the only dwarf that came here so I guess I'm it. And I only came to say that this is a stupid game and I don't want to play it!" With another heavy scowl the dwarf slung the axe back over his shoulder. Mumbling under his breath, he pulled his beard out from under it before staring again at the King. Turning, he stomped his way out of the hall, through the crowd without so much as a backward glance, and back to his beloved mountains.

"Well," said the King as he looked over the contestants, "this is certainly not an easy choice. You all, well almost all, have been extremely impressive. Your skills are astounding and I commend you all. Well, almost all." The King stared at the half-elf intently as he corrected himself again. "But, upon careful consideration, I have made my choice. The most impressive of you all was the halfling. For all the glamour and magic and skill, not a one of you could make a dwarf react. Not a one except the halfling. It is truly impressive to see someone make a dwarf grin. My congratulations."

There really isn't much more to the story past here. The giantman, elf, and halfling were all present at the banquet that followed. The half-elf disappeared in the confusion of congratulating the halfling and it wasn't until much later that someone remembered he had never given back all the jewelry he had pocketed during his performance. As for the halfling, well, he spent most of the money on cookies and tarts. Married himself a little halfling who could cook like a queen and had a whole bunch of children. Sometimes, I'm even proud to call him dad. ❖

Moonglum's Less-Than-Excellent Misadventure by Moonglum of Elwher

Twas one tired evening quite late,
When my wit I chose to demonstrate,
In quiet Town Square,
(Something quite rare),
I spied a Lord asleep in his cape.

Lord thief Sagan sat sleeping,
Dreaming of critters he was reaping,
A pastime of the old,
But all said and told,
Better than him out stalking and sneaking.

Many people tried to get his attention,
Their names I don't need to mention,
They yelled and hugged,
They tapped and rubbed,
Someone even suggested a lynchin'.

This effort was to no avail,
The Lord would answer no hail,
Yet I had a way,
Though risky some say,
I knew could not possibly fail.

I announced that I had a good joke,
About the ways of some evil folk,
I devised such a plan,
To wake this High Man,
Hoping he was not a humorless bloke.

I made mirth of the group's retirement plan,
I must say the joke was quite grand,
All had a chuckle,
Some sides did buckle,
Then Sagan awoke and did stand.

He spoke not but went straight to his work,
Grabbing my arm with a firm jerk,
Pulling and dragging,
My cloak all a'snagging,
The town breach marked the end of my smirk.

Lord Sagan did not seem amused,
Of a big mouth was I accused!
He made a few signs,
I thought quite benign,
Till I fell and my bottom was bruised.

Knowing sure death when I see it,
And not wanting to be further hit,
I got to my feet,
And beat a retreat,
Before the Lord gave me a head crit.

Much did I hide and evade,
Feeling for my joke I had paid,
My butt was sore,
Walking was a chore,
So I felt full atonement was made.

To bring this long tale to an end,
I eventually paid dear for my sin,
While hacking a mere,
I turned with a jerk,
And there saw Lord Sagan's wide grin.

The battle was a short 1- swing fight,
And seeing as might makes right,
I will not be a pest,
And no longer jest,
About the Council of <ACK!!!>

Moonglum bit the dust (again)!!