KULTHEA CHRONICLE

The Official Monthly of GemStone III

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IN UPCOMING ISSUES:

Due to a slight run-in with a gager during a recent interview attempt, Tractian's writing hand is out of commission this month. Look for his travelogues to resume next issue, and let's wish him a speedy heal! The Fame Rankings will return too!

Art Credits:
Kygar – Waiting Scene (p. 7)
Malachrein – Knight with Sword (p. 9)

Beware the Dark Reaver!

It all started innocently enough. Several weeks back, a merchant named Yototh ventured into Kelfour's Landing. He set up shop and in one transaction with Metaboculous, he struck a barter deal. The chest he got in that exchange proved to contain a mysterious key. No one paid it an undue amount of attention at the time.

Yototh returned after selling out his supply of items and attempted to contact Metaboculous in an effort to ascertain more information about the key, the chest that contained it, and where it had been found.

Yototh beguiled the townsfolk with tales of his wealth and contacts, of power. He spoke of untold treasure beyond their wildest dreams, and boasted that nothing bad would befall him since he held in his possession a wondrous talisman of power that would protect him from any harm.

Once again, he departed the Landing and struck out on the merchant road. Suspicious and curious citizens fanned out and found Yototh's wagon on the mine road. The wagon had been completely smashed and, in the midst of the debris, lay the body of Yototh. He had scrawled a blood-stained message in the wagon that gave a warning and cryptic message about the key.

Folks searched throughout the land and came upon the key after killing several minions of

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The Landing's Fancy Turns To ... ♥!

Spring has come to Kelfour's Landing. If there be any doubt, take a look around Town Square. The oak tree is green and leafy, the squirrels friskily capering in its branches; the birds are busy caring for their young, and serenading us all with sweet warblings of pride and joy; and the wilds seem to be teeming with all sorts of flora and fauna. And if any question still remains in your skeptical mind, just look at the roster of recent betrothals and weddings in the Land! Truly 'tis that time of year when love blooms as surely as the primroses in Garden Close.

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News Briefs...

Merchants Multiplying

It seems, to this reporter at least, that the formerly rough-and-ready town of Kelfour's is becoming a consumer's paradise. What with the recent influx of merchants of all stripes, one never even has to leave the comforting stockade walls to trade, barter and acquire the most exotic goods from all parts of Kulthea. It appears that various traders from abroad have also taken note of this trend, and have come to town to ply their wares or craft. Among those spotted lately: Jehraal the Baker, who offers treats with "secret" toppings and other ingredients; Surdrek, a smith and reinforcer, who fires, tempers and forges weapons and armor on order; Katia the herbalist, who offers hefty doses and efficacious decoctions of various botanicals; the mystical, mysterious Thistle, who offers prognostications in the form of Qabbal engravings; Gustov, a most wily thief's friend and locksmith; and Joy, that aptly named lass who is oft-awaited, bringing items that bring smiles to the faces of citizens, and gladden our hearts. Residents of the Landing, be on the lookout for these popular purveyors of goods, and other new ones bound to show up and corner their niche of the lucrative Landing economy.

Rash of Gambling Incidents

While the good mayor of Kelfour's Landing urges us to strongly remind all upstanding citizens that gambling outside the confines of Beldreck's (which he happens to be partner in) is frowned upon, we regret to report a growing number of gambling and swindling incidents in the past months in our fair and law-abiding town. One popular traveling game of chance that has drained many purses has come to be known as the Conquest Wheel, run by someone who calls himself Gwelith. While the rules are very complex, it seems citizens are mesmerized and cannot get enough of the game. Several players (who asked to remain anonymous) were seen walking away from the Wheel with very heavily laden purses and smiles on their faces. Others departed much lighter than when they entered. In an unrelated incident, a charming freebooter named Pippa has been reported breezing into town, surrounded by heavy security in the form of slobbering half-orc thugs, and running versions of the old "shell game." Although townsfolk reported financial losses, it seems they were entertained,

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KULTHEA CHRONICLE

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SIMUTRONICS CORPORATION

Commentary

Roleplay: Just for the fun of it

By Erek SnowMane

Here is a scenario that many people in Kulthea 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 Kulthea 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

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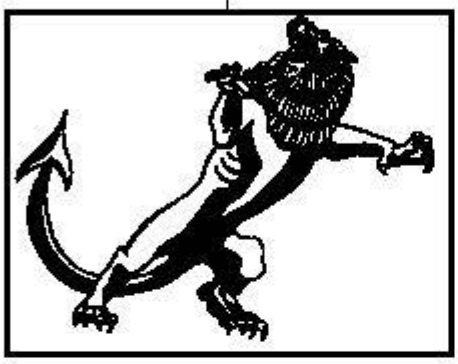
Bloodsmythe's Bestiary

Manticores and Threks: One Dwarf's View

by Bloodsmythe Hunter (assisted by Dirtbeard Oakenheart)

While I was occupied in important pursuits of arcane knowledge in my laboratory I had forgotten about my column deadline. Hurriedly calling for my diminutive colleague Dirtbeard, I dispatched him forthwith. What follows are his own words, alas, time constraints being what they were. I take absolutely no responsibility for his grammar, punctuation and hygiene, or the lack thereof.



With the head of a lion, a man-like trunk, a stinging tail and a hellish stench, a manticore's not dwarf's best friend.

Werkin' fer a wizard don't have quite the glamour what many a young'un thinks it does. An' that there's extra specially true when the wizard is an odd fella like the Bloodsmythe. Some a yas may know him, an' I ain't meanin' no offense by it, but sometimes I thinks he's more'n half elfy, I does. I mean, maybe he acts right normal when he's sittin' about in the square on a Sunday; but by Iorak's Calluses, he's got some a the darned strangest hobbies I ever seen. He shuts himself away in that stinky workroom a his fer longer at a stretch than it takes ta pry a tart away from a famished halflin'.

By Iorak's Blessed Paunch, the stench what comes from that place is jest about the foulest thing I ever did smell. 'Taint no wonder, acourse. What with the piles a animal skins an' innards alyin' about in there, I says it's the Smith's own Grace what kept the pointy eared peoples a this world from learnin' the fine dwarven art a sausage makin'. But me sad tale a woe I's about ta tell ya ain't 'bout me boss's hobbies, 'ceptin' as they was what got me outta Helga's an' face ta face with *the* foulest stench I's smelled in me life. Lissen little ones when Dirtbeard tells ya, iffin ya sees a manticore, kill yaself afore ya gets down wind.

Now thems as knows me knows I ain't one fer makin' a big fuss about a little scent. Like the other stout folk a the Landin', I's smelled me share of stinkiness what has drifted down from the high, mighty, an pointy eared. I ain't never complained about it, has I? Well, maybe jes once er twice, but what's a dwarf ta do with all the scamperin' namby-pambies what parades through town? Every now and again ya gots ta remind 'em that parfume ain't nothin but animal grease all gussied up. What's more, tis a well known fact that the Zenon fella what trashed alla Quellbourne spent a unnatural time wallowin' about in one a them elvish tubs splashin' fetid pond water all around an' rubbin' some weird bubbly concoction under them dangly arms. 'Taint respectable! Ya won't find any a Iorak's children wallowin' about in the mud lessin we's lookin fer somethin! Aw heck with it!

Now as I'm sayin', sure as I stand here (and I *is* standin', so keep those mouths shut and none a that gigglin') the manticore smells six er seven times worse than a elf what's jes takin a bath and powdered hisself up good. They stink! Trust me on this one, an' don't go asniffin' around near em. I did, an' it curled me beard good.

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What follows is a compilation of Dirtbeard's scratching and my own field notes:

	Manticore	Threk
Level	9	8
Approx. CPs	155	130
AT	AT4/-8 vs. Shock bolt; -16 vs. Weapons; +5 vs. Coldball, Firebolt	AT4/+3 vs. Shockbolt; -5 vs. Weapons; +8 vs. Coldball, Firebolt
Attacks/OB	claw/75 swing/80*	bite/70 claw/50 charge/30
DB	55	50
Round Time	6-8 seconds	6-8 seconds
Skin	Tail/35 silvers	Hide/45 silvers
Treasure	Level I chests	none
Special	none	disease

*THT as though it were a club.

Face To Face

Guild Master of Thieves Unmasked (??)

an Interview by Jerusha Monfjoy

Word gets around Kelfour'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 thieves 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 Thieves 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 Beldreck's Game Hall.

I find Beldreck'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 Thieves' Guild to me? What exactly is it?"

"The Guild is here to see that all is orderly in Kelfour'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 thieves."

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?"

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(Roleplaying, continued from page 2)
you give dimension and life to your character.

Roleplaying Personality
Obviously the easiest way to do this is through dialogue, but it's certainly not

We can take the initiative, and become living and feeling heroines and heroes.

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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KULTHEA CHRONICLE CLASSIFIEDS

This is your forum for classified advertisements and public notices. If you wish to place an ad in this department, please contact Gira, Managing Editor and Advertising Director, via Email address **TESOL**.

Special introductory 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. Requests for advertisements and for box numbers may be made to Gira, the Managing Editor at the Email address **TESOL**. To reply to box numbers, Email to **TESOL** with the SUBJECT being the Box Number of that ad.

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. KC 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. KC Box 6.

LOST AND FOUND

Found: One wedding band, made of gold and flecked with diamonds. Inscribed with the phrase, "Love

(Continued on page 20)

(Manticores and Threks, continued from page 3)

If ya's lookin' fer a manticore, the place ya wants ta be is the valley jes this side a the Strake. Iffin ya goes outta town ya gots ta turn ta the east an climb up a bank ta the mine road jes after ya crossed the little bridge what crosses that there stream. The valley lies up at the northeast end a the mine road and twists all the way down to the mine herself. In that there valley you'll find more manticore than you'd have any care ta, 'long with threk an' the odd goblin what musta got lost an' be wonderin' how he's gonna get his sorry lil self outta the heap a trouble he's in.

A manticore is some kinda weird cross tween a lion, a scorpion, and a elf. In the old days, afore the big quake, them manticores used ta stick ya with that there stinger. But after the quake they musta taken a vacation an relaxed a bit, on accounta they jes claws ya and beats ya now. It's the clawin' what'll put the hurt on yas.

Yer threk is a lizard 'bout as long as I am tall an' with the same disposition I gots when someone's hid me elf beatin' stick. Them threk'll bite ya, claw ya, and try ta head butt ya too, though fer all I knows it could jes be how they shows they's glad ta see ya. Take care though, ya can catch disease from the bite and claw of them fellas.

These beasts is great huntin' fer yer adventurin' types that's had enough a them fool orcs that lives on the other side a the rockslide. Thems as wields a blade'll see that manticores cut into steaks real nice an' you'll find that dustin' off yer rigid leather armor will keep ya a might safer than that hide yer wearin' now. And remembers, let's be careful out there! (Ceptin' ya elfies, who can scamper about in lil gauzy outfits an' laff much as ya wants, fer all I cares.)

A few supplementary anatomical notes courtesy of Bloodsmythe:

In my opinion, the manticore was created by some magical process. Examining its entrails will show that while it has a single heart, many of its organs appear in duplicate or triplicate as though a man, a lion, and a scorpion were fused together by some powerful surge of essence. While most of the duplicative organs are vestigial, the beast's digestive tract seems thrice the length of comparably sized creatures, accounting for the creature's vast appetite and its foul odor of decay. Inside one specimen I found an almost whole goblin carcass.

The hides of manticore and threk are highly unusual among beasts in that they are strongly resistant to cold and fire, but cut easily by weapons. The threk, like the manticore, was bred by wizardry: Zenon's to be specific; which may suggest that Zenon created the manticore as well. Dirtbeard insists that threks were conjured from a drop of elfish blood, pointing out that they scamper when they enter an area. Dwarven logic! ❖

(News Briefs, continued from page 2)

and were unanimously vocal in desiring a speedy encore. One sinister variation on the gambling/swindling scheme: a pair of so-called "merchants" who sold mysterious boxes, alleging them to contain treasures. Several unwitting citizens, having purchased them in good faith, opened them only to be blown to the dark side of Orhan!

House Phoenix Rises Higher

The recent grand opening of the House Phoenix Enchanters' Annex provided a glittering celebration brilliantly orchestrated by the house members. Lady Catrissa, one of the prime movers in the house expansion, conducted tours, proffered fine drink and hearty fare to guests, and was the perfect hostess. In honor of the event, the doorkeeper was given a few hours off, which permitted citizens to browse through the mansion unescorted. The house hopes to promote the use of the annex as a workshop for embedders and enchanters to aid them in providing their valuable skills to all. ❖

(Roleplaying, continued from page 5)

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? Kulthea 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 Kulthea 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. ❖

Information Pathfinding

by Alyssya Sandorala

Those of you who are new to our fair lands do, I'm sure, have questions that you feel may be too complex for the quick inquiry on the amu-net, or the crowded environs of Town Square.

Well, there *is* a place where you can get your questions answered–a place where the wealth of information seems to flow like the torrential Claedesbrim in spring. That place is the Multiplayer Games Bulletin Board, at GEnie page 1045; Menu Option 1.

All of the multiplayer games here on GEnie are represented, and GemStone has *four* full categories dedicated to it, with about 20 topics in each. There is *a lot* of information here, from other players and their experiences, and from the GameMasters and Simutronics, too.

Herewith is a full list of all the subjects currently under discussion there for your information. Remember, though, the topics are constantly being added to by enterprising players, and are carefully pruned and maintained by a conscientious and vigilant staff, so keep an eye out for new ones and changes!

The four categories that GemStone uses on page 1045;1 are:

Category 17: Learning the Art of Survival
Category 18: Techniques and Tactics
Category 19: Suggestions, Improvements and Bug Reports
Category 20: General Discussions

Let's take a closer look at each of them in turn.

Starting Up Is Not So Hard to Do

Category 17: Learning the Art of Survival, is a place to find the basic information you might need when you're starting out, such as what class or race sounds interesting or appealing to you, what stats and bonuses you should take into account, etc. The topics here include:

1. Getting Started in GemStone III — just what it says! Closed.
2. What's New — announcements and new additions to the Library. Closed
3. The New Adventurer: Welcome! — a place to introduce yourself and ask "getting started" questions.
4. Communication Programs — discuss the various terminal and communications programs, macros, suggestions folks have for playing GemStone.
5. Adventurers Needed! Apply Here! — coordinate with other adventurers for hunting parties, expeditions, quests, etc.
6. New Choosing a Name for Yourself? — discuss your name choices and origins.
7. Getting Started: Thieves — starting a thief character; what it takes, what you should aim for in character generation, how you should train.
8. RoundTable Topics — info on the RoundTables for GemStone. Closed topic.
9. Emergency! Resurrection Needed! — leave messages to find helpful clerics if you are a corpse, or someone near and dear to you has bitten the dust.

(Continued on page 8)

(Spring Weddings, continued from page 1)

On a balmy Sunday last month, Jeana and Welan were married out by Ocean View, above Mine Road. The couple, desirous of a wedding in the wilds, took special precautions to make sure all the guests were safe. Dreamweaver sang, and Lord Palma conducted the ceremony. The wedding lasted about a half hour, with the reception held in the Dance Tent. All in attendance agreed it was a wonderful affair.

Just a few days later, Adiana and Dirg were wed in the august presence

Weddings are always joyous occasions for the citizens of Kelfour's, who welcome any relief from the battles and strife of the lands.

and under the watchful, benevolent eye of Lord Dzhena. The wedding, a quiet, intimate ceremony, was attended by Pan and Kali, as witnesses, and took place in the Temple's Wedding Chapel. Pan gave the couple a wedding gift of a voucher, redeemable for one +25 enchantment. The ceremony ended with a symbolic showering of the couple with silver pieces, wishing them happiness and prosperity in their lives together.

(Continued on page 25)

(Information, continued from page 7)

10. Directions & Maps — lost in Hobland? At sea in the Water Tunnels? Ask and check here for directions!
11. Getting Started: Rangers — same as Thieves above.
12. Getting Started: Bards — same as above.
13. Getting Started: Sorcerers — ditto.
14. Getting Started: Mages — ditto, too.
15. Getting Started: Fighters — duh, ditto.
16. Where Do I Go Now? — finding out where to hunt next since you just made that level.
17. Some Files to Download — find out what's worth downloading and what's not in the MPGRT GemStone software libraries.
18. When I was New to Kelfour's Landing — share your horror stories or tales of newcomers' luck, good and bad!
20. The Scenic Route — got a favorite or secret spot? Share it here with your fellow adventurers.

Here's where all the information has been hiding! Do come over and join the discussions...whatever your point of view.

This ends Category 17. As you can see, most of the topics here are for the beginning adventurer, with the important exception of the "Emergency! Resurrection Needed!", which you'll probably use throughout your entire Kelfourian life (and especially throughout your deaths).

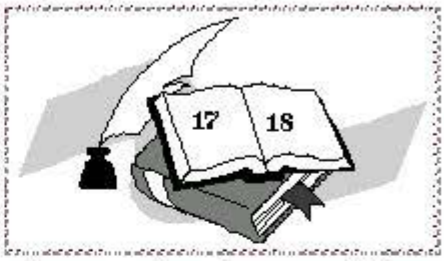
Down to Nuts and Bolts

Category 18, Techniques and Tactics, deals mostly with the nuts and bolts of GemStone, from how to equip yourself, to when's the next quest.

Here's the breakdown for Cat. 18, topic by topic:

1. What's New? — announcements and new additions to the Library. Closed.
2. Weapons — discuss what weapons of choice to use, how to train in them.
3. Armor — like Weapons, above. What to use and how to train for it.
4. Gladiatorial Games — how they work and what you need to know. Rules for upcoming games, which tend to vary from time to time, are always posted well in advance here.
5. Experience, Levels and Skills — getting experience, advancing in the world, and making it work for you.
6. Town Forums — discuss issues raised in the weekly Town Forums; post Forum topics you'd like to see.
7. Statistics: OBs, DBs, Etc. — what do they mean? How do they work? What goes into them and how to boost yours.
8. Understanding the System — understanding and using game mechanics in all areas, including RRs, maneuvers, locks, traps, BARs, etc.
9. Unique Items: Boast Here — got something special from a chest, off an orc, in a quest? Brag about it here.
10. Special Events Banners — miss that banner when you entered the game? Check here for latest events and info on game enhancements.
11. Healer's Haven — a place for healers to trade knowledge, for non-healers to find out how to get rid of that nasty scar or that gaping wound.
12. Quests and Special Events — announcements, discussion of the many special events in GemStone, from merchants to quests.
13. Kelfour's Edition: The Newsletter — info about it, where to find it.
14. Magic and Spells in Kulthea — discussion about magic use, general information for current and would-be magic users.
15. Staff News and Updates — who and what's new on the staff; this is where new GMs and AGMs are introduced.
16. Hunting Tactics — how to hunt that critter that keeps killing you.
17. The Youngblood Alliance — young hunters check this out! Make friends, kill critters!
18. House Arcane Challenge Games — announcements and discussion of the Challenge Games.

That's Category 18! As you can see, many of these topics will be of



value to you throughout your life here in Kulthea, especially while you are trying to bring your character up through the ranks from wet-eared newbie to august Lord.

Can We Talk?

Category 19, Suggestions, Improvements and Bug Reports, deals with player input on the many aspects of GemStone, from reporting apparent software glitches, or inconsistencies in the system, to finding out the status of that spell list you're studying or requesting things you'd like to see in the game.

Here are the Category 19 topics:

1. What's New? — announcements and new additions to the Library. Closed.
2. Priority Lists for Changes — what do *you* think Simutronics should be working on?
3. Spell Lists: Mage Base — a place to discuss the base list for mages; new spells, spell gaps, suggestions for additional spells and ideas for spell enhancements.
4. Open Essence — as above, for OE users.
5. Monstrous Intentions — what's new with critters; what's up with the old ones; what changes in their habits and hangouts have occurred.
6. GemStone III: Bug Reports — is it a bug or a feature? Bring it to the attention of Simutronics and other players, and you'll soon know.

(Continued on page 10)

Hexxon's Curio Cabinet

OF SWORDS AND SASHES

by Hexxon Glenriver

As a professional swordsman, my most ardent interests are mainly weapons and armor. In my childhood I heard tales of the Sword of Cyanidia, and I longed to gain this legendary blade. Thus, I began my research on the weapon and its whereabouts. The following is what I have found out about the Sword of Cyanidia and, subsequently, 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 Kelfour 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 Kelfour and Cyanidia was working without a license.)

However, this woman was most resourceful. She returned again to Kelfour, this time seeking vengeance. (Methinks sometimes the Merciful Eissa 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 Kelfourians 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 Kelfour, 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 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 Iorak 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 Emer, 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 Orhan, recently returned among us, I have yet to inquire as to the disposition of the sash. In my work, discretion is key. ❖

(Information, continued from page 8)

7. Command Additions or Changes — command/syntax discussions; what commands do; what actions you'd like to be able to do.
8. Treasure Chests — where to find 'em, what's in 'em.
9. Host Software Upgrade — info about latest changes in GEnie, GS.
10. Organized Houses in Kulthea — is a House a home? Ask here about joining the House of your choice.
11. Ye Olde Suggestion Shoppe — ideas for new items/shops in town.
12. Spell List: Ranger Base — discuss the list, as Mages' above.
13. Spell List: Sorcerer Base — discuss the list, as above.
14. Legalities and Loopholes — avoiding the Constable? Are fines too high? Too low?
15. Spell Lists: Bard Base — discuss the list, as above.
16. Discussions with Simutronics — Let Simutronics know what you think; this category is read and replied to by senior staffers, so don't be shy!
17. Society Discussions — the pros and cons of "that" society.
18. The GSIII IBM FrontEnd — Having trouble with the GFE? Check here for info, suggestions and up dates.
19. New Item Suggestions — got a great idea for a new item, either in shops, through merchants or as treasure? Share it here!
22. Closed Channeling — discuss the list, as above, for CC users.

A lot of baseline info can be gleaned from this category. Discussing spell list status, up-and-coming ideas and talking turkey with Simutronics can be invaluable to your online persona.

Real Virtuality

Category 20, General Discussions, focuses on the "non-nuts-and-bolts" aspects of life in and out of Kulthea. From the currently informal guilds, to making connections outside GEnie, it's a person-to-person point of view.

(Continued on page 21)

Notes of an Apprentice Mage: Some things just don't last forever

By Darkraven Grim

To my young mages, and fellow adventurers of other classes as well, I bid greetings. We are going to take a look at something that is annoying to mages but near and dear to most others. Alas, a mage has a difficult (but not impossible) time without a weapon.

The young mage has a great problem with DB. The choice seems to be either single handed edged weapons or brawling skill. Each can only be trained in once and the brawling skill is quite expensive, not to mention you can't *Magic Edge* your hand. Brawling weapons are available but not common. Most mages (myself included) have decided to train in single handed edged weapons.

Choose Your Weapons

I started in the land as most others, with a short sword. These are cheap and often found in the simple lands we travel. A fairly good weapon. Soon, however, I was given a gift by an older player (bless him): A drake falchion.

The drake falchion is an excellent weapon for a young player of any class. It hits better in many situations than most weapons and does a fair amount of damage. Not only that, but it flares up from time to time, giving beautiful and damaging pyrotechnics.

I soon learned, however, that the drake, being inherently magical, could not be edged. With this spell, a mage gains the equivalent of three years of training. So back to the short sword I went with some regret, but not for long.

I tried the rapier for a short time. Here indeed was a weapon that could hit even better than the falchion, particularly against the leather-clad foes that were difficult to hit with my *Shock Bolt*. Once edged, the rapier was an awesome weapon. The damage may be less but, as with *Shock Bolt*, the criticals do the real damage. Unfortunately, the rapier has two huge drawbacks. It is relatively expensive, too expensive to purchase often. This alone is not a problem, but it is daunting when taken in conjunction with the second drawback. The rapier breaks—very often and very easily. The high breakage frequency makes it an undesirable weapon for the poor mage struggling to gain status in the world. Once again, I returned to the short sword. Once again, not for long.

One day a friendly Lord gave me a non-magical falchion on his return from the Monastery. Here was that mighty weapon that could be edged. I truly believed I had found the weapon I would use for a long time. I had saved my coins and purchased a laen shield. That way I could have the +15 for *Magic Edge* and +15 for the shield as well. I assumed I was set for a long time. I was wrong.

Shaken and Stirred

An earthquake changed the world. "The hobgoblins are gone!" was the cry in the Square. The favorite creatures of young players had vanished. Soon another adventurer announced that the hobgoblins had only moved to an area that used to be too tough for young players. The dark orcs had fled and had not yet been located. I quickly decided to check out the new Hobland.

To my dismay, the metal-breastplated hobgoblins were gone. The prime target of young mages had vanished. The new hobgoblins were more dangerous and cunning; they wore light leather and carried rapiers. As I killed my first hobgoblin, my frown turned to a grim smile. There,

(Continued on page 11)

Hands-On Healing: The lore of spells and herbs

Part 2 of a series by Lord Strom O'Berin

In the first installment of this series, I described what it takes to make and build a good healer. 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 healer with knowledge. A young healer is a *tabula rasa*, as it were, who must be made ready to receive the accumulated lore of generations of healers 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 Healer 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 healers 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 CPs per cast and works the same as *Akbutege Leaf*.

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

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

804: *Head Repair I* heals minor bruises about the head or some lacerations on the neck. This spell works the same as *Rewk 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 *Berterin 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 healer will want to take special note of the following medicines. With just the above spells, and a sound knowledge of herb/potion lore, a healer can stop training past this point in the Healer base list and move to the Open or Closed Channeling 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 Healer base spell list, you will acquire skills to handle bleeding and moderately serious wounds. Again, should you decide to forego further base list training and to delve into the esoteric secrets of Open or Closed Channeling lists, the herbs mentioned here will serve you in

(Continued on page 12)

(Things Just Don't Last, continued from page 10)

next to the dead wretch, lay a rapier. It gave me pause—a creature that carries a rapier and can be found easily by young players? I had stumbled upon a cheap source of the most devastating weapon to leather-armored opponents known to me; I accrued treasure and experience as well in the whole process!

These hobs are wonderful creatures. They parry but it helps them not against the *Shock Bolt*. I have observed that the rapier can sometimes break before you can take it from them. A beneficial side effect of that, however, is that they are nearly useless without the weapon. Their THT becomes a laughable 99.

The boulder in the center of Hobland is an easy climb to a safe area and also a good haven for your friendly thief to open any newfound chests. Nearby is a shortcut to what I call the crossroads. From there you can go to many different lands. Lesser and greater orcs, the old Hobland (now the home of lesser orcs and forest trolls), hill trolls and beyond.

Note also the incredibly low THT using the hobgoblin's own rapier. It is this weapon that will bring young mages as well as other ambitious adventurers to this land. I carry two rapiers in my backpack at all times (pre-edged). When one breaks, I simply pull out another. If need be, you can carry a non-magical falchion as a secondary weapon or to use against heavily armored foes. I find my *Shock Bolt* does well against those, so mages don't really need back-up.

When I run short on rapiers, I simply head for Hobland. I often see young adventurers there. A *Magic Edge* as a gift in return for the rapier dropped by their next kill is usually gladly accepted.

Farewell and good spellcasting! ❖

(Hands-On Healing, continued from page 11)
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 CPs of concussion damage. Works like taking several bites of *Akbutege 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 *Edram 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 *Belrama Potion*. One or two doses of the potion or casts of the spell as indicated. The student healer is cautioned here that concussion damage is transferred first, then the nerve damage. Make sure you can handle the CPs before you take any nerve wounds.

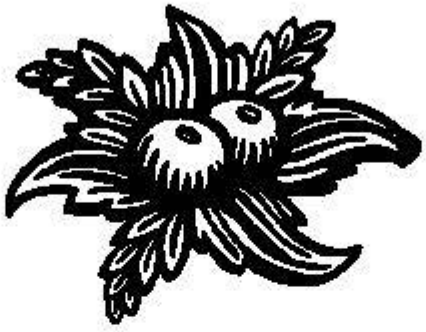
809: *Head Repair II* heals lacerations and a mild concussion on the head, severe head trauma and bleeding from the ears, lacerations on the neck, or snapped bones and serious bleeding. This spell works like *Arfandas Stem*, in one or two doses or casts as indicated.

810: *Organ Repair II* heals deep lacerations or gashes and serious 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 *Pasamar 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 De-searring

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.

Healers can cast base spells no matter how injured they are. A healer with no arms may still cast a limb restoring spell or a heal. What a healer 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 *Dagmather Spine*.

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

813: *Head Repair True I* heals a scar across the face and some neck scars. This spell works like *Hegheg 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 *Tarnas Potion*.

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

816: *System Repair True II* heals constant spasms and difficult time with muscle control. Acts like a bite of a *Yuth 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 *Bursthelas 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-healer 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 *Wekwek 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 *Baldakur 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 *Siran Glove*. 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 healers and all wounded, needful adventurers *[see page 15 - Ed.]*. Till we meet again in the land, and I am sure we shall, keep safe. ❖

A Tale of Melting Stone: Interlude One

by Gallenod Varynesti

The market square bustled with activity. Brightly colored pennons hung from the eaves of shops selling a variety of wares. Many of the vendors, taking advantage of the unseasonably warm fall weather, were selling from carts in front of their stores.

"I'm sorry, milady, but that is not for sale." The middle-aged woman looked nervously over her shoulder as she hastily gathered her bolts of cloth. "We've just closed."

"Just closed?" Delphia Atyanna's right eyebrow arched upward. "It's early afternoon! You close in the middle of the afternoon?"

The merchant backed away, her eyes shifting. "I'm sorry, milady, but I can't sell that to you." The woman looked truly sorry, and her glance kept darting from side to side.

"Can't, or won't?" Delphia sighed, her elven features sharp in the afternoon light. It had been like this all week. No matter which merchant she tried, no one would sell to her.

"Is there a problem?" The speaker was a tall man, carrying a large sledge hammer. He was backed by three other men, all in work clothes.

"N...No, sir, no problem, Jarel," stammered the merchant. She backed away to the wall of her shop.

Delphia turned to the newcomer. "No problem, good man," she said, "except that no one in town will accept my custom."

"Well, then perhaps," he replied, "you should leave."

"Leave?" She resisted the urge to explode with the anger she felt welling up inside her. All the magic in the world could not begin to destroy prejudice. "I was invited to stay here by the Duke himself."

She resisted the urge to explode with anger...All the magic in the world could not destroy prejudice.

"Ah yes, His Lordship," replied the man, "is a just and wise ruler. But even the wisest ruler can err in judgment. Elves are not well known here, and some people fear you."

Delphia took one step closer. "I am Delphia Atyanna. And you are?"

The man flinched slightly, but didn't back away. His knuckles grew white around the handle of the hammer. "I am Jarel Stenson, stone mason. You've met my father."

Delphia nodded. "He is the Guildmaster. I met him when the Duke introduced me to the Council." She took another step closer to Jarel; a sweat broke out on the man's brow, but he stood his ground. They were inches apart, now, and the air seemed to tingle as their eyes locked.

"Enough!" roared the mason. "We have work to do. We don't have time to waste on this kept woman, this concubine elf!" Delphia reeled back under the verbal assault, white with shock save for two bright points of color in her cheeks.

Jarel smiled, seeing that he had her off balance. "No one will sell to you, harlot, so be gone from this town." The other men started catcalling and hooting, fanning out between Delphia and the merchant stalls. People peeked out of windows, but no one came to her aid. The street toughs win this round, she thought, but there would be a reckoning.

She tried to calm herself. Not willing to trust herself to speak, she simply turned on her heel and walked away, her hair flowing as if in a stiff wind, though not even a whisper of a breeze disturbed the square. Life gradually returned to the market, though muted and subdued.

❖❖❖❖

"Father, my Da was talking to that lady." The small boy in the chapel doorway looked more curious than anything else.

(Continued on page 16)

From the Editor's Quill by Gira Gavilan

Without further ado, I'd like to thank you all for the great reception the first two issues of Kulthea Chronicle have gotten. I humbly offer up Issue 3, with the hope that you readers will see it as the end result of a constant and steady quest towards perfecting this new format. Quests such as this are never really over; you can only hope to approach the goal more closely each time around. I'd like to thank the entire Simutronics staff for their help and support too, with special nods towards Bardon, Tomas, Reline, Fawn and Dzhena for their unflagging enthusiasm and noodging [sic]. We still have issues we are grappling with (no pun intended), including the best way to insure all our players,

(Continued on page 24)

(Unmasked, continued from page 4)

"The Guild is here to unite the thieves 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. "Order?...In what way?"

His response was prompt. "Order in that we don't have rogue thieves walking into town stealing, from the fine people of Kelfour'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 thieves 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 thieves. We want to take all thieves, 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. Thieves 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.

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

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."

"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 thief 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."

(Continued on page 16)

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	Arnuminas Leaf	802	Slurred speech	Terbas Leaf	812
Fractured and bleeding	Edram Moss	807	Constant spasms	Yuth Flower	816
Severed	Edram Moss	807	Difficult time/muscle control	Yuth Flower	816
LIMB SCARS			**BODY INJURIES**		
Battle scar	Dagmather Spine	811	Minor bruises and cuts	Berterin Moss	805
Mangled	Ourfalaka Fruit	815	Deep lacerations	Pasamar Grass	810
Missing	Siran Clove*	820	Gashes and serious bleeding	Pasamar Grass	810
HEAD INJURIES			**BODY SCARS**		
Minor bruises about head	Rewk Potion	804	Old battle scars	Tarnas Potion	814
Lacerations/mild concussion	Arfandas Stem	809	Painful looking scars	Wekwek Potion	818
Bleeding from the ears	Arfandas Stem	809	Terrible perm. mutilation	Wekwek Potion	818
HEAD SCARS			**EYE INJURIES**		
Scar across the face	Hegheg Root	813	Irritation	Berterin Moss	805
Facial scars	Bursthelas Potion	817	Swollen	Pasamar Grass	810
Terrible mutilation wounds	Bursthelas Potion	817	Blinded	Pasamar Grass	810
NERVOUS SYS. INJURIES			**EYE SCARS**		
Twitching	Wifurwif Lichen	803	Black and blue	Tarnas Potion	814
Sporadic convulsions	Belrama Potion	808	Bruised and swollen	Wekwek Potion	818
Uncontrollable convulsions	Belrama Potion	808	Blinded	Baldakur 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.

(Melting Stone, continued from page 13)

"Yes," replied the cleric, "he was."

"My Da says she's a bad lady." The boy frowned, his five-year-old brow furrowing with the effort. "He says she should go home."

Pelag Belorson sighed. He'd seen this coming and hadn't known what to do about it. His primary responsibility was to remain neutral in temporal affairs; Bishop Thomason had made that quite clear at the outset. But Delphia was his friend, and he felt odd standing by while she struggled in a new culture.

"Come, Dolan, we must return to your studies." The cleric led the boy back inside the chapel. "One more lesson, and then you may go home."

"What lesson, Father?" the boy asked.

Pelag smiled, seeing a small thing he could do for Delphia. "I shall tell you the story of the Fires of Iloura, and of the first meeting between elves and man."

"Was there a fight?" the boy asked eagerly.

"No," chuckled Pelag, "there wasn't a fight. Once upon a time, there was a great king named Keldar the Wise..."

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"I cannot stand this much longer!" exclaimed Delphia, as she burst into the suite. "I feel stifled, bored, and useless in this stone prison of a keep."

Andar winced under her glare. "My love, we knew that accepting the Duke's offer would mean some change in our lives," he replied. "We all have some adjusting to do."

"Oh yes," answered Delphia, "that's just wonderful. You and Gaden get to play toy soldier all day and night, while Pelag spends most of his time locked up in that chapel with the bishop discussing how many spectral servants can dance on the head of a pin. Meanwhile, I get to sit around all day with nothing to do because no one in this benighted town will appoint a woman, let alone an elf, to any position of responsibility, magical or otherwise! Izpak!"

"Do you remember the first time you met me?" Andar smiled.

A flower vase on the main table shattered as Delphia uttered the elven curse. Her hair was floating in the air, supported by a charge of static electricity generated by her mood. Andar knew he needed to be careful, lest she go off like a bomb.

He gently gathered the pieces of the vase from the table. "Dear, the people here just aren't used to elves, let alone powerful magicians. We humans can be an ignorant lot. Remember the first time you met me?" Andar smiled.

Delphia glided forward, a dangerous expression on her face and her hair still spread in a halo around her head. "Yes, I do. You were ill mannered, ignorant, badly dressed, and filthy."

Andar backed away slowly; he had no desire to receive the full brunt of the static charge Delphia was carrying. "But I improved, didn't I?" he asked.

A gleam came into Delphia's eye, and Andar knew the worst of her mood was gone. "Yes. Since I make you bathe regularly, you're not filthy anymore." She grinned. "I'm still working on the rest."

Delphia backed the huge fighter into a corner and embraced him. She was back in control now; the electric charge tingled between them.

"I am not badly dressed!" Andar exclaimed in mock anger. "This is my second best loincloth!"

(Continued on page 18)

(Unmasked, continued from page 14)

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 vegetarian. As long as you're a thief."

"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 thief! My head spun; I sallied forth into the cool of the Kulthean evening. ❖

Pilferer's Progress

by Rogue

Larton had instructed Mac to get an array of miscellaneous items from the small shops scattered around Kelfour's Landing. Though the errands would take only minutes, Mac knew he would not have to return for hours. Mac climbed the tree in Town Square and watched the adventurers that called Kelfour's Landing their home. He slipped out onto a low limb to get the best view. Suddenly he was startled by a gentle hand placed on his shoulder. Mac didn't need to turn, he knew that grip. "Hello, Uncle."

Ivan was a plain-looking half elf. "Hello, my young nephew. Does Larton know you spend your time sitting here?" A quick wink from Ivan told Mac he need not respond. "Your instruction must continue, even if you lollygag around."

Ivan looked around, and seeing that he was not being watched, slyly slipped a torkaan-skin winesack off his belt and took a long, thirsty draught, as though preparing to deliver an extensive monologue. "I'll start with some basic information about thieves. A little history perchance. My words would surely bring great verbal assaults from many in town, but those of mixed breed, such as ourselves, combining the Strength, Presence, and Constitution of the high man with the subtle Agility, Quickness and Presence of the elven races, are the best suited for thieving. Pure high men seldom make great thieves, unless their intent is to force a theft. Their great Strength and Constitution cannot counter the effects of their clumsiness. Pure elves are the exact opposite, since they lack the Strength and Fortitude to accomplish many physical tasks. A dwarf can make as good a thief as a high man, and halflings make better thieves than elves, though extremely weak. The dwarven and halfling races, however, are extremely resistant to magic and poisons, and this advantage can turn many losing situations into wins for the short thief. They can also walk upright in many places the taller thief would have to kneel or crawl, or be excluded from altogether. The common man makes a common thief, but even a common man or any other race, for that matter, can possess incredible abilities and develop them with hard work and serious study.

"Now let's talk of your plans for training..." Ivan licked his dry lips and took another appreciative swig from his wineskin. "Remember that your instructors will score you with ranks of completion. These ranks aren't openly talked about with the general population; they're as personal and secret as your training. These ranks reflect the time you've invested training in skills. With the exception of armor, you can earn up to two ranks of training per year in each skill. This selection process is much like that shopping list Larton gave you."

Pointing to a crumpled, now-forgotten wad of paper sticking out of Mac's pocket, Ivan continued to drive home his point. "You choose what you want to attain, then spend the year working on those skills. Upon the completion of the year your instructor awards you the ranks you've earned.

"Let me explain to you next how armor works. A thief may devote his entire training to earn ranks in armor. This isn't my recommendation, though. You'll want to get some training in the Rigid Leather armor types. You must receive nine ranks from your instructor to use a Leather Breastplate (AT9) with minimal detraction of your skills. Twelve ranks for the Guirbouilli Leather (AT10), or some of the special armors that the armorer makes. Fifteen ranks for Ring Mail (AT11), and nineteen ranks to wear Studded Leather, Scale Mail or Brigandine Armor (AT12). I would not recommend the latter two, as their weight and bulkiness adversely affect your performance, while not being balanced by a gain. Remember, a thief must be quick and agile. The heavier armors will slow you down too much. Training in Rigid Leather armors is not cheap, but, in time, you will understand why I want you to train a little whenever you can. A good plan would be to train once every cycle, at least until you have twelve ranks."

Mac nodded, trying to take this all in. There was so much to learn, he felt he would be the world's oldest thief by the time he had trained enough to satisfy his demanding Uncle Ivan. His stomach rumbled, since lunch time had long passed. He grimaced and looked away.

"Hungry? Good practice for you, lad. A thief must be prepared to go without, until the next big score. Now, where was I? Ah, yes...we finished for now with armor; let's talk about weapons.

"As for your weapon choice, you've not the range of a fighter. You can really only become truly lethal with either One Handed Edged weapons or One Handed Crushing weapons. Blades are easier for the thief to master, but the bashing weapons can deliver some very strong blows. A thief may train in Brawling with the same ease as for One Handed Crushing weapons, but Brawling as a lone attack type is poor. No Brawling weapons exist that you may buy from the merchants any more. I have seen some brass knuckles and some nets that this training seems ideal for, but those items are most coveted now. Also, think of the folly in asking a cleric to bless your hand so you might fight the Unlife. Whatever fighting style you choose, train as much as you can; in Kelfour's Landing and the surroundings you will need it. Don't entertain the folly of training more than one weapon skill to the maximum level. To do so would cost too much, and your loss would be to too great in

(Continued on page 22)

(MeltingStone, continued from page 16)

"Yes, dear." Delphia sighed. She let Andar's huge arms encircle her as her anger slowly dissipated. "I just wish the Duke would make up his mind. This waiting around with no word is starting to get on my nerves."

Andar nodded. "The Council is still debating your nomination as court wizard. Last I heard, Field Marshal Gorman and Master Trader Vickson were supporting you. The bishop, as usual, is neutral, and Master Chrontis and Guildmaster Sten are opposed. The baronial representatives don't really care one way or the other."

"Chrontis." Delphia spat the word out like a curse. "That doddering fool treats me like a child, even though I'm 100 years older than he is. I'll outlive his great grandchildren."

"Well, dear," Andar smiled, "you may be 170, but you don't look a day over 130."

"And that Sten is a hard one," Delphia continued, ignoring the jibe, "like the stone he works. He's perfect for the Guild Master's job." Delphia's tone was anything but flattering. "He's a man among men, in a group that only allows men. He wouldn't put a woman on the Council unless demons were feeding on his entrails. Maybe not even then." She sighed.

Andar nodded. "Yes, if they accept you, you would sit on the Council. The only woman, and an elf. Would an elven council accept a human in similar circumstances?"

Delphia sighed. "I suppose not. But the way people treat me here doesn't help. The Guildsmen, in particular. They expect me to take their abuse like the local women do, whistling and catcalling like I was a piece of meat on display. Sten's son is the worst of the bunch. I'd love to take him down a peg or two."

Andar held her a little tighter and stroked her hair. "Now dear, you don't want to stoop to their level. And you know how nervous most of the locals are about mages here. Just bear with it, and we'll see if Gorman can swing enough of the baronial representatives to confirm you. Patience, my love."

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"Silence!" thundered the Duke. "I have heard enough petty bickering from this group. If you cannot maintain decorum in these proceedings, I shall disband this Council and find another way to employ you all."

"Your pardon, your Highness," answered Master Chrontis, "but this is a critical matter. Can we trust this…person," he paused on the word, as though he had considered another, "in such an important position? We know virtually nothing about her, I must remind you!"

"I know she is qualified for the position," spoke Field Marshal Gorman, "and that we sorely need someone versed in the Arts Arcane to help us against the darkness that encroaches." There was a mutter of assent from some of the baronial representatives.

"I agree, your Highness," added Master Vickson, the leader of the Trader's Guild. "The current trends are bad for business. We desperately need a mage."

"But do we need this one?" asked Sten Dalton. "She is but a mere slip of a girl. Why can we not find another wizard like Abraxis?"

The Duke frowned. "Abraxis was an arrogant fool, which is why I relieved him of his position. He's someone else's problem, now." The Duke paused. "Enough debate for tonight. We shall vote in two days. I shall abide by the Covenant that is our charter and accept the will of the Council. But my feeling is that we must choose soon, and wisely. You are dismissed."

As the group began to disperse, the Duke motioned to a man in clerical robes. "Bishop Thomasen, attend me, please."

"Of course, your Highness." The elderly cleric fell in step with the Duke and the two walked down the silent stone corridors of the keep. A guard opened the door to the Duke's study, and they entered. When the door closed behind them, the Duke turned to the bishop.

"Derek, what do you think?" the Duke asked. "Am I being rather too hasty in this?"

As the men struggled, a huge water bolt slammed into the burning timbers, blasting them into the house.

"My Lord," replied the bishop, "the girl is qualified. But she is an alien to the people, and many of the men on the Council are uncomfortable with the thought of a woman holding any measure of power."

The Duke raised an eyebrow. "And what of my daughter, Derek? What do they think of her as my heir?"

The bishop shrugged. "They assume that she will marry and her husband will keep her in line, milord."

"Then they don't know my daughter very well," chuckled the Duke. "She has her own agenda, and the Lords help any and all who try to stand in her path."

The Duke frowned. "Derek, if you came out for her, it would sway the vote in her favor."

"Yes," replied the bishop, "but it would also jeopardize my reputation for neutrality. At the moment, all sides are willing to trust me since I never take sides in temporal matters. It might help you in this one instance, but hurt in the long run. I must abstain."

(Continued on page 19)

(MeltingStone, continued from page 18)

The Duke nodded. "I know. I suppose we shall just have to see how the vote goes."

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Delphia's ears stung as she entered the chapel. Three more merchants had closed their stalls as she had approached them today, not even allowing her to get close enough to start conversation. The laborers working on the building across the street, led by Jarel Stenson, had been particularly vicious with their harassment today, perhaps trying to goad her into a rash act the day before the Council voted on her appointment. Delphia relaxed her gritted teeth and imagined the whole group roasting in a large pan.

"You shouldn't think such thoughts, Delphia," said a quiet voice. "They do you no favor."

She chuckled. "Learning to read minds, Pelag?"

The cleric smiled and eased himself into a pew. "No, but I recognize that look. You're contemplating violence."

"But only *contemplating* it."

"It's still a sin, you know," said Pelag. "Your heart should be pure of such things if you expect to achieve enlightenment."

"I'd like to 'enlighten' them," Delphia grinned. "One well-placed fireball..."

Pelag sighed. "Violence is only one of many solutions to a problem, Delphia, and it rarely serves to changes attitudes and prejudices. The Lords will provide."

Delphia looked at Pelag. This human was the first friend she'd ever had outside of her own race. She'd known him for five years before she'd met Andar. At first, she stayed with him out of curiosity. Later, she stayed with him because he was a truly good person and traveling companion. Pelag was wise beyond his years in some things, but incredibly naive in others. But he rarely gave bad advice.

"Do you really think the gods care about us at all, Pelag?" she asked. "Will they really provide?"

"I..." began Pelag, but whatever he had been going to say was drowned out by the clanging of an alarm bell outside.

"Fire!" yelled a voice from the street. The cry was taken up by many voices. Pelag and Delphia rushed into the street.

A house at the end of the block was burning furiously. The fire was already spreading to the next house,

The fire formed a nimbus around Delphia, and her hair, charged with essence, floated in the shimmering heat.

catching on the dry thatch roof. All the laborers had dropped their tools and were passing buckets from a well in the intersection, trying vainly to staunch the flames. They succeeded in damping the roof of the second house, but the first was too far gone. A scream sounded from the burning house, as one of the laborers dragged an unconscious woman from within. It was Jarel Stenson. He gently laid the woman on the ground and started back inside.

At that moment, there was a crash from the house, and burning timbers blocked the doorway. Several other men grabbed Jarel and restrained him as he tried wildly to go back inside.

"My son!," he screamed, "my son's in there!"

"No Jarel," yelled another man, "you can't! It's certain death!"

As the men struggled, a huge water bolt slammed into the burning timbers at the door, blasting them into the house. Jarel and his friends turned to see Delphia walking slowly toward the raging inferno, casting protective spells as she moved.

The stonemason started forward, but a restraining hand on his arm stopped him cold.

"Let her go," said Pelag, as he gestured at Delphia. A white aura surrounded her, bolstering her magical shield. "If your son can be saved, she will do it."

"But..." Jarel started to protest, but something in the cleric's demeanor stopped the words in his throat. He nodded dumbly, and they both watched the door.

Explosions came from inside Jarel's house, and huge clouds of steam rose from the windows. However, the fire continued to rage higher and higher. The heat from the inferno was intense, even 30' away in the street. The bucket brigade kept up despite the heat, drenching the adjoining house to contain the fire.

After what seemed like an eternity, but was actually less than a minute, Delphia reappeared in the doorway with a small figure cradled in her arms. The fire formed a bright nimbus around her, and her hair floated around her, charged with essence. She walked slowly towards Jarel, who stood stock still. Delphia stopped and offered the stonemason his son. Jarel took the small body, which stirred. The boy looked up at his father, eyes bright.

"She found me, Da," the boy piped. "She found me!"

Delphia, covered with soot and grime, smiled briefly. Then, her

(Continued on page 25)

(Classifieds, continued from page 5)
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 KC Box 1.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

Wanted: Used weapons, armor and those worthless trinkets. Don't let them collect dust and storage fees in your lockers. Turn them into instant silvers, for that special merchant event or to beef up your bank account. Come to Dernick's for your best price.

HELP WANTED

Rewarding opportunities in the field of journalism await! Authors, poets, reporters, columnists, artists, needed now! Earn credit towards free weekends in GemStone III, while earning the admiration and respect of your fellow adventurers. Send submissions and info requests to Cira, Managing Editor, Kulthea Chronicle, at Email **TESOL**.

Got what it takes? Looking for young adventurers who like to travel and explore. If spelunking is your forte, do we have a job for you! Inquire at the Blacksmith's for further details. ❖

Pick of the Best Library Files

by Edrium Trias, former Underassistant librarian of Nomikos

The Library at Nomikos is hardly a democracy; it is a calcified hierarchy of scholars and librarians who have risen in the ranks mainly by dint of outliving or eliminating their rivals. Thus, whenever I tried to speak my mind to my colleagues and superiors, I got myself in trouble. I attribute the fact I never made it very far up the library ladder to this outspokenness of mine. Oh, and perhaps to that rather unfortunate incident with the wealthy, inquisitive dwarven chieftain, the oversized monograph containing anecdotes and etchings of winsome elven maidens, and the topmost shelf of the Head Librarian's private bookcase, behind the stacks on the eleventh floor devoted to "Natural and Unnatural Wonders of Kulthean Wildlife." I was cleared of any complicity in the matter, I might add.

Be that as it may, Kelfour's Landing is much more of a democracy. While it may not be perfect, at least its citizens have access to regular forums where they can air their views, listen to the latest plans, even grill the gods themselves with tough questions. Transcripts of forums are kept in the library. I have listed a few for perusal.

Number: 320
Name: HSNFORUM.940511
Address: E.SLICK
Date: 940515
Approximate # of bytes: 65920
Library: 1
Description: This is the transcript of the Hot Summer Nights Forum held, 5-11-94 and hosted by Shadel and Elvanion in which ideas were put forth for consideration in the Meeting Hall.
Keywords: HSN, hot, summer, nights, shadel, Elvanion, forums

Number: 315
Name: 940505AGM.FORUM
Address: GAMEMASTER.6
Date: 940506
Approximate # of bytes: 96256
Library: 1
Description: Text capture of the Forum held on May 5, 1994 by Elvanion to discuss the nature and requirements of Assistant Game Masters. Basic rules and expectations were outlined.
Keywords: text, ASCII, forum, Elvanion, simutronics, gamemaster, assistant, agm, job, gemstone, gs3

Number: 265
Name: 940202.FORUM
Address: GAMEMASTER.6
Date: 940206
Approximate # of bytes: 59904
Library: 1
Description: ASCII text transcript of the Town Forum on the Great ACM

(Continued on page 21)

TOWN FORUMS–COME SPEAK YOUR MIND!
Talk and suggest, or just listen for the latest developments in GemStone III, every week at the Town Forums, 10pm EDT held in the Assembly Room of Moot Hall.

DATE	TOPIC & CHAIRPERSON	
May 25	Meaningful Alternate Experience	Fawn
June 1	Brainstorming Session: Ideas on Everything	Talisman
June 8	Removal of AT3/AT4 Armor	Glamdring/Dreylic
June 15	Filling the Creature Gap	Kygar/Cyper
June 22	Guilds: Hows and Whys	Giacomo
June 29	Kelfourian Economics	Eldron

(Information, continued from page 10)

It's a rather hodge-podge...er, eclectic collection of subjects. Here's the breakdown:

1. What's New? — announcements and new additions to the Library. Closed.
2. Connections on "Earth" — make connections in that strange world outside of Kulthea; this is a good place to find players who live near you, are headed for gatherings or cons, or to start the ball rolling for one yourself.
3. Kulthean Stories — share your latest and greatest adventure!
4. The Drooping Dragon Pub — relax and schmooze with your pals in an atmosphere of tall tales and taller ales!
5. Tales of Horror, Heroism, and Stupidity — share your most embarrassing moment or your closest call.
6. Want Ads: Buy/Sell Those Extra Items — everyone's favorite highly unclassified ads.
7. Clerics and Healers Guild — unofficial guild discussions.
8. Mutual Warm Fuzzies — someone save your skin? Enjoyed a particular event? Send a warm, fuzzy "thanks" to those who deserve it.
9. Good-byes and Fare Thee Wells — a place to post a note of farewell if you must move on to other realms; a place for fond memories of the departed.
10. Roleplaying: The Heart of the Matter — making the most of what you got, in true roleplaying style!
11. GemStone Guilds — unofficial discussion of professional/skill-based guild systems.
12. Kulthean Conflicts! — having a problem with another player? Talk about it here!
13. Fighters Guild — unofficial guild discussions for sword-slingers.
14. Guild of the Arcane Circle — guild discussions.
15. Kulthea Cape & Sash Registry — register your colors here; see who has or hasn't already claimed yours!
16. Kulthean Wedding Announcements — romance is in the air, so air your wedding plans here!
17. Kulthean Writers' Co-op — like to write? Preview your works here.
18. World/Town Record Book... er...Topic — done something you think is worth including in our Kulthean Record Book? Post it here!
19. Guild of Essence — more guild discussions.
20. College of Bardic Lore — yet more guild discussions.
21. The Thieves' Guild of Kelfour — still more guild discussions.
22. A Guild for Rangers — guilds.
24. System Slowdowns — caught in the essence storms? Talk about it here.

Soooo, that's what's been hiding over here. *Do* come over and join the discussions. Whatever the point of view, your opinions are welcome and your insights appreciated!

Also, take a minute to check out the Guild Board, at page 1048. Many of the guilds mentioned in Category 20 also have private, members-only categories on the Guild Board, and dropping into the appropriate guild topic in Category 20 to ask about getting in can prove to be a *very* valuable move on your part. You can also go to page 1048 and select option #6. That will generate a letter to the Category Leader of the Guild Category you're interested in joining. Be patient, though. Category Leaders have changed recently in a couple categories, and it may take a short while to get a response.

One final word of advice: Flaming (i.e., venting your spleen publicly) is rarely productive, however good it may feel, so I'd suggest finding less incendiary ways of expressing your views. Even when you're about to blow a gasket because of something that may have happened, take a minute to cool down, and you'll probably get your point across better.

Get your capture buffer going and plunge in! Have a great time exploring the RoundTables and libraries on page 1045. And don't forget the dedicated GemStone III file library, page 930! ❖

(Library Picks, continued from page 20)

hunt hosted by Elvanion. There's also a zip file around here somewhere.
Keywords: assistant, gamemaster, town, forum, Elvanion, agm, town forum, transcript, capture

Number: 209
Name: 930728.ZIP
Address: GAMEMASTER.6
Date: 930926
Approximate # of bytes: 27136
Library: 1
Description: Town Forum held on July 28, 1993 regarding proper welcoming of newcomers and how best to help them learn our ways. Compressed with PKZip 2.04g; an ASCII text version is also available.
Keywords: forum, newcomers, Elvanion, town meeting

Number: 227
Name: COMBAT FORUM
Address: J.DONHAM
Date: 931103
Approximate # of bytes: 18176
Library: 1
Description: This forum (heavily edited to help bring out key points) was run on October 20, 1993 from 10pm - 11:30pm EST. Its purpose was to help explain: combat, resistance roll spells, armor, implementation of armor, greaves & helms and experience. Run and edited by Raemus.
Keywords: combat, forum, resistance roll spells, spells, experience, armor

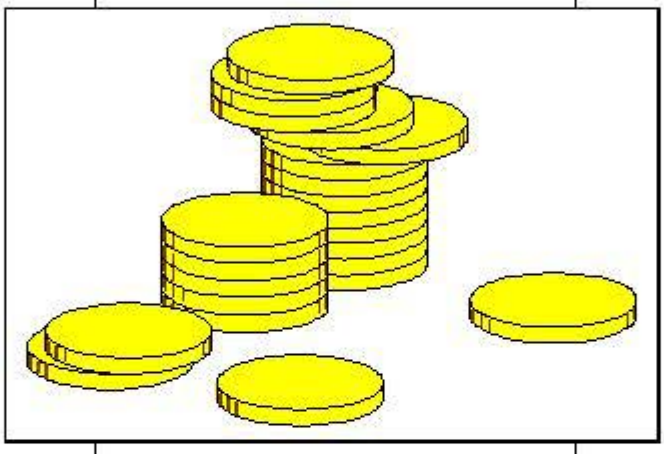
Number: 132
Name: LAW&ORDER
Address: RJFITZ
Date: 930430
Approximate # of bytes: 95872
Library: 1
Description: Transcript of the Law and Order Forum held on 4/28/93 hosted by Eldron. Topics discussed included the constable, the courts and the way that picking pockets works.
Keywords: forum, law, order, constable, court, Eldron, pickpocket, steal. ❖

(Pilferer's Progress, continued from page 17)
other areas. If you really want to train completely in more than one weapon type, or in Two Handed weapons, run over to the arena and work there, but don't expect the manual skills to be as easy to train in, when you spend all your time sparring.

"Training in Picking Locks and Disarming Traps will serve you well. There are many barred ways that a good pick, in skilled hands, can penetrate. Traps can be insidious, as you know, and come in many forms. Train in both thiefly skills every chance that you get. For avoiding traps can save your hide, and opening locks can make your bank account fat. Don't despair over your lack of effectiveness at an early age. Both abilities will develop into powerful skills as you mature.

"You should also train in the way of sitting back and observing things, heightening your Perception of your surroundings. This will let you see others who might think to hide from you, or stalk you as you walk, sneak up to you, as I did, or even dip a hand into your purse. This training will also help you see traps, though it's of no help disarming them.

"The skills of Hiding, Stalking and Ambushing are secondary skills. If you choose them, they can be powerful assets, especially in combination. Your training in Hiding will include the use of shadows and crowds to conceal your actions. Few are the places where a good hider cannot find some object of diversion or obfuscation in order to remain unseen and undetected. To Stalk means to follow others without their knowledge. This can be very dangerous even to train in, as most others will assume the act itself is a hostile move. Don't run out and attempt to Stalk people too early in your career, lest you make a name, a bad name, for yourself here too. Ambushing is a powerful skill. As your training in this skill increases, so does your ability to score with a single, devastating, and possibly lethal blow, when attacking from a hidden position. Early in your career you'll not notice much difference between Ambushing and regular attacks, except that Ambushing takes about twice as long. This skill is slow to develop. Once you get twenty ranks in this skill, you'll begin to see the payoff of patience. You'll no longer worry about facing an adversary for a protracted encounter. You'll strike from hiding and will deliver a blow that only incredible luck can defeat. Once you have obtained the status of Thief Lord, your ability to deliver this blow from hiding will be known throughout the land. You may even be called an 'Ear Waxer', but more on that later. The one drawback, or benefit, is it's best used by a solo hunter. If you're in a group and deliver a lethal blow before others have had an opportunity to practice some of their lessons on the beast, they can learn nothing from it."



Mac could no longer contain his fidgeting. He was famished, thirsty, tired of paying attention while his uncle lectured him, and, most of all, he was getting more and more confused. Ivan scratched his head, pondering how to recapture the boy's interest. A sly smile played across Ivan's face, as he extended his arm, wineskin in hand, towards Mac. "How thoughtless of me, boy! Why didn't you speak up? Here, have some."

Mac blinked, not sure what to do. Rather than appear childish, inexperienced or a "sissy" in his uncle's eyes, Mac uncorked the wineskin and upended it. Ivan watched, and interceded. "Whoa, lad, easy there!"

Ivan took back the skin and begin lecturing again. "The last truly thiefly skill you can learn is Picking Pockets. Many thieves have made money this way. Some even from the pockets of fellow adventurers, as they walked the wilds. If you are caught in town though, beware the Constable. I understand from my brother you've already had one encounter with his kind. He will arrest you. You'll then be convicted in that kangaroo court, and fined. If you don't have the money to pay the fine on your person, the town sells your items to the pawn shop one at a time until there is enough money to pay the fine. Oh, and that nasty Constable chooses the item to be auctioned, not you. Picking Pockets, like Stalking, requires patience and training. Don't go out and try this skill until you've been taught to at least the tenth rank, lest you make enemies very quickly. Heed this warning young Mac, many thieves have been skinned by little halfling mages and sorcerers for trying to get into their well-lined pockets."

Ivan smiled and looked up at the gathering clouds. "Storm's coming. Better get on with your errands." With that declaration he placed his hand on Mac's shoulder, and turned to leave. As he did, the branch beneath them swayed back and forth slightly, and then more markedly, as it was also rocked by the increasing winds that were heralding the approach of rough weather.

Suddenly, Mac's face turned as grey as the threatening sky overhead. Then he turned a sickly green. He felt

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(Dark Reaver, continued from page 1)
the Unlife, wresting it from their possession. A locked chest found there proved to be beyond the capabilities of the sturdiest lockpicks and most skilled pickers. At last, the key was tried on it, and the chest was unlocked.

With some trepidation, the party opened the chest. Before they realized it, the lid flew off with a demonic force and from out of the chest leapt a dark reaver. His foul visage and fell powers caused all who beheld his manifestation to be stunned instantly. The reaver, after getting its bearings, tried to open a portal to oblivion in order to seek out and destroy someone on the other side of that pale of nonexistence. Eissa intervened, thwarting the reaver's objective. In the face of defeat, the reaver became enraged, and hurled a venomous, hate-filled challenge to her and the Lords of Orhan, vowing that neither they nor anyone nor anything else in all the realms of men, gods and demons would prevent him from ultimately fulfilling his task.

What little has been learned since that about the reaver indicates that its nature is such that it will not cease until it has accomplished the task it has set out to do. Reavers have a terrifyingly single-minded goal, and to accomplish that they will stop at nothing. They are truly immortal and cannot be killed in the same sense that humans can. Only a Lord of Orhan has the power to completely vanquish the reaver or a mortal with a very special, powerful weapon forged solely for that purpose.

Observers speculated that the other valuables inside the chest that contained the reaver had originally been placed there to lure the foul being inside. They also found a note in it, ostensibly from Zenon, which apparently put the reaver in the chest for about 200 years. No reliable information has been found about the king that the reaver was sent to slay, his family or his circumstances.

The reaver departed, intent upon laying the groundwork to fulfill his threats and mission. Before vanishing, he dropped several skull rings and thanked those hapless adventurers who had released him. The rings were a sign, he said, and he might return for them (and their wearers) at any time to enlist them in his heinous pursuit. Later it was noticed that some of the rings mysteriously gained various powers to protect the bearers. It is believed this was induced by the reaver, exerting his influence from afar.

The next disturbing event related to the reaver's appearance, was the sighting of a ghostly apparition of Yototh's merchant wagon, which citizens pursued out of town and into the wilds. The shade of Yototh traced the happenings of his ill-fated last night on Kulthea in mortal form. It was revealed to those stalking the ghost wagon that on that night, Yototh ran into some servants of the Unlife, who relentlessly pursued him until his wagon careened out of control and overturned. One particularly nasty looking Unlife waited above the wagon while the others searched, and they found the key. They left for their usual haunts, with the ivory key in hand. That is how the key came to be in the possession of the group of hunters who slew those undead murderers. This was what that nasty Unlife wanted and so left the others to their petty pillaging of the wagon. While the group was enrapt at the ghostly tale, more Unlife, obviously astir at something, staged invasions at various times and places around the lands.

The next appearance of the reaver was in the Landing itself. He demanded that everyone pray to Eissa to release his quarry, the king, or the reaver would start killing citizens indiscriminately. Several died and then Lord Thalior, summoning up all his courage and skill as a sorcerer, slew the reaver with a well-aimed *Touch of Disruption*. This weakened the reaver for a time, but since no mortal means can really kill a reaver, he came back, mocked the puny mortals thereabouts gathered and destroyed a weapon they had found on the reaver's body. It is also believed that the reaver tried to corrupt several townsfolk and enlist them in his foul cause, to gain their help in locating the ivory key, although this remains to be confirmed. Strange occurrences and weird events are said to have taken place all over town that night, including sightings of gods and goddesses, transformations of weapons, and other inexplicable phenomena.

Subsequently, the noble cleric Gillaume claimed to be in possession of the ivory key that the reaver so desperately sought. The goodly cleric attempted to provoke the hellish being into appearing once again, in order that he, his companions Hexxon, Krisenfest, Zimbangu, Orian, and the other townsfolk might make a final stand and defeat the reaver once and for all. The dark reaver obliged, materializing before them and immediately demanding the key. When it was not forthcoming, the reaver began to lop off heads left and right, shattering bodies until Gillaume was killed. The reaver searched the lifeless corpse, found the key, vanished, and left lingering, mocking laughter behind.

The reaver's most recent appearance has been followed by a series of terrifying essence rifts in the land. Experts on rift manifestation believe the reaver is experimenting with using the key, and that this is causing many breaches in the very fabric of the worlds, permitting an unrelenting stream of Unlife to flood our dimension. The last rift incursion nearly overwhelmed the Landing, forcing the inhabitants to take refuge in the Temple until the rifts closed up, as abruptly as they had opened.

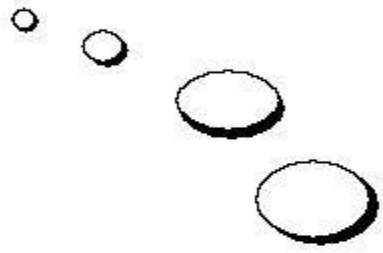
During this time in the Temple, several attempts were made to commune with Eissa. Two were successful

(Continued on page 25)

(Pilferer's Progress, continued from page 22)
his legs go rubbery, and he grasped at his uncle, in an attempt to avoid the embarrassment of swooning straight down into Town Square. "What ails you, lad? What is it?" Ivan asked in a worried tone. Then he remembered his now-empty wineskin. "C'mere, lad, give me your hand"

Ivan gathered the woozy boy up into his broad arms, and silently stole through town, in through the back window of Larton's and into Mac's cramped room, where he gently laid the boy down on his straw mattress. The boy stirred and muttered in his wine-induced sleep. Ivan stroked Mac's tousled hair and whispered softly, "Dreams of thiefly greatness, no doubt." Ivan chuckled silently to himself; just as silently, he was gone.

When Mac awoke to Larton's bellowed threats of flogging for oversleeping, his head was pounding. He didn't really know, but he figured the headache was the product of all that information his uncle had tried to cram into it the day before. He tried, unsuccessfully, to focus his eyes and clear the cobwebs from the dark corners of his brain. He rubbed his heavy eyelids, and looked around the dimly lit room. There on the floor, just by the narrow door, lay an empty torkaan-skin sack, sealed with a cork. He didn't remember how that got there but as he wondered, he began to recall bits and pieces of yesterday's lengthy lesson:



(Editor's Quill, continued from page 13)
whether using a Mac, IBM, Amiga or Coleco Adam, have access to the highest-quality version of KC we can offer. Also on our minds: expanding our player staff, soliciting more art, widening the scope and variety of our coverage in each issue, and encouraging submissions of all kinds. Email me, at **TESOL,** with your opinions, suggestions and critiques. I *do* read and archive all Email on the KC, even though sometimes I may be so swamped that I can't reply in as timely a manner as I would like. I *am* working on that, by the way.

But such is the nature of the periodical beast. It is rather like a giant Emerian python. Just when you think you've got it fed, *WHAM!*, a month later, it's hungry again. That reminds me, time to go slay another large rodent for Ophelia's monthly meal. ❖

The Hard Facts of Life for the Aspiring Thief

The best races for a thief are ones that have Strength, Agility, and Quickness bonuses associated with them. The half elf is best suited for this role, but any race can be an effective thief.

In GemStone III it is important for an arms user to always double train in either One Handed Edged or One Handed Crushing weapons and then stick with it. Your Strength bonus is added to the weapon skill. A good offense is necessary because this is the thief's primary method of overcoming adversity. Though brawling can be learned with the same expense of One Handed Crushing weapon skill, it is best used to raise your defense while both hands are empty. This is especially helpful if you plan on Disarming Traps and Picking Locks while still in the wilds. Single training in this will meet that end. The Rigid Leather armors are recommended because they offer a balanced defense. They are not as good against weapon attacks as some armors but offer a better defense against natural and spell attacks. The training is cheap and the benefits do outweigh the hindrances of the armor.

I still recommend that a young thief double train in Disarming Traps, Picking Locks, Perception, Hiding, and Ambushing. However, that will cost twenty Development Points per level. These skills are so cheap however that to not at least single train in them would be a waste. If you need to use Development Points elsewhere I recommend Perception then Hiding be single trained for the level. This will give you six more Development Points to use elsewhere. Never single train or skip ambush. I will expand on the potential of this skill later, but always double train in it.

Picking Pockets is a very cheap skill for a thief. Do not train much in it if you do not plan on using it on Player Characters. The NPC's are not rich and carry the risk of jail. It is also a skill best left for professionals. Your target's Perception and Picking skill combine to prevent your attempts, so you must be well trained to attempt this action. Single training in it while double training in Perception will make you almost unpickpocketable.

(MeltingStone, continued from page 19)
eyelids fluttered. Pelag rushed forward and caught her as she fell to the ground in a deadfaint.

Jarel hugged his son and asked Pelag, "Is she ill? Will she be all right?"

Pelag looked grave. "I must get her to the chapel, so she can rest." He cast a long, meaningful look at Jarel. "She just walked through the Inferno for you, my son. We shall see how she fares."

Almost as if to punctuate the cleric's serious words, Jarel's house chose that moment to collapse into itself, char and cinders flying everywhere. The flames burned brightly, but were lower now, and less of a threat to spread. The bucket brigade continued their work.

Pelag, followed by Jarel and his family, helped Delphia stagger to his office in the chapel. After settling her on the couch, he shooed the spectators out of his office, telling them that the elven magess needed rest and quiet. Pelag closed the door.

"Are they gone?" Delphia asked from the couch.

"Yes, they're gone." Pelag smiled. "Quite a show you put on out there."

Delphia sat up, all traces of fatigue gone from her bearing. She grinned. "Did you like it? You know I just can't resist the dramatic." Her chuckle was musical.

"Yes, though you were cutting it rather close there." Pelag frowned. "Those beams almost caught you."

Delphia nodded. "But I made it. Thanks for the extra protection, by the way. It helped."

"The Lords work in mysterious ways," intoned the cleric, "And I have a feeling they're not done with us yet."

"You're welcome," Pelag bowed. "Though I've seen you walk through fire worse than that before." Pelag shuddered almost involuntarily, as he recalled a sudden, momentary image of flames.

"Yes, but I couldn't make it look too easy now, could I?" Delphia smiled, and gently chuckled again.

Pelag nodded. "Saving the young grandson of Sten Dalton cannot hurt your chances of gaining his support. And that you appeared to be at risk will gain you some extra popular support. A timely rescue, Delphia." Pelag smiled. "Almost miraculous."

Delphia nodded. "Maybe there is something to these Lords of yours after all, Pelag."

Pelag sighed. "The Lords work in mysterious ways," intoned the cleric. "And I have a feeling they're not done with us yet." ❖

(Dark Reaver, continued from page 23)
and learned that the means to destroying the reaver was in their own hands, and that terrible suffering was yet to be endured before the final reckoning. Eissa urged all not to abandon hope.

No one knows what the reaver's next move will be, all we know is that he has the ivory key, and seems to be tampering with our very world in order to complete his deadly task. Where or when will he strike next? That is the question on the minds of all the citizens of Kulthea. Speculation is that an attempt to open a portal to oblivion, where the reaver can finally apprehend the king and complete its mission, is imminent. ❖

(Spring Weddings, continued from page 7)
Within the span of the next few days, Dreamweaver and Greywulf were married. The pair intended to have a small, quiet service, but there ended up being over 40 guests in attendance (including a few gate-crashing sea witches near the beach) due to the couple's enduring popularity among the citizens of the Landing. The marriage service itself was unique and moving, fraught with much symbolism and a deep sense of the wonder of life in Kulthea. The couple themselves, while exchanging vows, were "sky clad" and all were relieved that the weather held. After the formal ceremony conducted by Nyarlothep with Lord Palma as swordbearer, guests made merry at the Dance Tent for another hour or so.

Most recently, it seems that Gremlynn and Berr liked getting married so much they decided to do it again in a more official and lavish manner. The wedding got off to a bit of a late start, due to the fact that the groom and a large contingent of male guests were still hacking away at each other in the final batches of the Gladiatorial Games. But all agreed that it was a wise move to get the brawling over with *before* the wedding, rather than *during* it (obviously they have never met any of *my* clan). In a large ceremony conducted by Palma, with Gillaume as best man, at the Wedding Glade and the opulent reception following, the couple received many fabulous gifts and the heartfelt good wishes of all involved.

So as spring turns to summer, before we even realize it, in this ever-changing land of ours, we look forward to more couples settling down and making this wild and uncertain, sometimes downright hostile, world, a little bit more warm, friendly and romantic for us all. ❖