KULTHEA CHRONICLE

The Official Monthly of GemStone III

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Inside This Issue:

News Briefs	2
Library Picks	2
Hands-On Healing	3
Face to Face with Elvanion	3
Bestiary: Kral Warfarers	4
Dreams Sacred and Profane	5
Letters to the Editor	5
Fame Rankings	7
Curio Cabinet: Artifacts	12
The Sea Nymph: Poem	13
Travels: The Lower Grotto	16
One Woman's Art: Poem	17
Chronicle Classifieds	18
Would-Be Thief	20
Town Forums	23

Creature Population Booming

The disturbing trend of creatures carrying new and exotic weapons reported earlier by this paper seems to have mushroomed into something of even more serious import for the citizens of Kulthea–more exotic, new and alarmingly powerful creatures themselves! These roving groups of invaders appear to have no fixed abode, and have been reported in territories normally frequented by known creatures. One alarmist has even gone so far to speculate these brutes have been making systematic surveys of the various regions of our lands in order to settle here and plague us permanently.

Strange creatures have appeared lately in locations all over the lands, where such monsters had never been known to venture before. Among these interlopers were seen huge laen golems, massive troll kings and banshees. Adventurers reported they all have sinister strengths and powers that make them difficult, even deadly, to tangle with for the unwary hunter.

Sinister new creatures are moving into the lands, and wreaking much havoc.

Trolls Who Would Be Kings

Lone massive troll kings have been spotted engaging whole bands of adventurers in the area of the abandoned inn and elsewhere. This seemed foolhardy on the part of these overconfident beings at first, until the hunting parties realized that severing off a limb of the creature had very odd consequences.

Severed troll king limbs escape under their own power, and if left alone, regenerate and form an entirely new troll king. At one point in the furious fray at the inn, one troll had grown into an army of 15 from its own hacked body parts. Eventually, the hunters discovered that the limbs themselves could be tracked down and

(Continued on page 23)

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

Do you have what it takes? The Kulthea Chronicle is seeking fearless adventurers who aren't afraid of a little hard work. We need roving reporters, or "stringers" who can give eyewitness, as-it-happened accounts of interesting events throughout the land during each month prior to publication

In general, stringers will be assigned to cover one or two specific scheduled events a month, and will be responsible for delivering brief, lively accounts of

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)
them. Also, good roving reporters should keep an eye out for any unusual occurrences, impromptu happenings and general items of note during each month for publication.

Rewards and compensation commensurate with output. All interested parties should apply via Email to **TESOL** with particulars.

You will be entitled to credit towards free weekends in GemStone in exchange for your work on the Kulthea Chronicle. So if you think you have what it takes, come get what you deserve! ❖

KULTHEA CHRONICLE

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News Briefs...

Alliana and Orian Wed
The first weekend in April marked a festive event as Orian and Alliana were wed at a ceremony that included a most gracious marriage service and a swank reception. As all of Kelfour's Landing was gathered to wish them well, a disturbing occurrence marred the festivities. A woman claiming to be an old flame of Orian's showed up, and bemoaned her fate long and loud about him abandoning her. Matters got quite tense for a while, but fortunately bloodshed was avoided, and everyone made peace. The reception then continued

Whilder Hosts Open House
The honorable mage Lord Whilder held a belated Open House party to mark the opening of his magical workshop, located in a quiet southeast corner of Kelfour's Landing. Many townsfolk turned out to gawk and gossip and wolf down the good food and drink on hand. Whilder patiently gave tours to all, and was the perfect host. One hopes, however, that before his next bash, he will get someone in to dust off the furniture. This reporter is *still* sneezing!

Claedesbrim Possessed?
Those familiar with the labyrinthine byways of Castle Claedesbrim and its surrounding areas were dismayed to discover late one night recently, that a mysterious sorcerer, one Estrion by name, walked into town and laid claim to the Castle. He declared that he had taken up residence there, and for an indeterminate period, he has set up magical wards to prevent any trespassing. A sudden violent storm brewed up to accompany his announcement, and the valiant citizens of Kelfour's fought hard to vanquish him, but failed, deciding to let him have to castle for now, and marshal their forces for further action some time hence. ❖

Pick of the New Library Files

by Edrium Trias, former Underassistant Librarian at Nomikos

While the Library at Nomikos where I used to work contains an enormous amount of books, scrolls, manuscripts and information in all forms, it is not easily accessible to the average citizen of Kelfour's. Unless you know a Navigator, and have all sorts of other connections, in fact, it is impossible to obtain admission to this hallowed seat of learning and knowledge. I myself have not been back there since that unfortunate incident with the one-legged sorcerer, the missing spellbook, and the appearance of that giant slime toad up on the sixth floor, in the stacks devoted to "Casting Illusions of a Particularly Revolting and Disgusting Nature."

Ah, but enough about me. Suffice it to say I am most content in my present position as Kelfour's librarian. Here are a few noteworthy tomes that we have catalogued:

Number: 290
Name: R10.EXE
Address: SIMUTRONICS
Date: 940403
Approximate # of bytes: 204672
Library: 5
Description: This file contains the R10 resource packet for over 25 additional graphic images for the GemStone III Graphical Front End. Simply download this file to the directory where you have the current GS3 Front End files and run it. Doing so will extract the compressed file and you will be ready to go. A READR10.TXT file is included with a few instructions and comments.
Keywords: gs3, fe, gs3fe, front end, graphics, resource, packet, pictures.

(Continued on page 21)

A Hands-On Approach to the Gentle Art of Healing: Advice to the student healer

by Lord Strom O'Berin

Being a healer can be fun and rewarding, but you have to train and study with great dedication. A healer is a true spellcaster who has access to three spell lists–the healer base, the open channeling, and the closed channeling list. Although the healer is a single weapon trained person and has no base list offensive spells, he has many allies in his quest for advancement: Mages and sorcerer that can't count and fighters are a healer's best friends.

Healing and Transferring

Healers operate by transferring the wounds from others onto themselves, then casting a healer spell to minister to their own wounds. This is where the experience and a bit of fame is gained. Healers do not gain experience from other healer's wounds, even if the would-be patient happens to be deceased. If that were not the case, you might find all the healers standing around Town Square transferring each others' injuries back and forth.

To take a wound upon yourself, you **TRANSfer [name] [wound area]**. When transferring a wound, **TRANS [name] RIGHT ARM**, for example, would take another person's arm wound first, then any hand damage. Transferring system or nerve damage is accomplished with **TRANS [name]** only, no area named. This will take any concussion damage present first, then the nerve damage. To take eye wounds, you **TRANS [name] HEAD**, and any head damage is transferred first, then the eye wound.

Tending, Diagnosing and First Aid

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

You can tend yourself by using **TEND MY LEFT LEG** for instance, or heal others with **TEND [name] [wound area]**. Even if you are just a young healer, you still may be able to tend someone's wound so they may survive to find a more experienced healer or get an herb. The student healer will note here, that tending a wound first and then transferring any concussion lost will garner more experience. You will learn nothing if you take concussion damage on yourself while the patient is still bleeding.

You can **DIAGnose [name]** or **DIAGnose [name] FULL** to gain more information on an injured person's condition. **DIAGnose** alone will tell you only whether or not they are injured. A full diagnosis will tell you their scars, wounds, bleeding rate

(Continued on page 11)

Face to Face with Jerusha

In The Garden of Serenity

An Interview with Lord Elvanion Darkholt, GameMaster
by Jerusha Monfjoy

On the evening that I was to meet Lord Elvanion Darkholt, I realized that we had not yet decided where the interview was to take place. I had just sent him a message, asking if the Bakery's Tea Room (one of my usual haunts) would suffice, when I suddenly felt myself being pulled away from Kelfour's Landing and being deposited in a place somewhere between the realms of fantasy and reality.

As I turned to examine my surroundings, I realized that I was now in the company of Elvanion, Lord and GameMaster.

"And it is even more quiet here," he said with a bemused chuckle. He explained that this place was his "Garden of Serenity." It was one of the first areas he had created when newly come into his powers. And it certainly *is* beautiful. Ancient oak and windak trees encircle the garden to shelter it from the elements. In the trees were jeweled lanterns, which cast a soft light, and in one corner of the garden bubbled a clear spring that ran into a rock-lined pool. It is one of the few places in (or out of) Kulthea that one can be calm and totally at peace. We found a place to sit on the soft grass, and I thanked him for taking the time out of his schedule, to meet with me.

"It is my pleasure," he said, smiling. Lord Elvanion Darkholt is, like the places he creates, complex, interesting, a pleasure to be around. Fairer than most of the High Man race, his wavy, light brown hair just

(Continued on page 13)

Bloodsmythe's Bestiary

Observations on the Kral Warfarers: A Cautionary Approach

by Bloodsmythe Huntsman

Having set my mind to learning more of the Ice Kral Lord Warfarers, I still could not bring myself to face that most dreaded of foes, the Quellbourne winter. I must confess that my Dyari heritage leaves me a bit sensitive to physical discomfort. So I pulled down an old manuscript I had once received as payment from a sea captain seeking certain non-medicinal herbs and nestled into my armchair to enjoy the dying embers of the fire.

The dusty tome was copied from the captain's diaries, and as he had plied his trade along the coast, he had come into contact with the Ice Kral on more than one occasion. The local Kral, it seems, are a settlement of these northern brutes who first came to our waters in the time of Zenon. The island of Trelkinaark was their reward for services to the Lord Sorcerer too unpleasant for even the captain's coarse diary to detail. Since that day the Kral have lived on Trelkinaark where they are ruled by a hereditary king.

Below the king, Kral society is ruled by the Lord Warfarers. A Warfarer achieves his status solely by attaining (and trickier still, retaining) mastery over a longship and crew. Under the Warfarers are the warriors, mercenaries, soldiers, and sailors; every last male Kral making his "living" by piracy. The lowest members of the Kral community are the slaves, whose lot in life was described in several chapters by the captain. I learned that the captain had been abducted and placed into slavery for a time. The description he gave was not pretty, for the slaves of the Kral have no rights at all and are considered by their tyrannical masters fortunate to keep their miserable lives from day to day.

Lord Kral Warfarer in Full Battle Dress

Having learned all I was likely to about the Kral from my books, I set out to meet the real item. I resolved myself at once that I would not be taken hostage by these creatures. I would prefer that my soul be tossed into the Abyss rather than live as the chattel of one of these poorly educated and foul-tempered beasts whose idea of a noble fiefdom is no more than the disease-ridden length of a longship. Still, it was with little fear of these beasts that I left my workshop. When I returned some time later, I had a cough, several open wounds, and a grudging respect for the Warfarer's knowledge of the arcane arts.

Physically the Warfarer is squat and primitive. Standing (or in the case of my specimen, laying) a mere five feet and a half, the Kral is nearly as broad as a Dwarf, if not quite so prone to a pot belly. The skin is grayish-blue even in life, the hair is thick and white, and the Kral arm is more apelike than human. The internal anatomy of the Kral is unremarkable save for the unusually large size of the lungs which no doubt serve this seafaring race well during baths. (A linguistic note: the Kral word for "bath" refers to a sudden fall overboard. They have no need for a word to describe the practice of cleaning the body with water, as they consider it unmanly.)

As for the fighting style of the Kral, I must confess that I was unable to study them at the leisure I should

(Continued on page 15)

Here are the perfunctory results of my brief, chilling and most incomodious encounter with the live Kral Warfarer subjects:

	Kral Warfarers
Level	21
Very Approx. CPs	220
AT	AT6
Attacks/OB	falchion/155
DB	170
Round Time	6 seconds
Skin	None
Treasure	Level IV chests
Special	spells, immune to cold attacks

Note: The common Kral Warrior or Mercenary, coming from a barbarian culture, disdains the use of all armor but a shield. Their skin is so thick with scars as to increase the THT of normal flesh by 3. Also, these hardy seamen are unusually resistant to the elements, having THTs of 80 against shockbolts and 47 against firebolts. They are immune to cold.

Dreams Sacred and Profane

by Gallenod Varynesti

[Ed - This is the final installment of Gallenod's popular roman a clef.]

Lachmar sighed as the four young mercenaries left his chamber. The meeting had not gone well, in his opinion. The praise heaped on them during dinner by the Duke had only deepened Andar's gloom. The boy felt unworthy of it all. And the other three depended on the young fighter for spirit and leadership. They were losing their edge.

A small figure peeked out of the wardrobe. "Are they gone yet?" piped the halfling.

"Of course they're gone, you hairy pest," chuckled Lachmar. "You knew perfectly well they were. Don't try to play innocent with me. I know you better."

The halfling grinned back at the elf. Then he stopped smiling. "What do you think?" he asked.

"Well," answered Lachmar, "I think they need a good kick in the pants. Andar in particular. Drat that boy. He refuses to stop doubting himself. He's used to doing the saving, not the other way around. And all the public thanks from the Duke just makes him feel more guilty."

"Well, he just may get that kick." The halfling smiled mysteriously.

"What are you playing at now, you furry footstool?" Lachmar looked dangerously at the little figure smiling up at him. The elf had seen that look before and knew it meant only one thing: Trouble.

"To sleep, perchance to dream!" giggled the halfling. "Let the Bard be your guide, Lachmar." And with that, the halfling scampered out the door, grinning broadly.

Lachmar sighed. "I hate it when he's cryptic." The mercenary made sure, however, that his clothes and weapons were where he could find them quickly in the dark before he retired for the evening.

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Pelag approached the cave with caution. He knew he was taking a big chance going in alone, but there was something in there he needed. He wasn't quite sure what, but he knew he had to enter the cave.

His brain seemed foggy. He moved inside the entrance and let his eyes adjust to the darkness. The place stank of carrion. Pelag, still driven by his nameless need, moved farther in.

Random thoughts flashed through his mind. Scenes from childhood. Peace and love from his parents. Entering the clergy and being posted to a remote village. The orc raiding party, and the unlife that soon followed. He saw his very first meeting with the elf, Delphia, as they fought first the orcs and then the fires together. Trapped by falling debris in a burning house. Rescued. Leaving the smoking ruins with Delphia and the other survivors.

He smelled smoke. The passage ahead was lit with a reddish glow. Pelag turned a corner and screamed. The fire guardian immolated and bathed Pelag in sheets of flame. The cleric's charred body collapsed to the ground, ashes scattering in all directions.

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Gaden was in a castle he could not name, in a land he did not recognize. He

(Continued on page 6)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Kulthea Chronicle:

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

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

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

He seemed quite eager to talk actually; perhaps orcs don't get much chance to shoot the breeze with higher life forms all that often. He told me his name was G'rup. He seemed like a typical orc of this area, usually referred to as lesser orcs because of their smaller size when compared to their greater cousins, but I didn't want to tease him about his puny size, so I just kept calling him plain old orc. He was about 6'1, maybe 210 pounds of dirty flesh that smelled like it had never known water. His low sloping brow, pig-like snout and jagged teeth gave him a savage appearance, and made him slobber a bit as he spoke. His small black eyes, however, sparkled with the intelligence I had bestowed.

When I asked him what he

(Continued on page 15)

(Dreams, continued from page 5)

moved to a doorway and looked into another room. All the same. The view from every window showed a cracked, blasted land. Gaden knew he must leave this place.

He began walking through the halls. There were no features for him to gauge direction from, just flat, bare walls. The monotonous scenery started him daydreaming about his youth. Wandering the forests with his adoptive elven parents. The ghostly figure that had chased him out an old barn when he was ten, screaming like a banshee. He shuddered. Meeting Andar. Hunting cave trolls. He smiled.

The smile died on his lips when he heard the wailing. It was moving closer, but not in a straight line. It was circling him, like a shark. How could it circle through solid walls? Unless they weren't solid. Unless what stalked him wasn't solid. Unless there were more than one. Gaden gripped his sword tightly, though he felt it would be of little use against what hunted him.

The wraith came through the wall, its aura of fear stunning Gaden into a frozen paralysis. His sword and shield fell from numb fingers. Almost gently, the wraith sank its talons deep into the ranger's body and drank his life force dry.

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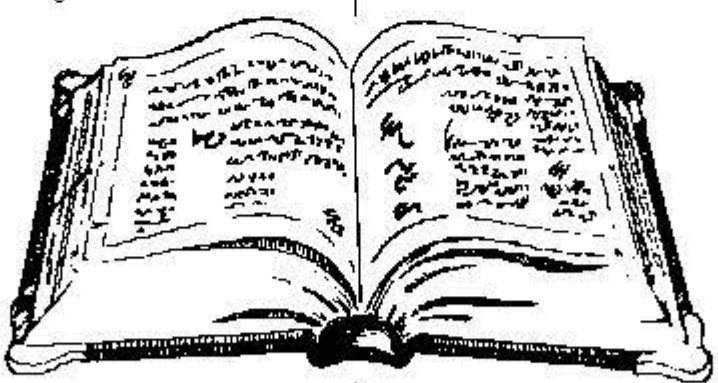
Delphia looked around the cavern, her elven eyes seeing the shifting patterns of heat in the lightless cave. She knew she must reach the surface. Light and heat from the sun would restore her, help her remember how she'd gotten here.

She moved silently through the dark. The lack of light brought images to her mind. Meeting Pelag and digging him out of a burning building. Traveling with the cleric after the village they'd defended had been burned to the ground. Lying poisoned for two weeks after a snakebite. Her first encounter with Andar and Gaden, when she'd taken offense at the huge fighter's adolescent manners and frazzled his hair with a shockbolt. And later, falling as deeply in love with the fighter as an elf could ever love an ephemeral. She sighed.



Something hissed in return. Scales slithered on rock. Delphia prepared a spell and searched in vain for a heat signature, remembering too late that snakes were cold-blooded. She felt giant jaws clamp on her thigh, injecting poison. Scaly coils wrapped around her body and she felt everything go cold as she slumped unconscious to the floor.

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Andar was back in the mountain pass, the scene of his shame, alone. The trees mocked him, and the cliff he'd been flung over invited him back. He shivered, even though the air was warm.

Large figures moved through the woods towards him. Mountain ogres, the same three he'd fought before. Andar drew his sword. This time would be different.

He fought like a man possessed, a whirling, slashing dervish of destruction. The ogres fell to his sword like wheat to a scythe. As the last body hit the ground, Andar raised his head to the moon and howled like a wolf. All the bitter disappointment of his previous defeat washed out of him. His soul felt cleansed.

He turned and looked back at the bodies. They were changing before his eyes. In a few seconds, they had become the hacked, dismembered corpses of Pelag, Gaden, and Delphia. The heads all stared accusingly at him.

Andar howled again, this time on the verge of madness.

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Algo was in a tree top. He'd never liked trees, and wondered what he was doing in this one. A limitless forest stretched as far as the eye could see. Off in the distance, Algo saw a small speck in the sky. It seemed to be getting closer.

Algo looked for a way down, but saw no branches. Just leaves and bark. How had he climbed up, then? He was stranded, unless he learned to fly.

The speck was getting closer. It appeared to be a bird of some sort. A big bird. A huge bird. As it neared, Algo somehow knew the bird intended to carry him off into the sky. It was a roc. Algo clung tightly to the tree, and hoped the bird would miss. Strangely, he didn't feel afraid. Just resigned to his fate. The young dwarf closed his eyes.

Something pushed him off the tree. He fell, a much shorter distance than he thought he would. When he opened his eyes, he saw Wimby staring at him.

"Are you alright?" the halfling asked quietly. He seemed unusually serious.

"Aside from a bad dream and a bump on the head," Algo replied, "I seem to be fine. What happened?"

"I pushed you off the bed," Wimby grinned, "because I know the sensation of falling will wake dreamers." The little halfling seemed quite satisfied with himself.

"Couldn't you have just shaken me to wake me up?"

(Continued on page 8)

Fame Rankings

by Celestin Drowstar March 27

FIGHTER		THIEF		MAGE		CLERIC	
Waldo2 Ptolomy	29	Arturo Bresnahanini	37	Dartaghan Darkstar	42	Ladydawn Diamond	42
Hexxon Glenriver	26	Mikhail Minnehan	32	Odds Bodkins	38	Raphael Kinevon	41
Metaboculous Griden	25	Stanyon Sting	27	Kodos Corralias	36	Sydna Warrick	35
Sulthon Ni'Shaang	25	Aurien Babazhook	27	Catrissa Dakhati	34	Lairaerrykthrok Tykil Vuul	33
Gilthor Longblade	24	Moonpie Legend	26	Pan True-Silver	33	Aeklug Baeyenbreghal	32
Ryden D'Savage	22	Kendrick MacLaer	26	Whilder Planrathe	31	Vizuxa Bluestar	31
Kyreth No-Name	22	Valeria Deering	24	Certain Justice	29	Palma Smythe	30
Imlach Drauglir	21	Harcourt Mudd	24	Cerulean Kuykenda	25	Gillaume d'Clans	29
Shardin QuickSword	20	WInter Moorsland	23	Kalas Lifebane	24	Redeye Kielsson	28
Garret Faerghail	20	Dunkel Ganger	23	Elminester Silvan	23	Lodin Whitemane	27
HEALER		**BARD**		**RANGER**		**SORCERER**	
Strom O'Berin	67	Enegue Lion Heart	40	Trachten Hickapod	40	Thalior Farthor	38
Kayla Kyndhart	44	Oghier Sleepytoes	34	Fxg Lyon	36	Nixie Trevize	36
Caretaker D'BoldHome	34	Heron Vestone	30	Corwin D'Amber	34	Airioch Ramthanodox	30
Woundhealer Odlaw	29	Logum Ulthwe	28	Maruko Ashimine	34	Mnesilichus Ectheli	30
Unum Lux	27	Zimbangu Atlantia	24	Erek Snow Mane	29	Finndall Bobbins	28
Mara Tallow	21	Traylor Slawn	22	Kenner Boh	29	Bloodsmythe Huntsman	26
Visarli Romaset	21	Bolin Magill	22	Dara Lundy	26	Darvian Advrakian	23
Atari Miyamoto	20	Llorien Silvanestuu	21	Jarran Terraxx	26	Charms D'Warfling	21
Palance Buckhannah	19	Orlando Vern	19	Nastrom Trevin	26	Gildas Laogh	21
Luke Medivac	18	Valinor Kalmirson	19	Gallenod Varynesti	26	Enigma Sirillian	21
COMMON MAN		**HIGH MAN**		**HALF-ELF**		**WOOD ELF**	
Heron Vestone	30	Raphael Kinevan	41	Kayla Kyndhart	44	Thalior Farthor	38
Kyreth No-Name	22	Enegue Lion Heart	40	Ladydawn Diamond	42	Gildas Laogh	21
Krisenfest Rote-Kap	21	Trachten Hickapod	40	Fxg Lyon	36	Mara Tallow	21
Ardear Vestonaire	21	Corwin D'Amber	34	Nixie Trevize	36	Joqain Denark	20
Taes Alchitar	19	Palma Smythe	30	Maurko Ashimine	34	Celestin Drowstar	20
HIGH ELF		**FAIR ELF**		**DWARF**		**HALFLING**	
Strom O'Berin	67	Arturo Bresnahanini	37	Oghier Sleepytoes	34	Dartaghan Darkstar	42
Finrod Felagund	17	Sydna Warrick	25	Caretaker D'BoldHome	34	Odds Bodkins	38
Crimson Of_Inverness	15	Whilder Planrathe	31	Aeklug Baeyenbregha	32	Kodos Corralias	36
Phillip Tor	11	Vizuxa Bluestar	31	Hilgavolkas LaJolla	27	Pan True-Silver	33
Aerwyn Amurelith	10	Airioch Ramthanodox	30	Traylor Slawn	22	Lairaerrykthrok Tykil Vuul	33

(Dreams, continued from page 6)

Algo was a little irritated.

"I tried that. You wouldn't wake up." The halfling got a thoughtful look on his face. "We should check on the others." Wimby ran out of the room and headed towards Lachmar's chambers.

"Check the others, indeed," grumbled the dwarf. "I'm going back to bed." Then he heard the moaning coming from Pelag's room across the hall.

The cleric was caught in a nightmare, like the Duke's daughter. No amount of shaking would rouse him, so Algo tried Wimby's trick and pushed the heaving cleric out of the bed.

Pelag hit the floor with a thud. Algo didn't think he'd woken up, at first. Pelag slowly opened his eyes and looked around. He appeared terrified.

"Pelag," asked the dwarf, "what's the matter?"

"Fire," whispered the cleric. "I was burned."

"It was only a bad dream," replied Algo. "You had a nightmare."

"It seemed so real," the cleric sighed. He shuddered and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I had one, too," said Algo. "I was in a tree, and a big bird was coming to carry me off. Wimby pushed me out of the bed and woke me up."

Pelag nodded. He and Algo found Gaden, Delphia, and Andar all afflicted with nightmares. No amount of shaking would wake them, but pushing them out of bed worked just as well for them. Algo wondered how Wimby had known that.

The five moved towards Lachmar's room, four with haunted looks on their faces. The agent's room was empty, his bed still made.

"Now what do we do?" asked Pelag.

"Find answers," replied Delphia. "Someone or some thing has been trespassing in my head, and I mean to exact payment." Essence crackled in her hair as she glared.

"Yes," said Andar. "I think the time has come to find out what's at the bottom of this mystery. At least that nightmare did me a favor; I know what I'm afraid of, now." Andar smiled for the first time in a week. "I'm afraid of letting you all down."

Unsheathing his huge two-handed sword, Andar frowned. "I may not be perfect, but at least I'm ugly." He grinned, a feral gleam in his eye. His companions grinned; the old Andar was back. The little group moved out of the room, and headed for the main hall.

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Two other figures also moved through the dark hallways. Towards Lady Janea's room.

"Why couldn't you just tell me to stay awake?" Lachmar hissed at his companion. "Why get cryptic about it?"

"But that wouldn't be any fun, you smelly elf," chuckled his companion. "You need the practice at being sneaky. This soft life has dulled your edges."

"I'll dull your edges, you walking throw rug!" The elf stopped and glared at Wimby. "I suppose you had a nice nap this afternoon, didn't you?" The halfling giggled in return and smiled innocently up at the fuming elf.

Lachmar sighed. "We're here," he announced. They entered Janea's room. The nurses writhed on the bed, fear etched in their sleeping faces. Janea and the diadem were gone.

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Andar's group entered the main hall. A figure was seated on the ducal chair at the center. It was Satryn.

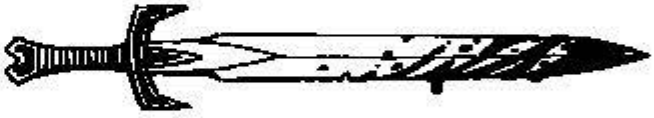
Delphia stalked up to the healer, fury in her voice. "What is the meaning of this, healer? What is going on?"

Satryn moaned. He appeared to be asleep. And having nightmares.

"I don't understand," said Delphia, "What is he doing in the Duke's chair?"

"Because I put him there," said a voice from the shadows. "And I don't understand, either. You should all be asleep now, enjoying the fruits of my labors."

A small man with a shaven head and a goatee stepped out into the room. He looked like a smaller, darker version



of Satryn, dressed in a black robe. He was wearing the mystic diadem on his head. The opal set in the silver pulsed with light. Threads of darkness swirled through the gem.

"It's you," accused Delphia. "You're the one behind this!" She started forward, but Andar laid a restraining hand on her arm.

"Wait," he whispered. "He may tell us something useful."

The little man laughed. "Yes, fighter, I might. Then again, there may not be anything you can do about it. So why bother? Why not just attack and get it over with?" His eyes narrowed.

"No," replied Andar. "Who are you? What do you want?"

The man chuckled. "I'm Pholar, brother to that befuddled healer over there." He jerked a thumb at Satryn's body, still propped up in the chair. "And I have what I want. The dream-gem you were so kind to deliver to me." The diadem seemed to pulse in response.

"But why go to all this trouble?" asked Pelag. "Why manipulate and torture all these people when you could just buy or steal the diadem from its owner?"

Pholar laughed. "Because I enjoy the game, cleric. I like

(Continued on page 9)

(Dreams, continued from page 8)
watching the little people squirm."

"You're a mentalist," stated Gaden. "You possessed your own brother's mind and body."

"Correct, ranger!" smirked Pholar. "You do have a talent for stating the obvious."

"But we're awake, now," said Delphia. "You can only haunt us if we sleep."

The mentalist grinned evilly. "Oh really? This gem has two powers. In the hands of a master such as myself, it allows me to control the dreams of my victims. Or, in this case, to make their minds produce their own worst fears as unstoppable nightmares."

"And the other?" asked Andar.

"The power to bring those dreams to life!" Pholar shouted.

Winds buffeted the Algo and the mercenaries. Clouds coalesced in the hall, forming into shadowy figures. A fire guardian. A wraith. A giant, hooded cobra. Three mountain ogres.

"Say hello to your worst nightmares," shouted Pholar over the dream wind. "My apologies, dwarf, but there isn't room for the roc. You'll have to settle for one of the ogres!" They heard the mentalist cackle as he ran from the room.

"Guard!" yelled Andar. Delphia, Pelag and Gaden formed around him as their foes lumbered towards them.

Algo was lost. He had no idea where to go or what to do with the other four. He waited behind them, hoping he wouldn't get in their way.

The wraith drifted forward first. The ogres avoided coming close to it or the fire guardian. Algo saw Gaden shiver visibly, fear starting to take hold.

Then Pelag gestured and cast a spell. The wraith shivered violently and vanished with a horrible wail. The cleric continued casting defensive spells around the group as the fire guardian charged.

Delphia hit the guardian with water bolt after water bolt, filling the room with thick clouds of steam. The fire guardian got off one half-hearted attempt at a firestorm before it vanished with a hiss.

Gaden and Andar moved in unison towards the mountain ogres.

Clouds coalesced in the hall, forming into shadowy figures. "Say hello to your worst nightmares," shouted Pholar.

Delphia and Pelag cast protective magic around them. Swords flashed against cudgels.

One ogre went down, then another. Algo watched the battle in fascination. The ranger and the fighter covered each other like they'd fought this way all their lives. Maybe they had.

The steam made it hard to see. Algo still heard hissing. The dwarf turned from watching Andar and Gaden battle the ogres to see Delphia, frozen in fear, her gaze captured by the giant cobra. The young dwarf raised his axe and prepared to charge.

Then he saw part of the snake's body not two feet from his right foot. With all the strength he could muster, Algo brought his axe down. Dwarven steel sliced thought meat and bone and sank three inches into the stone floor. The huge body, split in two pieces, writhed wildly in its death throes, knocking Algo into a wall. Delphia electrocuted both pieces with shockbolts and they lay still.

"Thank you," she breathed in Algo's ear as she hugged him. The dwarf studied his shoes with great care, embarrassed by the attention.

The last ogre died with Andar's sword in its throat. "Now," he roared, "where is that scum?!"

A scream echoed from down the hallway. Algo followed the mercenaries as they ran toward the sounds of yet another battle, his short legs vainly trying to keep pace with the rest. He rounded a corner of hallway and saw the others at the entrance to the banquet hall. They had found Wimby and Lachmar.

The mentalist was at one end of the long hall, staring defiantly at Lachmar. Behind him, held hostage, stood the Duke's daughter, hands tied and barely awake. "Go away, you fools!" he screamed. "It's hopeless! You can't hope to defeat me. I can call upon that which each of you fears the most to fight you. The creatures of your nightmares."

Pholar laughed an evil laugh. "I wonder what the great Lachmar Belgesti fears." He grinned, and the dream-gem pulsed again.

The room darkened, as shadows pooled in the space between Lachmar and Pholar. From the depths of the stone rose a mammoth arachnid. Lachmar paled, but did not run. Rubbing the cat clasp of his cloak, he started moving faster than Algo had

(Continued on page 10)

(Dreams, continued from page 9)
ever seen a person move before, looking much like a hyperactive cat.

The dance between elf and arachnid was deadly and complicated. And an even match. The elf avoided the arachnid's mandibles by the barest of margins, but could do little more than prick the enormous spider with his rapier.

Gaden looked thoughtfully at the arachnid and said, "I've never hunted a spider quite that big before." He smiled at Andar.

The fighter smiled back. "Neither have I," he replied. Without another word, the two moved to help Lachmar.

Spells flashed from Pelag and Delphia. Lachmar, Andar, and Gaden blurred and glowed. Then Delphia cast a firebolt at the arachnid.

The bolt simply bounced off the spider; it did little more than singe a few coarse hairs and attract the spider's attention. It turned and spun a web, entrapping Delphia and Pelag in sticky strands. Algo hacked futilely at the webs with his axe; they seemed stronger than steel. Andar scored a solid blow to the arachnid's torso, crushing one of the spider's spinnerets. The spider whirled quickly and a hairy foreleg knocked Andar over the banquet hall table and into the kitchen.

In the space of a few seconds, only Lachmar and Gaden were left. As the spider turned toward him, Gaden shrugged, raised his guard, looked at Lachmar and said quietly, "Here's your shot. Don't waste it." Then he charged straight into the arachnid's maw.

The spider was momentarily confused. Prey was supposed to run away, not closer. Gaden struck with everything he had, severing a foreleg. But the attack had come at the expense of defense. The arachnid, maddened with pain, reared up and crashed down on Gaden's unprotected back. Catching the ranger in its mandibles, it bit. Gaden's scream died with him. Behind Pholar, Janea screamed and fainted.

But the distraction gave Lachmar the chance to vault onto the spider's back. Faster than the eye could follow, he put out all eight of the spider's eyes, each stroke scrambling important parts of its central nervous system. The arachnid convulsed, dropping Gaden's body and throwing Lachmar into a stone pillar. Then it sank to the floor. Its limbs still quivered, but the arachnid was dead. Lachmar rolled over. He was still conscious, but barely.

"Gaden!" yelled Pelag. "Andar!" Still trapped in the webs, he and Delphia struggled to free themselves. Algo kept hacking away at the tough strands. He was making progress, but it was too slow. The mentalist laughed.

Delphia exclaimed, "Wimby, no!" Algo turned to see the halfling walking slowly towards Pholar. For some reason he couldn't think of right at the moment, he wasn't worried about the little halfling's safety. And what was very odd as well was that he was starting to feel sorry for Pholar. Algo shuddered, and didn't know why.

"Ha!" sneered the mentalist. "Sending children to face me." He peered closely at Wimby, who looked at the mentalist with wide eyes.

After the chaos of the last few minutes, the silence in the hall was almost deafening. "You're not a nice man," Wimby piped in a small voice. The halfling frowned at Pholar. "I think you should stop now, before you get hurt," said Wimby very quietly.

Pholar laughed hysterically. "Hurt? Me? By what, you little fleabag? Go away, before you meet the same fate as your pathetic friends!"

Wimby studied the mentalist. "Your gem only creates what people are afraid of. I'm not afraid of anything, so you can't hurt me." Wimby smiled at Pholar, who seemed amused.

"Not afraid of anything, eh?" chuckled Pholar. "You halflings are the most cowardly race in the world. What have you conquered? What have you ever achieved? You hide in your burrows, eat and drink forever, and the nastiest thing you ever face is the weeds in your gardens."

Pholar grinned evilly. "Let's see what makes you afraid, little furball. I'll bet it's a torkaan, or a giant rat. I'll amuse myself by watching a wolverine chew on your scrawny little hide before I finish the others!"

The dream-gem started to glow again. Clouds began to form. Wimby backed away from Pholar, waving his arms as if to ward off something. The halfling's mouth worked wordlessly. At least nothing anyone could hear.

Only Lachmar, raising his bruised head from next to the pillar, noticed the dream-gem fade briefly and Pholar's eyes flash with light. Lachmar smiled painfully and settled into a more comfortable position to enjoy the show.

The shadow clouds gathered again. There was something different this time, though. An aura of pure evil penetrated the room. The shadows smoked and coalesced into a huge, bat-winged humanoid. The Demon From Beyond the Pale stretched its wings and raked its claws in the air.

Pholar, recovering from what he assumed was the strain of conjuring such a fell creature, stood with mouth agape. Then, he laughed hysterically.

"Ha! A nightmare from the mind of a halfling more deadly than anything the fighters can dream of! The ultimate agent of evil and destruction, here! Mine!" Pholar knitted his brow in concentration. The demon turned to look at him. The mentalist seemed distressed.

"Why won't it attack?" he wailed. "Why won't it obey me?"

"BECAUSE, PHOLAR PATAN," boomed the demon, "I HAVE COME FOR YOU!"

Demon laugh and human shriek mingled as the demonic assassin enveloped Pholar. Then, the demon's huge bulk seemed to implode, disappearing into some nether region

(Continued on page 17)

(Hands-on Healing, continued from page 3)
and how long the bandages will last. Once you have enough first aid training, you can even assess the ravages of any poison or disease they may have.

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

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

In addition to training in first aid, two main areas of development aid a healer–constitution and power level. A healer transfers five concussion points (CPs) per level till 13th, where they top out at 75 per transfer. With a higher constitution, they can transfer this 75 point max more than once, especially if they are of a hardier race. If they have power to burn, they can transfer the CPs, cast *Heal I* or *Heal II* and transfer again.

Swapping

Healers perform a ritual known as swapping. In this ritual, one healer will have healed a wound to a lower level. but not totally since it would leave a nasty scar if he or she healed it completely. Healing the wound only until it has reached a minor or level 1 state will give them both a scar from whatever level the wound began as and the minor wound. When you have a minor wound with a scar a healer can transfer the wound *and* remove the scar for you at the same time. Healers do this as a convenience between themselves or to rid others of scars.

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

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

Although a healer...has no base list offensive spells, he has many allies in his quest for advancement. Mages and sorcerers who can't count and fighters are a healer's best friends.

Etiquette

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

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

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

Wounds

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

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

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

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

Fourth and last is the organs. Organs include, chest, abdomen, back, and the eyes. Eyes are special in that they are organs only until they are lost. Spell effects are, on same level wounds to the organs, first chest then abdomen, back, then right eye, left eye.

In my next installment of lessons for the novice healer, and for those unfamiliar with the healing arts, I will further discuss the proper treatment of areas of injury, and the spells and herbs most efficacious to minister to wounds of various kinds. Until then, try and stay healthy (unless a healer is nearby)! ❖

Hexxon's Curio Cabinet

Artifacts of Wonder and Magic

by Hexxon Glenriver

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

When Maruko attempted to drop the blade, I felt a chill down my spine as an evil voice hissed, "Thou are not permitted to abandon me!"

A Dark Saw-Toothed Scimitar (The Demon Blade)

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

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

When Lord Maruko first drew the blade from its sheath, he felt the demon's presence. "Greetings, master! Together with the help of Maleskari, we shall devour many souls!" were the words of the demon, heard only in the mind of Maruko. Any lesser man would have crumbled to the powerful will of the sword and have been corrupted. (Note: Maleskari is Demon Lord of Death and Undeath, the most feared of all his foul and despicable kind.)

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

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

A Small Resinous Lump

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

A Twisted Oaken Wand

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

A Wicked Kris Sword

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

(Elvanion Interview, continued from page 5)
reaches his shoulders, and his green eyes seemed to sparkle. Instead of the usual armor, he was dressed in a fitted tunic of twilight blue, tightly fitted suede trousers, and soft leather boots. His sole adornment was an amulet of a panther, made from ebony and crystal. Although into his eighth decade, I would scarcely call him old, more like refined. He is also incredibly charming, and a true gentleman in every sense of the word. What follows is part of a long and most enjoyable dialogue we had on that balmy day in his garden.

JM: I have heard you and your associates referred to as the "Local Gods." Do you agree with that assessment?

ED: Only in a humorous vein.

Our ability to become other persons and to take on roles is one of our greatest strengths. No need to try and program all possible responses into an automaton when you can use a live and very talented person to play the part.

JM: How would you describe yourself?

ED: Hmm…in out-of-game terms I'd say something like a stage manager. I set up props, arrange situations, then sit back and allow the players to do their part.

JM: And in game terms?

ED: Now that's much harder to define because much of what we do cannot be explained in game terms; perhaps more as avatars of a helpful being. Not quite a god, but someone sent to watch over the people and places, to make sure the world turns as it should. Angels in one mythology do that, for example. Ah, genie comes close to one way of looking at us–capricious beings with immense powers, who may or may not help you in ways you expect or want *[grinning]*.

JM: I like that description! Have you always have this exhalted status or did you rise from humbler beginnings?

ED: Well, for myself, I was a player for about three years until one day I decided I wanted to see how the universe worked, and managed to convince those who run this one that I might be of some help. Most of us began as players.

JM: How do you feel about being a person who runs our particular universe?

ED: In short terms: I love it. This is an outlet for both my technical skills and my creative skills. I use both to create things that others enjoy using and being part of, and I play my part here and there as a person or a merchant or other roles. It can be immensely satisfying to do all this.

JM: What powers do you possess? Or perhaps I should ask, what are your limitations?

ED: The limitations are set by an overall list of guidelines as to how the world will work and also by consensus when we meet. Anything major, adding a new land, a new monster or similar is discussed as a group, and the progress of such things is reviewed to make sure we all keep to a consistent pattern of development. The primary limitation to power is that we have bosses who know what we do and can discipline us or remove us for abuse. The primary tenet is fairness and balance; we must never take sides or do things capriciously to benefit one person over another. Beyond that there is a sense of professional "rightness" we tend to develop. I have been a GM now for three and a half years (only Gira has been here longer), and that gives me a perspective on what will work and what won't and when not to interfere. We have a very strict code of ethics we must adhere to in regards to fair play and our involvement with players.

JM: What is you favorite aspect of being a GameMaster?

ED: Making people feel the emotions I wish to conjure. When folks enter a realm I have built, and they react to it as I intended, then I am very happy. Basically, I like seeing people have fun. I personally get a lot of satisfaction from helping people have a good time and enjoying themselves. Even bringing folk here is fun. This is a very beautiful place, even if I do say so, and I love watching people discover it.

JM: I consider it a pleasure to be able to view it, Milord. You spoke earlier of taking part in the world as a merchant, a mortal adventurer, or other roles. Besides your current guise, how else might we see you?

ED: We all play merchants. We take parts in events like attacks on the town, or quests to provide players with something to react against or towards. Sometimes we travel amongst you unknown, just being a player such as yourselves, so we don't lose touch with

(Continued on page 14)

The Sea Nymph

by Mojo Tremolos

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

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

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

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

(Elvanion Interview, continued from page 13)
this "reality." Any place that needs a live hand and mind to make things more fun is where we supply the talent. Our ability to become other persons and to take on roles is one of our greatest strengths, for it allows infinite flexibility in how things can run. No need to try to program all possible responses into an automaton when you can use a live and very talented person to play the part.

JM: I suppose you can't reveal any of your merchant names?

ED: Not really. Many people figure out which of us is which, but we like to maintain the fiction that they are independent persons.

JM: Well, I would think it would be fun for you to be able to play the parts. The merchant tents are always a great place to be...even if you *do* have to wait two hours for an item.

JM: What has changed the most since you have been here? The people, places, attitudes?

ED: Hmm...People mostly. There is an inevitable turn over as people grow up, grow away, go broke, take on outside responsibilities, or simply grow tired. Many old friends are here no longer...or very rarely.

JM: What changes would you like to see happen to our realm?

ED: More resources so players can have more things, and more system speed which is a perennial problem for a multi-user system, though it is being addressed on many levels to try to alleviate the problems that continue.

JM: Greater speed would certainly be a boon.

ED: In the long run, we are a commercial business and we're not so stupid as to seek slowness in here. So there are plenty of things being looked into in order to making even minor slowdown go away.

JM: Since you have been in the lands, both as an adventurer and as a GameMaster, what do you think is the favorite of the professions here?

ED: Well, for myself, I have always favored being a fighter. It is how I started long ago in an older land, and what I played here mostly...I suspect magic users predominate slightly.

JM: Why do you suppose they are preferred?

ED: Power and magic, being able to sling spells and weapons is fun. I think, though, there is a pretty good balance among professions. A few are somewhat rare, like healers, as they are much harder to roleplay well, most people like to be the swashbuckler type and healers tend somewhat to be low profile.

JM: Is there one thing that you have noticed that Landing residents tend to be contentious over?

ED: Among themselves, or with us?

JM: How about both?

ED: Among themselves it is mostly the price of goods being bought and sold. Between them and us it is the rate at which they wish to advance, and how tough or easy monsters are. The most common complaint probably is not enough monsters. After that, it is the price of items from merchants, and the availability of magic power for mages.

JM: OK, to change the subject...I noticed that you host Town Forums at irregular intervals on the state of "Romance" in the Landing. What is your opinion on how things are progressing?

ED: I am very much in favor of romance, both with an "R" and an "r". Roleplaying is one of my chief responsibilities so I like to combine the two whenever I may. It seems to be fairly level, perhaps down a bit...there seem to be more marriages for the fun of it rather than of commitment. I like to encourage genuine romance here; we have more female players than probably any other game and I want them to find more than a hack and slash attitude here among the menfolk.

JM: Can you give us any hints on events to come? New monsters, items, shops...

ED: I can't comment on anything until it's been formally ann ounced. We've learned the hard way not to give out things until we can produce them.

JM: I can see your point. Are you, and your compatriots, still looking for assistants?

ED: Yes, very much so. With our expansion last year and with future plans, we will definitely be needing more help.

JM: If GM "wanna-be's" have missed the informational forums, and haven't checked the news, who should they contact?

ED: They should Email **TOMAS**, at that address, and ask for the application packet. I will also be posting a digest of the forum in the GemStone library and I believe there is still one left from last year that should be mostly accurate.

JM: Is there anything you would like to add, Milord Elvanion?

ED: I'd like to thank each and every player for being here, for helping make this world what it is. It takes all of us, GM's and players, to make this new form of entertainment come to life. We are the first pioneers in a new world that most of us have not even yet dreamed. This world and GEnie, allow us to meet, almost mind to mind, to shed the trappings of physicality and be what we want to be. Rather then just play a game on TV, here *you are* the game. And, ultimately, that's what makes it fun to do what I do. To make this place come alive for those who dwell in it.

Lord Elvanion and I concluded the interview, and I was about to receive the grand tour, when some of the other residents were asking for assistance in other matters. We said our good-byes, and before I knew it, I was returned to the Landing, and was once more standing in the Square. I sighed as I recalled the beauty of Elvanion's garden, and knew I would not soon forget its magical atmosphere so like its creator. ❖

(KralWarfarers, continued from page 4)
have liked and the notes I have included here are rather sketchy. The nasty fellows have taken up residence in a rather cramped mine near Lake Marliese and judging from the number of Warfarers in residence, there is a beach somewhere with longships more plentiful than seashells. Warfarers seem to study elementary sorcery when young, having a basic mastery of Open Essence and Open Channeling spells. The Warfarers fight with an impressive combination of essence blasts, essence waves, imbalances, and falchion thrusts that can endanger the lives of even those who have wandered this weary world too long to learn from them. They also can cast a variety of defensive spells (although not *Protection II*, it seems).

I suggest that if you should wish to study these barbarians yourself, you make sure that you have plenty of defense against resistible spells and are prepared to spend a good portion of time lying down. The only saving grace of these foul creatures is that they do not cast flares, so arms users can do well against them if they have some resisted spell defense. Finally, if you must face them, tell your friends to donate your body parts to me. ❖

(Next week: Manticores have returned! Learn the inside story on the absolutely fascinating digestive tract of this half man/half beast.)

(Continued from page 5)
thought of the droves of elven, human, dwarven, and halfling adventurers that roamed through his territory, he got very emotional. He slobbered, "Those adventurers are a savage lot. I mean they call us evil! They're the evil ones if you ask me!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Humbly Yours, Sadac Kleen

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

Trachten's Travels

Trag and Raax of the Lower Dark Grotto

By Lord Trachten Kickapod

In last month's column, I described my explorations of the dark grotto and temple areas (including a map). Now I would like to tell you about two of the lesser creatures found there, and the hunting techniques that have been proven through hard-won experience to be effective against them.

First there are the lug'shuk traglaakh, or "ugly-fire cave maker" in common. These beasts roam the small tunnels and caverns in the first section of the grotto. They are huge, red lumps of acid-like substance that will defend their territory with both powerful pound attacks and occasional acid sprays. To avoid the acid, you must be light on your feet, so when fighting the trags carry as little as possible. If you are hit with acid, you will receive both concussion damage and critical damage consistent with a heat attack.

The trags are immune to all normal weapons. In fact, a regular weapon will dissolve when it comes into contact with a trag! E-blade or any magical material will prevent the destruction of the weapon, but even then only blunt weapons will cause damage. Magical bladed weapons will pass right through the creature causing no damage whatsoever.

Trags have no innate magical resistance, so spells like *Touch of Disruption* and *Essence Strike* will hit them easily. Unfortunately, they have no arms or legs, so the critical damage done by these spells is not great. To add insult to injury, the creatures take a large amount of concussion damage before dying.

Directed spells will hit the trags with no problem, except for those which inflict heat damage, like *Firebolt*. They are immune to critical heat damage. Trags can be calmed and stunned, but will wake each other up. *Word of Binding*, however, seems to be very effective.

The kiskaa raax are powerful, lizard-like creatures covered with bony spikes and knobs.

When a trag sees another of its kind killed, it will become furious. This means that for a time it will pound harder, and use its acid attack at every opportunity.

Finally, when they decompose you will find gems scattered around. These were probably picked up as the trag wandered through the caves. You should not search the trags when they die, because any touch will inflict hand damage.

Normal-size adventurers will find hunting the trags to be difficult. Many of the small tunnels the trags roam through are too low for any but halflings and dwarves to stand up in. There are numerous large caverns about where anyone can stand, but the trags tend to stay on the move.

Next come the kiskaa raax, or "cold claw" beasts, which are large, powerful, lizard-like creatures. They can be differentiated by color, from the lowly red to the deadly purple. They use a variety of natural attacks, and will occasionally flare up and inflict cold damage, much the same way firecats will with heat. They seem to be immune to all cold attacks.

The raax are covered with bony spikes and knobs. These will occasionally knock your weapon out of your grasp when attacking! The frequency of this is not high. It only happens to me two or three times per hour.

Although of normal size, they are quite tough and generally take time to kill. As they are damaged, their offensive abilities diminish but they will not go on the defensive unless struck in a critical area. Even then they quickly drop their defenses to the normal level.

Rigid leather is the armor of choice when hunting raax. Leather breastplate is particularly effective. The heavier rigid leathers are not as good for two reasons: They affect your offensive ability more and they are more vulnerable to the raax's charge attack.

Ambushers will find the raax to be very good prey. They are of normal size, have arms/legs, will stun, and are only slightly resistant to critical hits.

(Continued on page 19)

(Dreams, continued from page 10)
within itself. It shrunk to a singularity, and vanished, taking Pholar with it. The mentalist's clothes and the silver circlet hung in the air for a moment and then dropped to the floor. The light in the dream-gem gradually faded and dulled.

Algo managed to regain his composure and finally freed Delphia. She rushed to the little halfling to make sure he was alright.

"Wimby!" she cried. "Whatever possessed you to do that? You could have been killed!"

Wimby smiled up at her. "I wasn't afraid for myself, Delphia," he replied. "Halflings are too curious to be afraid like that." Then he got a serious look on his face. "Actually, I was really afraid he was going to hurt himself."

"And he did, too." The tiny halfling looked up at Delphia with wide, innocent eyes. Delphia looked at the spot where the mentalist had been and shuddered. Then she and Wimby went back to help the others.

"So what you're telling me," said the Duke, "is that Pholar took over his own brother's body for the last two months to engineer this scheme?"

Lachmar nodded, a painful process, even after the revived Satryn had healed his head wound. "Yes, Your Highness. After possessing Satryn's body, he afflicted your daughter with the sleeping sickness and convinced you to send for the gem."

"What evil scum. And what I fool I was," frowned the Duke. "I fell right into it."

"Your Highness, with all due respect," replied Lachmar, "I don't think there was any way that you, or anyone else, could have seen through Pholar's scheme."

Lachmar cast a sideways glance at Wimby, who was curled up in Delphia's lap greedily eating another apple, and shook his head. Well, maybe no way, he thought to himself.

The Duke nodded. "I suppose you're right, Lachmar. But once he had the gem, he was well nigh invincible. He could conjure virtually any horror he wanted. How did that halfling beat him, where the rest of you failed?"

This was the tricky part. "Well, Your Highness, Wimby claims that halflings are too curious to be afraid for themselves, but that he was afraid that Pholar would hurt himself."

Lachmar shrugged. "I can only suppose that when Pholar drew upon Wimby's fear, he created that which he himself feared. Some kind of feedback. And it consumed him."

The Duke snorted. "The Gods protect fools, children and halflings. Well, whatever the reason, the scum is gone. And I have you to thank for restoring my daughter to me. By the way, how is the young ranger doing?"

"Much better," smiled Lachmar, "with your daughter's devoted care." Both men chuckled at this. The Lady Janea had literally dragged Bishop Derek and a groggy Satryn to Gaden's body to resurrect the fallen ranger. Now, she hovered over him like a mother hen, tending to his every need. Gaden seemed a bit confused by all the attention, but looked like he was starting to enjoy it.

"Brave thing that boy did, charging right into the spider's jaws," said the Duke. He was genuinely impressed. Not a man to stand on ceremony or inherited rank, he'd seen the look in his daughter's eye and was already planning who to invite to the wedding.

"Yes," replied Lachmar, "but it was the only way to give me the opening I needed. I hate spiders." Lachmar shuddered. "One had me stored in its larder once, trussed like a game hen for two days."

The Duke looked sharply at Lachmar. "Two days?" He shuddered.

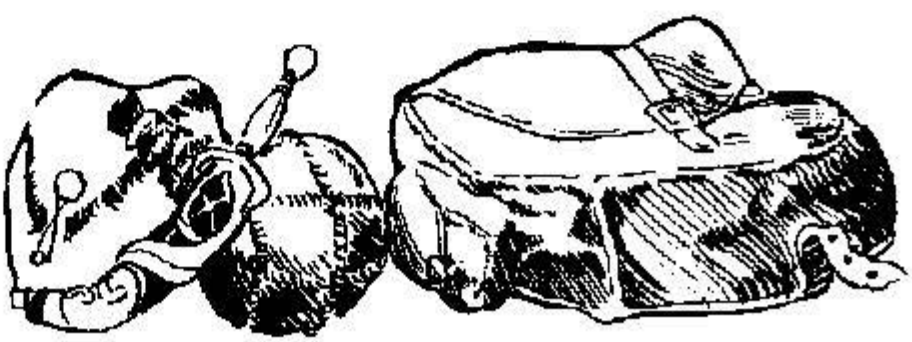
Lachmar nodded. "Yes, milord. Fortunately, its larder was full. I was

(Continued on page 18)

One Woman's Art

by Jerusha Monfjoy

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



(Dreams, continued from page 17)
rescued before it got around to me."

The Duke raised an eyebrow. "Whizbamph?" he inquired.

"Yes, Your Highness," nodded Lachmar. "How he stumbled across me, I'll never know. It was the very first time we met, over ten years ago. It's been a long and interesting association ever since," the elf said, a wry smile on his face.

"I can imagine," said the Duke. "See if you can get him to do something about that name, though. Whizbamph the Incredible. Too gauche."

Lachmar nodded. "I'll mention it to him, Your Highness, but I don't think I'll have much luck. He seems rather fond of it."

❖❖❖❖

A week later, and it was time for Lachmar to leave. So many details to iron out. Gaden, fully recovered from his ordeal, had fallen prey to Janea's charms. The wedding would be the following spring, after a suitable period of engagement and acclimation to the Duchy for Gaden. The two were so besotted with each other that even Andar and Delphia were a bit embarrassed to be around them.

Andar had been appointed a captain in the ducal guard. Delphia moved in with him and, inspired by Janea, began setting up house. The two showed no interest in a formal ceremony, but were a pair just the same. Pelag stayed on as an assistant to the Lord Bishop.

"I still hold your writs of service," Lachmar reminded them, as he bade them good-bye, "but I think I'll be able to work out something with the boss so you can base yourselves here and look into the odd matter for us."

Lady Janea sniffed, "The future Duke will hie to no mercenary, Lord Belgesti, writ or no writ."

Gaden sighed, turned to his betrothed and smiled. "Janea, I owe this man many things. Most of all, without his influence, I would have never met you. If Lachmar calls, I shall answer. Out of friendship, if nothing else."

As Janea gazed lovingly at Gaden and pressed herself close to him, Andar smirked and whispered to Delphia, "I knew he'd say that. Only Gaden would still work off a writ of service while he waited to become a marquis." Andar chuckled.

"Do I ever look at you like that?" Delphia whispered in reply. "Ugh, how silly can a girl be?" She giggled as Andar tickled her lightly.

Brugo and Algo were seated on their wagons, with a new group of teamsters in tow. "We're off to the mountains, Duke Edvar, but we'll be back after the spring thaw," said Brugo. The old dwarf tugged his whiskers.

The Duke bowed to him. "My thanks again, Brugo Ironhand, for your help in this matter. And to your apprentice, as well." Algo bowed from his seat in return.

"Me, me!" exclaimed Wimby. "What about me?!" He beamed at everyone, and climbed up into a wagon behind Lachmar.

The Duke laughed. "Yes, my thanks to you, too, fearless halfling." He bowed to Wimby while the halfling preened on the bench seat.

"Lachmar," called Andar, " you think you' ll be able to handle the little guy?"

Lachmar chuckled. "No, Andar, but I'll take him anyway. He wants to go east, and that's the way I'm going."

With smiles, waves, and promises to meet again, the wagons rolled out of the keep. The dwarves headed north, to the mountains. Lachmar and Wimby turned east. After they'd gone about a mile in silence, Lachmar looked at Wimby and said, "You cut it close, boss."

Wimby smiled. "Would have ever forgiven me if I hadn't let you kill that spider yourself?"

(Continued on page 20)

KULTHEA CHRONICLE CLASSIFIEDS

We are pleased to introduce, by popular demand, our listing of 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 classified, with the first insertion being free of charge. Box numbers are also available at a nominal 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.

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Sincere, hardworking, single businesswoman seeks handsome, youthful adventurer to take her away from the rat race! No newbies or halflings need reply. Answer in person only at the Tavern. Ask for Helga.

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Well-travelled adventurer seeks frolicksome lass for hunting, skinning and searching. KC Box 3.

(Continued on page 23)

(Trags and Raax of the Lower DarkGrotto, continued from page 16)

Sorcerers have become fond of the raax. All of these creatures originally had significant natural resistance to magic. This was subsequently changed somewhat, making the raax good quarry for sorcerers. Directed spell users may have to forego the tried-and-true *Shockbolt*, as the red kiska raax (which are the most prevalent) have additional defense against that particular spell.

Like the trags, any touch of a raax will inflict hand damage (including searching). They don't carry any sort of treasure at this time. It's good to carry some arnuminas leaf to fix minor hand damage. Otherwise it will compound into more serious wounds that may prevent you from casting.

In my next column, I'll cover the most dangerous creatures in the land: dyar rakul and minor gogors. ❖

	Lug'huk Traglaakh	Kiskaa Raax
Level	37	40
Approx CPs	525	600
AT	AT4	AT4 (-1)
Attacks/OB	pound/225 (+25 furious); medium maneuver acid attack, cp & heat crits	stomp/210 claw/240 charge/230
DB	210	230
Spell DB	210	230
Criticals	norm/no stun/no limbs/resist(?)	norm/stun/ limbs/resis (-10)
Round Time	6 seconds	6 seconds
Skin	None	None
Treasure	Gems	None
Special	skinning/ searching causes injury; immune to sharp weapons; destroy normal weapons	skinning/ searching causes injury; immune to normal weapons; knock weapons from hand

Kiskaa Raax Characteristics by Color

The table below breaks down the species of raax in more detail. The % Gen is the percentage of the total raax that show up of this color. This means that about half the raax you will see will be red. There is also a random element (X) to each raax, which is its DB. The range of X depends on its color. This same value is used for that color's other characteristics, such as OB bonus, etc. The Spell DB specials for blue and purple are in addition to their overall DB bonus. In other words, you will see a total of +2X versus fireballs for blue.

Color	% Gen	RR DB (X)	OB	DB	Special
Young	8	0-10	-Y	-Y	(Y = 10-30)
Red	51	0-20			+X vs. shockbolt
Orange	25	0-30			
Yellow	13	10-40			+X vs. firebolt
Green	3	20-50	+X		
Blue	2	30-60		+X	+X vs. fireball
Purple	1	40-70	+X	+X	+X vs. all 3 spells

(Dreams, continued from page 18)

Lachmar chuckled. "No, I suppose not. Cleared some cobwebs out of my emotional baggage on that." Then he frowned. "Demonic assassin spell?" asked Lachmar.

"Yes," replied Wimby.

"I've never seen you do that before," Lachmar noted. "When did you learn that?"

Wimby smiled. "Last month."

"Last month?" Lachmar raised an eyebrow in Wimby's direction. "Last month? How many demons had you summoned before last week?"

"Well," said Wimby, looking a bit embarrassed, "just one. To make sure the spell worked"

"Just one demon?" yelled Lachmar incredulously. "You bet our lives on a spell you'd only ever used once?"

Wimby grinned and shrugged. "Well, like I said, halflings aren't afraid of anything." The little sorcerer seemed quite pleased with himself.

"Whizzie, I ought to skin you alive and roast you over a slow fire!" Lachmar exclaimed.

"In your dreams, elf." The halfling sorcerer grinned. "And that's Whizbamph, to you. Remember, you still work for me."

Lachmar groaned, and then smiled painfully and chuckled. "Halfling, you're incorrigible."

"Wrong!" grinned the halfling triumphantly. "I'm incredible. And don't you forget it!"

The wagon, and the argument, continued east for some time. ❖

From Pushing Brooms to Lifting Purses: The evolution of a would-be thief

by Rogue

Mac Shadowalker rose early, just as the sun began to crest on the horizon. His first thoughts were of his dream, replaying his past, his mistake. The youngest son of an elven mage and high man priestess, he had wanted to follow his father as a mage, but he lacked the raw talent. He was unable to pass the entrance exam for any school of magic. Finally he tried a more conventional study plan. The night before his final entry exam he slipped into the Dean's study and tried to preview the test. There were many physical barriers in his path. He avoided or disarmed those with a natural grace. He was however, blind to the magic wards that he tripped.

"Arrested?" Mac's father, Forthet, asked the Constable. A nod was his only reply from this lawman. "What will be required to purge this blight from his record?" Forthet's desire to keep the family name clear his primary concern.

"The Dean is willing to let him leave the city." The constable's voice betrayed his attempt to cover his disgust. It came out slow and dripping with contempt. "Tonight!" His own stipulation.

"Very well Constable, it shall be done. I shall send him to live with my brother Ivan in Kelfour's Landing. I shall have him gone before the next sunrise." Truth be known, Forthet might have enjoyed seeing the boy jailed. He was nevertheless, ever pragmatic, and knew that sending him away would be better for the family.

While they were still in earshot, the Constable offered rather loudly, "I will warn my brother in Kelfour. Goodnight Magus Shadowalker."

❖❖❖❖

Later when no one was around Mac asked, "Father why have I never heard of my uncle before?"

"Quiet!" came his father's hushed voice. "You will understand later."

Ivan met Mac at the gates to the Town. Mac began to realize why he had never heard of his uncle before. Ivan was not Forthet's pure brother. Though they were both raised in their mother's house, in an elven community, Ivan, like Mac, was also half high man. This mixture was not uncommon, nor damning in and of itself, but Ivan's appearance left no deception as to his profession; he was an adventurer. "So this is why I have never heard of him," Mac thought to himself.

Ivan was kind, helping ease Mac into the life of a frontier town. Ivan arranged for room and board for Mac in exchange for hard labor at Larton's, Kelfour's Locksmith. Mac spent most of his first year looking at only a few rooms of Kelfour's Landing, and that from the end of a broom. He came to admire his uncle's skills, and soon asked his uncle to teach him the ways of an adventurer.

"Have you learned your way around Kelfour's Landing yet?" Ivan asked his young charge.

Mac faked a chuckle. "Hardly Uncle, I have seen but this building, and what can be seen from its windows."

Ivan responded with a loud laugh. "You think Larton and I fools?" He continued before Mac could respond, "I followed you just the other day as you

(Continued on page 21)

(Would-be Thief, continued from page 20)
were sneaking around the city. You went and climbed that tree in the Town Square and just watched the residents. That's why I'm here."

"I'm s...s...sorry, Uncle." Mac stammered, and averted his gaze.

This time Ivan laughed even louder. Mac felt the light slap of an open hand on his cheek. Then it grabbed and lifted his chin to view his uncle's beaming face.

Now Mac was really confused. Ivan left nothing hidden then. "I'm a thief, and I lost you twice." Ivan only stopped to chuckle. "Heck, half the Lords and Ladies in the Square didn't even notice you pass. A natural you'd be. Your father knew this would be best. It's the true reason he sent you to me. Your father couldn't teach you the things he knew you'd someday want to learn."

Ivan pointed for Mac to sit. "My trade is similar to the rough ways of the fighters. While I'm not as good at a variety of weapons and armors, as is the fighter, I've easily learned a great deal of other skills. I'll teach you my ways, but you must pay close attention, and work hard"

"You'll spend two years here, pushing a broom for Larton, and I'll begin your training. Each training cycle will take a year. Before we can start I need to emphasize some basic things about your new profession."

Ivan paused, as though drawing attention to the seriousness of what he was about to relate to Mac. "Although your Strength and Constitution are truly desired qualities, as a thief your Agility and Quickness with define you. Your Self Discipline will enhance or detract from your ability to maintain control of your body. Presence is a boon and bane at the same time. Those with great Presence draw attention to themselves. However a thief doesn't always want attention. Being Intuitive will help you figure out the best course when disarming traps or picking locks. A good ability to Empathize with the flow of essence will never hurt, but a lack won't slow down a dedicated thief. Finally your Reasoning and Eloquence, your intelligence, will determine how much you learn from your adventures and how much of your experiences you retain. Your training will be limited by your health, agility, discipline, and intelligence. Choose your course well as your training will mark the limits of your potency."

Ivan took a slow breath, an intentional pause. "I've covered a lot of material today for a young thief. How do you feel?"

Mac let out a low, long whistle and rubbed his temples. "Uncle, I cannot take much more of this. I think I need to rest."

"Good!" Ivan smiled, pushing the handle of a broom into his young charge's face. "You may rest your mind while pushing this broom. You have to earn your room and board here remember."

"Yes, I know" Mac let out, almost completely as a sigh. "Someday you will push my broom." He mumbled uncharacteristically, as he watched Ivan leave the locksmith's.

Ivan turned quickly and looked upon Mac with a knowing smirk, feeling the words more than hearing them. "Be warned young half breed, many have better hearing than me. Hold that tongue while in your youth. There are many that would cut it out without so much as a thought to your pain." Ivan started to leave, then turned on his heel, eyes penetrating deeply through Mac's defenses. "If I hear you speak towards me that way again, you will find I'm among that group." With that final warning Ivan left his nephew to sweep for a few hours and think on what he had learned.

Pondering over the broom, Mac daydreamed of getting outside of these four walls and instead of hearing the eavesdropped tales of veteran pickers, hunters bearing chests and

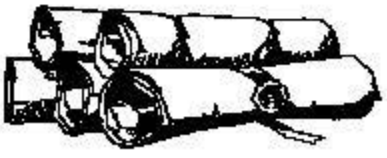
(Continued on page 22)

(Library Picks, continued from page 2)
For the file above, you must have the Front End:

Number: 199
Name: GS3FEB17.EXE
Address: SIMU.SUPPORT
Date: 930827
Approximate # of bytes: 889088
Library: 5
Description: The GemStone III IBM Graphical Front End BETA version 1.7 release. This is a self-extracting archive (just execute it in the directory where you want the files). This download contains everything you need! Make sure you view the README.TXT, WHATSNEW.TXT, MEMQ&A.TXT and SOUND Q&A.TXT files which are included! This version: Music, ANSI escape sequences, sophisticated setup procedure, several small bug fixes.
Keywords: gs3, front end, fe, ibm.

The Music Expansion Pack is a great add-on too:

Number: 219
Name: MUSIC1.EXE
Address: SIMUTRONICS
Date: 931022
Approximate # of bytes: 90368
Library: 5
Description: This file is an ADD-ON resource packet for the GemStone III Front End that adds some more wonderful Jeff Gatlin music! Download this file to where you have the GS3FE, then run MUSIC1.EXE to extract the files. Includes is a new SETUP.EXE (allow it to overwrite the old one). Once you do that, run the SETUP.EXE program and RE-SETUP your MIDI Music driver. This will install the music files. Included is a MUSIC1.TXT file which explains this, and also tells you where some of this music shows up.
Keywords: gs3, fe, ibm, music, expansion, resource. ❖



(Would-be Thief, continued from page 21)
the assorted riffraff that frequented the back room, the day he would be living them, and that someday he'd be GuildMaster of all Kulthea's thieves…

Several days passed this way, until Mac grew weary of daydreaming. Putting down the broom, and looking around to make sure Larton was not checking up on him, Mac sat down on a discarded windak chest, snatched up a crumpled parchment receipt from the floor, and began to draw up his plans in life on the back of the scrap of paper.

Just as Mac was putting the finishing touches on his master plan to become a master thief, Larton stormed into the room, startling the lad into dropping his parchment. Larton stooped down, picked it up, and read thusly:

What to know and do to become a great and powerful thief:

- Potential stats are more important than initial stats. High initial stats will make life easy at first, but high potentials will serve well later in life. I will not state any definite lower limit for an ability score but I do recommend the following:

- A thief's primary ability scores are Agility and Quickness. These scores will automatically be raised to 90 by the Character Manager upon choosing the thief profession. Put your lowest two scores here and try and get good potentials.

- A high Strength is always helpful. It is more versatile than Quickness. A Strength bonus may be used for offense or defense, while your Quickness bonus will increase your defense only.

- Solid stats for Constitution, Self Discipline, Eloquence, Reasoning, and the 90 for Agility will give you a lot of Development Points. The more the better, for they are used to acquire skills.

- Your Intuition bonus is added to such primary thieving skills as Disarming Traps and Picking Locks. A good potential in this stat will give your character a bonus for these skills when they are mature enough to use them.

- Empathy is the stat that determines the Power Points, magic power, a thief has. You will want a potential stat for Empathy that will allow you to obtain some Power Points. Power Points are received on a per level basis for any Empathy of 60 or more. With an Empathy of 75 or more you will obtain at least 1 Power Point per level.

- The order to place rolled stats from highest roll to lowest: Strength, Constitution, Self Discipline, Eloquence, Reasoning, Intuition, Empathy, Presence, Quickness, Agility. Some thieves in Kelfour will tell you to put your second highest roll in Intuition. I disagree. Later in life that roll will serve you better in Constitution because you will have more Concussion Points, be more resistance to Poison and Disease, and receive more Development Points per level. However, if you plan on playing a thief for only a few levels, a high Intuition will let you Disarm Traps and Pick Locks better at an earlier age.

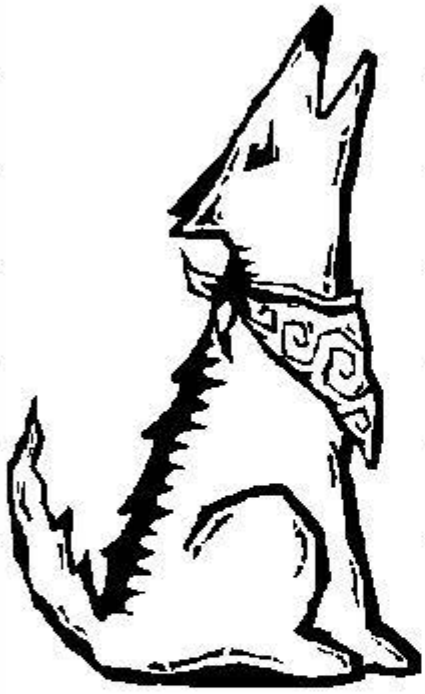
- This has nothing to do with stats, but is very important. If you are new to the GemStone III in both training and play, it is critical that you play well, and not offend to many other players and their characters. You will find that making friends, roleplaying, and enjoying the game will cause veteran players to take note of you and even help you. If you insult others or annoy them, that help will not come. You must be civil while you are young, if for no better reason than self preservation.

(Dreams, continued from page 18)

LOST AND FOUND

Lost: One tiny kitten. Am brokenhearted. If sighted, reply to KC Box 1.

Found: A shaggy mutt. Appears neglected but from good stock. Answer with full description, and name it answers to, in order to claim. KC Box 2.



FOR SALE OR TRADE

Warehouse sale: For members only! Lots of surplus torkaan skins, orc scalps, backpacks, empty wands, you name it! Everything must go! For more info, approach the curious mystic in Kelfour's Landing.

HELP WANTED

Rewarding opportunities in the field of journalism awaits! 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, Email **TESOL**. ❖

(Creature Boom, continued from page 1)

killed to prevent a new troll from emerging. The party then began to fare better, but numerous deaths occurred among the band, including Hexxon, Logun, Sagan, Thalior, Kree, and Guillaume. Artuero was mortally wounded, but one of his brave comrades dragged him from the fray and saved him.

Golem Fall Down, Go Boom

Laen Golems are also new immigrants to the areas around the Landing, and have been seen in different regions at different times. There is some speculation that they are looking for a new home and so have sent out advance bands to scout for good hunting, treasure and living conditions in numerous sites.

Groups of roaming laen golems were encountered in the Dark Monastery. These huge mineral constructs reflect magical attacks and seem unaffected by many kinds of spells. They often reflect back magic spells on the caster and other attackers. Worst of all, after being slain, instead of merely quietly decaying, they blow up into a thousand tiny, sharp laen shards. These shards act as deadly missiles, showering everyone in the current and adjoining rooms and inflicting gapping wounds and even instant death.

After the initial sightings of single golems and groups, a party of huge laen golems was discovered in the Spider Temple by a hunting group of mighty adventurers, who soon learned of the deadly consequences of slaying the creatures. Though the golems seemed relatively vulnerable to weapons, the fact they could shake off or reflect many magical attacks seemed to frustrate the hunters.

One desperate mage was reported to have cast a blanket of firestorms in every room of the area, only to be stunned himself by a creature. He was unable to move as the clouds began raining fire down upon him. As companions rushed to his aid, they too were immolated by the blazing clouds. Rescue attempts continued, the body count grew. Score another round for the huge laen golems.

Wail Hunters

The huge laen golems in the Spider Temple were accompanied by another recent arrival, banshees. Banshees have a scream which can stun all in earshot. They can turn invisible and still attack with their screams. They were reported to caress attackers, inflicting damage and draining life. Many were stunned in the Spider Temple by the banshee attacks, and it seemed they preferred to go after stunned and fallen adventurers.

As more incursions of such formidable foes plague our fair lands, we urge citizens to be vigilant. You never can tell what will be waiting for you around the next corner. ❖

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	
Apr. 20	Merchants & Treasures	Marvelin
Apr. 27	Foraging for Fun and Fronds	Eldron
May 4	So You Want to Be a GM, Do You?	Elvanion
May 11	Hot Summer Nights are Coming!	Banthis/ Shadel
May 18	Good Spells Make Good Game Balance	Raemus
May 25	Meaningful Alternate Experience	Fawn