TWO GREAT SCENARIOS:

JUDGE DREDD: THE SPUNNING ONES

GOLDEN HEROES: THE PILCOMAYO PROJECT

plus D&D-Coming Back To Life and Cosmic Encounter-New Cards
Having said I was going to give up writing the Editorials for this magazine, here I am again! Still, I'm not going to do all the work, since I have popped into the new Design Studio in Nottingham to write a quick introduction to the new Editor: Paul Cockburn.

Some of you will remember Paul from the time when he used to edit a certain other magazine (or did I just imagine that?), and he is also one of those responsible for GameMaster Publications. And now, of course, he will be bringing new life to White Dwarf. Watch the next few issues and you'll see what I mean: more colour, new ideas, different features, a whole new look. It looks like everything is changing around here except the name — and the fact that this is still the best place to find all your favourite gaming ideas.

But, enough of all this: let him earn some of his money. Over to you, Paul...
B/X1-NIGHT'S DARK TERROR
Roleplaying Adventure - D&D
TSR £7.95

This describes itself as ‘A Special Basic/Expert Transition Module for Levels 2-4’, and is clearly aimed at people who have just purchased the D&D Expert Rules, and are upgrading their Basic campaign. Since the emphasis in the Expert rules is on getting out of the dungeon and into the wilderness, it comes as no surprise that this is a wilderness module, set in the area of Eastern Karameikos from maps 1 and 2 in the Expert rulebook. What is surprising, though, is the size of it. For your money, you get a 56-page booklet, a huge double-sided fold-out map, a smaller colour map sheet and a sheet of Battle System style die-cut counters, plus the area map inside the module cover itself.

The introduction reiterates some basic points about wilderness adventures, and gives the background history of the area, plus a rundown on the Iron Ring, a sinister secret society which has a lot to do with the action.

The action starts off in a beleaguered farmstead, which is nicely detailed; one side of the huge map is a 25mm scale plan which can be used with the counters to play out the action in detail - a nice idea. Then, there are more than 20,000 square miles of wilderness to explore, with 18 locations including a number of mini-dungeons which might be used in any context. In addition, there is a ruined city, a riverside village, a frontier town, and an entire lost valley for the players to explore, all the while dodging the minions of the Iron Ring, who wait for them at every turn. There is enough here to keep the fastest-moving party going for some time, and a section of suggestions for further adventures can help the GM to open out a long-running campaign in the area.

Everything is written and laid out very well, except for the numbering system in the wilderness, which can be confusing on the first read-through (for example, location W1 becomes W18 on a later visit, but W18 is not entered on the map), and the GM who is feeling his way into the Expert rules will find B/X1 a tremendous help. I have no idea what TSR’s policy will be on such things, but I can’t imagine a better module to put in the boxed set with the Expert rulebook.

All this and eleven new monsters too - and for those who like to be partisan about these things, it’s written in Britain by Jim Bambra, Graeme Morris and Phil Gallagher, whose previous honours include the Imagine scenarios Round the Bend, The Mound In The Ring and The Necklace of Lilith.

Graeme Davis

DL11-DRAGONS OF GLORY
Simulation Game - AD&D
TSR £8.95

WARNING! This latest Dragonlance product is not an AD&D adventure module. Dragons of Glory is a simulation game. The chunky pack contains a stiff (double cardboard) cover with some tables and text on the inside for use in the game, a huge map in two sections covering the entire continent of Ansalon and surrounding islands, 400 die-cut counters, a zip-lok bag to put them in (just one?), a rule book and a campaign/scenario book at 8 and 16 pages respectively.

Physically, the game has good and bad points. The mapsheets are thin, and tear easily. The counters are very pretty in two-tone colour with black or white overlay printing, but the reverse side was a bit off-target.

The game itself isn’t brilliant either. The rulebook is rather unhelpful, and I would have thought that TSR, since they own SPI, could have put this together rather better. In particular, counter explanation is very poor, there being no key as to which colours represent which nations. The game mechanics involve d10s, d6s and d4s, which is very messy and entirely unnecessary. The rules are very simple and anyone who has played a simulation game before should find them easy in the extreme to pick up, though there are unclear points, which is again unnecessary in a game this simple.

Examples of this are the retreating before
Put away your Thompsons and don your deerskirts – Chaosium have provided some mighty guidelines for playing scenarios and campaigns in Victorian England during the years 1890-1900, some thirty years prior to the games usual period.

The Cthulhu rules are necessary to use this boxed supplement, which consists of a 56 page Sourcebook for the 1890's, an A2 size plan of the city of London, a 48 page scenario book and a character sheet revised for the period.

Of most immediate interest to Keepers will be the Sourcebook, which is far more comprehensive than the 1920's equivalent, and contains a wealth of information essential to simulate the background and society of the times, along with much of the minutia to give colour to this fabric. The book starts with an expanded list of occupations ranging from Clergymen to Rogues, along with the skill changes which reflect the lesser technology of the era.

The main section details thetimeline of '90s England, its personalities and events, many of which inspire scenario possibilities, such as the discovery and excavation of the Palace of Knossos, the fire which gutted Harrods, and the first studies of Radioactivity (with, of course, the invention of earmuffs).

The geographical and social studies are almost entirely devoted to England and especially London, and while they are very good, they ignore the rest of the world. As this was the Age of Empire, our wouldbe adventurers will doubtless travel in their investigations, this is a sad omission.

Library sources are well covered, along with a guide to the law and the more mundane breakwaters. This is followed by a section detailing the mystic groups which flourished in this age of revolutionary science. Much of this section could easily be used as background for later periods and a little naming change will create pseudo-scientific and occult groupings to challenge the curious.

The inclusion of ballpoint pens seems to be the only anachronism in the price list. In contrast, the period dress section adds colour, though it points out a lack of suitable miniatures for this era.

Surely one of the most frustrating things about the Chaosis is the way they are always tinkering with their games systems. Second editions, supplements with rules amendments - they almost bring out games in magazine style, with a bit extra every month. You'd give up on them if they weren't producing some very good games.

The Nobles Book is a typical Chaosis supplement for the Pendragon game. The plan is for there to be separate rulebooks for each of the stages in the career of an Arthurian character, from Squire, to Knight to Noble and finally to King. So, the Nobles Book is a guide to running a feudal desmense, fighting small battles, building castles and being the King's right hand man - or worst enemy. The career of the Knight is expanded beyond the landless, household knight, to allow for the staging of tournaments (expanded rules), the stewardship of a fief (new rules) and the different tasks the higher nobility are called to do by their liege (revised rules).

All the changes are for the better. The warfare rules allow greater flexibility, and show how raids, invasions and sieges can be handled, as well as scippiece battles. The glory section shows how it isn't just what you do, but how you do it and who you do it for that counts. The introduction of high-level feudal economics makes the passage of years in this game much more vibrant; a crop failure, raids from the accursed Saxons - and then the King demands you send half you knights to help him fight some battle somewhere. Great adventure material and the sort of deep background all games require.

The production is OK, though not top-drawer. The maps of forts, villages, small towns, hill forts, etc are dire, though the pull-out castle diagram is a useful design-aid. No Lisa Free artwork, which is a pity. There are lots more shield designs, and an expanded heraldry section, which is something any role-player might be grateful for.

This game didn't appeal to me as a simulation gamer – it's not a patch on White Bear, Red Moon, or SPI's War of the Ring, both of which are excellent fantasy games. It seems to have been rather hastily put together and the rules and charts could have been much better organised, having more charts printed directly on the mapboard or the inside cover, for example. There was no great feeling of fantasy with the game, since it rapidly degenerated into 'counter-pushing' exercises, and fiddly ones at that.

One final use for the game is that of providing a unique historical background and context for a Dragonlance campaign. If you are thinking of starting a DL campaign, it suggests you play this simulation game through in full to produce your own timeline of events in the world of Krynn, so that (if you keep a record of foresters' positions over time) real 'news' can be related to the characters, they can encounter various armies, creatures or leaders at the appropriate points and so on.

The idea sounds fine, but I see it rather hard to relate to reality, particularly the amount of book-keeping necessary. It would take a very dedicated GM! It also seems to be about ten DLs too late, since surely 99% of those who are ever going to run this campaign have started already.

Overall, I hesitate to recommend this game to anyone but the Dragonlance fanatic who has had some experience of simulation games. It's not a very good introduction for the novice (as I suspect it was intended to be), and is not particularly enjoyable to the shelves of a simulation wargamer.

Graham Staplehurst
Cosmic Encounter is a classic. People say that about many games, but in this case it's certainly warranted. A game which perfectly combines strategy, diplomacy and (above all) fun, using simple rules, can't be anything else really, can it?

Each player controls an entire alien race, and must strive for mastery of the galaxy. The galaxy in question is represented by the playing board which shows six solar systems, each of which have five planets. All these are rendered in luscious colour. Devotees of the old edition of the game should note this - no more tatty black and white hexagons - Cosmic Encounter has entered the Space Age!

The galaxy's basis couldn't be simpler. Each player's alien race must establish bases on 5 planets outside its home system to win the game. Bases are established by invasion - spaceships (represented by plastic tokens) being warped from the Warpspace. This fascinating item regulates play, as players take turns to launch up to two attacks through it. The Warpspace is a vast wasteland, whose location is decided not by the player, but by Destiny. A pack of cards (the Destiny Deck) is used to determine which system will be the lucky recipient of the invading fleet.

The expansionist Cosmic General must now decide how many ships are to be committed to the attack. Players start the game with 20-49 on each of their five home worlds.

Up to four ships from any given race may be accommodated in the Cone, which is then directed at one of the planets in the victim's system. Both parties involved - the attacker and the unlucky defender, may then call for allies. These other players may then join in with up to 4 ships apiece, persuaded by the promise of a base (if they aid the attacker), or a reward (if they help the defender). The two main players each select a Challenge Card from their hands (dealt at the start of the game), and play these face down. Game location is decided not by the players, but by Destiny. A pack of cards (the Destiny Deck) is used to determine which system will be the lucky recipient of the invading fleet.

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GRUDGE

You have the power of revenge. Whenever you are one of the two players in a challenge, if you invite another player as an ally and he chooses not to come to your aid, if you win the challenge (or make a deal), he loses 4 tokens to the warp. These lost tokens cannot include tokens he used to ally with the other side.

History: Suffering from a species history of almost uninterrupted betrayal and disappointment, the originally kind Grudges gradually grew cynical. Expecting no good will from others, they began to brood and resolved to wreak vengeance on all who would turn aside from their outstretched suasion disc of friendship. Now vested at revenge, the Grudges gaze spitefully at a world that has denied them fellowship. They will get even! They will repay!

Do not use in a two-player game.

WARRIOR

You have the power of mastery. Each time you are one of the two players in a challenge, you accumulate one point if you win (or make a deal), or two points if you lose (or fail to deal). You keep a running total of your points throughout the game, starting at zero. Whenever you play an Attack card in a challenge, you add your present experience points to your total in the challenge.

History: Once considered ferocious but dull-witted by more “enlightened” races, the Warrior clans were bred as fighting stock for the petty squabbles of their lords. Throughout the ages, however, they have learned the value of both defeat and victory. This wisdom gives them mastery over those who would sneer at their potential.

Do not use in a two-player game.

CHANGELING

You have the power to change form. When you are one of the two players in a challenge, you take your opponent’s Alien Power Card and give him yours. You do this as soon as the defensive player is determined. The challenge is now carried out. The Changeling power may be used only once per challenge. When you change into an Alien, you get all facets of his power; e.g. the Miser’s Hoard, the Warrior’s Points, the Schizoid’s Terms.

History: The childlike Changelings love play, and gleefully anticipate new experiences. Recently, they have developed the unsettling ability to shed their psyches in exchange for those of others. Their standard greeting of “I just don’t seem to be myself today” provokes panic in many a passing acquaintance as the Changelings leapfrog about the Cosmos.

Do not use in a two-player game.

REINCARNATOR

You have the power of reincarnation. Whenever you are involved in a challenge as a player or ally and you lose (or fail to deal), you reincarnate. That is, just before the next challenge begins, you draw an Alien power card at random from the pile of those not in use and become that Alien. If it cannot be used in the game, draw another. When you lose as that Alien, discard it and draw another, etc. The Reincarnator power stays with you while you use the others. In a game with the Plant or Insect, they may copy your current incarnation, but if they lose they must reincarnate, and the Plant or Insect power is out of the game.

History: Having conquered the fear of death, the Reincarnators rejoice with the passing of each of their kind. Feeling kinship with all life forms, they know that those who die will soon be born again in an endless cycle.
THRU THE BARBARIAN

A YOUTH TASK THAT LIES BEFORE US... YOUNG IMPRESSION.

TO THINK THAT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY THAT THE LORD OF ALL DARKNESS, THE BARBARIAN, HIMSELF CAN BE DESTROYED.

HENCE, NOW, RUMBLEBUM, ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS TRAVEL FOUR THOUSAND MILES THROUGH LANDS WATERED BY UNFATHOMABLE TRENCHES, ARROYOS, BARROWS... ALL POWERFUL, ANCIENT, ALL SEARING EYES, BRIDLING INTO ITS IMPAISIBLE FORTRESS OF BLACKNESS AND STICK THIS AMULET RIGHT UP HE...

(In a voice of authority) So it was only lucky that it turned up at the annual tavern brawl. Women, bullies, lepers, and not for supermen - and that the old white wizard who was bearded to the knees of his covenant that weekend.

SNAP! SNAP! ERE, RUMBLEBUM, HAVE YOU HE...

HAI! THE AMULET IS MINE... YOU ARE... NOT ME LAD (FOR ONCE) IT IS, BE THAT THERE LORD OF ALL DARKNESS GUES... ENOUGH, BY THE GAP.

OUT OF MY WAY FOOL!

O'MIND ME BERSERK!

Ah Well... So much for that idea for a beast scaling trilogy.

NOTES WERE SIMPLE. HE BEGAN ANY BLANK FOR YOU TO USE YOUR IMAGINATION AND INSERT YOUR OWN ADVENTURE TACTICAL APPENDIX.
A Dollop of Evil

Unwin, of Unicorn fame, has launched an SF paperback line called Orion. *Time-Slip* (168pp, £2.95) is by Graham Dunstan Martin, one of Unicorn's three best discoveries (the others being Gwyneth Jones and Geoff Ryman). In a shambling post-holocaust Scotland, Martin's new messiah tackles the classic problem of evil with an argument crazily combining the anthropic principle (the universe is the way it is because only this universe produced us to observe it) with 20th-century black art—the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics (every decision splits reality, so that everything happens, including the best of all possible outcomes). The faking paths of time are occasionally mirrored in the narrative. WD readers will appreciate the way they were mirrored again in "fantasy gamebook" choices. As Niven theorized in *All the Myriad Ways*, a many-worlds philosophy is hopeless in everyday life. Martin makes it blackly clear that his protagonist's religious cure-all leads to an upswing in the evil it explains away.

As for Scotland's survival after World War III despite the growing consensus that no one can survive, I suppose it's explained here by the daft theory of the book itself....

There are no evil people in Gwyneth Jones' *Escape Plans* (Orion 246pp, £2.50)—just uncaring or uninformed ones. That's all you need for a nightmare future, totally oppressed by and totally dependent on information systems. Each man loves the thing that kills him; the lowest of the low want to submerge their humanity still further and become components of the "oversystem". The heroine, Alice (ALIC in acronymic), is a dillatante from the orbital ruling class, who whimsically descends into the inferno of programmed India and gets stuck.... as revolution brews.

This is a terrifyingly compelling vision of a world where data processing systems have completely sunk in—no longer a part of the environment, they are the environment. Unfortunately they've also sunk into the language; Jones' welter of neologisms and acronyms is initially overwhelming, and I kept furiously turning to the glossary. Occasionally a definition appears in the narrative, breaking the type in which the entire world is the narrator explaining to whom she mentions a "deeb" and then translates with "Direct Brain Access (DB)? It's worth wading through the alphabet soup for the story.

"Michael Scot" is Michael Scott Rohan and Allan Scott, collaborating on *The Ice King* (NEL 252pp, £9.95). Archaeologists dig up an Ancient Evil, and viola, it runs. For one, the archaeology is real (the authors know their stuff), not to mention computerized. The ancient unpleasantness is also highly authentic, crafted with both knowledge and love of Norse myth's blacker byways. Fimbullwinter closes in on a Yorkshire village, nastes stalk the night, international data-nets ferret out the truths behind legend, a professor of archaeology goes on a research trip to the Corpse Strand and Yggdrasil, and the appending Ice King is not (in the last analysis) wholly unsympathetic. Good rousing stuff.

Another vision of evil comes from the Arabian Nights, where djinni do dreadful things in a kind of innocence, but the blackest deeds are human. Seamus Cullen catches the mood in *A Nest of Nightmares* (Orbit 216pp, £2.50), at the same time magical and rumbustiously rude—this book tells you more than you wish to know about a djinn's sexual apparatus and proclivities.

The humour and cruelty are faithful to the source: evil-doers are unerringly punished, while the reward of virtue is often skimpy until after you're dead. Unevenly paced, but an OK read.

John Brunner offers a slightly enigmatic SF novel, *The Tides of Time* (Penguin 235pp, £2.50). A mysterious black man and white woman enact little scenes on a Greek island, each episode further back in history, with no linkage of memory or continuity. They tell each other fables about former colleagues who've somehow been destroyed by their own desires. As the repetitive chapters go by, one turns the pages faster, wondering what the hell it's about. The final scenes explain all, in a spurge of FTL travel, fugue states, variable stars, and the Earth-soul Gaia; this dense mass of exposition sits oddly at the end of a slow-moving work. Brunner's philosophical contention probably needs a whole book. Here it gets about 30 pages, and it's a tribute to his skill that he keeps you reading until then.

*A Nest of Nightmares* (Sphere 208pp, £2.50) by Lisa Tuttle, is her first horror collection. There are, of course, 13 stories. Most have appeared in *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, which for cognoscenti is a hallmark of quality. Tuttle writes well and knows just how to push the gooseflesh button. I'd say more, but it's difficult to type while trembling under the bedclothes.

I enjoyed Guy Gavriel Kay's *The Summer Tree* (Unicorn 323pp, £2.95), literate and gripping despite a disappointingly routine Black Lord in the mountainous background. But for deep insight into evil, where better to look than *Artifact of Evil* (TSR 352pp, £2.25) by gaming's own Dark Lord, Gary Gyga? At the first glimpse within, my soul was purged by the knowledge and love of Norse myth's ancient unpleasantness. Which for cognoscenti is a hallmark of quality. Tuttle writes well and knows just how to push the gooseflesh button. I'd say more, but it's difficult to type while trembling under the bedclothes.

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When he looked up again, the chair opposite was
major psychiatrist. characteristic of the more liberally inclined

"Baazerath, actually. Do you mind if I

Mr ...? I don't think I caught your name." He
came to and fro. Baazerath took another drag on his

"This is a shock for you, I see. Perhaps I can ....
hallucination. Norbert Parkinson is a Reality Mutant.

"Norbert Parkinson?"

"Yes. Strange as it may seem, Norbert Parkinson is a Reality Mutant.

"What the hell is a Reality Mutant?"

"Droll little joke, doctor, but a trifle redundant to my previous usage. Well, Reality Mutants are people capable of producing major changes in

"Terry Wogan?" A shriek of disbelief.

"Oh, yes indeed. Perhaps you do not realise that for every 100 hours of watching the .... ah ....

But Norbert Parkinson - now he is a major Reality Mutant. In fact, he's the most powerful Reality Mutant your world will ever know. Norbert

feel a little less disturbed about things", the devil said considerately. Feizenbaum broke off mumbling and stared at him. "Perhaps", the devil continued, "a little epistemology might comfort you.

You think I'm an hallucination. Well, that depends on how you look at things. There are, more or less, three ways of understanding what's going on in the world. The problem with people like you is that you're one of the first type: people who believe that there is a real world which can be discovered as it really is through science and experiments and all that crap. Technically, this philosophical posture is known as naive realism but in the infernal regions we refer to such people as idiots. You know the sort; computer scientists, physicists, the type you treat for the chronic neuroses which arise from their sordid little emotional repressions. Boring aren't they?" Feizenbaum nodded mute agreement, but felt mounting disbelief at being lectured on philosophy by an hallucination.

"Sorry, disbelief only works against illusions and I'm not one of them. Now, where was I? Oh yes, the second lot. Well, they're the florid butlers who believe that material reality is an illusion, true reality is spiritual, the world as Maya and all that nonsense. They're the fantasists. Of course, you give them the really heavy pharmacological arsenal whereas the idiots only get the minor tranks. Pity, really, because the fantasists are at least more amusing and less dangerous - they weren't the ones who invented biological and chemical warfare, atomic weapons and all that stuff. On the other hand, at least the idiots don't force dead flowers and luridly coloured books containing the half-witted writings of emigre Indian gurus on people at airports." Baazerath looked with mild displeasure at the rapidly diminishing cigar. "The quality's gone down since they ousted Battista, you know. Ah well, that's the Prime Material for you."

"Now", suddenly leaning forward and with a definite edge to his voice. "things get interesting. There are those who are epistemological interactionists. That's a hell of a long term - no pun intended there - so we can call these people the wise guys. Some of the wise guys consider there is a real world of sorts, but it's not directly knowable, and its nature is in some manner influenced by the construction of it made by the human mind. With me so far?" Another mute nod. "So, in some way, major changes in dominant theories of the nature of the world actually alter the world - or reality, if you prefer that dubious term. And they're right, of course. Which brings me to my request, Norbert Parkinson.

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"Sorry, disbelief only works against illusions and I'm not one of them. Now, where was I? Oh yes, the second lot. Well, they're the florid butlers who believe that material reality is an illusion, true reality is spiritual, the world as Maya and all that nonsense. They're the fantasists. Of course, you give them the really heavy pharmacological arsenal whereas the idiots only get the minor tranks. Pity, really, because the fantasists are at least more amusing and less dangerous - they weren't the ones who invented biological and chemical warfare, atomic weapons and all that stuff. On the other hand, at least the idiots don't force dead flowers and luridly coloured books containing the half-witted writings of emigre Indian gurus on people at airports." Baazerath looked with mild displeasure at the rapidly diminishing cigar. "The quality's gone down since they ousted Battista, you know. Ah well, that's the Prime Material for you."

"Now", suddenly leaning forward and with a definite edge to his voice. "things get interesting. There are those who are epistemological interactionists. That's a hell of a long term - no pun intended there - so we can call these people the wise guys. Some of the wise guys consider there is a real world of sorts, but it's not directly knowable, and its nature is in some manner influenced by the construction of it made by the human mind. With me so far?" Another mute nod. "So, in some way, major changes in dominant theories of the nature of the world actually alter the world - or reality, if you prefer that dubious term. And they're right, of course. Which brings me to my request, Norbert Parkinson.

"Norbert Parkinson?"

"Yes. Strange as it may seem, Norbert Parkinson is a Reality Mutant.

"What the hell is a Reality Mutant?"

"Droll little joke, doctor, but a trifle redundant to my previous usage. Well, Reality Mutants are people capable of producing major changes in

"Terry Wogan?" A shriek of disbelief.

"Oh, yes indeed. Perhaps you do not realise that for every 100 hours of watching the .... ah ....

But Norbert Parkinson - now he is a major Reality Mutant. In fact, he's the most powerful Reality Mutant your world will ever know. Norbert

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The solar looked contemptuously back at him.

"I.... I think so."

Feizenbaum was still in a state of shock. "But - aren't you a thing from a game?"

Feizenbaum nodded vaguely; his head still hurt badly from the ghastly blast, but he still had to face the fact that his hallucinated devil had left some disturbingly tangible evidence of its visit. He hardly noticed the handsome young man in the Games Workshop T-shirt slip into his office.

"Ah, Dr. Feizenbaum. If I may use a motoring idiom here, I think your brain is still in neutral. Try engaging it into bottom gear. Do you mind if I unpolymorph myself?"

Feizenbaum was beginning to get the hang of this by now. "No, of course not, he replied with a trace of his old, hypercritical assurance. "This is about Norbert Parkinson, isn't it?"

"U-huh," replied the angelic creature opposite, soothingly. "Comfortably folding his wings around the back of the chair.

"You're a planet?"

"Been reading the game books I see. No," this with a trace of disbelief that tinges his every word, "I'm a solar, actually. The point of my visit is that Norbert Parkinson must not be released. He is too powerful a Reality Mutant. Your world couldn't handle it; you're mostly evil and almost without exception chaotic and there's no doubt the other side would gain the advantage. The devils would win, and we could make a chaotic world with little trouble and the demons would make lots of converts too. So we in Elysium consider that Norbert should stay here in the bin."

"I can't do that. He's not dangerous; he's here as a voluntary patient."

"Like hell he is." said the solar sarcastically. "Come on, doc, I'm a super-genius - don't waste my time. He's here as a voluntary patient because you've told him that it's either that or a sectioning. And we know Norbert Parkinson has not been released, I'm afraid I shall have to put a wall of fire under your chair, and since you're only a second-level shrink, that'll be the end of you. Make an appointment for me for the same time tomorrow, will you? I must teleport off now."

The devil vanished, leaving behind only the smell of fire and brimstone, singe marks on the chair, and the stub of a Havana cigar smouldering in Feizenbaum's ashtray. The psychiatrist cancelled his appointments for the rest of the day, went home, and consumed a generous quantity of Polish raw spirit.

"A Mr. Sharashta to see you, doctor," Feizenbaum nodded vaguely; his head still hurt badly from the ghastly blast, but he still had to face the fact that his hallucinated devil had left some disturbingly tangible evidence of its visit. He hardly noticed the handsome young man in the Games Workshop T-shirt slip into his office.

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Thus a 16th level cleric casting *resurrection* will either refuse outright to cast the spell, or charge around ten times the price stated above. The GM must not allow raise spells to grow too powerful, otherwise players will begin to treat death merely as a trivial pause on the way to ... what?

### Types of raising

#### 1) Raise Dead

Raise Dead is available to druids and magic-users of 12th level or greater. They differ slightly, with magic-users being only able to reincarnate into human, demi-human forms, while druids can reincarnate people into animal forms as well. The amount of information the person recalls in his new form depends on the amount of time he has been dead and the new life form he has taken, with 10% of their reincarnated human or demi-human forms remembering any of their past life, and this knowledge will decrease by 15% each day they have been dead. So, a character who has been dead for 3 days will have 70% of his life before him, may remember the class/race he was, but perhaps not all the languages he spoke fluently or some of the companions he had known. Characters should be reduced a level or two due to memory loss, and spell casters will certainly have forgotten all the spells they had memorised until they have time to relearn them.

It is quite probable that a character may be reincarnated into a race which does not officially exist, for example, the GM may exercise maximum precautions. Purchasing this sort of spell from a cleric will cost the earth, even from those of similar religion and alignment. In my campaigns, I have found the following formula useful in deducing the spell cost, although prices are bound to vary for other campaigns:

\[
100 \times \text{level of clerical casting} \times \text{level of spell} \\
\text{g.p.} = 78,400 \times \text{level}.
\]

Thus a 16th level cleric casting *resurrection* would charge the characters 100 x 16 x 7 = 78,400gp, provided alignment and religion were similar. Resurrection is only for wealthy, high-level characters.

Clerics of different religion or alignment, will either refuse outright to cast the spell, or charge around ten times the price stated above. The GM must not allow raise spells to grow too powerful, otherwise players will begin to treat death merely as a trivial pause on the way to ... what?

#### 2) Raise Dead

Raise Dead is only available to clerics of High Priest status. It is the most frequently used raising spell if only because in most campaigns it is the easiest and cheapest to obtain, although this should not be the case. On the other hand it is somewhat limited in application, and can be permanently fatal in extreme cases. Of all the raising spells, it is the most misused.

A raise dead will only raise dwarves, gnomes, half-elves, halflings and humans. It will not be effective on elves or half-ors. Basically, the spell retrieves the character's soul as it floats through the Astral Plane to its destination. As mentioned previously, the journey takes 3-30 days, which the GM should determine by rolling 1d20 and multiplying the result by 24 hours. Of course, a character who has been dead for more than 7 days will have 70% of his life before him, may remember the class/race he was, but perhaps not all the languages he spoke fluently or some of the companions he had known. Characters should be reduced a level or two due to memory loss, and spell casters will certainly have forgotten all the spells they had memorised until they have time to relearn them.

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That the general ethos (ie good, evil or neutral) remain unchanged. This prevents our lawful good paladin from becoming a grizzly troll!
pass this bone onto family or friends in order that he might be resurrected from it should he perish on an adventure, even if his body was totally destroyed. With this in mind, one of my players made a practice (and a rather repulsive one at that) of assassinating high level NPCs, retrieving a finger from the corpse, and selling it to any rich family or friends should they care to resurrect him. Needless to say, the character in question made numerous enemies this way, but it did seem to me that the matter was getting a little out of hand. It was at this time I decided it required a little more working.

First, resurrected characters will come back to life with all the body members they had at the time of death, regardless of the state of each corpse. Thus, in the example above, all that would be resurrected from a finger would be a living finger, the rest of the body having to be regrown via regeneration. Alas, of course, regeneration only regrows body members, and hence the body would be sans torso and head — two arms and two legs will be pretty useless to any but the excessively perverse!

Theoretically, therefore, one would need the skull and torso bones to sell to people in order to have a successful enterprise. This is pretty tough, especially if a character gets beheaded (and the quest for the missing head becomes paramount) but then that’s death for you!

As an alternative, because resurrection recalls only the character’s soul, a character may be resurrected into a different body. This body must be totally whole, as the spell will not restore missing limbs or flesh as it would where the person was to be resurrected into his own body. Good clerics must exercise maximum caution in acquiring this new body; for neutral or evil characters I suggest you seek out the strongest, best-looking person you can find, then poison them. A neutralise poison spell should be cast on the body before another soul is resurrected into it.

The GM must be very careful in handling the situation of a character being resurrected into a different body. Good clerics would probably refuse outright to cast the spell. They would be very anxious to see how and why this new body had come to die, and why they should resurrect a totally alien soul into it. Remember also that 7th level spells are obtained directly from the cleric’s god, and even if the cleric is fooled, the god would be very unwilling to allow such a spell to be used for this cause, especially if the character concerned had been of different alignment and/or religion during previous lives. If both the clerics and his deity agree to cast the resurrection, the god will probably demand repayment in the form of a quest and should inflict a change of alignment to convert the raised character to the god’s own religion. The GM should not allow players to obtain such a spell easily; it should cost them all their magic and money in purchasing it.

The soul of the person to be raised should be resurrected into the new body as soon as possible. In this case, the body’s real soul will still be on its way to one of the outer planes, and will not interfere with the resurrection spell. If the soul reaches one of the outer planes before a resurrection is attempted, the final resurrection will call back that soul, and not the one desired.

Due to the complexity of this version of the spell, there is a chance that the cleric will fail in his task. The base percentage chance of failure is 10% for a 16th level cleric, reduced by 1% for each level above 16th. Thus, only a cleric greater than 25th level has no chance of failure. Scrolls can be considered to be cast at 17th level in this case. The resultant resurrected character will retain alignment (except in the case already mentioned), but all other characteristics will depend on the new body. The character will remember his former life, but may take several months to adjust to the new body (especially if some player has given him one of the opposite sex!). Within one week the character must make a resurrection survival roll or go insane (roll randomly on the insanity table, page 83 DMG).

| Failure Table - if failure is indicated, roll a d100 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| **Die Roll**    | **Result**      |
| 01-50%          | The soul of the bodies’ previous owner is resurrected rather than the one desired. |
| 51-70%          | The soul of a completely different person is resurrected instead of the one desired. This person will have come from the same plane and be of the same alignment as the character who was supposed to have been raised. |
| 71-90%          | The soul of a completely different person is resurrected rather than the one desired. This person may be of any alignment and may have come from any plane. |
| 91-00%          | The corpse rapidly ages 100 years and is destroyed. The soul of the person is completely immune to further attempts to resurrect it. Simultaneously, a number of monsters from the Astral Plane encounter table (DMG page 181) are gated in. |

Remember that if a monster is gated in, the clerics will be totally unable to cast any further spells, unless the resurrection was read from a scroll.
A GOLDEN HEROES ADVENTURE

WHY BOLIVIA?
This scenario takes place in Bolivia. This is because it grew out of incidents in my own Golden Heroes campaign which left the players owing the Bolivian Government a considerable favour. When you come to run it you will not have the same lead in and you will need to devise some excuse to get your players to the right place at the right time.

There are all sorts of incidents that can be cooked up to fit the bill. Perhaps a fight with a super-villain could take place outside the Bolivian Embassy in London which causes such damage to the building that the Bolivian government gets very upset; Blacksun would be a good villain to use here as he tends to wreck things pretty effectively. The government could then justifiably ask for a favour in recompense. Alternatively you could have the players chase a fugitive villain to Bolivia and have the government ask them for help while they are there.

SOME BACKGROUND
A good group of players will probably want to acquire some information on Bolivia before they set off. In addition, if they have government backing, the Foreign Office will probably want to brief them to make sure they don't cause any international incidents. Whatever the source, the heroes should be able to acquire the following information at least.

Bolivia is one of the poorer countries in South America. It sits on the eastern side of the Andes and the terrain is split between high, bare mountains and steamy Amazonian jungle. The majority of the population is clustered around Lake Titicaca on the Peruvian border, particularly in the large city of La Paz. This area is also dotted with Inca ruins. The government is fairly moderate, and Britain and the USA would be happy to see it remain that way.

Although officially Spanish-speaking and Roman Catholic, Bolivia has one of the highest percentages of native Indian population in South America. The two principal races are the Quechua and the Aymara; both have their own language, customs and religions although, like most pagans, they are happy to worship any gods who might be helpful and thus have adopted Catholicism alongside their native beliefs.

Despite the mix of cultures, there is a little racial discrimination as we know it. Quechua and Aymara do not intermarry and 'Indians' as a whole are very much the lower classes, though not exclusively so. The term 'Indio' is applied to anyone who lives like an Indian, ie is poor. Simply by getting richer a pure-blooded Indian can become accepted as 'mestizo' (mixed-race) or even 'blanco' (white).

Sexual discrimination is another matter entirely. The philosophy of Machismo is deeply ingrained in all South American countries, and any female heroes in your group can expect to have a difficult time. The Bolivians will automatically assume the men are in charge and the women do as they are told.

INTRODUCTION
Assuming they arrive in Bolivia quite openly, the heroes will be asked to meet with Manuel Calvero, the President. He has a small problem which he hopes they may be able to help with. One of the country's prestige engineering projects is the construction of a hydro-electric power station on the Pilcomayo river which flows southeast from the Andes, later forming the border between Paraguay and Argentina. The plant is designed to supply electricity to Sucre, the capital, and the nearby town of Potsoi. But this development has been beset with problems: equipment has broken down, Indian workers have been frightened away by 'evil spirits' and - worst of all - the weather has been unusually bad in the area ever since the project started. Prayers to the Virgin Mary having gone unheeded so far, the Bolivians have turned to more earthly sources of aid.
President Calvero explains that before contacting the heroes the Bolivian government first approached the American multi-star team, StarTech, for services of their super-powered enforcer, Technon, as the company is supplying much of the equipment and know-how for the project. However, as the President says, "We are small contract, yes? Not enough money in Bolivia for the Yankees to bother. Perhaps we have more luck with you Breetch, no?"

The Bolivians have little idea what could be causing their problems. There is a small Indian tribe local to the area, the Apacheta, who are not as integrated into Bolivian society as the Quechua and Aymara, and may be responsible for the 'evil spirit' stories, though they could not possibly have caused the other problems unless they practice real magic. The Bolivians suspect that ultra-left or ultra-right terrorists seeking to overthrow the government may be responsible for the sabotage, but even with this theory they can offer no explanation for what is wrong with the weather. Not being a scientific man, Calvero may offer some very odd ideas, such as changes in the environment caused by Star Wars research. These are complete red herrings — at least for this adventure.

The President is a typical Bolivian 'bianco', comfortably rich and arrogantly dismissive of Indians and women. However, he is a South American democrat in his outlook. His main worry over the hydro-electric project is that the delays and resultant increased foreign debts may lead to a military coup. Play him as something of an engaging gangster with a soft spot for his people.

Assuming the heroes agree to help, the President will provide transport to the project site and tell them to call him if they have trouble getting anything done.

**THE PLOT**

The truth of the matter is somewhat more complicated than the Bolivians suspect. True, there are right-wing activists employed on the project who are sabotaging it in the hope of bringing down President Calvero. True, the Apacheta Indians, who are not as integrated into Bolivian society as the Quechua and Aymara, and may be responsible for the 'evil spirit' stories, though they could not possibly have caused the other problems unless they practice real magic.

However, unknown to Mueller, Israeli Nazi Hunters have found his trail at last. Diligent research work brought to light quantities of high-tech equipment which had apparently disappeared into the Bolivian jungles, and a small group of Nazi Hunters were sent to make their way to Mueller's base. They were so horrified by what they saw that they fled, hoping to bring back a more powerful team to combat Mueller's creations.

However, one man did escape back to civilisation. There he went straight to the only organisation he felt capable of dealing with what he had seen, America's foremost super-hero team, the National Defence League. The presence of Patriot in the current NDL line-up ensured that the Nazi Hunter's pleas did not fall on deaf ears. In secret, so as not to alert their quarry, the team set off from their New York headquarters for Bolivia. As chance would have it they will arrive at just about the same time as a certain other super-hero team...

**THE PILCOMAYO PLANT**

Doubtless the first thing the players will want to do is to get to the project site and see what they can discover. There, however, they will be met by three men, all of whom Calvero claims to have the utmost confidence in.

Francisco Perez is the senior Bolivian engineer at the site and as such is in charge of operations. He is a very worried man. To start with, he knows that if the project fails his head will be the first to roll. He also knows that a small group of Nazi Hunters were sent to make their way to Mueller's base. They were so horrified by what they saw that they fled, hoping to bring back a more powerful team to combat Mueller's creations.

Franco Perez has no idea which way to turn and, for want of anything else to do, has taken to blaming the Apacheta for everything. He will try to convince the heroes the Indians have magical powers and will dismiss any other theories out of hand. Anyone with telepathic powers and a smattering of Spanish will find it easy to get the truth story as Perez worries about it incessantly. However, he is so terrified that he won't cooperate with the heroes even if they tell him what they have found out.

Jorge Luis Ordonez is an army Colonel loyal to President Calvero, and has been sent to the project with a contingent of troops to catch the saboteurs. Ordonez knows there are factions in the Army plotting to overthrow the President (though he knows nothing of Mueller's role) and he suspects they may be responsible for the delays to the project. Unfortunately, his work has been hampered both by the fact that some of his own have been subverted (something he dare not let become known) and by Perez's insistence that the Apacheta are the culprits.
Short of putting the entire project under martial law and running it himself, there is not much he can do save stand guard against attack from outside. Much as he would like to take over, he knows that he can’t do without the engineers—so he has to humour Perez. Ordonez regards the arrival of the heroes as a sign of loss of confidence in him by the President, and he will therefore do everything he can to get them out of his way.

The final member of the trio is Manny Faltz, the field representative of the StarTech Corporation. Faltz is very experienced at working in South America, speaking Spanish and Quechua fluently. Ordonez knows the weather, he has come to the conclusion that the management of the work will always be incompetent and corrupt and that the workers will always be lazy. He agrees the Bolivians are by far the worst he has come across in this line, but says they are by no means exceptional.

Faltz blames most of the trouble on a combination of the President’s unrealistic expectation that the project will be finished on schedule, on the mental instability of Perez, and on the frequent arguments between Perez and Ordonez. He says that sabotage of equipment is a common trick of South American workers wanting a few days off, and has no previous experience of the Bolivian climate with which to compare the appalling weather.

THE APACHETA VILLAGES

Having investigated the project site (and probably got very frustrated), the heroes’ next port of call is likely to be the villages of the Apacheta. The total population of the village is not more than about 300, spread through eight small, ramshackle villages. The heroes will be directed to the village of Yurag—the largest of the group where they can expect to find the head man of the tribe, Ch’ojna. Yurag is a short way upstream from the Indian village marked on the map.

The Apacheta have a language of their own, but in order to be able to communicate with outsiders, many of them have learnt Quechua. Ch’ojna knows a few words of Spanish as well but, of course, none of them speak English.

If the heroes ask for an interpreter at the project site, Perez will refuse point blank—he says the Indians should just be shot and that would be an end to the problem; Ordonez will also refuse because he believes the Indians are no problem while his men are successfully keeping them out—therefore the heroes don’t need to talk to them; Faltz will not come himself but will point out a Quechua workman, Qaipa, who he says speaks passable English.

Qaipa is a little frightened of the Apacheta, but will be even more in awe of the heroes. He will be prepared to go to the village as long as at least one hero is with him, but will be terrified of being left alone outside the safety of the site. His English is just good enough to get by on—though if any of the players use any long words while speaking to him, he will just shrug his shoulders and stare quizzically at him.

Ch’ojna, the Apacheta headman, will agree to speak to the heroes and they will be taken to his hut in the centre of the village. Although he knows his tribe is being paid by the Reichsmaster to wreck the Pilcomayo project, he is well practised at the art of playing the worried primitive. He will spin the heroes a long story about how his people have been cheated, and that would be an end to the problem; Ordonez will explain—in halting English to prevent the Indian wiseman from overhearing—that such freakish weather is common in these parts, that he has not encountered it before elsewhere in the country. He blames the weather problems on evil demons summoned up by Chucurata though any psychic probing will reveal a certain quiet satisfaction in the mind of the wiseman.

In fact, although Chucurata is not directly responsible for the mist, he is a magician and has been using his hallucinations spell to frighten Indian workers. For the moment, though, he is pretending to be a frightened native. As he guides the heroes towards their confrontation with the NDL, he talks non-stop about how cruel these foreigners are, and how they have been killing and enslaving the Apacheta. He is very eloquent, and Qaipa doesn’t know what to play more scared of, the supposed wizard or the foreign devils.

The NDL meanwhile are lost in the mist, moving very cautiously. Kemmer, the Nazi Hunter who is with them, has warned them that Mueller has some bizarre machinery and they suspect a trick. However, if the heroes made a public announcement of their trip to Bolivia, the NDL will be aware, albeit at the back of their minds, that British super-heroes are in the country.

Chucurata will try his best to provoke a fight before the two sides have a chance to talk to each other. Whether or not you, the Supervisor, decide to try to encourage a fight is up to you. Don’t worry if your players are not very trigger happy, they will get to fight the NDL eventually.

As soon as it looks as if the two teams might make friends, Chucurata will make off into the mist. If necessary, he will use an illusion of himself to confuse the heroes as to where he has gone.

The teams should eventually work out who they are fighting and call a halt, although the players may have problems if their team is in trouble with the law. If the heroes have already played Queen Victoria & the Holy Grail, they may have already met members of the NDL and be known to them. Once a truce is called, the two sides will doubtless explain to each other what they are up to.

KEMMER’S TALE

The Nazi Hunter will begin by relating how he and his colleagues, searching for clues to the whereabouts of Mueller—a man highly wanted in the West—discovered the sale of large amounts of equipment to various fictitious organisations in Bolivia and traced delivery of the orders to the region where the Pilcomayo plant is being built. These orders date back well before the start of the hydro-electric project.

A MEETING IN THE MIST

While the heroes are talking to Ch’ojna, they will suddenly be joined by Chucurata, the village wise man. He and Ch’ojna will spend a short time conversing in Apacheta, after which they will explain—through Qaipa—that a group of white men “like you” have returned to the neighbourhood. Ch’ojna explains these men are cruel fighters with demonic powers whom the Bolivians have sent to attack the Apacheta before. Chucurata offers to lead the heroes to where these men were last spotted.

What has actually happened is that the NDL have arrived in the area. Stealth is not one of the American team’s normal tactics, whereas the Apacheta live by it. As a consequence, the Americans have been spotted. Knowing the British heroes are in the neighbourhood, Chucurata, who is pretty wily bird, came up with the idea of getting the two groups to fight each other. He sent a messenger to Mueller asking for a thick mist from the weather controller and set about bringing the two teams together; like his chief, Chucurata is a willing servant of the Reichsmaster.

When the heroes are led outside they will doubtless be surprised by the sudden descent of the mist. Qaipa explains—in halting English to prevent the Indian wiseman from overhearing—that such freakish weather is common in these parts, that he has not encountered it before elsewhere in the country. He blames the weather problems on evil demons summoned up by Chucurata though any psychic probing will reveal a certain quiet satisfaction in the mind of the wiseman.

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Investigating the area, the Israelis discovered the well-used entrance to a hillside cave. Exploring inside, they came across a large tunnel filled with advanced machinery. It was immediately obvious to them that Mueller, if that was indeed the man whose trail they had found, had been putting his electronic skills to good use and that the sales they had traced were merely the tip of the iceberg.

Kemmer then relates how he and his companions fled in terror, were ambushed by the Apacheta, and how only he managed to escape the massacre. As luck would have it, one of the thick mists descended just in time to save him (this is true, the Reichsmaster did not know that the Indians were hunting snoopers at the time. The heroes may be suspicious of Kemmer's seeming good fortune).

Because Kemmer's party left the area in something of a hurry, he is not very sure exactly where the cave is. The NDL were in the process of searching for it when the mist came down. If the heroes are convinced by this tale, Stretcho will suggest that the two teams search independently. He reasons that either team on its own should be able to deal with Mueller, making a combination of forces wasteful, but that any smaller division of strength is likely to be dangerous. He will want to exchange communications equipment, but will warn the heroes to maintain radio silence until the last moment, as Mueller will undoubtedly have surveillance equipment.

The heroes will have a problem deciding what to do with Qaipa. The most sensible thing to do would be to send him back to the project site with Kemmer. If they are merely left here in the open, Qaipa and Kemmer will be spotted by the Apacheta and killed, and if they accompany the teams they will be in the way and very likely to get killed in the fighting. What happens to them will have an impact on the heroes' campaign ratings, so it is to be hoped they have the sense to see them safely back to the project site.

The heroes will not find the cave entrance; that honour will go to the NDL. However, they will come across what appears to be an artificial ventilation shaft. Provided that none of the team are permanently giant-sized, they should be able to squeeze down.

What they see when they arrive at the bottom will make it plain that, if anything, Kemmer's story was understated. The heroes land in the middle of the most futuristic factory complex they have ever seen (unless they have been space or time travelling). Looking around they will find that a large part of the factory is, in fact, a power station tapping geothermal energy. An assembly line is in the process of being built and another is already in existence but idle. The whole thing is fully automated.

When the heroes enter the central square the quiet him of the factory is broken by a strident voice. It is a recording which the Reichsmaster made in case of discovery. For him it is quite a short rant. He simply explains that he, as a genius, is the ultimate expression of the Master Race and that he will single-handedly restore Germany to its former glory, conquer the world, and maybe the universe as well.

When he finishes, the loudspeakers begin to play a rather tinny, electronic version of the 'Ode to Joy' from Beethoven's 9th Symphony. As they do so, a number of doors in the factory slide smoothly open and disgorge the Reichsmaster's robot stormtroopers. 12 robots appear from each of the doors marked as robot exits on the cavern map. Every one of them is identical, a spitting image of Adolf Hitler.

A CHAT WITH A GHOST
When the fight is over and the annoying music has finally been silenced, the heroes may be surprised to find that
they are being watched by a ghost. In fact, it is Mr Magic's Astral Form.

The American sorcerer relates that he and his colleagues found the cave entrance, followed the tunnel, and came face to face with a giant hypnosis device, to which all of the team succumbed except him. By taking on his Astral form he was able to fool the Reichsmaster's robots into thinking he was unconscious. It is a big gamble because his body is now defenceless and he wants to get back to it quickly. However, he is able to direct the heroes to where his colleagues are being held and warns them that the rest of the NDL are likely to be totally under the Reichsmaster's control.

**BATTLE ROYAL**

In fact, the hypnotised Americans are already on the way to following the heroes, and his men in the open area by the cavern exits. The chances are that the NDL will be tougher than the players. However, Mr Magic will do his best to assist the players. His physical body is chained up in a cell, but he can cast 2-dice energy strikes while in astral form. In addition, as each team member is freed from hypnosis (by means of counter hypnosis or a hit of 20HTC or more), they will join the heroes in trying to free their colleagues after taking a round to re-orientate themselves. The fight, although somewhat ferocious, should therefore go the players’ way.

Once all of the NDL have been restored to their senses (or knocked out of them), they will be able to guide the heroes to where the Reichsmaster can be found.

**THE CITY OF GOLD**

Mueller is, of course, busy with his current obsession, the tunnel to El Dorado. When the heroes finally catch up with him, he will be standing on the far side of the chasm from them (see cavern map). Between them and him are his 12 elite robot SS troops and his force wall. The first thing the Reichsmaster will do is destroy the bridge.

The SS robots should not prove too much of a problem for the combined hero teams. What they will do is delay the heroes just long enough for the Reichsmaster to set his laser drilling equipment up for one final blast. As the heroes get ready to rush him he presses the button.

The laser drill, now operating at maximum power, lets forth a blaze of red light and the rock wall behind the Reichsmaster disintegrates. As the dust settles the heroes will get a glimpse of an enormous cavern, dwarfing the one in which the factory has been built. In the far distance is a faint glimmer of golden spires.

But a glimpse is all the heroes will have time for—suddenly there is a terrible rumbling from beneath the ground. The maximum power blast of the laser has caused a deep fracture in the rock which has opened up a magma-filled cavern deep below the earth. The ground shakes, steam rushes up out of the chasm, and the air temperature rises dramatically. There is nothing to do but run for it! As the heroes make their escape they will hear lava gushing up behind them. There is a single, terrible scream, and then nothing but the roar of molten rock.

The area map shows the point at which the lava will emerge. The heroes' priority is to prevent the flow from reaching the construction site and the Apacheta villages. In any case, the heroes will doubtless wish to inspect the wreckage. The tunnel to El Dorado will be completely blocked. It will probably take years to dig through again and in any case this will risk further eruptions.

Redskin will start kicking over the rubble, muttering about the waste of scientific resources in such a poor country and the loss of such an interesting piece of Indian heritage. Suddenly he stops, bends down and removes something from the wreckage. It is a piece of packing case, heavily charred but somehow surviving. Etched on it is the unmistakable logo of the StarTech Corporation....

The scenario has a Practice Rating of 7. The players' public ratings will not be significantly affected as they are away from home and the world's press will give most of the credit to the NDL, but personal ratings may be severely affected if Qaipa and Kemmer are killed or if the lava destroys the plant or native village.

**FUTURE ISSUES**

Was it really El Dorado the heroes saw in the underground cavern? Is it now lost forever, buried under tons of lava?

Did the Reichsmaster perish in the eruption or did the cunning Nazi manage to find an escape route?

Were StarTech really supplying Reichsmaster with advanced electronic equipment for his robots? Did they...
know who he was and what he was doing? If they did, does Brian Garson/Technon know about it, or is some rival faction on the Corporation’s board responsible?

All of these questions, and doubtless a few more as well, remain to be answered in future adventures.

THE NATIONAL DEFENCE LEAGUE

The National Defence League is the USA’s official, government-backed super hero team. Their HQ is in Washington but for various reasons they often find themselves operating out of auxiliary bases in New York and Los Angeles. The heroes listed below are those on the current active register though many other American heroes have worked with the NDL, of which he was already an honorary member. Thus he fought alongside American forces in both World Wars, though whatever power causes him to take flesh did not feel the war in Vietnam warranted his appearance. Patriot is the reincarnated spirit of Paul Revere, a hero of the American Revolution. He has appeared many times throughout the history of the country, always turning up when great danger threatened. Thus he fought alongside American forces in both World Wars, though whatever power causes him to take flesh did not feel the war in Vietnam warranted his appearance. Patriot returned to life most recently in 1984 and immediately sought out the NDL, of which he was already an honorary mambar.

In private life Patriot takes on the role of Kirk Jackson, a fashion photographer. The American government has supplied him with appropriate papers detailing Jackson’s life so he has few problems explaining his lack of visibility prior to 1984. However, he is having problems adapting to modern American society and thus prefers to remain in his super hero guise most of the time.

Patriot hes no obvious super powers and fights with his trusty rapier. His immortality is restricted by the fact that he can only be reborn when America needs him. To date he has always been killed in action just when the danger seemed to be ove.

other unusual power he has is the ability to call upon the ghosts of three famous ex Presidents, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, for advice. However, the ghosts are having even more trouble understanding the modern world than Patriot, who fears they are becoming senile.

The American government is understandably very disturbed at Patriot’s sudden reappearance as there is, as yet, no sign of any great danger to the country. Various theories have been put forward by the Pentagon and CIA but the only real result has been to make everyone in the White House very jittery whenever a crisis looks like blowing up.

The Patriot
alias Kirk Jackson

Powers: Vigour; Agility; Weapon Skill (fencing) 2; Weapon Skill (knife parry); Sidestick (ghosts)

Advantageous Background: Immortal

Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; -2
Leap into Combat WC 2; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +2 (needs 1 frame recovery)
Rapiar WC 4; 2d6 HTK / 1d6 HTC
Knife WC 2; 2d6 HTK / 1d6 HTC; WC 4 perrying

STRETCHO

Lee Stanton is the owner and chief scientist of America’s largest bubble-gum company. He has used his vast knowledge of molecular elasticity to experiment on human flesh and, as a result, is now able to deform his body in an incredible variety of ways. A useful by-product of his experiments has been acquiring the ability to climb walls by turning his rubbery fingers into suction pads.

Stretcho is undoubtedly the brains of the NDL. His scientific background causes him to be very cautious, unwilling to act until he has fully analysed the situation. This often brings him into conflict with his more hot-headed team-mates, particularly Redskin and Powerchord.

Stretcho
alias Lee Stanton

Powers: Stretch 2; Grow; Shrink; Wallcrawling
Advantageous Backgrounds: Brilliant Scientist (Chemicals); Rich Industrialist

Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; -2
Grow to Combat WC 2; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +4 (needs 1 frame recovery)

MR MAGIC

Dick Stevens is a genuine stage magician as adept at slight of hand and illusion as he is at real magic. When he first began his career he was as cynical as most other westerners about ‘real’ magic. Then he met and teamed up with an older conjurer, Bernard Kranksy. Bernard had served in the Far East during WWII and claimed to have learnt his magical skills from Tibetan monks. He always maintained, even to his friends, that real magic did exist, and that some of his stage tricks used such sorcery.

Young Dick never believed this tale and kept pestering his partner to reveal the secrets of his special tricks, and, failing he being fobbed off with ridiculous excuses, determined to spy on the older man as he practised. One day he concealed himself in Kranksy’s dressing room and watched the older magician running through his act. To Dick’s horror, Kranksy summoned a real demon and began to converse with it in some arcane language. Unable to contain his curiosity, Dick burst out of hiding, but this distracted Kranksy from his spell and the demon promptly grabbed the sorcerer and disappeared.

Dick immediately gave up his stage career and headed east in the hope of learning enough real sorcery to rescue or avenge his friend. When he returned America acquired a new super hero.
Mr Magic has a special gimmick which allows him to make his astral form visible. Ordinary people normally mistake him for a ghost.

Mr Magic
alias Dick Stevens

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Powers: Magic 2 (22 magic points); Astral Projection (speciality), Energy Strike, Conjuring, Information; Conscious Probability manipulation; Precision; Skills - Disguise

Energy Strike WC 3; 1d/2mp; unaffected by dividers

Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +2

**REDSKIN**

Joe Washington is a pure-blood Sioux Indian. His powers are all extensions of his physical abilities and result from his eating herbal mixtures prepared for him by an ancient shaman.

The shaman had intended Joe to be a champion of the Indian cause, taking revenge upon the white man and driving him from the land. However his pupil, who had grown up in white society, realised that this was a foolish dream and now spends his time fighting for justice and freedom as much as for Indian rights.

Redskin and Powerchord are frequently at loggerheads over racial issues as the former feels that his black colleague has too simplistic a view of the problem and ignores the fact that blacks are comparatively well-off compared to other racial minorities. Joe is also frequently in trouble with his colleagues and the government over his outspoken comments to the press.

In his secret identity Joe works as a 'hard hat' on construction sites.

Redskin
alias Joe Washington

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Powers: Strength; Pugilism 2; Weapon Skill (tomahawk); Leaping; Health - fast recovery

Fist/foot WC 3; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +16

Tomahawk Strike WC 4; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +16

Throw WC 2; 2d6+3 HTK / 1d6 HTC; +16

Leap into Combat WC 3; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +16, +2 (needs 1 frame recovery)

**FIREBIRD**

Claire Montague is an expatriot English actress who is now a major soap opera star. Her impressive flame control powers are mutant in origin and this has recently caused her severe problems as various religious groups in America have mounted a strong anti-mutant crusade.

Claire was recently captured and tortured by Azrael, a religious fanatic villain. Although she managed to keep details of her secret identity from him, her mind has been damaged by the experience and, as Firebird, she often falls under the delusion that her secret identity is really that of her most famous screen role, the rich and arrogant Princess Christina of Miklenburg. As the NDL all know each others' secret identities, this has sometimes lead to her unfortunate team-mates having to bow down and call her Your Royal Highness in the middle of a fight.

Firebird uses her flame manifestations gimmick to fashion a bird-like mask. She also swaths her fist in flame when punching which gives her extra damage bonuses.

Firebird
alias Claire Montague

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Powers: Energy Attack 3 (fire); Manifestations Gimmick; Energy Immunity (fire); Flight; General Force Wall (flame); Intuition

Energy Blast WC 3; 19d6+5 rounds

Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +4 (flame glove)

Dive to Combat WC 2; 1d6 HTK / 2d6+6 HTC; +4, +5 (needs 1 frame recovery)

**POWERCHORD**

The man who is now Powerchord was once a world-famous rock guitarist. At the height of his fame he was approached by a black scientist and offered a special guitar which, under his expert fingers, could produce amazing effects. Seizing the opportunity, he faked his own death and became Powerchord, a black rights campaigner.

Powerchord's career as a civil rights activist was fairly long and colourful. In those days he frequently came into conflict with the authorities and charges are still outstanding against him in certain southern states. The 1 million dollar reward that the Ku Klux Klan put on his head is also still on offer.

Since that time, however, the position of blacks in American society has improved greatly and Powerchord has come to realise that the colour of a man's heart is more important than the colour of his skin. The final straw came when his scientist benefactor was killed by black mobsters who wanted the secrets of the guitar to further their criminal careers. Powerchord has been officially pardoned by the President but in certain quarters resentment of him is still high.

Without his guitar Powerchord is an ordinary human, though he has done a lot of training to improve his physical condition. Because of this he prefers to live as a super hero all of the time, and firmly denies all suggestions of a link with his rock star past.

**Powerchord**

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Powers: Energy Attack 4 (sonic); Area Effect Gimmick; Quick Blast; Personal Force Shield (23 HTK) - all power from guitar only

Energy Blast WC 3; 23d6+5 rounds

Fist/foot WC 2; 1d6-6 HTK / 2d6 HTC; +2
Players' Briefing

It's Shift 2 briefing, 10.15 hours, at Sector House 142. Today Judge Rippon is briefing officer, dispensing comments on the news and reports as they flash across the screen with her usual lack of humour. You hope nothing happens that will cause you to laugh, or - worse! - that you don't start yawning as the briefing rolls on ....

++ Item 32 ++

Riot Control
The Sector 145 South silly walkathon began this morning. No trouble is anticipated, but perps may take advantage of the crowds.

(Rippon:) “We’re on alert to provide back-up if things get out of hand, and you’ll receive squad assignments with your patrol orders. Review crowd control procedures during your rest breaks, if there’s time.”

++ Item 33 ++

Theft
Synthi-Synth™ Laboratories report a burglary and theft of computer slugs and files, probably industrial espionage.

(Rippon:) “Synthi-Synth™ are a major defence contractor and the city's largest plastics manufacturer. There’ll be more on this when we know what’s been stolen”.

++ Item 34 ++

Sponts
The iso-cubes are running close to capacity in most sectors, so try to avoid arresting sponts unnecessarily.

(Rippon:) “That means don’t book them on nuisance charges unless there’s really no alternative.”

++ Item 35 ++

Inforamtion
Rick Macey was released from the cubes yesterday afternoon, and disappeared within a few hours. He was suspected of acting as a hit man for one of the body sharking gangs, but was actually arrested for overdue library slugs. Report any sightings.

(Rippon:) “Macey was based in this sector, and it’s possible he’s holed up somewhere in the area. He’s clever and dangerous. He isn’t wanted for anything yet, but it’s probably just a matter of time.”

++ Item 36 ++

Weather [Restricted Information]
Rain this morning will contain trank additive J-17. It will fall from 11.30 to 12.00, so all Judges should take a neutraliser tablet at 11.15 hours. Requests for weather should be sent to the Weather Congress via MAC, not to sector houses.

(Rippon:) “Let’s try to avoid sloppy procedure on this; I don’t want to spend another morning sorting through a pile of complaints from Weather Control. And don’t forget the pills.”

++ Item 37 ++

Expenses
The financial quarter ends tomorrow, and all outstanding expense claims should be submitted to Accounts Division, in triplicate on form B-3Y-7/3EX, accompanied by receipts.

(Rippon:) “I want claims in by 23.00 hours; we’ve applied to have the rec room redecorated, and we wouldn’t want Acc-Div to turn down the estimates because they were mad at us. Would we? OK, that’s the last item, so collect your assignments and get out on patrol.”

Was Rippon looking at you just then? Maybe you didn’t put in all your receipts, by Grud! Rippon assigns you to a patrol route through the sector. At 13.00 hours you are to call in at the Tresco Megamart and...
other shops in the shopping centre of Clark Savage Block, to conduct an anti-shoplifting crime blitz and check antique dealers and jewellers for stolen goods. Later you should visit Ronnie Rambo Block to make a crime prevention inspection of the new block Cht Def armory, and then return to the Sector House at 16.30 hours. As you leave, Rippon adds that in the “unlikely” event that you are needed for riot control, you should abort your petrols and join squad “FOX”, one of eight units from the sector.

Game Master’s Information

Every month a group of the Mega-City’s most influential criminals meet to discuss their plans. The composition of this group varies as members are arrested or killed, but usually several notorious perps attend, and try to prepare the perfect crime.

Four days ago an industrial spy told the group about Spungg®, a new plastic from the recreation division of Synthi-Synth™ the manufac- turers of Boing®. Spungg® is a food additive which converts fat deposits into a resilient substance resembling Boing® and Synthi-Synth™ are developing it as a luxury item, to be sold to fatties as a new answer to their mobility problems. However, the criminal “masterminds” gathered at the meeting were quick to see other advantages to the material: a sufficiently fat criminal would be almost bulletproof, since shells would bounce out of the resilient flab, and the perp could bounce over, or through, obstacles. Last night a concentrate of Spungg® was dropped on the perp into Synthi-Synth™ laboratories, stealing dozens of files to cover their interest in Spungg®. By 08.00 hours criminal scientists had manufactured enough Spungg® to feed a dozen men.

Now all that remains is for Spungg® to be tested. At 13.30 hours the Gutz gang, a former tag eating team who have been devouring great quantities of Spungg®, will rob a bank and try out the new material. For riot control, you should abort your patrols and join squad “FOX”, one of eight units from the sector.

Phase 1: 10.30 - 13.00 hours

There are two incidents during this phase of the patrol, one leading to the main adventure. Refugees may wish to add other reports and events where they are related to a campaign, but this isn’t essential.

10.32 hours: As you patrol through Elm Street, a city bottom shopping zone, you hear the ring of a burglar alarm ahead.

See Figure 1 for street diagram. A perp has smashed her car across the pavement and into the front window of the local branch of Forbidden Kneepad, and two jimps are pretending to deal with the incident while pretending to examine the damage and keep curious citizens away from the window.

A blue roadster has spun off the road and crashed into the window of a branch of Forbidden Kneepad. Two Judges are on the scene, one checking the shop damage while the other checks the driver. She seems shaken and has a nosebleed.

A blue roadster has spun off the road and crashed into the window of a branch of Forbidden Kneepad. Two Judges are on the scene, one checking the shop damage while the other checks the driver. She seems shaken and has a nosebleed.

The car is a General Mechanics Siesta roader of standard design (see GM’s Book p111). The driver carefully spun it off the road so that the rear bumper smashed into the shop window and the car was left positioned for a quick getaway. On a Street Skill roll Judges will notice that the car isn’t damaged; the rear bumper was reinforced for ramming (without affecting its armour). Also, the car is stolen. If the Judges check and discover this, or if they appear to be suspicious, the perp will immediately “arrest” the driver, saying they hadn’t been able to check because their helmet radios weren’t getting through to the Sector House.

Perp 1: Gladys “Wheels” Lambretta (Driver)

Abilities: Control Skid, Control Spin, Drive Fast. Gladys is an attractive blonde. She has blood (actually a theatrical dye) on her face and blouse, and pretends to be in shock. There is a fully-loaded stump gun in an opaque plastic purse in her shoulder bag. She is unarmoured.

Both jimps wear good replicas of Judges’ uniforms, giving the same armour protection as the real thing. The badges and sable are made of lightweight metalised plasteen, not the metal of real insignia, but which look authentic. Communications and other secondary equipment are dummies. Their Lawgivers are replicas, disengaged spigot pistols with normal characteristics. Both are marked “Dredd”, and a sharp-eyed Judge may notice this.

Perp 2: Harry “the Actor” Wujick (Jimp)

Ability: Acting (new SS ability - Acting gives a 10% bonus on attempts at disguise (normally requires an SS roll), and reduces the chance of successful lie detection (eg. by Birdie or by a Judge) by 5%. May be taken twice. Available to Judges, especially those assigned to the Wally Squad.

Harry is a tall Negro with a good physique, and looks very much like a real Judge. His badge is marked “Hansen”. He has been pretending to deal with Gladys, but has still managed to pocket gems worth 2105 Creds. He will probably be the spokesman for the two jimps.

Perp 3: Nola Cunningham (Jimp)

Nola is a brunette - slightly short for a Judge, though just within the minimum height required by regulations. Her badge says “Barlow”. She has pocketed jewelled knee-pad trimmings worth 18,500 Creds, while pretending to examine the damage and keep curious citizens away from the window.

A particular flaw in the jimps’ disguise is their lack of bikes. If questioned, they will say they were on foot when the crash occurred, investigating work permits in the nearby street market, and that their Lawmasters are parked in a side street. They will also ask the Judges to call in a report on the incident, since their helmet transmitters aren’t getting through to the Sector House. If such searching questions are asked that they need to offer these explanations, the jimps will assume that the Judges suspect that they are fakes and will leap into the roadster to escape at the first opportunity.

If the Judges don’t realise they are dealing with jimps, it’s possible Harry might “accidentally” drop some gems to give the game away; the GM must decide if he makes any mistake, or if the Judges only learn of their error when the SJS pay a ‘friendly’ visit to find out why they let three perps escape!

If the Jimps are caught, they will reveal the name of the perp who sold them their highly illegal uniforms and guns; Vernon “The expeditor”
This encounter continues until Azimov crashes (BOOMM!!!!), is somehow forced to stop, or escapes. Be creative: a road duel and anyone else who get in his way. He is driving slowly because he apparently includes the formulae for Boing® and other products – including some which haven't been perfected or patented yet, computer data slugs, and chemical samples.

The pill starts to work exactly 15 minutes after it is taken; if it is taken after exactly an hour. It startsto rain at 11.30, and the next encounter delays on backup calls.

The team are in Squad "FOX" and should continue their patrol. Don't remind the Judges that they are supposed to take their pills at 11.15; anyone who forgets loses 1D6 Initiative on exposure to the rain at 11.30, and for the following hour. Use of a respirator won't help – the drug is absorbed through the skin – and may attract some attention. The pill starts to work exactly 15 minutes after it is taken; if it is taken late, Initiative is regained 15 minutes later. The pill effects wears off after exactly an hour. It starts to rain at 11.30, and the next encounter takes place in a light shower which puts a 5% penalty on all DS rolls.

11.12 Hours ++ RIOT CONTROL

Sven Azimov (Futsie and Slowster) registration XXD-69N-8VDF, that is driving east (upwards) on the main road. Notice the traffic is bunched up behind a green Leymak Placebo, with shoppers and playing children. A spiral ramp and staircase link this level with bus stops and other blocks.

The shopping plaza is a six-level space consisting of galleries around an open area dominated by the Tresco Megamart. Bridges at each level link the galleries, the anti-grav chutes, and the megamart. The apartment is cluttered with work benches and a weird...
The Tresco Megamart is part of a vast retail empire with hundreds of branches throughout the Mega-City. It occupies all six levels of the shopping plaza, though the top level is devoted to offices and service facilities.

Recently the sector headquarters of the chain noticed that profits from this branch were falling; the amount of stock entering the shop was rising without any apparent increase in sales, and stock-taking showed many small items were disappearing. The manager, Burt Tenko, blames the losses on shoplifting, though the company has spent several thousand creds on security improvements without any effect. Naturally, they have also notified the Justice Department. Several teams of Judges have visited the shop; all have arrested shoplifters, but still the rate of loss remains unusually high.

In fact, Tenko is responsible for the loss of profits. Normally the store should have 132 credit points where shoppers pay for their poods; he has added another seven, in areas handling small items which might plausibly be stolen. He has also programmed the main computer to pass the money taken at these extra credit points to the account of Ko-Net Travel, a front he maintains on the 84th level of the plaza. The staff operating these points aren't aware anything is wrong; the only way to discover transactions aren't being recorded would be to check the central store computer, learn the number of points in each department, then go down and make a visual inspection. Customers using these points receive goods and receipts in the normal way. Tenko is accustomed to Judges visiting the store, and has prepared charts comparing the quantity of goods entering the store with the amount sold and in stock. These charts are completely accurate, but naturally omit the goods sold through the phoney cash points, to give the impression that approximately 9% of the stock turnover is ‘wastage’ through theft. Half of this loss is real shoplifting (normal for a store of this type in Mega-City One), the rest represents his fraud.

Perp 5: Burt Tenko (Embezzler)

| Abilities: Use Data(2), Aura of Cool. |

The departments showing the greatest losses are listed below; naturally Tenko's charts show only the losses, not the number of cash points:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Department</th>
<th>Estimated Monthly Loss</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Cash Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jewellery</td>
<td>21,050</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Food Hall</td>
<td>75,214</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boutique</td>
<td>48,212</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stationery</td>
<td>43,105</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vid Slugs</td>
<td>32,115</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Software</td>
<td>27,214</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gifts</td>
<td>21,112</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drug Store</td>
<td>13,241</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* losses entirely due to genuine shoplifting

In the time between the Judges' arrival and the bank robbery they won't be able to do much more than make a cursory inspection, though they will certainly find a few minor shoplifters with goods worth 6D6 creds hidden in bags, pockets, etc. Use typical citizens; all will be unarmed and will surrender without a fight. If the Judges return to the store after the robbery, they should be able to find some clue to Tenko's fraud; for example, the credit points used for the fraud are a slightly different model to those elsewhere in the store. If the GM decides the players need even more help, he could decide that Tenko occasionally needs to take cash out of the Megamart to his home. If the player Judges abandon the investigation, Acc-Div will eventually notice the fraud, but it will take several weeks for something to show up on their computers. If the Judges actually ask
for Acc-Div help, a team of accounts and programmers will swoop down on the store and crack the case in a few hours. Acc-Div are delighted to be called in; it proves they can do more than complain about expense accounts!

Each level of the plaza contains 8 smaller shops, coded by level and a letter.

80-a is a computer shop. If asked, the manager will remember selling a business system to Burt Tenko, manager of the Tresco Megamart (see above). For some reason Tenko asked him to deliver it to shop 84-g, and not to the megamart.

80-b is a furniture store.

80-c is a munce-burger bar. The Gutz brothers are having a pre-robbery snack (triple 5-kilo munceburgers, Britcit-style fried munce sticks, and 5-litre munskya shakes) when the Judges arrive, but their view of the plaza is blocked by a partition and they won't see the Judges enter the megamart. Full details of the brothers are given in the next section.

80-d is a public meeting room, occupied at the time of the robbery by a Sports Anonymous group therapy session. Eighteen sponts are present, led by the famous Edwin Parsey. Unfortunately the excitement of the robbery will cause remission among members of the group, and Parsey will rush out to confess, followed by the others. Assume that all the sponts have similar characteristics to Parsey, and assign names randomly.

80-e is a car showroom. For safety reasons none of the cars are fuelled; if one is sold, an electric tractor tows it down to the basement garage, where it is fuelled and given a final inspection before it is handed over to the customer.

80-f is a gourmet restaurant, Chez Synth; the manager turned away four fatties (the Gutz brothers) half an hour ago, because all the tables were booked, and heard one of them say "when we've seen Neville and got our cut we can buy this place".

80-h is a tailors, irrelevant to this adventure.

Most of the shops on other levels are also irrelevant; however, there are some exceptions.

82-b, 82-d, 82-e, and 83-b are all antique dealers, selling junk and bric-a-brac dating back to the late 20th and early 21st century. Stock includes a few rare paper books, plastic and glass bottles, rare tin cans and egg cartons - even some wooden furniture! All the proprietors are honest, except for minor breaches of Section 11 health regulations and advertising laws (punishable by fines rather than imprisonment). 82-c and 85-a are jewellers, also more or less innocent of wrong-doing. If the Judges search really thoroughly (as a blitz search) they will eventually discover some minor offence, such as a can of cleaning fluid that breaks fire regulations.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Shop</th>
<th>Shop name</th>
<th>Manager</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>82-b</td>
<td>Levvo's Antique Parlor</td>
<td>Tom Levvo (owner)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82-d</td>
<td>Decade 1990 Ltd</td>
<td>Freda Reeves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82-e</td>
<td>Draw the Blinds on Yesterday</td>
<td>Winston Kodogo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82-c</td>
<td>Bagel's Bangles and Beads</td>
<td>Morgan Christopher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83-g</td>
<td>The Shape of Futures Past™</td>
<td>Ursula Bagel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85-a</td>
<td>The Ugly Jewellery Co.</td>
<td>Spug Thompson</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

83-b, the Crocker Antique Company, is apparently identical to the other antique shops, but the proprietor is a fence, Nick Crocker, who once served a term for tax fraud. Most of the items on open display are legitimate, but stock in a back room includes a fantastically valuable C5 electric tricycle (stolen last year), a first edition 1983 E-K London telephone directory (stolen from the Brit-Cit Museum two years ago), a genuine VHF flatscreen TV set (a smuggled import from Fuji Territory), and a collection of 115 20th-century hub-caps that were stolen from a wealthy collector during the Apocalypse War. Judges who enter this room and make an SS roll will realise that at least one of these items has appeared on a stolen goods list.
Perp 6: Nick Crocker (Fence)
\[ S \quad I \quad C \quad D \quad S \quad T \quad S \quad S \quad M \quad S \quad P \quad S \]
Surrender modifier +15%, no weapons (but a huge variety of junk available for throwing).

If the Judges visit this shop before 13.25 hours, they will also find Rick Macey playing solitaire in the back room, and any Judge making an SS roll will realise Crocker is terrified. Full details of Macey are given in the next section.

84-g is Ko-Net Travel, Tenko’s cover firm. The shop is closed and shuttered, and neighbouring tenants will say they’ve never seen anyone there, since Tanka tends to visit late at night when most shops are closed. The offices contain a computer terminal linked to the Tresco Megamart computer system and the credit system. Ko-Net actually bank with the autobank downstairs, and the fraud sprinklers activate....

Ricochet
Will not penetrate Spungg®.

Heat Seeker
If a heat seeker hits and ricochets there is a 50% chance that the homing mechanism is still active; if so it will seek the nearest person to its line of flight.

Hypo
A hypo hitting a region with 20% or more flab protection simply discharges into the flab, not into the perp’s food stream and has no effect.

Lasers
Ignore ricochet rules above and armoured protection effects. Any laser hit will ignite the Spungg® in the same way as incendiary ammunition.

Projectiles which hit Spungg® and bounce out don’t just vanish; they ricochet, making a characteristic “Spunnnnggg” noise (like a vibrating ruler) as they go. Roll 1D6 twice, for the horizontal and vertical direction of the ricochet:

Vertical

Horizontal

Perp 7: Eric “Curley” Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)
\[ S \quad I \quad C \quad D \quad S \quad T \quad S \quad S \quad M \quad P \quad S \quad P \quad S \]
Special attack: Bounce (see below)

Perp 8: Brian “The Porker” Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)
\[ S \quad I \quad C \quad D \quad S \quad T \quad S \quad S \quad M \quad S \quad P \quad S \]
Special attack: Bounce (see below)

Perp 9: Cyril Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)
\[ S \quad I \quad C \quad D \quad S \quad T \quad S \quad S \quad M \quad S \quad P \quad S \]
Special attack: Bounce (see below)

Perp 10: Mo Gutz (Heister, former illegal eater)
\[ S \quad I \quad C \quad D \quad S \quad T \quad S \quad S \quad M \quad S \quad P \quad S \]
Special attack: Bounce (see below)

The Gutz brothers began their careers as heisters, but “retired” during the rule of Judge Cal, and took up eating as a way of passing the time. To their surprise, they found they had natural talents for food absorption and flab production, and began to compete in amateur and semi-pro tag-team eating competitions in the period after Cal’s death (this unusual form of eating contest called for strength and agility as well as gluttony; the team’s consumption was measured over 15 minutes, with only one eater at the food chute at any moment – consumption of more than 1,200 kilogram per team was common). Food rationing after the Apocalypse War put an end to the Tresco megamart computer system and the credit system. The brothers intended to blow their way into the back rooms and vault of the bank, swallow as many sacks of money as possible (remember that the perp does something else (eg, throwing a punch) while bouncing along.

However, equivalent time must be spent shedding speed to stop again. For each round spent in this fashion, there is a +1 effect modifier on all hand-to-hand hits. For example, Cyril Gutz spends 3 rounds building up speed, giving him 15 metres movement in each action. He then kicks Judge Fodder (strength 1), hits him in the abdomen, and panthers out of his armour. Cyril has strength 3, rolls 2 (on 1D6) for damage, subtracts 1 for kick, then adds 3 for his accumulated speed, for a total of 7. Fodder takes 2 wounds and crumples to the synthesi-astroturf, with a survival roll of 04 he is seriously dead....

The brothers intend to blow their way into the back rooms and vault of the bank, swallow as many sacks of money as possible (remember that the Gutz brothers are capable of consuming vast quantities of inedible junk), then bounce their way out onto the sidestra...
spraying their engines with laser fire. If the Judges have left their
car outside, they will repel them with Teargas, but won’t
open fire on Macay without a direct command.

The target bank is a small branch of the Fifteenth National Bank of
Abilities: Use Data, Interrogate
perps as they rob the bank.

The vault currently holds 1,420,115 creds in assorted notes and
such as the purchase of magazines, tipping and children’s pocket
money, and a little loose change is still carried. It is also preferred for
illegal transactions. In a block with 47,821 inhabitants the amount of
cash in circulation can be fairly high, and since it is the end of the
financial year, many customers have deposited cash at banks and
coins, including 850,000 creds ready-bagged for collection by a
securo-pod team. The bank has three staff, aided by a GP robot. Most
routine transactions are carried out on banking terminals in the
customer area, the remainder are handled by the staff.

Otis Peabody (Bank clerk)
S 1 21 12 21 18 21 6 7
CS DS TS SS MS PS

Adolf Nelson (Bank clerk, Cit-Def commander)
S 1 23 36 10 22 11 18 4
CS DS TS SS MS PS

Nelson carries a licenced spit pistol, and will show the normal
behaviour of any Cit-Def member in a crisis; he will panic and start to
spray the room with Wildfire. Roll randomly for Wildfire targets,
including everyone in the bank (staff, customers, and robots as well
as perps) in the round before the Stumm gas affects him.

Janis Scrigoe (Bank Manager)
S 1 16 17 11 45 43 2 5
CS DS SS MS PS

Abilities: Use Data, Interrogate

Janis ducks for cover and activates the alarms at the first sign of
trouble, and is the most sensible employee of the bank.

Hi! I’m Bernie (GP robot)
Standard servo-droid: efficient, eager to please, and very good at
annoying Judges. Naturally, he has used his cameras to record the
perps as they rob the bank.

The external bank walls are placemate reinforced with monomolecular
filament cables, and are invulnerable to most hand weapons, though
a bike cannon could probably damage them eventually. The internal
walls, customer windows and doors are made of polypropylop,
glassen and other tough plastics on a metal frame, giving 80%
arbour protection. The vault is monomolecule reinforced crystalline
steel; one of the demolition charges is specially designed to deal with
this material.

It is assumed Judges become aware of the crime after the perps have
broken in. The first indication that something is happening occurs
when four or five customers run out screaming, gas starts to gush
from the bank door, flying across the plaza towards you._

The SPUNNG ONES

Perp 12: Vince Spiers (getaway driver)
S 1 2 32 21 45 37 30 2 11
CS DS SS MS PS

Las-knife, Stump gun.

Spiers look like the stereotyped image of a getaway driver; silvered
sunglasses, a drooping moustache, and cowboy boots.

Scim-Dynamo Hover-van: a commercial version of the Scim-speeder
(see GM’s Book p108) but Full Speed 360 kph, Max Speed 180 m/s,
Accelerate 380 m/s, Stop 180 m/s. Use normal hover-car hit locations.
Cargo capacity 3 tons.

The hover-van (licence 3KN-HV126-34211) is stolen, and will be close to
the bank for the getaway if Judges are not on board. The bank’s money is secure, question citizens around the plaza.

The Judges stand on at the block they can make sure the rest of the bank’s money is secured (the citizens are already swarming the bank.

The Judges chase Macay, ”Hi! I’m Bernie” will try to keep citizens out
of the bank with a particular lack of success (but since there is still
Stumm gas in the air the Judges will eventually return to find a few
light-fingered citizens doubled up and vomiting outside). If the
Judges are close enough to Macay to stop him sabotaging their
bikes, he will start a gun battle, continuing until he is wounded, killed
or escapes.

Neville is rumoured to be a henchman of Chris “Las-Saw” Dick,
suspected mob leader, a resident of Vito Corleone Block. MAC’S
records show that Neville is a fanatical shuggy player, and is the
owner of Ricardo’s Shuggy Hall, and will confess if they are taken alive.
They were supposed to return to the Hall after the robbery. Other
routes to Neville are through the comment overheard by the head
wailer of Chaz Synth, or through Crocker; two or three citizens saw
Macey leaving Crocker’s shop. If he is questioned, he will bluff at first,
then confess that Neville contacted him by vid-phone and told him to
expect Macey. Crocker saw that Neville was in a shuggy parlour when
he called, but can’t identify it. If all else fails, MAC can produce a list
of criminal contacts known to the Gutz brothers and Macay; Neville
heads that list.

Neville is a legend. He was a legendary chopper and a master of
shuggy play, and is the owner of Ricardo’s Shuggy Hall, which happens to be near Clark
Savage block.

When the Judges have this information they will be told to wait for
new bikes (if they were damaged), then be assigned to check out the
shuggy hall while other units visit Neville’s apartment and Vito
Corleone Block. As they travel they will receive a message from MAC:

++ 14.15 HOURS ++ CRIME REPORT

Further to crime report item 33, the Clark Savage Block robbers may
have been using a product stolen in the Synthi-Synth™-raid, so
look called Spunngg”, and would have the affects you describe. Their
scientists say it was still in the experimental stage of development,
and hadn’t been tested for long term effects. They think it will break
down after a few hours and lose its bounce.
**The Spunnu Ones**

**Phase 4: 14.30 - 15.30 Hours**

Ricardo’s Shuggy Hall is typical of shuggy halls everywhere (use the plans in the game box); at this time of day the only occupants are a few dispirited players, lethargically tapping balls around the table and waiting for high-rolling gamblers to arrive. The barman, “Fast” Eddie Kinnock will admit to having seen Neville earlier in the day, but says he went out at lunchtime and hasn’t returned. He seems worried about something; if the Judges search they will eventually find a man’s body, stabbed and locked in the lavatory cubicle adjoining Neville’s office! Kinnock tends to give the game away by glancing in that direction whenever he is asked an important question.

If Kinnock is confronted with the body, he will eventually admit that Neville was there earlier. The man came in and went into Neville’s office. Kinnock doesn’t know how he was killed; Neville called him into his office and shot the other man. He then fought for it when he died. Neville said he would kill Kinnock if he didn’t help conceal the body.

A few minutes later some more strangers came in (describe everyone who escaped from the scene of the crime). Neville talked to them for a few minutes, then Kinnock heard him shout “There were Judges there and you still went ahead with it! Spug me - you must be idiots!” A few minutes later Neville left with them, saying he’d be back with some friends to pick up the body in two or three hours. A Birdie lie detector or interrogation will reveal that Kinnock is telling the truth; however, he suspects that Neville wasn’t being 100% truthful with him, and won’t be coming back.

An ID card in the victim’s pocket identifies him as Bernie Monterez, a maintenance technician at the Synthi-Synth™ laboratory. A check with MAC will reveal that he was suspected of being the inside man for the robbers, and has been missing since the burglary. Laboratory analysis will later reveal that the card is a fake; in fact he was Dominic Gruber, a freelance industrial spy known to have mob connections, and who took on the alias to bluff his way into Synthi-Synth™.

Neville killed Montarelle/Gruber because he was attempting to blackmail him. Originally he thought he could simply hide the body and carry on as normal, but when he heard Judges were on the Gutz™ he decided to abandon the shuggy parlour (which is heavily mortgaged) and go underground, getting a face change and any other disguise he could afford, and then start again in another part of the Mega-City. However, he first has to deal with a few loose ends, such as sharing out from the robbery. There should be a minimum of two perps for the Judges, and Neville and the other perps. Use the large tunnel diagram in the GM’s Book armed with spit pistols or scatter guns.

When the Judges arrive they will hear a furious argument in progress, clearly audible through the thick Ferro-Steel door. The surviving Gutz brothers are saying they can’t get rid of the money they swallowed; for some reason they can’t seem to vomit it up, and they don’t feel at all well. Other gangsters are suggesting ways of recovering the money, from salt water to a chainsaw... Whatever way the Judges proceed, they will eventually need to unlock the doors and interrupt the argument. As the Judges enter they will be stepping from daylight into dim light; even if they are on their bikes, with headlamps lit, they will need a moment to acclimatise. Meanwhile the perps scatter behind the vehicles and start to fire. The Judges should also hear a twanging noise as the Gutz brothers try to get up speed for bounce attacks.

In the hours since the Gutz brothers took their doses of Spunng®, the chemical has been reacting with their flesh, becoming more and more unstable as time passed. Each of the Gutz brothers is now equivalent to a few kilos of nitroglycerine, and any sufficiently powerful impact may set them off. The chance of an explosion in any round is as follows:

- For each round spent building up speed by bouncing +10%
- For each impact in which the flab acts as armour +20%
- For each impact penetrating the flab +20%
- Any laser or incendiary damage +100%

If one brother explodes, the others will also detonate, spraying the garage with fragments of bone, shredded money and lumps of flesh. All the Judges and perps will be in the blast area of the explosion, which has a +1 effect modifier for each brother exploding (eg, if 3 brothers detonate there is a +3 modifier) but no other special effects. All the Gutz brothers will be killed.

Since the Judges are armoured and the perps are not, it is likely that none of the perps will be able to continue the fight, and the adventure will end with the Judges dealing with their wounds (end of the perps), and reporting back to control. Forensic will eventually find some of the Synthi-Synth™ material in the smouldering remains of a mo-pad equipped as a laboratory. A med-team will arrive, and give the Judges first aid. Control will order them to return to the sector house, rest for an hour, then report to an H-Wagon for transport to Sector 145 South. The afternoon isn’t over yet, and there’s still a riot to deal with....

**Afterwards**

Aim to give surviving Judges between 30 and 50 experience points for this adventure. As usual, good planning, effective roleplaying, and efficient utilisation of skills and resources should be rewarded; stupidity and poor roleplaying should be penalised.

Although the team have caught Neville, they don’t really have any evidence to convict his alleged boss, Chris “Las Saw” Dick. Naturally Dick will take steps to ensure that Neville can’t betray him, and the team may be asked to protect him from Blitzers or some other form of assassination.

The Tesco Megamart mystery may still need to be solved; encourage the team to take another look at the situation, or get specialised help. If they do crack this, it’s possible they may eventually be assigned to track Tenko down.

The Synthi-Synth™ research division will be very interested in the Judges’ reports, and the Judges should be encouraged to think of banning Spunng® before it hits the streets.

This scenario has deliberately been left with several loose ends which GMs can exploit or ignore. Where did Azimov get his explosives? Who was going to buy the stolen kneepad jewellery? What happened to the rest of the Spunng®?

Will the Judges ever visit Ronnie Rambo block, and what will they find there? There’s no need for a single team of Judges to follow up all these problems; it’s a big Mega-City, and there are thousands of Judges on the streets.
This Month:

Sector 306
Built by the Players’ Guild

Block war, speeding motorcycle gangs, over-zealous maintenance droids, escaped Kleggs, securivans carrying illegal Munce additives, jamming and overparked taxis. These are just a few of the problems that Judges Hunt, Clelland, Rcnshaw and Andrews had to sort out during Games Day ‘85. Of course they had a little help from Judge Dredd (not to mention Judge Anderson, Tech Judges, Psi Judges and plenty of much-needed Med Judges …), but even so, it was tough out there on the streets.

The Judge Dredd role-playing game demonstration at Games Day was the culmination of 8 weeks of frenzied activity, building and painting the models and display. We used over 300 figures during the game, of which 90 were brand new Judge Dredd figures and lawmasters. We converted many of the models seen on the display, as the official JD figures were just being released at the time, and the range wasn’t as complete as it is now. So, the figures came from various Citadel ranges – old and new – including amazons, troglodytes, gangsters, super-heroes, space marines, red redemptionists and even Ores!

However, converting and painting the figures was the easy part. How on earth were we going to construct a display game of a city that has buildings which supposedly dwarf the Empire State? Answer, we reduced the scale, though we kept it high enough to look right with 25mm figures. We also planned it so that it would be possible to play a game on it at home. That meant it had to be made up in sections.

We started with thirty flat 2’ x 2’ hardboard bases, enough to cover a 15’ x 4’ area. We then planned out our sector (Sector 306), which would include part of the Cursed Earth wall, and would have a factory, power plant, starport, slums, housing blocks and motorways.

Our long-standing bastion of ideal construction material was chosen, polystyrene. It’s easily available, light, easy to construct with, and – of course – cheap! One thing it doesn’t have is much durability, so we planned the display to be on interchangeable sections, providing many different configuration possibilities.

Therefore, each 2’ x 2’ section had to be self-complete.

The Munce factory building started life as a couple of old Citadel figure bins (any old bucket would have done), with panelled bath packing and a 3” tall cardboard tube chimney (an old carpet tube without the carpet). The power plant and housing blocks were, again, conglomerations of polystyrene packing with plenty of household bits stuck on. Incidentally, we found that Citadel plastic figure bases came in dead handy at this point …

We stood back and admired our work; lots of very cheap and nasty-looking heaps of polystyrene and litter glued onto wooden boards. “Wow!” we said, and started sweating. The City now needed a pretty complete paint job, and so we got to work and painted everything grey, including our hands, shoes and hair. We then ruined two expensive air-brushes and a carpet by spray-painting it in various tones of black and white (or grey, as we called it). Now we had lots of very cheap and nasty-looking heaps of polystyrene and litter glued onto wooden boards covering a 14’ x 4’ area and looking very … well, grey.

We livened it up with plentiful amounts of miniature posters (cut from magazine ads), our own advertisements (for Floyds Bank, Ataki, etc) and graffiti. We painted lots of signs and meaningful numbers in bright yellow and labelled the housing blocks The HARRISON FORD and The JAMES T KIRK.

The advertisements and graffiti gave the correct atmosphere for Mega-City One, and we noticed some spectators at Games Day doing no more than just reading all the different slogans.

So, all you prospective Judge Barretts and Mega-City architects now know that all you require are the contents of any TV shop dustbin, plus lots of paint and glue. We didn’t build anything that anybody else couldn’t build themselves and tried to show what’s possible with a little imagination, grey paint, and – above all – patience.
Apart from the large buildings and figures, we constructed lots of smaller buildings, machinery and vehicles. We built a hamburger-shaped hamburger joint (Mama Dredd’s) out of the rounded ends of plastic pop bottles with a corrugated hamburger sandwiched in between. We also had plans for a ketchup bottle-shaped ketchup bar, and an orange-shaped squash bar, but it went mouldy.

The machinery parts were made from parts and sprue from old plastic model kits, glued together in an interesting mass (old racing car and plane engines make great power plants).

The large 40" x 18" spaceship started life as polystyrene packing, but this time with lots of cardboard and even more plastic kit parts glued onto it. This was airbrushed grey, and given a brown stripe (to make it look different!).

Cars and vehicles were again built from old kit parts; plane engines and cowlings provide good streamlined air-cars.

The byword for scratch-building your own SF models is to be bold. They should look futuristic and different, and be brightly painted with a weathered, scratched finish (ie. used). By now we’d finished Sector 306, and all that remained was to devise a scenario that would last 4 players a total of 16 hours playing time. The answer was to lay it on thick, and the following is the briefing we gave to Judges Hunt, Clelland, Renshaw and Andrews.

TIME: 09:00hrs
OFFICER IN CHARGE: Judge Howes
PRIORITY STATUS: Escort

*** Item ***
Escort required for H-wagon carrying 10 Kleeg prisoners. Convoy is to be routed along Skedway 1426 to waiting Black Star freighter for deportation to Luna-1.
ETA in Sector 306: 10:00hrs

*** Item ***
Status Red - Hazard
Alae Caponer has confessed to hiring 6 blitz agents for a hit on Judge Anderson. Anderson and Judge Dredd are due to visit this Sector to debrief rookies at 12:30 hrs. Place and time of hit unknown. Judges are urgently requested to question their own
narks and to block hit before Judges Dredd and Anderson arrive. Further interrogation of Caponer continues, and there will be updates on this item.

**** Item ****
Status Red - Animal Hazard
The Wayne Daktari Animal Dealers have reported yet another immature Tyrannosaurus specimen lost. Be on the alert for a large green lizard and panicking citizens.

**** Item ****
Block Tension
Block war is threatened between the James T Kirk block and the Harrison Ford block due to the replacement of this afternoon’s scheduled episode of Star Trek by the film Star Wars. The Tri-D show is due to be screened at 16:00hrs.

**** Item ****
Vehicle Stolen
All Judges are to be on the lookout for a stolen Securivan Inc armoured wagon, registration SECX 9871/02. The gold bullion it was carrying was found dumped in Sector 305 this morning.

**** Item ****
Scrawlers
The Cherry Hill mob has reputedly challenged the Women’s Institute of Scrawlers to an anti-nuclear scrawl match. Be on the lookout for juveniles and punks with CND badges and spray cans.

**** Item ****
Murder
The body of Squeezer Hog the nark was found last night in the warehouse bordering Harrison Ford block. Forensics and autopsy reports to follow. Witnesses say mobsters are involved. Judge Clelland and his rookie team are assigned.

**** Item ****
Reminder
All Judges are reminded that Judge Dredd wishes to debrief all rookies on this, the last day of their special assignment. Please have personnel reports ready by 17:00hrs at the latest.

**** Item ****
Fire Hazard
The new craze of Jamming® has spread to this Sector. It is suspected that Mama Dredd is going for the record of jamming more than 157 people in her hamburger joint. Persons involved are to be charged with breaking fire regulation limits, as anti-jamming legislation is pending tomorrow.

**** Item ****
Road Hazard
The over-rated motor-cycle gang (ORC) have reputedly gunned-up their motor cycles in response to their gang leader, Delphard, being run over by a Yellow Cab Company taxi. YCC taxi drivers want assurance and protection of safe passage through Sector 306.

**** Item ****
Vehicles Stolen
Period 00:00-08:30hrs; Sector 306
Total: 1,062
Recoveries: 1

**** Item ****
General Hazard
Let’s be careful out there.

Hence I started as I meant to go on. Of course, all the items outlined above were used at some point during the first day, and Judges Hunt, Clelland, Renshaw and Andrews managed a very grand total of 96 arrests, 1 recovered dinosaur, 1 recovered securivan, the closure of Mama Dredd’s, the recapture of 10 Klegs and the halting of a Block War. All this for the loss of 8 lawmasters, 12 rookie Judges (it’s tough out there!), and enough scrap metal to build a starship. Unfortunately, day two was much worse, the spaceship carrying the Klegs crashed on takeoff, and ....

Andrew Howes
So... the first letters page on the new mag.

Let's have a look at what we've got here... sexism, aginism, real and WD criticism. Why is rubbish - and what's this, then?

Richard Lomas, Halifax, W. Yorks: What has happened to the Letters page? We used to have serious, well thought-out criticism of articles from previous WDs, with people writing in with their own ideas and suggestions.

Now all we get are nasty letters, complaining about sexism, younger players, and letters which are utterly pointless, such as Roger Stenning's in WD77. It wasn't even funny. Don't you get any decent letters any more?

Gary Lea, Rainford, Merseyside: Must you allow people to waste the letters page slagging each other off? This argument about sexism has gone on long enough and has wasted enough space.

If people wish to continue their silly arguments, must you allow them space in the mag? I can think of better uses for space, why don't readers make comments on WD articles and suggest ideas for the magazine, or suggest new ideas for the magazine?

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LETTERS

players about Crawling Chaos, etc. And this month’s issue is an AD&D Thieves Special. Do I detect a slight indication of bias? This month’s issue contains hardly anything new for Runequesters, especially those who have the cult of Lanlbri.

Difficult business, this department thing. When I first looked at a WD planning sheet, and saw almost a dozen of the 36-ish editorial pages tied to departments, my heart sank. Having a more flexible approach to the contents allows us to be more adventurous with the contents we carry, and for that reason I’m glad to see the back of the departments.

At the same time, this might make players of some games think they are being hard done by. In fact, it only affects two groups – players of Traveller and Runequest. In 1986 neither makes any impact at all in the top 30 games currently on sale, as you’ll see if you turn to page 56. On the other hand, page Dredd, MERP, AD&D, D&D, Call of Cthulhu, Golden Heroes and Star Trek are bringing new people into the hobby, and they want to read about their games in the magazine.

So what? Well, not entirely forgotten, but we can’t cope. So why not mix things up, and print the best material for Traveller and Runequesters? We have four more months to do this, and then the old system comes back.

Here are some other topics people seem to be interested in.

Tom Buchanan, Fyvie, Aberdeenshire: I would like to make a couple of points about the accuracy of the Secret Wish scenario in WD77. First, it is impossible for Glorfindel to have worn platearm “made in Westernes”. Glorfindel fell in Gondolin near the ocean, not in the mountains of 511FA. Westerines, otherwise known as Numenor, was not created by the Valar until the beginning of the Second Age, ie after Glorfindel was dead.

Second, the statement “no other Noldor had golden hair ...” Finarfin, a Prince of the Noldor, had golden hair, as did his descendants, because his mother was a Vanarlian elf. It is thought that Glorfindel was a member of the house of Finarfin, and hence the colour of his hair. Another of these ‘non-existent’, golden-haired Noldor was Galadriel (remember her?). As the name Glorfindel means ‘golden hair’, its recoule, we was not unlikely within the house of Finarfin, and a large part of the rationale for the scenario disappears.

David Buttery, Oadby, Leics: Graeme Davis deserves hearty congratulations for his review of Lankhmar, City of Adventure (Open Box, WD76), as do its makers, TSR. It is one of the best things to have happened to AD&D for too long. However, I have four major criticisms.

a) On the world map of Nehwon location numbers 4 and 26 are left out. Number 4’s position. The Sea of Monsters, can be deduced from city 29. However, number 26, the City of Tsilnillit, has no other references and cannot be found (having not read all the books in the Sword series, I have no idea where it is).

b) On page 27, Nehwon has only half its statistics and no description of its cult. Perhaps TSR think everyone has Legends & Lore.

c) I can’t find a list of languages in the module. This is depressing as Nehwon has a good few.

d) But my main grievance is the lack of racial bonuses in Lankmar, especially since there are no demi-human character classes.

Matthew Salter, Bridgwater, Somerset: I’ve been waiting for someone to say that, Shirley (Letters, WD76). I don’t know how to throw in my theory that they did exist.

If this turns out to be another letter about women in gaming, I shall scream.

Matthew Salter: Dwarves existed as small, bearded humans, and hobbits (as seen in the film Time Bandits) exist still today. Orcs, hoboobins, gobolins, and their ilk were hairy men living in caves or other lonely places, etc. – I have two friends with pointy ears.

So what? Well, in mediaeval times that was enough to have them thrown out of a village, and if there were enough of them the same happened ...

Bones dating back to the period show height differences of up to a metre for adults. And elf, dwarf and gobol were in the language long before Tolkien came onto the scene.

Oh, oh – the old Devil Worship argument again. I remember when all we had to write about in AD&D was rules vs realism. The majority view on that subject eventually came down to the argument of ‘it’s a game’. And it applies just as well to this subject. I suspect people are just having fun, and couldn’t give that for the proselytizing of either camp. But I don’t doubt for a minute that we haven’t heard the last of this.

Garry Lea: Having suggested that this is the kind of thing I would like to see on the Letters page, I’d like to make use of it. How do other readers determine exactly when spells have been cast in AD&D? Merely throwing for initiative doesn’t seem right, because that can’t be tied into the casting times for each spell given in the Players’ Handbook. Is it not possible to determine which segment a MU starts casting the spell, and thus when it will be completed? Also, if a fighter is at one end of the room, what difference would the initiative roll make to the decision to run over to an MU and hit him? I’ve seen the speed factor for different weapons, but how can it be used?

Initiative works fine as long as all you are doing is deciding who goes first in a round, not at what stage in the round things happen. An article we ran in Imagine a while ago introduced The Action System, in which basically a d10 initiative roll determined how many segments delay there would be before a chosen action could commence. Then you can use casting times and other time-related information to work out who does what when. I know the authors of that piece have been giving it some more thought, particularly since some meddling idiot suggested they could go the whole way and abolish the idea of the ‘round’ altogether; would readers be interested in seeing this subject re-opened?

Right, last subject for this month:

Richard Croft, East Grinstead, W Sussex: I would like to comment on Jeremy Burdock’s letter (WD77). I point out I am neither a Christian nor an occultist. Why is that everybody associates the word occult with devil worship and evil?? The occult includes astrology, herbal remedies and paranormal phenomena such as telepathy. Are Christians saying psychics are evil? All this evil/good philosophy is as far as D&D alignment. As I see it, our understanding of evil/good comes from the Bible. Evil is a psychological thing, and we can make it what we want. Books about hypnosis or astrology won’t make you evil in the general sense; depraved, psychotic, maybe, but not evil.

Paul Basham, Cheltenham, Glos: Jeremy Burdock obviously knows nothing about the actual significance of the tarot and the occult in general. The occult means that ‘which is secret’ and covers a very broad area of theory and practice. Many aspects of the occult are linked with Christianity; such as the ‘holy lance’ which pierced Christ’s side, and voodoo, which is essentially Christian in origin.

Letters edited by Paul Cockburn
FRACAS!

Just what exactly is WARPS? Staff at Games Workshop's Design Studio in Nottingham seem to be obsessed with WARPS these days, and the disease has spread to engulf several other illuminati from the gaming world. Paul Vernon and Graeme Davis are engaged in long-term projects to do with this strange entity—which is probably why White Dwarf is advertising for new contributors.

In fact, Graeme Davis is to become the latest recruit to the happy band of GW workers. For those who don't bother with by-lines on articles, GD has been writing magazine material for the last three or so years, and has appeared in WD as recently as #77! Paul Vernon has chiefly been busy working on his FateMaster solo game-books, but some readers will remember his Starstone frp campaign, from which WD published selected bits a few years back.

What are they up to? And why are Rick Priestly, Richard Halliwell, Jervis Johnson, Bryan Ansell and others continually disappearing into corners to mutter blood-curdling phrases about Aztec frogs. WARPS maybe, but warped, definitely.

New product news from my pals at TSR and GW. First, TSR, and news that the D&D Immortals set is due out in June in the USA, which might mean an August release in the UK. Other than the fact that it is for 36th level and above, what more do you need to know? There will also be a scenario called IM1 Immortal Storm within two months of release, so you can be a demi-god by Xmas. Other than that, there are two fascinating repackages; A1-4 is a TI-4 style re-edit of the Slavers modules, and GD01-7 is the whole of the old G, D & Q module series rewritten into one huge booklet. It is a disguised ‘UK’ module, featuring the scenario used for the Games-Fair Open Competition this year (should be good on past form), and there is also something due in September called the Dungeoner's Survival Guide, a 128pp tome on all matters underground—including some of the information hinted at way back in the D modules about the Realms of Magic. Not much, but certainly more.

For Marvel Superheroes, the Advanced Rules will be out soon, with a back-up, MA1 Children of the Atom featuring the X-Men. Also coming is the superb MHAC9 Realm of Magic, which expands the magic rules for MSH, and in so doing unwittingly presents all role-players with a very usable magic system. Worth a look-see.

Meanwhile, what of Workshop (well, it is their mag, after all). Dungeon Floorplans II is the next release from the UK, with the hardback Call of Cthulhu book to follow. I've been told that there are plans to do similar repackages of Stormbringer, Pendragon and Paranoia this year.

Also coming from the Workshop, Tower of Screaming Death—a solo Warhammer supplement; a back-to-back Call of Cthulhu double scenario, Statue of the Sorcerer and The Vanishing Conjurer; and Slaughter Margin, a typically understated Judge Dredd adventure....

Graeme Davis isn’t the only new face at GW. Tom Kirby, General Manager at TSR UK up until a few weeks ago, has moved to Nottingham. His new role hasn’t yet been defined, but rumours have been quashed that he only came so he could interfere on behalf of the master baddies of Apokolips, Darksid and DeSaad face up to the Justice League of America. Also coming, a 96-page reference work entitled Legion of Super Heroes Vol 1, with full stats and background for the Legion and its foes. This doesn’t mean GW have abandoned Golden Heroes, although there are those who have been saying all along that licensed products would always beat non-licensed in a straight fight. From a gamer’s point of view, the new best news about this coup is that they will be able to get their hands on one of the best box-fulls ever produced. Holy play-aids, Batman ....

Comic role-playing, if I might introduce a new term, is a growing part of the hobby. Superhero rpgs are now an established part of the market, and Judge Dredd has made a huge impact on the British scene. Following on from this, GW are planning to produce a number of new game products over the next year or two. Two titles under discussion are Rogue Trader and Strontium Dogs.

In the meantime, are you ready for Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles? Palladium have produced a game based on the comic by Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird, which fully captures its bizarre nature. The game is designed to be played entirely straight-faced, leaving the central joke of the roles players must adopt to stand amidst a flowing adventure of random violence. Great stuff.

A supplement. After The Bomb, has already been released, and both will be shipped into this country in greater quantities than heretofore. D&D will never seem quite so strange again.

Also appearing on the GW list is DC Heroes, the Mayfair superhero game. Like its direct competitor, Marvel Super Heroes, DCH aims to create the flavour and atmosphere of the comics from which it is drawn. Also like MSH, the game comes with a host of supplements. During the next few months, watch out for The Doomsday Program, featuring the evil villain Brainiac and a plot to send the Earth hurtling into Mars; Escort to Heli, in which Jonah Hex escorts the daughter of a disco official to confront the hostile beings of an alien world; Fire and Ice, a beginners' adventure; Countdown to Armageddon, a one-on-one featuring Superman and Brainiac, and Four Horsemen of Apokolips, where the master baddies Darksid and DeSaad face up to the Justice League of America. Also coming, a 40-page reference work entitled Legion of Super Heroes Vol 1, with full stats and background for the Legion and its foes.

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