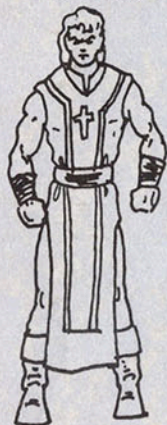


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Griffon

M A G A Z I N E

ISSUE #1
MAY 1988

The Lair of
Bluislee &
The Telken Race

\$2.50 U.S.



The Adventurers' Source...

Bjornson

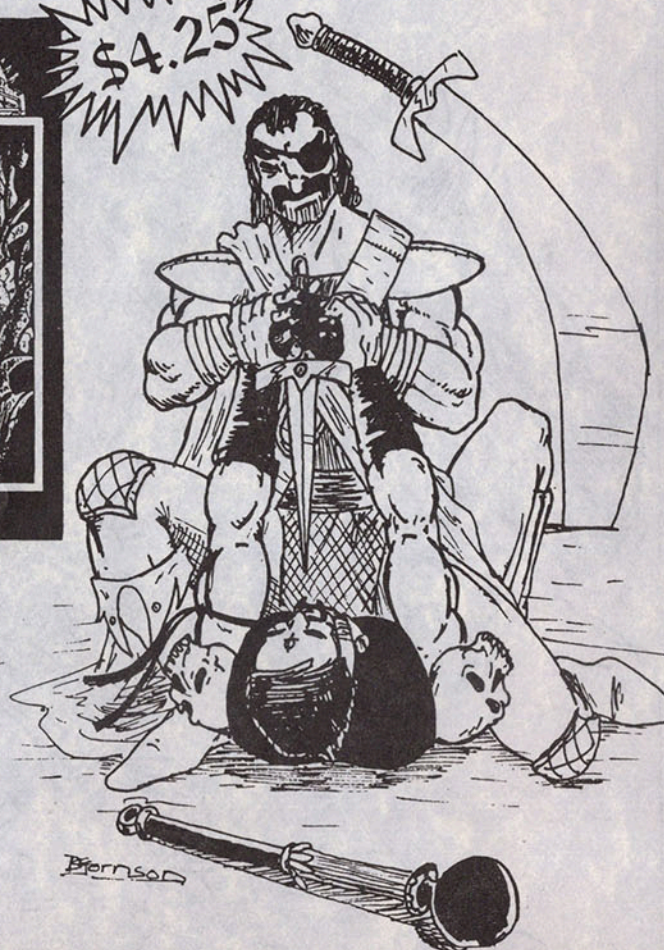
The Adventurers' Guild

Bounty Hunters'

Handbook

New!!

\$4.25



Griffon

M A G A Z I N E

Issue #1

May 1988

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The Adventurers' Guild

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Cover: Mike Bjornson portrays a Telk getting "cooled off"

Contents

- 2 The Lair Of Bluislee- Brett Dougherty
One of Narak's bad boys
- 4 The Bestiary Addendum- Brett Dougherty
Some of Bluislee's baddies
- 6 Swordtag Corner- Brett Dougherty
Get ready for Swordtag!
- 8 Telk- Your Cold Companions- Mike Bjornson
Meet the children of the snow
- 10 Bountiful Hunting- Def Rillan
I got a new bad guy for ya
- 13 The Baron's Price- Sten Westgard
A most talented upcoming author!
- 15 New Names- Brett Dougherty
Yes...even more names
- 16 Quiet Little Questlen- Todd Dougherty
Intro to "The Ancient Secret Below"
- 17 The Weapon Rack- Mike Bjornson
Ouch! These sting!

Insert The Portrait Shoppe- Mike Bjornson
Bjornson features the Telk

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The Scroll



Well, here I am at the end of our latest milestone. The magazine is finished and I need only say a few words. The Adventurers' Guild is nearing its first anniversary, so we thought it appropriate to start our own magazine which would give adventurers like you a place to become authors. It is also a journal for guildmembers and other users of AG products to keep updated on the latest happenings. Many, many thanks to those who have supported the Guild, and if you're not an AG member, why not check into what the Guild has for you? Membership is only a couple silvers (\$2.) per year, and the benefits are uncountable!

(continued on page 20)

The Lair of Bluislee

by Guildmaster Brett

The Chasm

No doubt some of you are a little familiar with the demon, Bluislee, Lord Of Guano, he (it?) of AG Bestiary "fame". This horrid (that's not quite the word for him) beast plays a large role as an arch-nemesis in my own personal campaign. As a matter of fact, my campaigners are just now preparing a foray into his domain. Their purpose is to rescue their leader, Valatar's mother, who was kidnapped by the foul thing. Unfortunately, this will be nearly impossible for even such a skilled group as them.

Bluislee makes his lair in an area of the abyss known as the Chasm. For those of you who have an abyss with 666 or an infinite amount of sub-planes, planes or layers, the Chasm is the 200th layer. Check out the map. This is how the Chasm is set up. The Chasm begins as a wide gap which varies from 300 ft. to 5000 ft. in width. It is infinite in length and courses through the blood plains of the 199th layer, sometimes straight, sometimes crooked, but never ending.

The Chasm falls downward, narrowing all the while. Ledges on the wall of the Chasm are few and far in between. Cave openings exist which lead to cavernous mazes full of demonic beasts and other unimaginable things. Climbing the sides of the Chasm is difficult due to a lack of holds and the constant streams and coatings of slime, grease, blood, and other unspeakables which flow downward, being always spit out of various cracks and pipe-like openings.

The Chasm continues to fall for 2000 miles until ending above the Lake Furgochnu (the 201st layer), which is part of the River Styx.

Exactly where Bluislee's lair is in the Chasm is difficult to describe. It is known that it about halfway down (1000 miles), and is the central part of the plane- but exactly where is the central part of infinity? One way to tell is to watch for increased "traffic"; also, most plane-traveling magic takes one near where he wants to go, or at least near the center of the plane.

One knows he has found the entrance to Bluislee's lair when he sights a large, sickly-royal appearing opening with a horrid-smelling yellow stench rolling out and falling. This cave has a large area for arriving demons to land and is heavily guarded by very powerful demons and terrible traps.

Traveling up or downward, the Chasm is a most interesting, and deadly, experience, for here exists some of the most varied and dangerous abyssal "life". There are also many lesser demons and beasts which either lost their grip or fell in from the 199th layer. They often fall by on their way to Furgochnu, where they'll be consumed by terrible gargantuan sea-demons.

GRIFTON

Bluislee's Lair

Bluislee's lair is a confusing maze of twisted corridors, sewer-like aqueducts, horrid beasts, countless bats, and continuous puddles and streams of guano and slime. (Most other demon "nobles" even hate to visit here.)

As one travels further away from the Chasm proper, things really become bizzare. Gravity becomes inconsistent, monstrous demons appear which are quite mismatched in form and ability, there are strange traps dealing with time and psyche. But all things have one thing in common- that is to cause torture, pain and suffering.

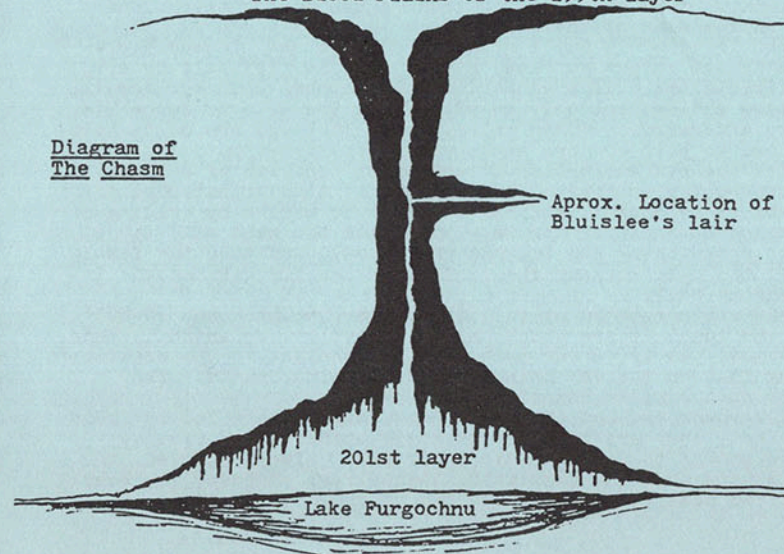
All in all, the Chasm (or anywhere in the abyss, actually), is a place where even the most experienced adventurers wisely avoid. And yet, when someone mentions "ultimate adventure", the abyss does come to mind. For the bold, or foolish, then, the next issue of GRIFTON will contain a big adventure module... the continuation of "The Lair Of Bluislee".

The Chasm Encounter Chart and Rarity

3	Abyssimal, Gnulea	3	Ledge
5	Abyssimal, Kgulruk	10	Marshal Slungzzne
2	Bat-creature, random	3	Other
1	Bats, Normal	5	Pudding, random
4	Bloodstream, Rotten	6	Sewage, Living
10	Bluislee	3	Sewage, Normal
8	Cave	5	Slime, Living
4	Demon Mosquitos	2	Slime, Normal
9	Demon, Greater	4	Spider-creature, random
7	Demon, Lesser	3	Spider, random
10	Demon, Lord	4	Stenchcloud
3	Demon, Mane	7	Stench, Living
5	Demon, Minor	5	Undead (Chaotic/Evil)
4	Demon, Non-flying, falling	10	Vrahgen
7	Druamonza		
5	Fungus-creature, random		
10	God or Goddess		
6	Grease, Living		
3	Grease, Normal		
9	Group Of Adventurers		
5	Guano, Living		
2	Guano, Normal		
7	Gughu Spider and web		
7	Gughu Spider, wandering male		

The Blood Plains of the 199th layer

Diagram of
The Chasm



The Bestiary

Addendum

GRIFTON

by Guildmaster Brett

This column will be a regular feature bringing newly discovered monsters to you from the depths of arcana and the edges of known civilization. You will find out about remnants of ancient races and horrid spirit beings from the dawning ages. Often, there will be similar grouping or a "family" of creatures, as there is in this issue.

The following beasts are from the feature on the lair of Bluislee. The rarity stats provided reflect the general rarity in the realm of the living and in the Chasm, respectively.

Gughu Spider

	Female	Male	Young
Alignment	Chaotic/Evil.....		
Rarity	9 or 7.....		
Grouping	1-10 (special- see below).....		
Movement	250 ypm	300 ypm	150 ypm
ID	25	5	1
AR	-1	-2	3
THACO	1	12	18
Attacks	4-40, poison	entanglement	1 for 1-6
Intelligence	6-11	3-5	2
Disposition	10	7	7 or 10
Treasure	9	0	0
Size	40' long	8' long	4' long
Legend	Narakian.....		
EP award	30,000	400	20

These terrible spider-beasts lair almost exclusively in the abyss and particularly in the Chasm, where the female-constructed webs often run from one wall to the other. These webs are used to catch falling creatures from the 199th layer or those demons which lose their grip on the side of the Chasm.

The gughu "family" is built around a strange and hideous hierarchy. The female reigns supreme, allows only her(it?)self to eat, but often lives alone. If a wandering male happens upon her domain, she will allow mating, but only to either eat the male or force him into slavery afterwards. Often males, which look and are quite helpless, are used to bait or lure unsuspecting creatures onto the web. The male will use his entangling attack which consists of a bolas-like glob of webbing on the end of a strand of similar material. A victim hit by it is caught, but has a chance to escape by rolling a save vs. strength, once per minute. Sometimes the male will taunt victims into approaching him (gughus can speak), and then the female pounces. If the male is near the victim, he usually gets caught in her onslaught as well.

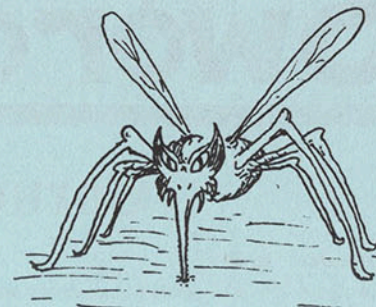
The gughu web stretches up to 150' across the Chasm and 70-200' wide. Any who touch it are stuck unless a save vs. strength is made. The save is modified by -2 for each point of contact to the creature's body, laying flat on the web being considered nine points. The female lairs in a cave to the side of the web.

1-8 gughu young are had after mating. They are not fed by their mother, in fact, they are fed UPON by their mother. 1-2 usually survive long enough to set out onto their own. Always starved, the young will attack anything (including themselves) whenever the smells of battle furor come to their senses.

GRIFTON

Demon Mosquito

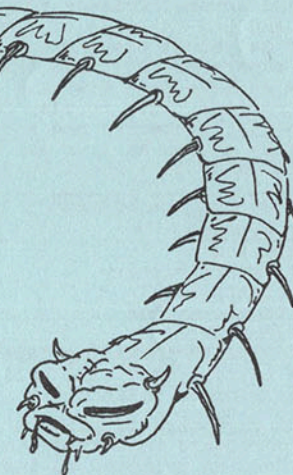
Alignment	Chaotic/Evil
Rarity	9/4
Grouping	51-100
Movement	200 ypm
ID	1
AR	0
THACO	15
Attacks	1-4, blood drain
Intelligence	2-4
Disposition	10
Treasure	0
Size	1'
Legend	Nrakian
EP award	50



The demon mosquitos are much more a threat than are the more common variety. The blood draining attack commences upon a "hit". It continues until the demon mosquito is slain, or drops off, gorged in 2-4 minutes. The effects of the blood drain are nausea, dizziness (-2 on all attacks), and the loss of 3-6 lp per minute. In addition, after having been bitten by a demon mosquito, there is a 15% chance of developing a random disease.

Druamonza

Alignment	Chaotic/Evil
Rarity	9/7
Grouping	1-3
Movement	300 ypm
ID	20
AR	2
THACO	2
Attacks	2 for 3-18/2-12, poison
Intelligence	6-9
Disposition	9
Treasure	8
Size	35' long
Legend	Narakian
EP award	16000



The druamonzae are demonic beasts with huge, centipede-like bodies. The poison of their tail pincers is of the most strange variety. It has such a random effect that the GM is urged to roll a dice approximating the amount of stats (of ALL sorts) on the affected character's sheet to pick one stat to be diminished. The amount of diminuation should be 10-20% of the total. 20% of the time, the effects are permanent, otherwise, the effects wear off in 3-30 minutes.

Druamonzae can become invisible, can teleport, and are not affected by mundane weaponry.

Swordtag

Corner

by Guildmaster Brett

Greetings to all awaiting swordtaggers! This column will be devoted to readers' suggestions, stories and questions, ideas, adventures, and SWORDTAG updates. Even though the Adventurers' Guild Swordtag Rulebook isn't due out until the end of May, I'd like to present a few pieces about this new and exciting game!

SWORDTAG is an FRP game where you dress your part, be it character or monster, carry fake (completely fake, mind you) weapons, and adventure in real settings, in real time, and in real scale! Our rulebook describes everything you need to know to play the game. Combat, "weapon"-making, monsters, magic, professions, costumes, etc, etc, etc, it's all there!

Back last summer, I slapped together some rough rules after discussing the possibilities of 1:1 scale FRP with a friend of mine, David Head. His input was inspirational. He told me of a time when he and several friends played an ad-libbed game similar to SWORDTAG and had the time of their lives.

So we set about playing our first adventure with four adventurers and four monsters. Boy, was that night a disaster! But the rules and ideas we have down now have been tested, tried and true, by the guild journeymen. Now we play SWORDTAG every weekend with anywhere from 6 to 15 adventurers and have one heck of a time! SWORDTAG can be played by as few as four and nearly as many as you like.

Now to an article about building a much-needed light source...

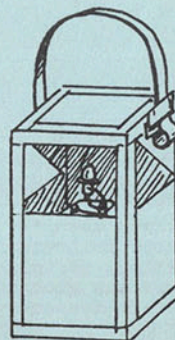
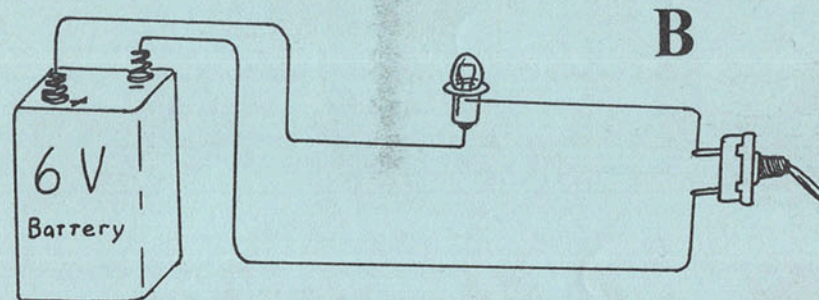
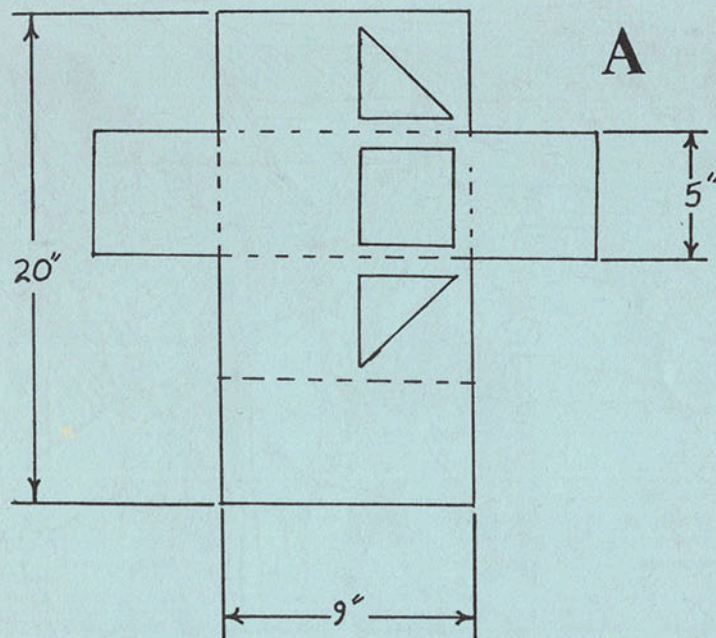
BUILDING THE PERFECT LANTERN

Materials Needed

- 1 cardboard box
- 1 6 volt lantern battery
- 1 6 volt lightbulb
- 1 simple toggle switch
- some aluminum foil
- some duct tape (not masking tape)
- some wire (a type that will hold a position)
- some heavy wire or thick cloth

- 1) Cut out cardboard to pattern (figure A).
 - 2) Score cardboard on dotted lines.
 - 3) Fold, keeping printing to inside, and tape along joining edges.
 - 4) Tape top and bottom to lantern (taping along edges lengthwise).
 - 5) Connect the circuit shown in figure B, soldering the wire to the lightbulb (or use a holder) and to the switch.
 - 6) Place the circuit inside the lantern and position the lightbulb standing straight up in the center of the windows.
 - 7) Punch a hole smaller than the switch stem in the back and push or screw it through. Place the nut on the protruding stem.
 - 8) Position a semi-circle of foil behind the lightbulb and tape.
 - 9) To attach a sturdy handle, tape your material to the top as shown in figure C, leaving about an inch extra. Then fold the extra back up, tape it again and test for strength.
- You may want to place the battery on its side or place an old sock next to it to keep it from sliding around.

That's all for now! Let's hear from some of you first-time swordtaggers, so we can print your letters in the next issue!





telk

Your Cold Companions

by Mike Bjornson

The Telken Race: Its Origins

It seems that in the early part of the year 19350 B.K.*, an archmage of the neutral persuasion, Vran Shilliac, possessed an ultra-powerful magical globe known only as "The Globe Of Narak" (the very same globe that Dran Whitethorn would possess thousands of years later). The globe was stolen by the master thief, Arcan Nhilan. The infuriated archmage hired a band of bandits to track down the thief and return the globe to him. He sent an apprentice following behind the bandits to thwart any attempts at double-crossing. Vran's suspicions proved true, for when the bandits had captured the globe, they decided to keep it for themselves. Upon seeing this treachery, the apprentice magically sent for his liege.

*B.K. stands for Bit Katakli, which means "Before Cataclysm" in early Slannish. An overview of the history of Narak will appear in a future issue of GRIFFON.

Needless to say, the archmage was at once ecstatic to have his globe and infuriated at the attempted double-crossing. Not being a very kind man, Vran ignored the bandits' pleas for mercy and banished them to the arctic of Narak as punishment. Deciding that this was not enough and feeling extremely cruel that day, he also drained them of color (for being "yellow") and took away their hands and feet (so they could never steal again).

Incredibly enough, these banished bandits did barely survive and years later welcomed a white robed mage into their fold. Talan Shilliac was a missionary of sorts and also the grandson of Vran. Being ashamed of his grandfather's actions, he set about to magically heal them. Being inexperienced in that sort of thing, he was only partially successful. He could not give them color, but did give them hands and feet, albeit, with only four digits each. Talan's actions taught them compassion.

The budding Telk decided not to leave the arctic, for it was now their home. They began to adapt and learn the arctic way.

The Telken Race: Their Daily Lives

The Telk have a clannish style of family life with entire villages often acting as one extended family. Children are taught arctic survival as soon as they can walk. At the age of maturity, which is around 40, young warriors go on their first hunt. A group of 5-10 usually search for an Ice Gorn to slay. This horrid beast is a dreaded enemy of the Telk folk. To show bravery, successful warriors always wear a magic tooth from their first Ice Gorn.

Telk nearly always dress in whites with some brown or gray. This aids in camouflage. They favor spears and harpoons as missile weapons and various large swords. Also used are special light lances which are wielded when Telk charge on skis, something they do very well (4 on all attack rolls). Each warrior's Ice Gorn tooth holds first power magical protection.

Telk have natural resistance to cold, such that light furs are all that is needed for sub-zero temperatures. However, they have problems with warmth. Temperatures above 70 degrees cause them damage to the extent of 5-10 points per day per each 10 degrees above 70. Telk are able to hide in the arctic quite well and can usually find fuel for a fire (25% plus 5% per sk. lev. for each).

Telk rarely adventure out of the northern latitudes, but some of the more daring travel to Meashoosh, or "Middle Continent", when it is winter there. As adventuring comrades, they will trust anyone once. If that trust is broken, however, it will be difficult to regain. Except for the Dalquast, "Shadow Telk or Evil Ones", Telk are almost always good. The Dalquast never associate with "regular" Telk.

The Telken Race: Religion

There are three gods, one goddess, and one receiver of the worship of Dalquast in the Telken pantheon. Chromid Iceglade, the original leader of the bandits who was deified, is the pantheon leader. There is also Talan Shilliac, known as "The Compassion Father". Vran Shilliac is also worshipped, indirectly, as the "Giver Of The Race". And since Telk are so family attuned, the "Snow Mother", Erisha, is heavily worshipped by female Telk.

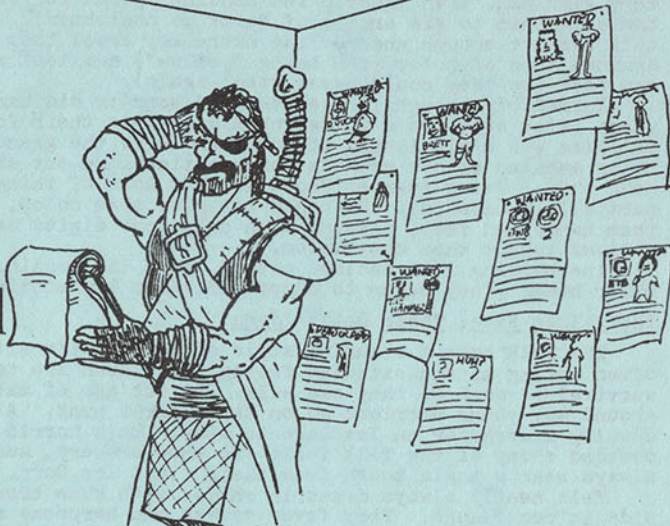
Dran Whitethorn (see AG Bounty Hunters' Handbook), though not a god by any means, receives the worship of most evil Telk- the Dalquast.

The Telken Race: Statistics

- Telk live 150 to 170 years
- Telk average 5 to 5½' tall
- Telk speak their own tongue (a difficult dialect of humanspeak)
- Telk enter many professions, though some are quite rare for lack of tutors in those fields
- Telk save at ½6 vs. cold-based effects and always take half damage
- Telk have improved beauty (½2)

(continued on page 20)

Bountiful Hunting



by Def Rillan

Welcome, hardy bounty hunters, my name is Def Rillan- Master Bounty Hunter and I'll be your host for this column. This, of course, is the best column in GRIFFON, since we'll be checking out the latest bounties being offered, getting professional tips from yours truly, and getting success stories and questions from bounty hunters like you. So let those letters roll in, and I'll print as many as possible! So let's get to this issue's mailbag...

To Whom It May Concern:

(Concerning the AG Bounty Hunters' Handbook)

...I am interested in a table so that I could convert the (World Of) Narak monetary system to AD&D terms... My players want to know the value of the bounties in AD&D terms, so they can hunt the outlaws... Also, the term, "power", is used throughout the handbook when describing weapons and armor. What is the AD&D equivalent? Don't get me wrong! I love the Adventurers' Guild products. I just play a lot of AD&D...

Guildmember Jeff Maxwell

Dear Bounty Hunter Jeff,

Thanks for your letter. Regarding your first question- here is a chart:

Narakian	AD&D
1 Iron Bit	1/10 cp
1 Drube	1 cp
1 Eagle	1 sp
1 Noble	10 sp or 1/2 gp
1 Crown	5 gp
1 Lancer	500 gp

Regarding the second part of your letter- "power", when used with magical weapons, armor, rings, or other items, can be converted to a "plus" for your system. For example: "3rd power" converts to "+3". When used with a spell, it can be converted to the equivalent level.

And now on to the latest bounty I've found out about. His (its) name is Asmond, Keeper Of The Gluds. Read on...

Asmond

Notes

1. The Sxarstaff is a powerful arcane staff made of enchanted wychwood. In addition to possessing third power magic, its wielder may use any of the following powers, once per minute.
 - Fly or levitate (thrice per day combined)
 - Heal another (twice per day)
 - Magical sleep upon one, no save (once per day)
2. Asmond has five of these second power magical daggers. They are special such that each may be inscribed at the start of each day with the name of a race or type of creature. If the specified creature is hit by Asmond, it will be slain. Creatures of 7 life dice/6 skill levels or greater gain a save against this effect.

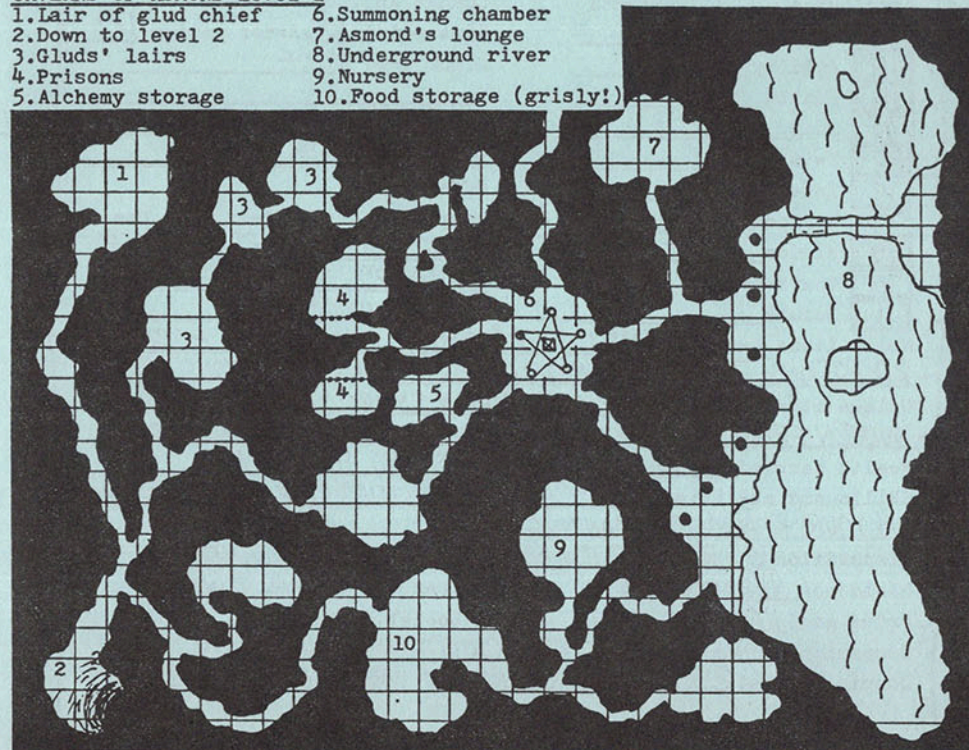
Asmond is a half-demon. He was the son of and was raised by a sickly female demon by the name of Yzueza. She released him into the world so that she could have definite influence in the affairs of the people of Narak.

Asmond maintains a lair in the wilds of Nerwood-Das with up to 15 gluds (see the Adventurers' Guild Bestiary). He considers these horrid beasts to be his "children". His goal is to increase the size of the glud army until reaching 200 strong. He then plans to march upon Varhenge and lay siege on the druids. In the meantime, he is satisfied to have skirmishes with the Knights Of Ice Reach. This is how he obtains paladin "food" (as grisly as it is) for his gluds.

(Def Rillan's note: If you can find it, sneak into his caverns in Nerwood-Das during the day when most gluds are thought to sleep. Then you may be able to get a shot at Asmond, for he usually has the gluds do all of his fighting for him.)

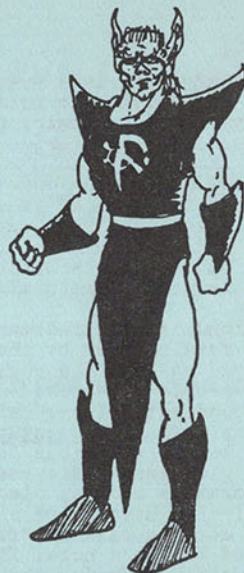
CAVERNS OF ASMOND-Level 1

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1.Lair of glud chief | 6.Summoning chamber |
| 2.Down to level 2 | 7.Asmond's lounge |
| 3.Gluds' lairs | 8.Underground river |
| 4.Prisons | 9.Nursery |
| 5.Alchemy storage | 10.Food storage (grisly!) |





<ASMOND>



20TH SK. LEV. HALF-DEMON MAGE

Titles or aliases KEEPER OF
THE GLUDS

Alignment CHAOTIC/ EVIL

Age 65 Height 6'6" Weight 242

How normally seen ADVENTURING

WITH 2-4 GLUDS

Attributes Adjustments

19	Strength
18	Agility
18	Health
18	Jump
18	Swim
19	Intellect
18	Willpower
17	Wisdom
15	Charisma
14	Beauty

Combat Ability- Defense
Life points 100 Armor rating -1/1
Armor used NONE

Special protections RING OF
DEFENSE (5TH POWER)

Offense	Weapon	Init	TH	Dam
	<u>SXARSTAFF</u>	<u>+7</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>11-16</u>
	<u>DAGGERS</u>	<u>+8</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>10-13</u>
	<u>THROWING</u>			

Magic items owned ITEMS UNDER "COMBAT ABILITY" ARE MAGICAL
20 POTIONS, 7 SCROLLS, WAND OF FIREBALLS, 5 VARIOUS OTHERS

Unique items carried VARIOUS UNHOLY SYMBOLS, A BLACK ROBE
WOVEN FROM THE FUR OF A HELHORSE, TOME OF SYMBOLS

Wealth carried 50 LA. WORTH OF GEMS AND JEWELRY

Skills and abilities SPELLCASTING, ABILITIES DUE A HALF-DEMON
IN YOUR REALM, COMMANDING GLUDS

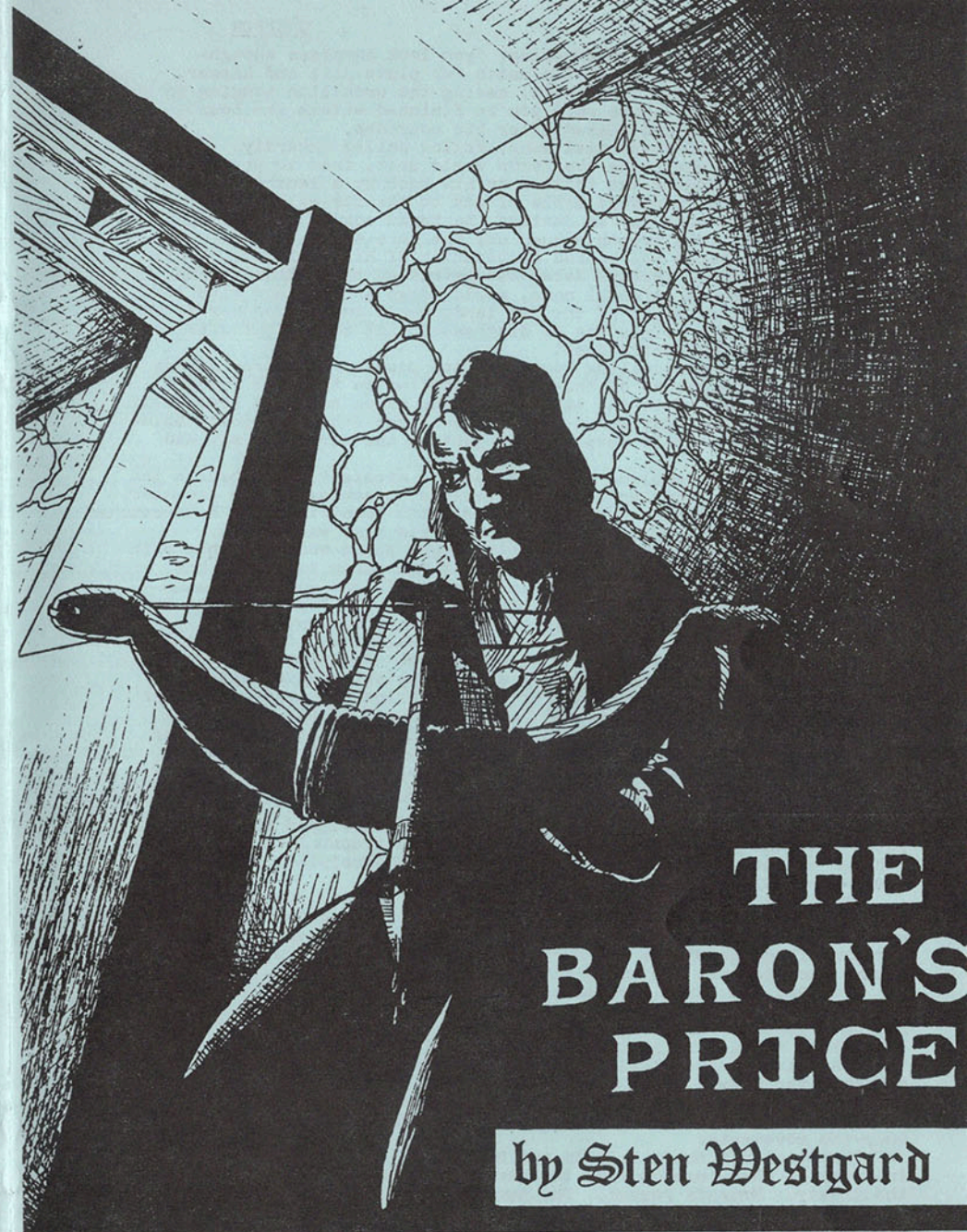
Disposition 8 RELENTLESS WHEN PALADINS ARE SIGHTED

Residence NERWOOD-DAS Languages ALL COMMON TONGUES

Prime goal HAVE 200 GLUDS Social standing 7

Companions NONE, EXCEPT HIS "CHILDREN", THE GLUDS

Bounty offered 25 LA By THE CIRCLE OF VARHENG EP award 35,000



by Sten Westgard

New beads of perspiration formed on the serjeant's forehead as he watched his friends rush past him, out of the castle, to safety. But he resisted the urge to run. He focused back on the meager, witless carpenter before him. This fool might spell his doom.

"Carpenter, the hall is supposed to be empty. The Baron Of Brakwood refused to come unless Lord Trom was alone in his castle," the serjeant said, his voice cracking with nervousness.

"Your lord summon'd me to fiks duh big tay-bul," Pallom returned, feigning ignorance.

The serjeant gave up, stammering, "you look harmless enough-leather apron and mallet aren't a match for plate mail and hammer. You've got Trom's seal..." he said, seeing the medallion hanging on Pallom's chest. "Just make sure you're finished within the hour!" With that, he turned and chased after his comrades.

As the hasty footsteps died away, Pallom smiled inwardly. He was alone in the hall where the two lords would meet, free to prepare the assassination. Hanging the toolbox on his back by a leather strap, he walked past the varnished table of oak to the far wall. After gazing around the room for an instant, he began edging himself up a supporting beam. His breath echoed off the bare stone.

Pallom remembered the scared desperation of his employer, so similar to the guard's. Prince Xetan was petrified that "Brunash The Slayer," the baron's informal name, would forge an alliance with Lord Trom. The combined might of the two lands would easily conquer Xetan's kingdom. The elven prince was so distressed that he had put a price on the Baron Of Brakwood's head.

Halting where the ceiling began, Pallom pounded four iron stakes between the stone blocks of the wall. Standing on them, he checked his position relative to the table where the baron and Lord Trom would sit. It was within easy range, yet the sunlight from the window below Pallom would hide him in deep shadow, just as the servant's map had shown.

Pallom began assembling his crossbow. A straight plane became the stock, with the curved handle of the toolbox attaching as the crossbar. The cord of his necklass served as a makeshift bowstring. As he stretched the cord between the ends of the crossbar, his mind wandered...

The Baron Of Brakwood was the only target Xetan would accept; with Trom dead, it would actually be easier for the baron to secure his western border. The prince wasn't even sure if Trom wanted to make peace with Brakwood- it was quite possible that the lord felt the baron's armies were more of a threat than Prince Xetan's distant forces.

Opening the hollow shaft of the mallet, Pallom withdrew a metal point, a tiny nail, and a vial of black paste. The side of his boot contained the bolt shaft, and after a cautious shifting of weight on the spikes, he slipped the nail through the point and shaft. Now the point would break off if the shaft was pulled out of the wound.

According to one of the drunk guards Pallom had talked with, the baron would enter through the arched window below him. He would be greeted by Lord Trom and two knights, who would relieve the baron of his carriage. Brunash and Trom would be left alone to negotiate. Then, Pallom would strike.

Spinning the bolt between his fingers, Pallom dipped the metal point into the vial. The poison was a special preparation of adder venom. At the very least, it left its victims paralyzed, helpless against a coup de gras.

The distant cries brought the realization of his target's imminent arrival. Pounding his leather apron into the wall, he tested it for weight- it would have to support him while he aimed. As the rush of air came from the window and steps echoed from the corridor, Pallom shrunk back against the wall, slowly loading the crossbow.

Trom and the baron arrived almost simultaneously. All were dressed in their best, and probably strongest, plate suits and steel helms. Pallom grimaced, realizing the plate would easily turn his arrow. He would have to wait until the two took off their helms to talk. Nevertheless, his crossbow followed every step, every shift of weight, every breath. The chance might come at any time.

The baron stepped off his carriage, exchanging greetings. Lord Trom returned the greeting, but Pallom heard nothing; his mind followed only the movements.

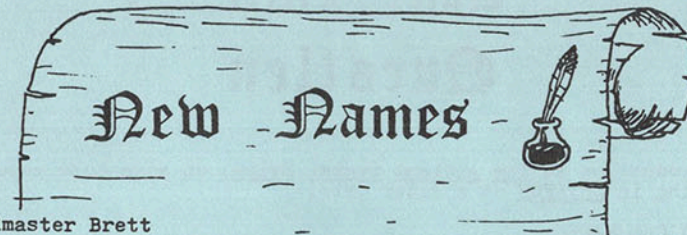
They took off their helmets and sat down. Each read over the scrolls in front of them, making sure the correct agreements were written on the treaty. Moments passed. The two shifted too much, never presenting a clear shot. Brunash unknowingly had the protection of the back of his chair.

Finally, they grabbed their quills to sign the papers. He had to strike now. They looked into each other's eyes to agree on signing. A target frozen for one second.

As soon as Pallom pressured the firing bar, he knew the shot would strike home. It entered just behind the ear, cracking the skull and lurching the head forward abruptly. The momentum carried through, and Lord Trom's corpse slumped onto the table.

As the baron left, Pallom's eyes locked on the heavy sack lying opposite the dead lord. Xetan had offered fifty Lancer coins for the baron's death. Trom was worth fifty-one...

*The baron owns a magical flying carriage...Ed.



by Guildmaster Brett

For this issue's "New Names" feature, I'd like to present a list of folks who are actually my ancestors! I gleaned them from a work that my third cousin owns which traces our ancestry through American history, Scotland, Ireland, the middle ages and on back to biblical times. Those names followed by (f) are female in origin. So, without further ado, here they are:

Enos	Miles, Earl Of Hereford	Roric Slingband
Cainan	Lord Penbroke	Frotho
Jared	Lord Mortimer	Giles deBurgo
Shem	Sir Jon Wingfird	John deBrewse
Arama f	Wenham	Serle
Asa	Lord Tibetot	Anastasia f
Achim	Alpin	Lord Neville
Follane f	Malcolm II	Ethwulf
Fiacha f	Lord Synel Of Glamis	Cenred
Siorna f	Sister Ursula f	King Cerdic
Juran	Muriell	Cynric
Penardim f	Sir John Audley	Ceolin
Bran The Blessed	Sir Philip Tilney	Cuthwine
Caradoc	Berret	Baldwyn V
St. Cyllin	Amelech.	Elfrida f
Prince Coel	Duban	Nithard
Conair The Great	Guridan	Herluin
Lucius The Great	Tacin	Helgad
Helena Of The Cross f	Kuneda f	Count Rotgaire
Constans	Caswallon	Adeliza f
Eliud	Cadvan	Carlomann
Ytector	Idwal Yawurch	Lythwinde f
Maxim	Essylta f	Arnulph
Calota f	Mervyn	Countess Oda f
Regin	Ankara f	Hedwig
Ovel f	Zarah f	Regnier I
Lywarch	Tros	Giselbert
Elenah f	Ilas	Hugh Magnus
Howel The Good	Priama f	Gundredd de Warenne
Modha f	Hwala f	Bartholomew
Corbre	Athra f	de Badlesmere
Athiro	Hremad	Lady Palla de Valois f
Findo	Gadwulf	St. Astan
Thrinkland	Freada f	Venissa f
Romaich	Skiold	Berengar
Princess Erca f	Havar	Strada The Fair
Fergus	Vermand	Horda Knut
Dongard I	Frodi f	Ranaer Lodbrak
Coran	Haldan	Sigurd Whitering
Aidan	Rolf	Hildan Snodeye
Fionn f	Valdar	Ivara f
Cadwell	Radbert	Jon Sitsylt, Esq.
Ankaret f	Randver	Jahan Northwulf f
Owen	Rogvald	Khavra Aspalla f
Anghard	Duke Rollo	Sir Gyl Debenham
Gryfyd	Brywsta f	Ernald le Rus
Niesta f	Dyngad	John-Monoculus

Quiet Little Questlen

An introduction to The Ancient Secret Below, an adventure module appearing in GRIFFON at a later date...

by Todd Dougherty

The quiet yet prosperous shire of Questlen was never known as a hotspot for adventuring. It had its share of pilfering thieves and trouble-making ruffians, to be sure, but with the secret arrival of evil high priest Sereznu and his black cult, Questlen may never be quiet again...

* * *

Darkness flooded the quiet wayfares and alleys of Questlen. The children, weary from their revels and stuffed bellies all because today was the first day of Lord Averon's Towne Faire, were long asleep. The townesfolk had barred the doors. A lone constable strolled casually along the town square towards one of Questlen's darker alleys. He always felt safe on the main roads, but wished that he didn't have to patrol those black alleys...

Black alleys. Caches of non-civilization among civilization. Places where the unheard of is heard of. A different reality. Each a specialized world of its own...

Overreacting. Shouldn't indulge the imagination too much. Sure, some caution is always advisable for a constable in these times, but one must keep one's feet on the ground...after all, this is Questlen, little, quiet Questlen...

This alley must be checked. Thieves might lurk here to waylay the unsuspecting late departing reveler. Then, when too many of those things happen on his beat, it's the lord after his butt.

As he neared the entrance to this particular alley, this alley greeted him with a quiet, very sinuous, noise.

"By the lesser gods, another thief...wonderful," he thought, "Well, better a thief than one of those skulking Ebon-cloaks, I would suppose..."

The constable's beleaguered mind recalled the words of his fallen comrade days ago, before death gave him sweet blessing...

"...and before me, I swear, was an entrance to Hades...it was the underworld, I tell you! And what did it spew forth, but a lone sinister ebon-cloaked figure! For all I know, it could have been the Reaper, himself! Dare not you take my words as the folly of an old, dying man..."

And then did that fine constable die, leaving all who heard to ponder his ramblings. For sure, the constable did die an unnatural death, for he had the markings of having been attacked by something more foul than any of Questlen's worst thieves. Since that time, rumors have circulated about the sighting of the Reaper, or at least lookalikes, in the darker parts of Questlen...

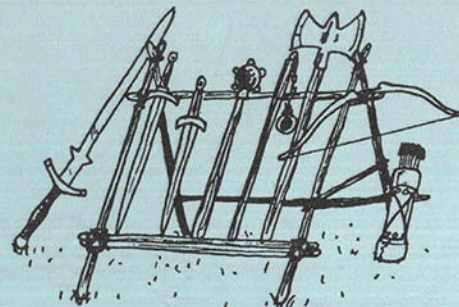
"And this alley certainly qualifies as one of the darker parts of Questlen," thought the constable, as he nervously slipped into the alley that held the source of the sinuous noise...

Keeping near the entrance, he strained to see what was hopelessly a thief. All that greeted him was the blackness of night. In desperation, he opened his eyes as wide as possible. Wide open and vulnerable, the constable was hit square in the face with a most potent acid, an unnatural acid! He fell to his knees with a horrid scream. It was excruciating pain as his eyeballs and then his face slowly melted away. But death would not come so easily...

In the dirt were scratched the words, "It is true", next to the fine, old deceased constable. He never really knew what had hit him. Expecting a thief, he encountered a beast he could not have even imagined. It was a gnulea, a horrid, bulbous-bodied thing with a

(continued on page 20)

The Weapon Rack



by Mike Bjornson

After numerous hours of toiling research in libraries spread all over Narak, I have unearthed ten rare, ancient, and exotic weapons. Some were banned by various councils as inhuman, some were quite effective, and some fell into antiquity due to questionable efficiency. So, without further ado, here they are!

Flax A combination of flail and ax, this dreadful weapon causes an ax-like head to hit with added momentum. Although the flax does 5 points of damage more than a battle ax, it is very slow to bring around once swung, and requires 16 strength to use.

Arm Buckler This is a variation of a normal buckler, but has three different uses:
1. Used to deflect blows as a shield
2. Stab with either end
3. Slash
Each effect may be used one per minute.

Sawtooth Sword This hideous sword inflicts two more points of damage than its normal counterpart, but it much more brittle and prone to breaking.

Pentaflail This weapon does twice the damage that a flail does, but requires 16 strength and has a 50% chance per minute (-5% per sk. lev.) of becoming tangled and rendered useless. A save vs. strength and agility is needed to untangle the flail, in any event, the flail will be out of action for at least a minute.

Springblade This causes normal sword damage, but spring loaded sides whip out triggered by the wielder and cause 1-8 points of damage. Used once in a battle, the sword is practically useless as 2-4 minutes are needed to reset it.

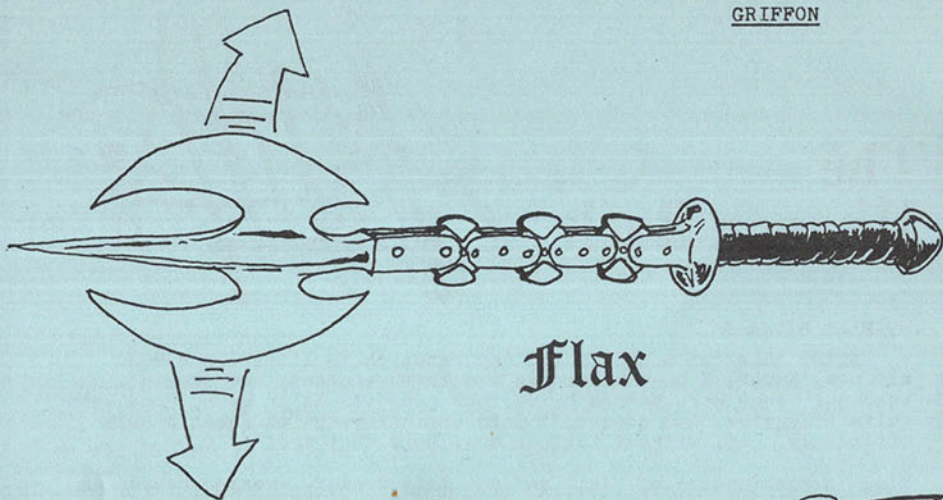
Swordbreaker This cousteau-length weapon is used to catch opponents' swords, which are either twisted out their hands or broken if the following conditions are met:
1. Wielder is at least 5 points stronger
2. Opponent's sword is non-magical
3. Opponent's sword is not two or 1½ handed sword
The conditions met, there is a base 30% chance of breakage, minus 5% for each sk. lev. of opponent, plus 5% for each sk. lev. of wielder.

Raspwhip This weapon inflicts 3 more points of damage than a regular whip. The ghastly tears cause most of their damage through pain. Many of the inhabitants of The Desperado Lands use these to force traveling merchants to disclose the location of hidden stores of coin on their wagons.

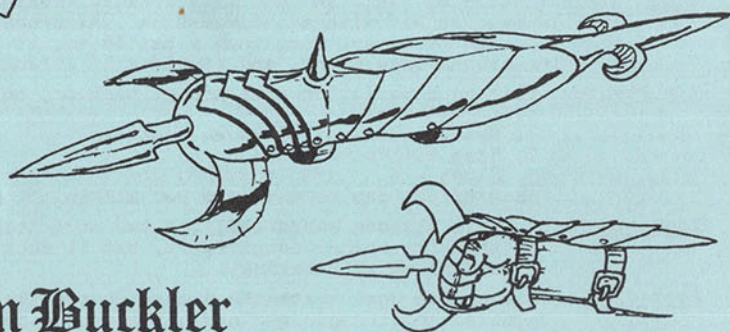
Skurdagger Inflicts an extra point of damage when used to stab, a favorite of evil wizards.

Spiked Brass Knuckles Inflicts 1-5 points of damage, these weapons are favorites of thieves and ruffians of Narak's big cities.

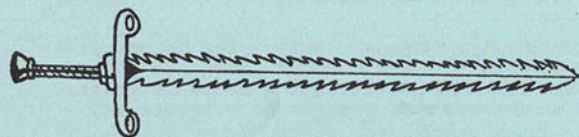
Boottips These weapons are strapped to the front of ruffians' boots. They cause 1-6 points of damage each when used with a kick. They are also favorites with certain sects of evil monks.



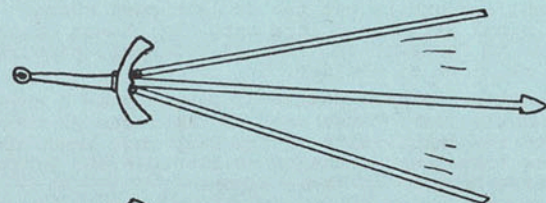
Flax



Arm Buckler



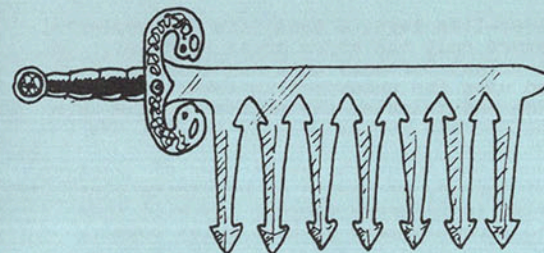
Sawtooth Sword



Springblade

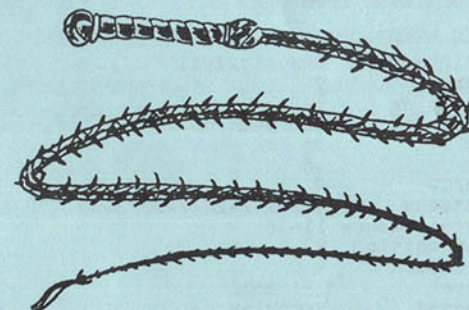


Pentaflail



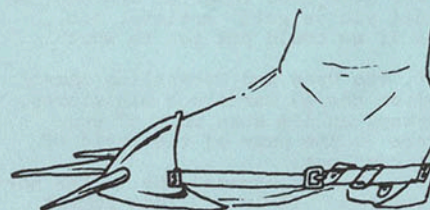
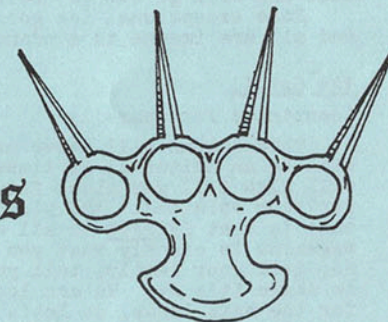
Swordbreaker

Raspwhip



Skurdagger

Spiked Brass Knuckles



Goottips

(continued from page 16)

human's skull for a head, spider-like legs, a tail like a scorpion's, and troll-like claws. A creature only the abyss could spit out. It was summoned by the evil high priest Sereznuh that night in his dark and unholy cellar and released upon the unsuspecting town. The reasons for the gnulea's summoning and release, the arrival of the dark priest, and the sighting of Ebon-cloaks are known only to one, the evil one himself, Sereznuh.

The gnulea continued through the town, the quiet town of Questlen, in search of more victims, and indeed, in search of something else, too. The quiet town of Questlen is in grave danger. It will take daring adventurers to stop the terrible fate of this quiet town...

TELK Your Cold Companions

(continued from page 9)

Ice Gorn

Alignment	Chaotic/Evil
Rarity	9
Grouping	1-2
Movement	100 ypm
LD	13
AR	-6
THACO	9
Attacks	3 for 2-20/2-20/3-18
Intelligence	11-16
Disposition	9
Treasure	9
Size	15' tall
Legend	Narakian
EP award	12,000



Although not true demons, the ice gorn are similar to and are thought to have been spawned by demonkind. These foul creatures of the arctic possess the attack known as the "ice breath". It is usable twice per day and causes 4-40 points of damage within its 25' range and 10' width.

The ice gorn have a particular "fondness" for telk in their diet and will go out of their way to attack them.

Some exceptional ice gorn have minor spellcasting abilities and all are immune to mundane weaponry.

The Scroll

(continued from page 1)

This column will serve many purposes in the months ahead. It will be an editorial at times, when I've got something to say. I will also tell you about future events and products and ask you for your opinions. And please, let your opinions be known, for that is what GRIFFON is all about! What we want to get into this magazine is exactly what you WANT to see put into this magazine. So, tell your family, tell your comrades, tell your DM...GRIFFON is where it's at! We are looking for some good material and stories for the next issue, so let's see what you've got! Artists, too... send us some samples, so we can see if we could put you to work on something.

Corrections for you...first off, the Orcs and Hobgoblins names seem to have gotten switched around on the AG Cardstock Miniatures. Most of you probably noticed it anyway, as I'm sure most of you know your humanoids. Secondly, there is the case of the World Of Narak map in the AG Bounty Hunters' Handbook.

-Verlan is not that little town, it's the big unnamed one to the north.

-The Elven Realm is not marked on the map. It is all that forest surrounding Brakwood, and nearby areas.

Thanks again, and until next time, bountiful adventuring!

David Martin Brett

