

Iridia

role-playing games and miniatures, old and new
by Christian Walker

On Point

I tried very hard to publish Iridia weekly, but I think I bit off a little more than I could chew. Therefore, I'm going to abandon the weekly publication schedule. I imagine that I'll still be able to send out 2-3 issues per month, so it's not like I'm giving up all together.

I've been really excited about getting back into gaming. I've long thought about getting a campaign started, but I figure it's finally time to just do it. I posted an ad in a few forums and am hoping to receive some positive responses. While planning for my new game, I happened upon an episode of Dexter's Lab called "D&DD." If you search YouTube, I think you can find it. It was such a funny cartoon and really inspired me to put an old school hack and slash game together.

In this issue you'll find a spot of fiction that I really enjoy. It's short, but very well done. On the back page there's a new NPC from my old Freelands of Mirrym campaign.

If you haven't done so already, I encourage you to download Skype and Screen Monkey from NBOS software (nbos.com), then hit me up for some online gaming. My Skype username is Jhaevin.

Until next time, Christian

Waterseeker

by steve honeywell

The waterseeker and his apprentice crested a dune and looked out over the expanse of desert. Ahead of them lay miles of bare, shifting dunes like the previous miles they had trekked across. No plants, no animals. Just sand and endless, cloudless blue sky.

"There's no water here, Master," the apprentice said. He sat down on the dune, and the sand shifted beneath him.

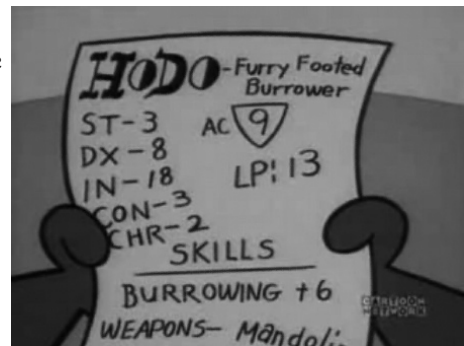
"Hush, Fassim. Let me think." The old man reached into a pouch on his belt and removed a small fetish. He held it above his head and chanted, his voice rising and falling in the wind. Behind him, on the dune, Fassim watched carefully. In a few years, he might have to perform this same ritual.

After several minutes, the old man stopped and regarded Fassim out of the corner of his eye. The boy still watched him intently. The old man sighed and returned the fetish to the pouch. "There is no water," he said. "You know what must be done."

Fassim nodded and stood. He walked to the waterseeker and put a hand on the old man's shoulder. "I know, but I don't like it."

"You're ready. I will tell you everything you must do. Take a minute and prepare yourself."

Fassim sat cross-legged. Hands on knees, he stared out into the sand. He'd prepared for this moment since the waterseeker took him on as apprentice. When no water could be found, the waterseeker gave his life for the tribe. A spell implanted in his body would create a spring upon his death, and the clan would live on. Just as he would sacrifice his master today, years hence his own apprentice would doubtless perform this



Episode description: "Dexter's playing a tabletop role-playing game, Monsters and Mazes, with some of his geek friends, but they don't seem too happy with his overly-competitive style of game mastering. Dee Dee (Dexter's sister) is invited to play and is even made Game Master despite Dexter's protests. As Dexter watches in horror, reduced to a mere player character (and not even a ridiculously high-powered one like he's used to), Dee Dee turns his dark and dreadful game into something a lot more light-hearted...not to mention more fun."

same ritual.

Behind him, the waterseeker prepared. He removed the materials he needed from the pouch and laid them on the dune in front of him. A knife, a short rope, a small skin of water. He was ready. He selected the rope and walked behind his apprentice.

Without a word, he threw the rope around the boy's neck and pulled it tight. Fassim struggled, but years of surviving the harsh environment had made the old man strong. A minute later, Fassim slumped to the sand.

The old man dragged the body back to his tools and discarded the rope. He took the knife, steeled himself, and plunged it into his own heart. The shock of the blow caused him to freeze for a second, then his instincts took over. He forced the knife through his ribcage, shattering it and collapsed to the sand.

A moment passed.

From the cut, a small creature emerged and crawled to Fassim's body. Eyeless, legless, it wriggled to the young man's corpse and slithered into the mouth. A few moments later, Fassim's body sat up. It was nice to be in a young body again. He'd been just quick enough; the body would live again, and the boy's mind had been erased. Sad, but necessary. Fassim had been pleasant enough, if a bit dull. Still, the boy's wife was something to look forward to. He forced the body to smile, getting used to his new surroundings.

Fassim (he forced himself to use the new name) worked quickly, slitting open his old body from neck to groin, the wiping the knife clean on the sand. He poured the skin of water into the cut. The spell that would destroy his old body and create the spring would take the rest of the day, and the rest of the tribe would find him a day after that. The clan would live on.

Faces in the Crowd

exploring the freelands of mirrym

"Is that the best pick up line you could come up with? Seriously, how dumb are you? Now just drink your ale and shut up."

Marilyn

Marilyn is the reserved, often callous, serving maiden of the Quiet Thyme tavern in the village of Camber Mill. (See Iridia 29) The main reason for Marilyn's perpetually foul mood is that she could think of many places she'd rather be. Literate and fluent in three languages, thanks to her mother, Marilyn dreams of leaving Camber Mill to become a researcher or sage in the Freecity of Mirrym. For now, however, she is needed at home to care for her ailing mother.

Moreover, her younger brother Fletcher is having a tough time in life, so Marilyn feels it is her duty as his older sister to help him find his path. Until the day she is able to pursue her own dreams, she will work hard at the tavern and remain on the look out for rare books and scrolls that travelers often share with her.

During play, Marilyn could be used as a love interest or potential apprentice for a wizard character.

Note: See Iridia 15 for Shepard, another NPC who frequents the Quiet Thyme tavern.

Marilyn, female human Com1; Medium humanoid (5' 7", 125 lbs); CR 1/4 ; HD 1d4; hp 4; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; AL LG;

Armor: AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10.

Attacks: Base Atk +0, Grp +0;

Melee: Unarmed strike (1d3-1 subdual).

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +2.

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 14 (+2), Wis 10, Cha 10.

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Knowledge (history) +4,

Knowledge (geography) +4, Swim +1, Listen +2, Profession (domestic) +2; Great Fortitude, Iron Will.

Possessions: A few old scrolls and tomes given to her by adventurers.



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