

Book of Everything

By Brother Lumsie of FA.
Edition 3

Fae Primer

Good Fae (Seelie Court)

Dryads: These are linked to the trees. Nobody ever sees them unless their precious woods are being attacked. Then, they suddenly care about getting adventurers involved. Up until then, no word of them. They don't have much treasure hidden within their tree trunks either but what they do the axe men dwarves often manage to take.

Faeries: On Tyrra, these seem to have degenerated to dancin' fools. They often have the wings on the back. Why they dance is indeed a mystery.

Pixies: They also live to fly, and nobody cares. Some say they can do magic storms. Sadly, this interferes with their flying.

Pooka: These can take the form of an animal. They like to guard someone. The most fun about the Pooka is doing the "Pooka, pooka, pooka" chant. Doing it too often causes them to become 'Dark Pooka' (see below).

Sidhe: Elvish fae. This is reportedly where the elf blight came from. They don't use any weapons but some are reputed to cast both earth and celestial. These are the guys who have the famous 'Fae curses'.

Sprites: Live to fly, and nobody cares.

Treants: Animated trees that take extra damage from Chaos. Die, die, die.

Neutral Fae

Brownies: Not a lot is known about these other than they are relatively benign. Some sell cookies.

Fomoir: Bunch of three eyed merchants.

Gentes: They are stuck in bottles yet can grant wishes. If they were such great wishes you'd think they could get free of their bottles. There might be more to this than I know of but given the extreme rarity of them, I don't know what it is. Their skin is blue in some areas, in other lands it is not.

Gnome: Some places they are the silly gardeners who can curse you to have a black thumb, in other places they are the tinkers.

Leprechauns: Some places they are the mafia, in others they can curse you to lose a certain amount of gold each day that finds its way into their pot.

Mermaids: Live below the sea and nobody cares unless it is part of an under water adventure.

Quicklings: The spastic race of Fae. Quicklings are usually blue skinned. Some speculate that this is because of their relationship with lightning. Others claim that they have no relationship to lightning and that the first group is mistaken. Still others claim that the relationship is because they are 'lightning fast'. Others think these group members read way too much into things. Quicklings are unique in that they must **constantly** stay in motion. All the time. Many people think having the dodges of a quickling would be neat but this part here completely off balances it. Quicklings often take damage from 'bindo'. Like many of the other creatures on Tyrna, they speak in high, squeaky voices. In some places, they have the ability to channel lightning. Lumsie thinks this is silly, but I've heard of it. In some places, these have between

five and ten dodges. Lumisie thinks this is much more reasonable. In some places, quicklings can move when no other creature can. That is OK but in still other places, they can do an action (such as attack) during this time. Lumisie thinks this is some crack sh er, stuff. In some places, things that would disrupt 'dexterity armor' will cause Quicklings to take damage - either all at once or over time. In general, the further out West one goes, it seems the more the crack pipe is hit. So what is the motivation and or purpose for quicklings? Usually, I find that they don't have one. Some use them for messengers - though they may forget the message or lose it. Much of the time they are just 'hanging out'. Due to the fairly comical nature of them they are nearly never lords or in charge of anything. Usually they would be classified as 'goofy'. Some have a lightning fast temper.

Satyrs/Nymphs: Some say these made the Mystic Wood Elves, widely known as the most perverted of all races on Tyrna. Clearly, Satyrs and Nymphs take it to a whole new level.

Trader Folke (Sidhe): Magic Sellers.

Unseelie (the Naughty Fae)

Boogles: Shatter spell, they like to come in hordes. Haven't seen a lot of these.

Changeling: They stick these things into someone's bed and they grow up to be an evil version of the child. This is just wonderful for the slow build up of horror as the mother goes through cycles of wondering if she is at fault for raising the child incorrectly, various stages of denial and eventually the slow realization that she has raised a monster. But for the average Tyrann market day, who cares? It's bad, it gets a sword stuck through it.

Dark Goblins: Evil amusement seekers from the Maze of Convolutions. Been in the Maze once. Be sure to have a planular asylum formal effect going or you take a lot of damage frequently. Ever notice when you add the word 'Dark' as a preface onto a name it makes the thing evil?

What would you expect from Dark Nymphs? Black skinned? No. Evil. How about Dark Villagers? Evil. Dark Lumsie? Redundant.

Dark Pooka: Another in the 'Dark' series. Apparently, new names were all used up. These are like the pooka except that they attach themselves to an individual and make their life bad.

Dead Trees: I've only gotten to see one of these once. It was leading an ill fated assault on the adventurers. Why these things choose to attack towns of powerful adventurers instead of wading through villagers is unknown.

Firbolg: Black skin with white pinpoint. Not sure what makes these special. Something dealing with celestial magic or some such.

Gremilins: Small and evil. Be sure to put them in water, feed them after midnight, etc.

Red caps: On Tyrra, they are called the warrior race of Fae. They are highly resistant to damage and to magic. Popular lore teaches that the reason their caps are red is because they are dipped in blood.

Note that some Fools have been attempting to crossbreed Fae and humans. Many Fae see these as abominations and kill them on sight.

If one is speaking of bards within the Varos area, undoubtedly they are referring to Fidget and Dusty. They sing, they dance, they play instruments. They are very, very good. I strongly urge anyone who has not seen their acts to attend. They are also the co-heads of the Varos Masseur Guild, a most excellent organization! They have our gratitude.

Chaos-Taint Kids (To the tune of the "Toys R Us Jingle")
Lyrics by Fidget Lilyan Moonflower and Dustie White

I don't wanna grow up,
I'm a Chaos-Taint Kid.
Lumsie dropped me on my head
And look what it did.

Well, there are undead planes
And elemental games.
It's the best way of life there is.

I don't wanna grow up,
Because if I did -
Then I wouldn't be a
Chaos-Taint Kid.

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A Spoonful of Taint-Blood (To the tune of "A Spoonful of Sugar")
Lyrics by Fidget Lilyan Moonflower

A Spoonful of taint-blood makes the body-points go down
The body-points go down-wown
The body-points go down
Just a spoonful of taint-blood makes the body-points go down
In a most delightful way

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The Prince of Fa (To the tune of "The Chicken Dance")
Lyrics by Fidget Lilyan Moonflower and Dustie White

If you ever need a healer
If you ever want a dealer
The Prince of Fa

If you ever want a joker
Or to play some Dragon Poker
The Prince of Fa

If you're jumping through a portal
And he tells you you're immortal
The Prince of Fa

There will be no need to worry
Or to be in any hurry
The Prince of Fa

Buzz kazoos together
Circle round and round
When you jingle-jang together
Your playful musings
Might save the town

Book of Fragments

When I was a child, for punishment, I was often required to write lines. Here are some of the passages I've found in various other tomes. The covers from these others are worn beyond identifiably. I put them here just in case this is something that helps someone complete an adventure. Who knows - there may be adventures contained with what is below. I don't adventure much so I don't know. Read at your own risk - some of these may be contradictory or even outright false. Remember that I am pattering around an old dusty library looking at the scraps of books which are too desiccated to leave on the shelves. I put them herein to attempt to preserve some of the wisdom of the ages. Do not be deluded into thinking these books exist only in libraries within EG, many from Tyrra and more remote and much stranger climes as well are set down. Repeated periods off indicate where the text was illegible or missing.

The caster whirled around the fire lit circle, chanting dim words from an ancient ritual, the assistant casters busied themselves with their screaming sacrifices. As the blood flowed, a chill wind sprang up...the wind had become visible...black vapour against the gibbous, leering moon...the corrosive stench of it hinted at the rileness...

And then shall the gate be opened as the sun is blotted out. Thus the small crawler will awaken those who dwell beyond and bring them...

They were delvers into dark lore and built low, unwholesome tombs and sepulchers which were squat and lumped like crouching toads, and decorated with the most repulsive and hate filled bas-reliefs. Each tomb was furnished with a stone stair that descended into the depths below...where from there blew uneasily a cold and hissing wind of exceeding foulness.

The Dark Silent One dwelleth deep beneath...Not one of those potent Old Ones from hidden worlds and other...For in earth's hidden blackness He hath always dwelt...within the light, all life, all sound, all movement passeth away at his coming...

...that black and lightless, dying orb...

I have traveled the world in search of the darkness - a journey that ended within myself.

When the days fall into the years and the moments into colors for every passing day it is a spiral existence through day and night this waking for the sun or the storm I am my black and white the recurring ignorance and what saves it for I create myself I am the...

...the very darkness that we fear...know then their bodies are fire, insubstantial fire burning in your dreams...three eyes...girls we had allotted from our families burned...primordial chaos...

...it's angles were magnificent and most strange; by their hideous beauty I was enraptured and enthralled...I touch myself of the daylight fools who...I laughed for glory they missed...

...it was hot; so hot I saw I guy dressed in orange burst into flame!...

...the blessed blade of Tsang is a unique item whose special power is to steal the life force from hearts including ones magically preserved. The blade may be used in conjunction with a deadly ceremony...

They say four beings of Old Times still lurk in dark forgotten corners of the world, and gates still gape to loose and on certain nights... (Editor: claw marks on text after this)

And ye stones shall be ye Gates through which thou shalt call Them forth from Outside man's time and space...And in that Place beyond the

backward abyss of Time whose secret nature the Sages have cloaked behind the name Tindalos, there was done once a terrible and unspeakable Deed; before ever time was and before even the Beginning thereof, was the Deed done; and from that awful and unnamable Deed sprung the evil things that are the hounds of Tindalos. And all of the evil in the universe is concentrated in their lean and hungry bodies, and they will scent you if you come too near and they will hunt you down, for they thirst for that in us which is clean and untainted. Beyond all good or evil are they, for they are of That which in the Beginning of all things fell away from cleanliness; and through the Deed whereof, I dare not speak they became bodies of living death and... They have no bodies according to our interpretation of the word and they will return from their...unsatiated forever. They coat their victims in bluish ichor, behead them and surround them with a triangle of rubble...

None are innocent... There are only those weak enough to believe they are. And those strong enough to revel in the knowledge that they are not.

Do not use a lamp when looking at the following picture or... (Editor: Picture following was destroyed, looked like spilled lamp oil was accidentally lit on fire).

In ancient halls with brazen censers smoldering, strange shadows dance across vaulted ceilings and curtains of rich velvet. And those stone chambers ring with echoes of the twisted language of conjuration, lighted by the glow of otherworldly powers. The walls meet at impossible angles and there tread two unearthly fiends that are deranged nightmares come to life...

Ia! Ia! Mine eyes are rent by
glorious destruction!

Traveling in a fried-out combie
On a hippie trail, head full of zombie...

BUILDING WEALTH ON TYRRA

Here is how to build wealth with it. (Yes, this is going to sound basic but part of wealth is mastering the basics).

Buy a minor item. Sell it for a few more gold than you bought it for. Make a reasonable profit but don't gouge. Ten or twenty percent. Example: 50gp magic item sell it for 58gp. You don't want to gouge most people - unless you really don't like them and they are desperate for the item. Then, have your way with them.

Note: If you cannot get 50gp to buy a minor magic item, you are possibly in an impoverished land. Go to some other land instead. If that is not possible, learn to be happy being poor. It may be that you are not in an impoverished land. Remember, money flees from ignorant people. Learn the markets. In the lands I frequent, if you can't score 50gp you are friggin incompetent. I've seen a page with that much. His first market day. By Saturday afternoon. I'm not kidding.

Add the 8gp to the 200gp, you are up to 208gp.

Do that about 9 more times.

You are now up to approximately 280gp. This is assuming you haven't gotten any other money from anywhere else.

You are now starting to move into the normal big items.

You can buy a large item for 250 and move it for 300gp. Rinse and repeat.

Only buy items you are confident you can get a buyer for. Never discuss buyers or sellers. Don't accept stolen items. Make sure that everything is kosher with the items. Make sure that nothing expires soon. I probably won't ever need to buy items.

Remember, your money is made when you BUY the item. If you buy high, you will break even or potentially lose money.

A good source of income is buying sticks (or getting them) from new adventurers and reselling them to experienced adventurers who have need of them.

Learn all markets.

After you have built up some money, you will be tempted to buy stuff for people. "But Lumsie, she's my girlfriend!" Whatever. You have three choices:

- a) blow your initial wad and become poor again
- b) Get smarter and only spend on gifts anything in excess of 500gp (or 1000gp) on your group, your friends. That allows you to retain enough money to score a good deal when it becomes available.
- c) Go for the big money; don't buy anything for your group till you get an excess of a few thousand. For me, I am doing a modified version of this. So long as I'm substantially UP every market day I can blow some stuff on new adventurers. I don't have near the wealth I want to have and already I'm able to give away nice items.

I was recently asked: "Where does one find buyers? I can't exactly walk around shouting "Magic items for sale!" "

An excellent question.

Indeed, if one were to go around shouting that, they would probably be rolled.

(Maybe, they should be...)

The answer can be summed up in three parts:

Trust

Schmooze

Knowledge

First, you must build a bank of trust with not just one group but several groups. The more groups you build up a bond of trust with, the better your business. You must be especially careful not to do anything that could be even conceived of as 'questionable'. Hanging out with the wrong people, accepting items from questionable background, even looting a kill that wasn't yours (whether you pocket the reward or pass it on) could all hurt your business. Remember, the more groups you build this bond of trust with - and the more lands they are in, the better your business can be.

Second, you must schmooze with the groups. Idle chit chat. Know in general what is going on with the group. By this, I don't mean try to get secrets out of them, just keep your finger on the general pulse of the group. Are they anti-chaos? They may need DFM sets to blow up all of that naughty stuff. Are they pro-chaos? They may be a dumping ground for items of questionable nature. Are they competent? Do they have large stacks of coin readily available? After you get to know them, you will end up building key relationships within the groups. After you have gotten to know them well enough you can simply ask "Are you guys in need of any magic items?" or "Hey - I've got a line on a three times per day life item - what kind of money do you think something like that can pull?" Remember to keep your magic item talk fairly quiet. I don't know of any groups that like it publicly known what items they have. Gain the trust of these groups by rendering a service. [The fact that you are getting paid for the service is what makes you a merchant as opposed to a do-gooder who is too poor to even sustain their own group or friends. Which is better? To be the doormat or to make a fair profit off of your energies to be able to do something good and useful with your profits? If someone from what I call the 'doormat' classification is reading this, I'd suggest stopping - you're just going to

get frustrated and more convinced of your own rightness. I've seen it before; those people stayed broke and eventually gave up adventuring. I got rich and kept adventuring.]

Knowledge: You need to keep abreast of both adventurer and non-adventurer merchant. You should be able to quote a price for anything on the spot. When someone says "Hey, how much for a one year twice a day purify blood item?" and you say "Let me find out and get back to you", that ranks of the amateur. Only stupid and or desperate people will do business with that person. You should know how much the item sells for depending on what land you are in. You should know what components are in the more common sets (spirit forge, race change, DFM, etc) and what their value is in different lands.

Becoming an excellent merchant is not something that is done quickly. You will make deals that will end up setting you back. You will have people try to screw you over. Some people don't like merchanting - plain and simple. It is not for everyone. It beats, in my opinion, beating a silver to a couple gold out of each monster.

Standard rogue kit (for B&E missions)

3x Awaken potions
1x Bless potion
1x Greater Bless potion
1x shield scroll
1x greater shield scroll
1x cure disease potion
1x cure critical wounds potion
5x purify blood potions
10x poison shield potions
5x magic armor potion
5x shield magic potion
5x restore limbs potions
5x release potions
1x remove curse potion
2x shatter scrolls
2x destroy scrolls
6x alchemical solvents
6x liquid light
5x oil of slipperiness
5x paste of stickiness
2x forget it wells
6x detect magic scrolls

Note: Some people prefer to have scrolls rather than potions as it is easier to stack and store scrolls. This is made to be a good 'B & E' (Breaking and Entering) toolkit for a member of a team of rogues.

Lumsie - the early years. An unauthorized biographical portrait of his Royal Majesty, Crown Prince of Fa, Lumsie, by (the late) Agrus Fitt. [Editor note: Agrus Fitt unfortunately fell victim to a hunting accident where he accidentally shot himself with a bow numerous times and then committed suicide by stabbing himself in the back repeatedly. This manuscript was one of the few that survived the blaze that consumed the Fitt residence later that day. This manuscript has been unaltered and by Royal Decree has been authorized to appear in print. We would like to stress that Mr. Fitt was not killed for writing unauthorized biographies of people and the text that follows is completely unaltered.] [Lumsie note: I grabbed this and stuffed it into my book to pad it out a bit more. This is the version before the royal editors got to it. I included the editor note from the edited version to show normal FF King negotiations.]

Once upon a time, a lich named Saddam Nusbah hatched a scheme. One thing that Saddam Nusbah wanted more than anything else was power. Raw power. The most powerful he could achieve with scrolls and components was that of the master Liche - he had done that. He set his eyes higher - toward Dragon Magic. There were two ways of becoming a dragon mage. One was to sit upon the Throne of FF (i.e. in a figurative sense - one did not have to have ones near in place at all times - to become the FF King was enough). At that time, though much has changed since, he did not have the power. The second way was to steal a Dragon Mage's power. Dragon Mages who had been in the field for any length of time had become wily, elusive creatures. Saddam Nusbah had heard that it was possible for creatures to evolve naturally into

Dragon Magic, but this was an extraordinarily rare event. Chances of him being in the right place at the right time were astronomical. Saddam decided, therefore, to make one. Saddam Nusbah is an alchemist of great skill. He set out to create a race of humans who would have the propensity to become dragon mages. In his workshop, he worked on several different mixtures. Some of the formulas didn't work. Some created creatures which lived for a few hours then died. Some created horrible monsters which Saddam Nusbah, in disgust, set upon the FA King country to ravage it.

Just because he was having a bad day, he didn't see why everyone else shouldn't.

Eventually, he hit upon the correct mixture - and the Lumste's were born. Though in body they were (mostly) human they had a built in aptitude for Dragon Magic. Chances of any one of them becoming a Dragon Mage were thousands of times greater than any other creature.

It was still a long shot.

He raised the Lumste's with the help of his very tired wife Yixian. She regarded them in the same way as one would regard a lot of very friendly madly mooing cattle. Tiresome, but not without their uses. It made her nightly foraging for blood completely unnecessary. Instead of kissing her 'children' when she put them into bed, she would take some blood from their arms. They would go to sleep with a half eaten sugar cookie in their mouths. But, when one is raised in part by a vampiress, this is normal.

The Lumsie's turned out (after thirty very very long years of waiting, plotting and scheming) to be a huge disappointment. Saddam Nusbah set them free upon the world in much the same way that he had set free other dangerous creatures to plague the lands. As all of the Lumsie's (as well as many of the major Lords and Ladies of FA) are able to 'walk through shadow' (i.e. dimensionally travel, rift, etc) they ranged far indeed.

One Lumsie even ranged into the edge of an otherwise unfashionable galaxy into a very minor arm of it and discovered Tyrra. It fascinated him. This was Lumsie #9.

Saddam Nusbah was not particularly creative in his naming of his 'offspring'. He merely called them 'Lumsie' (perhaps after a pet skeletal rat he had as child but that is only the wild speculation of his unauthorized biographer who got put to death later) [Lumsie: Clearly this guy didn't believe in learning from the mistakes of others!]. In order to tell them apart from each other, Saddam Nusbah built into their very essence the reply to the question "[EDITED EDITED EDITED EDITED]". [Lumsie: If you're a friend of mine, don't ask me for this information. If you're not, you sure aren't going to get this.]

All Lumsie's must answer truthfully and immediately in a clear voice. It may not be muttered, whispered nor said through clenched teeth. The answer follows the pattern of "Number twenty-six" or "Number two thousand three hundred and eleven". (Saddam made a LOT of Lumsie's speculating that

this would increase chances for the Dragon Magic to blossom in one of them.) By this time, in the undead ruled Kingdom of FA, Saddam had been drumming up (and digging up) a lot of followers and support for the coup to come - but something troubled him. He went to find out what. He discovered, near the time when he was to take over the FA King Throne of FA that Lumstie #9 had developed the first inklings of Dragon Magic! This made him happy, for the throne would be much easier to take were he a Dragon Mage already. He went to investigate incognito. He hid himself within Lumstie's right pointer finger. Time passed as Saddam Nusbah observed the world from within The Finger. He discovered that the Dragon Magic was blooming, but that his tampering with genetics had a couple of profound side effects. The first was that all of the Lumstie's had gone completely insane. Totally, talking to a pinecone they found on the street, insane. The Dragon Magic was also wild. It was as difficult to control as a wild horse with ten legs and a bad attitude. As Saddam had sought to make the Lumstie's a 'receptacle for the Dragon Magic he had also unintentionally made them a receptacle for many, many spirits. Saddam Nusbah was displeased to find that, in addition to the Lumstie's spirit and his a full 25 other spirits in the body; sometimes more, sometimes less. Lumstie #9 had become low rent housing for the wayward spirit. Everything from dis-incorporated celestial casters, people long dead who were looking for their long dead wife, an owl and beings from different realities all shared space within Lumstie's spirit. Saddam also found himself growing more and more irrational the longer he stayed in contact with Lumstie. It was time to leave. He did so in a spectacular fashion, exploding out of the finger and arcane deathing everything in the area.

[EDITED OUT A PARAGRAPH - L]

Saddam-less (but with many other spirits to keep him company and distract him) Lumsie developed his Dragon Magic and went about happily burbling at people and befriending the occasional undead.

Saddam returned to Fñ. He overthrew the Fñ King and placed himself in charge of the charnel houses, crypts, ruins, dessert wastes, slums and opulence that is Fñ. He rules there now in the Fñ King Land of Nightmares which occasional encroach upon our world and cause children to cry out in terror whilst they sleep - for some say Fñ is where nightmares come from. Others say they are full of crap but agree that Fñ is a pretty messed up place. Fñ is the land of shadow that sits next to the vast Plain of Death (where Lumsie#9 owns a small summer home) and close to the Plane of Misery.

Fñ has never been known for a thriving tourist trade.

At this point, several of the Lumsie's (not including #9 though he found out about it later - or earlier - (it is a bit strange when you start talking time travel)) discovered another space/time. Something they saw or experienced there caused them to all go berserk and begin attempting to take each others heads.

War had erupted among the Lumsie's.

This went on for quite awhile. Lumsie's died in droves. Lumsie #9 had to personally kill no less than 22 of his brothers who came after him with the cry of "There can be only one!".

Lumsie #9 eventually became acknowledged as Crown Prince of FA (i.e. the FA King Crown Prince of FA) by Saddam Nusbah as part of yet another diabolical scheme. Saddam Nusbah reasoned it thusly - he'd only been able to gain the throne as the former King of FA (i.e. the FA King King of FA) had been without heir. Assassination is considered 'natural causes' when it comes to a king. Saddam declared that all of the Lumsie's were FA King Princes of FA with one of them being the FA King Crown Prince of FA. Hence, if someone were to assassinate Saddam Nusbah, they'd have to deal with having a Lumsie on the throne.

"Why would that be so bad?" Asked Lumsie #9

Saddam Nusbah glanced at him with a terrible green glow coming from within his skull. "The king and the land are one," he rasped.

"One what?"

SLAP

Assassinating all of the Lumsie's would give the Saddam supporters plenty of time to rally and retake the throne. Far too much time.

Hence, an uneasy balance is currently in the works. Nobody is particularly interested in assassinating Saddam Nusbah as it would mean a Lumsie takes the throne. Nobody is particularly interested in assassinating Lumsie #9 (the FA King Crown

Prince) as he is known to have no wish to take the throne. It is thought that if he did, he would probably just have some people on a rather unfashionable planet killed off and 'rule' from there. Tenuous ruling - but one that would do OK by many of the houses who enjoy ruling through bureaucracy - the ultimate evil. Plus, Lumsie #9 is seen as 'harmless'. There are other much more dangerous and clever Lumsie's out there - and some that are just downright weird. One Lumsie has already made the declaration that he is a fish and that, upon taking the throne, the entire land would have to be submerged underwater. He then married his donkey. People are worried about killing all of the Lumsie's - Saddam Nusbah, it is said, came up with a couple of things AFTER the Lumsie series - he didn't just sit idle for thirty years... Who knows what could be on the throne eventually? Hyper intelligent fungus? It was beyond terror.

People in FA look at Lumsie in about the same light as one would look at a very unpleasant, but very influential neighbor who calls at unexpected hours. They call him "Your Majesty", bow, and wish he would get back to whatever card game he wandered off from. Fortunately, he usually does just that.

Becoming Crown Prince, Lumsie #9 was surprised that he had become the 'head' of the Black Velvet Glove Assassins Guild (as well as getting a list of titles longer than his arm). He was a bit disappointed later when he was firmly told by the head of this guild that the title was honorary and no, he could not move into the Guild house and begin having card games thank you very much. It wouldn't look right. Black Velvet Glove Assassins are something feared even by the

dubious citizens of FF) as they are so deadly, they let you know you will be getting assassinated by leaving a black velvet glove with your initials on it for you to find. After you die - anywhere from one minute to two years later - they leave a glove with their initials on it, just to let people know who did it. It would not be seemly, explained the head of the guild to Lumsie as one would a child, for nightly card games to be held in the guild house. Besides, the night time was when most of them were 'on shift'.

So after playing with some of the ritualistic knives they had (and nearly disemboweling himself), Lumsie #9 sulkily went back to Tyrna to conduct his card games.

[Lumsie: Here ends as much as poor old what's his name was able to write out...]

Reviews



Lumsie's book is generally a mish-mash of euphoria influenced visions and the ravings of a mad man; but a careful and above all selective study of the elements reveals much to the discerning man. - Tyrnan Herald

What kind of crap is this? - Tyrnan Gazette

I would like to state that not all Quicklings are as jumpy as what Lumsie said. He is clearly over exaggerating. - Bren Dashell, Quickling

This book is the largest load of crap since his other two. - Lord Gahazafeld

Sure, I will write a forward for you. - Blizzard the Dragon. (Cricket's chirping).

The impact of these books cannot be measured easily. I believe that the impact these books have on us will have the same impact that using toilet paper did on many of the sentient races. This is indisputable as many of the sentient races are already using this as toilet paper. My biggest problem with it is that there are not nearly enough pictures and the plot seems shaky and difficult to follow. - Emporer Gmatric

Not having read this book, I don't feel I can really comment on it. - Constantine, the Dragon Mage.

I'm a cooler Dragon Mage than you are. - Hoyle
No, you're not. - Constantine.

You should both stop claiming to be Dragon Mages you're not the people you claim to be. Your names are Fraz and Klee and you work at a book publishers. Now stop writing random stuff on books. You'll probably get the real Dragon Mages all irritated then they'll come in here and stomp you into the ground. - Clams Weinstein, editor.

What a nice book cover! - Moreaux Yaldu.