

fifteen Viking type men and women and an old dude in a chair. He had done an unusually fine painting job on them, but they were very colorful for Vikings. I figured the guy in the chair must have been someone mighty special with an artifact or something and we all started making guesses on the weapons the puny Vikings were going to use. It just wasn't Monty's style to bring out a batch of humans that could get blown away by something small like Ernie's squad of iron golems or Jake's flight wing of red dragons. Then Monty hit us with the bombshell. Since he was limited to sword using cultures written about by fantasy authors he had decided to use the fifteen toughest Norse Gods with Odin leading them. We all started shouting unfair at once, while we were putting away our dragons, golems, and undead and bringing out tougher things.

After long debate, in which our first move was to make Monty put away his Gods, we decided on a new definition. We would use figures taken from sword using cultures. It had to be written about by a noted fantasy author. The fifteen figures had to be normal everyday beings of that culture with normal weapons and armor for that culture. The special being could have one weapon not above plus three, special armor not above plus three, or one spell, and they couldn't be so strong that a direct hit from a panzerfaust couldn't kill them with one shot. That last point was brought up by the Tractics boys, but it still sounded good to the rest of us.

Mounts and movement factors were discussed when Tom brought out sixteen knights on sixteen platinum dragons. We thought that knight types generally were found on chargers (not the cars, he had those too) and this was how they were to be mounted. Dave pulled out some really strange Petal Throne things that nobody could make head nor tails of. I think he called them *hooggies* or something like that, but we made him put them away stating that they were never written about in a fantasy book. After all was said and done we had a pleasant mix of knights, dwarfs, elves, ogres, winged men from Mongo, nomadic horse archers, elephant riding Greeks, giants, Swiss pikemen, and Romans.

Monty and I had wisely held back when everyone was digging into their bushel baskets of miniatures and bringing out things. In fact, while everyone else was grabbing figures Monty and I were deciding terrain and who would be on whose side. I said a desert area with a few big sand dunes and little other terrain would be fun and everyone but Pete with the wood elves agreed (he was shouted down). Monty decided a free for all with no one siding with another would be good. The point was brought up that natural enemies like giants and dwarfs shouldn't ever fight together no matter what (which really hurt the two Diplomacy buffs that had the dwarfs and giants). Finally Monty felt he couldn't hold back anymore and brought out sixteen of the prettiest tyrannosourous Rex you ever saw. He also brought out two comic books and a novel none of us had ever read to support his use of them. Over a loud and long protest by the single F.I.T.S. lover in our group who wanted to argue logically for the fact that such a group would never realistically come together. All the rest of us surveyed the playing area; with its assemblage of monsters, magic, men, and his flying men of Mongo, and laughed him into silence. It was my turn to place my figures on the board and while I took out by black enamel coffer from its fishing tackle resting place I started to talk about Edgar Rice Burroughs. I mentioned the fact that no one could doubt that Burroughs was one of the greatest of fantasy writers. I saw the beads of perspiration start to form on eleven foreheads. I also mentioned as I opened the black coffer shielding its contents from all the others that his Mars series was certainly a culture using swords. I saw the Tractics and Diplomacy boys turn pale and Monty tried to pull back his dinosaurs, but I held his hand.

With a gleam of triumph in my eyes, I pulled out sixteen of the nicest, best painted set of green martians the world has ever seen. Each one had a radiation rifle, a radiation pistol, and two swords at hand. I could see the looks of fear in eleven eyes and the grim determination of eleven jaws. The battle was brief and when it was over the heaped bodies were laid around the martians inches deep. *Endit*

The Cthulhu Mythos Revisited

Dear Editor,

Being an avid fan of Lovecraft, I was appalled by the article in your February, 1978 edition of the Dragon concerning the Cthulhu Mythos. Not only have I read Lovecraft, but also August Derleth, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert Bloch, Robert E. Howard, etc, and I am hooked on D&D. So I waited impatiently for any recognition of the Mythos, only to be disappointed by a partial list, underrated aliens (namely the Great Race), and your account of Alhazred's death.

About Azathoth, according to Eibon — the great Hyperborean wizard, it is Ubbo-Sathla, the *Source and the End*, that is the center of the universe, not Azathoth, Ubbo Sathla's twin.

Ubbo-Sathla's spawn includes Zulchequon, Abhoth, Nygotha, Yig, Atlacha-Nacha, Bytis, and dark Han. While Azathoth's spawn were Nyarlathotep, Yog-Shothoth, Cxaxukluth, and yet others.

From these were the Great Old Ones built.

According to the genealogical information, the following revisions can be made.

First, the Elder Gods, after they defeated the Great Old Ones, stripped Azathoth of a lot of his power, so his hits should be lowered to 200 to 225.

Cthulhu, first spawn of Yog-Shothoth, and the second most powerful of the Great Old Ones, is underrated. His hits should be raised to 350. A major weapon of Cthulhu to any who knows of him is to connect the character's mind with his dreams (of course there is a saving throw). The results of Cthulhu's dreams is insanity. The Mythos is scattered with insane characters who have discovered too much; Justin Geoffry (Robert Howard), Arthur Wilcox Hodgins* (Lin Carter), Dan Harrop (August Derleth), and Gottfried Mulder (Lin Carter).

The Elder sign, also known as the five-pointer Mnarian starstone, cannot control Cthulhu in R'lyeh, instead the seal of R'lyeh resembles the symbol of Aquarius the water carrier, against a buried city with the shape of an octopoid creature in the center.

One great misconception about Cthulhu is the statement made about him retreating in the face of Hastur. No way, before making statement read "The Return of Hastur" by August Derleth. A battle will not only occur between the two, but a climatic one.

Hastur is underrated, he is the third most powerful Old One. His

hits should be raised to 325. He is the *KING OF AIR!* ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Shub-Niggurath is not connected with Abhoth or Ubbo-Sathla, it is a separate entity. It is worshipped by people that live in more damp places where Shub-Niggurath likes to roam. Shub-Niggurath mated with Hastur to produce Ithaqua, Lliogor, and Zhar, entities of the wind. These three are very powerful.

If Alhazred was eaten alive in Damascus what is he doing in the Nameless city as an intact zombie that tells Dr. Shrewsberry where R'lyeh is? An Arabic volume of the *Necronomicon*, called Al Azif does exist. The Celaeno fragments, the *Book of Eibon*, and the *Pnaknotic Manuscripts* are equal if not superior to the *Necronomicon*.

Cthugha is fourth on the list of Great Old Ones, his hits should be raised to 300, and Nyarlathotep raised to 295.

If you're wondering who is number one — YOG-SHOTHOTH his hits should be raised to 400. You can say that is rather powerful; you're damn right. The Great Old Ones are so powerful, that the total power of the Elder Gods could not destroy them; only imprison them.

As far as your Byakhee, there is no evidence for a 100 hit bird; maybe fifty. The Shantaks, a mountain of a bird, could be classified as a 100 hit creature.

The Deep Ones can actually progress in levels as a magic-user.

The Great Race of Yith only 30? If so the universe would be controlled by the Great Old Ones themselves!!!! They are more like 100 hits apiece.

Try Primordial Ones instead of Old Ones from the Mountains of Madness. Using Old Ones twice is not only redundant of another creature (the Great Old Ones), but confusing.

Instead of Shaggoths, these creatures are known as Shoggoths.

These may seem trivial, but if Howard Phillips Lovecraft, August Derleth, or Robert Howard saw your use, they'd roll over in their graves not once but at least ten times.

Sincerely Yours,
The High Priest of the Great Old Ones
In the Service of Nyarlathotep
Gerald Guinn

*Arthur Wilcox Hodgins is actually in an institute for the criminally insane, after killing a nightguard who tried to stop him from destroying a statue of one of Cthulhu's spawn, Zoth-Ommog.