



# SAGA

BY THE SOUTH SHORE  
ADVENTURE GAMING CLUB

CO-EDITORS: Chris Burbul and Mike Callahan/CHART Advisor: Kevin Fortune and Stan Doren  
Assisted by: Everyone We can think of. Printed by: Stan's BOOK AND JOKE SHOP  
Week of; Oct. 21-Nov 1. To: Stan-May You Always Make Your Saving Throws!!! FINISH

## WELCOME TO THE PRIMEFIRE ISSUE OF SAGA by Mike Callahan

As your stalwart and lovable co-editor of this glorified, mystified scroll of ingenuous ideas, I get to lead off with the first article. Not that I wanted to, but I was threatened by three twentieth level wizards and a sherman tank (which is stronger?), so here I am. Racking my ever-logical noodle (Cough, Cough, "Yeah, suuure!") I decided to tell you the work put into this glorious gazetter. Well it all started many months ago (in a galaxy far, far away) as a suggestion by the effervescent Mooselord Chris Burbul, but alas, was not discussed. I took the idea to heart and worked upon it, calling it SAGA (adventures). Again it was suggested, but I would not let it die! It was excepted!

So we started to look for printing machines. A monthly search by our Chris turned up many great and expensive ideas. Then, from the shadows, burst our fearless leader, Kevin Fortune. And by his side, Stan Doren of Stan's Book and Joke Shop. Our Printer! The men showed us all the dark knowledge of his machines, and in no time we were ready .... except for articles. We put it to the club, and we got a slow, but tremendous reply! Even one anonymous gossipier. The team of Carol Zimarowski and Mike Johns (rapidly becoming a legend in their own minds), jumped in and correlated all the articles, and then did most of the stencil print work. So after a mad rush, IT'S DONE! And I'd like to thank: Chris Burbul, Kevin Fortune, Stan Doren, Mike Johns, Carol Zimarowski, Chris Bonni, Mike Sammarco, Bryan McSheffrey, Joe Celia, Pat Cesarini, Tim Currie, the ghost of Lucious Clay, Conan, Elric, The three wiza-rds and the sherman tank, Mary Poppins, Bobba Fett, Rodney Dangerfield, Slim Whitman, Wilbo Daggins, and... Oh Yeah... NE! My thanks to the South Shore Adventure Gaming Club, especially for their strange ideas.

So now: HEEFFER'S SAGA:



REVIEW OF DIETIES AND DEMIGODS  
by Carol Zimerowski

Dieties and Demigods is a fine combination of both useful and interesting information for AD&D. It is comparable to The Player's Handbook in its continuation of the abilities charts; from a strength of 25, to a charisma of +7. For the imaginative dungeon master, the new book offers many new ideas. Plane travel is meticulously delved into. Non-human dieties are described also (fifth level kobold clerics, anyone?). Finally, the main contents of the guide are reminiscent of both The Monster Manual and The Rogues Gallery. The bulk of the book takes legendary dieties and demigods and compiles them according to alphabetical mythos, supplying the reader with any and all necessary information.

Dieties and Demigods, the new release from TSR, can now be found at area bookstores (\$11.95, retail). It is the fourth in the series of AD&D books to hit the market. It is certainly a worthy investment for all AD&D players. For beginners, it is the last of the series to be purchased, catering to the more advanced and experienced dungeon master. Dieties and Demigods is informative and useful; a book in the true tradition of TSR.

ORIGINS OF HALLOWEEN\*by Mike  
~~Michael~~ Johns

Like Christmas and Easter, the festival of Halloween originated in a pagan celebration. It's name is derived from the Christian festival of All Hallow's or All Saint's eve. It was introduced in the seventh century to commemorate all of the saints and martyrs who had no special day themselves. It was held on May 13th. In the eighth century, All Hallow's Day was changed to the first of November, to counteract the pagan celebrations held on that day. October 31st, the eve of All Hallows Day, was the last night of the ancient Celtic year. It was celebrated as the end of summer and it's fruitfulness. The Celtic festival was marked by the lighting of huge bonfires, to help the sun stay through the winter. Winter called to mind the chill and darkness of the grave. It was a time when ghosts would walk and supernatural spirits would hold their revels. Through the centuries, it became custom to go out in disguise, representing these ghosts and ghouls. And so Halloween became the night we celebrate too.



## LOCAL RECORDS

THE LEGEND OF PETER RUGG - THE MISSING MAN  
by CAROL ZIMAROWSKA  
RICHARD W. TINGSLAD  
MICHAEL JOHNS

There once was a strange man, who lived in Middle Street, Boston, with his wife and daughter. His name was Peter Rugg. He was an esteemed person and well-mannered, with the exception of his swearing fits. In the autumn of 1770, he visited Concord with his daughter. On the way home he was overcome by a violent thunderstorm. He took shelter with a friend, who urged him to stay all night because of the heavy rains. But poor Peter would not be stayed. In seeing that there was no hope of a dry journey back to town he roared a fearful oath and cried "Let the storm increase. I will see home tonight in spite of it, or I may never see home!" And with that he was off to Boston. Several nights later, while Rugg's neighbors were out searching for him, the excitable gentleman, who had not been heard from since his Concord visit, came whirling down the road in his carriage, his black horse plunging forward despite Rugg's effort to stop it. The lanterns that shone for a moment showed Rugg's face as wet and weary, with his eyes turned up longingly toward the windows of his house where his wife awaited him; then he was gone. He was not seen again. Mrs. Rugg died the next year, but from all parts of New England came stories of the man and the child driving rapidly along the highways, never stopping except to inquire the way to Boston. In Hartford, Providence, Newburyport, and among the New Hampshire hills the anxious face of the man became known, and he was referred to as "the storm-reeder", for so surely as he would pass there would be rain, wind, lightning, thunder and darkness within the hour. Half of the time the man would be headed in the opposite direction to the one he seemed to want to follow, when set right would cry that he was being deceived, and was sometimes heard to cry his terrible oath and dash off into the darkness. In 1783, a Connecticut man stopped a hurried traveller who said, in reply to a question, "I have lost the road to Boston. My name is Peter Rugg." The toll-taker on the Marlborough Bridge declared that he had been annoyed and alarmed by a prodigious tramping of hooves and rattling of wheels that seemed to pass toward Boston before his very face yet he could see nothing. Thus much the toll-taker said, but when asked if it was indeed the ghost of Peter Rugg he made no reply. So if ever you are journeying home from Boston and are stopped by a hurried traveller ask his daughter who ask the way to Boston prepare for heavy rains for you too have met the ghost of Peter Rugg, the missing man.



This is the first of a great series of gossip columns, gathered directly from the HOMULET PRESS, written by G. X. Goblin, that legendary advisor of misinformed miscreants from the many masses of nonstop...

DEAR GOBLIN:

I am an extremely experienced Elven thief who is not very well liked, and I can't figure out why. The only reason I can think of is that they are jealous of all my magical items and my great strength. In fact, all my so-called friends call me fat thief and scum Elf, but in truth I am very slim and Elves are not scum- they are the supreme race. WHY IS EVERYBODY ALWAYS PICKING ON ME?

The Big "N"

DEAR "N":

All Elves are scum and your only option is suicide. A fat, scummy Elf like yourself does not deserve to exist. You are a large blemish on the world, so do us all a favour and die. Elsewise, I go to hunt FAT THIEF!

A Hunting I Will Go;  
Gobby

DEAR GOR:

I am writing for myself and my fiancee. I am an Elf and my hubby-to-be is an Orc; and we are deeply in love. We would like to get married, but neither family approves. Actually, neither community approves. We have thought of eloping, what do you suggest?

CONFUSED

DEAR CONFUSED:

You are not only confused, you and your friend are mentally incompetent! They should lock you both up and throw away the key. Your sick...SICK...SSSIIICCKKK!!!

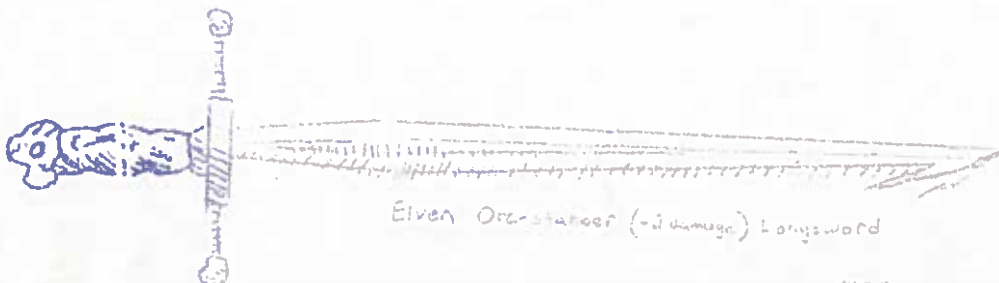
Disgustedly;  
Gobby

If you have a problem or are troubled, send a letter to G.X. Goblin, your friend with a heart, care of KEVIN FORTUNE, 55 CUSHING AVF. BROCKTON, MASS. 02401, or just hand them to one of the officers at our meetings. We'll see to it that they'll get to Gobby's work-dungeon and that they'll be answered in an up-coming issue of SAGA.

FROM CAROL ZIMAROWSKI'S BOOK OF OCEAN HANDI-CRAFT IDEAS:

Tired of the usual pits and spikes? Try this for an interesting idiosyncrasy: a 10 or 20 foot pit with a nice, big patch of green slime at the bottom.

We aim to tease.....



Elven Orc-stabber (-2 damage) Longsword

MISCELLANEOUS MAIL

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!! There's fun to be had at the first annual S.S.A.G.C. Halloween Party to be held at Carol Zimarowski's house, 372 Winter Street, Brockton. If you lose the party, so to say, call Kevin at 583-6962 or Carol at 583-3951. And anyone needing directions please contact Kevin or Carol (or Mike Johns and Bryan McSheffrey, considering they're honorary Zimarowskis). Hope to see you there!!  
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Any of you young Dr. Frankenstein's have any new unusual "creations" for AD&D? Crate them and mail to: Mike Johns- 146 Grove Street, Brockton.  
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HEY OUT THERE-

To all new members: HI. Don't leave yet, give us a week or two. We grow on people... just like Green Slime...  
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AN OPEN APOLOGY TO STAN WHAT'S HIS-NAME...  
Seriously... oops are typists really aren't quite first level yet...

One more time... Seriously, who knows or cares what the heck Stan's last name is. For that matter, Stan- do you know what your last name is???

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FLASH! DATELINE OCTOBER 25: IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS... WIZARDS AND MICE... "COINCIDENTALLY" THE STORY OF PETER RUGG WAS WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DOWN-POUR AND MIKE JOHNS WAS HEARD TO SHOUT: "LET THE STORM INCREASE! I WILL SEE HOME TONIGHT IN SPIKE OF IT, OR I MAY NEVER SEE HOME." AND SINCE THAT FEARFUL NIGHT MIKE HAS BEEN WAITING IN THE YELLOW CAP FOR OUR MEETING TO START... BEWARE...  
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World Campaign- tentatively scheduled for November 23rd.  
DM's for the first adventure will be announced shortly.  
Stay tuned for more World News....  
\*\*\*\*\*

Tired of your old plate mail?? How about an S.S.A.G.C. tee shirt. New in white on blue. Orders will be taken soon, and don't forget to get one for your henchman, wench, war dog or moose.  
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Special thanks to the Voyager Bookstore for all of their help over the summer. And be sure to check out all of their wonderful wares at la Judges Guild.  
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A special personal thanks to Paul and Mary Zimarowski for use of their haunt and to all the people and other beings responsible for SAGA (although they won't admit being responsible....)

*Kenny Futer*

WHERE WE'VE BEEN AND WHERE WE'RE GOING  
by Kevin Fortuna

Well, here we are, with our first year behind us, and entering our second. It promises to be bigger and better for everyone! So, now I'll tell you some of the things lined up for this year. First, as you already know if you're reading this article, we now have a club newsletter called SAGA. SAGA will feature articles by club members, game reviews, columns and more. SAGA is being led by two dauntless fellows named Mike Callahan and Chris (Moose-Lord of Mordor) Barbul, SAGA's co-editors. SAGA must have your participation to succeed. If you have any ideas or wish to submit any articles please see either Mike or Chris.

Next on the agenda are some club trips. One to the Higgins Armory and the other to Hammond Castle. Over the summer, some of us visited the armory, and believe me, it was great seeing the real weapons and armor that we simulate in dark dungeon corridors. The dates of these trips will be announced ahead of time and all are urged to attend.

I have just finished mailing out invitation forms and membership forms to people who requested them from me at Summerfest and the Voyager Bookstore. At the time I didn't have enough to go around and so in the near future our membership should be increasing two fold. Our mailing list included a total of 66 names of possible new members. Speaking of which, should you see someone new at a meeting introduce yourself and make them feel at home. Remember, at one time we were all beginners, so let's all help out.

Lastly, is our upcoming gaming convention in Boston, April of '81, the site has not yet been decided but may be either the horticultural hall or Boston College. This convention is going to be a lot of work so you are all urged to participate as either judges, information people or other helpful people. One other thing, the convention needs a name. If you think you have a good one, please by all means, see me at one of our meetings.

Well, that's it for now, happy gaming and may your dice be blessed...

*Kevin Fortuna*

True incidents:

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WARGAMER...



Send in "True Incidents" we could use 'em.  
you'll get credit (if you want it).