

peration, "get the stones out of your head. This is the pitch: this Maev and Ailill are mobbing up everybody that owes Cuchulainn here a score, and when they get them all together, they're going to put a geas on him that will make him fight them all at once, and it's too bad."

Cathbadh combed his beard with his fingers. "If this be true. . ." he began.

"It's the McCoy. Think I'm on the con?"

"I was going to say that if it be true, it is high tidings from a low source. Nor do I see precisely how it may be dealt with. If it were a matter of spells only . . ."

Cuchulainn said with mournful and slightly alcoholic gravity, "I would fight them all without the geas, but if I am fated to fall, then that is an end of me."

Cathbadh turned to Shea. "You see the trouble we have with himself. Does your second sight reach farther, slave?"

Brodsky said, "Okay, lug, you asked for it. After Cuchulainn gets rubbed out, there'll be a war and practically everybody in the act gets knocked off, including you and Ailill and Maev. How do you like it?"

"As little as I like the look of your face," said Cathbadh. He addressed Shea. "Can this foretelling be trusted?"

"I've never known him to be wrong."

Cathbadh glanced from one to the other till one could almost hear his brains rumbling. Then he said, "I am thinking, Mac Shea, that you will be having business at Ailill's court."

"What gives you such an idea?"

"You will be wanting to see Ollgaeth in this matter of your wife's geas, of course. A wife with a geas like that is like one with a bad eye, and you can never be happy until it is removed entirely. You will take your man with you, and he will tell his tale and let Maev know that we know of her schemings, and they will be no more use than trying to feed a boar on bracelets."

Brodsky snapped his fingers and said, "Take him up," in a heavy whisper, but Shea said, "Look here, I'm not at all sure that I want to go to Ailill's court. Why should I? And if this Maev is as determined as she seems to be, I don't think you'll stop her by telling her you know what she's up to."

"On the first point," said the druid, "there is the matter that Cucuc saved your life and all, and you would be grateful to him, not to mention the geas. And for the second, it is not so much Maev that I would be letting know we see through her planning as Ollgaeth. For he will know as well as yourself, that if we learn of the geas before he lays it, all the druids at Conchobar's court will chant against him, and he will have no more chance of making it bite than a dog does of eating an apple."

"Mmm," said Shea. "Your point about gratitude is a good one, even if I can't quite see the validity of the other. What we want mostly is to get to our own home, though." He stifled a yawn. "We can take a night to sleep on it and decide in the morning. Where do we sleep?"

"Finn will show you to a chamber," said Cuchulainn. "Myself and Cathbadh will be staying up the while to discuss on this matter of Maev." He smiled his charming and melancholy smile.



Finn guided the couple to a guest-room at the back of the building, handed Shea a rush-light and closed the door, as Belphebe put up her arms to be kissed.

The next second Shea was doubled up and knocked flat to the floor by a super-edition of the cramps.

Belphebe bent over him. "Are you hurt, Harold?" she asked.

He pulled himself to a sitting posture with his back against the wall. "Not — seriously," he gasped. "It's that geas. It doesn't take any time out for husbands."

The girl considered. "Could you not relieve me of it as you did the one who howled?"

Shea said, "I can try, but I can pretty well tell in advance that it won't work. Your personality is too tightly integrated — just the opposite of these hysterics around here. That is, I wouldn't stand a chance of hypnotizing you."

"You might do it by magic."

Shea scrambled the rest of the way to his feet. "Not till I know more. Haven't you noticed I've been getting an over-charge — first that stroke of lightning and then the wine fountain? There's something in this continuum that seems to reverse my kind of magic."

She laughed a little. "If that's the law, why there's an end. You have but to summon Pete and make a magic that would call for us to stay here, then hey, presto! we are returned."

"I don't dare take the chance, darling. It might work and it might not — and even if it did, you'd be apt to wind up in Ohio with that geas still on you, and we really would be in trouble. We do take our characteristics along with us when we make the jump. And anyway, I don't know how to get back to Ohio yet."

"What's to be done, then?" the girl said. "For surely you have a plan, as always."

"I think the only thing we can do is take up Cathbadh's scheme and go see this Ollgaeth. At least, he ought to be able to get rid of that geas."

All the same, Shea had to sleep on the floor.

*To be concluded
in Vol. III No. 2 #16*

Random Encounters for BOOT HILL

by Michael E. Crane

Have you ever wanted to play *Boot Hill* but didn't have a moderator? Or have you, as the moderator, ever wanted to lighten your burden? Or have you ever finished an adventure early and just wanted to kill some time? The answer is to have a random encounter chart. This almost totally eliminates the need for a moderator and relieves all the demands of role-playing, for the most part, on the players. For an example, I have made up a wilderness encounter chart; encounter charts could be made up of cities or rural areas.

For each day in the wilderness, roll a six-sided die. A roll of six indicates an encounter. If an encounter is indicated, roll percentile dice and consult the table below:

Wilderness Encounter Table (WET)

Roll	Encounter
1-10	2-12 mounted bandits, armed with an assortment of revolvers and rifles. There is a 15% chance of \$1-6,000. Otherwise there will be \$1-10 per bandit.
11-40	2-12 wagons containing 1-4 homesteaders apiece. There is also a 50% chance of cows (1-12) and a 25% chance of pigs (1-6). The wagons are usually loaded with foodstuffs, clothing, furniture, etc. . . . 10-60% of the homesteaders are armed (rifles) and know how to use them. The homesteaders that are armed have a 50% chance of having \$1-10 apiece.
41-45	1-3 clergy-unarmed-20% chance of having \$1-20 in gold.

46-65	Soldiers-75% chance of a detachment (7-12 + Leader) and a 25% chance of a Troop (42-52 incl. Leaders and scouts) soldiers. Soldiers are mounted, and are armed with SAR's and Standard Army Issue rifles. Each soldier has \$2-40.
66-75	Indians-1-40. 95% are mounted. All Indians are armed with Tomahawks and/or knives, 40% are armed with bows, 20% are armed with lances, 20% with Civil War rifles, 10% with standard rifles, and 10% with revolvers.
76-80	Pony Express Rider-Has \$1-20 and is armed with a DAR and a standard rifle. There is a 75% chance that he has a good horse and a 25% chance he has an excellent horse.
81-85	Trapper-Armed with DAR, Buffalo Rifle, Throwing Knife and Axe. A trapper has 1-3 horses (75%) or 1-3 donkeys (25%). There is a 50% chance that he has \$1-20.
86-90	Posse consisting of 3-18 men armed with DAR's and standard rifles. Posses are mounted.
91-85	Stagecoach-Has a guard, driver and 1-6 passengers. Guard is armed with DAR and standard rifle. 1-4 passengers are armed (30% chance CBR, 20% chance SAR, 10% chance DAR and 40% chance standard rifle). There is a 50% chance that each passenger has \$1-20.
96-100	Packet Train-1-10 wagons-1 driver per wagon-armed with SAR and shotgun. Cargo is determined by moderator-is usually foodstuffs. Each driver has a 20% chance of having \$1-10.

As you can see, this chart contains many possible variations with the possibilities being endless. After using this type chart for a while you will find that the most enjoyable adventures can come through it.