

Exile

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Exile's Bloody Past

Three hundred years ago.

The lands to the south are torn apart by war and revolution. The islands were originally a peaceful land when discovered by Alfysius but are now converted to the more dubious use of the ultimate prison.

"Escape is, of course, useless", a tall man, staff in hand greets the new inmates. They are a rag-tag group of misfits, decrepit, disease ridden filth of humanity.

"Even if you survive the treacherous seas and ferocious monsters, where would you go? That's why you'll find no walls here, other than for the Inner Keep.

"The weather strips us all of the desire for life. Over half of you will die within the first weeks, the rest... ahh, the rest, you will take longer. You will serve out the rest of your sentence in drudgery, working on the plantations and in other places of intensive labour, until your sad and useless lives cease." He pauses for breath and then takes a long, slow perusal of the storms building up to the west.

"Oh, yes, I see the look in your eyes. The Inner isle is not unguarded. I can see the revolution already building up - but I am most sorry to say that there is little that you can do about your Guardians. Harken to the priests when they teach you proper subservience if you want to live a little longer.

"To the shelters now - the storms approach fast, a welcome from Somol no doubt." He laughs unpleasantly as he turns his back, confident of his guards' aptitude, and makes his way quickly to the waiting coach.

Time passes...

One hundred years later, the troubled Governor is hemmed in by the vast armada of small boats surrounding her citadel. The roar of the mob drowns the quiet murmurs of her advisers. Nervous for their own lives, they avoid her anger as she paces slowly back and forth.

"Bring the revolutionary in," she commands, with a hollow imperialism.

A dishevelled figure is led by the armoured guard into the Hall of Power. Dressed in the coarse rags of a prisoner and beaten across the face, a trickle of blood oozing from the wound like wine dripping down the side of a bottle. She stands unaided and heaves her captor away with a twist of lean arms.

"Do you speak for all concerned, prisoner?" the Governor spits, obviously ill at ease before the other woman. The prisoner nods her head in assent, her bearing proud but still the mark of fear twisting her face. Now is the time to make amends for all the wrong doings, to sweep away the injustices and make a clean start - friend with friend, lover with lover and warden with inmate.

The agitator makes her way forward, forcing a path through the opulent sycophants and hangers on. She coughs violently before declaring, "We have demands! I came in peace

to discuss terms but your despicable treatment of myself led to the uproar outside.

"I have heard of the sacrifices and murders that you parasites commit in the raft city and they disgust me. We may look like animals to you, but it is you, in your palaces and high towers, that are inhuman. You are the spawn of convicts and that is all you will ever be. You have brought this mayhem down upon yourselves, if we were treated as humans, none of this would have occurred. Now you have heard my accusations and it is time for you to answer them. There must be an accounting. We must have justice!"

"Maybe we should discuss this in private?" she asks, eyes flicking over the assembled court's reaction to the young woman's speech. However, her face is impassive, as she studies the best way to save herself. They walk to a small ante-chamber, the two looking incongruous together, the youth and strength of the rebel compared with the doddering tenacity of the elder.

Time passes...

One hundred years later, in raft city, an old woman sits cross legged in a leather tent. Her face is a ruin of scars and her eyes have been violently put out. Around her, three children are kneeling, paying her every word the closest attention.

One has her mouth hanging in disbelief and none are even twitching as they hang onto each phrase in reverence.

"Well, my loved ones, several hours later they returned, the Governor and the Rebel. They walked out onto the battlements, where everyone could see and a great hush fell upon the floating armada of sailing boats.

"The elder of the two called out to the assembled masses, 'We have talked, your leader and I, we have discussed terms for her release and new laws in Exile.' The crowd roared in approval and settled down again quietly.

"Then a dozen black-robed, deeply cowed priests and priestesses of Renchu appeared beside the Governor on the battlements and guards materialised in the arrow slits of the citadel. 'She will be released, as will you all, by the deathly touch of Renchu!'

"Saying this, the Renchuvites began casting a great spell and a hail of arrows began to fall on the screaming masses below. A phantasmal cloud of roiling gasses appeared above the island and took form in the shape of a hideous three headed hydra.

"Two of the heads reached down and, jaws open wide, bit off the heads of both Governor and Rebel, the third breathed a voluminous spray of green mist over the ships. Where this fog touched wood, it became rotten and useless. The harbour was soon filled with bodies drifting on the tide...

"The Rebel was my Grandmother, and this is your city, children, it will never give you anything but grief. Let me sleep now little ones..."

So saying, she runs out of energy and sags quietly into a deep sleep, leaving the

children to stare at each other, tears streaming down their faces, their future uncertain.

Roleplaying by Mail

Some of you reading this booklet may be new to Play by Mail (PBM) games and roleplaying, so a short explanation of just what you're getting into is called for.

Firstly, you will invent an imaginary hero or heroine, describing personality and background to us on a few sheets of paper.

This character will then be the focus of a story, written mostly by us, but partly by you.

Each turn we will send you a short chapter of this story. In your own time, you will send us a reply, explaining how your character reacts to what has happened in the story and how he or she plans to act next.

You can choose to write very little, just giving brief instructions and leaving the bulk of the story-telling to us. Alternatively, you might prefer to go into detail about your character.

Every player enjoys things slightly differently, some like swashbuckling adventures, others enjoy complex psychological intrigues. We'll tailor the game to suit you.

Many other people will be playing characters in your story and you'll no doubt interact with them, in fact this is the most exciting aspect of this style of gaming. There are already way over a hundred people playing Saturnalia, which makes for an awful lot going on!

Exile is just one region in the world of Saturnalia, which was set up some thirteen years ago by Sloth Enterprises. Saturnalia was the first roleplay by mail game and continues to be popular in all its different incarnations.

The History of The World

Many years ago the great Empire was forged by a Northman leader called Erik, a fierce warrior and sound tactician. His warriors invaded Erythria, the central land mass in Saturnalia and overran the lands of the Steppes people to the lands of the Mendicx and the Ampoa.

The advance continued throughout the second century of the Empire and the wars ensuing drove certain dwarven master runesmiths to forge the fourteen great swords of the gods. These have since become elevated to the holiest of items in every religion as each god and goddess has imbued them with divine power.

In the third century the Northmen rolled forward over the lands of the civilized south, where a dark skinned race who worshipped Sahmen above all else. These Mordish migrated away from the Empire into the southern isles: Alagas, Ghan and Krang and even retook some parts of southern Erythria from the enormous Empire that had expanded over the continent.

However the inhabitants of Krang turned to the dark Gods and spread like a cancer throughout much of the Southern isles' cities. Erythria became increasingly bonded together, the first Emperor Svendarg was crowned at Yaradal-Zarl and a period of great prosperity set in, during which the religions of Corgul and Egar-Colmetch flourished. Yet the pendulous cloud of Renchu still lingered over the Southern isles, laying much of Saturnalia in its shadow.

As the fifth century dawned a great fleet of warships and battle barges set forth from Yaradal-Zarl and assaulted the forces of evil. The following war raged for a decade and many great heros perished, but the Empire was victorious and their enemies driven back to Krang.

Despite this victory the last days of the Empire were heralded by the coming of the sixth century. The ways of fraud and decadence took over from diplomacy and swordsmanship and heros were replaced by merchants. The Empire was finally divided, peacefully. The Northmen returned to the north to set up city states and the Empire, or such as remained of it, occupied the land to the south of the mountain range called the Great Divide. The grip of the Empire slackened and the forces of evil arose from their coffins and once more threatened the south. In the dusk of the Empire a great man arose - Maringtyne, perhaps the most powerful mage ever to live in Saturnalia. He summoned supernatural aid to create magical artifacts which held the dark at bay, and when the battle was won he disappeared, never to be seen again.

Exile

In 552 A.E. Alfysius of Los, a reckless explorer, discovered an archipelago of islands in the tropics far to the East of the mainland. The Empire authorities decided to use it as a penal colony to send murderers, traitors, pirates, prisoners of war and political opponents. They called it Exile.

Alfysius was made the first Governor of Exile and her descendants occupied the hereditary post following her abdication and decision to sail the seas again. The last shipful of 'colonists' arrived from the rapidly disintegrating Empire when contact was cut in 628 A.E. (also 76 Annus Alfysius). Happy with their position of power, the Governors maintained Exile as a prison until 150 A.A. when a brief rebellion flourished, demanding freedom for the innocent descendants of the original convict population. After rounding up the rebellion's leaders some swift executions occurred with superficial concessions granted to the dissatisfied citizens. Order was restored but heralded a new era of horror.

The next century was known as 'The Torment' and led to an unbearable life for the majority - many hundreds committing suicide or joining the armed forces as slaves. Torture became the standard means of crime prevention and daily blood sacrifices to the temple of Renchu were a further deterrent to rebellion.

The next hundred years saw the gradual decline of the dictatorship in response to the rise of the merchant Houses and a slight lessening in tyranny for financial reasons. Contact with the mainland meant that foreign traders had to perceive a more respectable image for the main city (named Hope), and so mainland ethics began to affect some of these Houses.

And of recent history? Therein is found the darkest deeds imagination can conjure, matched by feats of great heroism. Therein lies bloody politics, invasions, threats of destruction from demons, gods and man alike. Therein lies the compass and spectrum of human passions, hopes and dreams. And therein too lies the most recent page, blank, as yet unwritten, awaiting your deeds to give it shape and form.

Religion in Saturnalia

The people of Saturnalia acknowledge the existence of a set of fourteen gods and goddesses, although a tiny minority deny the gods' existence. There are those also who choose to spend their lives to carrying out the purposes of one or other of the fourteen divinities. These people are in a minority world-wide, but are often prominent in high society and heroic adventurers. Here follows the popular view of the gods, as told by storytellers and wise elders.

Many of the gods are related and can be viewed as a large family or pantheon. The prime creator is **Dianodus**, god of Fate, whose religious tracts are indeed obscure. The mystic works of this hermaphroditic being imply that it was His/Her actions which created the other gods and that all events are preordained. However, the tracts also seem to indicate that free will exists. His/Her followers enjoy such seeming paradox and are primarily concerned with maintaining the balance of fate, favouring neither individuals nor governments, law nor chaos.

Dianodus brought forth time and law from chaos - Saturnalia was made and **Corgul**, god of Law and Knowledge, was created to administer the ways of Saturnalia. He was immature, and made several mistakes before learning the error of his ways. His followers favour law, chivalry, honour and the quest for knowledge and truth. They seek to remove those who would oppose them wherever possible and as such suffer from the arrogance that first affected Corgul.

Corgul's very first act was to create Life. He brought the goddess **Morana** into Saturnalia, to be his wife and to have power of life giving. She is worshipped in three aspects: the Maiden - who is flighty, impetuous and has some ungodly habits; the Mother - who is the Creatrix, the Earth goddess; and the Grandmother or Mother of All - who is wise and caring. Her worshippers are generally unselfish and peaceful, although those who see her in her younger aspects can either be irresponsible, or harsh on those they see as life's misfits.

However, Corgul's action in creating life had a reverse, balancing effect due to the laws of Fate, which state that there can be no life without death. **Renchu**, god of Death, was thus made simultaneously with Morana. He is the Grim Reaper and the most feared of all the gods - his touch is final. He takes the dead to his halls for all eternity, yet there is hope for innocent souls, for it is said that the other deities have arranged special places within his realm for their own followers, where eternal torment will be avoided. His followers enjoy inflicting their dominance on others, bringing the rule of death to those who are not rightly afraid of Him.

Corgul was dismayed by the effect that Death had on Life and his next act was to lighten the load of Life. He created a sun for warmth and Light, and a god, **Sahmen**, to rule over the daylight created. Sahmen was righteousness incarnate - hot headed and keen to blast out corruption wherever it left its mark and cauterise the wounds it left. His followers are much the same, quick to anger and swift in their retribution - unmindful of consequence on occasion.

Once more Corgul had miscalculated. Again the balance of Fate took a hand. There can be no Light without Dark, no warmth without cold, and so came to birth **Destu**, god of Darkness. His ways are opposite to those of Sahmen, preferring the shadows of Saturnalia. Less direct means appeal to his followers, insinuation, disease and slow torture to bring suffering and to hasten Death to the Life propagated by Morana and enhanced by Sahmen. They love to victimise children the most, knowing how the young fear Darkness above all - more, even, than Death.

Corgul was horrified, but his next acts were indirect and did not upset Dianodus' plans. He placed a sleep on his wife, the Earth goddess and took a piece of her body and spirit. These two he separated and gave the form of twins. The hole left a gap in the lands which filled with the water of the sea, and Corgul crafted the earth-flesh into a great orb. This twin he placed in the heavens. She was **Trorindar**, the Moon goddess, and from her lofty position she was able to reflect the light of her brother, Sahmen, and so lessen the impact of Darkness. She was also able to bring Law to the unruly oceans and so she is also goddess of the Sea. Her followers are mainly those who rely on her beneficence - those who sail the seas dare not incur her wrath. Trorindar worshippers are harsh on followers of Destu and seek to gain honour enough to join their mistress in the sky as Star Warriors.

The spirit twin was named **Trolin**. She went straight back to the stricken Morana who had been much wounded by the Great Upheaval which had been caused by Corgul's latest creations. There Trolin eased her mothers pain at being separated from such a great part of her being. Thus Trolin became goddess of Health and spread across the whole of the remaining lands of Saturnalia, restoring the pleasure of Life after the Great Upheaval and making all well again. The followers of Trolin are allied with those of Morana and Sahmen in combating corruption's work but aim above all to promote the Health and welfare of Life. They naturally feel a great affinity for the followers of twin Trorindar and vice versa.

Now Corgul was aware of Dianodus' limitations and he and his wife worked within them. After her Great Healing, Morana walked and rested for seven days and nights and she saw how exquisite the land was. She loved life and its beauty and was able to personify this powerful force and give Life to it as **Suocona**, goddess of Love and Beauty. Wherever Suocona went, all saw Beauty and were filled with Love for it and thus their lives were made more complete. Followers of Suocona believe in promoting friendship and romance whilst appreciating aesthetic things. They are lovers of the arts but despisers of Darkness, for how can dulled senses appreciate anything?

While Morana was resting, Renchu was at work taking more and more souls into his halls. Of the four natural elements (Air,Earth, Fire and Water), Morana controlled the earth, Sahmen the fire and Trorindar the water, but most destructive was the air and here Renchu's hand was strong - using the force of the storm to harvest souls early. It was here that Morana next turned her gaze, giving life and form to the air and creating

Somol, the Weather god. The destructive element was harnessed, but it is impossible to bind air fully and Somol retained the power of Death from Renchu's touch and the power of Life from Morana's gaze - no mere man dare ignore his power. Somol's following is primarily among farmers and sailors (who also call on Morana and Trorindar, respectively) and many of his followers see themselves as a secondary, natural balancing force. However there is much respect amongst all the elemental gods for each other and Somol is no exception.

As Corgul's influence grew amongst the people of Saturnalia, great civilisations arose. Two new gods were created as the offspring of Corgul and Morana. In the interaction between Corgul's knowledge seeking and Morana's natural powers there grew **Haquar**, goddess of Science and Magic. As people come into more knowledge, so Haquar's influence grows, she governs the pushing back of known boundaries to greatest effect. With magic so prominent in Saturnalia, her worshippers command great respect, but they often conflict with the views of Morana worshippers who see Haquarian ways as unnatural. Further, their relationship with Corgul is highly variable - sometimes good when science promotes happiness, but strained when it is used for adverse purposes. The second and final child of Corgul and Morana came as Corgul's Law and Morana's fertility interacted to cause a vast increase in the prosperity of individuals. **Egar-Colmetch**, god of Wealth and fortune was thus born. He caters for merchants, trade and good luck in money matters. His followers are often portrayed as penny-pinching, miserly and greedy, but this is not necessarily the case.

Two more gods were yet to come. The first arose simultaneously with Haquar and Egar-Colmetch. This was **Orth**, god of War. Some say that he is a 'black sheep' child of Corgul, that civilisation can only be spread by means of War, so Orth must be the offspring of Corgul who seeks the promotion of civilisation. Others say that Orth and Haquar are opposites and that Dianodus' balance brought Orth about. Either way, Orth is just what you'd expect - violent, barbaric and promoting Death by combat in such massive numbers that Renchu favours him most highly. Orth worshippers live and die by the sword, aiming only for Glory such that they may spend eternity within the Warriors' Halls set aside for heroes of battle within Renchu's realm.

The last member of Saturnalia's pantheon is the youngest, only coming into existence after Egar-Colmetch had provided the catalyst of wealth. Thriving in Darkness and affluent civilisation, the ways of the thief come to the fore and **Drasci**, Lord of Thieves, was elevated to godhood. Drasci is the bane of Egar-Colmetch worshippers, despised by the followers of Corgul but succoured by the Dark of Destu. Taking their gains wherever and whenever they see fit, Drasci's followers use deception, wit, trickery and outright violence to achieve their ends. Drasci was the first god to lie and his followers cannot be trusted (there's no honour amongst thieves!).

Life in Hope

Hope lies at the centre of an archipelago called 'Exile', the third of a trio of island clusters which once included Charity (now lost) and Faith (believed sunk below the waves in some ancient cataclysm). It consists of four islands, each with its own character, people and accent- Governor's Island, Alfysius, Upwind and Downwind.

Governor's Island, until recently also named Garrison, was the home of the Governor of Hope until it was sacked during the recent sylvan invasion. Now, the Governor lies dead, and his palace abandoned. The isle itself is rocky and bare, consisting only of a huge citadel in the direct centre of Hope. The island is surrounded by an impenetrable maze of shallows and reefs, making navigation by large craft impossible. Four large arbalests pointed out to sea, intimidating any possible threat. Until the invasion, the citadel had never fallen in Exile's history, leading many to believe that the Governor was in fact brought down from within...

Alfysius is often referred to as Noble's Island, and is the home of all of the major merchant and noble families of the sixty islands, as well as several lesser Houses. It is a large and prosperous island, mostly parkland and private hunting reserves. Each of the main Houses has a flagship, a beautiful barge which is the ultimate status symbol on Hope. Many are so ornate that they are barely seaworthy, and rarely leave Hope's natural harbour.

Upwind Isle is the easiest to dock at, having a very deep channel to the North Quay and favourable winds on its Southern Dock. The isle is a centre of trade, business and residence for the middle classes. Most religious buildings are situated here, from the ruins of the Renchu temple, to the Bank of Egar-Colmetch, the Orthian Fort, and the bewitched Haquari Tome. Adventurers often make their living here, spending their money in the various taverns, including the *Blood Moon*, the *Governor's Head*, the *Faraway*, and the *After Dark*.

Downwind is for those who cannot live on Upwind- the bridge has a tollgate designed to keep the poor out. While extensive renovations are planned for the area, it retains a bleak reputation and the city guard- now called the Watch, previously the Wardens- only ever patrol here in force and leave the area alone at night. Sanitation has greatly improved of late, but the area remains grim compared to its wealthy neighbours. The followers of Drasci hold this place in their grasp, and relinquish control to none save the Rex Cabal.

Also attached-literally- to Downwind is what is called *Raft City*. This is the name given to the collection of shacks and boats clustered around the leeward edge of Downwind. Here dwell the truly destitute, including vagrants and homeless of all descriptions, those with literally nowhere else to go. The Monsoon and shifting sandbanks makes for a precarious existence, and despite the many new initiatives and the missions of Trolin, life remains difficult for those at the bottom of the pile.

Hints

Considering the recent upheavals in Exile, the city remains in a watchful state of vigilance. Despite recent loosening of many civil restrictions, such as the outlawing of slavery, justice remains swift and rather brutal. Crimes in Upwind or Alfysius are dealt with swiftly, and crimes committed upon weaker individuals (including females and children) are punished particularly harshly. Most citizens grow tired of war and uncertainty, and have little tolerance of lawbreakers. Vigilante justice tends to be both swift and invariably fatal...

Newcomers to the city, or those just starting out might be well advised to seek the sanctuary of the temples, as religion permeates almost every aspect of Exile. Employ in the Churches or on the business of the Rex Cabal is usually profitable, in terms of both money and reputation.

Other than that, employment among the various Noble Houses is often sought, as even these worthies often have need of discreet assistance...

Legal employment may be found among the Watch or the army, or the mercenaries among the Kin. Less official lines of work involve the various crime-gangs in Downwind, most of which operate outside of the law, and have their own peculiar rules and traditions.

For itinerant adventurers, there are frequent opportunities to be found in inns and taverns, especially the Blood Moon, which operates as a kind of 'neutral ground' for every faction within the city. Many great adventures have begun while following an innocuous advertisement upon the tavern walls!

New players might be advised not to upset the various Temples, and to stay out of Downwind unless they have good reason to be there...

With the Exodus from the centre of Hope, many opportunities exist within the far-flung islands and the uncharted territories in the archipelago. Explorers and seasoned travellers can always find something new to occupy themselves. The more cerebrally-inclined may like to try their hand at the dangerous business of politics and the various machinations between the Temples and the Noble Houses...

Characteristics

The five attributes a character has define how good they are in each field. However, they are only used as a guideline, and shouldn't be taken too seriously. (Players of Saturnalia who are familiar with other regions should note that statistics are not 'spent' as they are elsewhere.)

1. Combat Ability (C.A.)

C.A. is a measure of your skill with weapons and physical strength. A high C.A. implies combat finesse and the ability to inflict ferocious wounds with a single blow, a low C.A. denotes feeble strength.

2.) Magical Power (M.P.)

This characteristic is relevant to your strength of mind and arcane prowess. A high M.P. is necessary for spell casting and describes a driving will. A low M.P. implies either apathy, lack of self confidence or little faith in anything.

3.) Vitality (VIT.)

Your constitution, physical fitness and general well being are represented by VIT. It may be reduced by injury or illness, when you will have a current VIT. and a permanent VIT. The permanent statistic is used to determine your overall stamina, the current VIT. shows how badly you are wounded. Current VIT. returns at a rate proportionate to how much rest you can get. A high permanent VIT allows for long strenuous activities (in contrast to the short term use of C.A.) and indicates a healthy character. A low permanent VIT. describes someone who got out of breath easily and would fare very badly if injured.

4.) Scouting Ability (S.A.)

This is a measure of your dexterity and co-ordination. A high S.A. allows great accuracy with missile weapons, stealthy activities and fast reactions. Lower values make you more clumsy and less mobile.

5.) Perception (PER.)

PER. is a function of your perception and intellect. A high PER. indicates that you don't miss a trick and have a sharp, active mind. Low PER. means that you walk into ambushes and get conned by street charlatans.

Fame

This characteristic is an indication of your standing in Exile, meted out by the editors of a broadsheet called the Voice of Hope (also the game Newsletter). Fame is gained in two forms: positive fame is awarded for deeds that benefit the average citizen: aiding unfortunates, defeating criminals; negative fame is gained for antisocial deeds, such as robbery and murder.

Your character's fame totals are completely subjective, based upon the rumours that the Voice of Hope reporters get to hear. A character with much fame is obviously in the public eye, the subject of endless coffee house discussions, and bar room arguments.

Character Start-Up

Accompanying this rule book, you will find a Character Start Form (CSF) Here's what to do with it.

Adventurers begin with 250 points to divide amongst their CA, MP, VIT, SA and PER. No characteristic should be less than 20 or more than 100.

Next write down the essential physical characteristics that define the way your character looks. These are sex, height, build, hair and eyes, distinguishing features and clothing.

Now write as much as you can about your character's history, including your family and their professions and important emotional events. Follow this with a description of your character's personality, aims and beliefs (including views on religion). The more you can give us, the closer our conception of your character will be to yours and the better your turns will be. Note that slaves are permanently disadvantaged and forever marked as such. Don't see the option as easy points!

If you get stuck, give us a ring (as explained later).

Starting Equipment

Adventurers start with 25 Cadocs to spend on equipment, or retain as capital. You can use the list of prices in the Voice of Hope Almanac to help you decide what to buy.

If you want something which isn't on offer, ask for it anyway and we'll sort it out for you. Note that slaves get nothing.

Character Progression

Each turn, you will receive points to distribute amongst your five characteristics. You may not spend more than 40 on any one statistic.

The number of points gained are based on the quality of the turn, with relevant factors including: clarity, inventiveness, depth of role-playing and anything that is entertaining! An average number of points you might expect to gain for a turn is 50, though it is not uncommon for players to gain considerably more. A quick tip: including contributions for *Voice of Hope* - the in-game newsletter - is a sure way of gaining extra points!

Filling out the Turnsheets

Firstly remember to do your bookkeeping: fill in the boxes for characteristics (careful not to let anything get too low!), check your account is in balance and tell us if you're changing address etc.

Make sure you include a turnsheet, even if you can't find your most recent. The turn is your proof of your credit!

Then write as much as you like to detail your intentions for the turn. Some people like to concentrate on their decisions and physical actions, others prefer to describe their moods and emotions and avoid detail on the action. Both are fine! It's even OK to write just a couple of sentences if you haven't got the time to do a turn properly (assuming you're not on variable points) and it's also acceptable to write seven sides if you want (yes, it has happened!!!).

Be careful to use the word 'if' frequently, because events often don't pan out as expected and you could waste time writing about a future that will never take place. You'll get the hang of what can be accomplished in a turn as you become experienced. Escape clauses can be very important in combat, something like "I'll run if things look bad" could save your life.

Please tell us what you want, if necessary. For example, it's possible to say "(Please give me lots of detail on the way the old woman talks)" or "(skip through my training, I'm not interested)".

Newsletters and Communication

You may send messages to other player characters via the GM. **These should be on a separate piece of paper.** Use of a single pseudonym is fine, tell us and you'll receive communication to both names, but we can only record one at a time.

If you decide to adventure with other players, you will be asked if you want to set a deadline. This means that if your ally is very late, your turn will go ahead without them. All members of the group will be consulted and if no agreement is reached, perhaps the players shouldn't be in a group, despite the characters wanting to.

Every couple of months we publish the Voice of Hope, a newsletter for the game. Contributions for this, in the form of articles and artwork are always very welcome. The newsletters are the life and soul of the Saturnalia (and PBM) community and you'll have more fun if you join it! Again such articles should be sent in on separate paper. You will be sent these newsletters automatically on publication and the small charge for them will be deducted from your account. Ask if you don't want to receive it.

You can phone with questions about Saturnalia between 2pm and 6:30pm and we'll be glad to chat about anything you like, you can even telephone in a turn, if you're forced to. Please don't ring at any other time.

The Karma System

As a final, dour note to the main bulk of the rules, this is what will happen should the unthinkable occur and your character gets killed. Upon this event you will be sent a new CSF, but to make the pain a little easier to bear, the new character will be awarded a bonus on top of the basic 250 pts with which original characters start. The bonus will be roughly equal to half the points total of the deceased.

Posts and Special Offers

Your current credit is shown at the bottom of the sheet and you should always have enough money in your account to pay for the current turn. There is no reason whatsoever for you to run up a negative credit.

Please don't send cash or Cheques for under £10. Cheques should be made payable to *Harlequin Games*.

If you introduce a new player to the game you will be credited with a free turn - so get your friends to play!

Various Broadsheets are available, each one detailing a certain aspect of life in Hope, including all the religions and many important members of the community. They are one side long and cost £1, which gives better value for money than receiving similar information in a turn.

Acknowledgements

This is the fifth edition of the Saturnalia rulebook, for Exile players. We hope you enjoy the game as much as we do.

We would like to thank Sloth Enterprises, who designed Saturnalia; Ashley, Kriz and Brian for the art; referees John Davis and Jim Botten for expanding the game over the years, and lastly you, the players, who make the whole thing happen and give us a lot of pleasure.

Good gaming!

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Here follow some extracts from issues of the Voice of Hope, Exile's newsletter.

The Post of Living

Monetary system

In response to several requests for more information, the Voice of Hope has taken a survey of prices in our glorious City. Some may be dear, others cheap, and we're sure that many of them are affected by the season's imports, but we claim that this is the most comprehensive list of its kind.

The most valuable unit of currency in Saturnalia is the golden Cadoc, stamped with the face of Governor Alfysius in Hope. A second unit of currency, the phymere, is made of silver and there is a third, smaller unit, the copper Ograd. 1 Cadoc is worth 10 Phymeres and 10 Ograds make up a Phymere. The average dock labourer, for example, working in Upwind, may expect to earn 1 or 2 Cadocs a day .

Bed and Board:

The Blood Moon - 7 Phymeres,	The Skewered Snake - 3 Phymeres,
The Sunken Scow - 4 Phymeres,	The Alfysius - 8 Phymeres
The Faraway - 1 Cadoc	The Bell - 15+ Phymeres

(All prices cheaper if sleeping around the fire.)

Drink:

Pint of Ale - 6 Ograds,	Bottle of House Wine - 28 Ograds,
Good Wine - 18 Phymeres,	Spirits - 7 Phymeres.

Commoner's clothing:

Breeches - 14 Phymeres,	Cloak - 35 Phymeres,	Hat - 35 Phymeres,
Doublet - 40 Phymeres,	Boots - 45 Phymeres,	Smock - 35 Phymeres,
Overcoat - 7 Cadocs.		

(Cheaper at the market, up to ten times more from specialists in Upwind.)

Armour:

Leather Jacket - 12 Cadocs,	Mail Shirt - 55 Cadocs,	Mail Coat - 76 Cadocs
Breast Plate - 48 Cadocs,	Gauntlets - 20 Cadocs,	Knight's Helm - 18 Cadocs,
Pot Helmet - 15 Phymeres,	Unrimmed Shield - 7 Ph,	Shield - 8 Cadocs,

(More expensive if Orthian.)

Weapons:

Cutlass/Scimitar/Sabre - 10 Cadocs,	Dagger - 2 Cadocs,	Foil - 13 Cadocs,
Bastard Sword - 14 Cadocs,	Hand Axe - 4 Cadocs,	Knuckle Duster - 7 Phymeres,
Falchion/Shamsheer - 28 Cadocs,	Mace - 5 Cadocs,	Staff - 2 Phymeres,
Double Bladed Broad Axe - 8 Ca,	Net - 2 Cadocs,	Spear - 1 Cadoc,
Hammer - 5 Cadocs,	Club - 14 Ograds,	Scabbard - variable,3
Cadocs.		

(More expensive if Orthian.)

Missile Weapons:

Composite Bow - 14 Cadocs,	Crossbow - 11 Cadocs,	Long Bow - 10 Cadocs,
Throwing Axe - 35 Phymeres,	Repeater - 68 Cadocs	Short Bow - 4 Cadocs,
Throwing Dagger - 25 Phymeres,	Mini Crossbow - 25 Cadocs,	Cranequin - 22 Cadocs,
Quiver - 10 Phymeres,	10 Arrows - 4 Cadocs,	10 Bolts - 26 Phymeres.

(Shop around, look out for the excellent Watch issue crossbows.)

Equipment

Backpack - 2 Cadocs,	Sack - 11 Phymeres,	Blanket - 14 Phymeres,
Cooking Pot - 7 Phymeres,	Dice - 4 Phymeres,	Pack of Cards - 7 Phymeres,
Tinderbox - 2 Cadocs,	12 Candles - 4 Phymeres,	Pint of Oil - 5 Phymeres,
Lantern - 8 Cadocs,	Monsoon Lantern - 14 Cadocs,	3 Torches - 2 Phymeres.
Horn - 7 Cadocs,	Wooden Flute - 14 Cadocs,	Lute - 56 Cadocs,
Harp - 14 Cadocs,	Crowbar - 35 Phymeres,	Fish Hook - 2 Phymeres,
Lock Picks - 7 Cadocs,	30 Yards Rope - 10 Cadocs,	Book - 27 Cadocs,
Quill and Ink - 7 Cadocs,	Day's Hot Food - 5 Phymeres,	Weeks Rations - 2 Cadocs.

(Haggle at the Square of Sighs, or you could pay a lot more!)

Continental Gold is worth a variable amount in Hope, depending on the current confidence in the trade routes, the arrival of the Monsoon and in our opinion, the mood of the temple of Egar-Colmetch.

The Language of Hope

As many of our readers come from the Continent, they may be interested in many of the nuances of Hope's dialect, which can at first seem confusing to the outsider.

The followers of the fourteen religions are called: Sahmenites, Corgulites, Suoconans, Moranans, Troliners, Trorindari, Somolites, Dianodeans, Egar-Colmetch, Orthians, Haquari, Drascis, Destuvites and Renchuvites.

Alfysius Island is also called Noble's, Garrison Island is also called Governor's. The members of the Watch are known as Screws, Renchuvite priests are Roaches (mostly in Downwind), Somolites title themselves Friends of the Aer.

Very old names often include the consonants *gh*, which are pronounced as a *ch* as in loch, followed by a *th* as in thistle. The sound is rolled together into one noise, but most Hope citizens just use *th* and get away with it.

Politics & Religion

The archipelago of Exile is a theocracy, governed by the Rex Cabal, a council which includes one member from each of the fourteen religions. The City of Hope is under their direct rule, a 'neutral zone' where no one religion holds sway. Each of the sixty islands also theoretically comes under their control, but day-to-day matters are usually dealt with by the ruling nobles of the island.

The membership of the Cabal is not fixed, and each temple chooses its speaker having decided policy beforehand. This makes the policy of certain Churches subject to change, particularly if there is internal strife within the religion. The current High Priest usually acts as speaker, but he or she may choose another if they wish.

Each of the Islands also sends a single member to serve as a Councillor on the newly-

instituted Senate, and it seems that a new Governor will eventually be elected from the Senators by public vote. However, the 'Noble's Chamber' which meets at the old Oratorium, is strictly limited to civil matters, and cannot overrule the judgement of the Churches and the Rex Cabal. Many islands and nobles have strong ties to particular religions and will use their vote accordingly. The Senators usually dwell on their family estates upon Alfysius while they serve upon the council, dwelling at other times upon their ancestral islands.

With the destruction of the Renchuvite government, no faith is banned in Exile, although the new High Priestess Raven keeps an iron grip upon her diminished congregation. While membership of the Renchu faith is not illegal in itself, any ties to the previous government count as treason and is punishable by death. High Priestess Raven retains a small staff upon the site of her new Mausoleum, and enthusiastically leads the purges of her faith. The Death-priests have forsworn any role in government save membership of the Cabal, and tend instead to the offices of death, including burial and executions. There is no longer any kind of sacrifice offered up to the Death God, save for those few who believe that there *should* be sacrifices. These few are then offered up as a 'voluntary' sacrifice by the Priestess herself, a clear indication of both her ruthlessness and twisted sense of humour...

The church of Destu is thriving under the leadership of House Fey-Lant, in particular their High Priestess Lucienne. The young Lucie rarely attends her Temple in the Square of Sighs, preferring to live among her flock upon Alfysius. Many noble Houses, including the Choleans, seek to curry her favour and growing influence. The faith is extremely wealthy, having absorbed much of the economic might of the defeated Renchuvites, and owns more islands than any other faith, Morana excepted. Lucie herself shuns the traditions of her faith, preferring to practise her dark arts openly among the halls of the wealthy- though the faith is no less dangerous for that...

The Church of Orth is usually aloof from all politics, though it has suffered from its close connection to the deposed government and is distrusted by many. High Priest Andrion provides a steadying hand in a difficult time, his recent marriage to the High Priestess of Haquar cementing the enduring and unique alliance between their faiths. It is an open secret that Andrion wishes to vacate his lofty position, and the search for his successor has already begun.

The Haquarian faith remains strong despite weathering difficult years, and would seem to have the fastest growing of all congregations. Always neutral and aloof from most disputes, it is ably governed by High Priestess Ebbeni, though she is usually away from Exile on business. The temple to Haquar upon Hope, called The Tome, is a unique building that seems impossible to enter for those not welcomed by the faith, an incredible phantom structure that seems not to be of this world...

The bank of Egar-Colmetch functions little as a religious entity and mostly as the background manager of Exile's financial well-being. They are strictly impartial to anything that does not concern them, and their opinions are well respected in their chosen field of finance. High Priestess Ghamion is often consulted upon financial affairs, and their flock remains small, if versatile. The Colmetchi also control the arts of communication between the sixty islands, giving them a unique influence which they scrupulously avoid compromising...

The church of Somol has suffered from internal disputes, but now High Priestess Willow-Dancer has at last been named as successor to Rapice. The rebuilding of the majestic Cloud-Capped Towers, destroyed in the sylvan invasion, is well underway. Whether or not the new leadership can hold back the feared Monsoon, which batters these isles every year, remains to be seen...

The church of Trorindar remains rather elusive, although they boast a massive group of followers from the many sailors who ply their trade around the isles. Their High Priest Tormund, and church-ship, the Leaping Salmon, are in fact mobile, sailing the isles as they please to tend to their followers.

Drasci would seem to have no official temple, though his faithful lay claim to the entire district of Downwind as their territory. Various power-struggles are said to frequently occur, although the young crime-lord Baylie Quarters always speaks for her god upon the Rex Cabal. Likewise, Drasci has no organised priesthood, though young Baylie is said to be touched by the Young God in some unknown way...

Morana has no official temple upon the urban sprawl of Hope, but her splendid Henge upon the High Perridians is the centre of druidic worship. Morana owns a large amount of islands and enjoys a massive following among the nobles of Alfysius. The underground tunnels beneath the city are also claimed by the Mother-Goddess, and the subterranean tower of Tuoben Skelsis. High Priestess Lady Fionala Perridian is among the most powerful members of the Cabal, though she rarely exerts her considerable influence. She is High Priestess in far Larbis as well as Hope, and it is known that she is actively seeking a successor who can take over her responsibilities in Exile.

The faithful of Trolin claim only a few islands and the unedifying district of Raft City as their own. Their High Priestess, Trelina, herself a former slave, tends there to the diseased and downtrodden in the most unimaginable poverty. Extensive renovations of the area may finally see an end to that sorrowful area, but until that day, the Trolinites work to help the sick and dying. They also enjoy the considerable protection of the Drasci church, who have been known to viciously defend their pacifist brethren when threatened.

The church of Corgul, once the site of the Renchuvite's graveyard, is currently undergoing renovation, and they hold their ceremonies in the newly-reopened Law Courts on the Square of Sighs. High Priest Peregul oversees his flock there, and the Law God enjoys the wealth and patronage of many islands at a resurgent time for the religion.

Likewise the faith of Sahmen, headed by none other than the 'Father of the Revolution' Pylugh Carolan. The ancient Sahmenite temple has been restored and now dominates the Market Square.