

Lunar Resorts Anthology Vol I

Rating: Not Rated Yet

Price

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77 Worlds Lunar Resorts Anthology Volume 1 is a **Collection of Short Stories** by several Authors based in the simulated environments of the Lunar Resort Domes. Many of these stories fit nicely into the time period of each dome while other imply or outright expose the technology, aliens, and powers "*behind the curtain*".

- § DRAGON OF CAMELOT © James M. Ward
- § THE DRAGON SWORD OF CAMELOT © Steve Peek
- § HAPTOR HAZARD & THE WASPIANS © Stephen D. Sullivan
- § RUM RUN © Jean Rabe
- § THE WOLF IN THE SHADOWS © Anne K. Brown
- § STRANGER DREAMS © Amber Lee
- § WRONG WOMAN, WRONG TIME © Christopher Clark
- § GRAY ARE THE SHADOWS IN CHICAGO © Michael Curtis
- § THE WINTER WOLF © Stephen A. Lee

DRAGON OF CAMELOT by **James M. Ward** "Creator of *METAMORPHOSIS ALPHA*, the first science fiction role-playing game, *GAMMA WORLD*, the first apocalyptic role-playing game, *DEITIES & DEMIGODS* the first treatment of legendary and fantasy pantheons in role-playing, and the *SPELLFIRE* card game"

It is 311 years since the aliens came to all of the human settled solar systems and destroyed the civilization of mankind. On Earth Prime’s tiny moon, three outposts of humanity survived the attack and helped to maintain a pool of humans who eventually needed to resettle all mankind had lost. Now powerful artificial intelligences and their android servants moved about the humans in three vastly different domes and kept alive the concepts of bravery and challenge in the hearts and souls of mankind. On this day a great adventure was starting for three newly made Knights of the Round Table. Little did anyone know that this simple adventure would spur mankind much faster to the stars where they belonged.

Trumpets sounded and the festive crowd quieted down in the feast hall of Castle Camelot. Every year a band of newly trained knights stood tall as King Arthur

knighted them and sent them on their first quest. Queen Guinevere, the great beauty of the castle, stood to announce the three.

THE DRAGON SWORD OF CAMELOT by **Steve Peek** "*the author of Longclaws, Alien Agenda and numerous other titles available on Amazon*"

Camelot's four newest knights descended the stairs into *The Murderous Boar Inn*'s tavern. Laughter, banter and arguments grew louder with each step.

The lone female in the group, Dame Charlotte spotted the only available table with four empty seats. It was an ancient round oak table bearing scars of many knives and swords, maybe even bites of an axe or two. A man, clothed in a roughly woven dark robe, sat at the table, head down, wide shoulders rounded under the robe. Only his right hand, curled around the pewter mug, identified him as human.

"May we share your table?" Dame Charlotte asked. The hooded head rose slightly and moved just enough to make the uninvited intruders feel each had been quickly examined. Charlotte studied his hand, the only exposed flesh. She wondered what the calloused, wrinkled, scarred and steady appendage did for a living. She thought, just for a moment, she saw a small light glow beneath the hood.

HAPTOR HAZARD & THE WASPIANS by **Stephen D. Sullivan** "*Renowned for his fast-paced imaginative tales*"

THE COMPANIONS

Haptor "Hap" Hazard – adventurer, leader

Isis O'Brien – warrior-archer, sister to Bes

Bes O'Brien – dwarf warrior-bard, brother to Isis

Ptah "Pete" Vasquez – smith, inventor

Sekhet "Khet" Chan – magician and psychic

Osira "Siri" Saud – healer

"Hap, duck!"

Haptor Hazard ducked, and Isis' arrow flew overhead, the wind of its passing brushing back the top of his sandy blond hair. He laughed as the arrow sank into the huge round eye of the waspian that had been trying to ambush him from behind.

RUM RUN by **Jean Rabe** "*USA Today bestselling author Jean Rabe has written thirty-three fantasy and adventure novels and more than seventy short stories.*"

It was hairless and mottled pink-gray, and Tim-Jiminy knew it most certainly carried some god-awful disease. It was a rat, wasn't it? About the size of a butternut squash, beady red eyes, long scabrous tail, whiskers as thin and straight as wire, and rounded ears. It was big for a rat, yet at the same time all over skinny, with oozing sores on its sides where ribs protruded so starkly that Tim-Jiminy thought the bones might break out any second. Tim-Jiminy had first-rate peepers, and so he could see the disgusting vermin in fine and gory detail.

Had to be a rat.

Tim-Jiminy hated rats, human and otherwise.

THE WOLF IN THE SHADOWS by **Anne K. Brown** "*Anne's degree in Communication led to an incredible job as a game editor and designer for TSR, Inc. She enjoyed eight years in what was essentially a think tank of creative geniuses*"

The old man tugged down the ear flaps on his wool cap, turned up his collar, and stepped out of the warmth of the apothecary into swirling snow. Icy powder pelted his face, driven by a brutal wind. The snowfall would not amount to much, a gift of Lake Michigan rather than a true storm, but it stung nonetheless.

His knobby hands, encased in fraying woolen gloves, clutched a glass bottle wrapped in paper and tied with string. The bitter liquid, deceptively colored like port wine, would ease his wife's pain and coughing spasms, but had no power to cure her wasting.

STRANGER DREAMS by **Amber R. Lee**

The sun rises over the city of Thebes, the streets are busy, from her window Sahara could hear the sounds of carts as they pass by on their way to the market. Yawning, she moved from her bed, she ran her fingers through her long golden hair. "Rah, get up we have to be at the temple soon if we want to get any good task." she said throwing a sandal at the sleeping man across the room. Rah moved slightly as the sandal hit him.

WRONG WOMAN, WRONG TIME by **Christopher Clark** "*founder of Inner City Games Designs in 1982. He has worked with several companies including TSR, Whit Publications, Troll Lord Games, Hekaforge Productions, Flying Pen Press, and now Fireside Creations, and has over 100 science fiction and fantasy publishing credits*"

Nefhemet Nefrek moved stealthily forward, his bare feet making no sound on the polished granite of the temple floor. The flickering light from the flaming braziers that was the only source of illumination within this place concealed more than it revealed, and it seemed every shadow was an adversary. He knew the priests of the Death god hunted him, but he had no knowledge of this portion of the temple. Strangely, he had memories of the hidden inner temple; the secret

holy of holies that was unknown to those who sent him on this quest.

GRAY ARE THE SHADOWS IN CHICAGO by **Michael Curtis** "*Michael Curtis is most widely known for his work as a freelance writer and game designer. He has written or contributed to nearly forty roleplaying games including Goodman Games' the Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG, Goblinoid Games' Realms of Crawling Chaos, and Chapter 13 Press' Tales from the Fallen Empire. Michael has recently developed material for the deluxe edition of METAMOPHOSIS ALPHA*

Baldassare Pagani was a dead man.

He wrote his death certificate the night he left me bullet-riddled and bleeding on the filthy concrete floor of an abandoned meat packing plant skirting the riverfront. We had met there to bury the hatchet between our two gangs, to call a truce until we settled the hash of the Little Gray Gang, a new outfit that was gobbling up territory throughout Chicago. Turns out, Pagani's idea of a cease fire was to pump enough lead into me to make an ashtray and for his boys to gun down mine. Then, to further the insult, he set the plant on fire and left my body to cook inside.

THE WINTER WOLF by **Stephen A. Lee** "*Founder of Fire Side Creations, Stephen has been creating games since the early 1980's. Working the Gary Gygax on Legendary Asterouges adventures in the late 1990's. Stephen also created Magnificent Desolation RPG and several other RPG and PBM games then teamed up with James M. Ward to create the 77 Lost Worlds RPG setting in 2014 based in part on concepts from Stephen's Apocalyptic Space/MD games.*

He picked up his bow and moved quickly out from the glen along the forest trail and back onto the wide path often used by mounted men. He was late and Merlin's men would not be happy with him. Anton went from a brisk run to a dead stop. A sudden realization that the dream first came long ago when he had found a brain chip in the chest his father kept in the hearth room and placed it on the side of his head like he had seen his mother do many times. He also knew that when some young people came of age there was a rite of passage where a brain chip conveyed knowledge and skills for their chosen profession. However, father had never had a brain chip at least in no memory Anton still recalled. The connection between the two had not come before because it was a few days after playing with that device when the dreams began to surface and at first they were just bits of images and things that really made no sense.