

ES-SINDIBAD'S SEEDS

IT HAS been brought to my attention that there are some players of my very own—and very excellent—Game, who struggle with the variant as devis'd by my good friend Es-Sindibad. Frankly, I blame the Franks, whose history is littered with such deficiencies, but there are so many other reasons that it would exhaust my time, which I must spend more wisely now that I have become somewhat chronally challenged after a duel with a hooded personage that lasted a day, then a night, then three afternoons forward, and finally ending a week before it began.

It behooves my temporal state to thus ease my usual activities, and so I have retired to one of my favourite spas to relax and deal with my correspondence concerning issues concerning my Game, especially on matters financial. And temporal too, I must say, for my cheques are still late in arriving, for reasons unfathomable. Easier to fathom by far were the attentions of a rather fetching water-sprite residing in the spa who was much taken with me, though the reverse proved problematic as the sprite could not leave these native waters. Many tears were shed as I departed, and I understand the spa will one day emerge from the ensuing lake.

My stay was successful in matters beyond affairs of the heart, which surely brings rejoicement to all, and I proffer up these additional ideas for launching stories, just as the seeds of the dates my esteemed colleague and fellow adventurer uses in this variant grow into refreshing edibles. Let us, perhaps, call these “adventuring seeds” then, for surely they will challenge your fellow players to sprout forth tales worthy of Es-Sindibad himself. It is possible they might even grow side-shoots that inspire other tales, or even evolve into entire new species to pollinate fertile minds and flower entirely new stories with leaves that... What?

I fear I must come to a close, for my pernicious publisher has alerted me that I have expended the entirety of their allotment of floratical verbiage for this missive, if not the entire year. As my honour as a man of letters has been challenged, I am thusly bound to rectify this matter tomorrow at dawn, whereupon we shall select quills and the first to draw ink into an ampersand is declared the victor. Until another time, then, my loyal readers, assuming I have resumed my usual grand but more linear mode of travel through the days.

Mendace veritas!

Baron Munchausen

THE SEEDS OF TALES TO BE TOLD

Being a Most Wondrous and Educational Supplement for the Baron's Game using the Variant as proposed by the Great Es-Sindibad, and thusly containing Seeds of a Great Multitude for players to Invoke in their own Games.

Ah, but to hear the tale of...

...How you proved to a herd of wild zebras that they all had to reverse their stripes.

...The time you were imprisoned by the King of the Dolphins, and for what offense.

...The way in which you used a ruby to ward off an imminent monsoon.

...How you managed the greatest harvest of dates ever made, and how they all came from the same orchard.

...How you lured a gigantic dandan up from the ocean's depths without a line or hook.

...The grand adventure to recover the cloud given to a righteous man.

...The manner in which you employed spices to prevent earthquakes.

...Why all of the sands in your hourglass always flow upward.

...The time you climbed to the top of the Sultan's highest tower and then captured a star.

...How you learned to converse with mountains, and kept them from resuming migratory behaviour.

...Your discovery of the Lake of Colours, and what transpired there.

...Your discovery of moonbeams as a method for curing meats, and the flavours they impart through this process.

...The methods used to convince a pack of hyenas to burst into melodious song.

...How you tricked all of the merchants in Cairo to accept only left sandals as payment for ten days and a day.

...How you drove off an enemy fleet using only a broken mirror and a wooden sword.

...The way you employed algebra to grow the finest tulips in the land.

...Why you had to shave your head as the sun rose, and how you grew back your hair as it set.

...The time you were lost in the desert, and the strange animal that rescued you.

...How you employed a flock of butterflies as a new method of cleaning the stables.

...The tale of the time you bought yourself at a market.
...Your journey east of the Sun and west of the Moon, and why it was necessary to bring several mice along with you.
...How you used a score of monkeys and three quills to write the finest sonnet ever put to parchment, and did so without any ink.
...The way you used bananas to frighten off schools of sharks, and how the sharks managed to flee into the hills in terror.
...Why all the rats in the city walked slowly about on their forelegs for four nights and a night, and yet none were caught during this time.
...How you learned of the paths zephyrs use to avoid striking each other as they move through the air, and why they entrusted you with their secrets.
...The time you convinced the tides to halt in their movement for an entire day and night, and how this caused a new form of pottery to be created.
...The tale of how you took the ruler of the ifrit as your spouse.
...The manner in which you employed pigeons to blot out the sun, and the reasons for doing so.
...Why a djinn sought out your legal advice, and the details of the ensuing court case.
...How you employed a flying carpet to lure a pack of voracious qutrub to their doom in an orchard of dates.
...The time you collected all the turbans in Bagdad, and why you traded them for a single orange.
...How you used a flute to entrance a thunderstorm, and how this upset a certain Greek deity.
...The story of how you lost your luck, and the pilgrimage you had to take to find it again.
...The way you used spices to keep the sun from rising one morning, and how this led to a new trade route to the Americas.
...Why all of the cats you meet refuse to cross your path, except in times of special planetary alignment.
...How you steered a raft up the walls of a building, and of the many shellfish you encountered along the way.
...The time you wove the finest robe from dust found in the market tents, and used it to fly across a nearby mountain.
...Why a swarm of bees took you prisoner, and how your escape turned all of their honey a vivid emerald colour.
...The time a flock of songbirds began chanting in ribald verse as you strolled through a city, and how this related to a rather curious tattoo you now possess.