This is BESEROVIA, which cannot go to the moon because it has got #1969BQ, the GobbleGobbleGobble Game (formerly the Triton Game), in which all kinds of things are getting gobbled. Subsere 10/\$1 (or 5¢ a copy by hand delivery). This is Pandemonium Publication #134, and was edited and published by Rod Walker, 5058 Hawley Blvd., SanDiego CA 92116; Thone, 282-1921; member, MFFF GB Diplomacy Division and IFW Diplomacy Society.



blech...

I would like to thank you all for your cooperation. Things have been very quiet and relatively orderly, and none of the new office tenants seem overly disturbed by our wargame, so long as we keep it down. One of the janitors, however, reports that large pools of blood are will showing up undermeath the bulletin board...

#1969BQ

Turko-4 talian axis compisure exculping existen isles; France Harches on Friend, For

Spring 1908: We player turned in Winter 1907 moves by the deadline, so that there were none. The two Russian units which had to retreat were annihilated, so that Russia had no change. Italy could have built 1. Turkey could have built 2.

ENGLAID (Parrigh): A War S MUSSIAI A Ukr-Hos, F Kie H, F Bel-Ith, A Wal-Bre C by F Eng, F Iri C ITALIAN A Lol-Spa, F Gas S ITALIAN A Lol-Spa (A Lol-spa (A Lol-spa (A Lol-spa) FRANCE (Base): A Bur-Har, A Rob-Bel.

ITALY (Obersolulte): A Lol-Yor, F Hid-HAt, A Tyr-Han.

HUBSIA (LeHotte): A May-StP, F Swe-Hwy, A Ukr-Hog, A Ber-Mun, A Gal-Boh.
TURKET (Bwerson): F MAY-Mid S by F Por & F Spa(so), F MAY-Mrg, F Ion-Tyr, A Rum
-Ukr S by A Hog (A Hos /d//ww/), F Sev-Rum, A Arc-Sev, A Smy-Arm, A Ser-Bud S by A
Vie, F Tri-Adr.

FAIL 1908 HOURS are one on Wednesday, 15 April 1970, at 12:00 HOUR.

MERS OF THE HORLD

from FRANCE: "Italy, anguished, watches helplessly as Mapoleon triumphantly liberates ber treacherously stolen territories. Take no prisoners!"

CONSTANTINOPLE: The Imperial Palace was dark and foreboding as Sultan Sauron received His humble envoy. In the nearby forests, the wangs howled, and Janissary Oros roasted hapless peasants. Fine black shapes escorted the trembling envoy into the Presence, watching him with red-lit eyes, glowying with anticipation.

His Internal Majesty spoke. "Well, humble envoy, " said The Rye, in a voice of thunder, "it seems that you have made a little mistake."

"Well, I..."

"QUINT! Impudent worm! How dare you speak in Our presence when We have not given you permission?" The room reverberated. How Sauron spoke more quietly. "Why, oh true and faithful servant, did you not issue the orders for Our armories and ship-yards to furnish Us with additional armies and navies with which to level the puny domains that lie upon Our borders?"

"Well, I..."

"SILECTII Tou miserable, obsequious, sniveling, orawling, whining liver fluke! How dare you come before Us and hope to excuse such careless behavior? We know how to deal with such utter incompetency. Away with him! Throw him to the pelicus!!"

"But master, master, mait! See? I have invented a new knife ... "

"Oh, so? Tell Hs about it."

"Well, I CHISCREDCHISCHISCREDC

Jate. Pelicus: a monstrous creature, half lion and half pelican. It peaks its victims to death.