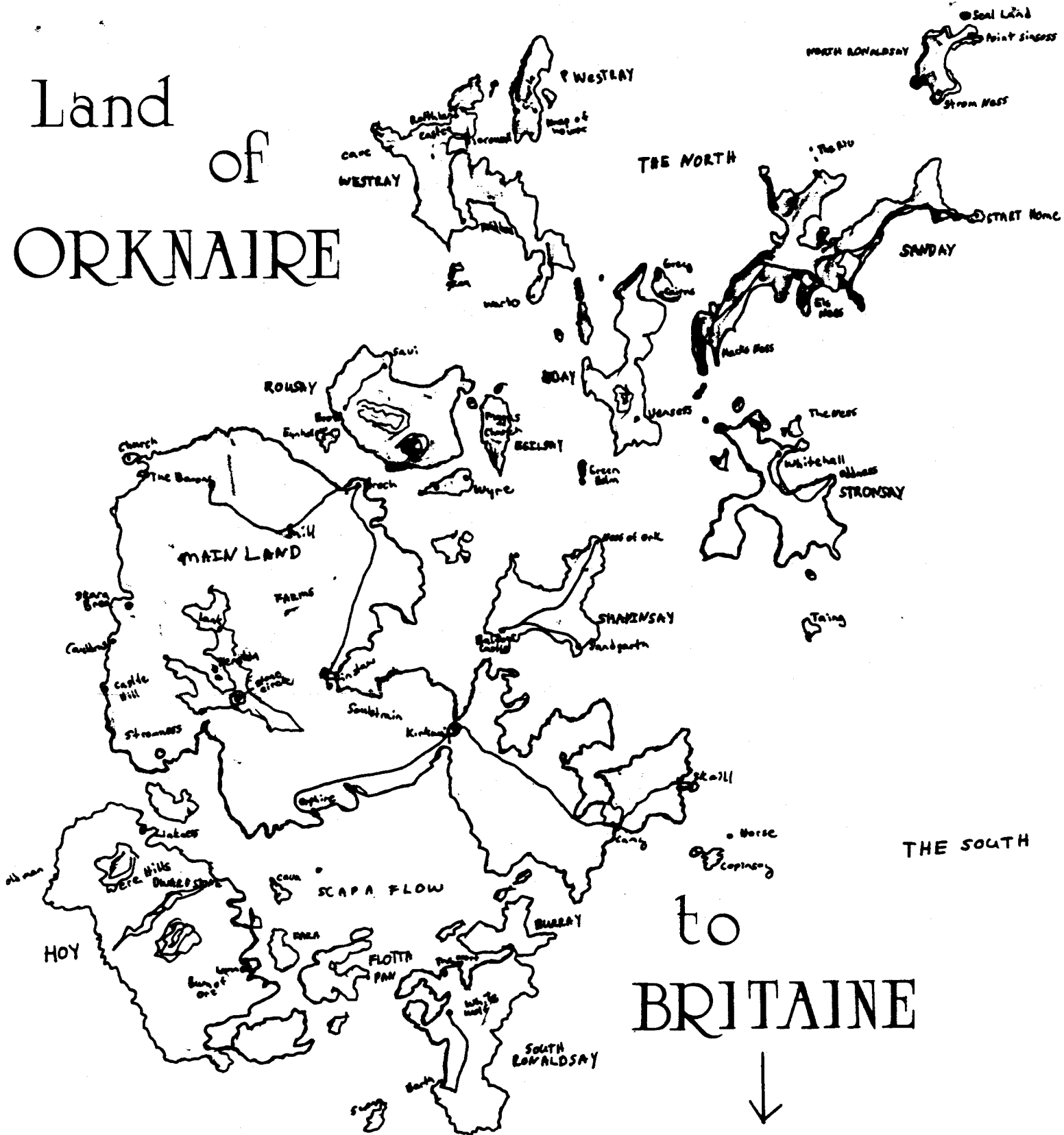


# Land of ORKNAIRE



# CATHY'S RAMBLINGS 13

Hello and welcome to your favorite late zine. Well, that is is you don't play games in here and if you do play games in here, then just add a week or two to the deadline and don't expect your results out until then. Things seem to be changing in these last few issues. I hope for the better. More chat and that should make Dolton happy anyways. More letters from you lot and that makes me happy. we could have quite a few interesting discussions started if I'm lucky.

I want to keep this part fairly short. The spring is finally beginning to show itself. I only freeze a little bit on the way to work. Not bad. Work is becoming more frantic, but I'm glad I'm not working in binding at the moment. This is tax season and I do work in a Accounting firm. Things go crazy at this time of the year. Still I float along as best I can. Working Saturday's isn't bad, if I was still in binding I would be working late everynight and working Saturdays.

And now the big news. Yes, Eric and I have finally set a date. May 24. Sadly I won't be able to see Scott and Frauke at thier con, but I guess getting married is more important. Eric, stop that don't pinch me like that! Ok, ok, I'll say it getting married IS MORE IMPORTANT! (Actually, I don't know what Eric will say when he reads this. He'll probably kill me.)

I think I'll end this here and start the hobby news. There is quite abit of it/ It has something to do with going to press once every two months I guess. I hope I'll cover most everything. Atleast the things I think are important.

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## HOBBY NEWS

**HOBBY SERVICES:** We have two new Orphan Service representatives. Keith Sherwood for the west coast and Jim Burgess for the east coast. Both Scott Hanson and Dick Martin have stepped down. Keith, I can't seem to find your letter anywhere in this mess. It was a great plead, but I'm not sure if you would want me to pick up any orphans. You can contact Keith at 8866 Cliffridge, La Jolla, CA 92037 or Jim-Bob Burgess at 100 Holden St, 3rd left, Providence, RI 02908. If you are a GM, let them know if you will help them and take orphaned games. If you are a player and think your GM has left town, (best to give me three weekss before you complain about me), write to them and let them know about the problem. They can't help if they don't know the problem exists.

Robert Sacks is compling a list to createa Zine Directory on behalf of the New York game board and as a part of the Known game openings project. It will also have information regarding orphans capability. He will put out two issues a year. Deadlines of May 1 and November. For further information please contact Robert Sacks , 4861 Broadway 5-V, NY, NY 10034

For the European publishers who recieve this. I wish to inform you that the information I had on your zines has gone to Bruce Lindsay and should be in the Zine Register that Roy Hendricks will put out sometime in the future.

**HOBBY POLLS:** The most important Poll is the 1985 LIFER POLL!!! This is kind of a take of from the Rusty Bolts awards. You may vote for five nominations in each category. Then you vote again for those who mad e the final ballot. The categories are 1. The Dirtist fold 2. Hobby Genius 3. Most Boring Topic 4. Most improved zine 5. Best zine for games other than Diplomacy 6. Best zine for Hobby New 7. Best letter Column 8. Best game other than Diplomacy or variants. 9. Biggest Hobby Personality 10. True Hobby Master. The deadline for nomination is April 20, 1985 Send your votes to Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Drive, Greenbrae, CA 94904-1339. This should be a fun poll.

The information for the Runestone poll. The deadline for voting is June 29, 1985. As you can see you have a lot of time yet. You may send your votes to Bruce Linsey, 73 Ashuelot St., Apt 3, Dalt MA 01226 or to Pat Conlon, P.O. Box 17014, LSU, Baton Rouge, LA 70893. You vote on a 1-10 scale for any zine and sub-zne that have seen more then two issues from April 1, 1984. If you want further information, I would suggest contacting one of the two mentioned above.

**NEW ZINES AND OLD ZINES:** There is a new Canadian zine out called excelsior. In lay-out and looks it reminds me of Prisoner of War, which was Psychopath. Very nice looking. He's running some telephone Dip games at the moment! He has openings in regular Diplomacy and International Diplomacy. Game fees are \$3.00. Subs are \$7.00 for 10 issues for the U.S.. He's also running a rather silly Poll that I don't quite understand. These silly Canuks. What would we do without them. Write to Bruce McIntyre 6191 Winch St., Burnaby, B.C., Canada. V5B 2L4.

There is also the Canadian Diplomat put out by Robert Acheson, C/o Echo Bay Mines, Lupin, Northwest Territories, X0E 1M0 Canada. There are no game fees and I believe Robert still has openings in two game of regular Diplomacy. Sub fees are two issues for one dollar, but I believe that is in Canadian dollars. Any difference for us yanks, Robert? It's nice to see some new Canadian zines out. For awhile with the folds they had, I was worried how they would manage.

From Britain I have gotten two new zines. Both seems very interesting and filled with information and chat. I loved the opening comments from Jacob Knee one of the editor of Up-Tight:

"The turn-around time is the one thing which we are not too sure about - it's taken us 6 months to produce this issue - and I think that makes us the most inefficient zine in the whole of the postal hobby! Still we hope that we will be able to improve on this time significantly in the future. All-in-all this sounds rater dubious I must admit, but please bear with us, since things can only improve!" So you see what kind of background I'm coming from. The first issue of up-tight was interesting including politics, and an illustrated EnGarde! campaign. If interested I would suggest contacting Dave Knee at 144 Bulkington Rd, Bedworth, Warks, CV12 9EB England.

The other zine is Hacking Times by Dylan Harris, 76 Haddo House, Haddo Street, Greenwich, London SE10, England. It's filled with information in a scruffy form. It has a leaning towards varients from the issue I recieved. Even lists all the varients and discription of them and includes a varient Dylan had created called Executive. I would suggest writing to Dylan for sub information for American.

# LETTERS

**TOM TWEEDY:** ...don't you dare lay the blame for Clutterbuck on me! I swear it's an American ruse to infiltrate and decimate the British hobby as we know it. You Americans have always been jealous of our British spunk in forcing friendly chatzines down the throats of our readership. I say Clutterbuck is an American spy. Who's paranoid?  
 ((Well, Luck never did write back. I must have scared him off or you didn't send him the check you promised him. Hm, de, hm.))

**Brian Dolton:** Dave Greenlee sounds...umm.. interesting. A devoted member of fandom who can't seem to quite decide which fandom to be a devoted member of...well that's how it comes over. His mention of the survival game is interesting. Something like it has just started up in this country. I must admit I'm interested in trying it -and I am most definitely a pacifist. I suspect the arguments about whether it makes you more prepared to kill people and accept war are like those on pornography and violence in the media - some say it acts as a catharsis, others as an incentive/incitement. The truth of the matter, surely, is that in some cases it acts as a diversion of those desires )equals "good thing" - if they're doing it in play they won't do it for real), while for other people it acts merely to interest them in doing it for real (equal "bad thing"). This seems to me to be obvious. I suppose it would be nice to know what sort of proportion of the two types there are, though, but most surveys seem to try and prove that everybody is one way inclined or the other, Silly.

**Richard Anderson:** It's interesting that both you and Dave Greenlee should bring up the Survival Game, as I'd just played it for the first time only a few days before your ramblings arrived. As you might already know, the object is to capture the opposing team's base. Each player is armed with a gas-powered pistol which shoots pellets of paint. These pellets usually burst on impact (splat!) but if they don't a nice lump can result. Goggles are worn to prevent eye injuries. When hit you're considered dead, with no chance for reincarnation until the next game. We squeezed six games into one (exhausting) day.

The playing field in our area is about 10 acres in size and heavily wooded. This creates a lot of uncertainty regarding the movement of friend and foe, making for exciting battles with ambushes, feints and an occasional all-out charge. I'm not sure, though, if the game is as innocuous as its proponents claim. The analogy to warfare is direct and obvious - similar tactics, weapons, clothing. And while I don't believe this analogy is necessarily negative, I can see how it might reinforce those dreams of glory upon which militarism feeds. Still, it's a helluva lot of fun and I'll definitely play again.  
 ((Just curious, Richard, what kind of a grouping do you get. What kind of people seem to show up? It seems to be like it would be fun as well, but Richard, you never really mention how you feel it will affect you, good or bad or no effect at all. Maybe you can let us know some more next time, I think it's time to let DAVE take over and explain things.))

**Dave Greenlee:** You asked me to comment upon the Survival game. This is my second try at that project, my first one being much too long and too defensive. I play because the game is fun, with a slight touch of actual risk. As such, it is somewhat analogous to riding some of the more violent rides at amusement parks or, perhaps, playing poker. The risk comes from the ability of the paint pellets (which are about 1/2 inch in diameter and accurate to 30 yards) to leave a dark, quartersized bruise if you're hit on bare or thinly-protected skin. The fun comes from the skill I've developed in camouflage and stalking.

There have been complaints against hunters for years centering around the argument that the animals they hunt cannot effectively defend themselves against a hunter's sophisticated weaponry and human intelligence. Without commenting upon the validity of that argument, the reverse is certainly true for the Survival Game. When you're out there on that field, you know that your opponent is the deadliest animal to ever walk the face of the earth. Even though there's little at stake, and the forces to be used are vastly less than deadly, you know that the only way you are going to win is to use your own abilities at their highest possible level. The same is true of the game's progenitor, the game of capture-the-flag. The guns and camo serve to increase the physical area in which you are a threat to your opponents and to increase the tension under which the game is played.

Does the game make the players more warlike? Perhaps in the sense that young children playing "soldier" or "cowboys" learn to be killers. One thing, however, is certain; these are not thinly disguised paramilitary training schools. In fact, you don't receive any training beyond how to make the gun work. Through experience, one does develop some skill in stalking and avoidance, but if there's been any training on how to set explosives or fire weapons that shoot anything other than paint, I've missed them. Perhaps someone would suggest that the killer instinct is developed when, beyond pointing a toy rifle and yelling "bang, you're dead," one becomes calloused to the concept of actually firing a projectile at someone. That may be true, but not many of us make it through adolescence without throwing a snowball, flinging a wad of paper, shooting a dart gun or a peashooter, or chunking a clod at someone. Does firing that projectile from something that looks like a firearm make a difference? Even though the report is a dull thud instead of a bang? I'm sorry, but I just don't buy it. There is a distinct, quantitative and qualitative difference between the Survival Game and anything involving real violence. I do admit that the appearance of a bunch of people wearing military camouflage and carrying guns is a bit misleading. With our faces painted or covered with camo nets, we wouldn't want to walk into our neighborhood convenience store with guns in hand. This, is, however, one more instance where there are a lot of people rendering opinions concerning something that they know nothing about except the appearance it presents to the world.

((Isn't that true on so many things. It is not what we know that we fear, it is what we don't know. A person looks at a punk rocker or a biker and says "bad person" they don't stop and find out what that person is like. There is the image of "bad". Someone sees these grown men dress up in war uniforms and running about shooting each other and they say, "bad, violence, harming the system" It was the same when I first started playing D&D years ago. No one knew what was going on. They would hear us talk about how we killed this man and then had to rip his stomach open to find the jewel he had swallowed. They think we actually dress-up and go through these actions. But this I could go on about and I'm out of room here.))

# 3 MORE LETTERS

**Jim-Bob Burgess:** I love Dave Greenlee writes some about the Civil War too. I've been very interested in that lately. You really know anything about Lincoln's assassination, outside of the basic conspiracy, that's really surprising? I hope you haven't been reading that disgust book by the people who made the Search for Noah's Ark films, etc.

((Well, what do you want to know? I don't believe that there was anything to it except for the planning of John Wilks Booth and his followers. Of his followers, I could tell you that Lewis Powell, Alias Lewis Paine, the man who tried to kill the Secretary of State and only made a bloody mess of the whole thing, knifing and hitting everyone in the house, tried to kill himself by bashing his head against the wall of his cell. So they put a padded hood on his head to keep him from killing himself. I could mention that the only time Lewis Paine talked during the trial was to say that Mary Surrert(I can't remember the spelling off hand)) was innocent of the whole thing. She was hanged. The first woman to be hanged by the U.S. Government. Part of her seeming guilt was that Lewis Paine just happened to show up on her doorstep the night she was taken in for questioning. He had missed the place he was suppose to meet Booth, his partner, David Harrod, I believe had run scared and left him behind. He had just spent two days in a tree hiding from the law and didn't know where else to go. Well, I could go on but I won't. As for your other question, I'll let Dave answer.))

**DAVE GREENLEE :** In Civil War reenacting we actually shoot at one another with real guns, albeit with blank charges. The philosophy there is, however, very different from that in the Survival Game, though nonetheless benign. More about that in my next letter.

((I hope Gary Hughs is reading this or Mike Dean. I believe Gary is involved with the reenactments of civil war too. Not quite the same Civil War, as they are English types you know. Well, not Mike, no he only lives there! Anyways, if you two have anything to add I would olve to hear it.))

**ALAN STEWART:** Good news for Brian Dolton! There is no rule against beginning a sentence with "But"! The idea that there is such a rule is a "superstition": Fowler's Modern English Usage (2nd ed.; 1968) (p. 69, p. 606)

((Thank you Alan. Well, I did something right. Not very many things, but...))

**JAMES WALL:** Jim-bob is correct. When you distanced yourself from politics you lost a rather extensive topic for letters. Granted given that I'm a political science Grad student the political stuff was always of interest to me, but what else is there for people who I've no contact with at all outside of your little ziny to talk about. We could all complain about all the hate that is filling our mailboxes in the American hobby. We could complain about person's X and Y on any given topic. We could even talk about belly-button lint I guess. Hope I'm making this point clear. You don't even include editorials for people to criticize you on. In a nutshell, you are simply too nice to criticize and you are about as controversial as apple pie. Shake the earth kid. ((Can't I don't have the room and I'm a wimp! So it goes

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## FATHER KNOWS LESS

Yep! By popular demand, CR's 1st, and favorite subzine is back. No, not in a big way, nor may it be regularly produced, but it is here now, so enjoy it.

This thing is put out by me, John Caruso, Cathy's ever loving Dad. If you care to write to me, or comment about what you see in print, you can send the mail to me at 160-02 43Ave Flushing, NY 11358 USA, and I'll either answer you in a letter, or in the letter column.

I seem to have gotten off on the wrong foot the 1st time around with the Brits. They mistook my style to be serious, it was not. Like Mark Berch would say- that's their problem. But seriously, all my comments weren't meant to do anything but stir a responce.

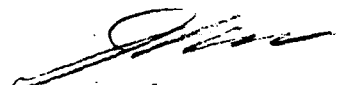
Since Cathy mentioned that she is having a problem with responce to the zine, lets try some- thing. How about an open discussion? I'm game if you all are. You can send your ideas and replies me, or Cathy. Now, on to the topics, of interest and concern for all of us in the world today.

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ARMS RACE? THE STAR WARS ANTI MISSILE DEFENSE SYSTEM PROPOSAL? THE SOLUTION TO THE ARMS RACE WOULD YOU OFFER IF YOU HAD THE MEANS TO DO SO? THE ALTERNATIVES TO NATIONAL DEFENSE, SECURITY AND AUTONOMY FOR INDIVIDUAL NATIONS WOULD YOU OFFER?**

You may send any comments you like, as long or as short as you like. I may edit out some of your material if it's too long. Typed would be better, but not necessary, tho legibility is encouraged. Due to space requirements, I may have to break the questions and your responce down to 1 or 2 topics per issue, that is if Cathy will permit the discussion here. I don't feel that these subjects are American, or British or European topics- they are a concern for the entire world. Everyone has an opinion, I'd like to hear how our brothers from around the world feel, as well as fellow Americans and Canadians.

As for my own feelings. I feel the arms race is a suicidal and ridiculous way for mankind to try to kill itself. Why does man always have to try to find new ways to kill his fellow human being, or new ways to control his neighbor. It just doesn't make sense to me. And it is not restricted to just the USA and USSR, many other countries are involved in this mad situation. Star Wars would be great, if it truly did eliminate the threat of nuclear weapons. All it is likely to do is cause more problems, and further escalation to the arms race. I also have my ideas about what kind of solution I'd offer. How about to not deploy Star Wars in return for missile cut backs on both sides. A further proposal for a build down- for every modern warhead deployed, 2 older ones are dismantled, and make it verifiable. All medium range missiles disbanded, regardless of whose they are. Land based, that is. The exchange of high level advisors, scientists and technicians between the 2 superpowers, and closer cooperation among all nations in resolving the problems of famine, education and poverty, as well as exploration of the Earth's frontiers- together and in peace. I know, I'm an idealistic dreamer. This dreamer would like to hear some of your fantasy ideas. In fact, not only will I welcome them, but I encourage them.

That's about it for now. Take care, have fun and peace.....



# THE BIG TURN OFF

by KATHY BYRNE

What is it about Diplomacy, that seems to turn women off? Not much - only about a dozen things. The moment a woman faces a dip board, she immediately decides he's got to be crazy if he thinks that I'm going to play this. This has to be worse than those stupid hex games, not only do you have to try and figure out how to play diplomacy, but then you get to really embarrass yourself in front of six strangers. Just what every woman looks forward to - making a fool of herself in front of an audience.

John, however, was convinced that I could play and the I would like it if I tried it. No way, I wanted no part of it. However, I was intrigued by the amount of mail received. I never knew anyone that got so excited by opening his mailbox. I actually started out by reading his letters and trying to figure out who was lying to him. Don't ever let it be said that women's intuition isn't a big factor in this game.

Well, now that I was reading John's mail, I had to see what happened in the games and just who was telling the truth. So I started reading two zines Ter-ran (Steve Heinowski) and LDNS (Jerry Jones). At the time, I did not realize just how friendly Steve and John were, he started writing me notes on the outside of the zine. Needless to say I managed to find something to answer, so I wrote him a letter. I was amazed he answered me, and I now found myself with the two of them working on me to join a game. Needless to say, Steve opened a game for females only. That didn't go over at all so he made it an all novice game. Talk about disaster, they all took turns attacking me, and then they resigned or dropped. I would wind up playing the game with 6 real players, and be the only novice to finish the game out. I'll always thank Mark Fassio for seeing that I survived.

What made me continue, you might ask. Well, that is easy, I'm a real Gluten for Punishment. Actually, it became a challenge to me, I couldn't believe that anyone could play as horrible as I did. I couldn't believe that anyone could fall for as many lines as I did. I needed to prove something to myself. But I have met many other woman along the way, who either won't join or they drop out. I remember Mary, she played for about four months and then she dropped, I wrote and asked her why, she said she couldn't stand opening her mail for fear that someone had stabbed her. As she said, she just couldn't hack the lying and waiting for the knife to land in her back. Others have left because they hate to write, sure they like getting the letters, but they don't answer, and they wind up getting killed. Others have left because they made crummy moves and some big jerk wrote and told them how incompetent they were. By all of this you should be able to figure out that a woman's feelings just get hurt a lot easier than a man's. They also can't find themselves as insensitive as a man, and therefore they find themselves having trouble lying, hey, even I did at first!

I think the easiest way to bring a woman into the hobby - is to ease her into it. Don't expect her to jump right into a game of Diplomacy. Let her get involved in another area first. The zines you read, can get her involved. Many zines run contests, contests of general knowledge or on sports or literary ones. There is no rule an article on politics or records, anything that she may be interested in, give it to her to read. If she wants to write something in about it, encourage her to do so. Many a woman has gotten involved by starting out just like that.

Once you see her taking an interest, try to assure that her first contact with the hobby is a good one. If she decides to sign up for a game, make sure that she picks a GM who will run the game on time. Personally, everytime a novice writes and asks me to recommend a GM, I always recommend Steve Heinowski. Not only did he run my first games in a good manner. He also took time out to explain things that I didn't understand. If her first game, is under some fly by night, she may wind up turned off to Diplomacy forever. Any novice who finds their first game orphaned and in limbo for quite a while doesn't usually attempt a second one.

It is harder to get women into the hobby, so if you can lure them in, assure them a good first game. Personally, I think this is a good hobby for a woman, but remember I was just as turned off as the rest of the female population when I was introduced to it.

((Thank you Kathy, very much. I had to laugh, do you know my very first GM in the states was Woody? I wonder why I'm still about now. I had fun under Woody and that was the most important thing, I guess))

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE HARP AND THE BLADE  
by John Myers Myers

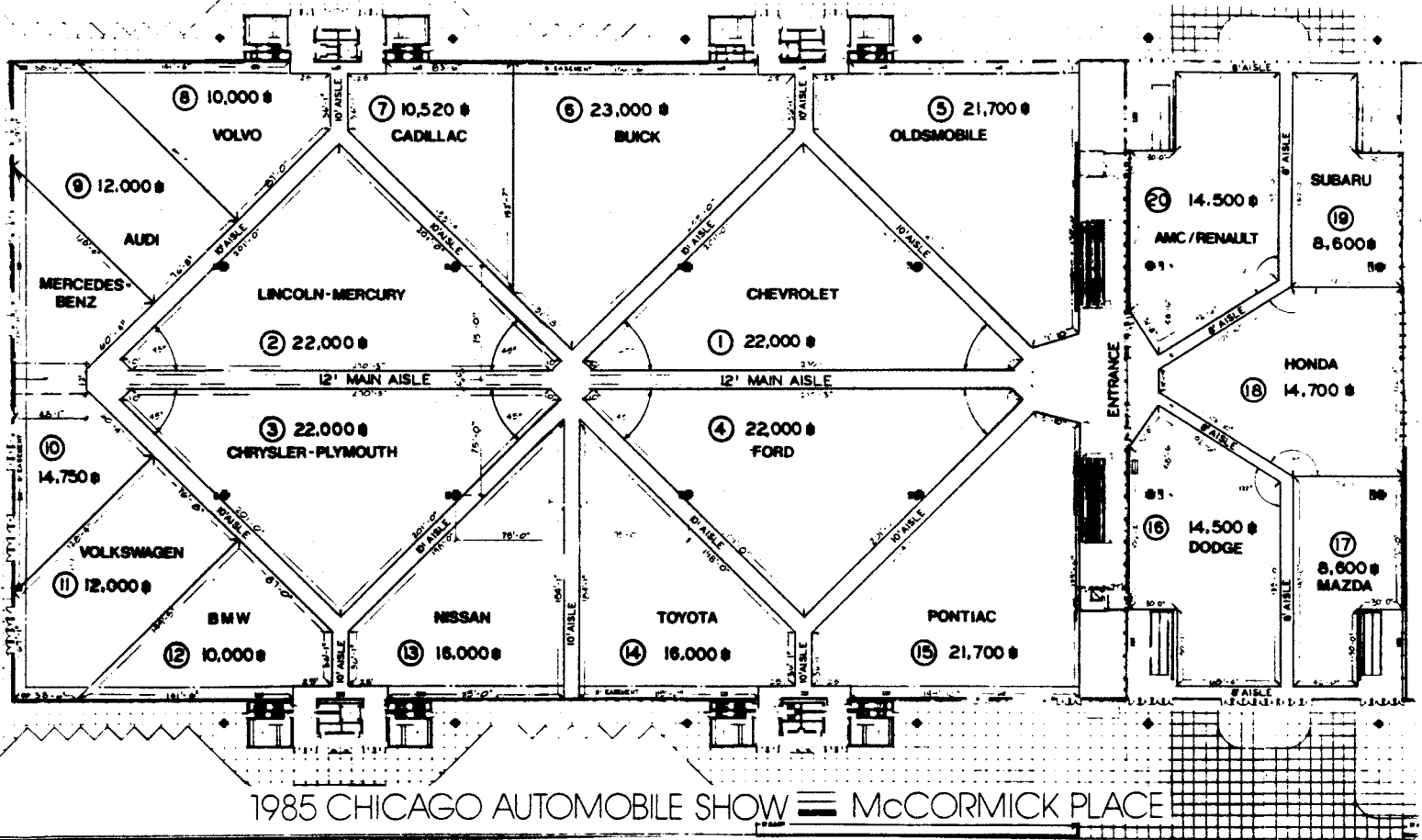
and

THE HARP OF IMACH THYSEL  
by Patricia C. Wrede

Eric teases me by saying that everytime a book comes out with a bard or a character playing a harp, I have to buy it right away. It's true I guess. Everyone likes a certain type of character, I happen to like Bard type characters. So when the two above mentioned books came out, Eric just groaned and said, "Oh no, not another one!" But these two were interesting.

I'll start with John Myers. The cover doesn't give a true picture. It says "A fantasy of Druidic England". They never go to England, this is set in France at the time of the Dark ages I believe. What I liked about this book more than anything else was it's historical feel. Even the battle scenes were good and logical for the time. The main character drifts from place to place trying to avoid conflicts and trying to get some coin in his pockets. But he is dragged into the feudal dream. Land and honour and a good woman by your side. All the things he has avoided up to this point. The character seems realistic. As the son younger son of a great lord, it is possible that he could have been trained in the use of weapon and been trained in an abbey in reading and writing and music. They stretch it a bit far with all the languages he seems to know. Mind, at that time there would be many different languages spoken, but I think he pushes it a bit far. Other than that it is a very realistic view of what a minstrel would be like in the time setting, don't be put off by the cover.

Patricia Wrede. I have read all her other books and quite like her writing. It is simple and flowing. She usually has many characters and plots going on and jumps you from one to another. This could be very annoying, but she doesn't leave you there very long. You take a glance and then jump into the main story. This book does good to show the class differences, but she goes too fast in this case. You hardly know the character and the story is done. Still it's simple and nice.



The 77th annual Chicago Auto Show is the largest event of its kind in the world, where every car maker is represented with their wares for '85. Two floors of cars and trucks are put on display every year to lure prospective buyers at McCormick Place, the huge convention center on Chicago's lakefront. This year there was more of everything used to sell us those cars: More video & live demonstrations, more magic shows and more sexy models (the women, not the cars, Woody). One small thing overlooked which everyone needed more of is more money to buy those cars. The prices, as usual, are higher every year.

My friend Dan White, Cathy & I went there for a look on a snowy February Sunday. The snow and bitter wind off the lake didn't stop the hordes of people from showing up. Dan and I've gone each year ever since our high school started taking the kids who got good grades— from '77 onward. This was to be Cathy's very first auto show and Dan called her an "Auto Show Virgin" because Cathy would wander around, picking up EACH and EVERY brochure from all the exhibits we visited. Then she found the Subaru display and a Subaru bag to put it all in. You'd think she was shopping for a new car. Dan explained Cathy's behavior:

"Yeah, when I was an Auto Show Virgin I picked up all that junk too, but not anymore— uh, Cathy, you missed one." He pointed to a stack of colorful booklets at Chevrolet. Thinking back I recalled I did the same. Somehow the magic's worn off.

We spent most of our time on the upper level, checking out all the cars— oooching and aaahing over some, making fun of others. The most fun for me is sitting inside the new cars— such a feeling of luxury. Couldn't sit in a Caddy or BMW, the doors were locked— to keep lowlifes like me out. Dan's past that stage and doesn't sit in any car. But he does check out the women.

At the Volkswagen showcase a demonstration man in a lab coat announced to the ever-increasing crowd to gather around him so he could tell us all the wonderful things about Volkswagen's new models, Golf and Jetta. He first explained to us ignorant Americans what a liter is and what it has to do with engine displacement and showed us by pouring a beaker of water into four clear plastic engine cylinders. "New Golf and Jetta has a powerful 1.8 liter gas or diesel engine."

Then he showed us a hydrodynamic device to demonstrate aerodynamic drag. The egg shaped blue car beat the boxy red car in a race down the water filled tubes. "Little girl, which car do you think won?" Uh, duh, no answer in the split second he allowed the child. "That's right! The blue car because Golf and Jetta are more aerodynamic than the red, flashy shape."

Then the fun part begins when he asks for a young lady from the audience to assist him. Guess who? Cathy. He asked her if she could trust anyone with her purse (I got the job) then helped her onto a platform and ~~look off her clothes~~ sat her in the driver's seat of a silver Jetta with the doors off. He asked Cathy if all the panel equipment and gauges were conveniently placed. "Everything O.K. Cathy? Yuk, yuk." Then the salesman, saying he was six feet tall, sat in the backseat and asked Cathy to move her seat ALL THE WAY BACK, to demonstrate how much extra leg room and clearance there was in the rear. He had ample space. Next I was expecting him to REALLY show us how big the back seat was...but instead he played us a video with the Golf racing around mountain curves. "Hold onto the wheel Cathy and hit the gas! We're going for a ride to see how Golf and Jetta handle!" Cathy did everything she was told like a good girl, gripping the steering wheel and putting her foot to the gas peddle. "Oh, look out Cathy!" The little video car goes off the cliff. "I'm sorry folks, Cathy's dead."

Our friendly Volkswagenman also showed us how large the Jetta trunk is by waving a specially molded gas tank under our noses and taking out of the trunk a dozen pieces of luggage + a bird cage with two stuffed parrots in it named Golf and Jetta. And I bet with the conclusion of that corny sales pitch several people were willing to stuff him in the trunk.

Er, I don't want this to turn into a Volkswagen commercial, but if the car can last as long and be as reliable as they boast, for \$8,000 the Jetta is a good buy. Finding spare parts could be a hassle and expensive, but if it never breaks down who needs to worry about that, eh?

On the lower level of McCormick place is the "Den of Thieves" area, with dozens of booths like a modern day bazaar. You can buy anything ranging from auto accessories such as car wax or stereos

**DBM 48**

## DIPLOMACY BY MOONLIGHT

to other useless junk such as custom printed bumper stickers and license plate frames. Or how about some teflon coated pots and pans? Then there is some Fudge. No auto show is complete without the Wisconsinites pushing their homemade fudge. I was thinking of the Mad-Lads as I bought a half pound for Cathy and I. After all, if it wasn't for fudge, cheese and Indian moccasins (oh yes, beer too- sorry Dale) Wisconsin's economy would surely collapse.

Cathy's favorite car she saw is the Mazda RX7. I think the Chrysler Laser is very sharp. Dan never mentioned if he had a favorite, after all he just bought an '83 Thunderbird.

The "DICK" award goes to GMC for the name they gave their 4-wheel drive truck, called the "Jimmy." Who the hell is going to buy a truck named Jimmy? Also the most ugly car had to be the German built Mercury Merkur.

Next Up: STICKER SHOCK, when Americans pass out from the price tag. New car prices are out of sight, and it takes four or five years to pay it off if you don't have a large down payment. The average price of an American mid-size car is \$10 grand with the smallest Japanese imports coming in around \$7. The lowest I think is the Ford Escort/Mercury Lynx for under \$6. A Cadillac El Dorado goes for around \$25,000- hell, that's half of a house. Those prices except for the Caddy are for cars which are stripped, without fancy exterior trim, air conditioning and stereo cassette. Options on a car can add up to \$4,000 to the base price. The trouble with many people is they are infatuated with technology, wanting every nifty gadget and accessory, especially if it's electronic. I would not want to go deep into debt for "all the toys."

The car I first bought and still own is a '78 Mercury Cougar with some 83,000 miles on it. It is a big green battleship gas guzzler, but it's never stranded me, taken me to many dip-conventions. It would sure look out of place on some of Britain's back roads if it would fit on them at all. For these past four years I've had it, with a little love and a lot of money. It ought to last me another five, for what else can possibly go wrong on it when everything's been replaced? Despite the cost and sometimes aggravation of maintaining an older car, I feel it all pales in comparison to shell out the BIG BUCKS to purchase and insure a new one. To beat the dealer one should try to keep his car as long as possible, you never get your money back at trade-in time. The car companies want you to buy a new car every 3-4 years. It keeps the economy rolling. Keep this in mind if you ever get the itch: "A car is like a marriage. Till death do us part."

\* \* \* \* \*

ERRATA: Corrections to the Milwaukee New Year's Con article. It was Debbie Peters' younger sister Lisa who coined Rauterberg's new nickname "Roadworm." And when Paul was high on mushrooms he was floating inside a 19th century impressionist painting.

How about some letters. First up, MARK FRUEH: "Last Sunday night [Feb 10th] we had an ice storm- as I was driving the salt truck over the hill- my shotgun said, "You're going to lose it." I never had it! 7 tons of sliding destruction! Many things came to mind- but only two words were uttered, "OH - SHIT!" I took out a mailbox- just about to go head to head with a street light when I let off the brake and gunned the truck into a 360- missing the light but not sparing a bush, another mailbox, and finally mercy killing a small tree. St. Louis County Mailbox Destruction Force was in action! What a good Diplomacy tactic- wipe out the opposing players mailbox and scratch those postal results for a while.

"Final Conflict- Sorry Chinese Charlie- I'm sorry- really- breaks me up! Well, at least I have decided to kill Anderson too! You're not alone. Why not go after L.A. or Mexico- death may not be so gloom by pissing Dave off as you go. I know- I know- you'll get me for this someday- I deserve it too! Right now I'm enjoying myself too much! MadLads were meant to play F.C.!"

[I'm glad somebody is enjoying himself. Believe me it's not enjoyable sitting in a pile of radioactive ashes. I kept asking myself, "That....MADLAD! Why?" I'm saving my money to nuke you back. Final Conflict is Tom Swider's nuclear Diplomacy variant, and Mark's Pan Arab League bombed my China a second time. Mark, I'm flipping you the bird and my middle finger is glowing.

I know how big those salt trucks are. But most of the snow has missed us, dropping in on Coughlan instead.]

KEITH SHERWOOD: "Eric, I'm honored to be included among the "Second Six" - great name! I always felt a bit on the outside of the Claw & Fang / Le Front clique of you, Olsen, Mazzer and Stafford. But as I said, I'm truly honored to be worthy of the Old Guard title.

"You want fun, go to Disneyland on Shrooms. Dora went up on a charter bus two years ago- five minutes away from the parking lot, all conversation stops and all you can hear is the rustling of baggies.

"Echo and the Bunnyman are great. Far better group from Liverpool than Flock of Seagulls. I like their (Echo) new single, Seven Seas."

[Good tune. My particular favorites though are Killing Moon and Show of Strength. I forgot about Scott "Munchkin" Hanson. He should be included in this exclusive clique too. Keith publishes the new "Dipzine of the Eighties" The Inner Light and is going to college in San Diego. What are you majoring in, Keith? Partying?]

BOB OLSEN: "Now Eric, what is this nonsense about Oldfield and Camel and Art-Rock? Surely you realize by now that I don't like Art-Rock; in fact gave it up when ELP went down the tubes. Give me the shadowed landscapes of Joy Division any day. Now there are boys after my own heart...none of this arty stuff, just the decay of Western civilization and that's all.

"Check out "Schizophrenic Circus" by the Red Rockers if you like Big Country. They've got the Big Sound down pat.

"I didn't care much for "Unforgettable Fire" at first, then I discovered that I couldn't seem to get it off the turntable so I decided I liked it after all. It's just so different from the earlier stuff that it takes some getting used to. Just think, had they continued as they were going, they could have been the next Spinal Tap."

[I guess they could have been- but with God looking over their shoulders they'd never do a Christmas With the Devil. I'll never forget my Art-Rock roots: Renaissance, Genesis and Fairport Convention. Rauterberg rediscovered early Horalsips. But Art-Rock for the most part is no more, so The Sleaze converted me to U2.]

RICHARD ANDERSON: "By the way, Eric Ozog's (is that really his name?) review of U2 provoked me into contemplating (a) why girls are so short in the Midwest, and (b) the sorry state of rock and roll. The latter can probably be attributed to those Japanese of pop, the British. Sure, the Brits have been able to take tired musical cliches and twist them so that they're interesting again. Problem is, things have been twisted so much they're all but taken blood from a stone. Look what's left: Duran Duran. Boy George. The essence of rock is fun, which means unpretentious, which means human, and which finally means anti-establishment. But now the high sheriffs of fashion are back in town and all the naughty kids are under lock and key. Or dead. Where does U2 fit into all this? Don't know. Great dance music though."

[And if they're not dead or locked up, they're in the insane asylum like Pink Floyd's Sid Barret. That's right- humanistic music from the soul, composed by those mentally deranged. Choke on your own vomit like Hendrix. Or booze and a staircase don't mix like Sandy Denny. A few years ago I thought everything's been said and done with Rock. Luckily for me there always seems to be a new sound coming about, even if it's old twisted into the new. As long as it sounds good and makes you feel good, who cares? Music can be an addiction- don't sell off your worn out cut-outs, melt the vinyl down and shoot it up into your veins. Girls of the Midwest are so short because of the awful winters.]

# World of Orknaire

Well, Just in case you didn't notice, the cover of this issue is the Map of Orknaire. Orphire is on the southern coast of the Mainland. It's not too far from Kirkwail or from the Lakes. Please don't hit me up with questions about every spot on the map. I will be doing histories of each of the islands and the main cities there, but at the moment I only have a vague outline and that is mainly in my head. Next time, I hope to have a city map of Orphire to give you. For now I will try to give you an outline of the City.

Orphire exist on the southern coast of the Mainland. Those who can not find work in Kirkwail go there and those who are trying to escape Kirkwail go there. There is a mystry about the town. It's histo: goes back far, but the fires have destroyed some of it's history. It is a retreat place, in case of an attack on Kirkwail. In that respect, the nobility have high walls about their houses and the largest is the Duke's house. But now it stands empty. The Duke has far more dealings in Kirkwail. It's chief attraction to outsiders is the ruins of the Churches. Four of them. Temples to the Gods of Fire, Air, Earth and water. The current church stands on the Northern tip of Town. It is to Libra, goddess of the scales and balance. So far there as been no destruction, but the ruins of the other temples, make men weary of this Goddess. Very few houses stand by the fifth church and those are of believers or men and women who are so poor that they have nothing to loose. The first church exists in the center of town. This was to Raven of the Air. God of the Air. Long ago his church came to ruin. About the remains are the central slums. The houses here were large, but old and decay has settled in. Most people avoid this area. Aidan, Goddess of Fire was the second Church. This area is to the west of the central slums and past the markets. The Red Lion is on the outer edges of this area. This ~~area~~ is called the open slums. Many of the buildings here have courtyards in the center where once great Fires burned. The belief was that Aidan was angry at Raven and caused his Church to burn. The people believed if they worshipped fire they could not be harmed by it. They were wrong. The third god was Meredydd, god of the water. His church was build on the coast and his rule was the longest. Great houses were built in this area. People felt safe from fire while they believed in the god of water. But his end was the most violent. The sea storm only made the fire worst and some of the Markets were hurt as well. The fourth church was to Hertha, goddess of earth. The buildings were made of stone in this area and suffered little damage from the fire when it came. This area is the most popular for so much of it remains and the lower class has not taken over the ruins yet.

I expect, once you see the map of town, you will have many more questions. It also should be mentioned that there is an active underground against the Britaine's/ Some men, traders and storekeepers, like the Rule of the Britaine's, but the local nobility and some of the lower classes resent it and would like to see all the Britaine's die in the sea where they come from. Few people from Orknaire have been to Britaine and thus more knowlegde of these people is hard to find. You know Morcar is a hard ruler but he is your own, while Arthur is many miles away and none of you have even seen this so called King, who claims rule over your land and collects taxes and demand's armies for his wars.

I'm going to list the players I have now and thier character's name. Some people expressed interest but never sent me back the updated character sheet and thus I could not do thier history or give them any family background. If you don't want to play or it seems different then what you were looking for, let me know. I have other people on the waiting list who might like to try. But, for now, here you are:

Torel: Steven Courtemanche, 14 Lionel Ave, Fitchburg, MA 01420

Thane Palingstar: James Wall, 1805 University Ave. # 5, Madison, WI 53705

Eric, or street name Loki: Daniel Scott Palter, P. O. Box 72, Cedarhurst, NY 11516

Crysilda: Melinda Ann Holley: P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727

Hannibal: John Caruso, 160-02 43rd Ave, Flushing, NY 11358

The following players have signed up, but have not gotten thier character sheets back to me. I'm still holding a place for them. In some cases, Peter and Brian, the mail may have slowed things up, but George I would like to hear something from you...

Peter Groome  
Brian Dolton  
George Grassle

If these three do not pick up thier characters, then my people on the waiting list may have the remaining spaces:  
Keith Anderson, Don Swartz and John Norris.

You may write to each other and figure out group plans or whatever. I see no reason why your characters could not interact with each other. Your friendship levels with the NPC's may effect how you feel towards each other. As I introduce each character, you should be able to know which of the PC you will get along with and which ones you won't. You may still deal with each other. Some of the characters Thane and Torel could not exist and make a living without dealing with the other characters and Eric would have problems as well. I'll leave it up to you to find more details about each other, but try to role play this. Some of you have dark pasts and you wouldn't tell it to anyone just because you thought it was interesting.

But for now, I shall take you once again to the Red Lion and give you a chance to shape history. Oh, I seem to have some extra space here. If you have any questions, I will try to answer them. Orknaire is forming all the time in my mind and there are many fussy area's still. If you want to try something, set up a certain business, do try. If I think it could exist, I will allow it. I might change some of it to fit the area and time, but you might still get something close to what you want. Also, don't get too hung up on points. This is more roleplaying and you'll do better the more you act as your character would. Well, I think I have wasted some more space. Now I think I can go on with the story.



# Orknaire Chapter 2

Thane walked into the room. A small, dark man with brown hair and brown eyes. He was young, only 20, but there seemed to be more age in his face. His cloths were grey and his Main Ganche and the dagger were plain for all to see. This man used speed instead of force. It was known that if you wanted information, Thane was the man to get it from. He had collected a group of orphan children, who aided him in his tasks. None of them were with him now. He looked about the room briefly and then walked purposely towards the back of the room. Carmaira and the boy, Hector were in the back, Of the room.

Malcolm saw Thane walking towards him. He had no great love for Thane. He considered Thane to be a cocky little S.O.B., who thought he was too good for the rest of the town. Even managed to become buddy, buddies with that Bastard Brand. Still, he had to keep his word to Carmaira if he wanted any food tonight or had hopes of seeing his own sword again.

"Thane. Thane, come here I have a deal for you."

Thane ignored Malcolm and keep walking. Hoping the man would get bored and find someone else to bother. But Malcolm would not be put off. He knew a few things too and had his connections. He knew the one thing that could get Thane's attention.

"Thane, it has to do with Britaine's and killing. Things you are interested in I believe. Especially when they go together."

Thane turned at that. There was no surprize on his face. There was no feeling on his face at all. Malcolm smiled. He knew that would get Thane, maybe his luck would come back again.

Thane asked in an even voice, "What do you want Malcolm?"

"Well, if you will sit down and order a drink. I'll tell you all about it."

"Don't play games with me, I know you too well. Name me a name or a mission and then I'll consider if I should stay or not."

"How does Carmaira sound? She needs men to help her with something and has asked me to be her agent in the matter. The money matter you can deal with her about. After I have gathered the men she needs, she will tell you the mission."

Malcolm leaned towards Thane, his thick curls falling into his eyes. He was very tense and Thane could hardly bear to have the man so close to him.

He whispered, "It may have to do with the Britaines. You'd like that wouldn't you? Gives you more pleasure than Carmaira's bed doesn't it? Not that her bed is bad. I quite enjoy it there myself."

Then Malcolm felt a dagger next to his groin and it was Thane who was whispering to him. "I'll do what you want for Carm, but I don't have to deal with you. Open your mouth about Carmaira again and you really will be a woman instead of just looking like one."

Malcolm scrowled and backed off. If Only he had his own sword, but he didn't feel like wasting his time with the likes of Thane. He had to keep his energy up. Besides, he look towards Carmaira and she was talking to the Bar man. He was bring wine and food towards his table. Whatwas backing down to Thane for one moment if it meant he would eat and drink all he wished. Nothing, and his scrowl turned into a smile as he lifted his glass of wine and drank the whole glass in a single breath.

Thane watched without comment and drank his own wine slowly. Something was wrong here and he intended to find out what it was. He glanced at where Carmaira and Hector stood, but she did not look at him. He Thought of approaching her himself when someone else entered into the room.

Eric entered, a hugh man with black hair and grey eyes. He only had a dagger on his person, but his physical strength was enough to keep most people wary of him. He was known by many names. Loki to Malcolm and Thane. Eric the Bastard to Brand. He dealt with Chemistry and drugs. He used them himself as well. Brand cursed as Eric walked by, but Eric ignored him. He found a table in the corner of the room and sat down. He ordered a huge slab of meat and a jug of wine. He tore at the meat with zeal and eyed the room. He did not approach anyone.

Malcolm liked Loki. The man had brains and in this case, he might be able to help. After all, Malcolm had helped him in the past, why not return the favor. He looked at Thane, who seemed to be looking at a small brown shadow, Raven.

"Thane, if you will excuse me, I would like to discuss this matter with Eric."

Thane nodded his head. He wish to talk to Brand anyways and was quite happy to be rid of Malcolm. Malcolm glanced at the wine, before he left. Thane left first and left his unfinished part of his wine behind. With the smooth move of a Thief, Malcolm lifted the remaining wine from the table and moved to where Loki sat.

Loki said nothing, but continued to eat the meat. Malcolm wished he had brought his food as well, but just took another deep drink of the wine instead. Finally, Loki, stopped eating and regarded Malcolm for a moment. Interesting that Malcolm should come to him and be so direct.

"Malcolm, what do you want? I'm not giving out test samples today. The business hasn't been that good. That damn Brand keeps tighening down on things."

"I'm working for Carmaira at the moment and if I want another jug of wine, I figure I'd better find her another recruit. It's something to do with that boy, she's with. Hector is his name. Do you know him?"

"Of course I do."

Malcolm was shocked. "What do you mean? Even Thane doesnt' know him. How could you know?"

"Thane, my dear Malcolm, knows nothing. He thinks his group of children can find out everything. He's good, but he's not as good as me."

"Hum, I know better then to start this with you. I love to watch you do this to other people, but I don't like to be at the end of the deal."

"Do what Malcolm? What are you talking about?"

Malcolm ignored the question and instead asked a question of his own, "So are you going to do it? Will you work for Carmaira?"

Loki, sat back in his chair. He opened a bag that was attached on his belt and pulled out abit of powered. He sniffed on the powered and looked at Malcolm very carefully before he answered.

"We have several problems here. Number one, I don't make deals without knowing what I get out of them. And number two, I don't think Carm would want me to help her with her son."

## ORKNAIRE

"Her, son? Son!! Ha, Loki what are you telling me?"

"It's very simple. Hector is Carmaira's bastard son by a Britaine. It happened a long time ago and she was very young. Now the boy wants to put a claim on his father. His father wants him silenced forever and Carmaira is trying to protect her son. For that information you owe me your dagger."

"What?!? You lying bastard! I'll not give you my dagger and you know it! Goddamit Loki, for once stop trying to turn everything into a profit. I don't even believe half of what you say, so you would only earn half a dagger anyways!"

Malcolm was yelling at Loki and even Albion had turned to where he sat. Thane wondered when Loki would put his own dagger in Malcolm and make the man shut up for once. However, Loki didn't seem upset in the least. He merely looked at Malcolm with a question in his eyes and then went back to eating his meat. He would say no more without a coin to go with it and he knew that Carmaira would not want him to work her. His luck with women was poor after the start. Never could hold onto one for any extended period of time. Carmaira was just another of his failures.

Malcolm realized he would get no more from Loki. Once again, Loki had managed to win. Still he would not come out of the deal without anything. He Leaned towards Loki and asked.

"Have you noticed Brand tonight?" One hand moved towards where Brand sat and the other moved up on the table for balance. "I bet he's one you don't know what he's looking for."

Malcolm reached for his wine jug and prepared to go back to his table. Loki spoke one last time as Malcolm began to leave.

"Oh, I know what he's looking for. He's looking for his balls. That's why he has to hire men to help him find them."

Malcolm smiled at Loki and moved away. The wine jug he was holding seemed heavier then the one he had taken with him. Loki was only able to get a half glass of wine out of the jug at his table. He glanced at Malcolm, who was drinking a full glass of wine, and smiled to himself. The score was even.

The Doors opened and two peopled entered the room. One a male and the other a female. Both wore fairly nice cloths. Not the work of a common man. The male was Hannibal of Stroness. First son of Lancer, Marquis of Stroness. He was fair in complexion with light brown hair. The strangest thing about him was his eyes. He had one blue eye and one green eye. Some said this showed halfling blood, but the Line of Stroness was very pure and had always been the right hand to the Duke. There was no real explanation as to why his eyes were as they were.

The women with him was Crysilda. A beautiful young woman with fair skin and midnight black hair. She had the manner of nobility, but would not say who her parents were. The only flaw in her features was the burn marks on her arms. She came at the time of the burning of the fourth church. No one saw what happened to her, but she was seen with Albion sometime after the fire. They made quite a good team together as Crysilda was skilled in the minstrel arts.

Hannibal saw Brand and walked over to where he was sitting. Crysilda came with him. He embraced Brand as one brother to another and the big red headed man accepted the hug. He smiled at his Two friends. Reaching out his hand to take Crysilda's hand and give it a kiss. Albion started to sing a new song. One about a Princess who came from the sea and stole his heart. Crysilda smiled at Albion, but Hannibal didn't feel like sitting here all night and listening to minstrel's play. He had heard enough of them at home.

"Brand what is up? What brings you to the Red Lion and looking for swords to hire?"

"Well, I knew I could find you here Hannibal. I need some help. A certain group of merchants have approached me about the going ons on a small island not too far from here. It's not too far from Cava. They are not sure what it is. Could be a left over spot from before the spilt. A Halfling hideout. Could be a smugglers den. All they know is they have lost two ships recently in that area and have hired me to investigate."

Brand smiled at Hannibal, "With magic involved, maybe, I figured it would be easy to get you and your crystal ball to come along. Besides, I would feel safer having you at my back. I can't trust most of the scum about this place."

"I hope you don't consider me to be scum? Or Albion to be involved." Crysilda asked and was quite serious about it.

Brand answered. "You know I don't, but I'd rather not have you or Albion involved. This could be a serious problem and you can't fight with a song."

Crysilda held onto her short sword and glanced at Brand. He knew she could fight, but there was the brother instinct in him. He didn't want her hurt.

"Brand, I want to come with you, besides, I need the money!"

"If there is money involved, I would be happy to give you whatever you need and you know you can stay with me or even Albion, if it came to that."

"I don't want your help. I want to take care of myself. I can help you, I'm a good tracker and you know it."

"I was rather hoping that Torel would come. Now he's a good tracker."

"Well, you better take me, if you don't I'll just come following after you. You know how I love to follow you about."

Brand laughed and looked at Hannibal and shook his head.

"Women, tell me Hannibal, are they as difficult in Stroness?"

"Oh, they are worst, why do you think I moved away from home? Still, I would rather have Crysilda at my back then Malcolm. You know, we may need a thief on this one. I know how you hate Malcolm, but we might need his skills. Shall I try to enlist his help?"

Hate was a light word for Brand's feelings for Malcolm. They were as different as night and day. Several times, people had to stop the two of them from cutting each other's throats. But, Brand had also noted that Malcolm was missing his sword and was less of a threat. They might need his help. There was a worried look on his face, but he gave Hannibal his ok to try.

Crysilda wanted to know what Malcolm was up to. It seemed strange that he should be eating and drinking and yet lack his sword. Besides, she wanted to show Brand that she could take care of herself. The pair began to walk to the back of the room. And as they walked a small brown shadow watched

# CONTINUED

Raven had not approached anyone. She would stop by Albion when the time seemed right, but at the moment too many things were happening about Malcolm. He could be a fool at times. Now Hannibal and Crysilda were coming towards him. She knew the pair of them disliked Malcolm, so why deal with him? It would only cause trouble. And Crysilda, she only loves to rub salt into wounds. Typical that she should hang about with the half-breed, everyone knows they are made with no hearts. No, that was Malcolm talking. Malcolm, what would he do with this pair?

Malcolm watched them walk towards his table. The demi-god and the pure highness. This would be interesting. He wished Loki was with him, but he could stand on his own feet against these two.

Hannibal approached Malcolm and dropped two gold coins on the table in front of him.

"Malcolm, Brand is forming a group to investigate an island off the coast. We feel that we could use your services as well. There is more gold in it, if you come along."

Malcolm picked up the gold on the table and looked at Hannibal and then turned towards Crysilda and smiled his best rogue smile at her.

"So, Brand wants me does he? I didn't realize that gods come down and play with us mortals. You may inform Brand that the Day I work for him will be to dig his grave and not before. Unless..."

He looked at Crysilda and in a very forward manner. He leaned forward to have a better look at her and then continued his answer.

"...Crysilda would pay me in advance. I assure you that she will have no complains. No one else has. You're not too good for me are you Crysi?"

Crysilda became very cold as she looked at Malcolm. He had approach her before and knew her answer. Did he really think she would give in to him just to let him work for Brand? Brand would kill her as well as Malcolm.

"You know the answer to that question, Malcolm. Now I have a question for you. What are you doing here in the first place without your sword?"

"Carmaira has hired me to gain her some men. Carm has far better taste than you, but some day you might learn. As for you, Hannibal, she prefers men to godlings and half-breeds. No one is quite sure what you are are they?"

Hannibal had enough of Malcolm, he would not join and he wasn't going to sit about and be insulted. He looked for signs of his gold coins but they had disappeared within Malcolm's cloths. He would not get them back without taking the thief apart and he wasn't worth wasting that time and engery on.

Hannibal left, Malcolm and saw Raven watching him. He looked at Crysilda and she saw Raven too. She nodded her head in answer to his unspoken question and moved towards Raven. Raven did not back off. She wondered what Hannibal wanted. He seemed like a nice enough man. He was good with his sword, she admired him for that. It was expected though, someday he would be a Marquis and she would be lucky to have enough money to be buried when she died.

Hannibal spoke first, "And you, my lady, would you not like to earn some gold coins too?"

"I would like to earn some, if it means using my sword and skill. What are you offering?"

Raven tried to ignore Crysilda, she hoped that Crysilda was not in on the deal, but she expected that she was. Still, if the price was right, she could have a place to sleep and food to eat for awhile, without having to worry about how she was going to get her next coin. Malcolm may have taught her that life, but it was not a life that she enjoyed.

"I can not state the amount for that is Brand's matter, but I will forward you some funds if you will go."

He Handed her three gold pieces. She looked at the gold peices and looked at Crysilda. Crysilda knew she should explain something. Explain why she is here.

"Raven, I will be going too. I don't know what I have done to cause your dislike, but I will try not to do it, whatever it is."

"You could go back to wherever you came from. You would be safer there. But I will go. Just promise me, you'll not interfer with Malcolm's business."

Hannibal looked like he was taking an oath in front of the Baron.

"I promise. Malcolm can do what he wishes and I will not interfer. Now come with us. We have much to discuss."

"I will come in an hour or so but I have some business I must attend to first. I will be back in an hour."

And with that comment Raven slipped out the door and into the shadows of the night. Thane had been watching her. He had talked to Brand while Crysilda and Hannibal were recruiting Malcolm and Raven. He decided he would be better suited to work for Carmaira this once, but he wished Brand luck in his job. He saw Raven Leave and left after her acting abit drunk and tired.

Raven rounded a corner in the dark and a stiletto came out of the shadows and landed in the wall a few inches from her face. It gave her a start. She looked around for a source, but could find no one there. There was a piece of paper attached to the end of the knife. She pulled the paper off and saw writing there. She frowned for she could not read. The sword she could learn, but reading was a gift the noblity had. Perhaps Hannibal would read it for her. She put the knife in her belt and continued down the street with more caution. Who ever threw that knife could have killed her. That was no accident.

I will leave you here. I'm afraid I may have to change the style or go out on flier with part of this. I didn't really expect to take up so much space. Torel will be introduced next time and George Graessle's character sheet came in the mail today and so his character, Isis, will be introduced. Once the chracters are introduced, I hope this will move along more quickly. If you want more color to help you or give you a feel for this world, I would suggest reading the Theives' World books. The second and third books are the best. Can't remember the names of those two at the moment, but they usually say which one it is on the outside. Well, I guess that is it. In your orders next time, just mention what you would want to do next. If you want your character to say anything feel to write it down. I'm open to anything. Bye!!!

# 11 Games

International Dip 1981 HS

It's NOT DEAD YET

Winter 06/ Spring 07

## The TIDES ARE TURNING AGAINST FRANCE!!

Winter 06: Russia: Build A Sev, England: Build F Lon, . Note Russia plays one short because he had no place to build.

### Spring 07:

Russia-Palter: A Sev-Mos, A Mos-War, A War-Pru, F Bal S A Ber-Kie, A Ber-Kie, A Mun S Ber-Kie, A Sil S A Mun, F Aeg-ION  
England-Groome: A Fin-StP, F NWY-SWE, F Den-SWE, F Lon-ENG, F MAO S F Fon-ENG, F NTH S F Bel, F Bel S F HEL-Hol, F HEL-HOL  
Austria-Davies: A Bul-Con, A Boh S Russian A Mun, A Nap S A Apu-Rom, A Apu-Rome, A Pie-Mar(dis, ann), F Tyr-Tun, F Adr-Ion  
France-Pearson: F Bre-ENG, F Spa(sc) S F Tun-WMed, F Tun-WMed, F Rom-Tyh, A Tus-Pie, A Mar S A Tus-Pie, A Kie S Russian F Bal-Den nsm(Dis, ret, Ruhr, otb) A Ruhr-Bur, A Hol-Bel (dis, ret Ruhr, otb)

DEADLINE FOR SUMMER 07, Fall 07 is April 19!!

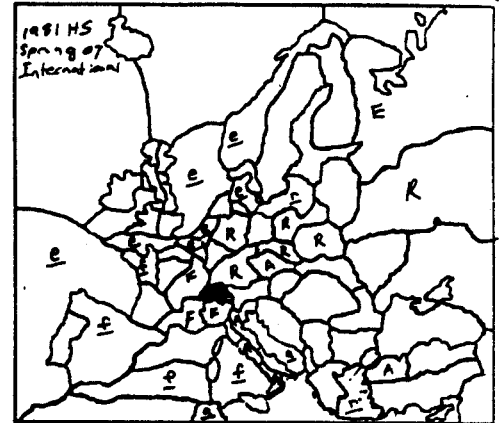
GAME NOTES: Two draws have been proposed A/E/F/R and E/R/A. Please vote with your next moves.

### Press:

Munich-London and Vienna: For my many sins of omission and of poor coordination please I beg your indulgence.

Cedarhurst-DBM: Welcome back. Glad to see another Phoenix arise from the ashes.

GM: Cathy Cuning 1526 N. Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651 USA



International Dip 1984 AX

Anarchy

Fall02

## THE SQUEEZE MOVE DOESN'T QUITE WORK!!

### FALL 02:

Russia-Holley: A Rum S A Bul, A Sil-Ber, A War-Sil, F Bla-Con, F Den-Kiel, F Sev-Bla  
Turkey-Acheson: F Con S Russian F Bla-Bul(ec)nsm, A Ank S F Con, F Aeg-Smy  
Germany-Hanson: A Ruh-Kie, A Ber S A Ruh-Kie(dis, ann), F Hol S A Ruh-Kie  
Austria-Rogerson: A Tyr S A Tri-Ven, A Tri-Ven, A Bul S Russian A Rum-Con, nsm, F Gre-Aeg, A Ser-Gre  
France-Norris: A Mun S Russian A Sil-Ber, A Bur S A Mun, A Pic-Bel, F ENG S A Pic-Bel, F MAO-Por, A Spa-Gas  
England-Cartier: A Nwy-Swe, F Ska S A Nwy-Swe, A York Wales, F NTH-Lon  
Italy-Allan?? : NMR!! A Ven H(dis, ret Pie, Tus, Rome, Apu, otb), A Tun H F EMed,H, F IOn H

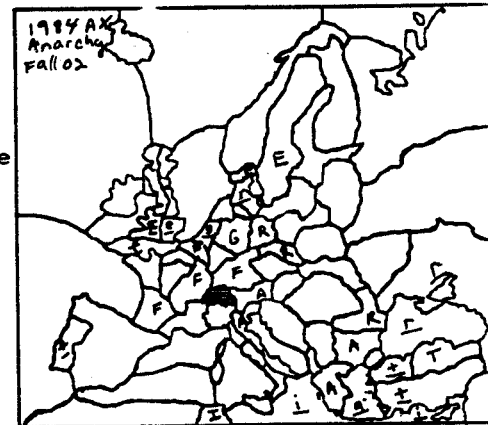
### WINTER 02 SUPPLY Center Chart

Italy: Rome, Nap Tun =3, remove 1 or even  
England: Home, Nwy, Swe = 5, build 1  
Germany: Hol, Kiel = 2, even  
Turkey: Home = 3, even  
France: Home, Bel, Mun Spain, Por = 7, Build 1  
Austria: Home, Ser, Gre, Bul Ven = 7, Build 2  
Russia: Home, Rum, Den, Ber = 7, Build 1

GAME NOTES: Would Alan Stewart, 702-25 St. Mary St., Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 1R2 Canada, please standby for Italy. Thanks Alan!! The other players are:

John Norris, 14, Clifford Road, New Barnet, Barnet, Herts, EN5 5PG England  
Steve Cartier, P.O Box 1653, Riverside, CA 92502 USA  
Melinda Ann Holley, P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV, 25727 USA  
Scott Hansen, 2626 Stevens Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408 USA  
Robert Acheson, c/o Echo Bay Mines, Lupin, Northwest Territories, XOE 1M0 Canada  
Dave Rogerson, 159 B. London Road, Coalville, Leicester, LE6 2JE, England  
GM: Cathy Cuning, 1526 N. Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651 USA

It should be noted for my players in this game and 1981 HS, that I do accept orders up to the time I type this up. So you do have an extra week, but don't call it too close. Who knows, someday I might come out on time, but I am pretty understanding towards my British and Canadian players. I know how the post is and how hard it is to play in an international game. Keep up the good work. This one is looking interesting!!!



DEADLINE IS APRIL 19 for WINTER 02/ Spring 03. Two request for separation of seasons is needed

# More Games

Gunboat Dip 84 Crb 32

DEADWOOD

Winter 03/Spring 04

## THINGS ARE GETTING NASTY OUT THERE!!

WINTER 03: Russia retreat A War-Ukr, England retreats F Spa(sc)-WMed, England removes A Lon, Turkey builds A Smy, A Con

### Spring 04:

England: F WMed-MAO, F Bre-MAO, F NTH-Nwy, F NWG D F NTH-Nwy  
 Italy: F Por-MAO, A Spa-Gas, F Tyh-WMed  
 France: A Rom S Turk F Ion-Nap nsm, A Pic-Par, A Mar H  
 Austria: A War S Ger A Ber-Pru(dis, ret: Mos, Lvn, otb)  
 Russia: F Rum-Sev, A Gal-War, A Ukr S A Gal-War, A Vie-Boh, F Nwy H,  
 F StP(nc) S F Nwy, F Skag & F Nwy  
 Turkey: F Ion C A Smy-Apu, F Aeg C A Smy-Apu, A Ven S A Smy-Apu, A Smy-Apu,  
 F Adr S F Ion, A Con-Bul, A Tri-Tyr, F Gre-Alb  
 Germany: F Den-Skag, A Swe H, A Bur S A Bel-Pic, A Bel-Pic, F Hol-Kiel,  
 A Ber-Pru, A Sil-Gal

DEADLINE for Summer 04/Fall 04 is April 19, 1985

### Press:

A Concession to Turkey is proposed. Please Vote!!

WMed-Tur: Anything to annoy you.

France-Sultan: I will continue to support your every move - just allow me to survive, especially Rome, when I lose Par or Mar I'll diband Rome and use the two armies in France to help you turn the corner toward England.

Eng-Ita: Stop them here or just give up? You decide.

Tunis-Tyhreman: Just a frienly buck((??)), if you start holding I'll support you.

Turkey-Italy: Opposition?! No, not that!

Germany-Russia: Your continued alliance to Stafford (Turkey) will only prove to be both our deaths. I call of my attact as soon as you hurt Stafford. Dan is already at 8 centers thanks to you with an incredible position besides. Central Powers have got to stop R/T and F/E alliances to stand a chance in Gunboat. It's time someone rains a little on Staffords parade. Maybe he'll start requesting harder countries than E/F/T to Play in Gunboat games.

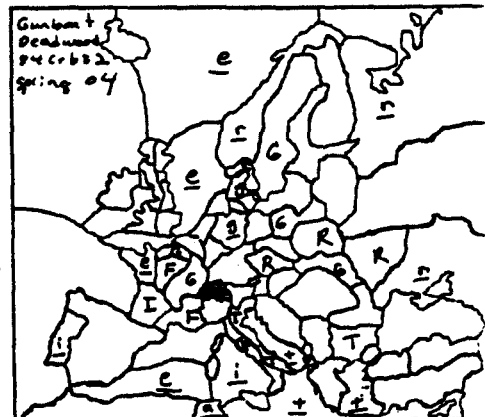
Stafford-Darboy: Actually, Russia ould be one of my last choices for a "Gunboat" Game. France aint' a bad country, though. And as for ratings, well, there isn't one for this variant, I haven't invented it yet.

Germany-London: If Russia stands by Turkey this next year you'll have to start taking my dots in order to have any prayer at all of stopping Stafford. Gimme some clue as to who you are (Jim Bob?) Russia is handing this game to Dan on a Silver platter. Scandanavia is where you absorbing me.

Dublin: Darboy who?

Ank-Stp: If you're in BOH, I'll likely support you to MUN.

Berlin-GM: You're cute when you are perched over your typewriter in a bleary eyed daze. ((Yeah, and Eric thinks I'm sexy then. Men, don't ask me.))



Gunboat Dip 84 Drb 32

LIVEWOOD

Winter 03/Spring 04

## ANOTHER NMR AND ENGLAND HAS A NEW LEADER!

Winter 03: England: F Skag retreats NTH. Turkey: Remove F Aeg, Italy: Build F Nap, Austria: Build A Vie,

### Spring 04:

Russia: F Sev-Arm, A Mos-Sev, A Rum & A Mos-Sev, A War-Ukr  
 Turkey: A Con-Bul, F Bla-Arm,  
 Italy: F Ion-Aeg, F Nap-Ion, F Smy-Con, A Syr-Arm, A Ven H  
 France: A Wal-Yor, F ENG-Lon(dis, ret: Pic, Bre, MAO, IRI, otb),  
 F IRI-Wal, A Gas-Par, A Bel S A Bur, A Bur S A Bel  
 Austria: A Gre S F Bul(sc), A Bud S A Vie-Gal, A Vie-Gal, A Tri H,  
 A Ser-Rum, F Bul(sc) S A Ser-Rum (impossiable)  
 England: F Lon-Eng, F NTH S F Lon-Eng, F Stp(nc)-Nwy, A Fin-StP,  
 F Nwy-SKA  
 Germany: NMR!! Would the unknown Standby please standby for Germany?  
 Thanks. A Mun H, A Sil H, F Den H, A Kiel H, A Hol H, F Ska H

GAME NOTES: WHe standby for England is now playing England. Thanks!!

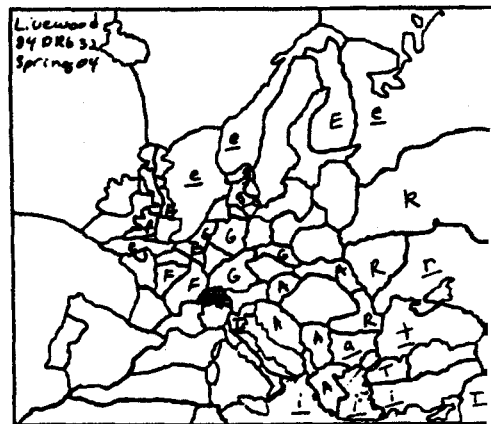
DEADLINE FOR SUMMER 04/FALL 04 is April 19, 1984

Cathy Cuning 1526 N. Lawler ave.  
 Chicago, IL 60651

### PRESS:

Russia-France: Is this positive enough for you? You certainly don't expect me to evacuate the south to freeze up on the steps of St. Pete.

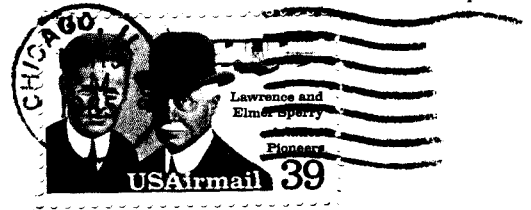
MORE PRESS ON NEXT PAGE.







FROM CATHY CUNNING  
1526 N. Lawler Ave.  
Chicago, IL 60651 USA



FIRST CLASS

TO:

Sub Ends T?  
when are you putting out  
the last issue? Do you want  
to sub to CR?

ROD WALKER  
1273 Crest Drive  
Encinitas, CA 92024



"Other people's leftovers for me, and she'll have the same."

This has been Cathy's Ramblings #13

A rather late, but late on time zine by

Editor: Cathy Cuning, 1526 N. Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651 USA (312) 237-4650

Diplomacy by Moonlight by Eric Ozog Same address as above

Father Knows Less by John Caruso 160-02 43rd ave, Flushing, NY 11358

The Big Turnoff an article by Kathy Byrne same address as above

GM SOME DAY- Dan Stafford, 58 W. 9th, Apt E., Columbus, OH 43201

GAME OPENINGS!!!!!!

REGULAR Diplomacy: GM Dan Stafford: Alan Stewart, Richard Anderson, Dave Greenlee, Melinda Ann Holley, John Crosby and George Graessle signed up. ONLY ONE SHORT!!!!!! COME ON SOMEONE MUST WANT A GAMESTART. I'll put out Dan's game on flier so you'll get it on time. How's that for incentive???

Game fee is \$4.00.

World of Orknaire: On openings at this point, but that may change. Waiting list: Keith Anderson, Don Swartz and John Norris.

New Subbers: None.

Stand-by list: Bob Olsen, John Davies, Jerry Lucas, Don Swartz, Robert Acheson, Derwood Bowen, Jim Burgess, Alan Stewart, D.S. Palter, Melinda Ann Holley, Tom Hurst, Jeff Bevis, Scott Hanson, John Crosby, Keith Anderson, Ken Corbin, George Graessle, Stephan Dycus. Thanks to all of you and please let me know if you want on or off this list.

DEADLINE IS APRIL 19, 1985

You can expect to give me a week for type up time after that deadline.

SUBS : \$7.00 for 10 issues for US and Canada. \$1.20 per issue for Britain and places like that. I guess that means about one pound per issue. It's not my fault the British pound has dropped so against the dollar. I once said the day the dollar is the same value as the pound, I'm packing my bags and going to Britain. Looks like that day could be sooner than I expected.

NOTES TO YOU: