

LATHVS RANHLINTS 19



CATHY'S RAMBLINGS

Well, here is it 1986 and another year. Only up to #19 and some of you may wonder if I will ever have as many issues and I am years old. The answer is yes, but the style may change when we move back to Flagstaff, AZ. Shorter and I don't think I'll open any more games. I will run everything I have and Stafford's games to the end. Also, we will be picking up an orphan from Tallman's zine. Tallman has been taken over by the big computer in the sky and has left us all. If I had only stayed in Seattle... I'm not going to tell you all what is in this issue as you can see that for yourselves. Also, I'm short on space. I was worried about this being a short issue! I saved this for last because I didn't know how much room I would have left. I must mention one thing. The BEARS WON THE SUPERBOWL!! Sorry, I couldn't help that. Chicago (Also known as the choke town) has finally changed it's record of almost wins. The town did go crazy, turning over cars on Rush street and women striping down in -20°F weather. But I guess it was worth it. I even gave in and wore a cute little bears botton and watched part of the Superbowl. Now if anyone wants T-shirts, let me know and I'll get you some. They're big here.

MADISON:

I had to mention this as I told everyone that I would. WE went to Madison for a New Years sort of Party. We went to Paul's new bar that is quite nice and had some Import beers while most everyone played darts. We talked and basically took over the bar while we were there. Scared away some customers as well. Then we went to Paul's new house. It's very nice and very big. Only thing it's missing is book cases for Paul's books, but then that was good for me. I didn't leave everyone and go hide in one or two of his books. He's got a great History collection. Well, we talked and finally decided that we were hungry. It's one of the worst things trying to get a group to decide to eat something. Finally, we decided on Pizza. Easy, but do you know how many different types of pizza places there are? Get out the phone book and start looking. "No, I don't like that type." "We, can't sit down there." "The prices are too high there." "That one is too far away." Well, we finally made a choice and now all we had to do was go there. Gary, Paul's roommate, car was in the way and we couldn't get out of the drive way. No problem. Dale will drive it around the block and we will pick him up. We get in the cars. Something is wrong. Only Eric, Chris and I are in one car. We don't know Madison. No Problem, James Wall comes with us. We wait for Dale. He doesn't come back. We go around the block and Dale still isn't back. We have a conference. Maybe Dale went to the Pizza Place. We should go and meet him there. Get back in the cars. "James, do you know how to get there?" "Yes, turn this way." And away we go.

Now you would think that getting to a pizza place would be easy. We past several on the way. It seemed to me that it was taking a long time to get to this pizza place. How far away was it? At some point we noticed that we were leaving Madison and this was about the last exit, before we headed to Chicago. James thinks that maybe he made a mistake. We pull off the road and Paul follows after us. "Where the hell are we, James?" It seems there were a few minor direction problems. Something like James thought North was east from what Paul told him and we were far, far away from the pizza place we were going to meet Dale at. So Paul goes into a bar and calls the Pizza place. No Dale there. Call home, no Dale there, But Gary is pissed off. He wants to know where his car is! Well, about an hour or an hour and a half after we left Paul's we finally get to the pizza place. Somehow the pizza didn't seem worth it, but we were so hungry that we didn't care.

LETTERS:

((There were only two of you and so I'm just using this short space. Such is life.))

BRIAN DOLTON: Re. "Dip, British Style": both standbys and civil disorder have their disadvantages. The Ideal situation is a game where the people don't drop out, but it's not too common, unfortunately. Glover is very hardworking, and were I on the phone I'd probably chase people up for orders, but there's only so much you can do, and despite shingeing violently in every issue I still have severe problems with NMRs. Sigh, Also, there are some people who are 'win or draw' players (eg Rogerson, me, Norris, Tamlyn) but others who are 'place' players (eg Bob Mulholland). It can be very annoying to be in a game with 'place' players, but again unless you know your apponent's style, you can't do much about it. Basically, the best games of dip are between seven mean, committed players, but they are few and far between. They're also bloody hard work! ((True, I know I played with those mentioned above. I do put some of the blame on the GM. Slow turnaround zines, like CR, make players want to go for the draws instead of playing the full game out. Still, I see NMR's in DG, and Glover comes out like clockwork. So not all the problem is there. Such is life.))

ROBERT ACHESON: Re. Burgess Bunk! You Americans (and Cdns. as well) have a staggering deficit because like the majority of people the government spends more that it makes. If you want to cut the deficit, cut the spending. A good place to start would be at the Pentagon! ((Yes, but that is easier said than done. Cut, cut, but where? Everyone fights over that and no one will give an inch. Personally I think if the government got everyone who are living together to get married and file joint returns they would be making a bundle. We did our joint tax return and get a big \$66.00 back. If I was single, I wald get over \$250.00 back and Eric would get about \$150.00 back. But now we are one person. Something doesn't seem right. No computer's via Uncle Sam. Sad, sad, sad...dreams ended.

HOBBY NEWS:

The NEW Zine Register is out but the one and only Simon Billeness. He is taking over Publishing as well. Issues cost \$1.50. Get a copy! It lists only those zines that want to be listed, but it still is very complete and if you want to get in a game, this is the place to look. Interesting how ch esp zines are now. CR is at the high end of the scale. Simon's at 61A Park Ave., Albany, NY 12202

Meanwhile, Britain is still moaning the lost of Simon as 20 Years On changes hands again. It never was the same after Simon left. Latest news via NMR! is Martin Le Fevre is taking over. Martin, could you confirm and give us more information? 20 Years on, is the British Zine Register.

ARTICLES

T-SHIRTS AND CHAIN-MAIL

By Linda Courtemanche

They had to be insane. Nobody with all his or her marbles would be outside on the M.I.T. campus in the dreary November chill, wearing cardboard costumes and bashing away at each other with plastic swords! But there I was, and there they were.

I should have been used to it by then. Years ago, my friends had initiated me into the bizarre mysteries of the S.C.A., otherwise known as the Society for Creative Anachronism, or "the Middle Ages the way they should have been," with singing, laughing, colorful tournaments, feasts, wild revels, and fighting practice on Sunday afternoons at the Great Court at M.I.T., some hall, high water, or 20° temperatures. The combatants give themselves unpronounceable Welsh names to conceal their "mundane" identities as Chris, Janice, etc. They dress in homemade armor, other assorted battle regalia, and T-shirts. Because they are dedicated to this sort of thing, they never gave the slightest hint of a shiver. But I began to sneeze uncontrollably. My toes were glued in my sneakers, which were frozen in the mud. I dug my hands deep in my jacket pockets. One by one, the S.C.A. - dians noticed my problem, and each one heaped a jacket on me. I felt distinctly like a coat-rack, and still longed for a steaming mug of hot chocolate. They kept on thrusting, parrying, rolling over on the dead grass, and quite obviously having the best time imaginable.

(All this time I looked out of the corner of my eye at a recent convert who sported a cheesecloth football shirt, and danced around one corner of the courtyard with his sword. My friend glanced at him briefly and commented, "Suicidal. One good stab to the heart takes care of him." I almost felt sorrier for him than for myself.)

But I'm being unfair here. The S.C.A. boasts quite a number of extraordinary talented people ... costume designers, musicians, dancers, chefs, fencers and the like, all of whom work painstakingly year after year to create and perpetuate the illusion of a land of lords and ladies, kings and barbarians, loyalty, chivalry, and grandeur. Some of which really existed, some of which didn't. But all of which makes for the ultimate costume-party, and the brilliant, imaginative, and slightly eccentric participants enjoy one another's company immensely. Friendship and even marriages have been forged between S.C.A. members.

And then there are the people like me... those who wander in and out of events, enjoying the wit and the food, listening to the stories, singing some of the songs, and blocking out reality for a day and a night. Getting drunk on another world, impossibly far away from that of the 6:00 news, intensely appealing, where good and evil are refreshingly distinct entities. And then going home to the garbage and the snow shoveling and the grocery shopping when the spell is broken, when the day and night are over. I pity us, for not being able to remain spellbound forever, as some people are. The people who, check flushed and eyes glowing, pick up their swords and charge out into the icy November air.

((Thank you Linda and I hate to follow this with an article which brings us to the present with such force. Giving a chance I would add my views to your. But at the moment, I have this costume to get ready and this time to type. In two weeks, I will go away to Maine and for a day or two will be back in the Middle Ages. I will even get to meet my husband. Well, the poor unfortunate who will play my usual character. For reasons of gender problems, (my character is a male and I'm a female) I will play the part of my character's wife. And for one night, we will create the history of the next year. But, for now we must go to the realities of the present and the media and space travel.))

VULTURES OF THE AIRWAYS

By Keith Paulsen

It's an average commute to work and all of a sudden the traffic that was once moving along smoothly comes to an abrupt halt. After about 20 min. you finally get to see what held you up - an accident.

We have a fascination with tragedy. It doesn't matter if it's the bloody body inside the car or tense drama of a hostage situation. I suppose it centers around the curiosity we have about death. It's the ultimate hang-up. It's reflective in the mad alasher movies that come out in droves. I guess it's true what they say about art imitating life. (if you call those movies art) but movies are a form of entertainment, the news isn't.

When the space shuttle exploded everyone in America who was watching a T.V. saw it. I think in a way that's good because so many people are oblivious to the reality of violence and death on the T.V. that it's healthy to see a real tragedy. It shows us how mortal we really are. But media takes this reality and turns it into a movie. They exploit death and grief for the sake of ratings.

I saw the space shuttle explode so many times I thought I was watching the super bowl game. I saw it from 50 different angles, including reverse angle. I saw miles being pushed in the face of the grieving students and parents, and I heard many different theories on what went wrong. And I saw this all day.

So what's wrong with all of this? It's exploitation, now news. Do I really need to see the shuttle blow up from so many different angles to understand that it did? So I need to see the grieving people to understand that they're hurt? Don't they have a right to suffer in peace? Why do I have to hear all of the half baked opinions on what went wrong when nobody has any facts to go on. After all, the only version that matters is the final one.

It sickens me to think that there is such a large audience for this garbage. But what sickens me even more is that I was part of that audience, so I'm a part of the problem. Oh well, so much for human nature...



Book Reviews

Nancy Springer

Wings of Flame

Tor \$2.95

I have been waiting for years for Nancy Springer to come out with a new book. She is one of the authors that I nearly worship. She can take characters and make them flesh and blood and you can feel when they hurt and when they know joy. If you have never read "The White Hart", I recommend it highly. But then I'm wierd about books. To me, a good book is one that can get me to cry and I remember many afternoons that Springer had me in tears.

But this new book is somewhat of a let down. It's like the spark is gone. There are two different races of people and they both worship this horse god, Suth. There was a war and it was ended with a pact that one of the Deva's King's sons would act as a peace hostage with the Vashti. There is a orphan girl who gets mixed up with this prince as he tries to make to the Vashti to uphold his father's word. You get to know the main three characters pretty well. The Prince Kyrem and King Auron of the Vashti and the orphan, Seda. But then something goes wrong. I think she spends too much time with the wierd religion of the Horse god. If you love horses this is great. There's lots of horses, but I would have liked to find out more about the characters. The end is very strange and I won't give anything away there. I will say that this book had great potential to really get you, but I found it dragged down by the technical religion.

If you have never read Nancy Springer's books before, then Wings of Flame might be a good place to start with and you can really enjoy the White Hart books after reading this one. If you have read her other books, you might be disappointed with this book. That's the problem with being a good writer, how can you go back to being adverage after you have been great?

Steven Brust

Brokedown Palace

Ace \$2.95

Oh, now here we enter into a different world. I don't think I've read a book like this for 30 years and if you don't beleive me, you can ask Eric, he was there at the time. Sorry, just trying to get into the mood of this book. It opens strange enough and I was trying to get my bearings on what was going on and I almost stopped reading it. You have one of the Princes and from what you can tell, he's dying. Beaten to death by his oldest brother, the King. Yet, while he lays there on the river bank, (it seems he crawled out of the palace to die in peace), he calmly goes over the land and the palace and the events that brought him up to this moment. Then he tries to drown himself to end his pain. At this point, he goes on to tell you of the city. It leaves you wondering what is going on and yet intrigues you enough to make you want to continue.

The only comparison I can give you is Jack Vance's Lyonesse, or William Goldman's The Princess Bride. In fact, it has some very close traits to the Princess Bride. If you have never read either of these two books, then I can't help you. I'm sure there are other books in this style, but I can't recall any at the moment that I have read. But, let's get back to Brust and his book. The prince in the opening scene does live. He is healed by the river and goes off into fairy. You see this kingdom of Fenario existed on the border of fairy and was effected by fairy. The river flowed out of fairy. Now we have the King and his two other brothers. One is large and very strong, but he likes playing with these little rodent things. One is smart, but spends all his time trying to find the meaning to life and helps uphold his image. The youngest one was beaten up and went off to fairy. And then the King, a man obsessed with duty and carrying a rather deadly sword. You put all of these people in a palace that was built over 400 years ago and only the very basic in repairs being made. Everything that could go wrong is going wrong. Then the youngest Prince decided to come back from fairy and change things.

It's wierd, but I liked it. I found it hard to get into the style at first. But after a time it was easier. He takes one chapter for each character and so the story is seen from each of the character's points of view. They don't seem quite as strange that way. It's a fun book and a pleasant change from the normal fantasy books. Almost makes me want to go back to Vance and Goldman. Well, if I didn't have Thieve's World #8 to read that is.

Louise Cooper

The Initiate

Tor \$2.95

This is a book in the Moorcock tradition. Law verses chaos and one lead character being used as tool in the struggle. In this case our Elric is named Tarod. Don't mistake me, I loved this book. The worst thing about it, is it's the start of a trilogy and leaves you at an awful point at the end. I keep going to the bookstores and hoping beyond hope that the second book will be on the shelves. It's not there yet.

The story is mainly centered around Tarod and his struggles. The world is one were law have taken over. There is no chaos. Tarod is a bastard child and should have been sent out into the world, but his mother keep him and suffered being outcast and he was not granted a name. Shades of Seda, from Wings of Flame. His mother could not remember the man who fathered him. Then at the age of 10, he accidentally kills his only friend and cousin with a blast of power from his hand. The town goes crazy and tries to stone the boy to death. He is saved by a warp (A storm made by chaos) and flung far away to a mountain side. There he saves a party of high initiates by his blasting and is brought into the circle of power. But there is something wrong with Tarod. He wants to change things. He is tormented by dreams and visions. He grows in power and then you get to watch the truth about him come out. And when it does his world is ripped apart again. Everything he knows and loves turns against him. It is sad and yet, I do love sad stories. Some of it is too set up. I want to shake Tarod and tell him to stop being so stupid and look around him. Still in general, Cooper does a good job. I liked it better than Elric and his sword. Now if it only wasn't a trilogy. But then that is how Cooper gets you to read his books again. Oh, I should point out that the cover doesn't have much to do with the story. It's a nice cover though.. I suppose it would have been too hard to have Tarod's face. Such is life.

ORKNNAIRE

Hello everyone and welcome to the late results of Orknnaire. I won't say that I'll be on time next time, because I don't know if I will or not. I just hope the results are worth the wait. Deadlines will be one month from the time you receive the results. Expect results at about one month from that date. It takes me one night to type each page, if I have nothing else to do. As you can expect, I play in many other games and have other things to do as well. So I do the results as I have time. If this is a problem and you don't want to wait so long, let me know.

We have had some new characters and for their sakes and everyone's else, I'm making a list of active characters and their player's name and address. You are free to write to each other and work plans out with each other. You don't have to deal just with me. Any character that you read about who is not on this list is run by me. If you want to react with that character, then you deal with me. Ok, now here is the list.

Thane Palingstar: James Wall, 114 N. Franklin #1, Madison, WI 53703
Eric (Loki): Dan Scott Falter, 999 Central Ave. #300, Woodmere, NY 11598
Crysilda: Malinda Ann Holley, P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727
Hannibal: John Caruso, 29-10 164th St., Flushing, NY 11358
Torel: Steven Courtesancho, C/O Steven Arnowoodian, 602 Hamlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446 (Temp.)
Sifka: Brian Dalton, 40 Fosse Rd, Central, Leicester, LE3, England
Michael Innis: Death Ian Westray (Death): Steve Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento, CA 95825
Harlan: Don Swartz, 155 Varnon Ave, #2, Louisville, KY 40208
Ansel: Dennis Walker, 2120 Trinity Drive, Atwater, CA 95301
Rictath: Bob Laventure, 2744 Montague, Colorado Springs, CO 80918

There you all are, John Morris will have a character someday, but I won't list him until I get his character sheet and all the information. When I do, I'll list his address as well.

This turn I'm giving you all one point to use, but please use them in 1/2 point distributions. In other words, you can put 1/2 point in a new weapon skill and 1/2 point towards hide in shadows, but not one full point in any skill. Since 3 points is expert skill, allowing you only 1/2 point will keep things down to a normal range.

If you have any questions, please write. I will get back to sooner or later. Sometimes, it will take me awhile, but I will write. For next turn, the big event is the Duke coming to town. Try to think how you would act and what you want to do. Remember that to the local Orknnairens, Morcar is like their true king. Arthur is an outsider and they would like to be free from his grasp. However, the Britains have brought better things to Orknnaire and increased trade and keep crime down in some of the cities. If it would help, think of it as Saxon's (Orknnairens) and the Normans (Britains). ~~There is also a rumor that the Duke is also in the town of the Duke's castle, but still in the Saxon period.~~

The next section is the general town rumors. Then a more detail account of town events for the characters that are in town. Everyone is back in town now and so there are more events. You can find out what happened on the trips if you have a close friendship with an NPC who was on the trip and use actions to get them to tell you. If not, you could try writing to a PC who was on the trip and offer them something for the information. It's up to you. Bye!

RUMORS

The Britains are bringing more forces into town to guard Morcar and his Counts who are coming with him. Some say it is to guard against a rebellion and they are there to protect Arthur and his hold on the island. They are hiring guards who will be loyal to the cause.

The local ruling lord of Orknnaire is looking for guards to protect the palace and to guard the streets when Morcar passes through town. Anyone interested should see Lord Harbin of the Palace. Lord Brand will be working with him in this matter.

The stalking death is after a certain Britaine Captain. An attempt was made on Brand's life. A cross bow was used, but the bolt was not poisoned. Some think it was the Britains who are after him. Some say it is the underground. No one knows for sure if it was a warning or an actual try for his life.

Malcolm was seen leaving town for the capital of Kirkwall. Or at least, that is where he said he was going. No one missed him very much and some of the merchants were happy to see him gone, though the gambling house was sorry to see him leave. Lucky bastards in Kirkwall would get his money instead.

An orphan child was beaten on the streets. The man who did the beating was found dead the next day. It was a clean kill. He was strangled to death. No leads as to who did it, but the thought of beating up an orphan's stopped being a pass time that anyone would want to take up.

Albion left town after he heard about the halfling from the sea who was looking for him. He was seen several days later, but he was pale and drained. Something had happened to him. He retreated for awhile. People were worried about what would happen with Morcar coming to town. Normally, Albion was not a problem despite being a halfling, but he was not acting like himself. Some people talked of trying to run him out of town, but no one was willing to do it. You never knew what a halfling could do when they were mad.

The local merchants are looking for hired guards as well. The chance of thief increased with coming of Morcar and some are worried about the risk to their lives.

In the were hills, the smoke increase to the small fire, but then suddenly went out. There is still some smoke from the area, but the light can no longer be seen. It happened at night and could be seen for some distance before it went away as suddenly as it appeared.

Anyone interested in unarmed combat should see Harlan. Also, he is training some of his own men.

5 Ophire

At the docks stood a man dressed in robe of Libra. Grey robes with the rope of Libra and the circle and scales of Libra. He carried a large staff and could use it quite well if there was need. Enough people had found that out the hard way. He was a large man though not unusually tall. He knew how to use his weight. He was in his middle years but his hair was still black without any touches of grey and his serene brown eyes had seen much of the world. His name was Ansel and he was waiting for a ship to come in. He knew that Brand had left with Raven and others and he wanted to talk to Raven and Brand. Mostly Raven though. He had noticed that Malcolm was gone. Gone the same night that Carmairs and that boy, Hector left. If anyone could tell him what was up it was Raven. Oh, he could deal with Loki, but he didn't much like Loki. It was just a feeling he had. The sea was calming. There had been no big storms after that one big storm they had. The night Carmairs left.

Another man walked along the docks. He had thick black hair and brilliant green eyes. He had certain grace about him and just slight bit of cockiness. He was a young man of average build and height, though taller than Ansel. He wore a long sword and had the dress of a fighter. He wore black, which only made his eyes stand out more. He saw Ansel and wondered what the Priest was doing so far away from the Libra church. He walked up to Ansel's side.

"Good morning, Father," Rictath said, "What brings you so far from the church?"

"I'm waiting for friends. They should be back soon. And you my son?" Ansel looked at Rictath and didn't much like the look of him. He knew whose company the boy kept and it wasn't the best. Still, there seemed to be some hope for him. Even as there was hope for Raven.

Rictath looked out to the sea. His brows came together as he thought. "I'm waiting for friends too. The same ones, do you think?" Rictath looked at Ansel.

"That, my son, depends. I shall be going now. May Libra protect and bless you." Ansel made the blessing sign over Rictath's head and heading away from the docks towards the market. Rictath watched him go and thought to himself, "Hm, priest, they talk and they don't say anything." He looked down at his sword and said, "Now you, I'll trust you any day and not some whim of a god." He walked down the docks asking for where Loki could be found. He needed to find some information and he wanted it soon. He didn't know when or if Malcolm and Carmairs would be back and he didn't want to depend on them in any case. He had his own score that he wanted to settle.

Loki was easy enough to find if you wanted to find him and he wanted you to find him. They walked into the Red Lion together and sat down to talk in a quiet corner. Both in black, one large and one smaller. Loki seemed very calm as he listened to Rictath.

"I want to contact the underground," said Rictath, "I know it exists. I want to help. How can I join up? You must know."

"The underground usually will find you." Said Loki after a moment. "But in exchange for a few coins for my time, I think I can help you find them sooner. How much sooner depends on how much you think my time is worth."

Rictath didn't really want to give up his money. It cost him dearly to get it. But Loki was good for his word. If he said he would help, then he would. He pulled out three gold pieces and gave them to Loki. "Here, and do it before Morcar gets here." With that he got up and left the inn. A certain ex-Captain of the Britaine forces walked in as Rictath was leaving. Rictath couldn't resist the urge he felt. He pretended to trip on a chair and fell into the Britaine pushing him quite hard. The man cursed and pushed Rictath away. "What?" he muttered and then looked at Rictath. "You...I've seen you. You're a poor bastard half-breed. Neither side want you do they? Not Britaine and not Orknairian. Well, we're almost the same now. Care for a drink?"

Rictath didn't want to drink with any Britaine and this one was short on cash for what he could tell. "No thanks," he muttered and left the inn.

Keane, who was a captain to Arthur before the night of the storm, walked over to Loki and sat down next to him. They talked for a while and Keane was about to give Loki some money when he noticed that his money bag was gone. "That bastard half-breed" he said. Loki calmed him and they talked some more.

The night went by in a normal manner. Harlan was with some young men he was training and they talked and drank together. Rictath and Ansel were no where to be seen. The church did call upon some of Ansel's time, despite the fact that he didn't pay too much attention to them. Loki put in a show and waited for a while before drifting away into the shadows of the town. Harlan heard some strange rumors from his friends. They were saying that Brand was a traitor to Morcar and he left to make a deal with some pirates. The Duke's life would be in danger when he came to Ophire. This seemed crazy to Harlan. Brand was stubborn and set in his ways, but never a traitor to Morcar. No, he would support Morcar even if the Duke ordered him to kill his own mother. He wished Raven would return soon. He may need to contact his own connections to find out what was going on. He looked at the ring he wore on his finger. It was only a moment and then he drank with the men and they talked about the coming of the Duke and what it would mean for the town.

The next day the docks were busy. Two ships came into harbor. One came in quietly and without any fuss. Carmairs came back. There was no boy with her now. Death was quite eager to help her out of the ship. There wanted to get caught up on the gossip in town and sent his boy, Keelan to get Davlin. Davlin was the older boy, he left to keep an eye on things while he was gone. Malcolm seemed less cocky and quickly went by the rest of them and head to where he lived in one of the poorer areas. Carmairs accepted Death's help while she made the last arrangements with the ship's captain. At the moment, she didn't feel like fighting him off. However, Death was aware of her mood and didn't want her only due to boredom on her part. He gracefully left and wondered how the ladies in the town had managed without him for long. They should know he's back in town. The supposed hier of Westrey, went to rest up and clean up for the evening to come.

There were two people watching the ship. One priest of Libra watched and his normal serene face was set with grim lines as he watched Carmairs. He held his staff tightly. The boy was gone. Now he would have to find out where the boy went. He did not care to deal with those who had been with Carmairs. Maybe Raven could still help him. He almost left when another figure got off the boat. The slender, blond form of Albion got down. He might be able to deal with the Halfling.

Town

But not now, he would wait and talk to Albion later. The other man who watched the ship was young Rictath, but Malcolm had left and he didn't seem to be in the mood to talk. There was Thane, he might be able to help or maybe he should just wait for Loki's results. He watched as Carmaira and Albion talked together. The Halfling turned his head to one side as he listened to her. Then he left her and she seemed to be calling after him. He did not turn around and look at her. His face was set in harsh lines and gave him an even more unhuman quality. Rictath turned his attention to the other ship.

Brand's ship was the other ship. They had several prisoners and were taking off some goods from the ship. As Rictath watched a man who was dressed in the cloths of the Duke's house came up to the boat. He talked to Brand and then Brand motioned Crysilida forward. The man gave Crysilida a note and left. Brand looked at Crysilida, but said nothing. They all worked getting the materials off the boat and giving the prisoner's to the guards. Hannibal came out helping Raven, who was limping, but seemed fine in every other sense. Something seemed to stir in Rictath when he looked at Raven. It didn't really make any sense and she hardly ever noticed him, except the times when they worked together. She was so small and yet so strong. It seemed strange to see Hannibal with her. The nobles wouldn't give him the time of day. It didn't matter. He learned that long ago. He left to wait for something to happen.

The word was out that there were pirates on Cava under the guidance of a Britaine rebel, who didn't care for either side and wanted to cause as much problems as he could. And if he could gain some money too, all the better. They managed to win, but with the help of a earthquake on their side. Raven had taken an arrow in the leg during the fighting. As for the other boat, Carmaira only said that she had taken the boy to his relatives and wanted to make sure he was safe. No one was talking about what happened if anything.

Torel didn't want to stay in town. He could feel the walls closing in on him already. Then he heard that Mercar was coming along with several men of rank and he knew the streets would be swarming with people. Thieves would have a day of it and the merchants would be out in full numbers. He didn't want to be a part of it. He stayed long enough to hear the rumors in town. The were-hills... that sounded interesting. To be out on his own and testing his skills against nature - that was the life he liked. Not to live in a city, surrounded by crushing walls and people whose souls are as black and twisted as the cripples who beg on the streets. The were-hills - yes - that is where he will go, but first he needed to get supplies.

Sifka did not want to get out of the city. This could be one of her biggest chances. She wanted to get an act together with Albion. They were best together. They might get places at the feast and who knows what that will lead to. Albion had been gone for some time, but when word was out that he was back Sifka went to him. She found him at his normal place at the Red Lion, but he seemed changed somehow. She didn't go with him to where ever Carmaira was taking him. In the end, she could not bring herself to go. Wow, looking at him, she felt some hate for Carmaira. She told him the tale of a strange happening she saw out of the sea and then left. Going back into the sea, she looked at him angrily. "This hearing was looking for you." For the first time in her life, she saw shock on his face. "No! I must see Torel" he said and left Sifka as though she didn't exist. Sifka didn't know whether she should follow him or not. She remembered a time when she followed him and she shouldn't have. She shuddered for a moment and then looked about the Inn. Hmm...full house, maybe this night won't be so bad after all.

Loki had people he wanted to meet. Three people were at the top of his list: Malcolm, Thane and Crysilida. Malcolm had gone back to his house and slept for some time. He tried to not think about all that he had seen. There was a small in the room. Raven was gone. The food he had the night before he left had spoiled and was growing new things. Typical, he thought and closed his eyes to sleep. When he woke it was night. Out of habit more than anything else, he took to the streets and headed to the Red Lion. Loki knew he would show up, he always did. He also knew a good place to meet him. Before he got to the Inn, normally, Malcolm would have been alert, but tonight he was not fully himself. It was the only explanation he could come up with for what happened. He walked by a garden spot on the path and suddenly a huge arm reached out and pulled him into the shadows. His instincts went into action as he reached for his dagger, but the huge hand countered and slammed his wrist against the wall. He cursed and then released. Both of his arms were hurt now, he was useless. They might as well slit his throat now and get it over with. He waited for the killing blow, but none came. He looked up at his attacker, but the man's face was covered. Then the man spoke, "Damn, Malcolm, you're getting sloppy. What is wrong with you?" Loki revealed his face and Malcolm thanked his god of luck, again. "My arm was hurt and now thanks to you, my other hand is hurt." However, Malcolm smiled at Loki, "And how are things with you?" "Business is getting tight, and the law is getting closer. Seems someone is leaving trails behind them and it's getting very close to me." Loki looked at Malcolm closely trying to read his face. Malcolm knew Loki well enough to know he was leading to something, but at the moment he didn't have a clue what it was. He said nothing and Loki gave a sigh and then hit his hand against the wall again. "Come on Malcolm, you're not such a screw up to bring the law down on us, so why did you do it?" "Do what?...law?... Death and that Captain. That's it isn't it? You want the Captain dead? I'll take care of it." Loki let go of Malcolm's wrist. Loki calmly said, "I didn't say that. But this exception has approached me about Death and Brand. It seems he wants both dead." "Brand, too? Interesting, and what do you want me for? What's the deal?" "I want you to do me a favor" Loki motioned for Malcolm to come closer to him, so he could whisper it in his ear. "I want you to get the bell out of town before you get yourself killed." "Touching, have you been talking to Thane? Seems everyone thinks I'm going to get killed one way or another." Malcolm thought for a moment, maybe Loki was right. Things were getting tight, but he should warn Death. "Ok, I'll go, but you have to do me a favor. Get word to Death and warn him. I owe him that much." They shook hands and Loki went back to the Red Lion. He hadn't been gone long. Claimed he needed to relieve himself. Malcolm went to a house close to the docks. He wanted to say good-bye to Allissa before he left.

Loki saw the small boy who waited by the door of the Red Lion. He wondered if the boy had seen him with Malcolm. No matter, nothing was said that Thane couldn't know. "Boy," Loki said, "Tell your master I want to talk with him. tomorrow morning at the docks." Loki gave the boy a copper piece. The boy went away and Loki went inside. So Thane was out of the way.

7 Events

Loki settled in at the Red Lion and looked about to see who was there. Harlan sat at one table with men around him and he was buying the drinks. Albion was not there, but Sifka sat at his spot instead. As he watched Raven limped in and walked over to Harlan and sat his table. They talked together and Raven seemed very happy to be with Harlan. Harlan looked at her leg and the words, "Torel and Loki" could be heard. The healing potion Loki sold Crysilda, they must have used that. Harlan looked at Loki and then motioned him over.

"It seems your potion helped Raven. I want to thank you." Harlan said to Loki.

"You don't have to thank me. Helping people is part of my business. Besides Crysilda paid for that potion. I'm glad it helped you Raven. You should know that Malcolm is going out of town again. If you want to see him, you had better do it tonight." Loki looked intensely at Raven.

Raven held his gaze and then looked away, "I don't want to see him, but thanks for telling me."

At that moment Crysilda walked in and she was alone. She looked at where Albion should be right away and only saw Sifka. She walked in anyways and talked to Sifka. She turned about and looked around the room and saw Loki, Harlan and Raven. She walked over to them and sat down as though she was carrying a great weight.

"Do any of you know Torel is to be found? Albion left to talk to him and I want to speak with Albion." Crysilda asked.

They looked at each other. Raven still wanted nothing to do with Crysilda but felt some debt due to her leg. Loki wanted to help her and knew some of her problem. Harlan wanted to find Albion too. This would be a good chance to go along.

Loki and Harlan answered at the same time, "I..." they said and looked at each other. Harlan waved his hand at Loki and Loki spoke first. "I think I could find him for you. Do you need any other help? Anything I can do for you?" Crysilda shook her head no.

Harlan spoke next, "I would be happy to help you find him. You shouldn't be out on the streets by yourself. Why isn't Brand with you?" Crysilda swallowed her reply of "I can take care of myself!" and said, "Brand and Hannibal are at a meeting in the Palace. If you can help me, then come."

Crysilda went to the door and Loki and Harlan followed her. Raven said, "Damn" and then hobbled after them. At the door, Crysilda stopped and held Loki's arm; "What is the price this time, Eric?" He looked down at her with his dark eyes, his huge frame surrounding her. "No price. I want to help you. I understand family problems." She looked at Harlan who was taller than Loki, but much thinner and the scar on his face ruined his good looks. She looked back at Loki and thought of Brand, he wouldn't like this. "Well, let's go." was all she said and they left.

Albion closed his eyes and let the moonlight flow through him. It couldn't be. He couldn't have summoned that power and to what purpose did it serve? He had to find Torel. He let his other sense take over, the other non-human part of his body. There in the open slums, that is where he would find Torel. It took awhile but he found him. Albion started to sing a song about the woods as he approached Torel. Torel smiled and offered his hand. "Albion, how did you find me? I just wanted to get out of this horror of a city."

"I can find anything if I want to. I'm a halfling remember. Don't you believe in the tales? Torel, I must know about those runes on the flute you gave me. Where did you get them from?"

"What happen? Where is your flute? I got the runes from a knife that has been in my family for years. I just copied a part of it, because I liked the design."

"My flute was broken if you must know. It was destroyed. Where is your knife?" There was something weird about Albion. Torel thought he knew Albion, but his sixth sense cried a warning to him. He didn't want to give up the knife. "I don't know..." he started to say, but Albion suddenly jumped on him and grabbed his arms. There was a strength in Albion that one could not see by just looking at him. "Where is it? I must have it! Please Torel, you don't know what you have! Give it to me!" Torel looked at Albion's face with some fear. The human parts of his face seemed to slip away, there was an unearthly light to his eyes. They almost seemed to glow with a blue-green light. He fought against Albion's grip and said, "Albion, stop! Remember, remember the water! Stop, you don't know what you are doing." Just then Torel heard voices. Albion released his grip on Torel and moved away.

Crysilda, Loki, Harlan and Raven heard the noise and came quickly. Loki thought he would find Torel in the open slums and remembered this spot. They saw Albion on top of Torel and heard Torel's cries. As they approached, Albion pulled away. Crysilda went to Albion's side. She touched him, but he pulled away, "Don't touch me. Go away." Torel told them what happened. It was Harlan who spoke next, "Albion, why is the knife important? What does it mean to you?"

Albion pulled himself together and looked at Harlan's steady face. He pulled his hat firmly on his head and it covered his ears and eyebrows. "They are Halfling runes of great power. I don't know how they got into human hands and I don't know exactly what they will bring. Something came here and I think I raised it. I don't know what it is. Some think it could be a danger to us all." Crysilda suddenly remembered the night before she left. He was playing that flute and he looked so funny. She said, "Albion, you have the power to hold it don't you? If you summoned it then you can control it." He shrugged his shoulder's, "I don't know if I can. I've been told I'm a pitiful halfling lacking in power. If Hector was here he could..." Albion stopped suddenly and didn't go on. "I should be going. I'm sorry Torel. I don't know what came over me." Albion left, but Harlan and Crysilda followed after him. Raven and Loki stayed with Torel.

Loki wanted a man to go into the were-hills and find out what was going on there. Torel was just the person for that. They had dealt with each other many times and Loki knew that Torel was good for his word. "Torel," Loki said, "When are you leaving town?" "As soon as I can. I've had enough excitement for one night. Even Albion is effected by this place." There was anger in Torel's voice. "How would you like to go to the were hills for me? I can pay you some money up front. Just recon work." Torel looked somewhat shocked. He was planning to go to the were-hills anyways, how did Loki know what he was doing? "Yes, I'll go, but you can pay me when I get back. I don't like to carry extra cash with me and I have some extra right now. Besides, we can deal on a price when I get back." Loki smiled, that was what he liked about Torel, the man always had a business sense.

Raven looked somewhat bored. "I think I should be going. I can't help you Torel." Then Raven looked about where Torel was sleeping. "Would you like to come back with me? I think I could find

room for you at my place. It's not safe to sleep in the open like this." Raven looked at Torel, she respected him, didn't understand him, but she did respect him. Torel found it within himself to smile. The irony of it all. "No thanks, I don't think I could stand sharing a bed with Malcolm." Raven looked at Loki and then said, "He won't be there. He slept all day and is up all night. But it's ok, I understand. I think I will go back to the Inn now. Good-night." Raven slipped away. Even with her hurt leg, she just seemed to fit into the streets and the shadows.

On another side of town two different men sat together. Thane sought out Death. He was worried about the Captian and the problems they had had before they left. Now with the rumors he heard things seem to have gotten worst. Death was in one of the more upper class bars. The Silver Unicorn it was called. Thane thought somewhat bitterly it was called silver because they took your silver and the Red Lion was called red because the floors were soaked with blood. Death sat a center table and had a rather lovely whore with him. He had a bottle of wine and some the best food and was flashing his brilliant smile at the poor whore. She didn't know that she was dealing with when she fell for Death. Thane walked right over to his table. Death eyed him with wonder.

"Thane, what brings you here? No little kids with you would you rather have a woman instead? I think this lady might have a friend for you." Death offered Thane a glass of wine. Thane took the glass and swallowed his anger. He had to expect this from Death.

"I came here to talk to you. I would like to talk to you alone. It's about certain Britaines." This could be interesting thought Death. With a graceful motion he snapped his fingers. The innkeeper came over to his table. "Yes, my Lord?" the man said. "I will take my room now. Keep this lady in wine until I send for her and bring us a bottle of your best." The Inn Keeper stood still as though he was waiting for something. Death frowned at him with distaste, "What are you waiting for? Put it on my bill! Is the credit of the King of Westray no longer good here?" The man was humbled and bowed before Death. "As you wish my Lord" he mumbled and backed away. Thane had to keep from smiling. Death was good at certain things, he had to give him that much credit.

They walked to a smaller room that was mainly filled with with a rather rich bed. There was a smaller table and two chairs though and a servant brought in wine. The servant paused for a moment hoping for a tip, but Death waved him away as though he was annoyed. Death sat down and smiled at Thane. "Well, what is the deal?"

Thane waited and then thought he should go right into it. "How do you feel about Britianes?" "They are scum! Arthur is an ill born upstart and no true king!" There was a fire in Death's eyes. In his view, only the Orkmairian nobility should rule. Besides, that would give him higher status.

"Then would you help the underground? Would you kill a Britaine if you had to?" Thane was open. "Well," Death answered slowly, "that depends. I have my position to consider. I might be more help in a political way than in pure fighting sense. It's not that I can't fight. I was trained in every sense from my family. The underground has never approached me. Why do you ask?"

Thane looked at him coolly. "The word is out on the streets that a certain Britaine Captain is looking for you. It seems he had a nasty bump on his head and his men died in a storm. He has his position as Captian of the Guards. The last thing he remembers is talking to a Lord Death of Westray. I don't think you have to worry too much. I don't think he will live very long."

Death remembered that night and Malcolm chastising him. That Captain would have been dead that night, killed by Malcolm, but Malcolm covered for him. What does Thane want? thought Death.

"Thanks for your warning, but I think I can cover for myself. I'll stay away from Malcolm for a time. If I can help you..." Death tilted his head in a question. Thane had already gotten up to leave. He turned and said, "I'll call on you if I need you. Tell me if you hear about the underground." Thane walked out into the night. One of his kids ran up to his side and whispered to him. "So Loki wants to meet with me? Interesting..." That was for tomorrow, but Thane had one last thing he wanted to finish tonight. He slipped into the shadows with surprising speed.

At the Palace there was a meeting of the local lords and knights. Hannibal and Brand were there. It seemed to be a long meeting. Haty and honor were not run all the time. Hannibal looked to Brand and noticed that the red-headed man had his eyes closed. His palms were together as though in prayer. Strange, Hannibal thought. Hannibal would rather be in his own bed. What were they saying? They had the lay out of the Palace and the places for the guards and stressed longer shifts and that the violence must be suppressed. The underground was just as dangerous as the thieves and Britaines. Order must prevail. The head Lord, asked Hannibal if he could bring some more men from his fathers court. In his daze, Hannibal found himself saying, "Yes." Brand looked at him, but said nothing. In the morning, Hannibal wondered what he had done.

The next day, Thane and Loki meet down at the docks. They were each alone. Both black figures, but one huge and the other small and wiry. Loki offered his hand and motioned Thane to enter his house. It wasn't really his house, but surely a meeting place. Thane knew that much about Loki.

"Thane," Loki started, "I think we are dealing in the same area and I think maybe we can help each other if we put our information together. Maybe an exchange? I tell you something and you tell me something? Equal value, of course."

"I want to know about the underground. How it is worked and who is in it. Also is there an assassin guild in town?" Thane wanted to know how much Loki knew.

"You know as well as I do that the underground approaches you and not the other way around. This young man Ritath wants in. He's a friend of Malcolm and Barnaire... He might be your go in. As for assassin's... that's all I can say. If you want someone killed..." Loki sized Thane up.

Thane remained calm. "No I don't need anyone killed. I just hate to see anyone step on anyone's toes. Now, what do you want?"

"What do you know about the death of Strahan? It didn't make much sense. Also, I don't trust Brand. There is something funny about him. You are close to him. Could you watch him and let me know if he meets with anyone unusual? Any Britaines?" Loki stressed the word, "Britaine."

"Strahan was underground material and I know nothing there. Poison can be gotten from several sources that don't exist when you try to go there again. It's kind of like drugs, isn't it? Brand, I can help you with. I want to talk to him anyways."

They talked for a while longer and both went away knowing a little more. Thane saw Ritath watching him as he left. That was one man that he wanted to talk to. Later though, maybe they could reach the underground together and that could get his revenge.

No. 10 - said number being randomly generated by friend computer.

1-28-86

Published at insane intervals by: Daniel Scott Palter, 999 Central Ave., #300, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598
Dedicated to the postal play of Paranoia and other such stuff....

In the main room:

Ms. Nazi puts on the black uni. She puts the Khaki unit over it. An unseen speaker starts playing the Horst Wessel completely off key on moog. She arms herself with as many guns, knives, grenades, and other weapons as she can find places to stash it, including a combat knife in the top of the boot. A character in the back walks up to the table and tries to join the fun, saying "Ok, I'm a Nazi too." Friend machinegun bot blows him away with a good thousand rounds, wounding two other characters who drive for cover too slowly. They are hustled off by flying doc bots out of visual range. Ms Nazi doesn't duck and is missed by all the flying lead. She finishes filling her 200 Kilo field pack and puts it on. The antigrav makes it weigh about ,000000000000001 gram. The entrenching tool fits comfortably in its proper holder on the back on the pack. She turns to one of the two remaining characters and covers them with her auto weapon. To friend bot she says, "Don't worry, if this person is a commie I'll blow him away, anything to serve the computer". She asks the character if it is a commie. It says it is a Nazi and wants to be her slave. It crawls forward and begins licking her boots. She kicks it away from her while laughing. The music switches to the Valkyrie theme. Emboldened she barks at the two wimpering swine, "You are now under my command. Dress and arm yourselves. We have work to do on behalf of our beloved silicon Fuhrer. Dress parade in five minutes." Turning back to the machine gun bot, she asks, "Am I now in command here?" He answers, "Yes you are, You are in command of everything but the commie mutant from Titan. We will assemble a proper storm troop for you, complete with full 150th Panzer Brigade kit. Right now you have a date with the commie mutant. Follow me please."

Black Star Rising by Fredrick Pohl - a Semi Review:

Don't know how many of you S.F. Do know that this is a good one to miss if you do. Pohl in his early days had such great plotting that he could get by with cardboard characters and silly dialogue. He's matured in the last decade into a better writer but like all SF-Fantasy hacks, he sometimes retrogresses to his grind it out early days. This is one such. It might make a good shork story or a passable novella, It's simply too flimsy and contrived to be worth the read even at zero price.

The Cat who walks through Walls by R.A. Hienlein

This is for true fans only. The great guru has abandoned any pretense at the novel to do a one man stand up comic routine in which the entire piece is a shaggy dog story. A great shaggy dog story admittedly. One that I will reread for years. But for the truly convinced only.

INDUSTRY GOSSIP:

WEG's new Ghostbusters has managed the best prepub response that it ever had. The running question with FASCA over what is a roleplaying/board game seems to have been settled by Paramount via a joint licence of everything. 1985 was the worst year for game sales since the industry was recreated by Jim Dunnigan and Eric Dott in the early 70's. The reasons appear rooted in Lake Geneva and the continued coups/counter coups over control of the great dragon. The latest unofficial industry standings show:

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| 1. TSR-SPI | 6. Mayfair |
| 2. AH-Victory | 7. Steve Jackson |
| 3. GDW | 8. FASCA |
| 4. Iron Crown | 9. 3W |
| 5. WEG | 10. Task Force |

None of this involves verifiable numbers and convincing cases can be made in places 4-10 for shifts on the +/- 2 level. However, the 1,2,3, is quite correct and the seven other contestants are probably equally correct. What this means is that the industry as a whole has survived the great fiascos of SPI and TSR without collapsing. Indeed it has spawned an economically viable third world of long term contenders likely to be around well into the next decade. Gaming has survived its adolescence and appears destined for a long life. Indeed a new crop such as Hero and Pacesetter may render the gap between 10 and 15 much less meaningful in time. The economic problem of gaming was always a paucity of third world companies. Third world companies realistically are economically viable businesses that lack true megamillion dollar worldwide distribution. The field consisted of a few haves such as AH, TSR, SPI and a great many fourth world basement operators. Out of the late 70's third world, Yaquinto is almost gone, Chaosium is in suspended animation, Metagaming isn't there, Quarterdeck didn't make the cut, etc. The new/old crop - bear in mind that Iron Crown, FASCA, WEG, 3W etc are really old companies with fairly recent takeoffs - seems likely to be around for long enough to make a real market. Should be amusing.

MOVE SCHEDULE - I will be in Europe week of the 5th of Feb. Will do an issue by the end of Feb as I'm back in Europe end of first week in March. Issue after that will be mid-end March because I'm scheduled back in Europe again first three weeks in April. Then a beginning of May issue before Shoe Shoe time. Should be an end of May, then an end of June/first of July. That gets me more or less through another linebuilder/selling season and so it goes. News we are off CR timetable, or atleast I think we are. New player characters specifically welcome at this point as we are introducing more extras on stage now.
***** DSP*****

10 Sub List

This is the sub list as of Feb. 1, 1986. Well, I could say today's date, but I doubt things will change between now and then. George, this is the up-dated list and you can use this for your mailing labels for me. Please, pretty please?

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51. Ben Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt St. #315, Farmington Hills, MI 48018 (#23)
52. Keith Sherwood, 48244, Muir, San Diego, CA 92107 (Trade)
53. Dan Stafford, 58 W. 9th Apt. E, Columbus, OH 43201 (C.)
54. Alan Stewart, 702-25 St. Mary Street, Toronto, Ont M4Y 1R2 Canada (#22)
55. Don Swartz, 155 Vernon Ave. #2, Louisville, KY 40206 (#24)
56. Tom Tuedy, 29 Stanley Hill Ave., Amersham, Bucks, HP7 9BD England (Trade)
57. Dennie Walker, 2220 Trinity Drive, Atwater, CA 95301 (#25)
58. James Wall, 114 N. Franklin #1, Madison, WI 53703 (#27)
59. Judy Winsome, 3962 Lakewood Way, Redwood City, CA 94062 (Trade)

And there we are, one big happy family. Well, almost anyways. The number after your name is the issue of CR that your sub ends with. If there are any mistakes with your address or name, please tell me. Then I'll let George know the mistake as well. Not much else to say. It's interesting to note the amount of what I would call "Hobby old blood" in my sub list. This would explain to me the reason for the quiet letter column. Oh, for my younger sibs, I remember when I wrote to every editor, every issue. Now, I'm just getting old and so are my subbers. Still, I'll keep the lot of you. After all, CR is a great place to be deadwood. I suspect that all the NEWS deadwood will soon find a home in these pages. Oh, well, if you don't mind then I don't mind. Isn't the end of the page here yet? Oh, if anyone cares, you are 44 Americans, 11 Lisays, I mean British; and 5 Canuks, I mean Canadians. It should be noted that Woody is just a c/o address and doesn't need a separate listing for him under Armenian. It's so fun to abuse Woody! Bye!

GAMES

((Before I start, I wanted to say that last turn was quite goofed up in places. I want to thank Steven Courtemanche, who somehow manages to find my mistakes and tell me about them. Thanks Steven!!!))

International Dip 1984 AX

ANARCHY

Spring 05

PLAYERS WONDER WILL GM GET IT RIGHT? FRANCE EVERYONES FRIEND?

(Game Notes: Last season Russian F Ank-Con should have been underlined. Also F NTH C A York-Den. My fault-typo. Turkish F Aeg, F Smy missing from map. Also, all game end proposals failed.)



Winter 04: Austria build A Bud, Russia: A Ber retreat to Sil, Remove F Bla, France: Build F Mar, F Bre, Turkey: remove F Aeg

SPRING 05:

Turkey-Acheson: F Smy S Russian F Ank-Con

Italy-Stewart: NMR A Nap H (dis,ann)

Russia-Holley: A Sil-War, A Mos S A War-Lvn, A War-Lvn, F Ank-Con
F Cly-NAO, F Swe-GOB

England-Cartier: A Den-Swe, A Nwy S A Den-Swe, F NTH-Den, A StP-Lvn,
F NWG-Cly, A Lvp-Wal

Austria-Rogerson: A Bud-Rum, A Tyr H, A Ven S A Rom, A Rom S F Ion-Nap
A Gre S A Bul, A Bul S A Con, F Ion-Nap, F Apu S F
Ion-Nap, A Con S A Bul

France-Norris: F Tun-Ion, F Tyr S F Tun-Ion, F Naf-Tun, F Mar-Gol, F Eng-Bel, F Bre-Eng, A Ber H,
A Kiel H, A Hol S F Eng-Bel, A Mun H, A Bur S A Mun

MORE GAME NOTES: Steve Cartier COA: #7, 1100 North Cedar, Chico, CA 95926 USA.

Game end proposals: FARE and FEA draw. Remember only the ones in the draws count over here. Please vote with your next orders. NVR = no!

DEADLINE: MARCH 14, 1986

Cathy Ozog 1526 N. Lawler Ave., Chicago, IL 60651

Bye!!

1984 AO

WETLANDS

Winter 06/Spring 07

IS IT A STALEMATE FORMING OR NOT? ONLY ITALY KNOWS FOR SURE!!

Winter 06: Austria: A Ber retreat to Sil, Build a Bud,
Germany: remove F Ber, England: Build A Edi,
Italy: Build F Nap, A Rome

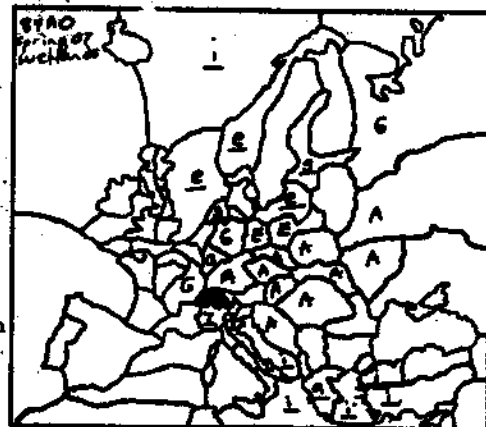
Spring 07:

Germany+Corbin: F Lvn-GoB, A StP H, A Kie S English A Den-Ber, A Bur-Mun,
A Ruhr S A Bur-Mun

England-Holley: A Den-Ber, A Edi-Den, A Pru S A Den-Ber, F Bal c A
Den-Ber, F NTH c A Edi-Den, F Nwy S NTH

Austria-Lucas: F Gre H, A Mun H, A Boh S A Mun, A Tyr S A Mun, A
Sev-Ukr, A Tri S A Tyr, A War S A Sil, A Sil S A Mun,
A Vie S A Tyr, A Gal H, A Mos H, A Bud S A Tri

Italy-Courtemanche: F Nap-Ion, F Ion-Aeg, F Smy H, F Con S F Ion-Aeg,
A Ven S A Mar-Pie, A Mar-Pie, F Bre-Eng, F Adr S A Ven
A Rome-Apu, F NWG H



GAME NOTES: All draws failed. Proposed this time. I/E and I/E/G
Please, please vote. NVR = no.

PRESS:

Rom-Board: Merry Christmas to all and to all a good knight. ((Well, so I'm a little late.))

Linda-Rom: Promises, promises, I want action.

Rom-Aus: You're too close to a breakthrough to be trusted. too long for me to swing around on those two. ((GM sighs and wonders where trust went to?))

Rom-Ber: Congrats on getting the lumber back. ((Atleast, I think that's what he wrote.))

Rom-Lon: Precautionary measures are in order.

ROM-GM: I don't care about the two no votes on the E/A draw, it's the two yes that bother me.

Rom-Presswriters: Haven't you heard of freedom of the presses? ((I think they have but they are either giving me a late Christmas present or they are hoping that the less press I write, the less typo's I'll make in the games.))

DEADLINE: March 7, 1986!!!

Cathy Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Ave., Chicago, IL 60651

I'm not doing very well with space this issue. I can't seem to get everything to fit right. Well, I thought I should mention that the lovely Frauke Petersen is in town going to Hamburger University. Don't laugh, it's the truth. We are going to go and save her from them and show her downtown. Sadly, Eric was up until 3:00am and I was up till 2:30 and both of us look like death on two feet. Oh, well, all I need is some coffee pumped into and then I'll be alive again. See you lot when I get back.

GAMES

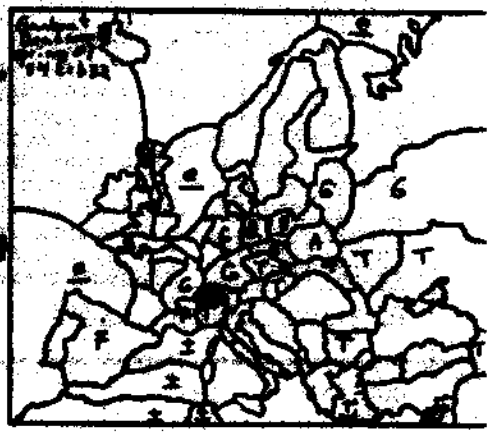
GUNBOAT Dip B4 crb 32

DEADWOOD

Winter 06/Spring 07

NO ONE IS RUSSIA'S FRIEND! NOT EVEN HIS ALLY!!!

GAME NOTES: There was a big mistake in this one and the only one of you who told me about it was Austria! I changed Russian F Edi to an army and no one complained. However, since Austria mentioned the problem I informed Russian and he changed his orders. England was Lon, LVP, Bre, Nvy = 4, even. I suppose you could call me on this. Still, I didn't want to delay the game. I hope this works out alright and next time tell me sooner if I make an error like that!



WINTER 06: Russian Retreats A War-Pru, Germany retreats A Gal-Sil, Builds A Kiel, Austria removes F WMed, Turkey: Build A Con, A Ank, F Esp

Spring 07:

France: A Por-Spa, A Mar H
Austria: A Mar & German A StP-Mos
England: F Bre-MAO, F Bar S German A StP, F Wal-Eng, F Nth H
Germany: A Sil-Gal, A Ruhr-Man, A Bur S French A Mar, A Lon S A StP-Mos, A StP-Mos, A Kiel S A Ruhr-Man, F Sal-Pru, F Bar S F Bal-Pru
Turkey: A Ank-Arm, A Con-Bul, F Smy-Aeg, F Tun-Naf, F Tyh-WMed, F Ion-Tun, A Vie-Boh, A Tri-Tyr, A Rum-Ukr, F GOL S A Pie-Mar, A Pie-Mar, A Bud-Vie, A Gal S A Rum-Ukr, A Sev S Russian A Mos
Russia: A Pru-Bar(dis, ann), A Mun S A Pru-Bar(dis, ann), F Lvp-Cly, A Mos S Turk A Rum-Ukr(dis, ann)
GAME NOTES: Draw Proposal fails. Proposed this time is a concession to the Sleaze = Turkey. Please vote next time. NVR=no.

Press:

England-Germany: Tallman? ((Don't be silly!))
Austria-Russia: The shdwriting is on the wall. Germany can hold the north eliminating the remaining Russian armies. England can blockade the atlantic. Turkey can be stopped if you keep F Edi Parked. If you use it to harass england, the stalemate collapses and turkey wins, but you won't survive to see it. ((Funny you forgot about France. Oh Russia wants to talk to you.))
Russia-Austria: By now it must be obvious, even to you, that I have been actively helping Turkey for some time. Since I wasn't able to get a piece of the game, why not help an ally?
France-Turkey: Let me walk out of Por and Spa and you can walk in and take this game and end it. I said three years ago I would help you, though you were to let me live in Rome. I over look little things like that, especially in light of Germany's stupid play. If you kicked me out of Mar, I'll retreat OTB. Let's wrap this up, and to the rest I say tuff.
England-Germany: No, I'm not Messer. I'm tempted to say "done", but that would be a lie, and I never do that! I'm not even a consummate genius.
England-GM: You left two of my units off the map! AWAW, don't you like me no more? or what? ((I know, I know! It was a bad year for England and you didn't even complain about losing a center that you shouldn't have lost! I know you're so use to being stabbed that you figure a stab by the GM is fair))

DEADLINE: March 7, 1986 !!!!!

Cathy Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651

GUNBOAT DIP Drb 32

LIVEDOOD

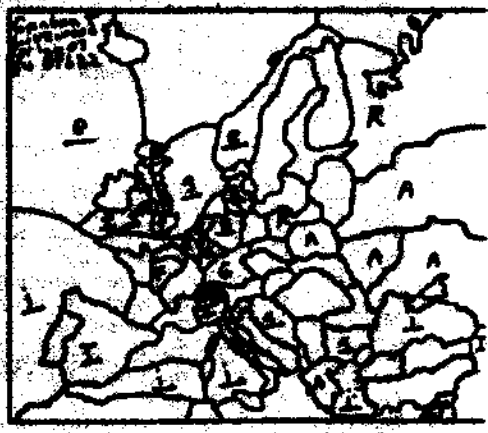
Winter 06 Spring 07

GERMANY SITS IN PLACE AND FRANCE TAKES OVER ENGLAND!!!

Winter 06: France: A Spa retreats Gas(otb), Germany: A Bur-Gas(otb)
Russia: Remove F Arm, England: remove F Por(GM), Italy: Build A Rom, F Nap, Austria: Build F Tri, Germany: Build A Mun, F Kiel, France: remove A Bur, A Pic

Spring 07:

England: NMR!! F NAO H, F NWY H, would the unknown standby please standby for England.
Russia: A StP-Nvy, A Lon-Pru
Italy: F Bla S A Ank-Arm, A Ank-Arm, F Aeg-Con, A Rom-Ven, A Ven-Pie, F Nap-Tyh, F WMed S F Spain(sc)-MAO, A Mar-Spain, F Spa (sc)-MAO
Austria: A Tyr-Ven, F Tri S A Tyr-Ven, A Sev-Arm, A Gal-Wal, A Mos S A Gal-War, A Ukr S A Mos, F Bal-Gal-Con, A Ger-Bul
Germany: NMR!(please see game notes) F Nth H, F Dan H, F Kiel H, A Hol H, A Bel H, A Ruhr H, A Mun H
France: F Lon-Nth, F NWG-Edi, A Lvp-Yor, F MAO-Iri, A Pax H



GAME NOTES: There were a few typo's last time, but lucky for me you lot ignored me and did the right moves. Germany - sigh - I need two requests for a separation. I know this is Gunboat, but if there is a need then two people should ask. I'm not calling a standby for Germany. Press on next page.

GAMES

PRESS FOR LIVELWOOD:

Germany-Austria: They are not! They are not! (coming that is) My moves are obvious, did you have some particular joint project in mind?

Austria-Germany: Do I have a new ally? ((If he will write orders, then maybe.))

Austria-France: You have a tendency to blame others for your own mistakes. When you grow up and learn how to evaluate yourself and your flaws, you may have the potential to be a better person. ((Help! You don't know who you are talking to! You're in big trouble now!))

France-Italy: Have a nice day.

Italy-Austria: France says you're incompetent. Well, are you? In any case, I'd much rather have an incompetent ally to a competent one. You are going to stay landbound, I hope.

Austria-GM: I'd bet that you didn't know that psychology was my 2nd trade. ((I won't ask what the 1st is))

France-Germany: Ok, you can commit suicide this way if you want...((He has his own plans about that.))

Italy-Germany: Inner in Paris, say spring 1908?

Italy-Austria: Sevastopol is mine? or mined?

Austria-Italy: I'm at a crossroads and will probably regret this. ((No you won't. You're a dip player))

France-England: Congratulations on your dogged resistance. Bastard. ((Well, till now...))

DEADLINE: MARCH 7, 1986

Cathy Ozog 1526 N Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651

GUNBOAT DIP 1984

WINDYWOOD

Fall 05

Austria & RUSSIA TRADE CENTERS AND FRANCE IS NO MORE!

SUMMER 05: France: NMR! F Tun retreats otb, Russia: F Balretreats to Lvn

FALL 05:

Germany: F Den-Swe, F Bal s F Den-Swe, A Bur-Mun, A Par H, A Ber-Mun,

Italy: F Tyh-WMed, F Tun S F Tyh-WMed, A Mar-Spa, A Ven H, A Pie S

A Ven H

Austria: A Bud s A Gre-Ser, A Gre-Ser, F Adr-Alb, A Tri S A Gre-Ser,

A Tyr-Vie

England: F Gas-Spa(nc) F MAO-Port, F Eng-Bre, F NTH-Bel, F NWG-NTH,

F NWY S A Swe, A Swe s F Swe(nsu)

Russia: F Con-Aeg, F Bla-Con, A Gal-Bud, A Sev-Rum, A Ser s A Bul-Gre

(Ois, ann), A Bul-Gre, A Pru-Ber, A StP-Fin, F Lvn-StP(sc)

Winter 05 Supply Center Chart:

France = 0, out

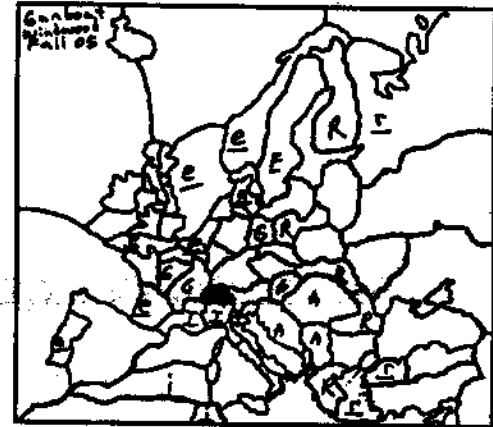
Austria = Home, Ser = 4, remove 1

Germany: Home, Par, Den, Hol = 6, build 1

Italy: Home, Mar, Tun, Spa = 6, build 1

England: Home, Nvy, Swe, Bre, Bel, Por = 8, build 1

Russia: Home, Ank, Con, Smy, Rum, Bul, Gre = 10, Build 2



Game Notes: I'm so sorry I left your map blank last time. It's bad enough being last and no MN, but then I leave your map blank. Well, it's a new year and I hope things will be better.

PRESS:

England-Germany: I hope we are still expanding on all cylinders. You'll like my builds too.

England-Germany: You know, I'm having some second thoughts about you taking Sweden so soon.

Bud-Ber: Me? Dick Dastardly? I don't even own a dog named Muttley.

England-Germany: I'm not too impressed with that 2nd fleet. I think that you should park it in Prussia.

Bud-Rom: Actions speak louder than words, Russia wants to go it alone. So, he shall.

Rome-Bud: If you want Ven, I can't stop you. What good will it do to take my home centers when Russia got all of yours?

England-Austria: Looks like 'your' Russian ally wants to go it alone.

Russia-Austria: I'll be glad to take care of Italy, but first there are all these little red blocks in my way.

Bud-Mos: You will have expansion in the south, but you'll be crushed in the north. Ye shall reap the whirlwind.

Bud-Par: So sorry to see you go.

England-Russia: I could stop at St Petes.

Italy-World: Petition to change my capitol's name to little Big Horn. ((It's not so bad, look now))

Buddie-GM: I do not feel rotten. Why should I? It's the Christmas season, a time to forgive and forget. ((Well, it was when you wrote those orders. How about now?))

Bud-Lon/Ber: See you in Moscow.

England-Italy: Go east young man.

Mediterranean Cruise Lines, Inc. (Tirana, Albania): Having moved from Sicily to Tirana because of Political incompetence by the Italians, we now feel compelled to relocate again. No-one in the office can speak Russian.

England-GM: Once was not enough, when can we get together again? ((You weren't suppose to tell everyone))

GM-Russia: I don't think they like you very much.

DEADLINE: March 7, 1986

Cathy Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL 60651

GAMES

1985 AD

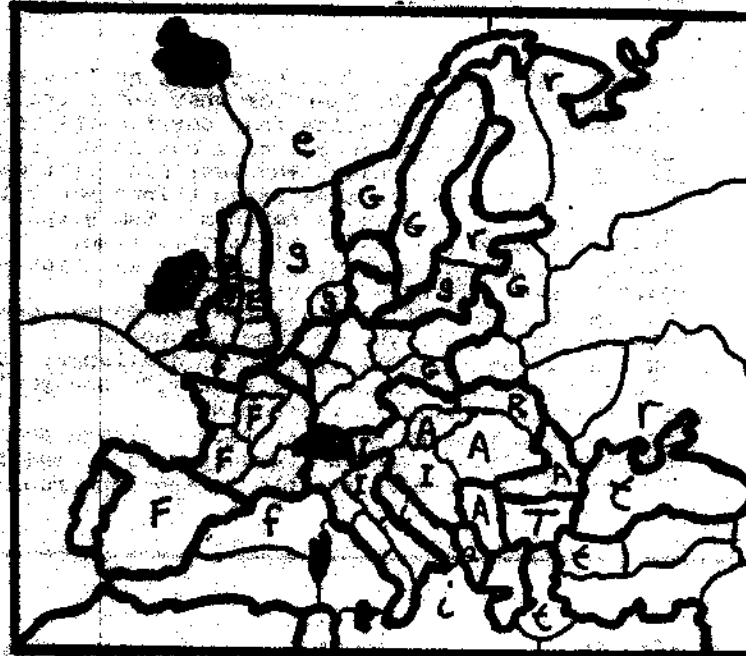
PROMENADE

Spring 1903

GM: Dan Stafford
58-E West 9th
Columbus, OH 43201
(614) 421-1808

SPRING 1903: THE KAISER INVADERS RUSSIA!!

GERMANY(Stewart): F BAL C A Kis-LVN, A MUN-SIL,
F NTR C & A SWE S A bel-NWY, F hol-NEL.
FRANCE(Holley): A bre-GAS, F mid-ENO, F nar-LYO,
F lvr H D (R sly,mac,wal,otb), A PAR H, A SPA M.
AUSTRIA(Anderson): A BUD S A VIE H,
A MUN S A SER S F kre-ALB.
ITALY(Byrne): F ION-gre,
F ADR S & A VEN S A TRI S A TYO-via.
RUSSIA(Bowen): A war-TAL, F SEV H,
F STP/N-rwy, F GOB-bal.
TURKEY(Graessle): F AEG-gre,
F BLA S & F CON S A BUL S italian A tri-ser (NSO),
ENGLAND(Crosby): A YOR S F Iri-LVP, F nwy-NWO.
The deadline for Fall 1903 is Jan. 14, 1986.



Change of address: Derwood Bowen, 2140 E State St, Salem, OH 44460

GER-RUS: Playing RUSSIA in this game is worse for your life expectancy than saccharine is for a brown Canadian rat's.

GER-GM: Next!

AUS-ITA: I would have written but my crayons melted.

GER-FRA: Your plan had a lot going for it--giving me the element of surprise, putting me in a good offensive position, leading me to a surprise French attack...

GER-ITA: You don't believe in growth yourself, is that right?

GER-TUR: Do you ever go to Gulfstream Park? It blew my mind when I found that you could buy berr at concession stands there and take it to your seat--they'd never allow that in Ontario.

1985 AD

PROMENADE

Fall 1903

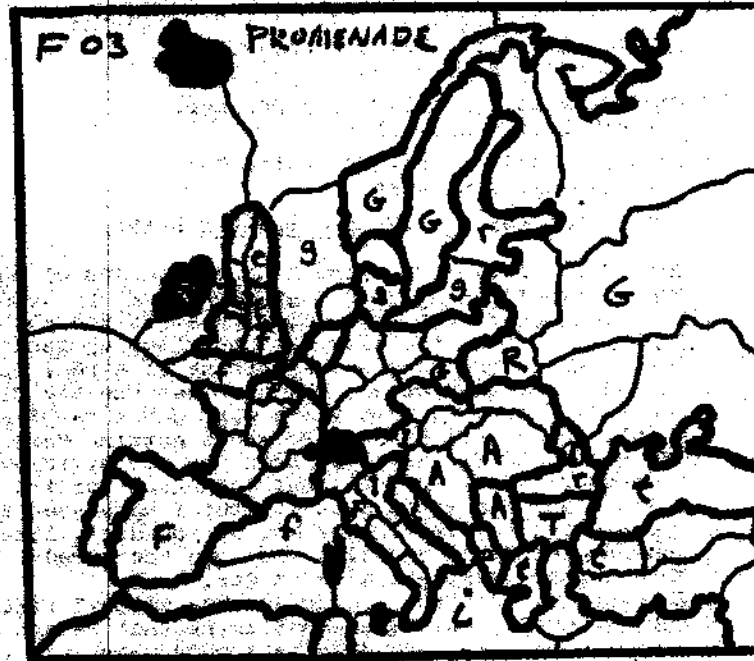
GM: Dan Stafford, 58-E West 9th
Columbus, OH 43201 (614) 421-1808

SUMMER 1903: FRANCE: F lvr R WAL

FALL 1903: ROOKIE KAISER MAKES IT LOOK EASY!!

GERMANY(Stewart): F NTR S french F eng-LON (NSO),
A lva-MOS, A SIL-min, F hol-DEN, A SWE S A NWY H.
FRANCE(Holley): F LYO C A spa-TUS, A par-FIG,
F KWI S F wal-LON, A gas-SPA.
AUSTRIA(Anderson): A rum-bul D (R gal,ukr,otb),
A SER S & A BUD S A vie-TRI, F alb-gre.
ITALY(Byrne): A TYO-ser, A VEN-lyo, F ADN-tri,
F ION S turkish F sek-kre, a tri-ser D ANN.
RUSSIA(Bowen): F BOT S F STP/N H,
A gal-WAR, F sev-MUN.
TURKEY(Graessle): F BLA S russian F sev-rum,
F CON S A BUL S italian A tri-ser, F sek-ORE.
ENGLAND(Crosby): F eng-KDI, F LVP H, A YOR-LON.

GER: Ber, Kis, Mun, Bel, Den, Swe, NWY, MOS (9) has 7
FRA: Bre, Nar, Par, Por, Spa, lvr, LON (6) has 6
TUR: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, GRE (5) has 4
AUS: Bud, Vie, Kis, Ser, rum, TRI (4) remove 1
ITA: Nap, Rom, Ven, Ten, lvr (4) has 4
RUS: Mos, Stp, Sev, War, MUN (4) has 4
ENG: Edi, lvr, kdi, LVP (2) remove 1



Deadline for W03/S04 is Feb. 17th

15 GAMES

MORE PROMENADE PRESS

TUR-GER: Nice and warm down here, but no I've never been to Gulfstream Park.
BER-TUR: What about Hialeah? Or what about the little cigar shop around the corner from the southern Greyhound station that carries the Toronto Globe & Mail? Ever been to those places?
SLEAZE: Yeah, George, do you hang out in bus stations like this Stewart character?
ITA-GER: If you got greedy, you lost Mun. ((It wasn't Alan who got greedy (and lost Trieste)))
ITA-OM: I'm impressed, Mark Berch thinks you belong in a "Stellar Cast of Diplomacy"- just don't let it go to your head as he thinks Tom Ripper is as good as you are and I've never even heard of him.
TUR-ITA: I hope you got it right this time.
ITA-TUR: No wonder your wife stays in NJ - you really are a pain in the ass.
ITA-TUR: Okay, Jerky - now what?
ITA-AUS: We are getting ready for the German onslaught - too bad you lost your crayons.
BER-RUS: As I said, you left me no choice.
TUR-PRA: Watch it toots ((nickname challenge! Attention Terry Tallman!)). Going after Kathy is playing right into Alan's hands. Ask yourself, how you're going to cope with all those German fleets once they wipe up things in the north.
ITA-RUS: You know we are desperate - please tell me you listened.
TUR-GER: I noticed you're a greedy person. And since you've never included me in your plans, I believe that spells trouble in the long run.

1985 AP

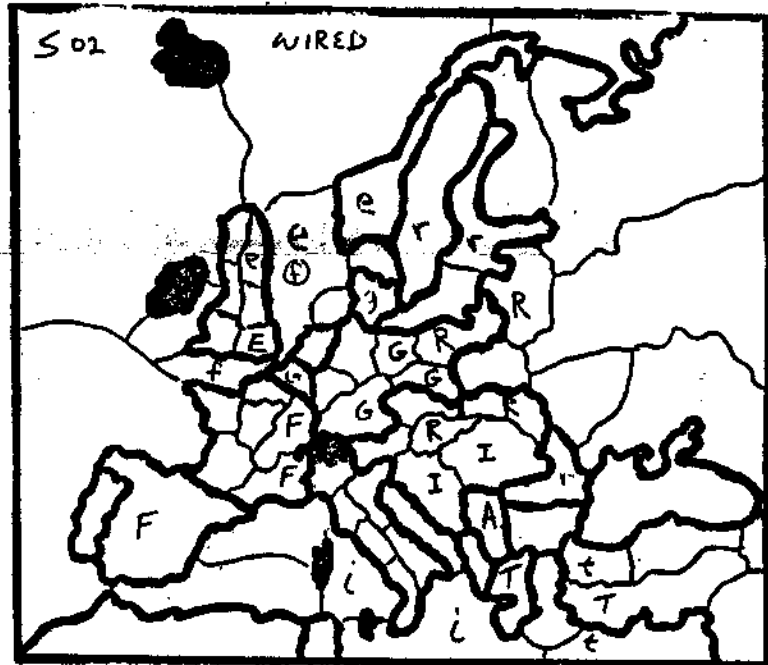
WIRED

Spring 1902

GM: Dan Stafford
58-E West 9th
Columbus, Ohio 43201
(614) 421-1808

SPRING 1902: RUSSIA SHARES THE BALKAN GOODIES!!

RUSSIA(Walker): F SWE-den, F stp/s-BOT,
A VIE S & A GAL S Italian A tri-bud,
A mos-LVN, A war-FRU, F RUM H.
GERMANY(Rauterberg): A BER S A mun-SIL, A ruh-MUN,
F DEN S english F nwy-swe (NSO), A hol-BEL.
FRANCE(Acheson): F bre-ENG, A par-BRE, A spa-MAR,
A por-SPA, F nth H D (R hel, ska, hol, otb).
ENGLAND(Bowen): F NWY S F nwg-NTH,
A LON-yor, F EDI-yor.
TURKEY(Bevis): A bul-GRE, F CON-seg,
F swy-EAS, A ara-SMY.
ITALY(Crosby): A tri-BUD, A tyo-TRI,
F ION-seg, F nap-TYN.
AUSTRIA(Holley): A SER S a bud-tri D ANN.



COA: Paul Rauterberg, 4158 Monona, Madison WI 53716
COA: Derwood Bowen, 2140 E State, Salem, OH 44460 *
BERLIN-MOSCOW: Aren't you drawing a bit too much attention to yourself?
TUR-GER: Are you familiar with the lemming concept of anticipatory suicide?
BOWEN-BEVIS: The game was something of a real downer for this transplanted Columbusite, though not unexpected. The bomb was the big play of the game.
BEVIS-OM: How many more years with Earle "9-3" Bruce? Is Woody Hayes still alive? ((Barely...))
RUSSIA to (VICHY) FRANCE: So who's getting Belgium?
UNK NO to SLEAZE: Have you seen the Joy Division/New Order calendar for 1986? I'm debating whether or not to shell out ten bucks for it.
SLEAZE: No, I haven't seen it, but I have seen a couple of great looking U2 calendars. Go ahead and buy the JD one and if you don't like it, sell it to Olsen after a nice mark up.
ENGLAND-OM: Don't you like the word "censured"?
TUR-PRA: You sure are a quiet one.
ENGLAND-OM: Are you calling Melinda slimey? ((Never!))
MUNICH-LONDON: Russia doesn't think that we can ally. By now, he'll either know it or be chastened. What he needs is a good whacking. ((Don't we all!))
ENGLAND-AUSTRIA: I really hope gaining 7 centers in '01 doesn't mean Russia wins. What a bummer this game would be.
TURKEY-AUSTRIA: Don't take it so hard, perhaps if I heard from you before the deadlines, cooperation would be more likely. It's not what you said, but the timing.

Round 1

WIRED BOURSE

Spring 1902

	RUS	GER	FRA	ENG	TUR	ITA	AUS
	\$1.46	\$1.26	\$1.69	\$.81	\$.81	\$.90	\$.60
BBB	-500	--	--	--	+1394	-444	--
SPIN	-500	-500	-500	+1076	+2016	--	-500
DETB	-500	-500	-500	+1000	+2000	+450	-500
SLI	-500	+2488*	-500	-500	-500	-500	-500
LIAR	-500	-500	-500	+1154*	+1400	+1400	-500
DRUGS	--	--	--	-500	+500	--	--
BOSS	-500	-500	-500	--	+300	+400	--
ASS	-500	--	-500	-500	+500	+500	+500

Round 2	RUS	GER	FRA	ENG	TUR	ITA	AUS
	\$1.11	\$1.30	\$1.39	\$.98	\$1.57	\$1.04	\$.43
BBB	-500	--	--	--	+353*	--	--
SPIN	-500	+1142*	-500	-500	-500	+1000	--
DETB	-500	+1902*	--	-500	-500	-500	--
SLI	+1000	--	--	-500	--	-500	-500
LIAR	+1193*	--	+500	-500	-500	-500	-500
DRUGS	--	+603*	--	--	-500	--	--
BOSS	+500	+500	+500	--	-500	-500	-500
ASS	-500	+500	-500	--	--	+500	--

FINAL	RUS	GER	FRA	ENG	TUR	ITA	AUS
	\$1.17	\$1.76	\$1.39	\$.78	\$1.36	\$.97	\$.30

WIRED BOURSE

FINAL HOLDINGS

	RUS	GER	FRA	ENG	TUR	ITA	AUS
BBB	6029	0	0	0	1747	0	0
SPIN	500	2041	2704	1000	3200	2000	500
DETB	1700	2927	2699	500	1500	590	0
ALCO	2790	1000	898	0	1754	1699	0
SLI	1416	3188	2282	500	200	317	500
LIAR	1493	1000	2349	1554	1757	1792	0
DRUGS	1600	1716	1531	0	1661	800	0
RCI	1816	500	1500	500	500	2000	500
BOSS	900	1431	1400	400	700	400	1000
ASS	0	1500	0	500	1500	2000	1500
SC-COURT	7	5	5	4	4	4	2

Company Name	Bank	Cash	Acronym
SPIN BLEND	530	\$1	SPIN
DOUBLE TROUBLE	503	\$0	DETB
BETTER BOURSE BUREAU	491	\$1	BBB
LANDSHANK INVESTMENTS AND REFUNDS	476	\$1	LIAR
ALSTENARTCO (NEW1)	428	\$0	ALCO
SATELLITE LAUNCH INC.	423	\$125	SLI
DIFPEY ROAD UNDERWRITING & GAMING SERVICE	372	\$1	DRUGS
RIVER CITY INVESTMENTS (NEW1)	357	\$0	RCI
BOB'S OMBUDSMAN & STOCKBROKER SERVICE	284	\$1232	BOSS
ASSOCIATED STOCK SERVICE (NEW1)	265	\$905	ASS

DETB-BBB: Going that far with the USSR this early can get you in trouble. Will you take a hint? Buy Piastes.

SPIN to DETB: It's still a horse race.

DETB-TURK: Make my stock worthwhile too, if you please.

DETB-ALCO: Didn't work too well. Let's try the Crown market this time.

DETB-SPIN: I'll catch you yet.

I sure do wish I could figure out a way to get you guys to spend all your dollars. And for the benefit of our new player, you can buy more than 500 of a currency. Also, the * indicates a buy order that was cut short due to lack of funds. The way to make sure that you spend all your cash is to make your last 2nd round buy order outrageous like "buy 10,000 Aus".

CATHY OZOG
1526 N. LAWLER AVE.
CHICAGO, IL 60651 U.S.A.

SUB ENDS: # ~~302~~
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FIRST CLASS MAIL

Steve Knight
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55408



This is the post Superbowl and rather large version of Cathy's Ramblings #19

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

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DEADLINE: MARCH 7, 1986!!!! but don't expect the zine until one week after the Anarchy deadline.

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES:

See the sub list and let me know any changes or updates I may need to make.

GAME OPENINGS:

DOUBLE BOURSE: GM: Dan Stafford. See Dan for the rules. He picked up one new player this time and I'm sure he'll take more. He's easy after all. Just don't call him.

AT YOUR SERVICE: PARANOIA: GM Dan Scott Palter. He does need more players and anyone in Orknaire may want to check this out. It's a fun game and very different. Also if you like FRPing games, Don del Grande is trying to start a Doctor Who role playing game in his Life of Monty. Of course, I am signed up, but I'm the only doctor right now. See the sub list for Don's address. What a way to slip in a plug.

STAND-BY's: David Pierce, Robert Greieryr, Bob Olsen, John Davies, Jerry Lucas, Don Swartz, Robert Acheson, Derwood Bowen, Jim Burgess, Alan Stewart, D.S. Palter, Melinda Ann Holley, Jeff Bevis, Scott Hanson, John Crosby, George Graessel, Stephan Dycus. Thank you all! Please let me know if you want on or off this list and which type of game you prefer.

Subs: Still the same old price of 10 for \$7.00. or \$1.20 for British. Send money via Doug Rowling and Steve Knight if you are British and want to top up your sub. Hello Dave.

NOTES TO YOU:

