

# FRANCAISIA

Issue Number 59 ---- Postal Diplomacy Game FNI -- 1970Fck(WI7 prop) -- 31 Mar 1971

FNI (Scotice Scripti) --

Propaganda -- (WINTER, 1017; plus some left over from FALL, 1017) --

Dublin (B Cat Tra) -- "Kari, I'm sorry that Kol is no longer in deliverable condition. But here's a tip. Your friend Flosi is heading back by way of Finesterre."

Dundrennan (Build A Man) -- Well, tricky Dick, if you won't reply to my letters... I'll have to tell you in public to support Dundrennan to Nth and enter Lothian.

Galway (F SAT-HyB) (from F'17) -- Two Orkney fishermen (they said so themselves) were picked up in a rowboat off the coast here. "A thunderbolt struck us out of a blue sky," they reported, "and we are the only survivors."

Gjedoe -- Olaf Ospak met the jarl's wrathful glare with one of his own. "Thorfinn Sigurdsson, Odin has not yet chosen me and my men to be in his Company, so we do not yet have the luck to defeat all armies, whatever their size. My fleet attacked the district of Fanad, which lies in the Kingdom of the North, as the Islanders call it. Mael Seachlinn is its chief; he alone of the great warriors survived Clontarf, so his realm did not fall into disorder. His warriors are strong fighters; attack him yourself, if you think I could have done better."

#### "But you had Olaf Haraldsson to aid you! Eighty long ships! Four thousand warriors! Why would you fail?" #### Olaf shrugged. "Mael Seachlinn was the High Chieftain of all the Green Isle before Brian Boru stole the high seat from him. He is the True Chieftain of the North Kingdom; the sons of Brian Boru hold the south by force, except for Munster. It is any wonder that the men of the North are better fighters?" Thorfinn made no reply, but his face was thoughtful.

Skarpoe (from F'17) -- For many days, Thorfinn kept himself from the company of men, brooding over recent events. Again and again he would stalk to the window and gaze to the south, his hands working. Until there came a night of wind and rain, with Thorfinn seated at a table with his head in his hands, that a distant noise of shouting and confusion came to his ears. Then his chamber door, stoutly barred, was flung from its hinges and crashed to the floor, followed by three guards. Thorfinn's roar of rage was stifled by astonishment at that mighty feat as the cause of the disturbance entered the chamber.

A mighty figure of a man he was: three swordblades tall; steelblue eyes; a forest of yellow hair; a brilliantly crimsoned cloak; a Byzantine breastplate and helmet; the lack of a shield, a berserker certainly; a dripping bundle under each arm. "Behold, Thorfinn-jarl!" he boomed. Egil Skallagrimsson has returned from Miklagard, and bears three gifts. See here!" And he dropped his two bundles, which resolved into--Swart and Kari! At that moment David of Fair Isle whisked into the room to avoid being pinked yet again by the sword of Bjarni Thordarson.

"A word of explanation, Thorfinn-jarl. My longships were returning to the North by way of the lands of the Blue Men, and so the Green Isle lay between. Several seasons had passed since I last stood on the Isle's shore, and I wished to see if my luck was good still. I had learned that much booty was to be had at Cashel, the seat of the King of Munster, and so there we went. During our attack, I chanced on the prisoner King of Cork and these three were to guard him and kill him at need. Being alone and in haste, I may have injured them more severely than necessary. Upon regaining our ships, I did as Thordarson bade and brought them speedily to you. Until later, my tale is done."

Thorfinn smiled hugely and spake formally. "Well met and well said, Egil Skallagrimsson. We shall speak more of this matter later. For now, I shall question the prisoners. My hall and all in it are yours." Skallagrimsson saluted and departed.

The jarl now turned his attention to his three unexpected but very welcome guests. "My friends, I fear your courtesy no match for your skill with weapons,

FNI (Continued) --

for during your last visit you departed without farewell or permission. Now it seems that the Three Sisters, or perhaps not, brings you back. Let there be no more of these escapes; such take place only when the fumes of ale live in the head."

Somewhere near Kilmarnock (F Sat-HyB) (from F'17) -- So! Deep plotting was indeed afoot! Turlogh would have to pry the Stone's whereabouts from his prisoner before the Orkney--er, sailory arrived. ##### But just then, Kol's eyes were glazed, and he began to scream in terror. "The Man! The Dark Man!" The Iclander writhed in ghastly convulsions. ##### When he had regained himself, he spoke: "I have lost. For you there may yet be time. Go to where three vales join...." And with these words, he snatched the Dalcassian blade and flung himself upon it.

Tralee (B Cat Tra) -- Bjarni Thodarson gibbered in terror when he finally realized what the Irish were doing. He was being lashed to a gigantic catapult pointing westward. ##### "Yes", cackled the King of Munster and South Leinster. "That should get you halfway to Brazil before you come down. Let's see you swim away after you hit the water with that momentum." ##### As he was watching the Cork-bandit sail off into the sunset, a messenger pulled at Teige's arm and handed him a scribing. The King looked at it and burst out sputtering. "The :.M(\*M%&& northerners double-crossed us before we could double-cross them! Death, doom, destruction and despair to the Ui Niall!"

NSG (F Sat-HyB) (from F'17) -- "But-but-but..." stammered King Teige. "...I was only following the example set by the holy Church. Surely you remember how Abbot Manchin tried to crucify MacConglinne for making poems about him. And isn't 'Roman barbarians' an oxymoron? How does 'Irish Gall' sound?" ##### "It seems to me that the Irish have plenty of gall", muttered the Saint, who peevishly hurled a thunderbolt seaward and vanished. ##### "And I was just going to invite him to stay for our next punishment", sighed the King. "It will be a real corker. By the way, I hear that Malachy has a bad cough. All day long, nothing but 'Kashl-kashl-kashl!'"

WINTER, 1017 build (Overlooked in F-58) -- SCOTLAND (Phillips): (B) A Man (doesn't get a build).

On the Irish Fleet Rule -- Comments received:

Connacht -- Connacht favors permitting the Irish to build fleets at some point. A suggestion: allow building after one player controls 12 supply centers, including at least 2 complete kingdoms. Fleets can be built only in Tuam, Leitrim, Donegal and Limerick.

England -- I think that your second suggestion tends to be the best solution. . .

Orkney -- On principle, I am against Irish fleets for, as I said, an Irish fleet is a contradiction in terms. But, then, so were English, Welsh and Scottish fleets, and the Viking fleets are too strong. Either I must backtrack or have the game revised, so.... If I had to choose under what conditions I would allow fleet building, I would consider material holdings more important than a time factor. Further, I don't think holding a complete kingdom would matter one way or another. Allowing fleet building to the kingdom that holds half of the country's supply centers should be a reasonable compromise.

Scotland -- I suggest that the two remaining Irish kingdoms be allowed to build fleets as soon as the other two are (A), with provision for fleet builds in Wexford. We misplaced Pulsipher's note, but he merely indicated displeasure at any rule changes, if memory serves correctly.

OK. So material seems to be the criterion most favored. There are 16 supply centers in Ireland. So--we will allow the building of Irish fleets by any of the Irish kingdoms which controls nine (one more than half) of the Irish supply centers and has complete control of their own supply centers (i.e., owns their own kingdom in its entirety), or eight Irish supply centers and two complete Irish kingdoms, including their own. Fleets may be built only in one's home province, in Limerick (MUNSTER), Leitrim (CONNACHT), Donegal (ULSTER), Wexford (LEINSTER). If anyone strenuously objects to this new rule, please speak up by April 20. According to our policy, any rule-change after a game starts may be vetoed by a single objection; but please don't object without good reason, as an Irish fleet-building rule is the only hope of keeping this game from bogging down completely later on.

Deadline for SPRING, 1018 moves -- Noon, Tues., April 20.



