

DIPLOMAT

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The Diplomat
c/o David Kleiman
3530 Hyannis Port Drive
Indianapolis, IN 46224 (317) 293-5510

Volume 3, Issue 24

April 13, 1984

The Diplomat is the home of 93E(game finish this issue), 93U, 93AK, 93AL, 93CG, 93CZ, 93HY, 93ML, 93IF.

Deadline for all games in this issue is 10:00 pm EST on May 4, 1984.

1. First, please note that The Diplomat has increased from \$.40 to \$.50. All current subscriptions will be honored.
2. WWIIb variant is open for sign up. Please send no money at this time. This is a 15 player variant based on the whole world. Pretty much straight Diplomacy on a bigger map. It's great fun - I played India to a second place behind a victorious USA in my only experience. Interested so far are Crosby, Kleiman, D. Baker, Sweeney, Schaunk, Pavey, Young.
3. This is an outstanding issue for press. I think that we went from one of the worst issues last issue (mostly my fault) to probably the best issue ever. Of course, the lengthy releases deserve a good reading, but don't overlook France in the Kissinger - I'm still laughing.
4. Speaking of the Kissinger, The Diplomat has it's first game finish this issue. A congratulations to J. R. Baker for his victory in the first game. Also, a special thanks to the players of the game that started it all. Phil, David, Randy and JR were all original players, and thanks to Steve for taking over and finishing the French position. We'll have more on this next issue with the players' endgame statements.
5. Please note that the METTERNICH (1982HL) has been delayed due to GM error. Winter 1905 and Spring 1906 orders are due next issue. Please note that for Fall 1905, the French A bur-BEL succeeds. No changes in the supply chart. Sorry.
6. We almost had a draw pass in the Talleyrand (83CZ) with only 2 votes of 7 players. Remember to vote on the proposals.
7. Last issue I stated the deadline to be April 14 which is a Saturday. The Diplomat has it's deadlines on Fridays, so last issue was in error. I did use April 14 as the deadline, so no one should have missed for that reason.
8. Since we have a couple of new games starting and a number of new players are involved, I thought I'd discuss my style of GMing a bit. First, I believe that we are all playing these games for fun, and any comments I or any player might make should be taken in fun. I do not consider myself a "strict" GM. If a player orders A BUD S A SER-RUM and does not order A SER-RUM, I will order A SER-RUM. If a player orders F SWE-NOR, I will order F SWE-NORWAY - even though NOR is not a very good abbreviation (NORTH SEA, NORTH ATLANTIC, etc). In this case, NOR could only mean Norway. If the order had been F SKA-NOR, then F SKA would HOLD, as NOR could be either NORTH Sea or NORway. I do highly suggest that all players (no matter how good) spell out the entire territory name. Publishers have to abbreviate to save space, but a player has no real reason to conserve space. Now, if any of you would like me to be a very strict GM, just say the word, and I'll be glad to handle your orders in that sanner.
9. If anyone has any comments about The Diplomat, feel free to express them. I have always considered this YOUR 'zine, so why shouldn't it done your way?

STANDBY LIST: Steve Cartier, John Crosby, David Baker, Pat Pakel, Jeff Hines, Matt Fleming, Bob Sweeney, Ken Hager, Tony Barbieri, Mary Simons.

1983E - The Kissinger, F09

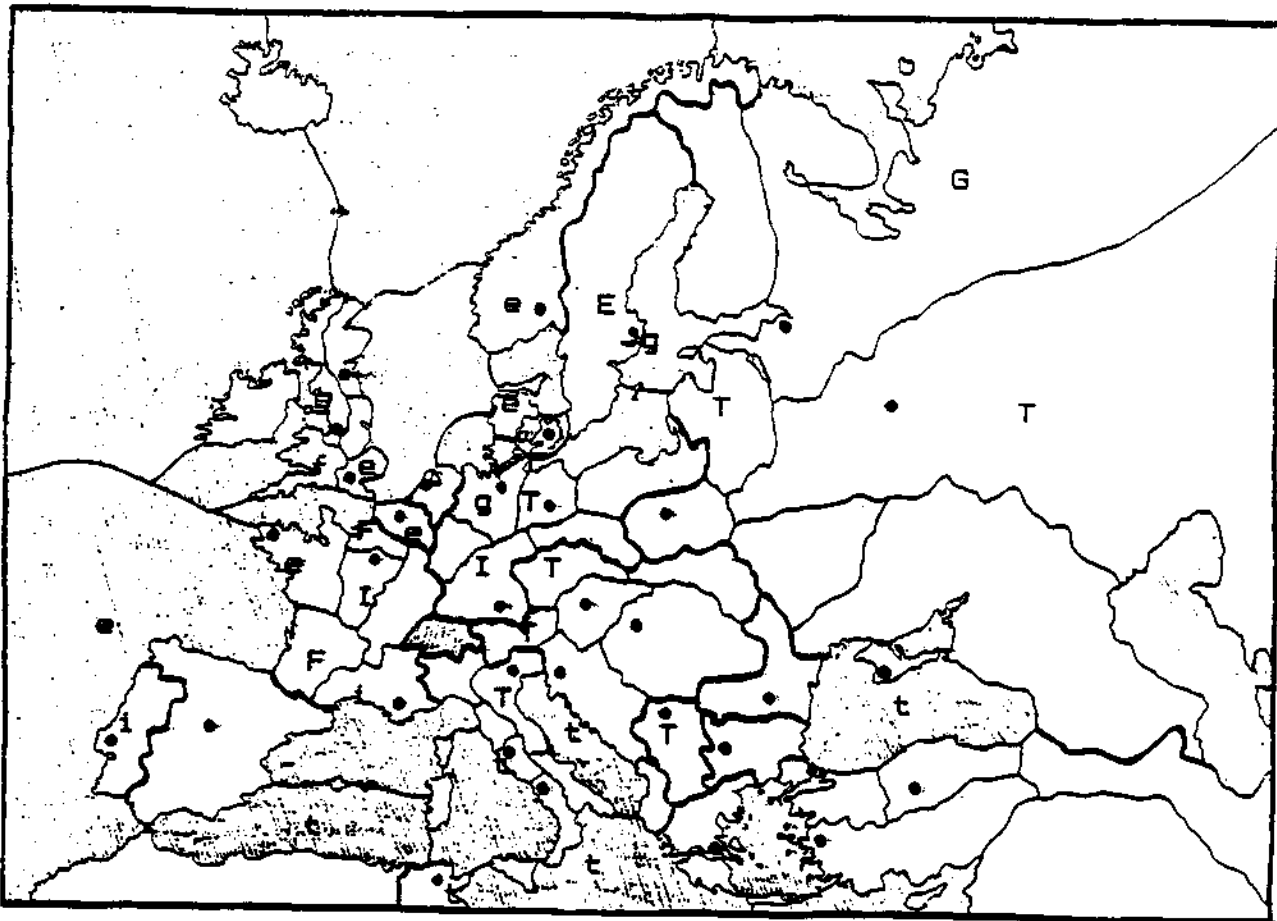
Turkish victory ! French collapse as Italy moves in ! Islam will reign in Rome!

- AUSTRIA: (Civil Disorder) A boh H(d,sil,gall).
- ENGLAND: (#01, Phil Senn) F LPL-wal, F nth-LON, F MID S F bre, F BRE H, F hol-BEL, F nwg-NWY, A SWE H, F DEN S A swe.
- FRANCE: (#09, Steve Cartier) F WAL-lpl, A ven H(d,apu,tus,pie), A PIC-bre, A GAS S A pic-bre.
- GERMANY: (#05, David Baker) A fin-STP, F BOT S A fin-stp, F bal-KIE.
- ITALY: (#02, Randy Karnolinski) A tyl R MUN, F POR-spa(nc), F MAR-spa(sc), A MUN S turkish A sil-ber, A eur-PAR.
- RUSSIA: (Civil Disorder) A stp H(d,a).
- TURKEY: (#03, J.R. Baker) F ROM H, A sil-BER, A tri-VEN, A bul-BER, F ADR S A tri-ven, F tyn-WES, A war-LVN, A via-BCH, A sev-MOS, F TUN S F tyn-was, F aeg-ION, A TYL S A via-bch, F BLA K.

GAME NOTES: Endgame statements may be submitted by each player for next issue. Again, congrats to JP for a fine victory, and to all the players for a colorful beginning for The Diplomat. Oh, one error from last issue: France also held Portugal...

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

- AUSTRIA: 0- out.
- ENGLAND: 8- BEL, BRE, DEN, EDI, LON, LPL, NWY, SWE. Remove 8 units.
- FRANCE: 0- out.
- GERMANY: 3- HOL, KIE, STP. Remove 3 units.
- ITALY: 5- MAR, MUN, PAR, POR, SPA. Remove 5 units.
- RUSSIA: 0- out.
- TURKEY: 18- ANK, BER, BUD, BUL, CON, GRE, MOS, NAP, ROM, RUN, SER, SEV, SBY, TRI, TUN, VEN, VIE, ZAF. Remove 8 units.



1983U - The Machiavelli, 508

Two Russian armies are added to the war effort...

FRANCE: (#02, Randy Karmolinski) B A PAR, B A BRE, A BER S russian A war-sil(nso), A GAS S F war, A FIN-stp,
 A KIE S A mun, A MUN S F bla-sev, A par-BUR, A RUH S A mun, A bre-PIC, F BAL S A ber,
 F BOT S A fin-stp, F MAR S F spa(sc), F MID S F spa(sc), F NAT S F aid,
 F NWY S A fin-stp, F POR S F spa(sc), F SPA(sc) S F war.
 ITALY: (#13, John Crosby) S NAP-mid, F TUN S F wes, F WES S F naf-mid, A PIE S F lyo-par, F LYQ-par,
 F TUS S F tyn-lyo, F tyn-LYO, A PRU-ber, A TYL S A sil-mun, A ROM S A sil-mun,
 A SIL-mun, A vie-GAL, F ION H.
 RUSSIA: (#04, Pat Pakel) B A WAR, B A SEV, A WAR S italian A gru(otm), A sev-UKR, A LYN S F stp(sc),
 A MOS S F stp(sc), F STP(sc) S A lvn.

SAME NOTES: Fall 1909 orders are due.

PROPOSALS: F-I-R draw fails (1 for, 2 against). Concession to France fails (1 for, 2 against). F-I-R is proposed again.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 0- out.

ENGLAND: 0- out.

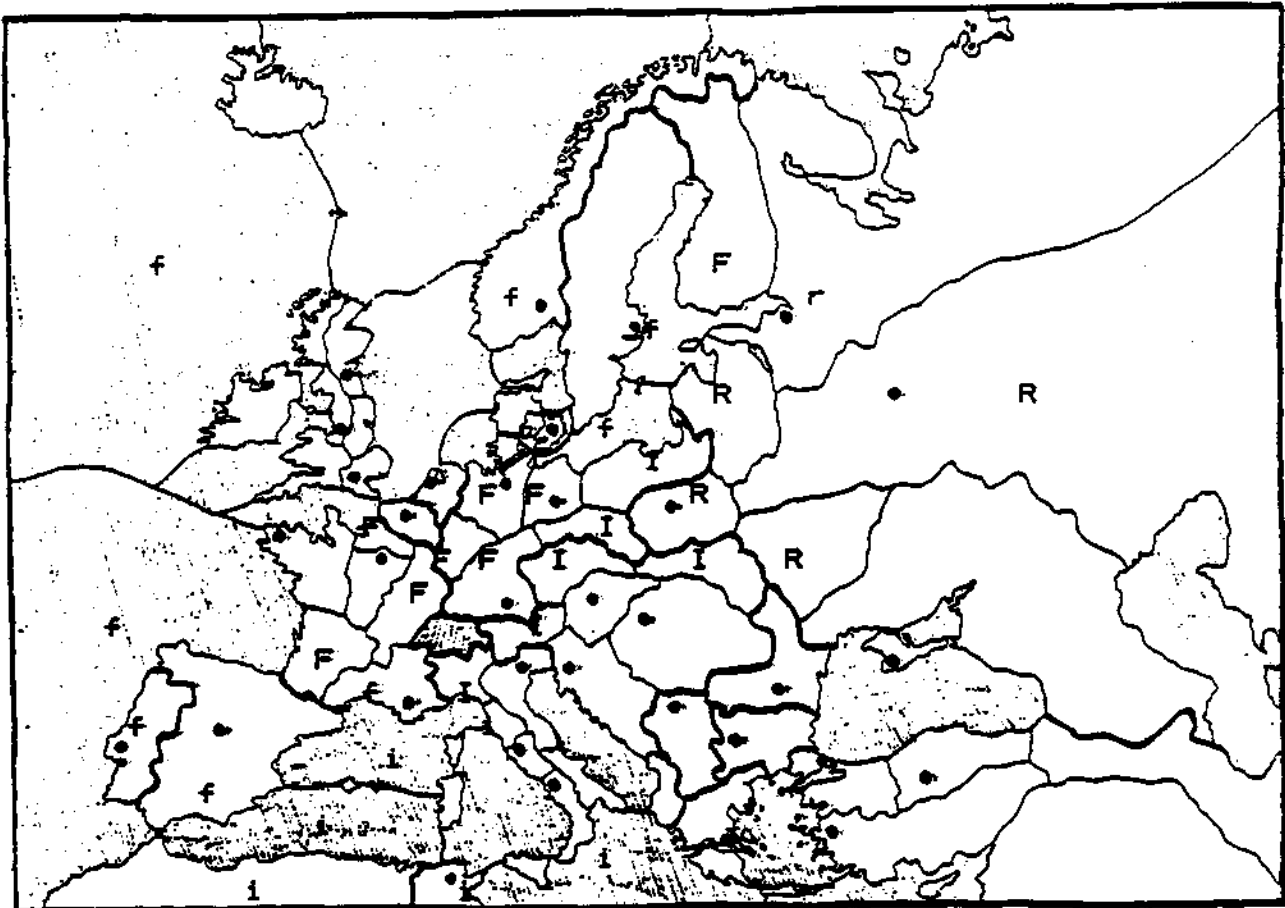
FRANCE: 16- BEL, BER, BRE, DEN, EDI, HOL, KIE, LON, LPL, MAR, MUN, NWY, PAR, POR, SPA, SWE

GERMANY: 0- out.

ITALY: 13- BUD, BUL, CON, GRE, NAP, ROM, RUM, SER, SHY, TRI, TUN, VEN, VIE

RUSSIA: 5- ANK, MOS, SEV, STP, WAR

TURKEY: 0- out.



1983 AK - The Bismarck, W06&S07

I think someone's going to oppose the Turkish expansion...

ENGLAND: (#06, Matt Fleming)

B F LPL, F LPL-iri, F lon-WAL, F nth-LON, F ska-NTH, F hol-BEL, A NWY S A stp, A STP S russian A nos.

FRANCE: (#21, Rob Schunk)

A ven R OTB, B F MAR, F IRI-aid, F ENG S F Iri-aid, F mid-POR, F sar-SPA(sc), A bel-SUR, A pie-MAR.

GERMANY: (#42, Ven Heger)

S A MUN, A MUN-boh, A tyl S A mun-bohid, pie), A RUH-mun, F den-SVL.

ITALY: (#35, Phil Redmond)

R F TUS, A VEN S turkish A tri.

RUSSIA: (#05, David Baker)

R A LVN, A nos H(d, lvn).

TURKEY: (#17, John Crosby)

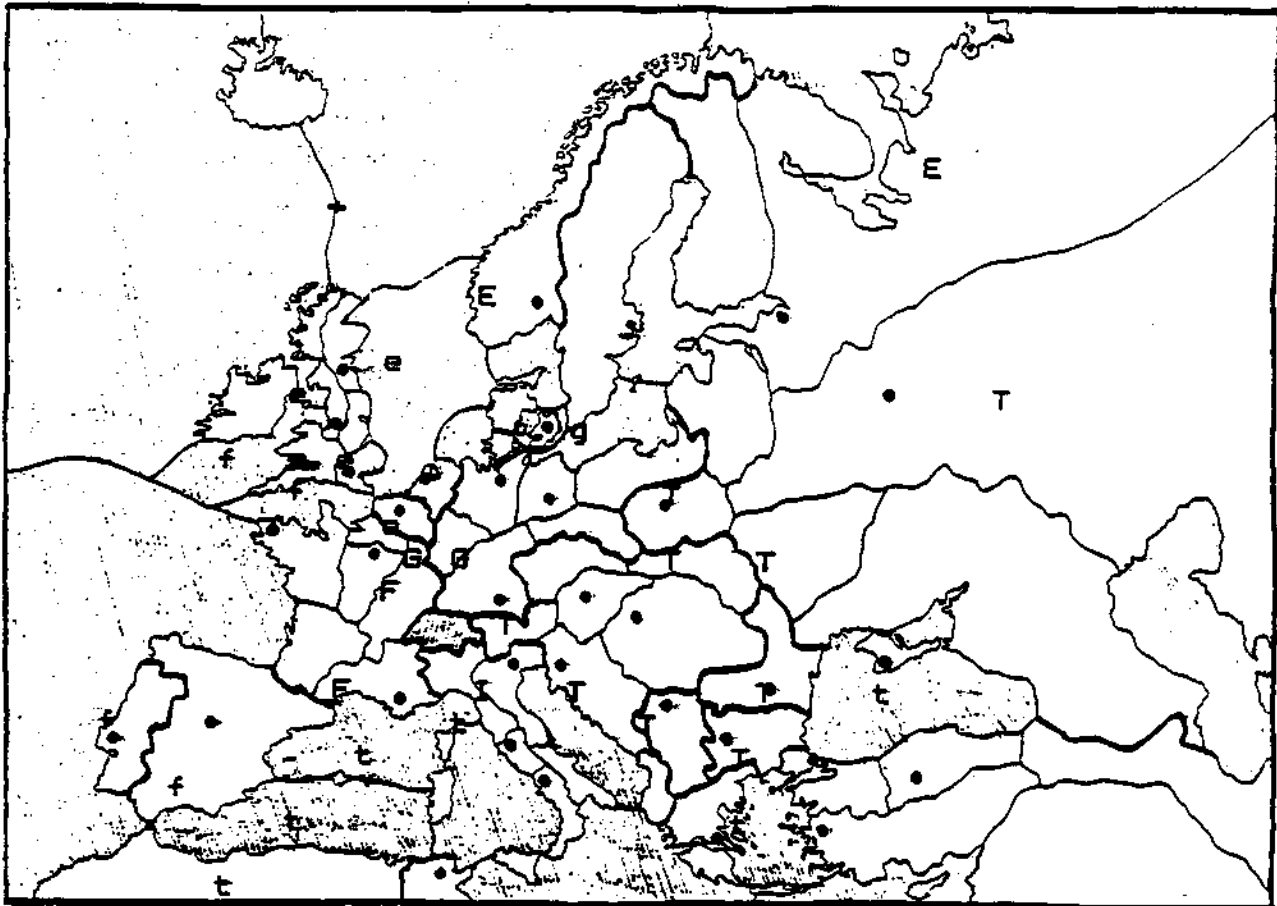
A nos R SEV, S F SBY, S A ANK, S A CON, F say-ABG, A oza-BUL, A skr-RUM, F BLA S A skr-ld, A WAR S A sev-osa, A UKR S A sev-nos, A sev-MOS, F WED S F def-aid, F NAF-aid, A GER S A tri, A TRI S A vie-tyl, A vie-TYL, S GAL-bak, F byn-LIO, F rca-TUS.

NOTE: 1983: All 1987 orders are due.

PROPOSALS: Proposed for next issue 1) E-F-S draw 2) E-F-S-I-R draw, and 3) That John Crosby be awarded the Order of the Scauncunny, First Class, with Oak Leaf Clusters, for duplicitous diplomatic dealings, unabashed backstabbing, and general devotion to the cause of deceit.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

- AUSTRIA: 0- out.
- ENGLAND: 7- EBI, HOL, LON, LPL, NWY, STP, SWE
- FRANCE: 6- BEL, BRE, MAR, PAR, POR, SPA
- GERMANY: 4- BER, DEN, NIE, MUN
- ITALY: 3- VEN
- RUSSIA: 1- MOS
- TURKEY: 15- ANK, BUD, BUL, CON, GRE, NAP, ROM, RUM, SER, SEV, SBY, TRI, TUN, VIE, WAR



1983AL - John Paul Jones, F06

It seems as though some changes might be affecting our alliances...

ENGLAND: (#26, Rich Reilly) A MOS S turkish F ara-sev, F SPA(sc)-lyo, F WES S F spa(sc)-lyo,
F POR-spa(sc), F MID S F wes, F BRE H, F nwg-NAT, A edi-LPL.

GERMANY: (#13, John Crosby) A kie-MUN, A RUM S A kie-eun, A BUR S A kie-eun, A SIL-boh, A WAR-aos,
A MAR-spa, F stp(sc)-BOT, F ber-BAL, A pic-PAR.

ITALY: (#27, David Frick) A GRE S A bul, A BUL H, F nap-ION, F TYN-wes, F TUN S F tvn-wes, F LYD S A ven-pie,
A ty!-TRI, A mun-ber(d,tyl), A boh-VIE, A ven-PIE.

RUSSIA: (#50, Tony Barbieri) NMR! A UKR H, A RUM H.

TURKEY: (#22, Jeff Hines) A bul R CON, F BLA S F ara-sev, F ara-SEV, F AES S A con-bul, A CON-bul.

GAME NOTES: Winter 1906 and Spring 1907 orders are due. Please note the COA for Jeff Hines. No standby will be called.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 0- out.

ENGLAND: 3- BRE, EDI, LON, LPL, MOS, NNY, POR, SPA. Even.

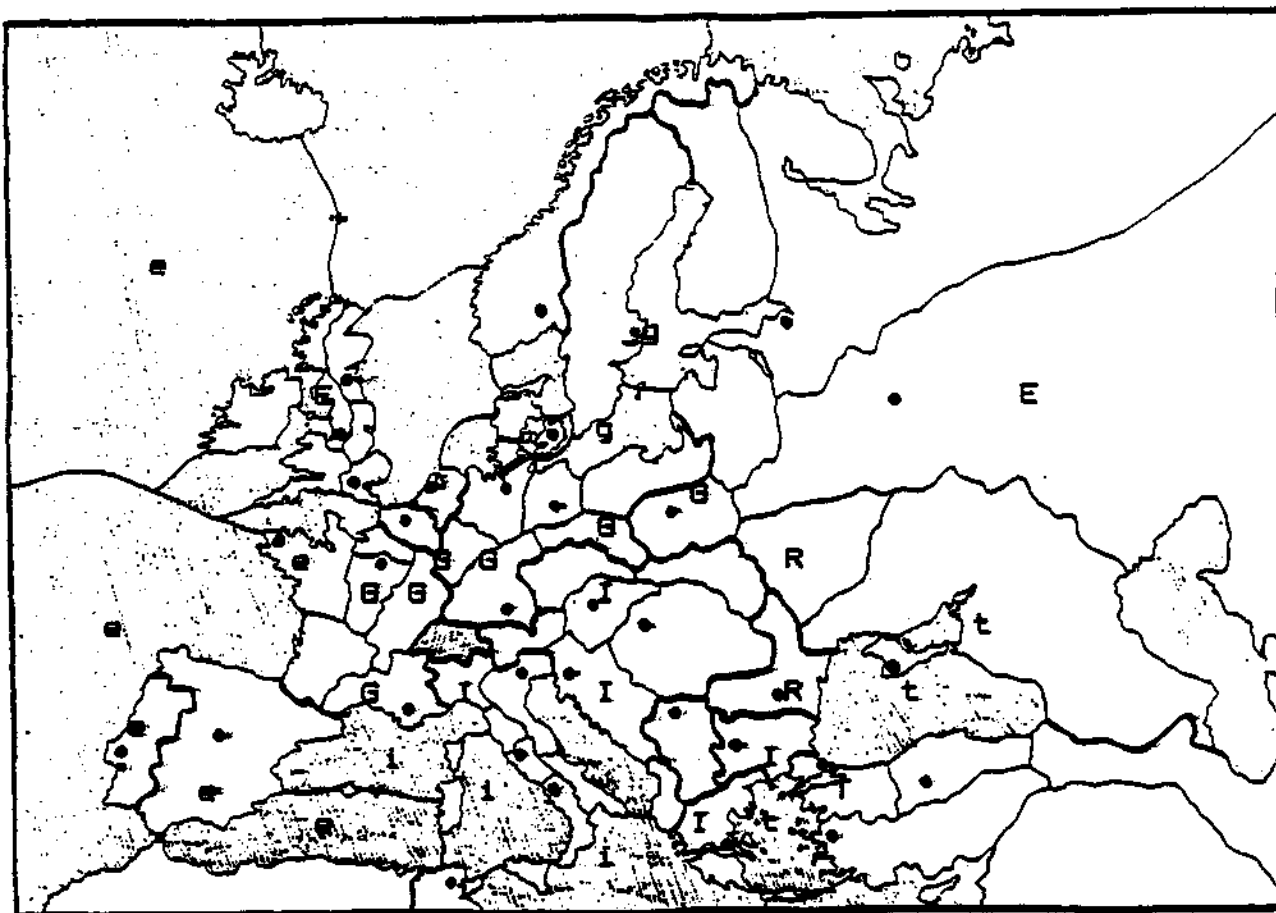
FRANCE: 0- out.

GERMANY: 11- BEL, BER, DEN, HOL, KIE, MAR, MUN, PAR, STP, SWE, WAR. Build 2 units.

ITALY: 10- BUD, BUL, GRE, NAP, ROM, SER, TRI, TUN, VEN, VIE. Even.

RUSSIA: 1- RUM. Remove 1 unit.

TURKEY: 4- ANK, CON, SEV, SMY.



1983CG - James T. Kirk, SOS

A long convoy from the Mideast and sore shuffling in the north!

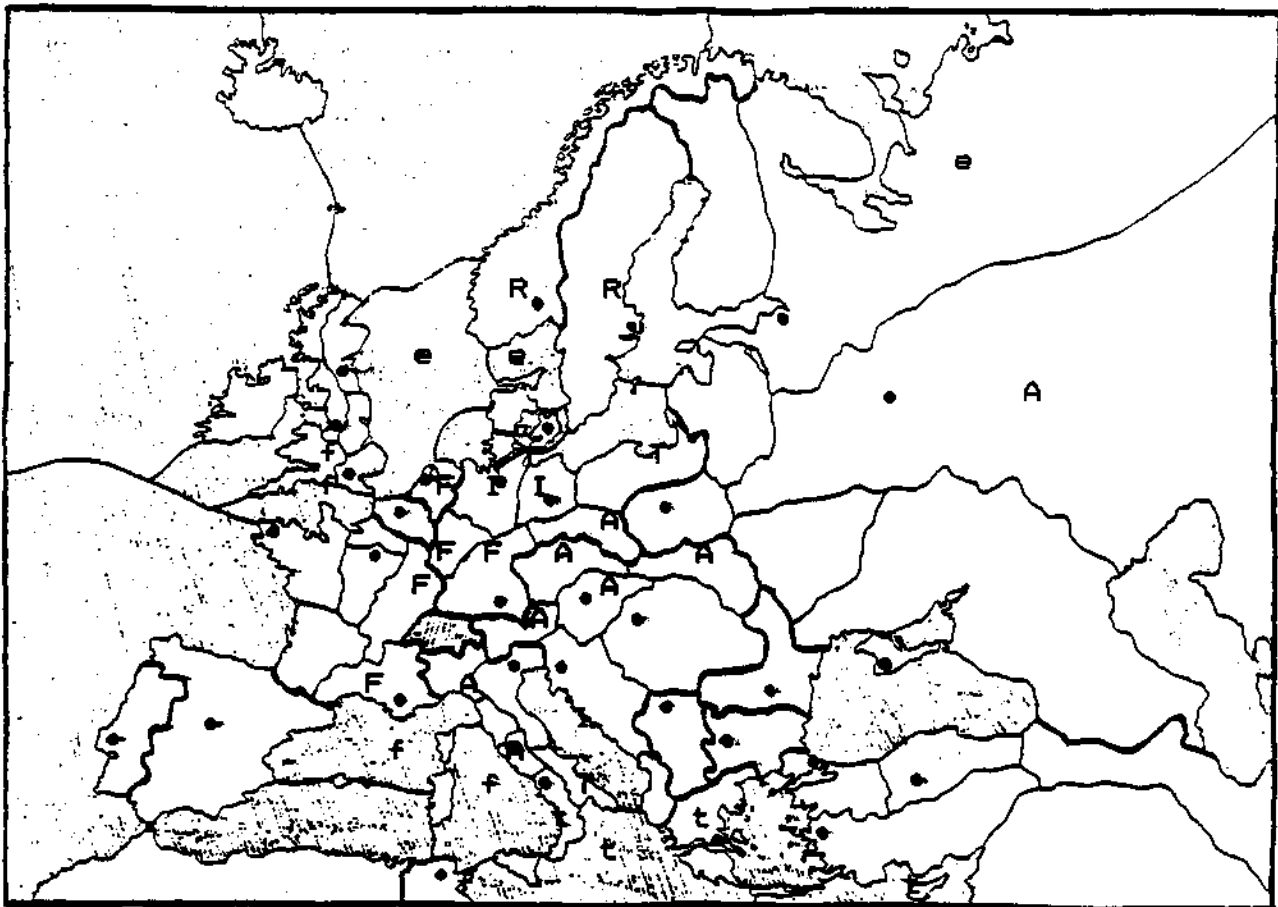
AUSTRIA: (#30, Charles Lobbell) A NOS S english F bar-stp(nc), A ROM-ven, A ven-PIE, F tri-ADR, A via-TYL, A SIL-mun, A BOH S A sil-mun, A GAL-sil, A bud-VIE.
 ENGLAND: (#27, David Frick) F bar-STP(nc), F hel-NTH, F den-SKA, A swe H(d, den).
 FRANCE: (#16, Nelson Heintzman) F Ion-WAL, F bre-ENG, A par-BUR, A gas-MAR, F ear-LYO, F wes-TYN, F TUN S F wes-tyn, A MUN S italian A ber, A RUH S A mun, A HOL S italian A kie.
 ITALY: (#09, Steve Cartier) A KIE S A bar, A BER S french A mun, F ADR-ven.
 RUSSIA: (#13, John Crosby) A NWY S A fin-swe, A fin-SWE.
 TURKEY: (#04, Pat Pake) A PRU-ber, A syr-APU, F ION C A syr-apu, F apu-NAP, F EPS C A syr-apu, F GRE S F ion.

GAME NOTES: Fall 1905 orders are due.

PROPOSALS: The F-I-F draw failed last issue (1 for, 2 against) - sorry I didn't tell anyone.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 9- BUD, NOS, ROM, RUM, SER, TRI, VEN, VIE, WAR
 ENGLAND: 4- DEN, EDI, LPL, SWE
 FRANCE: 10- BEL, BRE, HOL, LON, MAR, MUN, PAR, POR, SPA, TUN
 GERMANY: 0- out.
 ITALY: 3- BER, KIE, NAP
 RUSSIA: 2- NWY, STP
 TURKEY: 6- ANK, BUL, CON, GRE, SEV, SMY



1983CZ - Talleyrand, WO4&S05

Chaos reigns!

AUSTRIA: (#03, J.R. Baker)

F gre-ION, A TYL-mun, A rus-BUL, A tri-VEN, A GAL-war, A vie-BOH.

ENGLAND: (#35, Phil Redmond)

B A LPL, B A EDI, B F LON, A lvn-STP, F den-BAL, F hol-NTH, A lpl-WAL, A edi-YOR, F lon-ENG, A BUR-mun, F KIE-ber, F SPA(sc)-lyg, F MAR-lyo.

FRANCE: (#04, Pat Pikel)

R A VEN, A PIE-war, A tus-ROM, F ion-NAP, F TYN S F ion-nap, F tun-WES.

GERMANY: (#33, Steve Knight)

R A SIL, R A BOH, A MUN S A oru-ber, A PRU-ber.

ITALY: (#32, Bob Sweeney)

R A ROM, F aeg S austrian F gre-bul(sc)(d, eas), F nap-tynd, apu).

RUSSIA: (#13, John Crosby)

A nos S A war(d, lvn), A WAR S A aos.

TURKEY: (#22, Jeff Hines)

F ion R ADR, A UKR S A sev-aos, A sev-MOS, F con-AES, F SMY S F con-aeg, F ADR S austrian A tri-ven.

SAME NOTES: Fall 1905 orders are due. Please note the COA for Jeff Hines.

The E-F-B draw table (1 for, 1 against).

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 6- BUD, GRE, RUM, SER, TRI, VIE

ENGLAND: 12- BEL, DEN, EDI, HOL, KIE, LON, LPL, MAR, NMY, SPA, STP, SWE

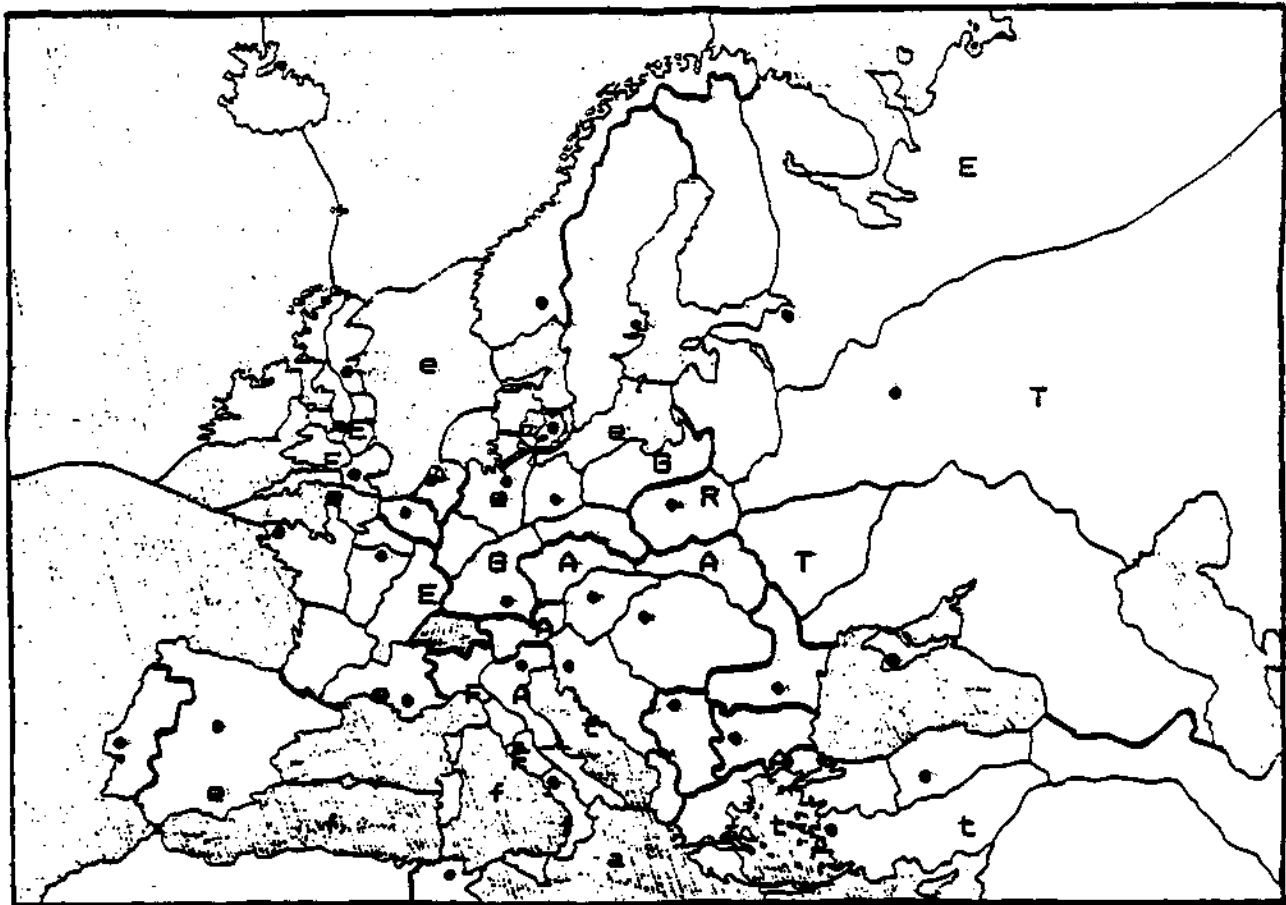
FRANCE: 5- BRE, PAR, POR, TUN, VEN

GERMANY: 2- BER, MUN

ITALY: 2- NAP, ROM

RUSSIA: 2- MOS, WAR

TURKEY: 5- ANK, BUL, CON, SEV, SMY



1983 IF - The Covenant, F02

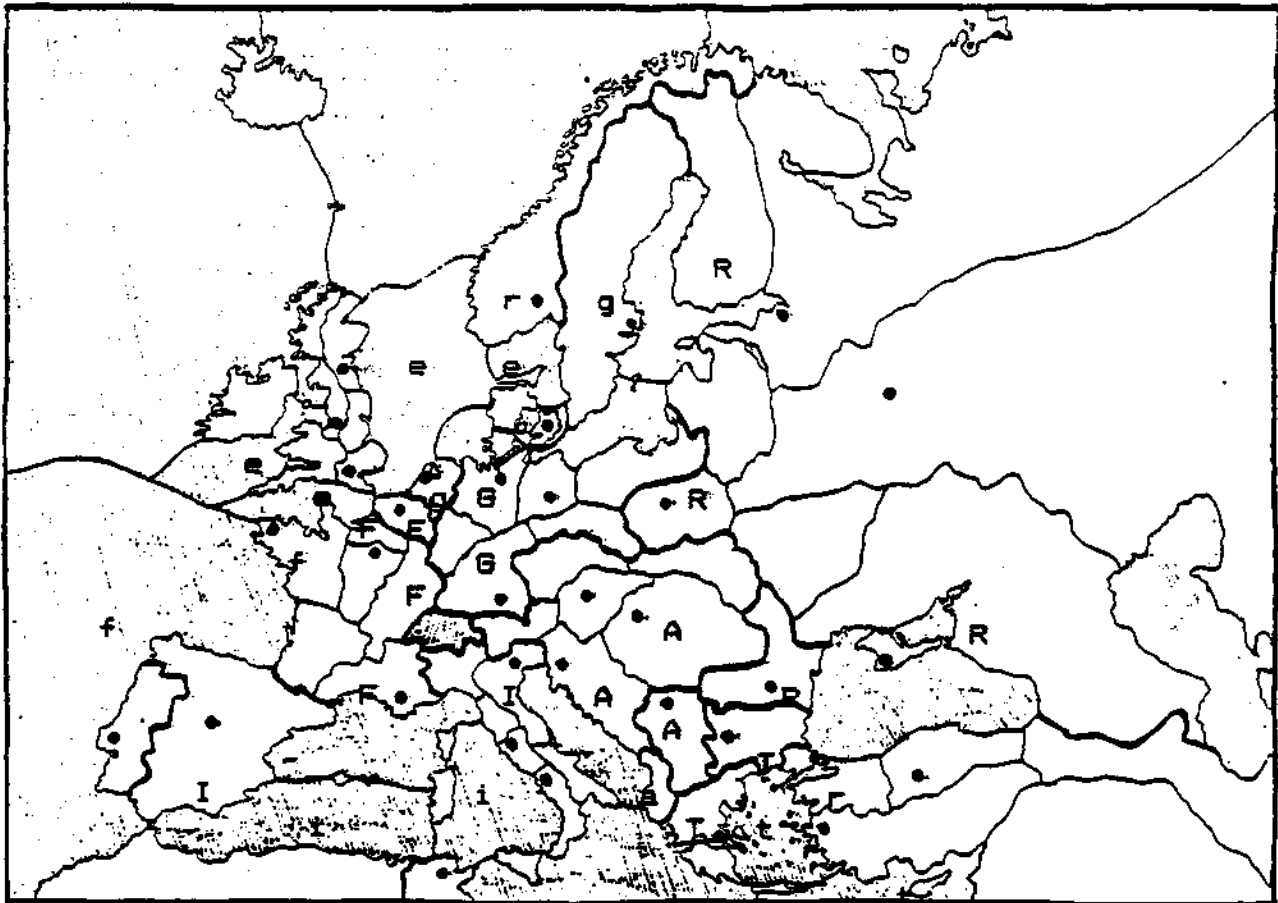
An Eastern Alliance? Italy out moves France as England moves to the Continent...

AUSTRIA: (#05, David Baker) A TRI-ven, A SER-gre, A BUD-ser, F ALB S A ser-gre.
 ENGLAND: (#30, Charles Lobdell) A den-BEL, F NTH C A den-bel, F SKA-den, F ENG S A den-bel, F IRI-mid.
 FRANCE: (#22, Jeff Hines) A PIC H, A BUR S A gas-sar, A gas-MAR, F MID-spa(nc), F BRE S A pic.
 GERMANY: (#09, Steve Cartier) F bal-SWE, F HOL-bel, A mun-KIE, A sil-MUN.
 ITALY: (#32, Bob Sweeney) A nar-SPA, F WES S A nar-spa, F TYN-ion, A VEN H.
 RUSSIA: (#35, Phil Redmond) A gal-WAR, A stp-FIN, F NWY H, A SEV S A rum, A RUM S austrian A bud-ser, F bla-CON.
 TURKEY: (#06, Matt Fleming) A BUL S A gre, A GRE S A bul, F con-AEB, F SAS-ion.

GAME NOTES: Winter 1902 and Spring 1903 orders are due.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 4- BUD, SER, TRI, VIE. Even.
 ENGLAND: 5- BEL, DEN, EDI, LON, LPL. Even.
 FRANCE: 4- BRE, MAR, PAR, POR. Remove 1 unit.
 GERMANY: 5- BEP, HOL, KIE, MUN, SWE. Build 1 unit.
 ITALY: 5- NAP, ROM, SPA, TUN, VEN. Build 1 unit.
 RUSSIA: 7- CON, MOS, NWY, RUM, SEV, STP, WAR. Build 1 unit.
 TURKEY: 4- ANK, BUL, GRE, SBY. Even.



1983HY - Poor Richard, W02&S03

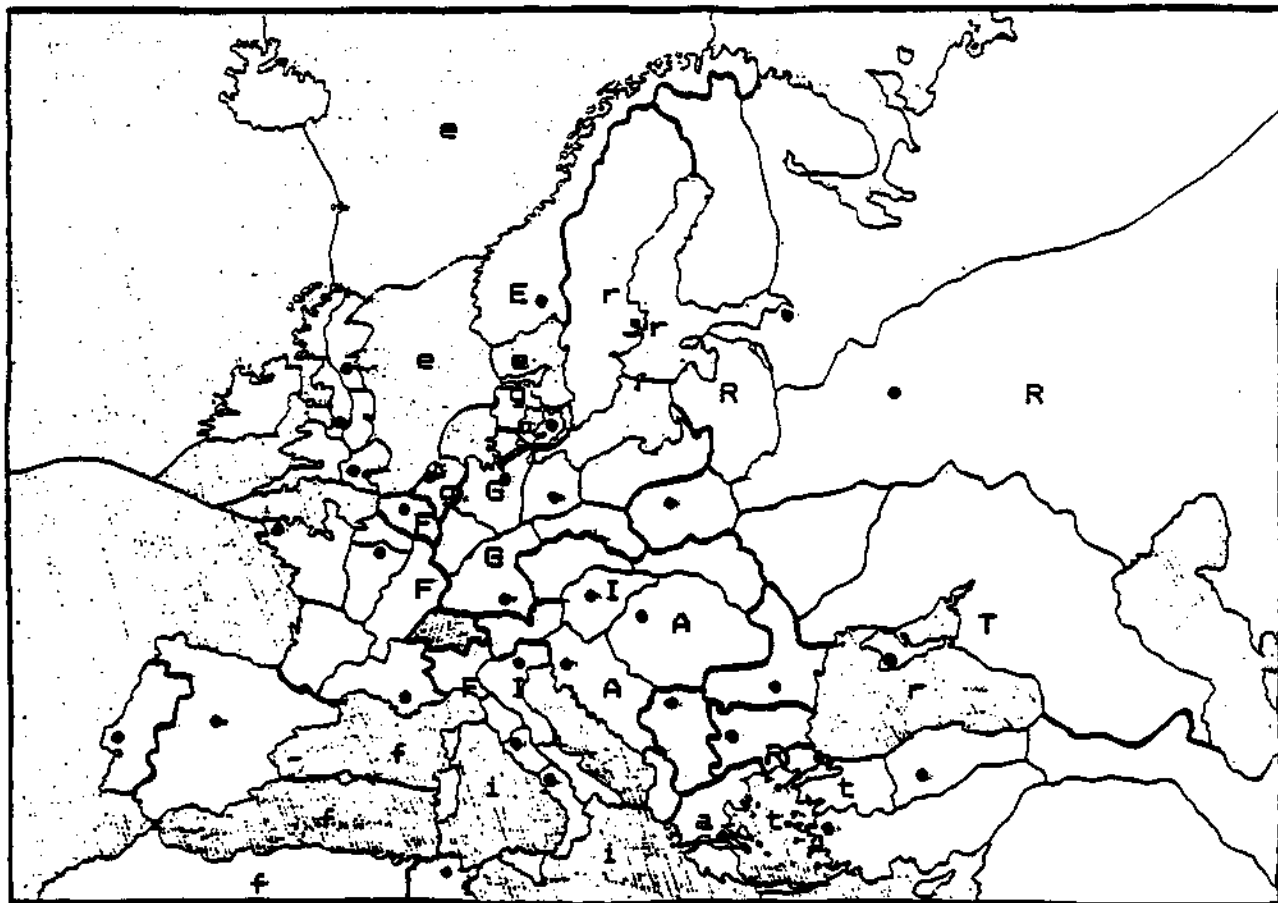
Austria regains Trieste thanks to France; Russia/Turkey and England/Germany clash.

AUSTRIA: (#15, Kathy Byrne) A ser-TRI, A BUD S A ser-tri, F GRE-ion.
 ENGLAND: (#49, Craig Mills) F NTH C A yor-nwy, A den-swe(d,a), F nwy-SKA, F NWG S A yor-nwy, A yor-NWY.
 FRANCE: (#13, John Crosby) A BEL-hol, A BUR-aun, A PIE-ven, F aid-NAF, F WES S F Iyo-tyn,
 F LYO-tyn.
 GERMANY: (#09, Steve Cartier) F hel-DEN, A KIE S F hel-den, F HOL-nth, A MUN-bur.
 ITALY: (#35, Phil Redmond) F TYN-Iyo, F TUN-wes, F ION S turkish F aeg-ora(nso), A VEN S A tri,
 A tri S A gal-vie(d,tyl,alb), A gal-VIE.
 RUSSIA: (#03, J.R. Baker) B A MOS, A rum-BUL, F BOT S F swe, F SLA S A rum-bul, A LVN H, A MOS H, F SWE H.
 TURKEY: (#32, Bob Sweeney) A bul-rua(d,ser), A ara-SEV, F AEG-bul(sc), F CON-bul(ec).

GAME NOTES: Fall 1903 orders are due.

SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA: 3- BUD, GRE, SER
 ENGLAND: 5- DEN, EDI, LON, LPL, NWY
 FRANCE: 6- BEL, BRE, MAR, PAR, POR, SPA
 GERMANY: 4- BER, HOL, KIE, MUN
 ITALY: 6- NAP, ROM, TRI, TUN, VEN, VIE
 RUSSIA: 6- MOS, RUM, SEV, STP, SWE, WAR
 TURKEY: 4- ANK, BUL, CON, SBY



Source for 1983HY

Franc soars; Lira makes strong gains; Crown and Mark tuable...

PLAYER & COMPANY	US\$	A	E	F	G	I	R	T
(#13) CRIME (Crosby's Investment & Mercantile Exchange)	325	0	1500	3500	1500	2500	1000	1500
(#28) Tinseltown Cannonball Investments	0	10027	500	3504	2294	1513	2204	682
(#01) Sensational Investments Numismatic Company	33	7501	0	7940	3000	1000	0	1500
(#44) Madame K	0	1500	325	9533	2501	1500	2154	0
(#41) Red Stripe	0	0	2405	4746	2036	700	0	700
(#21) Roxxon	6	0	1790	2257	0	1240	500	666
(#05) Baker's Empire Investment Co., Inc.	500	0	250	5000	4500	1500	1000	500
(#12) Melting Pelican	16	0	2100	1500	2200	565	500	1079
(#22) Rancid Wretched	0	0	1160	2000	3321	2644	2500	0
(#03) IRA (International Russian Account)	74	0	1547	4444	3740	0	2000	666
(#22) Hinesight Investments	0	10029	1500	2473	9979	2411	783	0
(#51) ANTS (The Austrian National Trading Service)	214	2000	0	4500	4042	3000	1475	3300
(#25) Zinderneuf International	1	0	693	752	10000	354	0	624
(#36) Mercutio's Mercantile	2428	500	0	4500	2500	1000	1000	1500
Old Value	1.00	3.11	1.20	0.94	4.97	0.96	1.37	1.32
Change		-0.30	-0.20	4.46	-0.55	0.87	-0.29	-0.43
New Value	1.00	2.81	1.00	5.40	4.42	1.83	1.08	0.89

GAME NOTES: Last issue I stated that it was against the rules to 'sell short', yet I allowed 'Red Stripe' to sell short in Rubles. To correct that error, Red Stripe's rubles and marks were adjusted, changing the ruble's value to 1.37 and the mark's to 4.97. This obviously caused some adjustment to everyone's orders - Sorry.

Bond, James Bond

England (#09, Steve Cartier)
 France (#05, David Baker)
 Germany (#70, Bob Sweeney)
 Italy (#03, J.F. Baker)
 Russia (#26, Rich Reilly)
 Turkey (#21, Rob Schaunk)

GAME NOTES: Fall 1907 orders are due.

STANDBYS: Pat Pakel.

The George C. Marshall - Game Start

Austria (#48, Brad Pavay)
 England (#04, Pat Pakel)
 France (#17, Dan Young)
 Germany (#50, Tony Barbieri)
 Italy (#36, Mike Sanchez)
 Russia (#21, Rob Schaunk)
 Turkey (#06, Matt Fleming)

GAME NOTES: Each of you should find a copy of the house rules included. Spring 1901 orders are due May 25, 1984. Please have a preliminary set of Spring orders on file by May 4, 1984 - or a standby will be called for your position.

The Douglas MacArthur - Game Start

Austria (#41, Rod Gilbert)
 England (#05, Brian DeLaurentis)
 France (#07, Mary Simmons)
 Germany (#37, Brian Cukurs)
 Italy (#42, Ken Hager)
 Russia (#19, Jeff Sherer)
 Turkey (#13, John Crosby)

GAME NOTES: Each of you should find a copy of the house rules included. Spring 1901 orders are due May 25, 1984. Please have a preliminary set of Spring orders on file by May 4, 1984 - or a standby will be called for your position. Also Jeff Sherer still owes me the \$5.00 game fee.

The Press Column**The Kissinger**

(Clyde) Master Senn sat in front of a television camera to record his farewell broadcast to the nation.

"We have sustained a total and unmitigated defeat. Do not let us blind ourselves to that. And do not suppose that this is the end. This is only the beginning of the reckoning. Nations that go down fighting rise again, but those which surrender tamely are finished. We must be above all, indomitable.

"As for the Sultan, let it be known that I do not resent his criticisms, even when, for the sake of emphasis, it parts for a time from reality. We have earned the hatred of entrenched greed.

(Paris, UPI) "I have never made but one prayer to God, a very short one: "Oh, Lord, make my enemies ridiculous." And God granted it." - Voltaire.

(Venice ((via Italy))) A red caped figure lept from a roof down to a balcony where the fat French commander swine waved to his skippy French army piglets.

"My little piggies," he snorted, "I fear we are up the tough - Aack..." as Cardinal ran landed on his fat, bloated back.

"Take this, you slob! This is for Italy and the millions you have condemned to Allahism until the true King gets his federal tax return back!" screamed Cardinal man as he knocked the swine over the balcony ledge.

"Food fight," yelled Cardinal man as a crowd formed.

(Turkey) "DUNGA SENN!"

You're Senn! Senn! Senn!

You lying lump of Dunga Senn!

You're slippery, sneaky and rude!

You're vulgar, coarse and crude!

You squidgy-nosed idiot, Dunga Senn!

Ghhh, Senn! Senn! Senn!

What a phenomenon you have been!

You're obtuse, dense, and thick!

You're refuse, smelly, and sick!

You're a stupendous fiend, Dunga Senn!

Yes, you're Senn! Senn! Senn!
 You overstuffed sack of Dunga Senn!
 'Though I've aised and abused you;
 'Though I've cursed and aused you;
 You're not half as BAD as I am, Dunga Senn!

(Indy-All) Summed it up pretty well...

(Germany) The Chancellor announced that the German army is moving its HQ to St. Petersburg. "He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day." We hope.

Bismarck

(England-Europe) Why don't you people wake up and smell the roses, pretty soon it will all smell like horse manure!

(France-Master of Chaos) Welcome, Drippy, now we westsiders outnumber the Lizard King. It's about time you got off your duff and played in a 'line. See you guys at the wedding. Tell the Lord of Lycanthropy that I'm still waiting for a letter.

(Italy-France) Who's getting married?

(Venice) Cheering throngs welcomed the return of the King to Italy. After extensively sampling the local cuisine, the King, in a moving gesture, fell to the ground and kissed it. Three of his counsellors then picked him up out of the gutter and carried him to the palace.

(France-World) As I sat in my room one night, desperately trying to figure out where the AGMCU Filas Committee was going to come up with the money to pay for spring quarter, there came a soft rapping at my door. I called out, "It's open," and some unseen hand turned the knob until it stuck. Oops. Forgot to unlock it.

I hurried over and, apologizing profusely, swung the door open. I stopped in mid-word. It couldn't be, but yes, it was - my Fairy godmother, wearing a beautiful 18th century gown and clasping a very thick vanilla envelope, wrapped with a rubber band.

"Graws," I cried. "Here I am, desperate, disconsolate, distraught, dis-"

"Oh, be quiet, Rob," she commanded. "I know you've got trouble, and that's what's an FGM for; solving problems, of course. Seems to me you're got a big one on your hands this time."

I agreed enthusiastically, looking at the envelope. "Is that what I think it is?"

"Depends. What do you need more than anything else at this very moment?"

"\$2500," I stated without hesitation.

"Wrongo, dear boy," she crowed in exultation. I'd forgotten how she loved to surprise people and she'd done it again.

Noting my crestfallen look, Graws hastened to reassure me. "Come now, let's not get all weepy. I've got something much better."

"Nothing could be better than \$2500," I sniffled. She'd really done it this time. I thought I'd get salvation and she'd given me a figurative joy-buzzer.

"I'm beginning to think you need a good swift kick in the butt. Now, wipe off your cheeks and listen up, you ungrateful brat." Oh, no. She'd gotten into her domination mood again. "What I've got here is going to make your name resound with glory in the very annals of Diplomacy."

"You mean-"

"Yes, I have a press release," and with that she held the envelope high above her head in a gesture of triumph. A light began to emanate from the package as her voice continued, accompanied by the faint strains of 'The Ride of the Valkyries' (she knew 'Apocalypse Now' better than Francis Ford Coppola). "I hold here the press release, a piece of literature which will eclipse the name of Reilly, of Kleiman, of Ellis, of Heintzman, of Hare, Knight and Senn. From now on, the best of press will be associated with your name, not with those limp-wristed scribblers."

I looked upward in awe as I sunk to my knees. "Oh, Graws. Screw the Filas Committee. Will this embarrass that snake Crosby?"

"But of course," she smiled sweetly, and then she disappeared in a twinkling of an eye, leaving behind a very bulky vanilla envelope, slowly falling to the floor in a haze of glittering dust. Boy, she really loved using the special effects; Lucas could learn a thing from her. Reaching up, I grasped the package, and therein did I find:

"A Spy Story" by Graws

He was weary, but he knew that no one single word could fittingly describe the ache which penetrated to his bones, slowing his reactions, dulling his senses. For days he had been one step ahead of his pursuers. Three times they had nearly captured him, in Bucharest, in Ploesti; and, most recently, in Zagreb, but now he was nearing his goal. He had arrived in Trieste, and French-held Venice was only a sauggler's run away.

The information he carried was explosive, Matillon well knew. After two years in the Ottoman Naval Ministry, he had stumbled upon secret orders to the fleets near Italy. This fall, the Turks would commence their attack on France, moving fleets into the

Western Mediterranean and destroying the garrison in Venice. Digging further, he came upon the greatest shock of all; the Turks had indeed been responsible for the assassination of the French president five years before, sowing chaos in Paris as diplomatic and security officers scurried about aimlessly. But still, the coming attack angered Matillon most; it fittingly demonstrated the deceit of the Sultan in the many negotiations that had been recently enjoying moderate success.

His problem was, however, communicating his discoveries to his superiors. The French embassy in Istanbul was virtually sealed off, the Sultan telling the ambassador that he worried for the safety of the occupants. And even if he could penetrate the cordon, the information would still have to be conveyed to Paris, a lengthy process. No, he would have to deliver the documents himself, which explained his presence in Trieste following a harrowing chase across the Balkans.

The Turks had apparently realized the breach in their security when Mahoud ibn Faisal procurement agent for the Navy and Matillon's identity in Istanbul, had failed to appear at the ministry one July afternoon. Very quickly the assassins had been set on his trail, following him to Bucharest, where he had killed one of them in a railroad station toilet. Their numbers had thinned even further following the encounters in Ploest and in Zagreb. But now he was still outnumbered. Additionally, Trieste was now Turkish territory and his pursuers could call upon the troops stationed there. He would be one among thousands.

Matillon stepped off the train and into the Trieste railroad station. Instantly, he began to observe those around him, anticipating the possibility that his foes preceded him. His actions became automatic as he assumed the role of a soldier reassigned; the uniform he had from a drunken sailor in Belgrade rendering his outer appearance correct. Now there stood nothing between him and death and survival except a controlled madness, a madness which increased with every step he took.

Pulling his forage cap as low over his forehead as possible, he ventured into the station proper amidst a crowd of new recruits to the Expeditionary Force in Austria. Blend in, he thought, be what you appear. He staggered a bit as did his compatriots, all visibly affected by a bottle of Greek ouzo that had miraculously appeared aboard the train. He laughed with the rest of them and inserted the wry comment or two into a bawdy conversation about the merits of Slavian women. Matillon was accepted by those he was with, but a skilled observer would still be able to pick him out.

Glancing around yet again, Matillon spotted him. Damn, he thought, I should have killed him in Ploest; but no, I had to let one man escape that bridge.

Standing casually near the last ticket counter was the assassin, pretending to read a Trieste newspaper, but he held the paper too low for perusal. He too was scanning the room and it was only chance that Matillon had spotted him first. Well, he'd have to take advantage of that fact while he could.

Matillon drifted away from the cluster of soldiers, bent over like he about to be sick. As he stumbled toward the exit from the station, he heard laughter behind him. They'd noticed his apparent discomfiture and assumed that he couldn't hold his drink. He was glad for the attention, though, for he could almost feel the assassin's excitement as he was spotted.

Immediately he was outside, he quickly scurried into a vacant delivery area. Standing in shadows, he watched as his enemy rushed out the station. Oh, yes, the fool was too damned eager. He'd bag him this time.

Disengaging the bayonet, Matillon dropped his carbine, smiling as it clattered. He crouched down, assuming the position of a man in misery, and began imitating the sounds of a man who wished he was dead. The retching noises accomplished their task, for soon he detected soft footsteps behind him. He staggered up, still moaning. He sensed the assassin draw closer, and the Matillon acted.

Spinning around, the bayonet flashed out, and the Turk went down coughing blood. The blade projected from his throat; Matillon had been correct in estimating his height.

A minute later, a soldier could have been seen leaving the darkened loading dock, whistling jauntily as he slung his rifle over his shoulder. A toothy smile pervaded his visage. After all, one less Turk was left to fight the war.

Somewhat later, the same figure could have been seen at the docks among the smaller ships, talking to the captain of a seedy looking vessel. His uniform was stripped of insignia, presumably validating his claim to be a deserter desiring to reach Venice.

"What do you mean you won't take my rifle?" Matillon was shouting.

"It is not enough, I tell you. I want cash money to carry such as you," the sailor responded, just as angrily.

"But I have none."

"Then you aren't coming with me. Find yourself a captain who extends charity," the captain concluded in triumph.

Matillon became subservient. "I will do work for you for my passage. I must be in Venice tonight or I will be ruined."

The captain eyed him knowingly, "That is life. Missed opportunities make the difference between rich man and beggar." Then he seemed to relent, "I tell you what. I am not leaving until sundown, it makes my departure less obvious. If you are here before then with the necessary funds, you may travel to Venice aboard my ship." He smiled as if he had just performed a minor miracle, exposing his blackened teeth.

Matillon practically bounced as he bowed in gratitude. "Do not worry, I will find the money. I thank you, but now I must go and look."

As he turned away, he smiled. He had had the money then, but he would not let the old thief know it. If he'd stayed on the ship until departure, there would have been questions. No, much easier to find a rabbit hole to dive into until nightfall.

When the sun was low over the Adriatic, Matillon was once again at the docks. He approached the ship which was to carry him, calling out, "Mr. Captain. Are you here?"

He was a sailor or two wandering around the deck, and then the captain appeared from the bridge. He looked down at Matillon,

scowling. "You have the money?"

"Oh, yes, sir. All that you asked." Matillon bowed ingratiatingly.

"Then come aboard." The captain turned around, acting as though he had more to worry about than a simple deserter.

Matillon stepped up the gangway, nearly sighing in relief. His biggest danger had been the captain changing his mind, but the rogue's greed for every little more in the way of profit had apparently won the day. And just a few hours from now, he would save his homeland from a craven attack.

He stood at the top of the gangway, ignoring a sailor coming up behind him. But then he felt a sudden stitch of fire as a knife lanced into his kidney. Oh, Jesus, the captain's greed had won, and he'd been sold out.

A voice hissed in his ear. "Poor Frenchman. Just when you think you're safe, the sultan's long arm reaches out and snuffs your miserable life."

Matillon collapsed in agony, realizing that France could very well soon follow him. As the life bled out of him, one final thought came to mind, "He'd been backstabbed by the Turks."

I sniffed as Matillon faded away. Yes, it was true that my country was in danger, and Brass had summed it all up in the final sentence of her most creative effort. It was not a happy story, nor a comedic one, but it had a feeling for the truth of men's natures. Brass must have set Crosby to sum him up as well, the deceitful scumbunny.

Well, I had one thought as I prepared to rail the press releases to Klaiman: how much did I owe Brass for this one. She'd been threatening to raise her rates for last ditch efforts. But still, it would be worth it.

(Cody) The best press in The Diplomat's history, I'd say. Of course, it can't rival the Rigel...

(Russia) The Russian Empire still holds out against the yellow hord! Is it time for Thanksgiving yet? Do Turkeys eat bear meat? Stay tuned to the Mag for the next exciting (axiting?) installment of this adventure.

John Paul Jones

(Reilly-Indy) Whadaya mean, "Mr. Reilly and I declared a press war."? The fact of the matter is that I wrote an innocent little press release with no intentions of offending anyone...certainly not of starting a press war. So what happens? YOU viciously attack me, your insecure ego obviously feeling threatened by superior quality of my press. Because of your libelous propaganda, I soon found my reputation in Jeopardy and so was forced to defend myself. THAT is how the press war got started. Gave. Let's keep our facts straight (Little Droogie).

(Indy-Big Droogie) Superior quality of press?!? Come, now, Rich. Everyone one knows that I'm winning the press war...

(Reilly-Master of Chaos) How much will you pay me to keep quiet about your identity? (You know who both of us are.)

(Klaiman-Master of Chaos) I know who you are. Reilly knows who you are. And so does somebody else. So, how'd you get the name? (I was supposed to ask that, right Rich?)

James Kirk

(Rome-England) The Pope is working on it - He has asked the sezs to open up.

(Rome-Turkey) Welcome to Texas - Now can we talk?

(Munich-Germany) How come you shut down the beer joints? This place is so dull! I'm going someplace else to find some action.
PG: OK - lets get the Norman invaders.

Talleyrand

(Italy-Austria) A TYL S A ROM-VEN then A TRI-VEN?!? Big help there! I warned you. As it was said, so shall it be done!

(Trieste) A fool and his supply centers are soon parted!

(London) An unprecedented building boom has swept across England. Shortages of key materials have already shown up, delaying several military projects. Lord Redmond is said to be concerned, given the exposed state of the empire's borders.

(Italy-France) Sure I do! Didn't I S F TYN-IOW? Wasn't that nice of me?

(Vienna) Good night, All!

(Austria-Hungary - England) I'm not quite sure how you did that, Phil. Is it: In, twist, out or is it: In, out, in out, in out?

(London) No press reports have been issued concerning the latest talks among the Western Allies. A grim faced Lord Redmond Minister of State, continues to hope that amiable cooperation can be achieved despite the recent stresses. Meanwhile, all England awaits the outcome of the conference.

(Paris) The French Cabinet had sat all day, hopelessly divided on whether it should agree to English offer of establishing a virtual puppet government in France in return for survival. The situation was not good: English fleets had invaded (and the proper word WAS invaded, despite all the propoganda that the two-faced English leader was spewing out) Spain and the port of Marseilles,

a great English host was burning its way through the rich winefields of Burgandy, inexorably destined for Paris, and worst of all, nothing could be done about it. The great French fleet was hopelessly out of position, having been totally committed to the liberation of Italy. Indeed, the flower of France was even now fighting the terrible Pope Sweeney.

Victory had been just around the corner in Italy; indeed, the whole war had nearly been won. But war brought out different things in different people. In Count Knight, the German foreign minister, the struggle had brought out a high and noble idealism, along with a strange craving for cupcakes. However, in Lord Redaund, the once-great leader of England, war and the power that it brought had caused a decay of the soul, a rottenness that spread from within. Personal honor had lost all meaning for Redaund; all feelings of trust, honesty, and loyalty had gradually been subverted to greed and paranoia. Undoubtedly, Redaund had not become aware of this, the degeneration of his character. No doubt he rationalized that France and Germany must be crushed to preserve the security of England; obviously, he had begun to fear a German attack. That alone should have alerted the French, for one who is not willing to trust others is obviously not worthy of trust himself. Time and time again the cabinet had urged Premier Pikel to strengthen the northern defenses, to no avail. That young fool and his romantic notions about war! To think that gains in friendship were more important than gains in position! He had been crushed when he had heard of the English attack...kaza, that had been nearly a week ago, and nothing had been heard or seen of him since. Just like him to take off during an important crisis - probably vacationing in the United States. Still, nobody could be spared to look for him, considering the great manpower shortage now facing France. Not even a regicent could be scraped up to defend Paris, and the situation in Brest was also worse. Portugal? Oh, that was truly sad....

The sound of footsteps brought Cleanceau, leader of the provisional government, out of his reverie. Footsteps? Not more bad news, he hoped. (to be continued...)

(Indy-France) Very good - but not the longest...

(Italy-Indy) Actually, I'm England's stooge (as you could tell from the call). I supported France so England could gain more French centers than France gained of mine.

(Indy-Italy) Haaa. Is that healthy?

(Paris-London) Submit? Never! Let the consequences be what they say! Whether the Thames is crimsoned in human gore, and Downing Street is paved ten fathoms deep with mangled bodies, France will never surrender!!!!!!

(Paris-Berlin) Hope that you feel the same way!

(Leavenworth-Chicago) I liked it.

The Covenant

(Italy-Indy) I think Italy in Covenant may survive longer than Italy in Talleyrand - what do you think?

(Indy-Italy) Could be. But I think that the Bismarck's Italy will die before either of them. But then, why should you care?

(Moscow) Government officials strenuously deny that Russian military units are being moved haphazardly. Furthermore, it is said there is no truth to the rumor that trained rats are running the Russian diplomatic service. Said Czar Philip, "We can't afford to train them."

(Italy-Russia) I don't think you should've taken NWY - especially as he can easily take it back - unless Germany aides.

(Berlin, UPI) "The desire for self-preservation that compelled men to evolve means for the exchange of information also compels them to regard the giving of false information as profoundly reprehensible!" - S.I. Hayakawa. (and that's just something that he mumbled in his sleep!)

(Turkey-World) Hello, again. I have this funny feeling I won't get to know any of you for very long.

(Italy-Turkey) Be nice now!

(Italy-Indy) Lots of press in this game!

(Indy-Italy) This certainly is no RIGEL...

(Austria) General Comrade Worker was pleased to announce that Albania had voluntarily joined "the People's Republic for World Peace". He also expressed his desire that the people of Greece would soon throw off the yoke of Turkish Imperialism and join the Republic.

The Poor Richard

(Turkey-Russia) Come on now, who are we kidding? F BLA C turkish A ANK-RUN while you save A UKR-RUN? That, my friend, is it.

(Austria-The Three Stooges) With the three of you attacking me, I can see I'll be around for a long time! Why don't you try coordinating your moves, then you could put me out of my misery!

(Parsifal-#03) ((England)) Punch-Jab-Feint--neither of us tells the whole truth, eh! This shadow boxing is great fun. But is it getting us anywhere?

(Turkey-Russia) If I've told you once, I've told you a million times - you MUST abandon the Black or we go to war - sorry old chap!

(Austria-Italy) You're not kidding - you really do need help. Let your fingers do the walking through the yellow pages straight to the letter P - it'll be easy to find a psychiatrist.

(London-Austria) "Grey hairs are a crown of splendor: it is attained by righteous life." Proverbs 16:31.

(Turkey-Austria) I hope you believe me and Italy keeps his word.

(Moscow) Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fool.

(Austria (no more Honey)-senile old goat) How could you? Throwing in with a guy who wears tutus - well, I hope you like him in a nightie, because deals for the picture are off!

(Turkey-Austria) One good thing about press is even if you write something ludicrous and bordering on the insane, SOMEBODY may believe and make a BAD mistake.

(Bob's wife (better known as "the Turkey's wife") - Indy) Yes, he's cute. Signed Celia Sweeney.

(Indy-Anyone) Please note that I have on file a signed affidavit from Celia Sweeney stating that Bob Sweeney is cute.

(North Sea) I believe I'm in line for the proverb, "He who tries to please everybody..."

(Budapest? Greece? Serbia? - Warsaw) You better stop knocking at my door, or I'll send Woody to knock on your head!

(A stooge-cutie) ((Turkey)) Due to your large volume of press (and low volume of letters) I've decided to out 'press' you until you write.

(Indy-cutie) WRITE!

(Austria-Germany) Why do you allow Italy to pull your strings? Can't you think for yourself?

(Ice Queen-Quiche Queen) ((Russia)) Try wearing a wreath of garlic around your neck--it can't hurt.

(Indy-Quiche Queen) I guess garlic is appropriate. You are the "Balher Bloodface er". right?

(Turkey-Austria) My wife sent in a signed affidavit saying I'm cute, my mirror says I'm cute and I say I'm cute - that's three opinions against one!

(Indy) I wonder how much he had to pay his wife and the mirror?

(Austria-France) If I was you I wouldn't worry about Germany declaring war on you, even though his brain surgery was a success, he still didn't get such of brain. The only available brain was that of a simple minded antelope!

(Turkey-Russia) No, I won't negotiate - out! out! out!

(London-Paris) I told you which way I was going, and I've done it. (For what its worth department.)

(Turkey-Austria) I don't believe in illusions, now dwarves are a different matter...

(Austria-Flea bitten dog pasta player) Pat Pakei tells me that you are as bright as he is! And we all know Pat is about as bright as a burnt out light bulb.

(Black Sea) There's (aneay), there's (aneay), there's (aneay) in the bottom of the sea...

(Turkey-France) Amazing deduction! Imagine that - telling me that Italy lies west of Turkey. My, my...how astute!

(Turkey-Austria) I can flirt along with the best of them. My only problem is I prefer action to words...

(Austria-Rome) Not only is there a fly in your lasagne - there is arsenic in your future.

(Turkey-Austria) I think Italy will leave my dots alone - yours are too cute!

(Rumania) If you're going to continue like this, perhaps you should invest in some preparation 4.

(Austria-England) No, I didn't forget about you! I saw an ad for a wheelchair yesterday and I immediately thought of you.

(Turkey-Russia) Armenia! "I" have a unit in Armenia!?! Imagine that!

(Austria-Turkey) There comes a time in everyone's life when they must do something foolish...i.e. my moves!

(Indy-Austria) You mean this press isn't foolish?

(Turkey-Austria) Re: Negotiation - you have a body? Prove it! All I know is you've got a swelled head, stiff neck and rusty pen arm.

(Turkey-Indy) I hope that wasn't too nasty. Kathy's OK! For a woman that is...

(Austria-England) Does your arthritis bother you when you have to write your moves? If so, Russia can eliminate that problem - by eliminating you.

(Turkey-Germany) Either you're very defensive versus F/E or prepared for the worst - a barbecue of Munich.

(Turkey-Austria) Phil Senn is also known as SinCo in the Bourse and if you notice, he and his "business partners" have made LONG term beliefs in your survival.

(Austria-GM) Did Phil Senn NMR this month? He forgot to write me! Talk about burnout - 3 letters one season, none the next.

(Turkey-Senn) Phil, I may be playing Turkey, but you are a Turkey. P.S. Buy Turkish and DUMP Russian.

(England) Arthur sat uneasily on his throne, brooding over sany a dark riddle that had been posed to him that day. His eyes were clouded with the smoke of distant wars when his favorite, Parsifal came into the hall. Momentarily he strayed from the course of his thoughts. "What became of your meeting with the messenger from Russia? he asked knight.

"My Liege, it is sometimes difficult to understand the meanings and gestures of these uncouth sons of Norsemen. Chivalry can hardly be thought of as one of the High Virtues in their halls. But I believe that he challenged me to single combat."

"And...?" The King asked, raising an eyebrow in mild interest.

"My Lord!" Parsifal exclaimed, as if his honor had been doubted, "I have never refused a fair challenge! I realize that this was not the outcome that was desired for my mission, but the villain insisted upon his own unreasoning interpretation of our embassy. He would have nothing else."

"It is a small matter." the King replied. "I foresaw the event before I sent you. The Rus have always had the habit of seeing in others what they themselves are most guilty of. I have no doubt that you can defeat him if he stands alone. But I fear other

factors that may effect the challenge."

"Do you mean, sire, the questionable loyalty of Lancelot and Bors?" asked Parsifal.

"Questionable only if you do not know whose word to trust, my son. Bors says Lancelot is preparing to steal away the Queen. Lancelot says Bors wants my head. I think I know who to trust, but all counsels in these days are uncertain. I am also trying to pierce the shadows of the South to see if you will have useful help unlooked for. But I fear for the voices of wisdom in that land, and the Infidel is a closed book to me."

"All say yet be well, my Lord. We must be brave and wait the time, whatever comes." "I doubt not the graces of Our Lord, Parsifal. But it is human to worry."

(Turkey-Austria) I agree with you, Madam. I must believe in miracles, but I do believe you'll survive next year too! Not all negotiations include you, but I'm sure that many affect you - except growth in your future - get 'em.

(Austria-Italy) Since our GM spends all his time bragging about the press war in the RIGEL - why don't we try and out do thee? I'm sure Dave would enjoy typing 13 pages of press just like Bruce Linsey does!

(Indy-Austria) Didn't I just do that?

(Turkey-England) Infidel! dog! Believers of the true faith do not eat lasagne - ever! Nor do we eat pork, noodles, Turkey, chicken, snake heads...

(Turkey-Austria) Ever think of being a standby for Rigel?

(Indy-Turkey) I doubt she ever did - you know who is the GM. Besides, she couldn't even challenge us press-writers.

(Indy) Oh, boy, that was a mistake.

(Turkey-Indy) If all this press keeps up or if it grows - will you go to aiso also?

(Indy-Turkey) No, I'll just raise my rates...

James Bond

(Germany) Help! They found me!

(Ankara) The sultan snubbed grumpily in his sleep, and the concubine leaned closer to hear his words. He seemed to talking about the war and so she turned over, uninterested. Fighting had always held no attraction for her. It was so...messy. But still, her beloved seemed awfully concerned about it.

"Who are they?" he whispered. "We fight, we shed our blood and we know nought about our enemy."

That was pretty stupid, she thought, wishing he would settle down and be quiet. Just look at the uniforms on their soldiers.

"Where are they? And in what numbers?" he moaned. "Oh, the plagues of demons on them!"

It was no use! he was so excited he'd probably wake himself up pretty soon. And then he'd demand to know what he talked about. Well, she'd just smile and say she didn't understand. After all, the whole matter was confusing. It was like they were fighting the war in secret, sort of.

(Germany-Pakel) Not here too, you stooge!

(Indy-Germany) I certainly hope not!

(Turkey-World) I'm new contact via mail was been minimal. Just who am I fighting out there, and are you sure we couldn't just strike some sort of deal? At least let me know who I'm dealing with.

(Germany-Russia) No....

(Ankara-Moscow) What's going on up there? Haven't bumped into you lately. Somebody got you busy?

(France) The Further Adventures of the REAL Agent 005...

Arriving in the port of Sevastopol, 005 looked over the Black Sea. There was water as far as he could see. He reached in his pocket and pulled out it's contents. He counted 1000 piastres. Going to the nearest docked ship, he asked, "How much for passage to Turkey?"

The captain, a Russian, said, "666 piastres."

"And how much to take my horse?"

"666 piastres to go to the land of the Devil!"

Going to several other ships, he found the same answer. 666 piastres for him; 666 piastres for his horse. He just didn't have enough money to take transport to Turkey.

"005," John-Bob spoke up, "I know what to do. Spend 666 piastres to send me across. Once there, I'll arrange transport to bring you over."

005 thought it over, then he said, "OK, but how are you going to get me across?"

"Once there, I'll sell myself to the Sultan, send you the money for transport across. By the time you get there I should have gathered enough intelligence to enable our mission to succeed."

"Brilliant," said Smith. "John-Bob, what would I ever do with out you?"

"Walk, of course."

(Russia) Now it's time for the TRUE adventures of Agent 005...

Fortunately for the REAL 005--that is, the one the fake 005 has been calling an imposter--all of those Okrana agents that the fake had killed, including the voluptuous Chief, were themselves imposters. What this means is that the REAL 005 and the REAL Okrana are still alive and well, and so the TRUE adventures of 005 may now continue...

As you may recall, 005 had just been sent off to the "you know what." (Unfortunately, we cannot reveal what that is here, as it's classified. If you don't know what "you know what" is, too bad.) Our story reopens in the bedroom of the Chief, where she is relaxing after a hard day at the office.

"So the false Okrana has been eliminated, has it? Unfortunate: we shall have to take extra precautions to keep our activities secret, until another new FD can be established."

"But my dear Chief," her handsome paramour asked, "who do you think did it?"

"An agent in the area reported seeing 005 near Phoney-O headquarters earlier the same day."

"What? But he must have been mistaken. 005 was with us...wasn't he?"

"Of course he was. Apparently our 005 has a double...a fake 005."

"I see"

"Which reminds me: I wonder how our 005 is doing?"

"Dude now. You know how he is doing. No agent can withstand the diabolical tortures of the dreaded Okrana."

"True, but...be a darling and go check for me, would you?"

"All right. Be back in a jiffy." The paramour hopped up and headed for the door.

"Take some clothes, silly!" The chief called. The paramour sailed foolishly, donned her bathrobe, and left. A few seconds later a horrible blast echoed down the halls of the building. The Chief jumped up and ran to the door, out into the hall. In a moment her lover rushed to meet her, his hair tossed, the bathrobe splattered with blood.

"What happened?"

"Oh, it was awful!" Her lover cried. "It was...I went you know where like you asked...and...and 005 was there, in a chair...and I asked how things were going. The torturers said he'd break any minute. I looked at 005 and he...he just sort of smiled like...like knowing sally. And then I left, and...there was a horrible blast! I ran back and...and..."

"Yes?"

"005...he'd blown himself up?"

"What? But how?"

"I don't know, but he did! His whole body...flesh was scattered everywhere...little gobs of skin and muscle, fat, bones, organs, eyes, lips. The torturers were dead..."

"That's really grotesque. And now we'll never find out what 005 was doing here. I...hey, wait a minute. If you weren't there during the blast, how did you get blood all over yourself?"

"I slipped...on his tongue."

"Oh, God, that's REALLY grotesque. My poor darling..." she spoke softly now, putting her arms around her distressed mistress. "It must have been frightful..."

"It was..." the girl whispered.

The Chief held her close, then stiffened, her eyes widening as she inhaled the smell of...

"Ketchup? You smell like ketchup! This isn't blood..."

Her lover sailed. "April Fools!"

(Turkey-World) Where's the beef? I don't think there's anyone there, I really don't.

(Indy-Bond) My, what a big, light, fluffy brain...

(Rome) Brothers, I am reminded of the three little monkeys whose titles were: "See No Evil", "Hear No Evil" and "Have No Fun". Well, two out of three is not bad...

(Reilly-Indy) What, no one answered my trivia question? Doesn't anyone out there ever listen to The Doors?

(Indy-Reilly) Evidently not.

(Naples) A seaman raced up to the commander, and panting, said, "Sir, we're just received a message from our submarines in the North Atlantic -- All it said was 'Where's the beef?'".

(Indy-Bond) The preceding was a paid advertisement by Wendy's. Remember, they are to blame...

(Reilly-Indy) Incidentally, Dave, tell me: What would you do if YOU received 30 pages of press for one game for one season?

(Indy-Reilly) Go broke. Go blind. But of course, we certainly wouldn't want to break any of Bruce's records, would we?

The Bourse

(IRM-SinCo) I think IRA had better watch for a RISE in currencies based in LDM, SERBIA (formally BUD), COM and ROM - expect trouble with RUS, FRA and GER.

(IRA) Penny wise and pound foolish? Ok all of you turkeys, I've got your number!

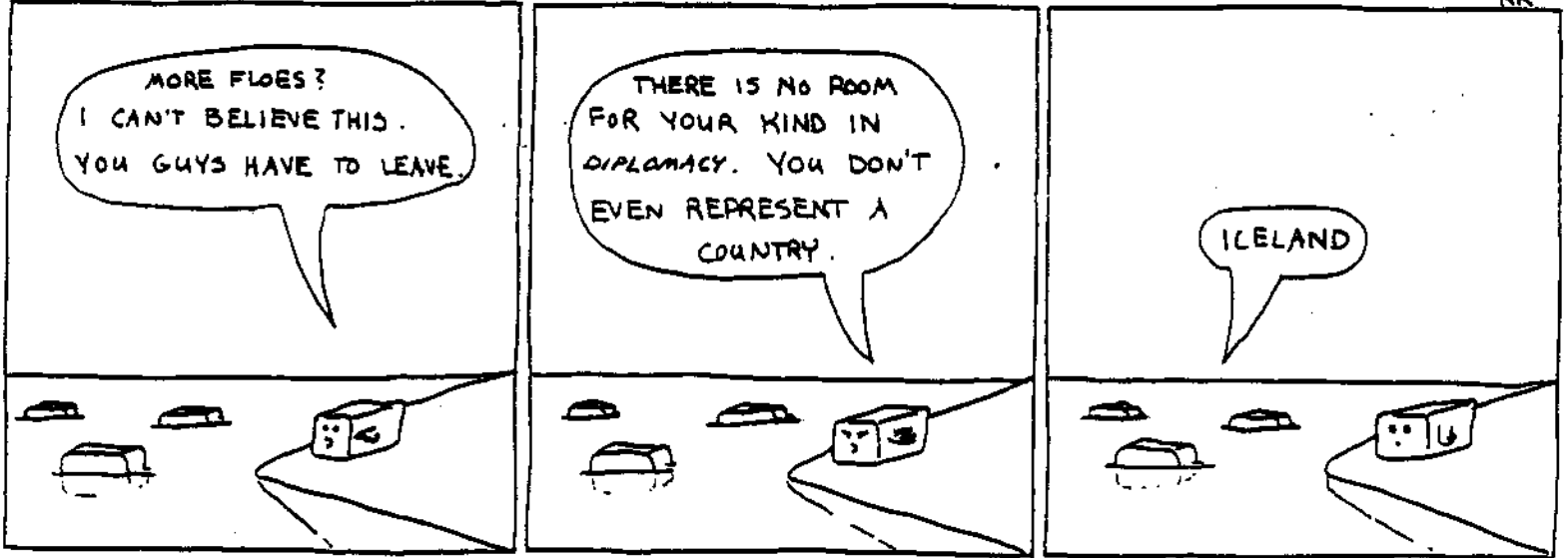
(SinCo) The market today showed two opposites in the trading of European currencies. While every investor (except one) was screaming to sell their hyper-inflated German Marks, many were screaming to buy into the Franc; which showed promise as a sound investment, but until now, has suffered through the relentless selling of those in need of dollars.

Now, with the Franc at a mere \$.94, brokers have once again turned their attention (as well as their dollars) to Parisian products.

(BEICI) Basic economics, folks. Buy low and sell high. Who needs conglomerates? This company stays independent.

CLYDE

RK



The Players

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 Phil Senn
6115D Robin Run
Indianapolis IN 46254 | 2 Randy Karmolinski
6115D Robin Run
Indianapolis IN 46254 | 3 J.R. Baker
3100 Meadow Lane N
Dickenson TX 77539 | 4 Pat Pakel
633 Paden Street
Endicott NY 13760 |
| 5 David Baker
3902 Avenue P
Galveston TX 77550 | 6 Matt Fleming
4290 Chateau de
Ville #C
St. Louis MO 63129 | 7 Mary Simmons
13143 Ave M
Chicago IL 60633 | 9 Steve Cartier
Box 1653
Riverside CA 92502 |
| 10 Lt. Alvin Kusumoto
1 Co. 199, M0280
Quantico VA 22134 | 12 Ty Ware
425 Van Buren Street
Monterey CA 93940 | 13 John Grosby
830 Hunterhill
Roswell GA 30075 | 15 Kathy Byrne
160-02 43rd Ave
Flushing NY 11355 |
| 16 Nelson Heintzman
2255 Delaware Ave
#C-4
Buffalo NY 14216 | 17 Dan Young
5225 Dawes Avenue
Culver City CA 90230 | 19 Jeff Sherer
2409 Ridge Road NE
Vienna OH 44473 | 21 Robert Schunk
405 N Hedgas
Boseman NT 59715 |
| 22 Jeff Hines
9350 Whitahurst Dr.
Apt. 2059
Dallas TX 75243 | 25 Brian DeLaurentis
114 S. Holly Ave.
Maple Shade NJ 08052 | 26 Richard Reilly
Upham Hall
Room 4308
Moscow ID 83843 | 27 David Frick
11523 Scottsdale Dr
Stafford TX 77477 |
| 28 Mark A. Luedi
PO BOX 2424
Bloomington IN 47402 | 30 Charles Loddell III
Univ of Notre Dame
Grace Hall Room 1019
Notre Dame IN 46556 | 32 Bob Sweeney
3404 Pincak
Apt. E
Leavenworth KA 66048 | 33 Steve Knight
11905 Winterthur Ln
Apt 103
Reston VA 22091 |
| 35 Phil Redmond
421 W Milrose
#2B
Chicago IL 60657 | 36 Mike Sanches
2110 Peach Tree Ln
South Bend IN 46617 | 37 Brian Dukurs
Whitman Hall #615
Moscow ID 83843 | 39 Mark Schwendibar
Box 1106
Klamath Falls OR 97601 |
| 41 Rod Gilbert
1224 Summit
Cardiff by the Sea
CA 92007 | 42 Ken Hager
412 Alderdale Circle
Anaheim CA 92807 | 44 Lori Kleiman
3530 Hyannis Port
Indianapolis IN 46224 | 48 Brad Pavey
Williams Hall
Box 93
Muncie IN 47306 |
| 49 Craig W Mills
535A Gundersen Drive
#6-4
Carol Stream IL 60188 | 50 Tony Bariery
54 S. Bow Street
Milford MA 01757 | 51 John Kaufeld
1208 1/2 N Granville
Muncie IN 47303 | 01 |