

OPΦ ΔΥΡΦΛ

This is URF DURFAL, scion of the House of El Dorado, Journal of the fabulously wealthy, Working-Man's Guide to Success, and the sole publication of that non-existent entity, Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk Publications. It is published to playtest variants and deviants of an unusual source, and of unusual sorts. There is no gamefee, and no set sub rate. The cost for each copy for each subscriber is determined by the following formula:

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In other words, cost. If any person writes more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  page of press, he receives the issue his press is printed gratis. The only people who qualify this issue are Adam Kasanof and Ben Grossman. Any person who writes more than 5 pages of stuff may find it printed over several issues. All shit masquerading as press will be rejected, or printed with plenty of ((sics)) and comments on the writer's intelligence. Copies of the rules for EXCOMMUNICATION!, DIPLOMAPIA, UTTER CHAOS, NEAR UTTER CHAOS and/or INDONESIAIAN DIPLOMACY and my house rules are available for an SASÉ.

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#####  
The first page of Urf has always been a problem for me. I tend to say something stupid, just in an effort to fill space.

Which isn't all that much of a problem. A lot of other Dip-publishers do the same thing. And a lot of Dip-publishers rarely say anything in their zine; just hack away at that press, shove in the article that whats-his-name sent me, and then, oh my God, there are the games.

What I mean is, a Dip-editor's persona rarely comes through in his zine. He is, for the most part, strictly limited to 12 pages, because going over that effectively doubles his price. (Or rather, increases it by one half.) Which leaves him little or no time to talk about anything. When he has less than twelve pages of material, he prints a short issue, and bemoans the lack of press/time/articles.

In sf fandom, for instance, on the contrary, almost every issue of almost every decent fanzine is 30% editorial commentary, 30% letters and 30% articles.

So, this page wide open to my commentary, a nice page for me to fill up with thoughts and profound insights should delight me. This is how I can-----

Gawd. So why do I make a fool of myself? The first issue was okay, the first page was an explanation of the origin of the name. The fourth issue I managed to fill up with zine plugs. And the third and second issues were absolute asininity.

And this, the fifth issue, is commentary on how I always make a fool of self.

... I managed to fill it!  
TH ISSUE, September 28, 1975

THE URF DURFALIAN CANDIDATE

"Blackjack!", said Ray Heuer to the figure seated across the card table from him. Heuer slid his facedown hole card from under his up card, the queen of diamonds, and flipped it over. "Jack of Spades," proclaimed Heuer. "Twenty-one!" The figure seated across the table from Heuer raised his automatic and proceeded to empty its fifteen shells into Heuer's heart in just under two seconds. Heuer's body slumped forward on the table. The figure then rose and exited the greasy hotel room, carefully replacing his weapon in the waistband of his pants and quietly pulling the door shut after him with one of his black-gloved hands.

\*\*\*\*\*

"This is certainly annoying," commented Scott Rosenberg to the group of people assembled in the dining room of his house. "Heuer was found dead yesterday, as you all know, in a room at the Commodore Hotel. He was shot FIFTEEN TIMES through the heart from a distance of no more than FOUR FEET, according to the police."

"Whoever got Ray was certainly a thorough chap," commented David Gladstein as he ran his fingers through his beard.

"Poor Ray!" said Gil Neiger as he rammed a third hamburger into his mouth.

"What a tragedy!"

"Tragedy is right," interjected Jeremy Paulson. "He still owed me money!"

"Which brings up an interesting question" said Greg Costikyan. "Who would want to kill Heuer. He can't have had much money on him."

"Well, they found him slumped over a card table," said Rosenberg. "Maybe he was gambling and the person he was playing with decided to kill him for his winnings."

"Not likely," said Gladstein. "According to the police reports, Ray's wallet still had fifteen dollars in it when they found him. Also, there was about five dollars in loose change lying on the card table. It would be unlikely that someone would kill Ray for his money and leave twenty dollars there."

"Good point," said Neiger, starting on his fourth hamburger. "Besides," he continued, "Why shoot him fifteen times? Since the killer was only four feet away, and apparently an excellent shot, one bullet would have easily done the job."

"Why even shoot Heuer at all, for that matter," said Costikyan. "The man could have held Ray up and gotten the money without firing a shot."

"Unless the killer didn't want Ray to be able to identify him," said Gladstein.

"Possible, but unlikely," said Costikyan. "That would be the motive of a professional criminal who reasons out his actions carefully. Why would a professional kill Ray for a few dollars?"

"Ray was nowhere near that good a card-player, Scott," commented Neiger. "Whoever killed Heuer," continued Costikyan, "is efficient, but not a professional. A professional in his right mind would have shot Ray that many times. Which brings me to the next point. The extreme skill of the murderer seems to indicate that the murder was committed by some professional grade killer not in his right mind."

"What about a passion killing?" inquired Gladstein.

"Doubtful," said Neiger. "In passion killings generally some unstable person pulls a gun on somebody in a blind rage, pulls of a shot, then realizes what he's done a while later. Whoever shot Ray fired a string of fifteen shots from a Browning HighPower or an S&W 59 as fast as he could pull the trigger and had every shot hit Ray in the heart. It's doubtful that anyone insanely mad at Heuer would have the control to shoot like that."

"Ray didn't tell anyone anything about where he went last night, did he?" inquired Paulson.

"Not me, anyway," said Costikyan.

"He told me he was going out somewhere, but that's all," said Gladstein.

"This is certainly strange," said Neiger as he dug into his fifth hamburger.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Jack of Spades!" said Scott Rosenberg as he scooped up the cards on the table "I take this trick." He didn't notice as the person sitting across the table from him levelled an automatic and fired its fifteen cartridges into his heart.

\*\*\*\*\*  
THUS ENDS THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF "THE URF DURFALIAN CANDIDATE," BY RICHARD BONDOM. WHO NEXT WILL FALL PREY TO THE EVIL INTENTIONS OF THIS BLACKJACK PLAYING FIEND? WHO IS THE KILLER? HAS HE BEEN BRAINWASHED? IF SO, WHAT ARE HIS INTENTIONS? ALSO IF SO, WHY DID HIS MASTERS BRAINWASH HIM TO KILL AT THE SIGN OF A BLACKJACK? ALL THESE ANSWERS AND MORE WILL BE QUESTIONED IN FUTURE INSTALLMENTS OF  
The Urf Durfalian Candidate.

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I've just finished printing up this issue of GIGO---it's 48 pages long, including the offset cover---and I've got to print this issue of Urf. And then I've got to get to work on FIRE THE ARQUEBUSIERS!. Got a busy schedule.

This issue of FTA! will have a semi-fantasy series about a dungeon trip by Adam Kananof, called AS THE NEXUS TURNS, an article by Adam Gilinsky on Magical Spaces in D&D, an article by me having rules for Martial Artists, Assassins, Armorers, and, if I have space, Alchemists, Herbalists, Magical Item Manufacturers, Animal-Trainers and Holy-Men. And Aholyomen, of course. If Stephen Tihor will let me reprint them, there will be Gil's Empath rules. There'll be news of my land, a sample of the new character sheet I'm using (which, I like to think, is better than Scott's), and anything else if I do get some more contributions (that means you.)

In any case, it should certainly be worth 50% (hint, hint.) I've already got two subscribers---which is pretty good, considering I haven't mailed out the first issue. There will be NO freebies (or few, anyway,) so don't expect to get it, unless you pay for it.

One thing I am low on is rules for new monsters. Ben says he'll write some of his monsters up for me, but he has failed to do so as of this date. Any takers

Flag of the Fleet of Yahweh, 2 Rebecca) Today we sailed smoothly west without anything of interest occurring, although Cooke almost dropped off after dinner over the rail when he chanced to step on a section of deck where R'gthr'th was practicing a new spell, known as Ole Slippery.

Rebecca observed a most singular and intriguing display after lunch. We were standing about on the fore-castle, R'gthr'th, Jill Han, priestess of the fleet, and Benjamin, Commander of the fleet; when the lookout threw an empty bottle over the deck, containing a message about a disturbance way out to the left. After much thought, we concluded that, the way he was facing, left was off to the starboard, or right hand side. Staring in that direction, we spotted a disturbance on the horizon. As the day passed, it closed with us, slowly but surely, so that as the past light faded, we could see several figures running on the water, pursued by another figure. As it neared, R'gthr'th jumped as if he had seen a ghost, and said one word. "Evan."

I felt my stomach clench up. Responding decisively, I ordered evasion maneuvers at full speed, and myself went to my cabin to pray with the priestess that in the morning it would have lost us.

Rebecca This morn, when we awoke, the figures and the Eva, a large beast of some 20 feet in length, shaped much like a shark, except that it lives on very small or microscopic sea creatures and thus lacks the fearsome teeth of a real shark. This particular Evan's natural protective coloration, designed to warn off all larger creatures, was several large fluorescent orange spots that glowed brightly at night, a large purple bump on its underside, the rest being a dull grey. While the attack of an Evan is by no means dangerous, most people resent its slobbering attempts to swallow everything in sight, regardless of size. Luckily, an Evan can't swallow much more than a large minnow at one time.

As the day began to warm up, the lookout dropped an empty bottle of Sy'rinthian brandy, with a poorly scrawled note inside, to the effect that he had spotted a sail on the horizon. By the time we had deciphered it, we could just see the sail, headed towards us at a good clip. In another hour, we could clearly see their flag, which was white on a blue field, bearing the ancient hieroglyphics reading in modern form, 'La Tulane, Ship of New Orleans.' Also, somewhat later, R'gthr'th spotted 'La Tulane' painted on her bow. Since none of us had any ideas about what the ship might represent, I decided to wait it out until she reached us before making any choices on courses of action.

Just before noon, La Tulane drew within hailing distance. One of the men standing on her deck, looking bored, called out "Who be you?"

"Benjamin, Commander of..." I started calling, but, even as I spoke, the crew of the foreign ship began to jump up and down, point at the Evan, and scream "Kill, kill, kill!" They all jumped overboard, and swam towards the Evan. It squealed and began to swim away, but they were far too quick for it, and soon caught the beast. "Fight to subdue" yelled another of them as they closed on the saared beast. I pulled several polyhedral dice from my pouch. After they had hit the Evan several times, I called out "How many hits?"

"Ten." I rolled five eight-sided dice for a total of 25, and two twenty-sided dice for a percentage of 03. "Subdued," I called. The Evan stopped struggling. They hauled him into their ship and tied it up.

That evening, I had the officers of La Tulane aboard for dinner. Between devouring the cook's rather greasy Chicken ala DISCON, a dish he prepares too much like the way the stories and fables describe the original, and making out with my female officers while the rest of the officers chuckled (apparently

La Tulane, as a specially commissioned ship of the Empire of Bozart carries (an all-male crew), they told up about La Tulane and themselves. La Tulane, which ~~ix~~ has a five 'zine mission to clear the seas of Evans, is a special ship, her crew all having experience at aatching Evans before. This was a very special occasion, as it makked their first catch of the mission. La Tulane had been commisioned to clear the seas of Evans for several reasons, including minor ones like a tendency to attract Dragon-Turtles like a magnet since the latter consider Evans a delicacy, to major ones such as the Emperors finding that they were disgusting.

#### EVEN YET SOME MOORE ADDITIONS TO THE FRIGG IT! RULES

##### 20 KAMIKAZE HOT AIR BALOONS

a) Kamikaze baloons are available for the same price as Huter-Killer Baloons. Kamikaze baloons have no effect on Turtles; however, they are loaded to the gun'al's with gumpowder. At any point during a Kamikaze baloon's movement, it may be exploded by it's crew, with the same effect as any other ship expbod

b) The point at which a Kamikaze bloon is to explode must be plotted in a baloon's movement. That ~~mis~~, for instance "K-Baloon #1, NE4, explode." Orders may not be conditional upon sighting an enemy ship, or anything else.

##### 17 e (Addition): Towing Artillery Rafts.

Artillery Rafts may be towed by any ship with a defense strength of ten or more. The movement allowance of the towing ship is halved, The towed art'y raftmoves along beind the towing ship ~~at~~, 2 hexes behind, at the same rate as the tower.

##### 21 DUD FRIGG IT!

At the beginning of the game (in this case, this turn) one hex is chosen at random. This hex is the Duddness. Every turn, one of the hexes adjacent to the dudness becomes dudded. That is to say, the dudness spreads to one adjacent hex, at random, each turn.

Any ship that enters the dudness (or any bushnell turtle, baloon or faft, for that matter) is, on the next turn, randomly transported to any hex on the board.

##### 22 Dud Out Bullhorns

At an extra oost of 1 Money Point per ship, a ship may be equipped with these. ~~Whenever~~ a ship equipped with bullhorns sails through the Dudness, it destroys the dudness, unless the ship is specifically ordered NOT to destroy the dudness or the ship loses command control, in which case the ship is automatically randomly transported.

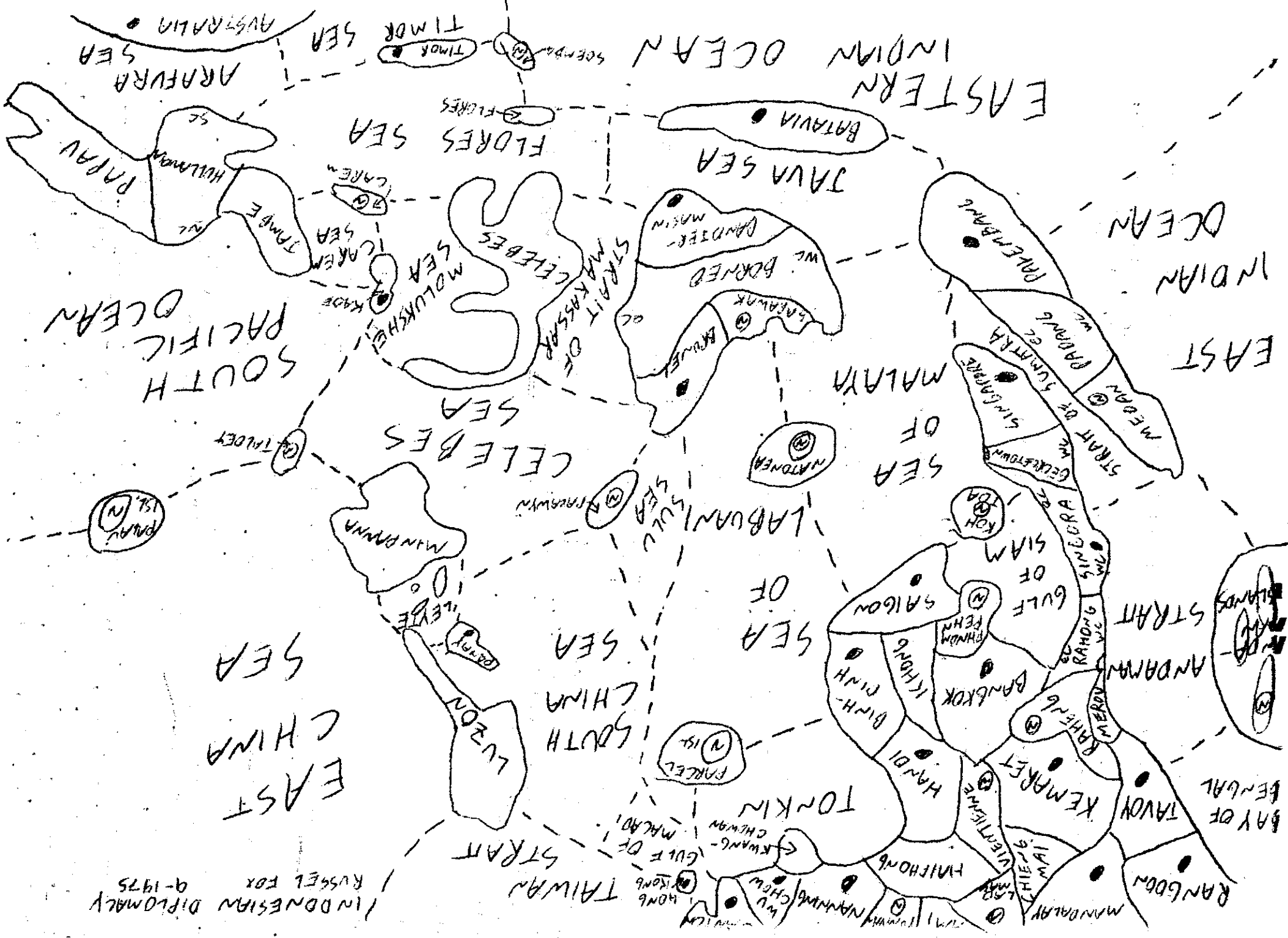
All and sudry please note that I am immensely suceptible for any suggestions for additions to FRIGG IT!. If you suggest something, I'm quite likely to accept it. About my only limitation is that the suggestion must be compatible with the technoloby of the time.

Players, please get rid of Diller quickly. I intend to pull the Mat Diller Obnoxious rules, but that still maynot reduce him to a manageable size in time. If nobody does anything, I shall have to include my rules on the Great White Whale. And I'm sure nobody will like it when Captain Ahab commandeers their ship to go after the Whale.

After all, it shouldn't be too hard to kill Diller. If he maintains any sort of formation, one hit on the lead ship should destroy the entire formation.







INDONESIAN DIPLOMACY / RUSSEL FOR 9-1975



ELTON JOHN--NMR. Entrance random. Crocodile Rock--enter 1016B. N1, wind is fresh, and thus blows ship SW1. 1116B, no facing on artillery rafts.

NAMELESS ONES, EMPIRE OF THE-- Volantis Batavian vs. Foundation (75-60, 1-1) Crew\CRT #1; 3 -. 0913A(NE), N8, 1709A(NE). Speed 8.

RUE-DE-DAIE--NMR. This is the second time in a row. If Mark doesn't get his moves in next time, all his ships will be considered scuttled. Loses Command Control. 1405C(S); S4; 1409C(S). Speed 4.

SHEEPDOG (Barlow)--Balrog 1514A(N), TNE, NE8, 0310B(NE). Speed 8. Blated Bullfrog (MM) follow in column until 1713A(NE), where is runs afoul of the Foundation.

YAHWEH, EARL OF THE UPPER REACH (Grossman) Aslan--0208F(N), N8, 0216C(N). Speed 8. Asunder (0202F(N)) and Asgard (0201F(N)) follow in column.

A player questioned the validity of Volantis Batavian and the Last Hope moving at full speed with the wind coming from one of the front hexes, i.e., moving N8, with the wind NE. The answer is that the wind was that the wind was SW. The direction and force of the wind listed at the end of the moves is the change if any, in the wind for the next turn.

During the Damage Control Phase, the Bloated Bullfrog removes no hits. Wind; NORTHWEST. Force: FRESH. Maps:

E  
ABC  
D F

NEW PLAYERS: Note that, as well as the two players listed below, a third player tried to join anonymously. I'm afraid that I cannot allow this, as there is a reason that the anonymous player could not be someone already playing. I will allow the anonymous player to play, if he informs ME who he is; I will keep his identity secret from the other players.

EMPIRE OF OAN(John Brennick, 192 Curtis Av, Stoughton, MA, 02072)

|                        |              |                           |
|------------------------|--------------|---------------------------|
| Flag-The Winged Dragon | The Red Lion |                           |
| 35 24                  | 35 24        | 10=Medium Command Control |
| 30                     | 30           | 20= CRT #1.               |
| 16                     | 16           |                           |
| 5                      | 5            |                           |

IMLADRIS, SON OF POUCH (Jerry Paulson, 63-60 98 St, Rego Park, NY, 11375)  
HCV Divine Right 5 Kamikaze Hot Air Balloons (see rules additions) 25  
HCV Divine Wrong 5 Kamikaze Hot Air Balloons 25

|                    |                       |  |
|--------------------|-----------------------|--|
| Flag-Bag's OF Gold | Artillery Raft-Yamoto | Diller Ships (ie, all the following ships have the following strength) |
| 40 30              | 0 1                   | 1-For-the-Money, 1-For-The-Gipper                                      |
| 20                 | 0                     | 2-to-go-, 3-To-Get-Ready, 4-To-G                                       |
| 25                 | 0                     |  |
| 25                 | 4                     | 1 1  |
|                    | 0                     | 0  |
|                    |                       | 0  |
|                    |                       | 0  |

-----  
PRESS

(Oan Imperial Press): The Emperor of Oan beseeches all of us to ally and wipe out the Armenian fleet. You first, Yahweh, and Last Hope.

((I, as gamesmaster, would indeed like to see Diller wiped out. On the other hand, I, as a person of mixed Armenian-Swiss-Swedish-French-English-Indian-Irish-Jewish-Scotch descent have mixed feelings.))

CHAOS is a sub-zine of  
URF DURFAL, in which a  
game of UTTER CHAOS is.

# CHAOS

CHAOS is edited by Scott  
Rosenberg, 182-31 Radnor  
Rd, -Jamaica NY 11432. #4.

MEDITERRANEAN GETS A FACE LIFT; TURKS DUMPED IN ENGLAND; IONIAN ONCE AGAIN DEMONSTRATES A PROPENSITY FOR MUTATION; THE BLOB BEGINS IN ADRIATIC; ROME MIGRATES TO BLOB; FORCES OF CHAOS LAND IN GREECE; TUNIS & WEST MED. JOIN & TURN SEA, THUS HEUER CAN'T POSSIBLY GET IT!

1975?go.

WORLD DUDS OUT!

Spring 1901

- AUSTRIA (Grossman): F Tri-Alb; A Vie-Tri; A Bud-Ser.
- ENGLAND (Barlow): F Lon-Nth, F Edi-Nrg, A Lpl-Edi.
- FRANCE (Paulson): F Bre-Mid; A Par-Bur; A Mar-Spa.
- GERMANY (Costikyan): A Mun-Bur; F Kie-Den; A Ber-Kie.
- ITALY (Heuer): F Nap-Ion; A Ven-Apu; A Rom-Ven.
- RUSSIA (Diller): F Sev-Rum; A Mos-Sev; A War-Ukr; F StP(sc)-Bot.
- TURKEY (Kasanof): A Smy-Arm; F Ank-Bla; A Con-Bul.
- LORDS OF CHAOS (Arioch): A Courts of Chaos-Gre.

H A H H A H  
H E U E R!

**CHAOTIC EFFECTS:**

- Schizo: Ion, Lpl, Mos, Ank
- N/D: Picardy
- Stonewall: NAF
- Dud: Bul
- Diluvian: Ion
- Squash: Tun & Wes
- Blob: Adri & Apu
- SC Move: Rome-Apu (BLOB)
- Dilatory: Eas

SPLITS EXPLAINED: Ion splits from BLOB to South map edge, into Sicily (western) and Crete (Eastern). Note that these are both land provinces. Lpl splits from Cly to Wal, into Lpl (west) and Manchester (east). Mos splits from Stp to Ukr, into Byelorussia (west) and Moscow (east): Ankara splits from Bla to Smy, into Ank (west) and Sinope (east).

NOTES: Austria F Alb is now an army. Italian A Apu is now A BLOB. Italian F Ion is now A Sicily & A Crete. Turkish A Bul is duded to...Liverpool!

New rules interpretations: when squash occurs between a land and a sea province, the resulting status of the province is determined randomly. This season the new combined Tun & Wes is now Wes, a sea province. Remember, the GM unit, if duded, can choose where it will land!

Chaotically yours,

*Arioch*

\*\*\*\*\*

1975Vgt

DILATORY/DILUVIAN.

FALL 1901

BLACK SEA DRIES UP; EX-KING ZOG OF ALBANIA RETURNS WITH ROYAL TREASURY

- AUSTRIA (Fox): F Alb-Gre; A Ser-Tri.
- ENGLAND (Goldman): A Ion-Nwy; F Nth C A Ion-Nwy; F Nrg H.
- FRANCE (Goldberg): A Spa-Por; F Pic-Bel; A Par-Bur.
- GERMANY (Dominskyj): NMR. Neutral orders: A Kie-Hol; A Mun-Bur; F Den H.
- ITALY (Muchnik): A Pie-Mar; A Ven-Pie; F Ion-Tun.
- RUSSIA (Penn): A War-Lva; A Ukr-Rum; F Bot-Swe; F Sev S A Ukr-Rum.
- TURKEY (~~Costikyan~~ Costikyan): A Bul-Gre; A Con-Bul; F Ank-Con.

**SUPPLY CENTER HOLDINGS:**

- AUSTRIA: Bud, Tri, Vie, ALB. (4) BUILD TWO DILATORY: Sol--Bur; Fol--Alb.
- ENGLAND: Lon, Lpl, Edi, Nwy. (4) BUILD ONE DILUVIAN: Sol--Gal; Fol--Bla.
- FRANCE: Par, Bre, Bur, Por, BEL, ~~WY~~. (5) BUILD TWO
- GERMANY: Ber, Kie, Mun, Hol, Den. (5) BUILD TWO
- ITALY: Rom, Ven, Nap, Mar, Tun. (5) BUILD TWO
- RUSSIA: War, Sev, Mos, StP, Rum, Swe. (6) BUILD TWO
- TURKEY: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul. (4) BUILD ONE

Note that Russian F Sev and Turkish F Ank both become armies. Note that Burgundy is a French home center in accordance with rule 5 of Dilatory Diplomacy. Note that the Victory Criterion is now increased to nineteen centers. Note that this page is nearing its logical conclusion. Note that I am merely stalling here with these notes. Note the deadline that Greg ought to put on the last page. Note the above notes. Note the above note. Note the above notes. Note the gnash. Not the nash, the gnash. Note.



DEADLINE FOR ALL GAMES IS THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16.

- COA's:
- Adam Gilinsky, 515 1903 Hall, Princeton, University, Princeton, NJ, 08540
  - Dave Kadlecek, Box 802, University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, CA, 95053
  - Richard Kovalcik, JR, Room 304, Bexley Hall, 52 Mass. Av, Cambridge, MA, 02139
  - Bob Lipton, Box 1962, Lafayette College, Easton, PA, 18042
  - Gil Neiger, Box 4293, Brown University, Providence, RI, 02912
  - Robert Sacks, 4861 Broadway, Apt 3-V, NY, NY, 10034
  - Stephen Tihor, 122 Henry Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ, 08540
  - Wayne Gildroy, 1005 E 60, 627 Mathews, Chicago, Ill, 60637

There is a space game designed by Ivan Travnicek that has never been published commercially. It's called Space Centurians VII (sic). The gm must draw up a huge map of a galaxy, on about 6 by 6 5-to-the-ince sheets of graph paper. Each player takes one large star as his home star, and expands outward, colonizing other stars, conquering smaller powers, developing technologies. The last is one of the most important parts of the game--developing technologies. The rules presently contain over 50 technologies which may be developed at a certain monetary cost. And any player may, at any time, suggest further technologies.

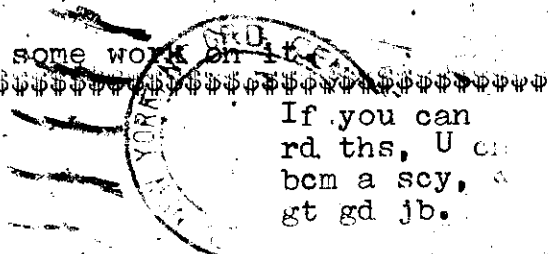
It is played by mail, and, it would seem, it would take about 10 hours to make a move. Whenever two enemy fleets meet at a star and decide to engage in battle, the players involved must meet face-to-face, and play out the battle using the tactical rules provided. Quite complicated.

It would seem to me that something of the sort could be developed around the Frigg It! system---each player would take the place of a small-ssland Maritime ~~nixxxx~~power, and each would move around conquering other small islands (the game would have to be placed on an Archipelago world, rather than a Continental world.) Technologies could be developed slowly, as a player advances from Trireme type ships to normal FRIGATE types to DREADNOUGHTships, a corresponding development going on in the air, what with Hot-Air-Baloons, Hydrogen baloons, Blimps, Zeppelins, Airplanes, jets and so on. I think Dreadnought technology is about the limit though, since the game then becomes a bit too complicated.

Say, Jules-Vernian thehnology.

Sure. If I ever find any free time, I might do some work on it.

URF DURFAL  
Geeg Costikyan  
1675 York Av,  
New York, NY, 10028



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Oh God, I know I've forgotten something. The deadline? The issue number? Publication date? Cost? AGGG! I can't remember!