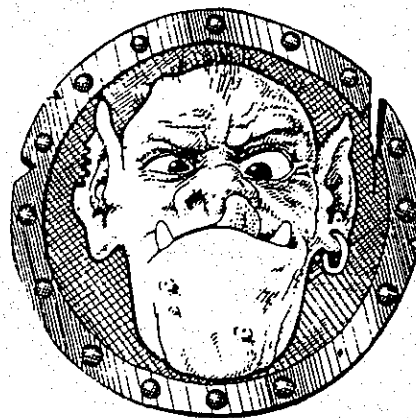


CLAMMAREKS



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THIS IS THE EDITORIAL

(Deal with it Baby)

Ha, Ha I have killed them all. Now I am in charge, your brains shall now be infused, a seething cesspit like my own mind. Ha, Ha, ha.

This magazine has in fact been put together using the main tools of our hobby, dice and random action. It is really lovely, tell me its really lovely. PLEASE!

Lastly to end this foul rant I would like to thank, David's Lawn Ornaments (they are lovely), the contributors (they really came through for use, late as usual the night before the deadline but we will forgive them), the camera club (who through bald faced stupidity saw to it that we were in Jo'burg the weekend before this issue had to be completed), Stalkey Tuna (I love you, "Hey.. Where's the baby? Don't tell me you've lost him again), Freud (not Jung he will sneer if he hears you say that), Lara "sex-gnome" (enough with the gnomes already), Perry (who on the record did in fact come down with the dreaded lurgy), my mother (who is a nice lady, lady, it is in fact from her I have learnt my kindness, generosity of spirit and in depth view of the world),
I'll stop Now

Love and kisses, Dahnhlings
Not-quite head gopher in charge

Wait! Hang on! I forgot to thank
Philip, Duncan and Jim (a little
AND PAT HUSTON
bit) . . . perhaps in their thanks I
should relate a short tale 2



CYBERTHULHU

When I was starting my Cyberpunk game recently, I took a long look at the Cyberpunk rules, and then (as most gun-nuts tend to) found them totally unsuitable. For example rules, a single round from a medium submachine gun (9mm calibre) does as much damage as a shotgun (4d6). After some abortive attempts to fix the system, I decided to change systems to Call of Cthulhu/RuneQuest system. I also included some of the expanded combat rules from Andrew Sturman's Cthulhu game (details in Clawmarks 17, "Tentacles and Tommyguns").

STATS AND SKILLS

The stats for the Cyberpunk system are INT, REF, TECH, COOL, ATTR, LUCK, MA, BODY and EMP, while the stats for Cthulhu are STR, CON, POW, DEX, APP, SIZ, INT and EDU (with some other stats derived from these). The Cyberpunk stats range from 1 to 10, while the Cthulhu stats range from 3 to 18 (roughly, 2 to 20). To convert from Cyberpunk to Cthulhu, then, simply double the stat. Some Cthulhu stats have a narrower range than 3-18; INT and SIZ are 2d6+6, not 3d6, and EDU is 3d6+3. This can be allowed for by simply raising any scores that fall below the limits of 8 and 6 respectively.

INT and REF (reflexes) are self-explanatory and translate directly to INT and DEX in Cthulhu. TECH is a rating of the characters technical knowledge and education, and so can be represented by the EDU stat, from which skills are derived. COOL is a rating of the characters calmness under fire and skill at interaction. The combat aspect can be covered by the SAN stat (more on that later) and the interaction is now covered by individual skills in Cthulhu (Persuade, Fast Talk, Bargain). ATTR (attractiveness) corresponds to APP (appearance). EMP (empathy) is the basis for the Cyberpunk cyberwear-limiting rule (necessary in any game with cyberwear to stop the players turning into pure metal androids). This is combined with LUCK into the single stat POW (power), from which the Cthulhu luck stat and Sanity is derived. MA (movement allowance) is a fixed number for the Cthulhu system, modified by Dexterity. Finally, BODY in Cyberpunk is devolved into two stats, STR and CON, for Cthulhu.

Skills in Cyberpunk are open-ended rolls added to the stat and skill against a target number, while Cthulhu is a simple roll-under percentile system. However, conversion between the two is not difficult. The skills in Cyberpunk range from 1 to 10, which is converted nicely into the 5 to 100 range by multiplying by 5. This means that skills are now independent of stats, which also means that low stats don't kill you quite as quickly in the new rules. The skills generally translate fairly directly, with Cthulhu equivalents to most Cyberpunk skills. A few new skills are required, mainly to update the 1990s rules for the 2020s.

SAN AND EMPATHY

The foremost attribute of Cthulhu, Sanity, has a direct equivalent in Cyberpunk - the Humanity rating which determines how much cyberwear you are allowed. Sanity is a rating from 1 to 99, based on POW (with a 3-18 range) times 5. The Humanity rating is a rating from 1 to 100, derived from EMP times 10. Thus the rating transfers directly, and the Humanity costs for cyberwear given in Cyberpunk are exactly the same as the Sanity loss in the new system. Also, the check against the Sanity to avoid cyberpsychosis can use the Cyberpunk rules (a single open-ended d10), while a COOL check can be a straight percentile roll against the current Sanity.

CYBERWARE

Cyberware is a vital feature of the game, and the rules so far provide a good basis for converting all items of cyberware to the new system. Firstly, all skills improvements given by cyberwear (in the format +1, +2, etc) now give five times the improvement to a skill (so a +1 becomes a +5%). Secondly, all stat increases are doubled (so an increase of +1 becomes +2). An increase in BODY is applied to STR and CON, and an increase in REF is applied to DEX. A fair number of systems provide non-numeric improvements which can be left unchanged (pain editors, many cyberoptics and audios, most implants).

Notable systems are smartguns (providing a +10% instead of a +2 to gun skills), muscle and bone lace (increasing STR and CON by 4 instead of BODY by 2) and speedware of various types (providing 2n increase to DEX if the increase to REF was n). Also, skill-chips of various kinds allow increase of skills in Cyberpunk. Previously providing an increase of +1 to +3, they now increase a skill by +10% to +30% (to make them worthwhile improvements). Some house rules for these: for mental/recall skills this is added to the base chance, while for physical skills it replaces the base chance (since the chip is now driving your body like a string puppet). Successful use of mental skillchips allows a skill check; this is not allowed for physical skills (for the same reason).

COMBAT, ARMOUR AND WEAPONS

This was the section where most of the changes took place. The wildly varying damage and armour ratings of Cyberpunk were enough to move even the strongest-willed cyberfreak to hysterics. Firstly, all damage ratings were brought in line with Cthulhu gun stats. In the more extreme cases, this meant dropping the damage from a powerful handgun from 4d6 to 2d6, and rifle damage from 5d6 to 2d8. On the other hand, 12-gauge buckshot remained at 4d6. The damage rating for knives, edged weapons and cyber-implants was also modified to become more realistic, so that the most damage inflicted by a melee weapon could kill, but the average was only likely to incapacitate.

The damage system in Cyberpunk consisted of a fixed series of damage levels, with damage itself modified by a high BODY stat. Cthulhu has Hit points (the average of Size and Con). Thus both systems have a bonus for tougher characters. The new

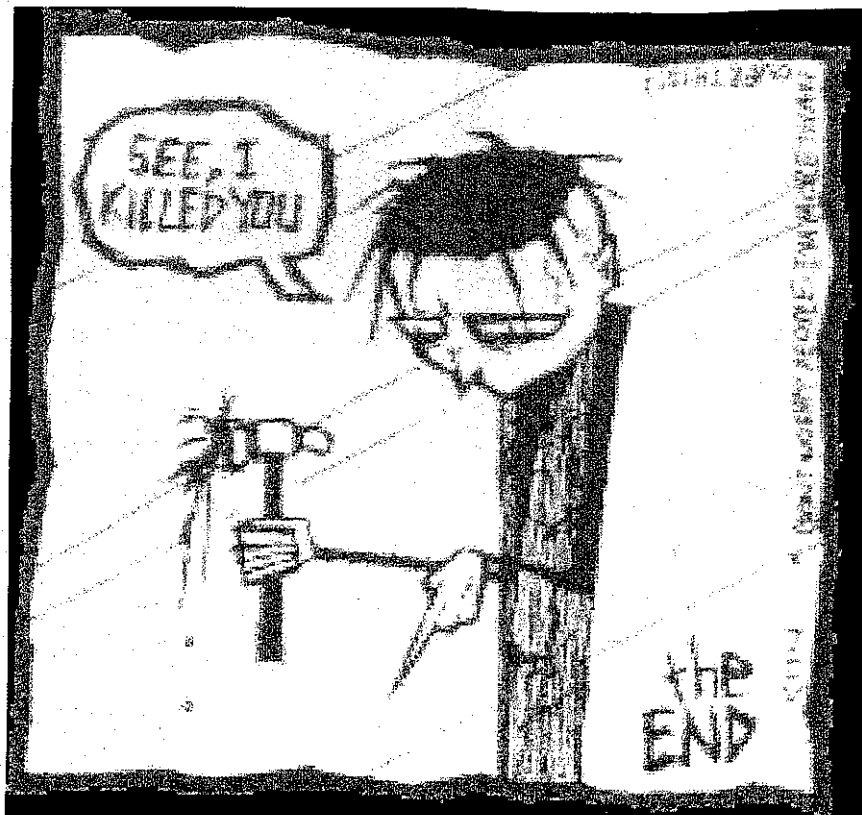
damage ratings of most weapons in Cthulhu meant that they were still lethal, but now the more lethal weapons in reality were also more lethal in the game.

Initiative in the new system consists of a d10 roll plus $\frac{1}{2}$ DEX, to give a value in the range 3-20. This corresponds to the Cthulhu system of initiative (which is simply DEX) but adds an element of chance. Starting from the highest number, first action is at the number rolled, second is at half, third is at one quarter and so on.

The armour types given in Cyberpunk are all kept, with modification to the game effects. Armour ratings in the new system were first brought in line with the armour values given in Cthulhu 5th edition, where an armour type corresponded directly. Those armours without direct equivalents were fitted in around the other types. Encumbrance from the armour is now given as a value which directly reduces DEX and various athletic skills.

IN CONCLUSION

So these new rules can either allow you to use a simpler and more realistic system for your cyberpunk game. Or you could set a Cthulhu game in the 2020s, with cyberware making up somewhat for humanity's puniness compared to the Old Ones.





Where The Manitou Roam

A Deadlands review by Dylan Craig

First things first: the website of the Pinnacle Entertainment Group, creators of Deadlands and many other products, can be found at <http://www.peginc.com>. Check them out!

Advertised as "The Spaghetti Western... with MEAT!", Deadlands is a role-playing game with an alternate wild west setting. By meshing the Western genre with a supernatural/horror theme, Pinnacle have managed to circumvent one of the major problems associated with other Western games - the difficulty of sustaining a long-term campaign. After all, once your party has foiled the stage robbers, thwarted the evil rail baron, and battled Apaches, what next? Well, that isn't a problem with Deadlands. But we'll get to the setting later.



SYSTEM

The system is one of the more interesting and well-thought out ones I've ever encountered. Like WW/Shadowrun, the more you develop your skills, the more dice you get to roll. But unlike these two games, the dice type itself also varies to reflect "natural" skill, whereas the number of dice just shows how well trained you are at the particular thing. For instance, Billy-Bob might be all thumbs when it comes to riding a horse, but he's been practising every day of his life nonetheless. He might have a skill of 4 (lots of training), but a dice type of d4 (reflecting almost no natural ability). Billy-Bob would thus roll 4d4 when it comes to making a riding roll. His pal Thurston, meanwhile, has a natural rapport with horses. They understand his commands well, and he has an in-built gift for riding them. He might only have a skill of 1 or 2, because he hasn't put much work into learning how to ride, but his natural affinity is represented by having a higher dice type such as a d10 or a d12. He might thus roll 2d10 compared to Billy-Bob's 4d4.

Interesting, eh? Now, the system is open-ended, and you pick the highest number as your final figure for completing the task. So, if you have a skill of 3d6, you would roll a d6 three times (or 3d6, I suppose), and only keep the one with the highest result.

Now, personally, I don't like having to roll a stack of dice every time an action needs to be resolved. But it seems to work in this system, and doesn't slow things up as badly as it does in systems where you have to count

successes (Shadowrun, WW) or worse still total the sum of your roll (Star Wars, Tunnels and Trolls). Here, you just look for the highest number, and bang - there's your total. The open-ended mechanic is also great for those one-in-a-million escapes, shots, and strokes of luck that are the stuff of any good dramatic game.

There are ten characteristics (5 physical and 5 mental), providing a good set of dimensions with which to define a character. There is also an Edges & Hindrances system (similar to the ones found in many other systems), which really helps bring those characters to life.



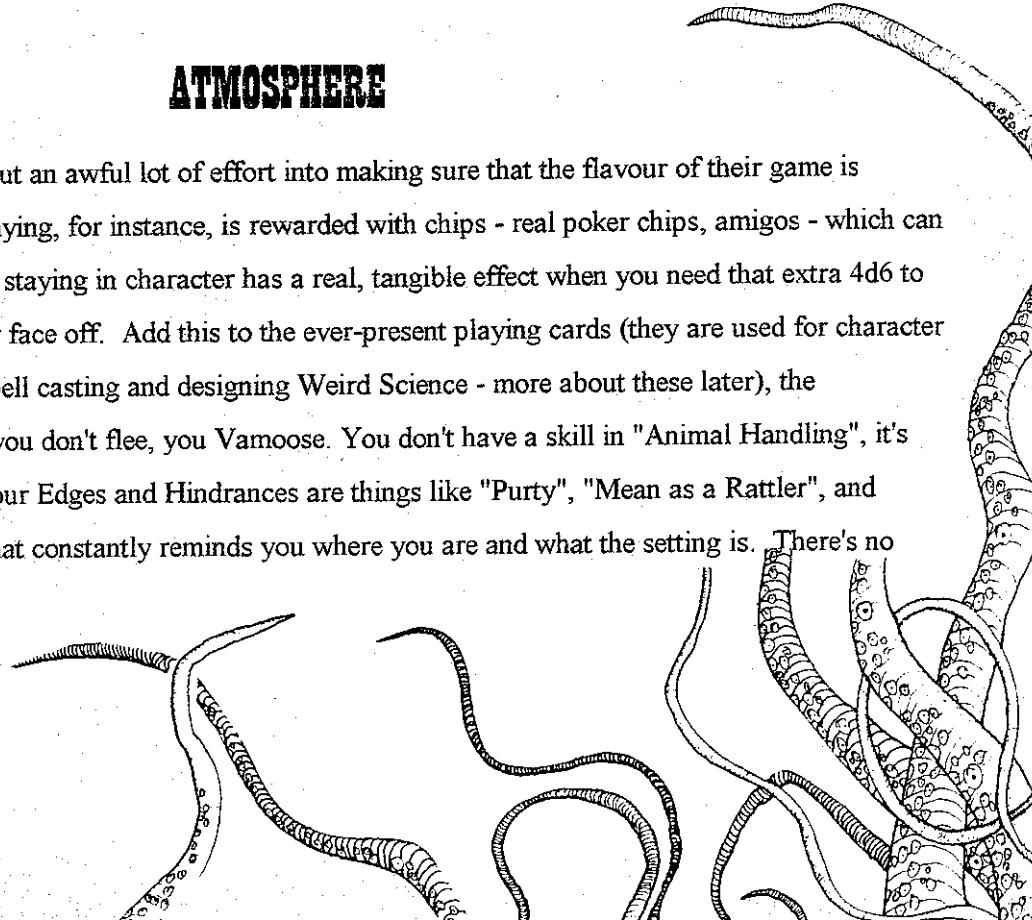
COMBAT

Well, it wouldn't be a Western game without Peacemakers, Winchesters, Bowie Knives and Tomahawks, now would it? Luckily, Deadlands has a groovy combat system from the word "go". Initiative is handed by drawing from a poker deck (the number of cards you draw is determined by a Quickness roll) and going from the best to the worst poker hand. So, you might draw 4 cards - two Deuces (2's), an eight, and a Queen. You could play this as three actions (a pair, followed by an Queen, and then an eight), or as four actions (Q, 8, 2, 2). Someone with three of a kind would go before you in either case, but your pair would beat a King, and so on. Yes, it's gimmicky, but it's cool. The system also has rules for putting cards up your sleeve, Jokers, and all that jazz, which I won't go into here but, trust me, are cool and add to the atmosphere immeasurably.

Deadland's damage system has both a "Body Levels" and a "Hit points" mechanic (an interesting amalgamation) where Hit Points ("Wind") represent the effects of battering, cudgelling, exhaustion and starvation, and Wounds represent more life-threatening injuries such as bullet holes, knife slashes and so on. Nice to see a system that differentiates between these two kinds of damage.

ATMOSPHERE

The creators of Deadlands have put an awful lot of effort into making sure that the flavour of their game is constantly present. Good role-playing, for instance, is rewarded with chips - real poker chips, amigos - which can be traded in for bonuses dice. So staying in character has a real, tangible effect when you need that extra 4d6 to stop a Mojave Rattler eating your face off. Add this to the ever-present playing cards (they are used for character generation as well as initiative, spell casting and designing Weird Science - more about these later), the terminology of the system itself (you don't flee, you Vamoose. You don't have a skill in "Animal Handling", it's "Teamster" or "Ridin': Hoss". Your Edges and Hindrances are things like "Purty", "Mean as a Rattler", and "Yeller"), and you have a game that constantly reminds you where you are and what the setting is. There's no



going off track or losing atmosphere in this game - every footstep puffs prairie dust, every door is a creaking set of batwings, and every wall props up a sleeping Mexican. Damn, but it's cool!

SETTING

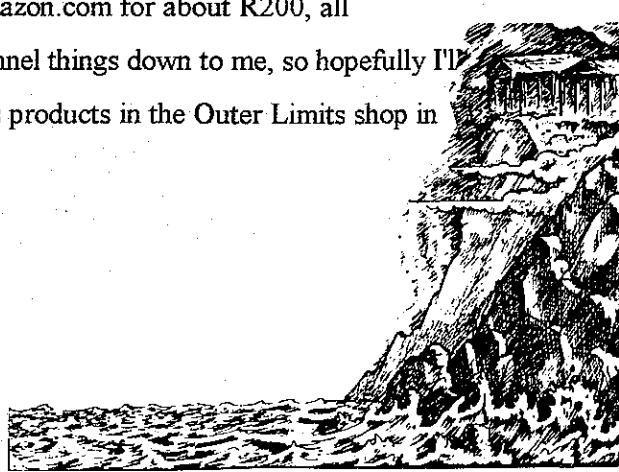
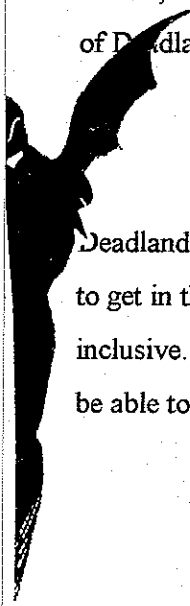
OK, I did promise. Again, check out the website for more graphics and more info.

Deadlands is set in an alternate 1876, where the West has been getting steadily weirder since 1863. By white folks' reckoning, things started when the dead Union soldiers on the battlefields of Gettysburg crawled to their feet and attacked their erstwhile comrades to snack on their brains. For the native Americans, though, the "Reckoning" held much more significance, representing as it did the conclusion of an epic, but failed, attempt to contain an ancient evil in the Hunting Grounds. So, over the last 13 years, the dead have risen all over the continent, abominations prowl the countryside, and strange fuels that defy the laws of Science have been discovered leading to a new generation of inventions (Weird Science). Patches of the West have become "deadlands" - regions of pure terror where hellish chaos reigns. Through all this, the Civil War drags on, strange events occur everywhere, and the bounds that hold reality together weaken by the day. Grip-ping... and for all those X-philes, there are also certain forces on both sides of the border that are interested in keeping a lid on all the weirdness (and liquidating those responsible for propagating these "rumours", if necessary) - so there is plenty of room for conspiracy. Can you say "Scully?" I knew you could...

I don't want to give away too much of the setting, as my group are most likely reading this piece themselves, but I assure you that it's pretty fantastic. The magic system, for instance, is one of the best I've seen (particularly their take on shamanic rituals). The rich setting and the fantasy/horror aspect it includes means that the adventures need never become repetitive - for every straight "Wild West:" storyline you have, you can have a "Weird West" storyline involving anything from zombies to voodoo magic to keep your players guessing. Gunslingers with silver bullets, card players with a magic touch, shamans with hordes of spirits at their beck and call, these are the staples of Deadlands.

FORMAT AND SUPPORT

Deadlands is playable straight out of the hard-cover, full-size rulebook - a good thing, because it's all you're likely to get in this neck of the woods for a while. I ordered my copy through Amazon.com for about R200, all inclusive. Since then, though, I've found a connection overseas who can funnel things down to me, so hopefully I'll be able to fill my collection out somewhat - in addition, I noticed Deadlands products in the Outer Limits shop in



JHB, so maybe we can look forward to seeing them down here as well. Apart from the rulebook, there is a worldbook/player's handbook ("The Quick And The Dead"), four boxed sets detailing different regions (California, the South, the North, and Utah), and a handbook for each of the major character types (gunslingers, shamans, inventors, et cetera), as well as one for players who want to play the Walking Dead. There are also about ten module/novels out, each containing a pre-generated adventure and a short story. I've managed to get my hands on one of these, and their quality is superb.

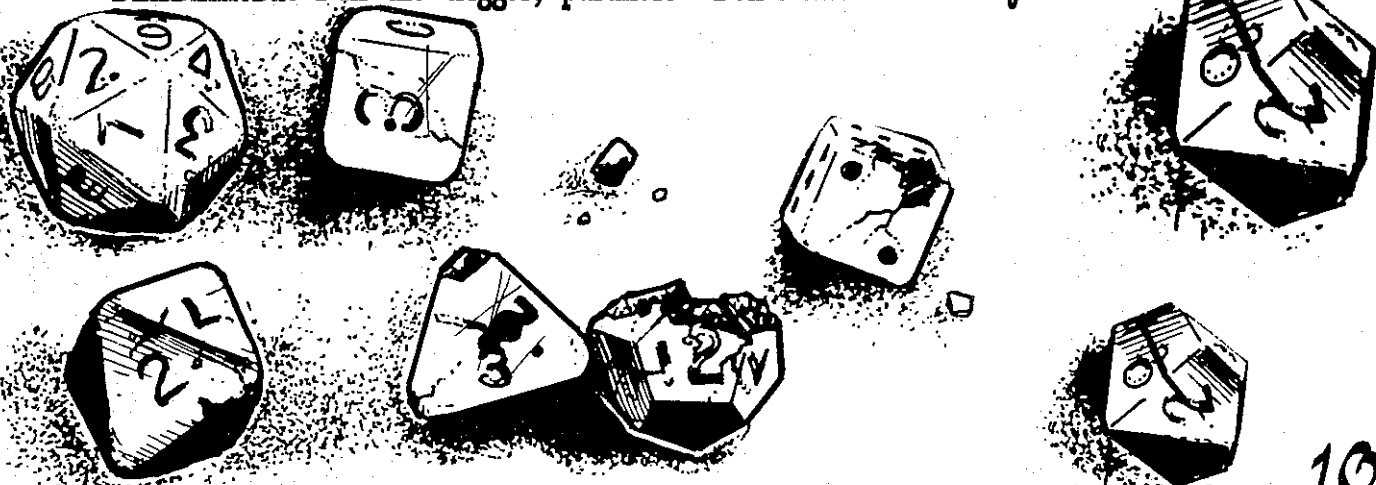
In terms of product support, Pinnacle once again comes a confident first. For instance: any rules revisions and errata from their books are posted on the website in down loadable form as soon as they are identified. So, if they mess up or revise a rule after printing, you can download the "patch" for free. They also use their well-established listserv to test out ideas for new rules and expansions, and the authors are only an email away should you need any questions on the setting or rules explained. Can you imagine Gary Gygax or Mark Rein-Hagen doing that? As far as I am concerned, Deadlands deserves to be the third fastest selling RPG in the states (which it is), just for the kind of attitude with which it's creators market it. Their website is a trove of free goodies, including a character generator program, which a more unscrupulous company might try to sell instead of providing for free. You can even get hold of the Deadlands font, as used in the rulebooks!

CONCLUSION:

Deadlands might not be everyone's cup of tea. If the Wild West doesn't grab you, it's unlikely that Deadlands will either. The setting might also get on the nerves of historical purists - it does take some liberties, and people who like their Westerns realistic might not "get" Deadlands' weirder aspects.

But if you like systems like Call of Cthulhu, Torg, Storyteller, or other modern, horror-based games, DL should grab you but good. Get out there and buy this game! Convince retailers to stock it for you! Sell close relatives, but whatever you do, sink your teeth into that Spaghetti! I'll be running Demonstration games at Dragonfire for people who want to eyeball the game, feel free to register. Alternately, if you don't get a chance at Dragonfire, there are always guest star roles available in my weekly game. Contact me, via CLAW, to arrange this or if you want any more information on Deadlands or how to get hold of a copy.

DEADLANDS: Pull the trigger, pardner. Don't make me tell you twice.



ICON 1998

or *How We Came To Hate The RPGA*

Duncan Sellars takes a gander at the recent national gaming convention, but ducks any responsibility for what he says

Role-playing in South Africa is getting to be big business, as proven by the recent South African national role-playing, wargaming and cardplaying tournament, held in the Edenvale Community Centre on the 1st and 2nd August.

Now in its sixth year, Icon – as it was previously just known – has achieved foreign credibility by gaining the mantle of Gencon III, third of the internationally recognised official gaming tournaments. The first is held in the USA, the second in England.

Offering bigger and better attractions, the new-look Icon boasted the SA Open AD&D Championships (with a trip to the USA as first prize), the SA Open Magic: The Gathering Championships, the launch of the national branch of the Role Playing Gamers Association, and the chance to meet Iain M Banks, noted SF author (the noted *Scottish*, si-fi Author-ed). This, plus the usual collection of outstanding role-playing, cardplaying, wargaming, and excellent anime promised an exciting weekend.

Of course, an opportunity like this proved too much for a brave band of CLAW gamers to resist, and an official expedition was sent up to show the northern folks just what real gaming is all about. Two RPGA-approved six-member teams, plus two DMs and three Magic players were chosen to represent the local crowd. Separately, Jessica Tiffin and Philip Anastasiadis, designers of some of the role-playing modules, and

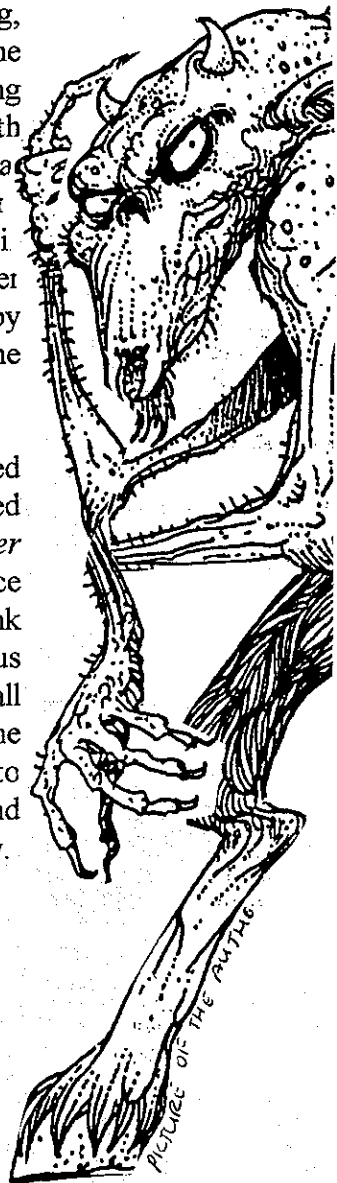
Eckard Gertz and Tracy Craig, SCA officials, also went along for the fun.

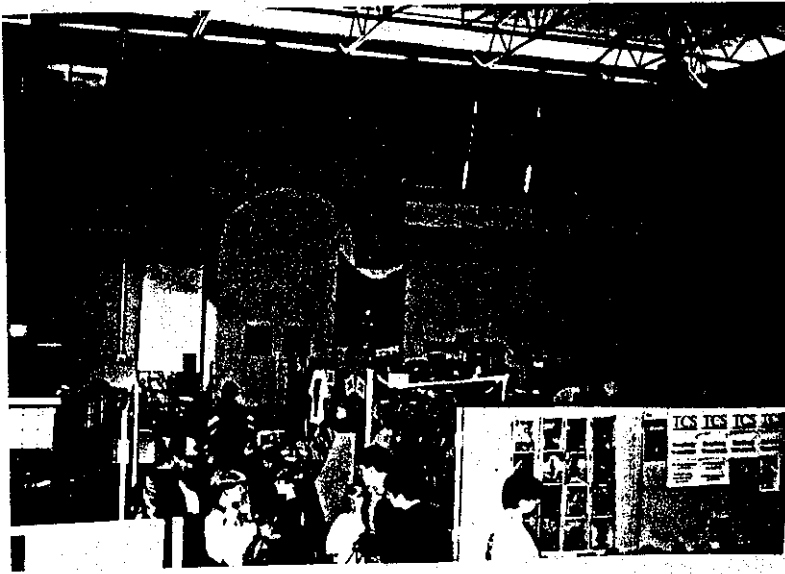
Our party gathered particularly early on the previous Thursday morning at the Cape Town train station, baggage in tow.

We were soon settled into our compartments, which were to become our homes for the next 26 hours, on the long trek to the dusty north.

Over a day later, after a relatively uneventful journey spent gaming, sleeping and occasionally drinking, the party arrived at the imposing Johannesburg train station, a mammoth glass and metal construction. Initial confusion over issues such as just where the hell in the megaspawl that is Johannesburg they were, was later resolved through several phone calls by our entrepreneurial Clawthing, Robanne Miller.

Help arrived in the form of car-endowed northern gamers, who kindly provided lifts from the station to the local *Outer Limits* outpost. A few hours later, once places where the visitors could bunk were found, more lifts from generous Gautengers ensured that we were all taken to our respective lodgings for the weekend. A special mention should go to Steven Helberg, Lynnsey Skliros and Dawn Higson-Smith for their hospitality.





Step right up! Interested gamers visit the many stalls

Early on the Saturday morning our teams gathered in the queue for the 9am opening of the doors.

Inside the convention centre, stands were decked around the hall, with owners offering their wares for inspection to the public. Everything game-related could be purchased there, and many other items, including comics and computer games. In one hall, hordes of orcs battled dragons on green model landscapes, as the wargamers battled for superiority.

In a different space and time, 128 computer gamers stretched their double-clicking muscles in anticipation of the StarCraft championships, which would see a weekend of alien and human races pitted against each other for control of territories, and a chance at the spectacular prizes offered to the last player standing. Meanwhile, the Magic: The Gathering players began shuffling their decks for the start of the SA Open Magic Championships.

But our role-playing teams didn't have a chance to check any of this out, as they had barely enough time to grab their free coffee before one team had to immerse themselves in the gloomy, almost Cthulhu-like world of Simon Lee's *Sacred Heart*, the Arthurian AD&D module, and the other team entered the 1860s Cthulhu world of Jessica Tiffin's *Strange Heritage*. The AD&D saw the players cast as valiant knights and warriors, and the module's overwhelming mood was of despair, a

very non-Arthurian concept. Some high-quality DMing and role-playing carried this theme through. Reports of the Cthulhu module were also very favourable.

After the last evil knight was dispatched, our players adjourned for lunch, and a chance to see some of the event's attractions. One notable display was the Medieval Dancing and Fighting exhibition, which was organised by the Cape Town shire of the Society for Creative Anachronism, or SCA. The sounds of pipes, lyres and clapping accompanied graceful medieval dancing, followed later by the clashing of weapons, as warriors battled each other. The SCA hopes to entice more people into learning these ancient pastimes. Speak to a local SCA official if you're keen to join up.



May'st I have yon dance? SCA members do the feudal foxtrot.

Saturday afternoon was time for more role-playing, and both role-playing teams entered the *StarRise 2057* module, based on TSR's new flagship system, Alternity. This module was designed by RPGA UK, and is the primary reason for this article's subtitle. Initially excited, our teams' reactions to the module ranged from "boring" to "scrap the entire thing." DMs complained of its complexity and verbosity. Players complained of its



linearity, its downer ending, its lack of things to do, lack of NPCs, and its reliance on a few characters to the exclusion of the others. This last problem was compounded by the fact that six members are needed for an RPGA-approved team. This module could quite easily have survived with four. If this is a typical RPGA module, then maybe we should think about whether we really want this quality of role-playing in South Africa, and whether we should perhaps not continue to use our so-far quite outstanding, imaginative local designers.

Notwithstanding this incident, players barely had time to grab some food before having to don their costumes for the LARPing. The LARPs on offer were diverse, ranging from the shipboard *Mary Celeste* to the Arabian Nights-style *Sultan's Tear*, to *The Devlin Will*, the first major attempt at a LARP by Gautengers, the first two having been written by our Cape Town role-players. By all accounts, the LARPs went well, with *The Devlin Will* ending with a particularly high bodycount, and boasting some memorable John Woo-type scenes of players rolling along the ground shooting each other.

Early the next morning our role-players gathered again for the Feng Shui module, *Where Three Rivers Meet*, another Simon Lee brainchild. Feng Shui is an out-of-print system that is based on Hong Kong-style B-grade kung fu movies, and allows characters to pull off impossible shots, perform unbelievable physical feats, and still mouth corny one-liners.



Karate Chop! Our players battle Triads and chew rice in Feng Shui

Players recount some memorable scenes from the module. One team, having just blown up a bus and now all crammed onto a tiny motorized taxi, was forced to drive on the pavement to avoid traffic, riding through the usual assortment of fruit stalls, livestock, and clothes lines, all of which somehow became entangled in the vehicle. The other team had one character land on the shoulders of another, then leap up and come down, simultaneously shooting the oncoming bad guys.

Lunch offered more entertainment from the SCA, who exhibited their dancing and fighting. Also, some particularly fine manga films were displayed in the film rooms, showing off the best of Japanese short animated films. Meanwhile, the Magic: The Gathering players continued their rounds of combat in the Outer Limits Team Standard Magic tournament.

That afternoon, while one team relaxed and checked out the stalls, the other team played Philip Anastasiadis' *Cornwall in a Day*, a Cthulhu module set in the delightful southwestern peninsula of England. Characters soon learnt that Cornwall was not as cheery as it seemed, and the locals are, well, rather odd.

The afternoon also offered the opportunity for potential LARP designers to get training in this delicate skill, through a workshop given by our own Jessica Tiffin, writer of several successful LARPs.

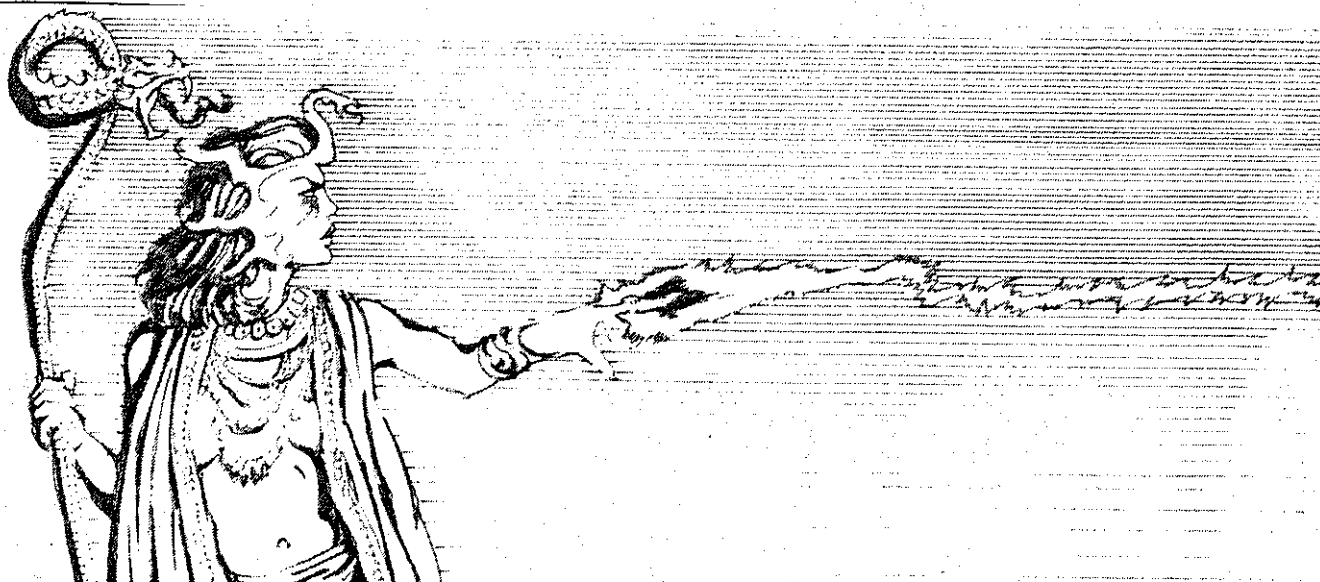




By late afternoon, practically everybody still standing was waiting for the prize giving ceremony. Martin Frain, ICON co-ordinator and MC, thanked everybody involved, then got down to the serious issue of prizes. Of course, CLAWs came out shining, winning not only best role-playing team (by "Society Against Anorexic Dragons") for the Feng Shui module, but also nabbing prizes for best Magic team, and getting some Magic players through to the quarter rounds of the SA Open. Gary Glen-Young, an ex-UCT student, won the SA Open Magic Tournament. Finally, one of our teams boasted the honour of having Donald Mullany, the winning AD&D DM, as their DM for *Sacred Heart*.

**"I'd like to thank the Academy..."
Society Against Anorexic Dragons
grab their prizes.**

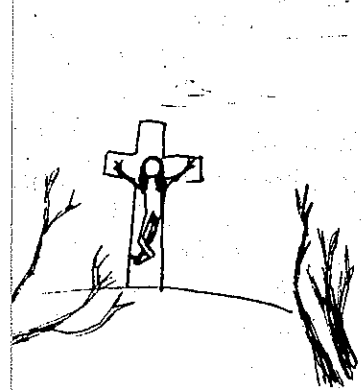
All that remained was the serious business of partying the night away to celebrate the successful conclusion of another ICON. The official party was held at the Duneden Protea Hotel, but most UCT gamers chose to wind down at a local pizzeria. Exhausted, our players crawled home, getting ready for the trip back the next day. After all was said and done, players wondered where the weekend went, but virtually all swore to be back next year for ICON 1999.



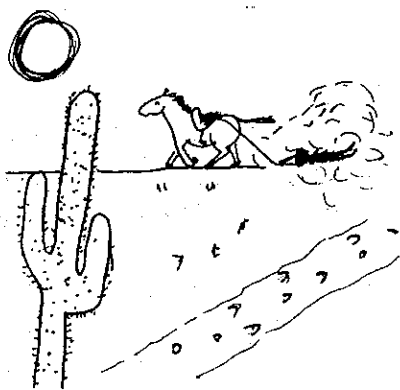
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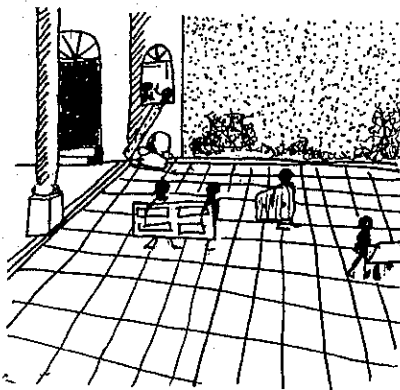
by Robanne Miller



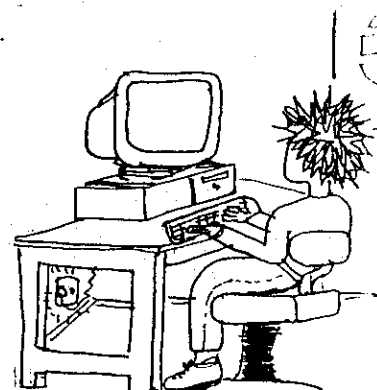
A is for Alister, nailed to a Cross



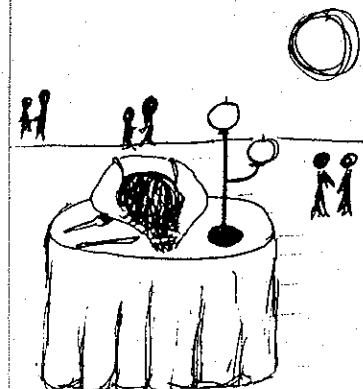
B is for Bruce carried Off by a Hoss



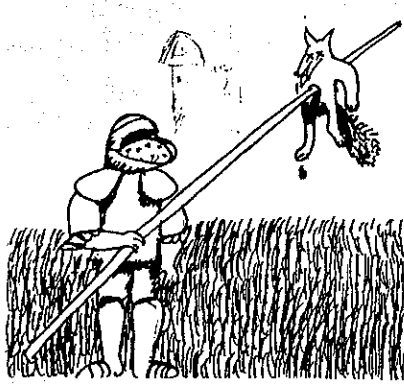
C is for CLAWS, destroyed in a Purge



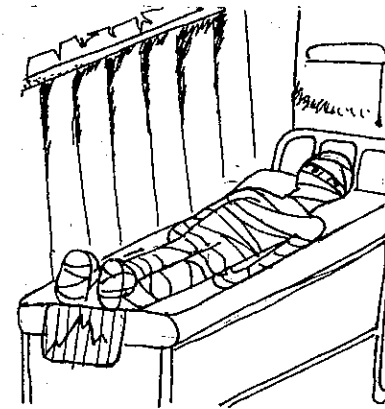
D is for Davis Killed by a Surge



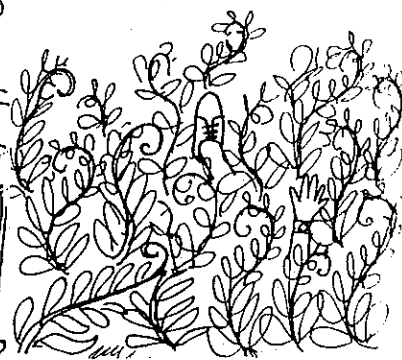
E is for Elizabeth, of Dinner and Dance



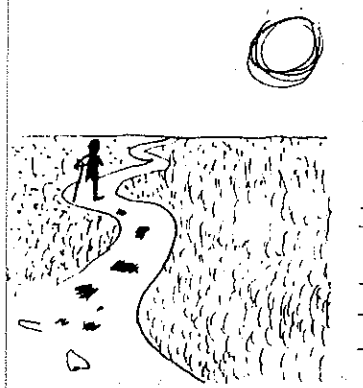
F is for the Fox, run through with a Lance



G is for Garrick, of Third Degree Burns



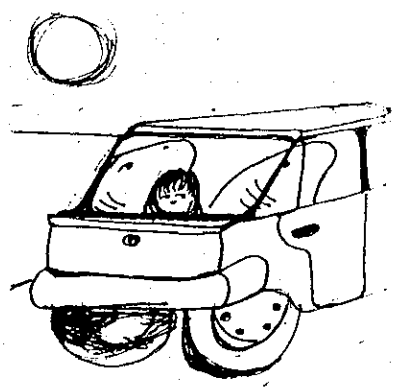
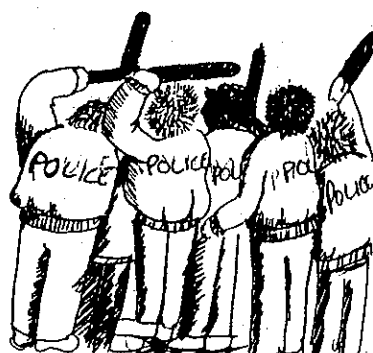
H is for Halford, devoured by Ferns



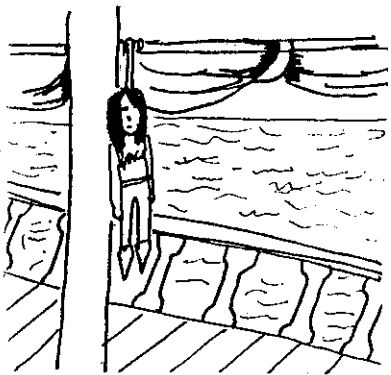
I is for Jessica, skeletonised by Rats



I is for Jessica, skeletonised by Rats



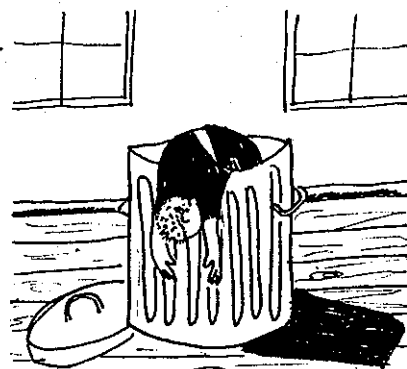
L is for Lavin, Kidnapped by School



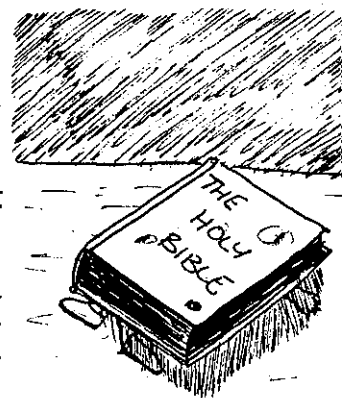
M is for Martin, hung from a Mast



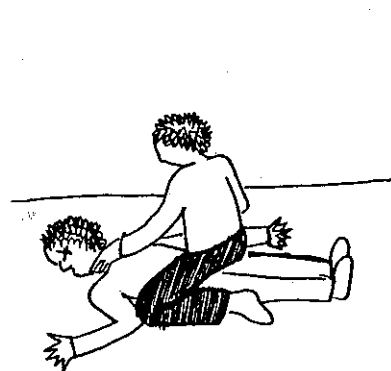
N is for Nead, apprehended at Nest



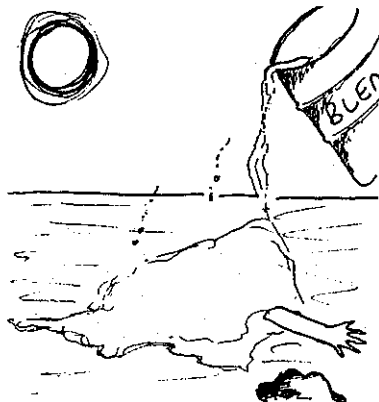
O is for Ostin, Dead in a Bin



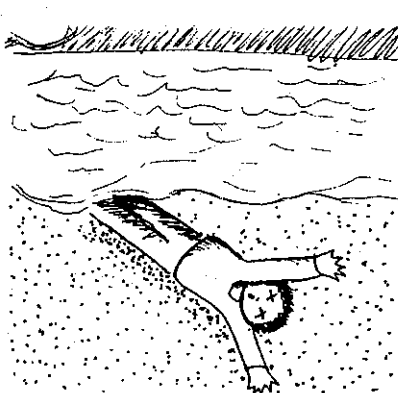
P is for Perry, punished for Sin



Q is for Quentin, killed by his Twin



R is for Ryan, drowned in the Bleach



S is for Stalkey, Dead on the Beach



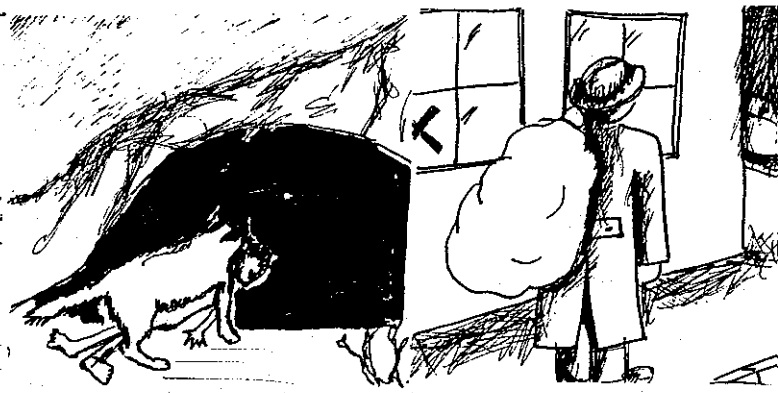
T is for Tracy, hit by a Comet



U is for You, Drowned in Dogs Vomit

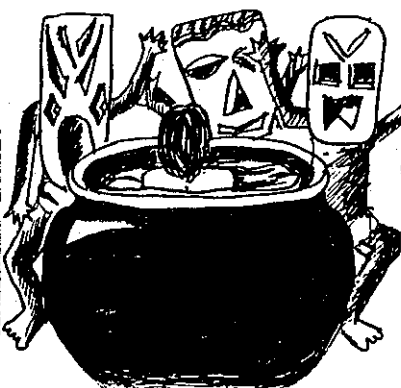
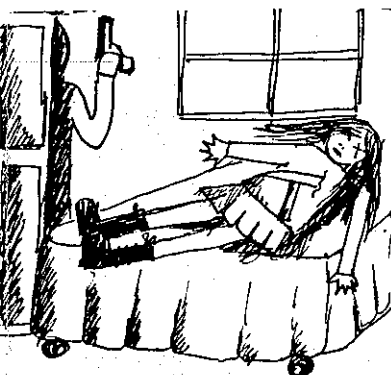


V is for Vera, Dead of her Pen



X is for x-Philes, Kidnapped Again

W is for Wayne, dragged off to a Den



Y is for Yolanda, in a Cannibals pot



YOU, ME OR SOMEONE ELSE

BY LARA DAVISON

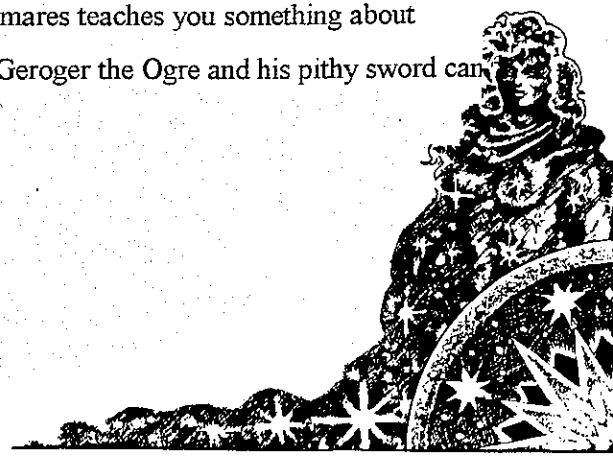
It's not generally considered fun to be experimented on, but in the world of role playing we often end up doing things that we know could end in tears, blood and snot. Although I'm sure that Dylan had far nastier things in mind when he started our lands of mystery game. Besides all the usual death and mayhem that is typical of a good campaign, ours has an added dimension that makes it all the more interesting and challenging, as in this game the players play themselves, literally. No, not play with themselves, the pc's are the players (and if you want to read anything lewd into that sentence you can just bugger off and read another article.)

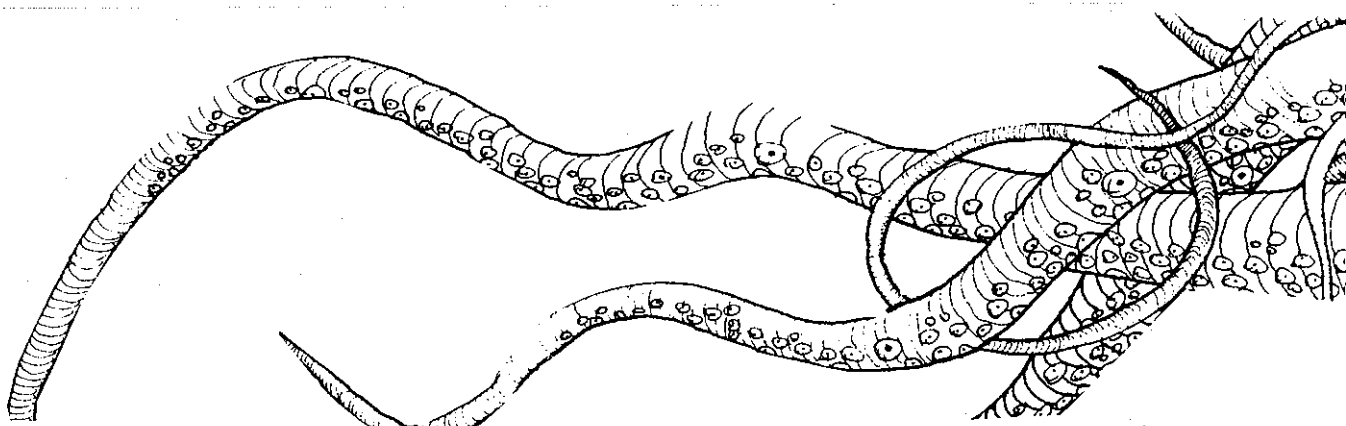
The basic premise of the game is that through a series of unexplained circumstances we (Robanne, Me, Austin and originally Wayne) ended up in some strange realm from which we are trying to escape. While the game itself is interesting and exceptionally cool a particularly interesting aspect of it is the challenge of role playing oneself in an honest and realistic way in terms of an established system (In this case Dead Lands).

As I'm sure you can imagine there are a number of benefits and problems inherent in this situation. To begin with one does not usually have much trouble getting into character, unless of course you are having some kind of identity crisis. We are also free of the tediousness of having to calculate whether or not our characters would know something that we as players do. It's a pleasing difference to be able to draw on past experience of the player to help the character.

Being as close to your character as one can possibly be adds a great deal of realism to the situation. Knowing how your character really feels about a situation makes it far easier to role play. For example I do not have to imagine how I would react if I was faced with my arch nemesis from childhood, the Green Slime Monster. I did not have to imagine freaking out and going foetal and becoming hysterical. Thanks to Dylan and his freaky mind I didn't have to imagine anything... it was extremely real. Although it was damn scary it was cool to be able to test myself in what I hope is an impossible situation. It is obviously far more intense to role-play a phobia that actually does scare the shit out of you and this happens quite often when your GM knows some of your real fears.

In addition to it being cathartic, role-playing one of your childhood nightmares teaches you something about yourself... I really enjoyed blowing holes in the Green Slime Monster... Geroger the Ogre and his pithy sword can kiss my ass.



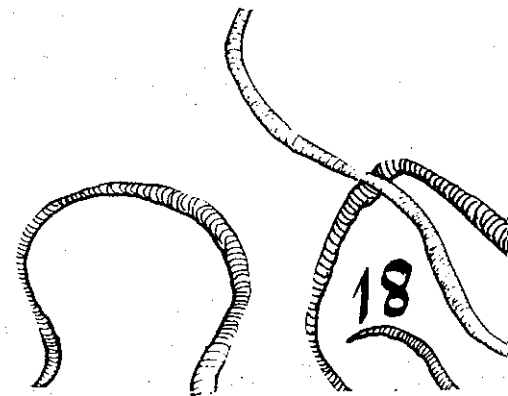
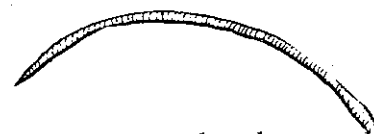
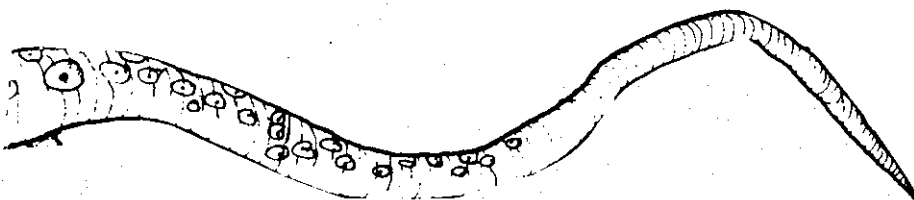


One of the most enjoyable aspects of role-playing characters that are unlike ourselves is that it allows us to experiment with our ideal images of ourselves. Of course this is not always the case (we sometimes choose to be mages with a presence of -2 and a blatant gift) but often we create characters that have all the features we wish we had and this allows us to be our ideal selves, at least for a little while. Of course this rampant idealisation is not possible when one is playing oneself... oh no, one has to be realistic, even if it means having a strength of 1d4. When you are playing yourself you have to be brutally honest about your abilities and flaws and while this can create a bit of tension at first, it makes for better play and you still have the option of developing and improving skills

Interplay with other characters also takes on a new dimension. NPCs become far more threatening as they tend to have access to system related skills that we poor mortals have no chance of even developing. One tends to be one of the weakest characters in the setting, however a good GM will make up for this by providing helpful NPCs and making some of the less important bad guys really stupid. In terms of other PCs, one no longer has to worry about trying to picture your team-mates, they're sitting right across from you! Of course playing with your friends (sod off with your innuendo) has its problems. You find yourself learning all sorts of new and interesting things about those you thought you knew. This means that when you argue with your party members (and believe me this happens) it is more upsetting and more intense than usual and the potential for post game argument is huge.

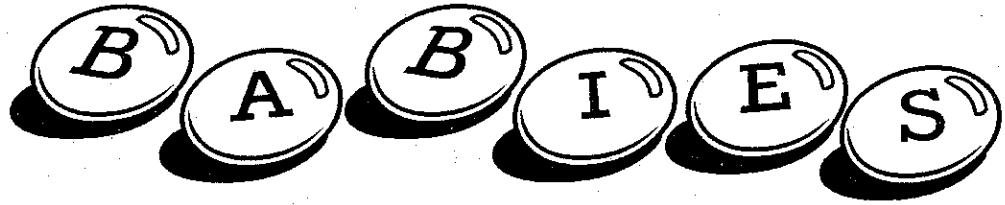
Another major difference is that usually when you join a campaign with a particular setting the characters are likely to be far more similar than the players are. In this campaign, the characters are far more different than would probably be ideal. The differences make decision making very difficult and needless to say we spend a great deal of time arguing about what we are going to do next. This difficulty with decision making is increased because we care far more about our characters than we usually do. We are therefore less likely to charge off into potentially life threatening situations (at least I am.)

All in all it's a lot of fun and a true test of friendship as well as role-playing, and even though we are being experiment on it's a small price to pay for the pleasure of finally killing the thrice damnéd Green Slime Monster.





The Arch Bigot of Necropolis takes on



They can't control their bladders or sphincters
They have freckles
Their food looks like shit
They drool
They smell like poo poo all the time
They make poor cat substitutes
They cry when you take their blankie away
They are bulimic
They resist being microwaved
They eat squashed bananas
They all look the same
They have necks like tortoises
They gum things to death
They bleed on the carpets
They attract old ladies like flies
They attract flies
They are not aerodynamic
They drown to easily
You can't say I am staying home with baby without being questioned by the Child Protection Unit
They wear nappies
They are always falling down, getting back up, falling down, getting ...
They burp and people are grateful
They make terrible snow shoes
They don't fit in the home mincer
There are always bits that stick in the liquidiser blades
You can't buy them by the kilo
You can't take them back to the shop
You can never get a clown suit to fit
They have freckles
You can only stack them three high or the bottom ones start to liquefy
They are emotional
they cry if you pick them up
They cry if you don't pick them up
They have freckles
They have poor resale value
They only have to worry about the bottom spectrum of Maslow's heirachy of needs
They don't even know about Maslow's heirachy of needs
They don't were shoes
You can't trust them alone with a snake or an automatic weapon
They eat you rat poison
They eat bananas
You use words like poo poo and do do in their presence
Their are to damn many of them
They are difficult to roll



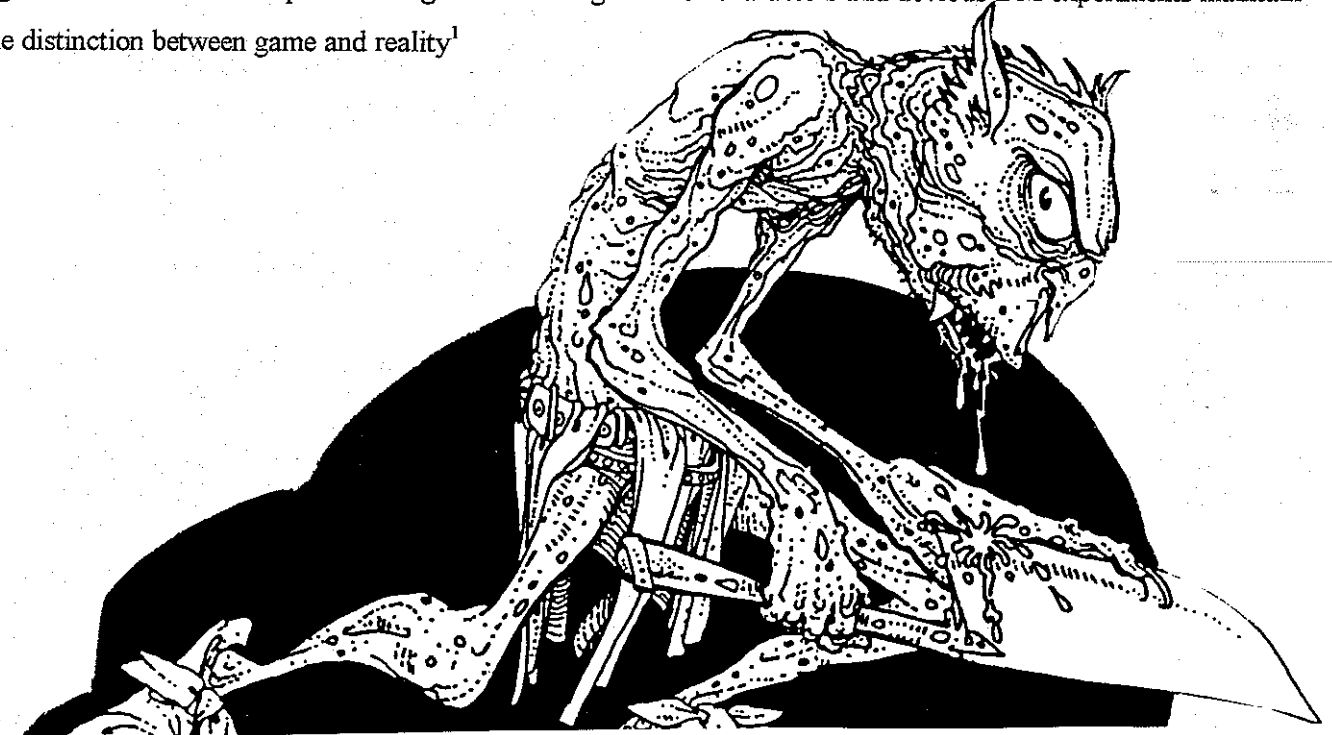
ROLEPLAYING: ARE YOU ADDICTED TO BLOOD?

To prepare for this article, I originally intended to base it on a far-reaching, survey-style extravaganza of information sharing between the local role-playing community – but that was far too much time and work. It is instead based on personal experience and the occasional impromptu discussion. If you disagree with what I have to say, be useful and write a counter-speculation. I am not trying to dictate to anyone, and if this comes across as opinionated, well, it is after all my opinion that I am expressing.

This is my tenth year as a role-player, and my eighth as a DM (referee, storyteller, keeper, whatever. I started with basic D&D, so for me it will always be DM). During this time I have both played and DM'd a fair number of campaign and one-off games in a variety of systems. There is something that all of these games have in common. Conflict.

It seems obvious, doesn't it? How can you enjoy a game without the stimulation that conflict provides? For example, I was once involved in a LARP that was designed to have no nasty characters. The designers succeeded, and the LARP failed. It fell flat. People were actually bored. The thing had to be redesigned in a way that included more conflict for the characters.

It would appear that the role-playing experience is not satisfying without the addition of opposing forces, some villain, monster or organisation that is a definite "bad guy", and can be attacked with moral impunity. Something that can be "othered", pursued, destroyed, struggled against and eventually defeated. You never have to question your actions. The question "is it right to kill this person" is not a serious one. You know whether you are in the right or not. Even more sophisticated games with angst-ridden characters and devious DM experiments maintain the distinction between game and reality¹



¹ Even in a fairly intense game where I played a character that I considered an evil person, I had no doubts about my own morals. If I ever had to meet the person I played in that game, I would dislike them and try to avoid them.

Right, this is where the issue of "is this healthy" might be expected to arise. I'm not going to explore the whole "role-playing as therapy" concept. For a start I have no psychological training, and I would surely be stepping on someone's toes. All I can say is that it works for me as a mentally stimulating hobby in the company of friends. Since most of you reading this article are likely to be role-players, it must work for you too.

It is like most sports in this respect. Many people really enjoy watching and playing things like Soccer and Rugby, where there's always a pitting of two opposing forces in a struggle for victory. In the case of role-playing, you usually get to be the home team, and you usually get to win. Okay, there's *Call of Cthulu* and other no-win, cosmic horror games, but to extend the sporting analogy, it's like being a school under 12 hockey team trying to beat the All-Blacks in the World Cup. There may be no hope of victory, but it's damned exciting just *being* there.

BALANCING CONFLICT



Having admitted that a degree of conflict is necessary to invigorate our role-playing games, I should also mention that too much conflict gets very limiting and quite boring. Again, I am speaking from experience. A campaign I have been playing in for the last four years went through a bad patch because we (the players) had become so paranoid that we killed anyone that looked at us funny (and we were funny-looking).

As is understandable, this cut down (no pun intended) on our NPC interaction. It took us months of playing time to pick up the plot again, and only after we decided to ask questions first, instead of our by that time normal "kill first" procedure. It was perhaps the only time that I felt dissatisfied with the game. It certainly annoyed our DM.

So where does the hack and slash method come from? There is certainly a tradition of it. I personally blame D&D. It is the starting point for many role-players. It is also a system where the rewards (going up levels and gaining personal power and respect) are based on how much you can kill and loot. As an early rulebook says: "Experience points are awarded on the basis of treasure obtained and monsters² killed or subdued"³

I don't believe these criteria have changed in the last twenty years. Since D&D was a pioneer in the field of role-playing, its influence has been huge. Only recently are systems starting to place the reward emphasis on role-playing rather than just fighting and stealing, but there is still the Legacy™ of D&D to deal with⁴.

² In D&D, the term "Monster" applies to anything that isn't a party member, except in those instances where one party member kills another, in which case they count as a monster for experience purposes.

³ Gyax, G and Arneson, D (Edited by Eric Holmes) 1978 *Dungeons and Dragons* 2nd Edition November 1978, p11. TSR Hobbies, Lake Geneva

⁴ Disclaimer: I like D&D. I think its great fun and it hold lots of nostalgic memories for me. However, avoid *The Isle of Dread*. I was taking a group of hardened role-players through all the old Basic modules. Everything was going well, until they "set foot" on that module. Suddenly the party split into separate factions and that was the end of the game. Most peculiar.



It's more than just a system thing, though. If the group you play with really enjoys fighting everything you come across, that's fine. It can be a great stress-relief, on occasion. There's an anecdote that Terry Pratchett tells. I can't quote it exactly, but it involves a group of very normal concerned mothers of children who wanted to role-play. Terry Pratchett offered to run a game for them, so they could see what it was all about. They were apparently the most bloodthirsty bunch that he had ever encountered. It just goes to show. There is obviously something appealing about mindless violence in the freedom role-playing gives you. You just have to decide whether you could develop more from alternative methods of interaction.

I conclude with a brief but terribly condescending list of:

ALTERNATIVES TO MINDLESS VIOLENCE



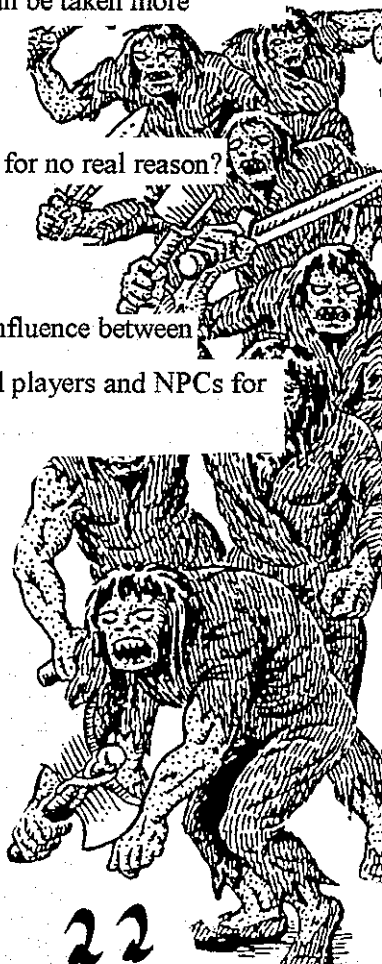
Mindful violence: Replace a bloody, three-week killing spree with short, sharp, decisive action. It allows more time for interaction and could really impress key NPC's.

Talking. An increasingly popular option, first exercised by those D&D players who got attached to their characters and realised that you could get experience from subduing or tricking monsters, as opposed to sticking your head in their mouths.

Play Rolemaster. The combats can take so long to resolve that you will avoid any that are unnecessary. The same can be said for **Ars Magica**. Also, it is so easy to die or be wounded that fighting can be taken more seriously – another problem with D&D.

Get Real How willing would you actually be to put yourself in serious physical danger for no real reason? Your characters are people too!!!

Bloodless Conflict: Not all conflict has to be violent in nature. A battle of wills or influence between players and NPC's provides a good role-playing opportunity. It also tends to preserve said players and NPC's for future interaction.



notice:

As the 3rd prime number,
page 23 has been deliberately
& wantonly omitted.



THRILLS, SPILLS AND DOCTORS BILLS

A REVIEW OF THE JIM ROSE CIRCUS
LARA DAVISON

The Jim Rose Circus... The very mention of it was enough to get me running around Arts 117 like a mad homet... Thejimrosecircusomigodidontbeleiveittheyaresocooltheyeatmaggotsandswordswallingandachickwhoblowsfireouthervaginaandsomuchothercoolstuffaaaaarrrrgghh! (Or something like that.)

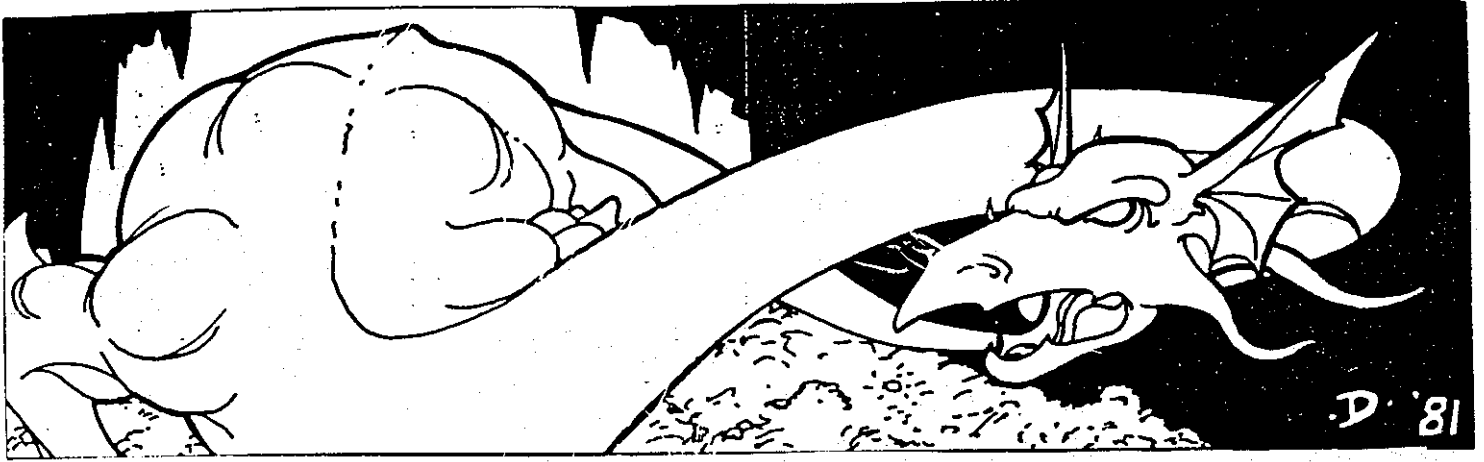
I was a young impressionable fourteen year-old when while paging through some or other metal magazine I came across a small article that told of the wonders and spectacles of what was then the "Jim Rose Circus Sideshow". What more could a teenager want? Guys swallowing razor blades, maggots and their own vomit? Guys having darts thrown into their backs, lifting weights by their dicks and breaking out of straight jackets? I couldn't have thought of anything cooler myself! But alas there was a snowball's chance in hell of them coming to the ass end of Africa just for me. It took about five years and a couple of appearances on the Simpsons and the X-files before they were popular enough to be able to afford to visit good ol' Cape Town, but it was worth the wait to see it all in person and boy did we see it ALL.

I was accompanied by the most charming escorts: Duncan, Jim and Robanne, who actually had to go into debt to pay for the ticket. I challenges Jim (not The Jim unfortunately, just our Jim) the price of a Bar One if he could eat a Large one during The Enigma's act and I am nauseated to report that he achieved this feat of the digestive system. In order to fully appreciate the revoltingness of this achievement you need to know exactly what it is The Enigma does, and I will be glad to tell you. (Maniacal cackle, rubbing together of hands.)

The Enigma is large, fully shaven individual who is tattooed from head to toe, ass included, (yes we saw it) in the pattern of jigsaw puzzle, and has coral grafted onto his skull so that he has a cute little pair of horns growing out of his head. He begins his act by shoving a seven foot pipe down his head. He begins his act by shoving s seven foot pipe down his nose into his stomach. Through this he snorts a litre of blueberry juice, yoghurt, gin-seng and bogwater, he then dances a little jig and brings it back up through his nose. Then he pulls the pipe out and proceeds to drink some of the nasty concoction he has just regurgitated. Truly a wonderful and courageous individual.

But not as courageous as Giles Kipps who is just asking for the Mister Lifo challenge. Mister Lifo is a remarkably well proportioned young gentleman, who as I am sure you have guessed, lifts things. The charm of his particular talent lies in the fact that he lifts things with his various body piercings, one of which is of the Prince





Albert variety. This marvellous fellow lifts and rings a damn heavy looking bell using only his bandaged shlong. Now the ever sceptical Mr Kipps was foolish enough to publicly utter the words: "So what, that's not so difficult, I could probably do that." Well Giles, you name the time and place and I'll raise the prize money and call the paramedics.

Jim Rose himself acts as the ringmaster of the spectacle giving a high speed commentary packed with snide comments and innuendo. He grew up in a circus family and as a teenager he ran away to join the world... obviously he soon found his way back to his roots. You would never guess that this man who escapes from a strait jacket, swallows razor blades, has darts thrown into his back and allows his face to be trampled into crushed glass, is also a good Christian, animal rights activist and has a college degree. The man has an aura of you'd-better-not-piss-me-off-or-I-just-might-snap-and-shove-my-microphone-down-your-throat about him, and woe betide any audience member who chooses not to co-operate with him. None the less you can't help but like the guy and he and his wife Bebe the Circus Queen (the chick who does the tricks with an angle grinder and has a bowling ball dropped on her stomach) do a great job of keeping things running smoothly.

Mr Rose has often been accused of exploiting his performers and critics point to the fact that he does not allow them to speak to the press. Rose argues that if his performers speak, they will lose their sense of mystique and freakishness, and this I can vouch for. I had the dubious honour of meeting the members of the Circus, and one in particular, the Armenian Rubber Man, did in fact speak and I was disappointed to hear a regular U.S. mid-west accent (Well, maybe he lived there for a while-ed). Armenian, my arm! But I forgave him, after all the man did dislocate his shoulder in order to climb through the head of an old model tennis racket (WITHOUT THE STRINGS, YOU WANKERS). It was pretty amusing watching the poor guy get the racket over his naughty bits but he did it without drawing blood or tears, I just hope he isn't planing on having any little baby freaks because his package is probably in worse condition than Mr Lifo's.

I won't go into detail about the chainsaw tricks, vacuum packed female sumo wrestlers, flying "insects" or the transvestite-strap-on-dildo-wearing wrestlers. Suffice to say it was a thoroughly enjoyable evening and even though we left the theatre soaking wet and flat broke we got to see some things that I doubt we would have otherwise seen (well... been to Jo'burg lately-ed). So next time they're in town grab a Bar one and your life savings and feast your eyes on the freaks. It's like the CLAWroom, only there is Ringmaster.



As Promised we have in fact squeezed into this issue a...



FRIDGE

Simon: Don't do any one I wouldn't

Simon: Rice Expands

Alastair: With Friends like you who needs enemas

Juliet: In most cases, it's not an issue, which is why it is not an issue

Wayne: I like the words "fresher",
initiate" and "necro" in the same sentence

Robanne: I fake bloody well

Dawson: The thing about these guys is
that when I play with them, I forget all
about women.

Lara: I can give you drugs

Dylan: Claw members can do it all night

Wayne: There is quite a bit of sausage down there
Juliet: Well, I can eat it and love it

Martinus: It just went off...I better get this stuff off my
hands...this is my first time on the fridge. you know.

Juliet to Wayne: Wake Jean up and make her come.

Wayne: The nice thing about it is that it's stiff but bendable

Wayne: Anyway Simon, I don't wear a
bra.
[We have photos - Ed]

Alastair: Unfortunately: I am like a Python

Wayne: I'll give you my Thirteen inches

Simon: I actually have a young nubile female companion and Juliet as well.

William: I am not as drunk as I am now.

Stephen: Vibrating sheep keep me young.

Lara: Just because a word means something
doesn't mean that that is what it means

Alastair: That is funnier than I though it was

Wayne to Jean: Come on legs apart.

Dawson: I can't I have an ashtray on my
stomach

Alastair: Julie, I'm drunk, where are you?

Richard: Can I just sit here and hold it and stroke it?
Alastair: No, just smoke it

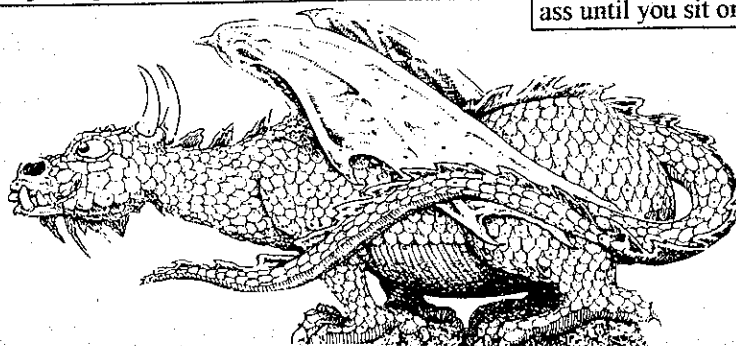
Wayne: Hey what are you writing on that fridge there, what is it?
Richard what is that line? What? I am not being paranoid what are
you writing now? Hey! Hey?

Wayne: Whoa! Did the earth move?"

Alastair: A-ah! I new getting you drunk would pay off"

Alastair: I want to get a major organ transplant...I want new parents

Simon: You never know you have a bone in your
ass until you sit on something like that!



Wayne: Being two-faced is a way of life

Simon: I can swallow phenomenal amounts of things

Simon: You know what we forgot to do today, we forgot to buy Alastair

Wayne: I live in a bathroom

William: Three strokes and they are on their backs contentedly purring, don't you wish woman were like that.

Jean: A lot of my customers were very obliging

Alastair: Don't ask us to make stealth rolls, we lost the dice

Colleen: Swallow, Swallow! You are dripping on my stick!"

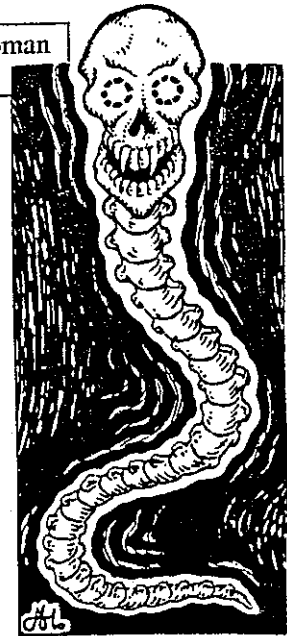
Simon: Jean is doing the Wayne thing

Alastair: I am going to dribble all over you woman
Julie: I'm used to it by now

Simon: Would you stop flicking me with your limp piece of pasta.

Nenad You don't have anything by me on the Fridge

Alastair I hate that Fridge



CTHULHU QUOTES, OR, WE'RE JUST FLOTSAM ON THE RIVER OF GORE

The landmark X-Files 1920s game of Andrew Sturman is regrettably coming to an end with the departure of the Keeper to the distant and unhallowed shores of Olde Englande, home of the Witch-cults and Lloigor. To commemorate this campaign, here are two years worth of quotes from the game ...

Cast

Special Agent Sam "Sam" Murphy (RIPWI - Rest in Pieces With Ithaqua) - Karen Greaves
Special Agent Vincenzo "Vinnie" di Angelo - Dylan Craig
Special Agent Ezekiel "Doc" Morton - Philip Anastasiadis
Special Agent Dale "Dale" Andrews - Duncan Sellars
Special Agent Fergus "Don Bottle" Kane - Stephen Chown and Wayne Human
Special Agent Lupe "Loopy" Sanchez-daSilva - Austin Chamberlain
Very Special Agent Anthea "Prof" Mansell - Jessica Tiffin

Dale: I worry when we're not staked out.

Doc: The corpse just justifies our urge to kill.

Vinnie: How much of a twinge of conscience, numerically speaking?

Doc: Uh k-k-k-kuh k-k-k-kuh damn!

Doc: You go in with a knife, I go in with a gun. You get teleported to who-knows-where with god-knows-what while I merely lose my night vision.

Dale: What are you going to do about that lost leg, Fergus?

Fergus: Limp.

Doc: One-two-three-four-mmmmgrunf

Vinnie: It's like the Temple of Mucus.

Vinnie: Goddamn bathroom hogs!

Vinnie: Tinkle-whump as in car?

Doc: Does it invalidate the weapon's functionality?

Vinnie (to Dale): You're so American you sweat apple pie.
You're so wholesome it makes me vomit.

Vinnie: Hell hath no fury like a woman strafed.

Doc: I'll leave the bundle of axes with you.

All: Dr Mansells driving, Docs reviving, Vinnies surviving and Lupes just jiving ...

Dale: I'm all out of explosives, so I'm all out of ideas.

Vinnie: Fishboy, goatboy ... what is this, the world's ugliest creche?

Dale: Now if they get struck by lightning our evil is complete.

Doc: Shot of adrenaline or CPR? Ah, both!

Vinnie: I'm Italian. Touch me in certain places and I kill all your family.

Doc: We only winged that Mother Superior.

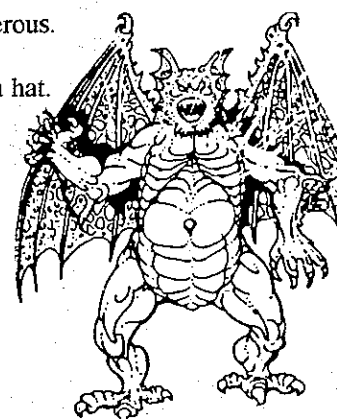
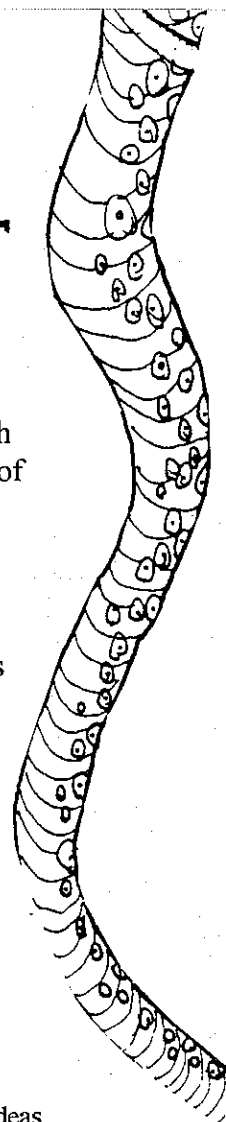
Doc: Why are you getting indignant about the quality of their dead Chinamen?

Doc: That's my sense of humour fast disappearing down that drain.

Dale: You don't want this thing pissed off and possessed.

Vinnie: Yeah, that might make it dangerous.

Vinnie: He ends up wearing his hip as a hat.



Fergus: I'm summoning Ithaqua to kill this thing.
Dale: Maybe they'll duke it out.
Doc: Maybe they'll join forces to destroy humanity.
Vinnie: Maybe they will.

Mobsters visiting Innsmouth: "She'll be sleeping with the fishes."

Fergus: I'm swimming away from the nearest tentacle I see.

Doc: I'll begin taking them from the rear.

Lupe: We should go into Innsmouth with some heavy-duty fishing rods ...

Dale: ... and we won't be throwing the little ones back.

Wayne: I thought pioneers wore weasels on their heads, anyway?

Doc: Nuking Innsmouth might alert Innsmouth that something big is up.

Vinnie: Picture Tugwell on legs on a bad hair day.

Fergus: I'm wondering where my legs are lying.

Vinnie: You should never mix drinks or Great Old Ones.

Doc: These aren't people, these are cultists.

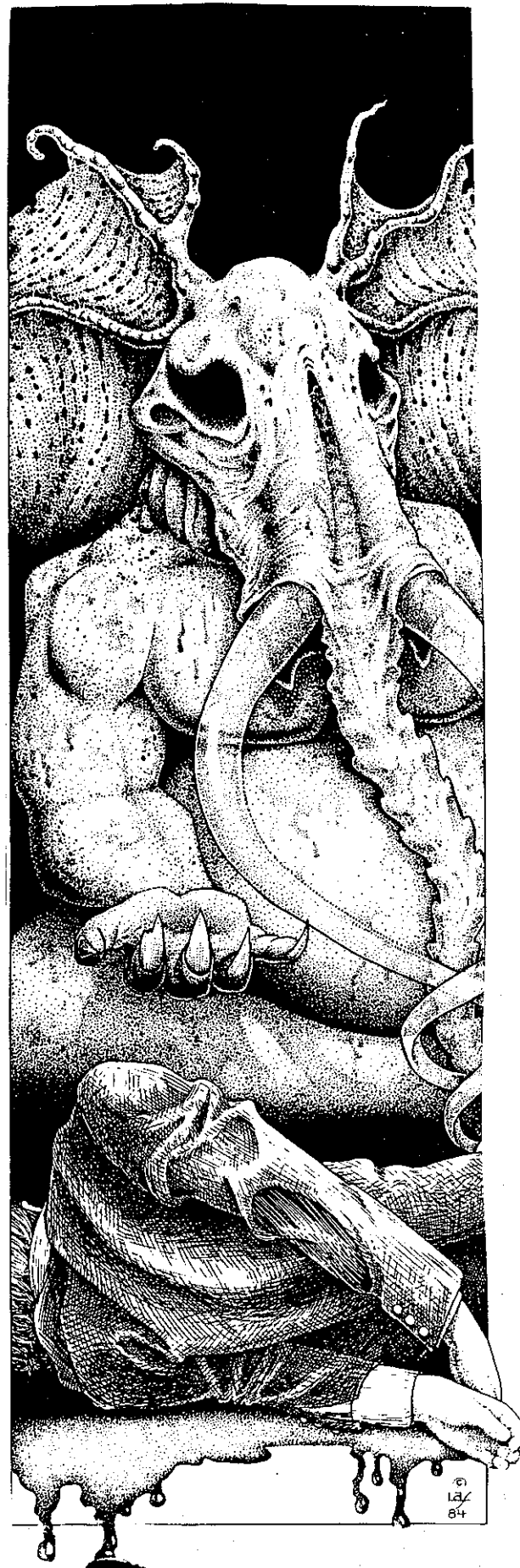
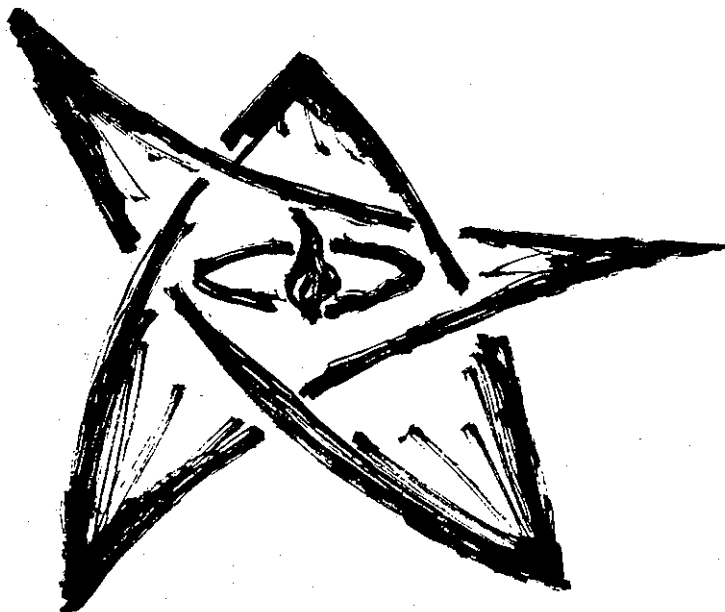
Vinnie: You wouldn't be dangerous with a 30mm autocannon, pinkboy.

Doc: I'm a surgeon. When in doubt, cut it out.

Dale (to Vinnie): What am I going to do while you're there?

Vinnie: What am I going to do while I'm there?

Doc: I'm glad I'm a zombie.



CLASSIFIEDS

RIP Perry Cade, Machine gunned and drowned. Do NOT investigate strange noises alone at night.

RIP Walker from Beneath. You may have taken some of us with you but you're the one pushing up the Daisies.

RIP Austin's Docs, sent to the place beyond by the Walker from Beneath

RIP Various Critters of all manner and description, including an undead priest, a putrid Dragonfly and two voodoo priests. They make us tuff in Cape Town.

RIP Perry's brain, Robanne's sanity and Lara's innocence, cruelly swiped by an undead Dragonfly

RIP As many bottles of Farsons Rejuvenator as we could get our hands on.

RIP The Fort Green Solitaire Champion, his skull plate shifted by Austin's TOD (Tonfa of death).

RIP Any priest that crosses our path. Dylan, we are getting wise to your plots.

RIP Thirteen hostages (It was an accident, really it was!)
[Some hostage rescue team. - Ed]

RIP Two innocent sailors in a bar (Naughty, naughty girl, Camilla).

RIP Mr Jackson, Cortex Bomb. Guess those Lab boys screwed up again.

RIP Mikael Shirenenko's legs. Courtesy of some excellent flechettes. Jack Hammer sends apologies.

RIP All patrons of the Pulemyot night Club. Victims of (almost) orbital bombardment.

RIP Twelve unsuspecting Militech covert operatives. Masered, lasered, shot and bombed.

RIP Mayor and Mayoress of Alexandria. Victims of a successful 'Brothers of Light' plot. Ha, ha, ha (We are not smug).

RIP Plus-minus 4000 crows, 20 harpies, 100 undead cavalry, 200 undead footmen, 1 lich, 1 undead giant mole, 2 gargoyles, 400 hillmen - a war of attrition.

RIP One Nameless necromancer, clubbed to death. Damn your Parma, may you fry in hell.

RIP (almost) Marcell, Knight of the Crusades. If you fight assassins, don't wear only your night-shirt. If you do wear only your night-shirt - don't miss.

RIP Some Chinese thugs past and present, in serious Kung Fu action. You be feeling the power of our Karate feets.

RIP A working man, Merchant by profession, kicked to death by our own nubile slave girl.

RIP: Sir Kurz. You will not be missed. Your loving brother.

RIP: Andrew's infamous Cthulhu Game. How will they live without their fix?

RIP: Sir Phillippe. Two lances through the body cavity is usually unhealthy.

RIP One Tie fighter pilot. Multiple cans of shotgunned spam can seriously damage your engines.

RIP Many times stormtrooper, proximity fused thermal detonator - Oooh!

RIP Numerous bicycle ninjas, one chemical plant, lots of blue ice monsters, and half of Tokyo. Damn I love my Model 97.

RIP Prof Mansells sensible tweeds. Death by soda fountain.

RIP (almost) The Orcish Garrison of Lower Junction. A brief case of "Ask questions first, kill later" saves lives.

RIP Mooks, by the dozen. Carnival of carnage ROOLZ!

RIP (almost) Lupe: 12 rounds of friendly fire, .01% chance of emerging unscathed - you lucky little brave you.

RIP Marshal J Custodies, a.k.a "The Law North of Dog Star" - cruelly done in at knife point.

NOTICE

Notice: You have no Honour!
You are a Little Girl's Panties

Notice: Wet tweed contest.
Apply Gilman Hotel.

Notice: The beast of Bodmin Moor has officially inflicted anal justice. Bummer, Paul!

Notice: Sturman - You'll never work in this town again.

Notice: Come any closer, Gunther, you big sissy girl, and we'll put your other eye out.

Notice: Thank Ithaqua for Major Thompson.

For sale: Fake legs. No longer needed. Apply Director Goldstein.

Notice: For sale to Outer Gods or Great Old Ones only. One (1) FBI Special Director Hand Puppet. Ideal for maintaining control of gullible FBI teams. One careful owner.

Notice: We are at present raising the money to send our pig into space. At current rates it will cost about \$75. All contributions will be appreciated.

Notice: Landing on top of a Helicopter may render it not going anywhere.

Notice No fairies shall come near Nordia's Perineum.

Notice: Petrutio was the first beneficiary of phallic reduction performed by Jaun circa 1199

Notice: Heath, once a respectable hedgewizard - fast becoming a hedge.

Notice: Never run from a Cthulhu beast in a corset and long skirt. Having the back of your head ripped off often offends.

Notice: You'll get yours in space. Mu, ha ha ha ha! Austin, the psycho DM.

WANTED

Wanted: Lara and Remington for the cruel murder of the sheriff of Coliseum.

Wanted a good wig. Apply Lara LOM

Wanted: Gray's Anatomy, apply A. Chamberlain a.k.a Grim Servant of Death.

Wanted: Skilled professional to reattach much severed head. Apply Luke Freeman, Fort Green, LOM.

Wanted: Farson's Rejuvenator, send, concealed to John Smith, soldier in residence Fort Green.

Wanted: Guns, guns, guns, birth control pills, tampons, bras, guns, underwear, guns, a

mommy, a decent hat, a place to sleep, shoes, a hot bath, email, telephones, Panados, guns.

Wanted: Skilled professional seeks work. Professional, discreet, terrorist negotiator and psychologist, Apply Morgan.

Wanted: Humanity points, muchly. Apply Mr Hammer. Arasaka.

Wanted: Anything to conceal large wings, apply Lynn Free.

Wanted: Cannon Fodder and more innocent people. Apply Austin Chamberlain (Dm)

Wanted: Net runner who tells you that the person they cross checked had a black belt in karate.

Wanted: Food that doesn't give us food poisoning.

Wanted: Tell all expose on the relationship between Eileen and Camilla. Mmmm chilled Vodka.

Wanted: Cure for Goats. Apply Joe, Lawtown.

Wanted: 1 Daschund droid. Mine seems to have been cannibalised for spare parts.

Wanted: Experienced covert operatives for exciting opportunities in Vladivostok. Apply Militech Offices worldwide!



