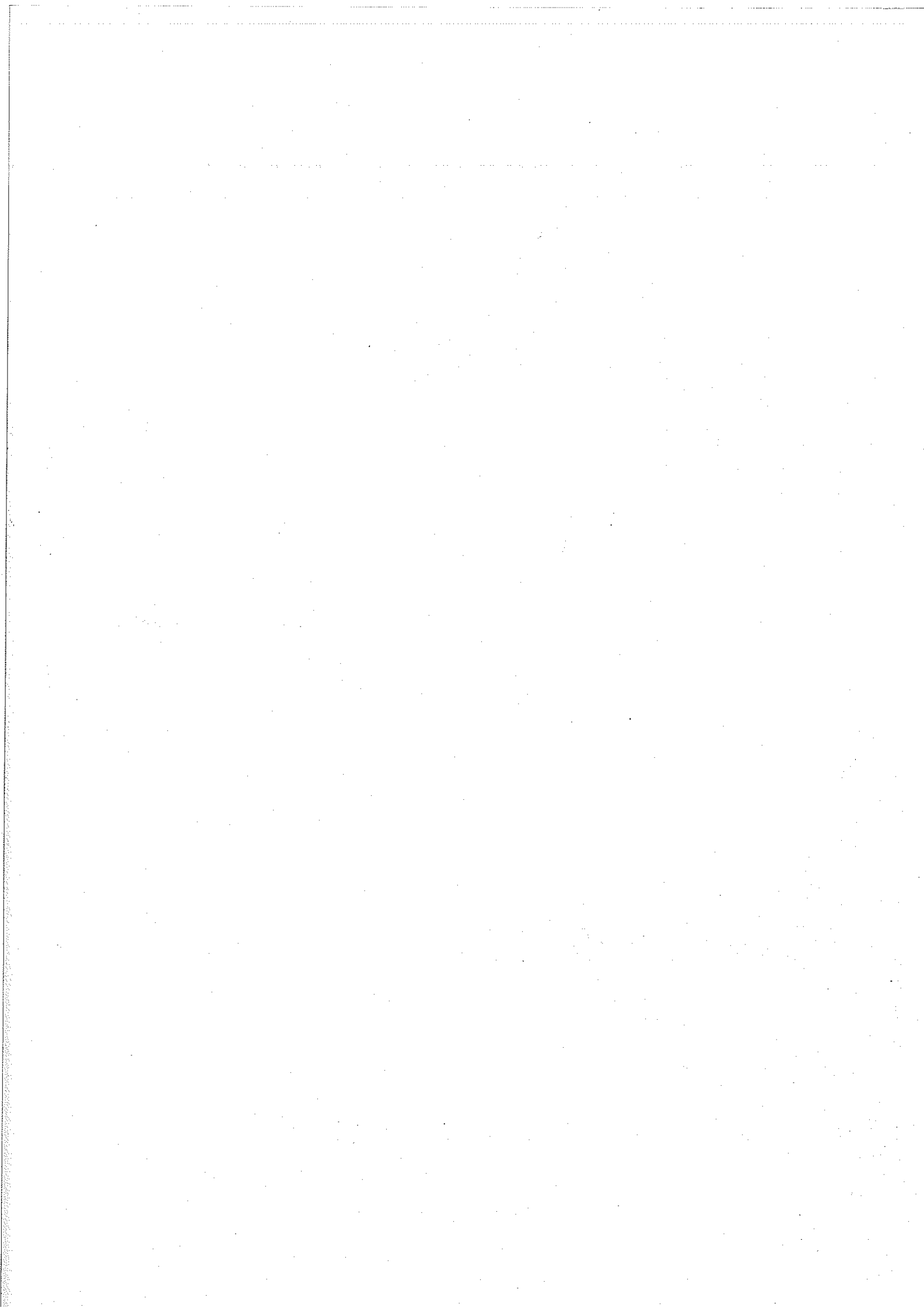


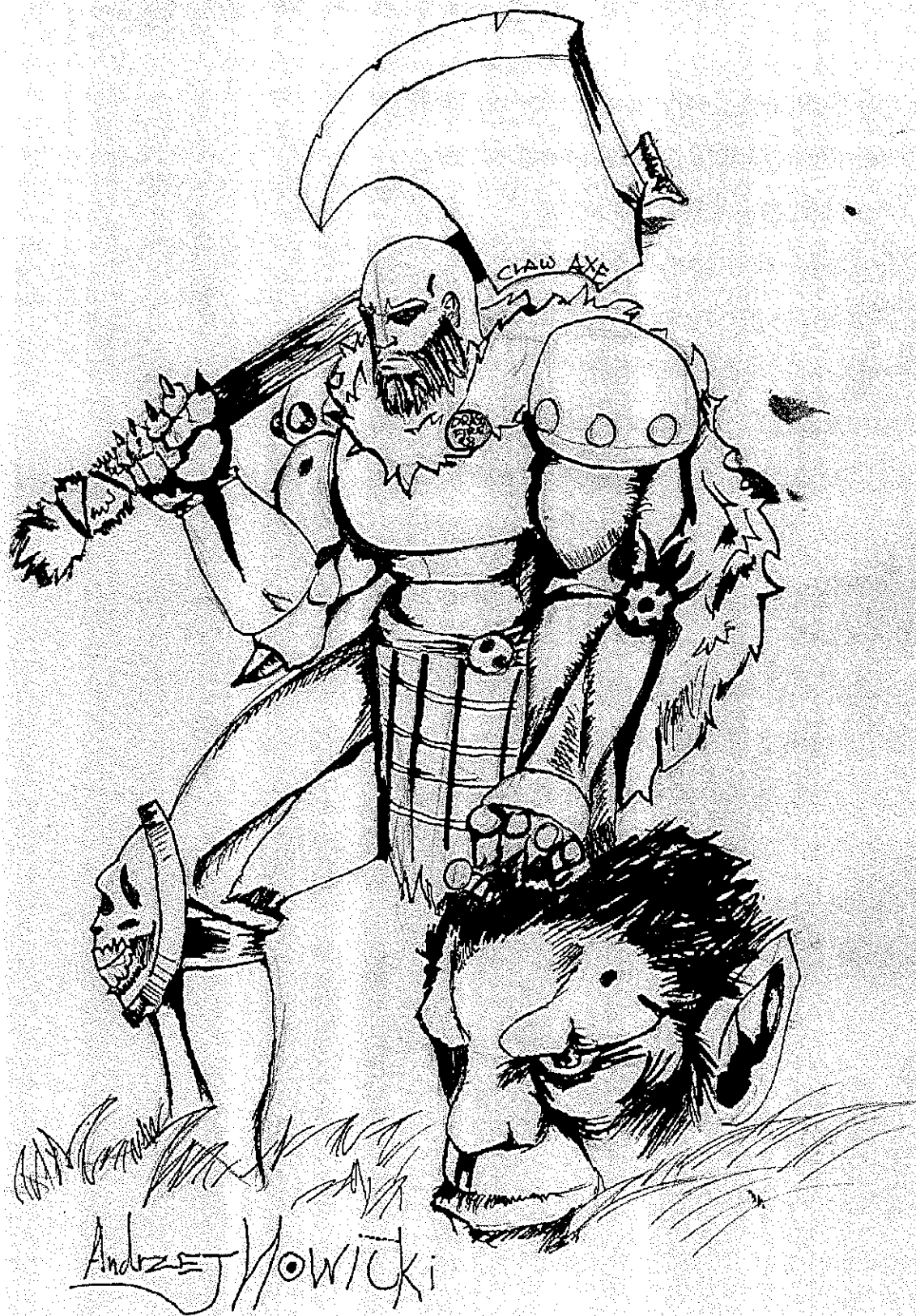
CLAIMMARKS





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THIS IS THE EDITORIAL ... I THINK

Well we have done another year and some of us are still here and some of us aren't. We will now do orientation week and another year, and some of us will be here and others will not. For those of you who will be here, this is CLAWmarks and for those of you who won't, this is CLAWmarks.

This year was met by a strange occurrence, and thus this edition should be handled with care least it drain you to fuel it's evil master plan. The strange occurrence: everybody, and I mean everybody who promised something pulled through, some even before the last minute. And other people who didn't promise anything and aren't even CLAWmembers, or known to us also pulled through and submitted stuff (Robyn and anybody she badgered, beat or threatened, we thank you and will send free copies of CLAWmarks, hang on a minute CLAWmarks is free!).

Onto some other things, thanks go especially to Jim and David. David being co-editor in chief and Jim being facilitator of Twentieth century style computer resources. Thanks also to all contributors, from the bits and pieces I've seen this looks to be a full and interesting edition. Thanks to Dylan, for being here and lending a hand, and to Lara, Phillip, Duncan and Mandy for giving up their game. But SPECIAL, SPECIAL thanks to Lara and Phillip for actually getting us a Schizo, we have only been waiting three or four years.

Now back to the serious job of actually editing this magazine. 'till Dragonfire.

Robyn

David



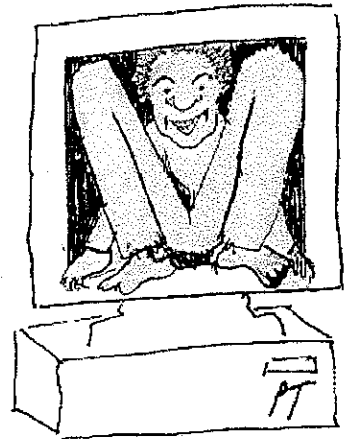
THE COMMITTEE GOBLINS

A field god to that rare breed that run the show.

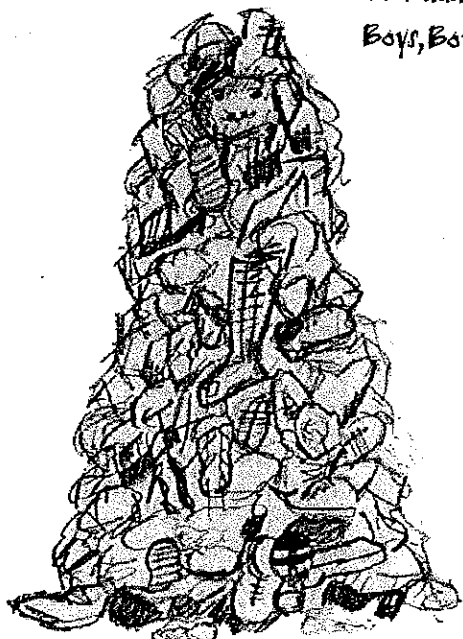


Head of Gobbolsons—Robanne Miller
Head Haranger, Herder, Harpy and pit cleaner.
'Really I am a nice lady, lady'
'Pass the Southern Comfort'

Sort of the Secson Leader of the Gobbolsons
(Serimor) Lara Davison. Point and shoot attack
Chikankua. 'Panado is for Whimps' 'Boys,
Boys, Boys'

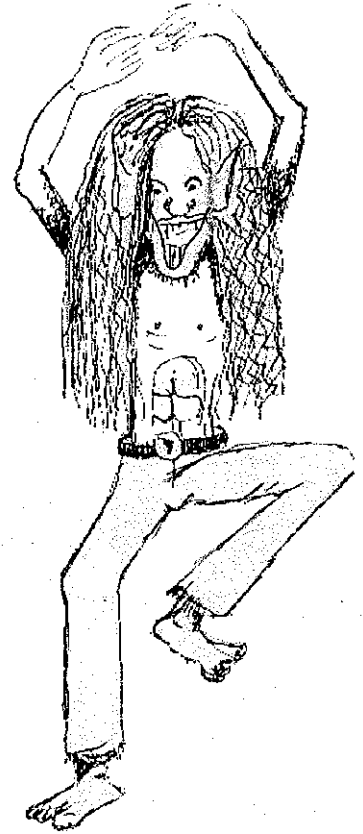


Sort of also secson leader of the Gobbolsons:
(Guildmaster) Austin Chamberlain.
Comes to highly priced for our meare grant.
'Windows is for Quickie eaters'

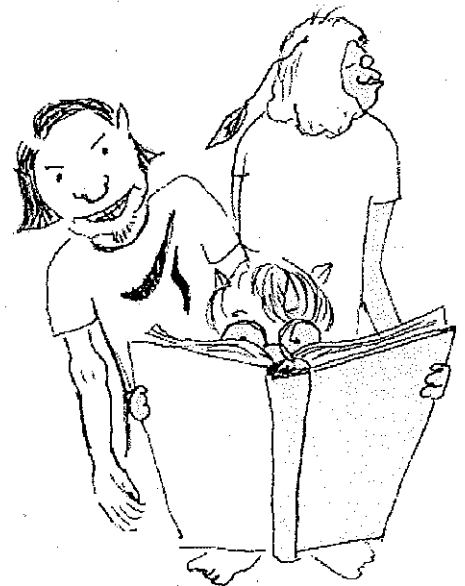


Sort of funds keeper thingy: Elizabeth Down
Man you gotta see that girls shoes
'Not Farts'

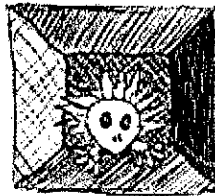
Warlord: The person in charge of making not
actual war: Alastair Pearson.
'.....' ('muff said')



Duelist: In charge of those card thingies,
Andrew Mitchell Well we had one.
'Now if we review card intake vs card output we
get... (somethingy large hairy and
unmentionable')



GOBOLONLINGS
Pages: David Seaward
'Use the Fork, Luke'
Squires: Perry Daco
'Mankaka'
Jason Burke
'....'



DEATH OF A HITMAN

Having had the terrible experience, Lara shares with us the dos and don'ts of character death. You show them, Girl!

Oh, but it's sad when your character dies. In fact it really f%\$#ing sucks! Ahem. All that time and effort prematurely eliminated by a sniper's bullet or arrow, now you'll never get to complete that collection of animal vis or get that cool cybertail. But these things happen and it wouldn't be half as much fun if we were all immortal, so when your character bites the dust it's important not to lose all role-playing credibility when you deal with your bereavement.

Here are a few tips to help you save face if at all possible...

1) TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

Even if your character is a snivelling little wimp as a player you had better keep your cool when your character bites it. It's generally considered bad form to shout at the DM or to have a tantrum in the middle of the session; it makes the DM unnecessarily (??) guilty and the other players uncomfortable. Further more, if the people you play with are anything like those I play with, they will never let you live it down and you will find the whole incident quite humiliating in the cold light of the next morning.

In fact word will probably spread that you're a sore loser and a wimp and a ninny and a nerd and should rather be a card player (something which could ruin your role-playing reputation).

It is best to quietly accept your fate and if you have any legitimate disputes regarding the circumstances of your demise speak to the DM about it in private, but don't press the issue. If the DM insists that you are dead despite your spells, body armour or cyberware you are in fact dead and should just give up and have another cup of coffee.

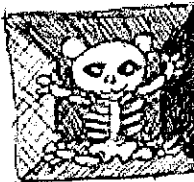
2) KEEP PLAYING

It's a bit daft to quit a game you've been enjoying just because you're dead. Keep a positive attitude (yep, I said positive) and look at death as an opportunity to create a new character (unless you're playing Rolemaster, in which case you can be forgiven for not wanting to live through another character creation). If you quit the game everyone will know you are just being a wuss. I'm sure that this is not the image you wish to create.

3) CREATE A NEW CHARACTER

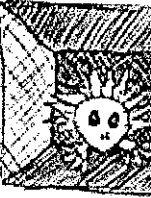
In case there is any confusion as to what is meant by NEW, allow me to elaborate: the character should be different, original, distinguishable from, and unlike your previous character.

Changing their name or gender is not good enough. Giving him/her a different weapon of preference is not good enough. You actually have to make the character different





enough so that it is interesting and a challenge to play and the other players will not constantly confuse your old elemental mage with your new one.



Character creation midway through a campaign allows one to see what the party lacks and fill some of these gaps. It also gives one an opportunity to avoid these embarrassing character overlaps that often occur during original character creation.

4) LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES

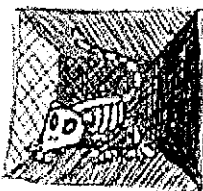
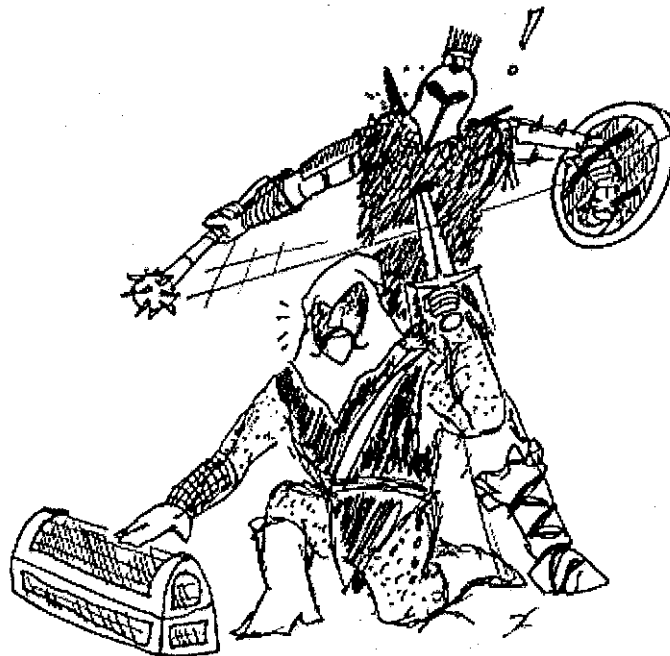
Whatever you did that got you killed, don't do it again. For example, do not stick your head around any corners that are being covered by snipers with AP rounds. Do not pick a fight with a Cthulu deity. Your DM would like nothing more than to kill you twice for the same screw up.

And finally...

5) VENGEANCE!

Once you have come to terms with your loss and begun the slow painful process (sniff, sniff) of creating a new character, it is time to seek revenge.

It is now your solemn duty to kill as many of your DM's NPC's as possible. Not that you'd be doing that anyway, right?



DRAGONFIRE ★ 98

Robanne Miller, an organiser of some sort or other comments on the exemplary and extremely amazing tournament that was Dragonfire. Of course it is all very personal and features none of the bias associated with mere attendees.



That song line: “still cruising after all of these years” seems to be in the front of my mind¹, Dragonfire 1998 being the tenth Dragonfire ever². Due to the happy clickers of the Witwatersrand, most of the committee and organisers only arrived back on Tuesday, having to cook, edit and proof-read, as well as tinker with LARP layout and generally organise everything before Friday—all I can say is that we did it³.

Thursday night, is a night I still look back on with some amazement. Not only did I fillet and cook a whole human (did I say that? what I meant...is beef, filleted a whole lot of beef), I did it with help from some of the most amazing people (I hope you people took notes). We also stayed up until four

publishing a magazine of amazing quality, but what the amazing part is that the polar bear did not even charge down the stairs and throw Austin out—like usual.

Friday night saw the opening of the tournament with the traditional Mediaeval banquet--apart from all the help and having to climb onto the table (I'm scared of heights you see) the evening was wonderful. While everybody did comment that the food was really good and did eat it all (which is fairly amazing considering my tendency to over cater), they may be lying. Thanks to the Diahutsu-of-holding we also managed to get all our stuff and three waifs (from Jo-burg) off the premises before the Church called some SOG's⁴ to get rid of us when we eventually left way after the witching hour.

The morning started out with grunt and an OOOOOG, as the orc's of Goblox tried to track down the best worm stew in the land. Dylan and Robanne (that's me) explored some of their base orcishness as inspiration for *Spudbug's Wormery*. Some interesting interpretations of two-headed orcs and Grant getting so far into character he was actually picking for fleas on his chest--amused the Judges no end.

The afternoon slot saw Philip's Cornish (definitely not corny) module, *Cornwall in a Day*, amuse the children with smoke and mirrors⁵. A module that could turn even the bravest of us off package tours of the scenic Cornish country side. While SAN dropped and everybody hoped there was nothing more around the corner the rest of the student union was alive with war game, demo game, card games and the brisk sale of hot vegetable soup.

¹ I think it comes from a Beach Boys song. Thing back to your pre-goth days, or even further when your parents would place the big-old-seventies-head-eating earphones and assimilate you (or attempt to, hoe wrong they were).

² Not the tenth anniversary mind you—we plane to milk that for all it's worth this year.

³ You will have to ask somebody else how well we did it.

⁴ The first bit stands for Storm Trooper, you can guess the last one.

⁵ Man, I hope it was just smoke and mirrors

The evenings LARPs kept us on our seats right to the last minute, would we find one more female characters or not? Eventually (only about ten to starting time mind you) we both had our full complement and were ready to go. In Richard Luyt, Jo's Time Machines crackled and lab mice did whatever it is lab mice do, in *Changing Times*. While upstairs we did our best to keep intrigue and speculation about who is actually who to a maximum. Arthur's court as you may have thought it was but nobody would ever believe you, Robanne and Dylan did there best to make it so--in *Whispering Dragon*.

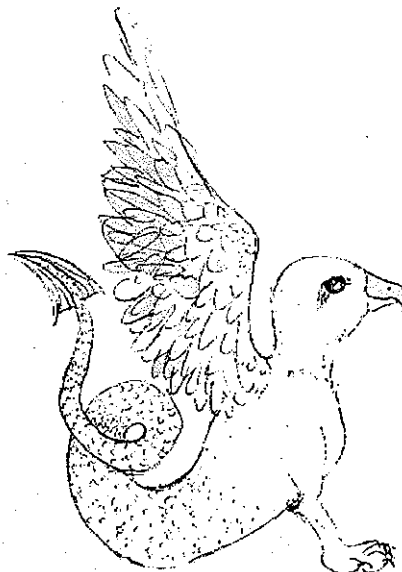
The next morning everybody was back for more (and I was starting to run out of clean clothes, after a tournament in Jo'burg and a tournament here in such quick succession). The day started out with some baying at the moon—or whatever it is that Modern Werewolves do. Ryan Olsen, Alastair Pearson and Nenad Ristic brought the slaving masses and offering in the form of *Homecoming*, a Werewolf module for those who were brave.

Later in the afternoon a slightly less hairy, slightly more translucent creature was the focus in *Envoy to ArdheW: A Newt Hope*. A Starwars module, in anticipation of the *Phantom Menace* brought to you from a galaxy far, far away by Austin and Perry.

Then some people went from ArdheW to Mars with Robanne and Dylan. *Red Rover* saw the first team of scientists and well...scientists trundling around the face of Mars in a glorified RV. And as to be expected they were attacked....rendered...torn...aack (transmission failing, standby for re-broadcast). While others went to a funeral in the Richard Luyt room with Eckard, Jessica and Phillip. *Where There's a Will* experienced some excellent stiff upper lip and family shenanigans.

Day three was the day of demo games of all sorts and cards. Acting as a bit of a slow down after a hectic weekend. In the late afternoon the prize giving was experience by all. This year we saw most of our prizes wing their way to England. We also awarded for the first time the Mustard, a prize given to somebody attending the tournament at some length. This year it went to Andrew Syfret, who flew from England for a wedding and instead spent the whole time role-playing with us.

Then to the tradition Pizzazz dinner, where we compared injuries, bite marks and princesses. We also mumbled about next year, which is this year now and thus rather complicated. Toff, toff and tally ho only six months, two weeks and three days until we do it all again.



HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE

A GUIDE TO CREATING HAMLETS, TOWNS, AND HUMAN HABITATIONS IN RPGS.

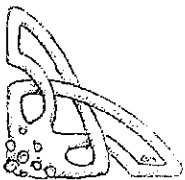
Dylan Craig shares with us the ins and outs of creating a home to come home to

Disclaimer: The ideas contained in this article are not intended to form the basis of a serious dissertation on town planning. Use or discard them as you see fit. Not to be used as a breast milk substitute.

Even the most detailed world book or supplement cannot describe every concentration of human habitation in an area of interest to the players. In some instances, this need not be a problem; adventures of the "OK, you travel for two weeks, stopping at a few small towns along the way, and finally you arrive at the dungeon/sorcerer's tower/pancake bake-off/bar mitzvah" don't need any more detail than that, because the session's focus lies elsewhere. But if you're playing a more laid-back, more process-focused campaign, sometimes 'getting there' – and the encounters this entails – can be of as much interest as the mission itself – and can provide the crafty DM with plenty of opportunities to lay the groundwork for adventures to come. A fuller exploration of this idea will have to wait for another issue, however, because what I want to focus on in this article is specifically the patterns and distribution of small towns in a wilderness/frontier setting, whether this be the Old West, the steppes of Hyboria, or the Jovian moons.

If you want to place a settlement, there are three steps to consider, **WHY** the settlement exists, **WHAT** kind of settlement it is, and **WHO** lives there.

- **WHY:** Why indeed? What reasons would people have to settle down in this place? Depending on your particular setting, there could be many possible answers to this question. Even simple farmers/miners or what have you must have a reason for being where the party encounters them. Some potential areas of interest are as follows:
 1. **Fugitives/Exiles:** The settlers are here because they can escape from, or band together against a common threat. If the latter is the case, the current settlement might be ringed by derelict buildings or previous settlements, left behind as the inhabitants move into a more defensible or hard to find position.
 2. **Company/Military Outpost:** The settlers have no particular desire to be here; they live here because it suits the aims or objectives of the organisation they report to. In this case, there can be one of two atmospheres to the place; perhaps the settlers despise their surroundings and have made no attempt to settle in at all - any buildings are ugly and undecorated, and the surrounding areas are entirely undeveloped – or, they have tried their best to make do given the circumstances. In either case, you have to figure out why the organisation requires an outpost here – and whether the settlers have been made aware of this objective.
 3. **Rich in Resources:** The settlers live here because it is lucrative or pleasant to do so. In this case you have to figure out what resource is abundant – food, water, minerals, good farming soil, numerous game animals, a lucrative trade product, etc. Something as simple as "Well, stranger, this ol' trading post may not look like much, but you won't find hogs as well fed as ours anywhere in the land, on account of the Nurple nuts we feed 'em" lends a lot of character and simple distinctiveness to a locale. Enterprising characters may want to exploit or help develop this resource; alternately, they may become caught up in attempts by outside parties to plunder, discover, or protect the resource.
 4. **Great Location:** The settlement is within easy distance of a military garrison, or a busy trade route, or along a popular pilgrimage route. The settlers' lives might revolve around this place to varying extents, but its influence can be seen everywhere. Perhaps the party will find that food prices in the town have rocketed because it is tourist season, or that the settlement has no healers or medical supplies for sale because "We usually just take our sick over that hill to the Abbey of St. Claire". When it comes to location, examine the distances from the settlement to other local spots. Settlements usually won't spring up too close together – although exceptions may exist ("Yep, that's the town of Isla Ramone across the river, but we don't speak to them since they burned the

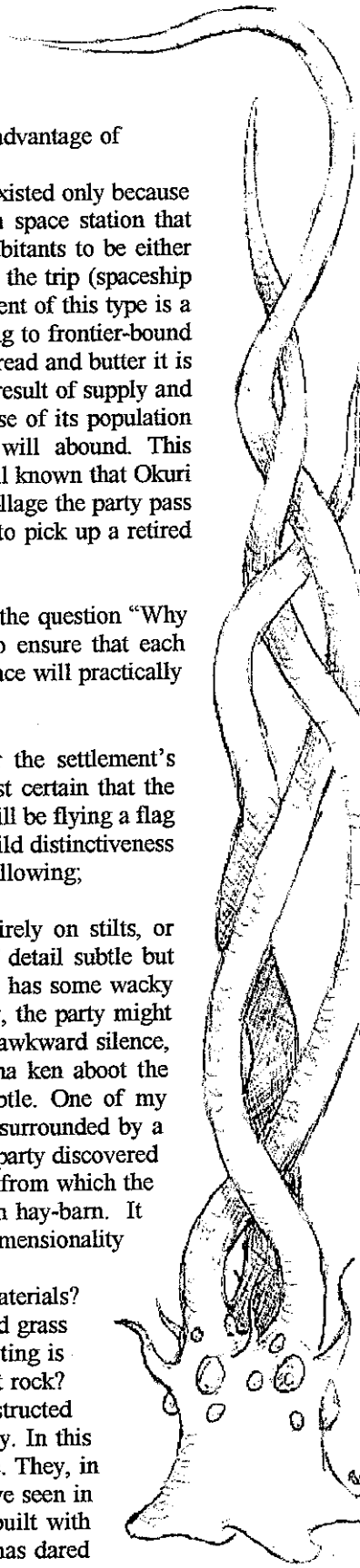


bridge down three generations ago after someone from this side stole their mayor's mule") - but sometimes small settlements will position themselves exactly a day's walk/ride/hyperjump from the next one to take advantage of travellers looking for somewhere to overnight.

5. On their way somewhere else: Some of the biggest towns of the Old West existed only because they were convenient departure points for the frontier. In a similar way, a space station that guards the best jump point for the Kessel Run can expect most of its inhabitants to be either travellers headed to Kessel, or those who are in the business of facilitating the trip (spaceship salesmen, travel agents, guides, customs officials, etc.). Typically, a settlement of this type is a boisterous boom town; it may be well serviced by transport services catering to frontier-bound explorers, and it will definitely have many agencies or individuals whose bread and butter it is to outfit and transport these pioneers. Prices are likely to be very high as a result of supply and demand; the settlement most likely has high food, water, etc., needs because of its population surplus. Confidence men, fraudsters, smugglers, and crooked lawmen will abound. This description may also apply on a smaller, more subtle scale; perhaps it is well known that Okuri tribesmen make the best navigators in the Pacific, and thus the tiny Okuri village the party pass through will be found to always have a galleon or two in the bay, waiting to pick up a retired fisherman for some long voyage.

And so on... while the ideas above are only suggestions, the general thread is the question "Why have these people settled here and not down the road?". If you take pains to ensure that each significant settlement has a reason for being where it is, you will find that the place will practically generate its own adventure ideas and atmosphere.

- WHAT kind of settlement is it? You need to keep in mind the reasons for the settlement's existence, as noted above. For instance, if the settlers are fugitives, it is almost certain that the settlement will be ringed by defences of some sort; if it is a military outpost, it will be flying a flag and have an exercise/training ground, and so on. But more importantly, try to build distinctiveness from different types of settlement by varying their makeup in ways such as the following:
 1. Unusual Layout: The settlement might be entirely subterranean, built entirely on stilts, or have its streets laid out in a spiral. It is worthwhile to keep this kind of detail subtle but noticeable; your party will start to groan if every hamlet they come across has some wacky new layout feature. Still, details like this build immense atmosphere. Why, the party might ask the locals, is your spaceport set on an immense wheeled chassis? Cue awkward silence, shifty looks, and an old gaffer whispering "Well, sonny, I take it ye dinna ken about the Mauve Whistler then?". See? Or perhaps the detail could be more subtle. One of my campaign worlds features a town called Lincoln, where the city center is surrounded by a waist-high dry-stone wall. Upon investigating this perplexing half-wall, the party discovered that the wall was the remains of the paddock wall of the original farmstead from which the town developed, and that the town pub was built from the original wooden hay-barn. It was a small detail, but it paid off by giving the town a certain three-dimensionality which really helped generate atmosphere later on in the game.
 2. Building Materials: What are the local (i.e., easily accessible) building materials? The party may know that every medieval villager has access to cowshit and grass with which to build a wattle-and-daub dwelling, so how much more interesting is it to find that the local blacksmith's forge is built from a glassy, transparent rock? The same applies to less sinister situations. If a settlement is largely constructed from stone, there must be a quarry or other source of building stone nearby. In this case, local specialists must exist who can cut, transport and work the stone. They, in turn, must have draft animals/vehicles to do this, which the party might have seen in a field on the way in. Perhaps the older buildings in the settlement are built with stone, but since that damned werewolf started staking the woods, no-one has dared visit the quarry - and so the newer buildings are made of pine planking.
 3. Size/Number of buildings: If building materials are plentiful and spare labour is to be had, each family/unit in the settlement will have its own place to live and place to work. As





materials get more expensive or labour less available, the first things to go will be the separate places of work – so, Joe the shoemaker moves his family into the loft of his cobblery – and then the single-unit housing – so the Millers and the McCrowleys have to share a log cabin, perhaps because the local landowner has such a severe “roof tax” that they cannot afford to have their own houses. Perhaps the settlement has far too many buildings – as in the case of a hamlet on the verge of becoming a ghost town. Who knows what secrets or treasure the deserted buildings may hold?

- WHO lives there? A settlement should not be composed of cardboard-cutout NPCs who can be stored away in their boxes after the party leave the town. Where many DMs are guilty of this is during spur-of-the-moment NPC generation - in other words, when the party want to interact with one of the inhabitants of a settlement who you have not considered important enough to pre-generate. For instance –

PLAYER: “I call the barmaid over. What’s her name?”

DM- “Uh, Jane” (This when the local lord is called Killgorg Dragonslayer and most of the party members have ‘the’ as their middle name)

PLAYER: “I try to chat to her about the disappearances. How much does she know about the merchant across the road?”

DM: “She doesn’t know much... umm... then you notice this weird guy in a cloak at the bar...”.

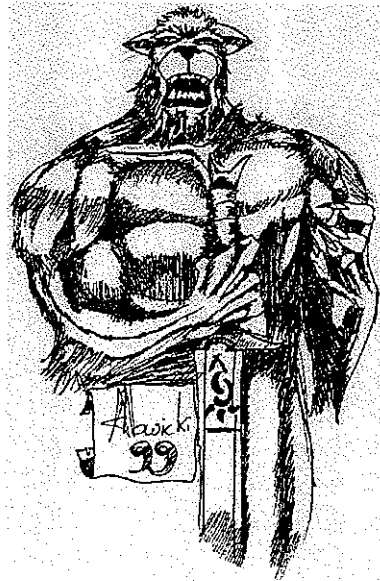
1. Just because you didn’t plan on your party meeting the barmaid, doesn’t mean she should have no more detail to her than the table the party are sitting at. Try writing up an A4 page of setting-appropriate names, male and female, at some point and assigning them to NPCs as your party encounter them. When the page is exhausted, write up (or write a simple computer program to generate) a new one. These sheets can also be used to keep track of NPCs afterwards, if you leave some space alongside each name to write something like “Barmaid – Black Dragon Inn – knows nothing about merchant.”. The next step is to make another page of characteristics – ‘Long Hair’, ‘Missing Finger’, ‘Talkative’, ‘Eye Patch’, ‘Lots of Cash’, ‘Gaudy Dresser’, and, again, assign them as the party encounter people. All the party really need is one characteristic to fix a person in their minds. Take care to make your use of this system subtle – if it’s done jerkily and interrupts the action, it can look clumsy and arbitrary. It’s much better to say something like “The barmaid moves smoothly over to your table, smoothing a stray lock of her cascading black hair over an ear as she bangs a tray of empty goblets down on the table in front of you and asks ‘Yeah? Whad’ya want, ugly?’” than to say “Umm, she has (consult notes very obviously and at length) ‘Long Black Hair’ and she’s pretty ‘Obnoxious’...”.
2. Businesses: It’s a good idea to pay close attention to how your settlements are populated if your aim is to make their businesses believable. In the simplest and smallest settlements, the only kind of businesses that are likely to exist are those that, should sales not occur, the stock can be consumed by the inhabitants themselves. A farmer who sells rations to travellers crossing her lands is an example of this kind of business. If no-one buys her dried fruit, well, she can always eat it herself. As settlements get larger and more prosperous, people will begin to specialise; businesses catering in stock that the owner cannot themselves live on will begin to spring up. Sample businesses are blacksmiths, tinkers, leatherworkers, innkeepers, and so on. These people rely on their business to survive; if no-one buys, they will not be able to buy food and will starve. So, these people must have an eye on the breadline; a very small army outpost, for instance, while it could not survive without the regular attention of a blacksmith, might still not be able to generate enough income to have one full-time; areas in which these settlements will have a predominance of travelling specialists who circulate between settlements, doing their work and then moving on to the next source of income. Another option is that in such circumstances the professionals might hedge their bets; the local warpdrive technician in a tiny spaceport might also deal drugs and repair holo-screens to break even every month, for instance. Finally, in large cities and major settlements, specialised businesses will finally thrive. These businesses can be reasonably confident that



they will always have patrons to pay for their services, so they can afford to stock hard-to-find or slow moving items such as might only be sold to one patron in a hundred. Smaller businesses cannot afford such a width of selection; imagine a car dealer in the Karoo buying a Ferrari just in case a high-flying Italian count happens by and needs a car for the weekend! Its equally unlikely that the PCs will succeed in finding rare spell components, a crate of grenades, or a cyberdeck in the one-horse town that they find themselves. A final note in this regard is to keep the settlement itself in mind when you handle transactions; the public house in a tiny hamlet might only have a few coppers in the till and be unable to make change for the party's platinum pieces (the barman usually operates a tally system and the farmers of the area pay up monthly with eggs, pork, and flour), or a gunsmith on the border of Mexico might refuse to accept the character's greenbacks in preference for pesos, because most of his suppliers are Mexican smugglers who don't deal in visible and high-profile dollars. Modes of payment such as credit cards, large-denomination bills or foreign currency lead to adventures in themselves as the party wander from tiny store to tiny store, trying to find a store where they can cash in the diamonds they looted from the harpy's lair so that they can buy breakfast and a place to have a bath.

3. Try and connect your NPCs in a believable way; perhaps the hostler has a brother-in-law that he can recommend to the party as a guide, or the prostitute happens to know the bouncer at an exclusive club the party need to get into. In some small hamlets, everyone might even be related ("This's m'brother Darryl, 'n this's m'other brother Darryl")! But even in bigger settlements, remember that people have relationships that connect them just like in the real world. Creating, or alluding to these relationships reinforces the illusion (and after all, roleplaying is little more than an illusion) that there is a real world that exists both before and after the party arrive on the scene; and this is a dimension that good roleplayers will appreciate you providing for them.

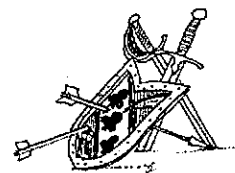
There is, of course, more to creating settlements than the few topics outlined above; my aim has been more to examine some of the ways I feel that good DMs bring life to their campaign worlds, than to create a definitive how-to document. However, I think that these tools are useful ones to have, at least to consider as a supplement to one's own rules of thumb if not to adopt lock, stock and barrel. I expect – nay, invite – comments and other opinions on what I've laid down here. But in the final analysis, in as much as roleplaying can never duplicate the depth of detail of the real world but merely reflect and approximate it, it must be considered one of the DM's most important skills to be able to, with a few brushstrokes, create a framework on which the party themselves can create their masterpiece.



GENCON UK

One of our recent departees, Andrew Sturman, comments on one of the benefits of living in an actual first world country

I got there on Saturday 5th September, all the way up to Loughborough University, near Nottingham. For the geographically impaired that's just below Yorkshire, about half way to Scotland. The 1hr 40 min train ride set me back 29 pounds. It was a typical north English summers day - grey and raining.



The university is a couple of miles out of town, so I shared a taxi with 3 other gamers, a Belgian-American called Sven; Alexi, a Russian gamer, and the Irishman Fergal. The taxi driver was a Sikh, so, it was a typical English group. :)

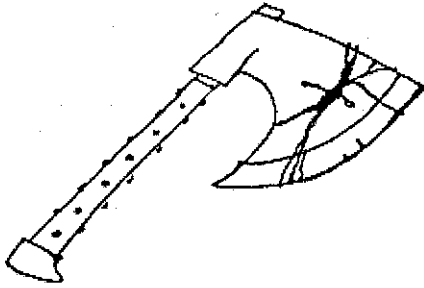
We arrived at Gencon and were directed to the Registration building. Looking around, my jaw dropped off my face...picture UCT freshers week - 5000-10000 milling people, hundreds of stalls, events going on in dozens of buildings and festival tents, and on playing fields -but it was all gaming! I was only there for the Saturday, but the con was running 24hrs a day Wednesday to Sunday, and you could see some of the gamers hadn't slept since Wednesday morning. (I walked past a bunch of fanatics trying to complete the full Masks of Nyarthlotep campaign in 5 non-stop days, and I thought I was a CoC maniac.)



First up I was DMing the Call of Cthulhu module. The 60 or so organisers communicating via two-way radios and interbuilding LAN were very efficient and once registered I was directed to the Tournament co-ordination building. At the DM's sign-in office I picked up my module and headed off the nearby DM's lounge to read it and be briefed. Given that 8 modules were starting in that 10am slot, with an average of 10 teams each(CoC had 9), the organization was superb, as we were briefed, given teams, and marched to the building we were playing in inside 5 min. We played in a set of tut rooms, each team had it's own room, a great idea for Coc, since it made the DM's job much easier, creating atmosphere and maintaining tension.

The RPGA 6-player module was up to Claws standards, and I was strongly reminded of Phil's module, since this was set in the Scilly islands, just off the coast of Cornwell. Jess's ICON module also had a resonance, since it was an invitation to a family funeral. One idea that was interesting was that this module was the sequel to last year's one, with the characters being the decedents of last years party, (which was set in 1890) - the sins of the fathers... and the patient vengeance of the undying. It was also the

first Coc module I've played with an age-restriction (no under 18) to keep out the schools teams. The restriction were due to the stomach-churning descriptions, and liberal sex amongst the violence -
alt.sex.dark.young.yuck.yuck.yuck. Very twisty. Of my 6, 3 characters survived, although 2 of them were quite insane - not bad odds given how they were trapped on a small island with a large monster or three.

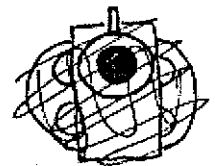


After lunch, I skipped DMing the Feng Shui, both because the module was very poorly presented (pages of stats and place descriptions all in the same font, unstapled and randomly intermixed with no page numbers, ToC, maps, sidebars or adventure summary - plus we only had 20 min to read the module, since the briefer hadn't pitched); and because I wanted to look around some more, and spend my voucher. (Did I mention there weren't any prizes for DMing, instead all the DM's were paid - 5 pound gift voucher per module run, 10 pound for organizing one and 20 pound for writing one. Claws design team could turn pro ;)

In terms of buildings that I saw, there was the reception/admin building, tournament organization building and tournament play area already mentioned. Near them were 3 large marquee tents, two being used for the AD&D 3-round open and schools championships. The third was for various SCA-type things - a big tent full of banquet tables, sword-swinging mead-swilling knights and prancing lute-wielding courtiers, all sheltering from the rain that had reduced the tourney field to a mud-pit.

Across the square from the tents was the CCG complex. No less than 3 student-union class buildings, each with several halls awash with cardsters, and a large merchandising sector. Magic and Vampire made up the majority, with lesser known games in the smaller rooms - a room of Star Trek CCG players - another of Star Wars, etc. Sadly, I didn't spot any Mythos types, although I can't pretend to have done anything like a thorough search. I did see Grant (of ICON) there and he confirmed that Mythos was not a big hit here.

Beyond CCG land was the LARP headquarters, running about 6 LARPS a day. Predictably this area had the highest concentration of weird costumes and goth'ettes signing up for the multi vampire LARPS that evening. Unlike ours, their games tend to be ongoing multi-larp campaigns, so it is often hard for newbies to jump in if they don't know the backstory. There were some serious posers declaring themselves to be Vampire Princes and the like, but also a few sci-fi larpers. The one para-military LARP group often had trouble with the authorities, given their habits of lurking around in bands of 20 in full cammo and kit, with plastic replica M16's. (they use laser-quest style gear for adjudicating

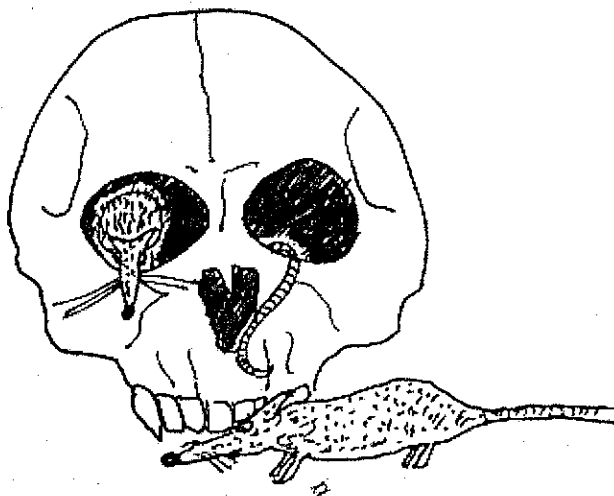


hits) Apparently there was a tense moment some years back when they got lost on their way to a game, and they ended up at the back gate of a local US air base in the early hours. Security forces have no sense of humor.

Another two buildings had halls for all the demo games and pick-up games that had started up. Think exam writing in the sports centre - a LOT of tables, all fully booked with gamers playing every game I'd ever heard of, and many I hadn't. Deadlands, Heavy Gear, In Nomine, Paranoia, Traveller, Macho woman with guns, you name it. A third building was for the computer, war and table-top gamers - plenty of Necromunda, Warhammer & WH40K, Battletech - beautiful scenery, huge well-painted armies. The one massive battletech game was two full battalions of mechs - about 60 a side, being played under normal BTEch rules, with about 8 players a side. They were getting through just 3 turns a day, but were on day 4. Also running was 16 player Unreal and Quake II deathmatches on the banks of computers. I didn't want to leave this building.

Finally, as daylight was fading, I got to the Trade Hall. I suffered immediate information overload - 40-50 stalls filled the large hall, selling everything from chainmail to pewter ale mugs, skull candles to LARPing daggers (with blades that slide into the handle and open a blood resevior), and of course every role-playing game under the sun. At least 10 vendors were selling the main stream games and supplements, so one could do great haggling going from one to the other. Prices varied from the list price of about 12-15 pounds per Coc module to 3 modules for 20 pounds by the end of the day. There was also a large 2nd hand games area with some real bargains (I picked up ICE's Moria supplement in mint condition for 2 pounds), as well as some expensive collectables - Gaiman autographed Sandman 100 pounds - I picked up several out of print CoC supplements, but couldn't find a copy of Feng Shui. More unusual items were auctioned later in a charity auction, but I was on the train home by then.

Phew, awesome, but it was quite exhausting. I'll definitely be back there next year, and I'll arrange my life so I can spend more time there, it needs several days to do it justice. Who's coming along?



Duncan Sellars risks revealing too much to give you a player's perspective of the game that makes you think Fox Mulder is a naïve lamb in the woods, while Austin Chamberlain smirks about what he's not giving away

Delta Green : You're not paranoid enough

A line from one of my favourite films, *Strange Days*, goes: The issue is not whether you're paranoid, the issue is whether you're paranoid enough. This, it seems, is a good slogan to remember when playing Chaosium's Delta Green system.

Initial introductions to Delta Green remind one of *The X-Files* TV series, which (with the exception of the abominable recent movie) has been a well-written piece of entertainment, combining paranoid conspiracy theories, weird UFO stories, and the even weirder relationship between the two main characters to arrive at a highly regarded cult series.

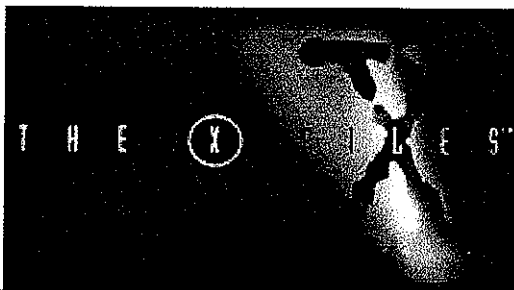
Of course, in the role-playing game, the weird sexual tension between characters is up to you, but everything else you could want is there.

The Mechanics of Delta Green

The system is simple, and is based on Chaosium's award-winning Call of Cthulhu (CoC) role-playing game (which I recommend highly). Thus, actions are determined by rolling percentile (or 2d10) dice against a certain score. Your success is determined by how well you roll under that skill. Thus, for example, when trying to track somebody (or, more likely, **something!**), you would use your Tracking skill to determine how well you follow the trail. Assume your Tracking skill is 50 (implying you have pretty much even chances of following or losing the trail). You roll a 09 on your dice, which is way under your skill, and therefore you succeed easily in spotting and following the elusive spoor.



Gillian Anderson shows why the X-Files is so popular.



With Delta Green, play Agent Fox Mulder in your very own X-Files adventures!

The ease of the system means that it will not interfere with the gaming itself, which is the enjoyable part.

The Fun Stuff

Unlike Call of Cthulhu, where players can be any occupation they choose, Delta Green generally requires its players to start out as employees of an official agency of some sort. Thus, like in *The X-Files*, they can be FBI agents, but could just as easily be agents of the DEA, a member of the multitude of military organisations, or even an employee of the Department of Finance or the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries. Remember that UFOs can pop up anywhere! As employees of these agencies, characters each have access to the resources of their agency. An agent of the CDC (Centre for Disease Control), for example, would be able to call in teams of biological removal experts, a la the movie *Outbreak*.

My personal favourite official branch of the American government is the NSA (officially National Security Agency, but also nicknamed No Such Agency, due to its intensively secretive operations), mainly because my first Delta Green character was an NSA agent specialising in cryptography and computer security. These, however, are all American-based institutions. A Keeper with some initiative could change the setting, such as a current Keeper is doing with a Delta Green game which is set in England and consists of players who are members of MI5, and the Royal Air Force.

The characters will start off by finding themselves involved in some operation that will be rather more bizarre than the usual cases. Through their intimate knowledge of the details of the case, the characters may start to question the normal laws of society, and even their own sanity. It is generally at this point that they may find themselves coming into contact with an organisation which seems to know more than it is letting on about unusual happenings and strange phenomena. And so they become a part of Delta Green.

Although the system is based on the Call of Cthulhu¹ world, which presumes hideous tentacled monsters waiting for the right time to take over the world, Keepers can apparently use any plot device they choose to start the action and keep it going. UFO abductions, weird afflictions, or supernatural occurrences are only some of the ideas they could use that have nothing to do with the Great Old Ones and their ilk. (Of course, long-time CoC players such as myself generally suspect that Cthulhu and his mind-sucking pals are at the root of everything anyway, and that even the grey aliens are working for Cthulhu.)

Sanity and Call of Cthulhu:

In Call of Cthulhu (based on the 1930s stories by HP Lovecraft) players take on the characters of investigators during the 1890s or 1920s, who probe into the fiendish machinations of the Great Old Ones and their minions, who are waiting for the stars to be right for their final takeover of the world.

Characters have a Sanity rating, which decreases as they come into contact with more and more of the horror of the Cthulhu Mythos, as the collection of ugly monsters is commonly known. Forced to lose Sanity acquiring forbidden knowledge that can stop the Great Old Ones, characters generally end up becoming insane once their Sanity reaches zero.

Delta Green uses the same Sanity system.

¹ See the side panel article *Sanity and Call of Cthulhu*.

Getting into the part

If you're already a hardcore X-Files fan who can name the Lone Gunmen and knows who killed off Deep Throat, then you're off to a good start at being a Delta Green player. If not, rent as many X-Files episodes as you can and watch them all at one sitting. The Delta Green sourcebook itself is completely off limits to players (who shouldn't even read the back cover), but try some of these other resources before you get into playing Delta Green:

- The TV series *Millennium*, which is also done by Chris Carter (X-Files founder) and which postulates a group called Millennium who handle unusual cases through their operative Frank Black (brilliantly underplayed by Lance Henriksen)
- The TV series *Dark Skies* (boasting the cool J.T. Walsh), which stamps fearlessly into territory *The X-Files* only had wet dreams about. Aliens, through a collective conscience called the Hive, are responsible for most of the recent events of the last three decades. Everything from JFK's assassination to the Beatles touring America were orchestrated by the Hive as part of their bid to gain total mind-control of the world. As an interesting aside, the film *The Puppetmasters* also has a neat bodysnatcher idea.
- Also, TV series such as *Sightings*, which document paranormal and extraterrestrial occurrences, are useful for gaining a feel of the range of freaky happenings your character might come into contact with.
- The movie *Men in Black* (yes, it has Will Smith, but you can overlook that) is cool for a humorous look at the strangers who supposedly visit victims and witnesses of UFO activity. If you can find it, there's also a book called *Men in Black*, written by a female British UFOlogist whose name I don't rightly recall, which attempts to give a rational examination of the MIB stories. Her conclusions seem to imply that MIBs are either weird government agents trying to discredit witnesses, or actual aliens trying to cover their tracks.
- The recent Will Smith film *Enemy of the State* looks good for helping to create that paranoid feeling that somebody is always watching you. Nobody spells Big Brother quite like the NSA, the super-covert US surveillance and intelligence agency.
- Speaking of the NSA, and indeed, other federal organisations, those of you on the Net should check out www.nsa.gov, the NSA official home page, then check out www.fas.org/irp/nsa/, the **real** NSA home page.
- Also, Chaosium's web site, www.sirius.com/~chaosium/chaosium.html, might have something you can check out about Delta Green, without revealing too much.
- If you intend playing a biologist or any of the related fields, take a look at Michael Crichton's *Andromeda Strain*, the movie *Outbreak*, and other very interesting books such as *The Hot Zone* by Richard Preston.
- Finally, any of HP Lovecraft's original stories are great for getting a feel of the true horror that lurks just beneath society's pale skin. Learn about the dark tomes, ancient spells, and eldritch knowledge man was not meant to know. Don't let the slightly difficult language put you off.

Of course, these are only a guideline to stuff that will get you into a Delta Green mood. Go to video stores, libraries, and the Net for more. Remember that the truth is out there.

Keeper's Commentary

The Truth is In Here



Don't run over the cultists!

The first game of Delta Green in Cape Town was run by the renowned Andrew Sturman, but unfortunately this game was cut short by his disappearance (well, he went to the UK to earn more money, but that's the official story). At the end of the game various complaints were made about apparent logic gaps and unnecessary embellishments in the setting; I agreed with most of them at the time. If I refute these in full the MIBs will come and get me, but I can say this much: every complaint I have heard is unjustified. Remember, You Don't Know The Truth.

The (independent) reviews of Delta Green I have seen, on the net and in print, unanimously describe it as a masterpiece of horror, and I have to agree. Delta Green seamlessly updates and integrates the rather old-fashioned Mythos of Lovecraft and contemporaries with modern conspiracy and UFOs. Again, I cannot reveal much without destroying one of the major strengths of the game: play for more than two months and you'll end up more paranoid than the Lone Gunmen. As the player's view put it, even the back cover gives away too much, and the title of some supplements use names that players should never hear.

In terms of organisation, the book is a masterpiece of publishing. Pagan Publishing, the people behind the Delta Green book, have a reputation for making their books a labour of (evil, mythos-tainted) love, and it shows in this book. People might recognise the Walker in the Wastes campaign, which is also from Pagan. Exhaustively researched and meticulously organized, Delta Green has a wealth of information for any Keeper. The first chapters deal with upgrading the 1920s monsters with the modern world, and this is superbly done. This section of the book is The Truth. The next few chapters deal with various organizations involved in the Modern Mythos; these are Delta Green and ... others. The gem of the book is the extensive appendices. One appendix gives detailed backgrounds on each federal agency of the US government, along with a character template and sample character. Another gives a detailed weapon listing of every common firearm since World War II. These are the player-safe sections, however, and so are boring. More useful appendices contain adventures, a glossary of conspiracy, and the most interesting : 1990s Mythos tomes. This starts with a discussion on security clearances in the US government, and then



After all those cow mutilations, Texas gets tough with alien abductions.

gives complete, ready-for-handout classified-documents-as-Mythos-tomes, along with the exact game effects of reading these pages (lose 1d3 SAN for this coroner's report, for example).

Being an Anglophile of the first order, and not wanting to have to match up to Mr Sturman's previous efforts, I decided to set my game in the UK. After all, the British have the real experience in ancient evil and long-term conspiracies. This is where another strength of the setting comes through: modern conspiracy theory is international. Need an (insert nationality here) counterpart to some US organization? Delta Green has PISCES and GRU-SD8, MUFON has BUFON, there are always MIBs ... relocating is simple.



"Start talking, Salano, or you're a dead man!" : Delta Green agents interrogate a suspect possibly involved in occult activity.

Finally, Delta Green has captured more imaginations than my own. The Delta Green email list contains Keepers (but few players) from Hawaii, Alaska, most of the US, Brazil, the UK, Germany, Italy, Finland, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Australia, Japan and South Africa (me). If you need information on any particular location, chances are someone lives there or nearby; if you need information on SWAT teams, HazMat methods, local languages,

esoteric science, or the like, the Delta Green online community is willing and able to help. My campaign recently moved into the Brecon Beacons nature reserve in Wales; two people on the list live within driving distance of the location. The government agency index for the UK comes from a website, along with hints for running a campaign in the UK. Of course, players will find the list frustrating, as almost every post talks about the Special K, the Boys, the SVB, Stephen A and the like.

The Delta Green setting has rewritten what was, and changed it forever. I would find it very difficult to return to conventional Call of Cthulhu after Delta Green, and could not imagine a 1990s game without it. If you are at all interested in modern horror, conspiracy theory, or the Cthulhu Mythos, this is a book for you. But if you're a player, don't read it. How exciting would *The X-Files* be if Mulder knew everything?

Definitely not the definitive CLAWs dictionary

- Compiled by: Nenad Ristic, Robyn Saul and Alastair Pearson -



Nenad A CLAWmember, one of the authors of this dictionary. Not to be trusted.

Robyn Another author of this dictionary, although not technically a CLAWmember.

Alastair One of the authors of this dictionary. An ex-CLAWmember. He doesn't bite (not always, anyway)

Well, here it is, the non-definitive CLAWs dictionary. This may help you familiarize yourself with the patois of the CLAWroom, although that is rather unlikely to happen. So, we offer you this dictionary to eliminate some of your conceptions, and expand upon your misconceptions concerning CLAWs.

42 - The Answer.

Adventure - Your character having a shitty time.

AGM - Annual Gnarlyburr Marathon

Anarchy - the CLAWs organizational strategy.

Antechamber - To smoke or not to smoke, that is the question.

Arb - A word describing this edition of CLAWmarks.

The Archbigot of Necropolis - Really a nice guy once you get to know him, shouldn't take longer than a couple of millennia.

Argle - see 'Foo'.

BA - Bugger All.



B.Comm - Better Care of my money.

B.Sc. - Bunch of Silly classes.

Balcony - The CLAWs observation post.

Bite - A sign of affection.

Black - The color of clothing.

Boardgames - Wargames when you haven't got the time.

Bob - If you don't know what this is, you are one.

Boots - Announcing to the world that you are a CLAWmember.

Break - The action of rendering an object inoperable, not Lunch.

Caffeine - A God, or at least a minor deity, tea and coffee are its prophets.

Campaign - A series of sessions, during which the characters get into more and more trouble.

Campus - The CLAWs playground.

Captain Dogs - A source of caffeine and... food (or at least something that looks like it).

Cards - Flammable material.

Cardgaming - Role-playing for the personality impaired.

Character - A person who gets himself into trouble to further the storyline.

Character Creation - A period of war between GM and Player.

Character Sheet - What you forgot to bring to your last role-playing session (see Dice).

Classes - A distraction from the CLAWroom.

CLAWs - Completely Legitimate Avocado Warriors.

CLAWs Constitution - A piece of paper outlining how CLAWs is supposed to work. It doesn't.

CLAWmarks - A collection of useless information.

CLAWmarks editor - A creature of great frustration. ("Cheese, I tell you, Cheese!")

CLAWmember - A superior being, beyond the ken of mere mortals.

CLAWparties - Nights of wanton debauchery, at least in theory.

CLAWputer - An arrangement of silicone, plastic and metal. Best left alone.

CLAWroom - A collection of useless individuals, and me. Also, the incarnation of chaos on the material plane (or maybe helicopter).

CLAWthing - A lump of meat that kills itself trying to run the show.

Coconut - Definitely a nut.

Coke - A minor incarnation of Caffeine. Snorting it up your nostrils is probably a bad idea.

Committee - Anti-Xerox 'Wasting your time, wasting your money, putting you last'.

Confusion - Business as usual.

Couch - A self-aware sentient entity, which delights in causing pain and discomfort in all who sit on it.

Crap - What you are reading right now.

Cthulhu - You are better off not knowing, trust us.

Cthulhu Ftagn - Like we said before, you are better off not knowing.

Deadline - The thing you keep missing.

Death - A rather cute sixteen-year old looking gothette.

Dice - What you forgot to bring to your last role-playing session.

Dice Bag - The thing you forgot to bring the dice in.

Dictionary - Whatever this article is not.

DM - Despicable Master.

D'n'D - Don't get us started...

Dog's Chips - An addictive substance, with no known effects.

Dorego's Black Thing - One in everything you order, guaranteed.

Dragonfire - The flame which an overgrown lizard breathes out.

Duct tape - Hamster explosion containment unit.

Engineer - Someone who thinks they can fix everything with a hammer, a piece of chewing gum, a bent hairpin and duct tape, including their relationships.

Exams - A pause in role-playing.

ExArch - see OldArch.

Experience - Time spent in CLAWs.

Fear - An emotion experienced by non-CLAWmembers when confronted with a CLAWmember. (at least in theory).

Ferret - see 'Hamster'

Fish - Aquatic creature, much smaller than Cthulhu.

Fnord - You cannot see this word.

Foo - see 'Ftang, Ftang Olei Biscuit Barrel'.

Food - Something which never lasts long in the CLAWroom.

Fox - Small fury animal, often seen revealing itself to little old ladies and Dermot.

Fridge - A fountain of Wisdom.

Friends - People who are not actively trying to kill you at the moment.

Ftang, Ftang Olei Biscuit Barrel - see 'Gnarlyburr'.

GenCon III - A long train ride, followed by some role-playing, followed by a journey back.

GM - Glorious Master.

Gnarlyburr - see 'Neek'.

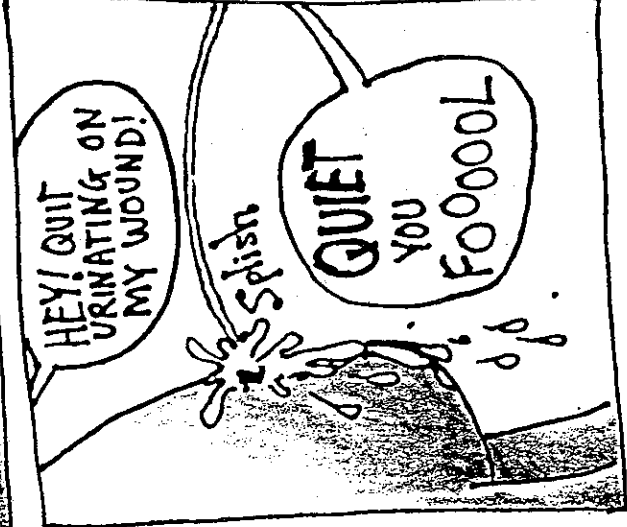
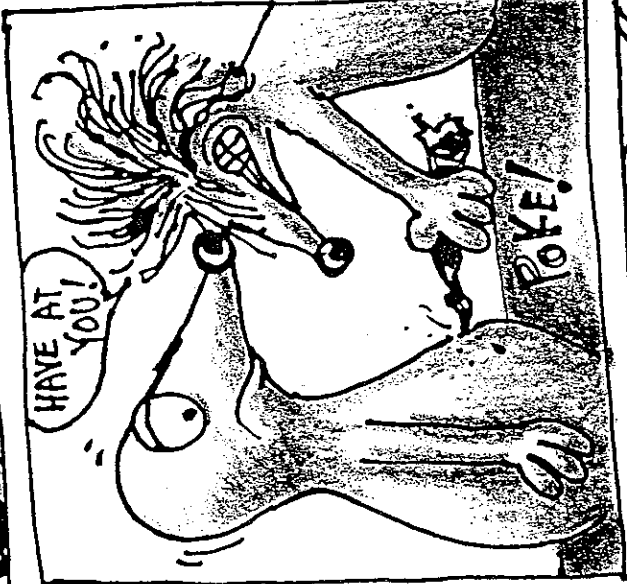
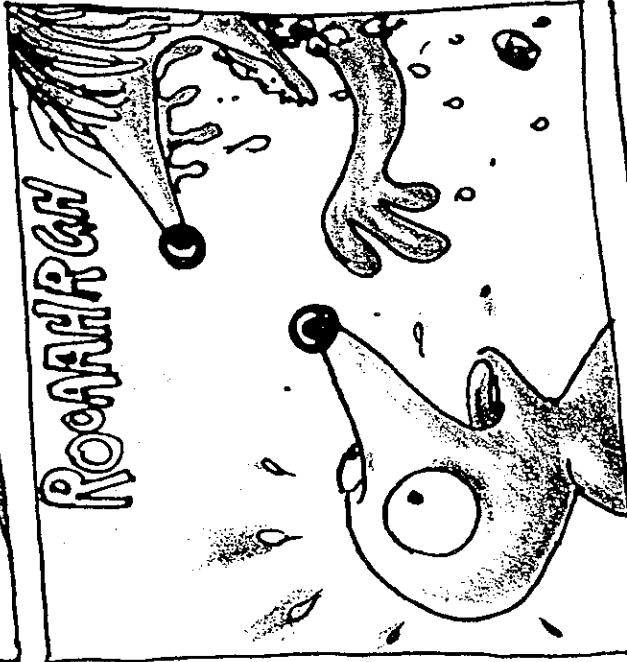
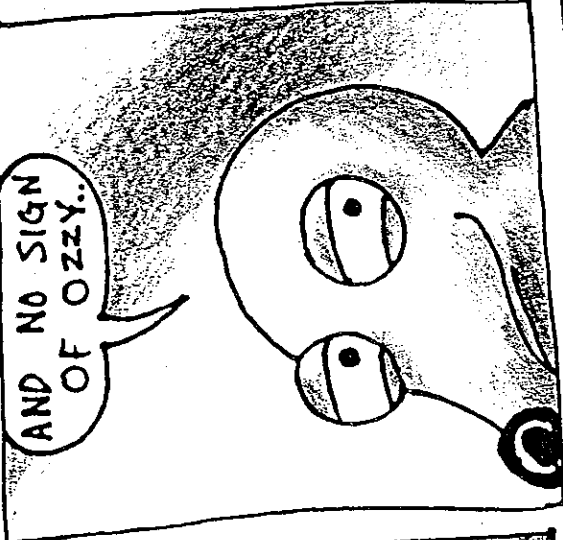
Goths - Vampire wannabes.



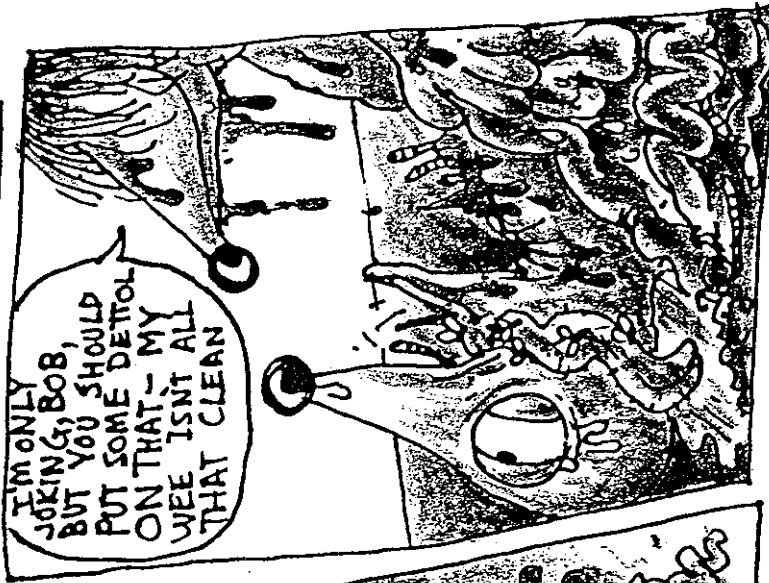
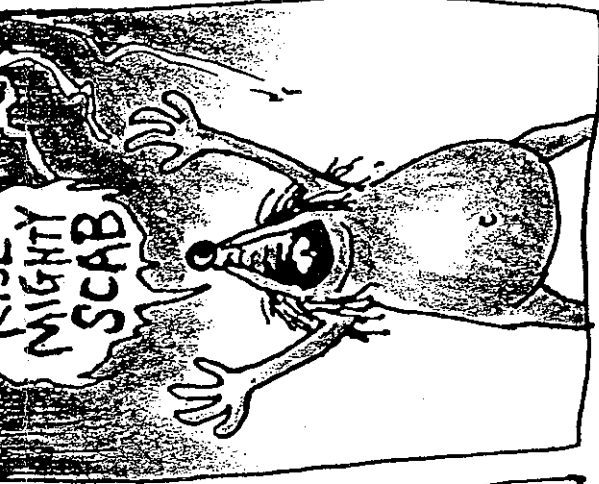
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"The DIRTY Scab."

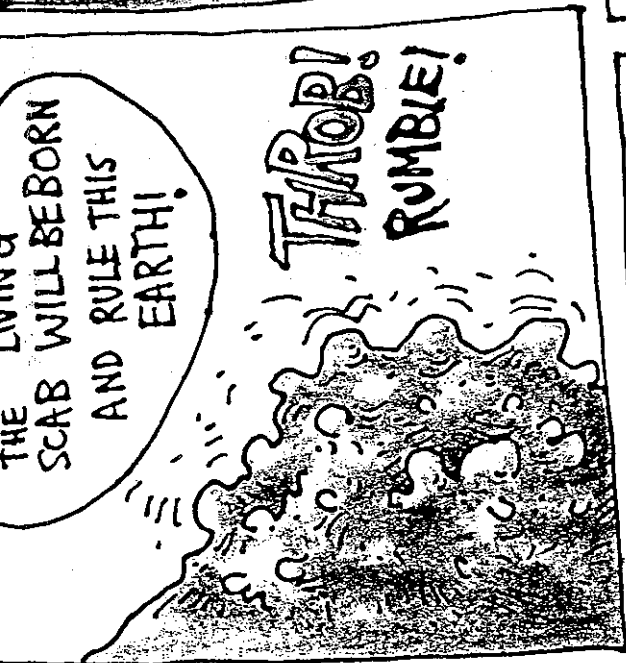
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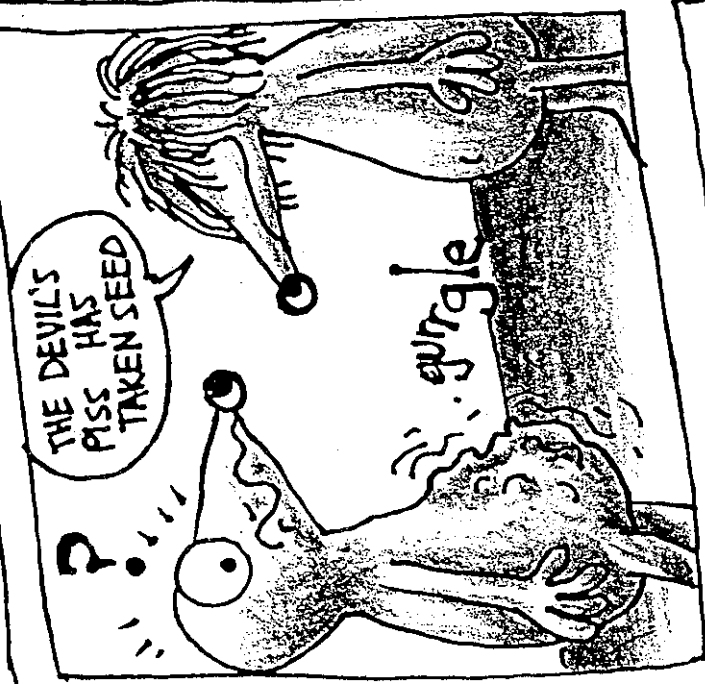
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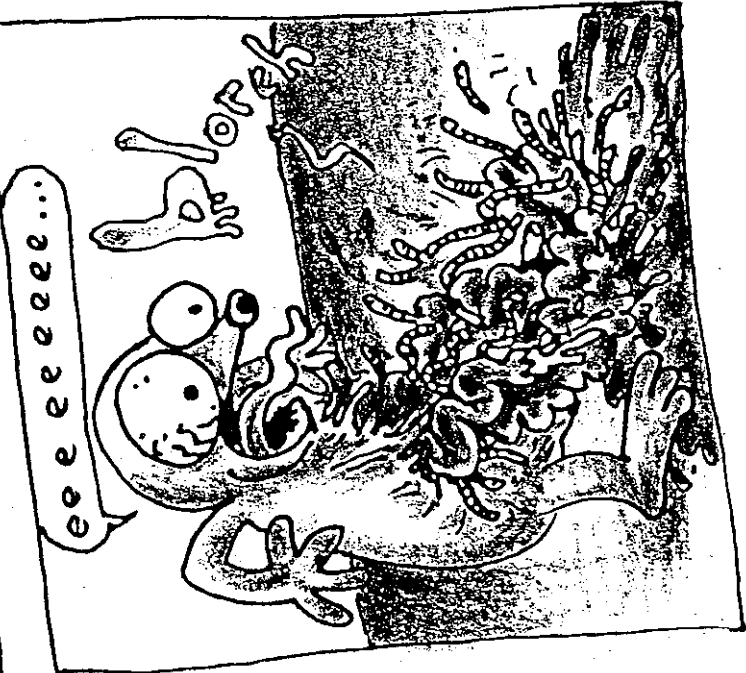
THROB!
RUMBLE!



SPLAT!



gurggle



blopek



Graveyard - We were never there, nobody saw us, and if they did, they are all dead.

Hamster - Like a plushie, only alive and kicking.

HP - Hewlett Packard, Health Point, Sauce

Jamie Hall Steps - Where inferior lifeforms (non-CLAWmembers) hang out.

Jessica - She's been there, done that, bought the T-shirt and still won't give up.

Kate - see 'Bob'

Knees - Jessica does not have them.

Kuzmaz - A coffee shop, you will spend way too much time there.

LARP - Liberal Alternative Research Prosthesis, also an excuse to dress up funny and plot against your friends.

Lectures - Breaks between visits to the CLAWroom.

Librarian - A large, hairy simian (NOT monkey), which occasionally goes 'Oook', also known as Adib.

Library - The wisdom of ages to come, we'll let you know when they get here.

Life - A thing which some CLAWmembers still want.

Logic - Something which occasionally wanders into the CLAWroom, but we just throw it out.

Looming - A more static form of Lurking.

Lunch - The only legal waste of time you will ever have.

Lurking - A skill which should be practiced by all CLAWmembers.

Madness - An arb day in the CLAWroom.

Magicplayer - A lost soul.

Magic - A funny spelling of 'Magick'

Magic: the Gathering - Bits of cardboard, see 'Cardgaming'.

Magick - A funny spelling of 'Magic'

Magik - An even funnier spelling of 'Magic'

Mercy - ???

Miniatures - A lump of metal or plastic which sometimes has paint on it.

Module - A few bits of paper, popularly ignored by GMs at tournaments.

Money - The root of all evil, so give us all of yours.

Mouflon - A wild mountain sheep.

Mystery Science Theater 3000 - I want a Donut.

Ni - What do you mean you don't know this???

Night - A period of time when the most interesting things in CLAWmembers lives happen.

Neek - see 'Nurgle Nurgle Arg'.

Notes - Useful for cleaning up coffee spills.

NPC - Notoriously Potent Character.

Nurgle Nurgle Arg - see 'Shnigit'.

Nyarathlotep - see 'Cthulhu'.

Nyukle - What you expect us to do all the work???. Come up with your own definition!

OldArch - Those who have been there, done that, got the T-shirt, and are still wondering what came over them.

Once-off - An unambitious role-playing session.

Oook - See the Orangutang-Human Dictionary, coming soon to a bookstore near you (or maybe not).

Party - A group of characters which never agrees on anything.

PC - Pathetic Creature.

Pentagram - A piece of CLAWs history, although there are attempts to resurrect it.



Periods - What women have, not what you attend.

Personality - Something most CLAWmembers have too much of.

Plan - What gets your characters into even more trouble.

Players - Things destined to ruin any well planned campaign.

Plushie - Like a hamster, only far safer.

Poodles - Not allowed.

Pracs - If you are a B.Sc. or an Engineering student, an excuse to play with funky equipment, otherwise see 'Tuts'.

Purity Test - Something most CLAWmembers fail.

Random - What dice never are.

Reality - A waste of time, avoid whenever possible.

Retirement - What happens just as you were starting to enjoy your character.

RIPs - Really Inhuman Parts. An excuse for the players to gloat.

R'lyeh - Not a nice place to visit, and you definitely won't live there.

RoleMaster - A collection of Tables.

Role-playing - An excuse for the existence of CLAWs.

Roll - A piece of pastry, vaguely round. Has nothing to do with dice.

Roof - This information is not available at your current security clearance, citizen. Be happy. The Computer is your friend. Trust the Computer.

Rubber Chickens - Something we don't have enough of.

Rules - Things to be ignored, especially during role-playing.

Rules Lawyer - A corpse in training.

Sacrifices - Hardly ever a part of the CLAWs agenda.

Sadism - An attribute of every GM.

SAGA - An inferior version of CLAWs.

Sanity - Something not commonly associated with CLAWs.

Satanism - NOT the CLAW religion, irrespective of what Simon says.

SCA - Society for Creative Anachronism, NOT the Students Christian Association. An excuse to get dressed up in old clothing, and run around with swords.

Session - An excuse to eat, drink, be merry and annoy the GM.

Shnigit - see 'Spon'.

Sleep - Something you can forget about if you want to pass well, and be a CLAWmember.

Soap Opera - CLAWs interactions.

Social Life - The CLAWroom, what more could you need.

Sourcebook - Something you read, and than promptly ignore completely.

Spon - see 'Wibble', sometimes see 'Wossname'.

Springfields - A hole in the wall, we'll see you there sooner or later.

ST - Selective Terroriser.

Stats - Numbers on your character sheet, not a university course. Never high enough.

Storyline - What your characters departed from half-way through the first session.

Storyteller - A GM/DM who forgot his dice.

Studying - That thing that keeps you away from your role-playing.

Sun - A conspiracy against CLAWmembers.



Tag - An excuse to run around and shoot your friends.

Time - What you are wasting right now.

Tolkien Society - CLAWs Lite (now defunct).

Too much caffeine - No such thing.

Trenchcoat - An intimidation device, also useful when its cold or raining... No CLAWmember should be without at least one.

Truth - The most convenient lie.

Tuts - The things you didn't hand in, because you were too busy role-playing.

UCT - Ultimate CLAWs Territory.

Vampires - Goth wannabes.

Vending Machine - The main source for resupplying CLAWs.

Videos - Who needs lunch, anyway.

Wargaming - Role-playing for the imagination impaired.

Watchamacallit - see 'Wosname'.

Weapons - Frequent topic of discussion in the CLAWroom.

Werewolf - A bigger furry carnivore, not necessarily white.

White Wolf - A large white furry carnivore, don't you know anything?

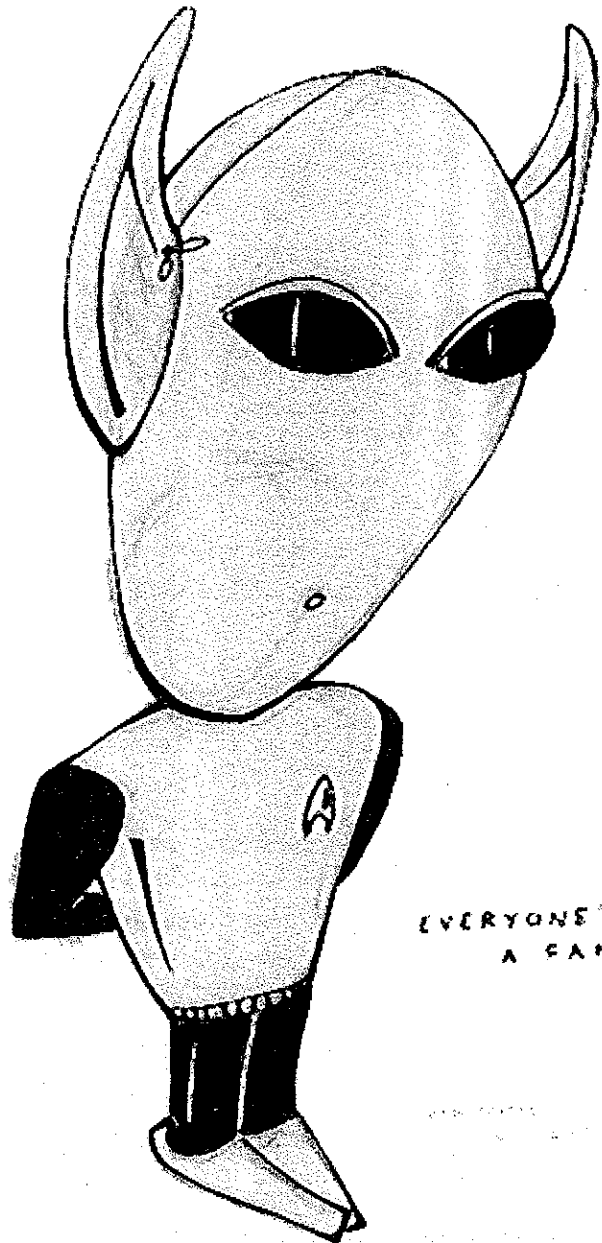
Wibble - see 'Argle'.

WOO - Waste Of Oxygen.

World of Darkness - A bit like this one, but with a shorter average life expectancy, and the weather is a lot worse.

Wosname - Used for just about anything, generally when you forget the actual word.
Yarble Yarble Cthulhu Yarble - Ask Austin (If you can find him).

Yog Sothoth - see 'Cthulhu'.



EVERYONE'S
A FAN...

Another Great Old One, Austin Chamberlain, takes on his Arch-nemesis...

BILL GH'ATESS, GREAT OLD ONE

The Mad Arab, Abdul Alhazrad, predicted that in the Endtimes new and fearsome entities would arise. The seas would boil, the sky would turn red, and the stars would finally turn right for the Old Ones again.

Men would become free like the Great Old Ones, free to laugh and kill and not bound by false morality.

In these strange and dream-like chronicles of the Endtimes, one entity was referred to only in allusion, only once by name, and even the Mad Arab did not know of spells to control it. This entity, like Nyarlathotep, would arise in the last days, spreading evil, depravity and disorder, turning the hearts and souls of humankind to evil. This entity is Bill Gh'atess.

The entity has a huge and slavish cult centered around Redde Mounde somewhere in the Northwest US; only the mad visit there. But the true evil of Bill is spreading the teaching of the cult - commoditised protocols, buggy operating systems, and substandard software - to all corners of the world, with the eventual goal of driving all of humankind mad. In this, success is inevitable.

BILL GH'ATESS, THE TREADER ON THE COMPETITION

Great Old One

STR	9	CON	10	SIZ	12	INT	20	POW	50
DEX	10	Move	8	Walking	HP	11			

Weapons:

Anti-competitive practices, Dam 2d10 % market share

New Windoze Version, Dam 1d100 % productivity

New IE version, Dam 10d10 % Loss of web access

Notes:

Seeing Bill is worth 1/1d6 SAN. Meeting Bill's lawyers is worth 1/1d10, and being a competitor in a meeting with Bill is worth 1d6/3d10.



My Ten Favourite Conspiracy Theories

Is that a pipebomb in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

As CLAWs' resident 24-year-old female Mossad agent/10-year-old Arab terrorist wannabe (how did I get this rep anyway?), Adeeb Bala is probably one of the few rebels with a clue in our fraternity. Therefore, he has been asked to give a quick rundown of his favourite conspiracy theories with reasons why.

Author's Note You don't have to read this if you don't want to, no-one is forcing you, but please keep any snide comments to yourself – "Have pipebomb will travel," if you catch my drift.

The Muslim Conspiracy

Expounded mostly by eurotrash (i.e. Brigitte Bardot), Samuel Hentison, Benny Netanyahu and more Jews than you can shake a pipebomb at. A lovely little theory that states that the hordes of Islam are out to take over our world and it is up to rational man (i.e. the rest) to put a stop to it before we all bow down to the black rock. I love it purely for sentimental reasons.

Wouldn't it be cool if Muslims got big guns, dressed in masks and Levis, formed semi-secret organisations and tried to make countries ungovernable? (We are doing that? No-one told me!! Oy vey, those mesha BLAH!!!) Still, this theory does not take into account the fact that most Muslim leaders could not find their asses with their hands, a map, a flashlight and all the time in the world (e.g. Osama Sinladen, Saddam Hussein, Muamar Khadaffi, etc. etc.)

Still, it would be nice if it was true.

The Jewish Conspiracy

Shouted from the rooftops by Catholics, Ku Klux Klanners, Nazis and more Muslims than you can shake an Uzi at.

Probably one of the most prevalent conspiracies around. Totally nonsensical, of course; especially when considering that there are only 20 million Jews in this world of ours (by orthodox standards). Too few for world domination and too many for a good conspiracy.

Just because the Jews control the world's media and entertainment corporations, possess significant control of American politics, invented European commerce (the Rothschilds were Jewish, did you know that?), and have in Israel the first armed force in history backed by Mossad and Shinbet (BLAH?), the two nastiest spy-groups in the

world, doesn't mean they have any real muscle to control the human race. Relax, there's nothing to worry about (yeah right, just send over some more Passover bread). I like it because as a loyal Mossad Agent it is my duty to see it come to pass & claim Mazeltov and all that jazz.

The Illuminati

Mostly expounded by old farts with nothing but time on their hands, and a lot of Christian fundamentalists.

The old story of how the Illuminated Brethren of Europe (apparently together with the Freemasons) are rumoured to be geared to total world domination. Possessed of near-limitless wealth, a dislike for Christians and a lot of pacts with the Darkness, they are close to achieving the world government they seek and it is up to Christians everywhere to rise up and smash this threat.

I like this one because of the sheer madness of the theory – being overblown like all good manga; a full rundown would, and has, taken whole books to describe. The idea of old farts in business suits deciding the fate of the world and sharing allegiance with dark powers is quite cool (but sounds suspiciously like the IMF, hmmm?) but is not to be taken seriously.

Just because the recent spate of mergers has centralised more of the world's resources and information networks into the hands of a smaller elite, effectively monopolising whole industries just as prophecy says, means absolutely nothing. There is nothing to worry about.

Really.

The Yellow Peril

Expounded by every fat, lazy American and European company that was getting its ass kicked until the Asian meltdown.

An old, very Euro belief that the hordes of Asia were hell-bent on taking over the world and it was up to clean, white European Manhood to put a stop to this slant-eyed jiggery pokery. This theory declined after WW2 but enjoyed a resurgence after the Japanese ascendancy when Japan Inc were kicking Gaijin (BLAH?) butt all over the world, aided and abetted by the rest of those slanty-eyed buggers (Go Japan!! Woowoo!!)

Unfortunately, with the recent Asian meltdown, this theory is again declining. Still, an Economics buddy of mine tells me a recession is often a good thing as it eliminates all the weak companies and causes the strong to come back meaner and tougher than before.

I'd brush up on my Mandarin and Japanese if I were you, just in case.



The Alien Conspiracy

A theory best expounded by the incomparable Chris Carter (hallowed be his name) et al. If you've watched the X-files [who hasn't? own up and be reprogrammed... – Ed], you know what I'm talking about. Greys and their abductions, sexual experiments, breeding programs, the world governments in cahoots, countdown to the invasion, etc, etc, ad nauseum.

What I want to know is why, if the aliens are looking for breeding stock, do they always pick shit-kicker rednecks from towns no-one has ever heard of, huh? Why not some one like Cindy Crawford? Not only is she incredibly sexy and gorgeous, she is also a member of Mensa, with an IQ of 135 – definitely someone I'd like to get my tentacles on.

Them aliens sure have weird taste in women.

Anyway, this particular conspiracy encapsulates everything I like about conspiracies: fear of the Other, distrust of authority, really cool plot lines. Klaath barado nikto (BLAH??????)

The Euro-American Hegemony (those who have it)

Screamed at by every 2nd and 3rd world country (those who have it not) and a lot of Muslims dressed in Nikes and Levis.

Basically, the Illuminati theory stripped of the powers of darkness, or the alien scenario stripped of aliens. A belief that a group of old, rich, white farts control the world and will not be budged, no matter what.

They control what you eat, what you hear, what you watch, what you read. They control the vertical; they control the horizontal, etc, etc. Even rebellion, whether social or political, is an effect of their intervention, and a programmed outlet that they allow.

Produce, consume and reproduce that is the sum total of our life. Less like 1984, my second personal favourite and probably the closest to the truth.

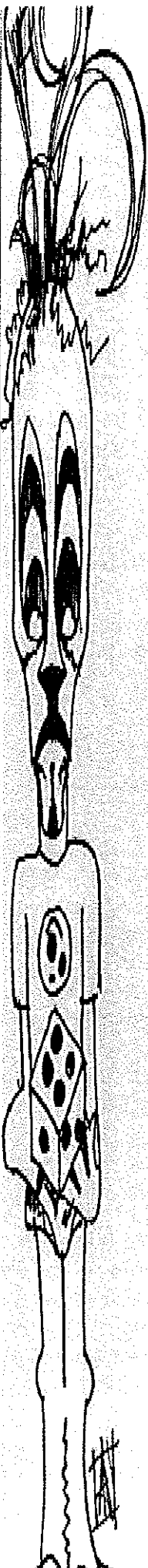
Okay, the next 3 are individual cases and then we get my all-time favourite...

JFK

The great-grandpappy of modern-day conspiracy theories, with tons of books, articles and more turgid and godawful movies and documentaries than any normal man should stomach. God alone knows why JFK is so popular, bonking Marilyn Monroe and Jackie O notwithstanding. (BLAH?)

He was an atrocious president with the instincts of a satyr. The conspirators are all of the above-mentioned with the Euro-American alliance taking top spot.





He is only on my list because of the sheer longevity of this conspiracy, and how useful an indicator it is of the general mindset of America.

Monica-Gate

Clinton Conspiracy Part 1:

That's right, everyone's favourite Jewish girl with a love of blue dresses, Cuban cigars and a rigid high-protein diet is apparently a Mossad plant/Republican plant/etc to control the man who rules the world. Muammar Khadaffi (BLAH) toted this theory in a recent BBC interview. I love it because of the sheer simplicity and elegance of the plan.

Unfortunately it blew up in the faces of the controllers.

Bubba Bill survived 10 years of sexual scandal as Governor of Arkansas and no-one survives that long without being real good. One almost feels sorry for Monica. It's not every day you can create a whole subgenre of jokes on your own.

Clinton & the Bombs

Clinton Conspiracy Part 2:

Two days before Clinton was due to give evidence to the Senate, the US embassies are attacked, blown sky-high with numerous casualties. Arab terrorists claim responsibility and America goes into the offensive.

A good indication of how the Islamic faith has been side-tracked for political goals?

Yeah right. Call it one of the most brilliant smokescreens of the last 10 years.

Two embassies in Africa? In places few Americans can find on the map? 90% of the casualties are Africans and an Arab organisation no-one's ever heard of claims responsibility? 2 days before Bubba Bill was due to give testimony on his sexual shinnagins? Hmm, something smells fishy and I'm not talking about that blue dress that wasn't washed for 6 months (yechh!).

Brilliant, audacious, ruthless. God, I love politics in the USA.

The Death ♥f Diana

That's right, a day after her death Scottish convert to Islam (it figures, doesn't it?) Yakib Zaki (BLAH?), professor at Edinburgh, claimed to have evidence that Diana was killed because her sexual relationship with Dodi Al Fayed and their impending nuptials threatened to bring down the Zionist plans for the House of Windsor. An SAS hit squad was dispatched to end the Islamic threat. You know the rest. They couldn't even let her die in peace.

This theory has been seriously touted by Mohammed Al Fayed and got on my favourite list for its audacity. Not on the part of the Windsors, they would never

have the guts, but instead on the part of Zaki to pin his crap theories on that poor woman.

10

This is it folks, bringing us to my favourite theory of all...

To whit, there are no organisations trying to take over the world. It's not only impossible, it's improbable. All you see and hear about these conspiracies is media hype to boost sales, and cranks trying to find a reason for their pathetic existence, there is nothing to fear and no-one you have to fight for your freedom/life. You live happy in the knowledge that you are free and no-one is trying to take your choices from you. And that, boys and girls, is exactly what we want you to think...

Thank you and may the Godfather smile on you all.





So scary you won't find him in any Mythos tome...

The Archbigot of Necropolis



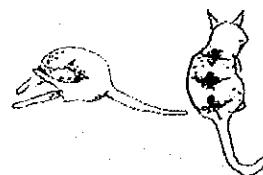
M U T I L A T E S

cats...

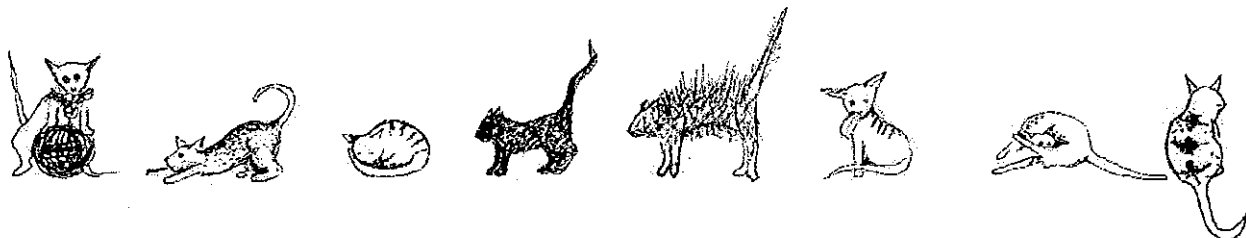
- ...they smell like fish
- ...their private parts aren't
- ...they have freckles
- ...they're small, furry, and hard to shoot
- ...they don't have fangs
- ...they're jumped up herbivores
- ...they could mutate and take over the planet
- ...they have mutated and taken over the planet
- ...they gave it back and now we do all the work
- ...and we think we got a good deal
- ...it's almost impossible to guess their lineage
- ...they shed
- ...you have to mutilate their reproductive organs
- ...it's bad form to personally mutilate their reproductive organs
- ...they blow goats
- ...goats blow them
- ...they/goats/blow/etc (permutate for yourself)
- ...they die on your birthday & the ashes arrive on Christmas Eve
- ...if their appearance reflected their character, they'd look like toads
- ...they look like toads
- ...they're always sleeping
- ...they never sleep
- ...they give toads sleepless nights
- ...if you feed them the wrong kibble they call their lawyers
- ...if you eat their kibble people think you're strange
- ...you're strange
- ...they sleep on your head
- ...they sleep
- ...they pretend kneading you with their claws is sweet
- ...hairballs, nuff said
- ...their bowel movements look uncomfortable
- ...imitating their bowel movements is uncomfortable
- ...if people catch you imitating their bowel movements they think you're strange
- ...you're strange
- ...they lick themselves
- ...all over
- ...then they lick you



...we're putty in their hands
 ...they think dead insects are presents
 ...they think mutilated birds are presents
 ...they think still-twitching cthuloid monsters are presents
 ...if you like their presents people think you're strange
 ...you're s... okay, okay
 ...they stop spinster aunts from coming up with creative suicide techniques
 ...they ride dogs
 ...they're beggars and thieves
 ...they aren't asleep at 5am
 ...at 5am they're biting your sister's nose
 ...when you find this funny nobody appreciates it
 ...they kill toilet rolls
 ...they're always blameless
 ...they wouldn't pull you out of a burning building
 ...it's like having a small, stupid, vain human as a pet
 ...they lurk in cupboards
 ...they lurk in boxes
 ...they never lurk
 ...they KILL dirty tissues
 ...they think hiding in clear plastic bags means you can't see them
 ...for such graceful, agile and intelligent creatures they're griddled off roads a lot
 ...everyone has a dead one
 ...you can't mutilate them and get away with it
 ...they score better than you on the Goth Test
 ...without even taking it
 ...they would hire dogs to drive
 ...they sleep
 ...their owners are nerds
 ...their owners are CLAWmembers
 ...they aren't better than dogs
 ...they're better than dogs
 ...they're better than pigs... but only just
 ...their food stinks
 ...their food tastes horrible
 ...their breath stinks
 ...their shit stinks
 ...your dogs don't notice their shit stinks
 ...your dogs don't notice their shit tastes horrible
 ...there's way too much to write and I'm not keeping up
 ...they are the conspiracy
 ...they play Call of Cthulu too well
 ...they win the Keeper over too easily
 ...they mutate and eat the Keeper
 ...they think still-twitching Keepers are presents
 ...if you like their presents people think you're strange
 ...you're strange
 ...they're better



...you can't think of anything witty to show you watch Red Dwarf
...they have freckles
...they sleep
...they're worse
...they'll always get into a theatre production
...Andrew Lloyd Webber made money off them...and they allowed it
...they wear boots
...they don't wear boots
...they eat bananas
...they think bananas are a herb
...cats and engine oil don't mix
...cats don't mix



De Olde Star Trek

or, 101 More Things To Do With Dilithium Crystals

David Seaward

I am not a Trekkie. Rumours that I did any research for this article are completely unfounded.

After *The Abyss*, after *Beetlejuice*, what videos can one in fact watch? Scouring my hosts' video shelf I found a tape with a slightly dusty, battered cover, bearing the runes "Duncan's Tape - Original ST".¹ Even though the eternally-watchable *Pulp Fiction* was right there, I foolishly popped my find in and found my mind sucked into four episodes of ancient Trek...

The pfinal pfrontier

The first thing that strikes you about these cheesy old shows is the colour. It seems likely that the costume designers had too much time and way too many hallucinogens on their hands. And, of course, these were the days before decent Technicolor.

Now, I can live with garish colour - hell, I was watching this in the increasingly infamous Seventies' Room (which closely resembles a goth hell) - but the *sound*. The theme tune is composed entirely of weird and badly synthesised warbles that, and I speak from experience, compete closely with Vogon poetry. BLAH BLAH should have had something indescribable done to him with a blunt object.



The rugless Shatner and crew

It was interesting to see how the style of the intro sequence hasn't really changed much. Okay, sure, nowadays we have cute SGI sunbursts and rocky asteroid belts instead of just one psychedelic red gas planet but funnily enough that was all it took to create a sense of exploration and a funky sf atmosphere. Add to this Shatner's original Enterprise speech and the horribly synthesised Enterprise swoop and you have the complete Trek atmosphere.

I don't know where all that came from. I am not a Trekkie.

Spock needs sex

...the episode wherein we discover the truth about the Vulcans' sex life. Mainly that they do have one. (My title is much better than the quasi-philosophical one that I can't remember)

Poor old Spock gets crabby, frustrated and won't drink his soup as he nears the time when he needs to get back to Vulcan and meet his preordained wife. This episode seemed a good choice for getting into old Trek as it places emphasis on the Kirk-Spock-

¹ Duncan would like to take this opportunity to point out that he isn't a Trekkie either.

Bones triangle as well as giving a pass over the rest of the crew. All the traditional elements are there: stupid skirts, stupid pseudo-science, Uhuru's spastic cyber-ear and that bloody ship's whistle that has no place on an interstellar vehicle. Most importantly, though, is the refresher... course from... the William Shatner... school... of dramatic... monologue. Is he... forgetting his lines? Does... he... realise he sounds like a moron? It remains...

a...
mystery.

The Vaalies are coming

For some reason I recall *Taste of the Apple* as being a significant episode in the Trek timeline and I have an inkling it may have something to do with *Insurrection*, except the trailer doesn't show anyone with red skin and bleached hair.

This is a great episode for educating the uninitiated about the redshirt theory. No less than *three* innocent (and red-shirted) crewmen whom you've never met before die horribly (or at least startlingly) while the actors that actually get paid survive against incredible odds. Spock manages to hold up against inhaling poison, walking into a forcefield and getting struck by lightning "only mildly" – little wonder we knew he'd manage a comeback in *Search For Spock*, he's had practise.

By freeing the innocent natives from a tyrannical computer has Kirk negated the prime directive? Did they really need to learn about sex? Why do they wear plastic flowers? Only at the end of the episode do our fearless crew bother to ask these questions and then only as a set-up for a "Spock has pointy ears just like Satan" joke.



Q in a funny hat

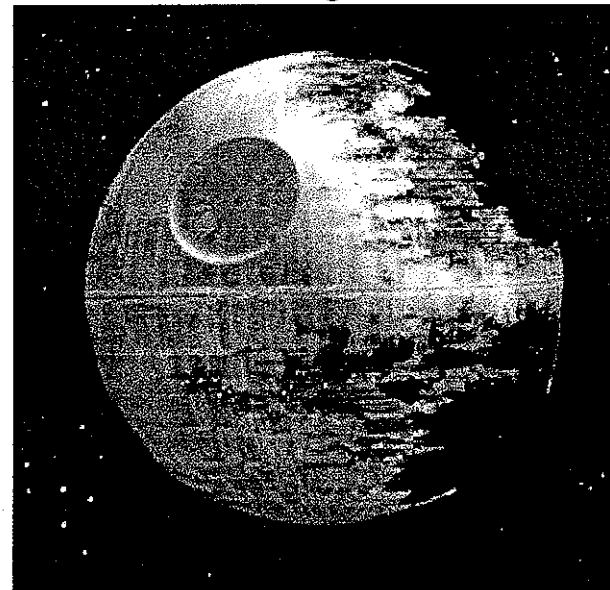
Catspuke

Star Trek writers certainly are imaginative. Looking for an excuse to do the creepy horror episode *Catspaw* (or, as creepy as cheesy sets allow you to get), they created a race that can tap into the subconscious and alter reality. Great fun ensues with a giant cat's shadow and lightbulb-onna-stick. Horror is taken to its limits as the cat bounds down a model corridor followed by a bad cut to the crew looking scared.

Kirk manages to seduce a totally alien woman again

even though, as usual, he stands like a complete wiener.

I would suggest that this was in fact an early run-in with the Q, except that the 'true form' of the creatures is shown to be a couple of furry worms.



Hey, more pictures means shorter articles, stop complaining

Trek Convention

We all know that the reason everyone on Trek looks humanoid with extra face putty is because an ancient and forgotten race seeded all the planets with the original primordial soup. Luckily, Roddenberry didn't have access to great makeup originally so early writers ignored the problem and everyone has different coloured skin and stupid



To boldly go where no man has gone before

costumes or pointy ears. In *Journey to Babel* we meet Spock's parents as well as a plethora of aliens too idiotic to survive into the modern shows. Spock risks his life again, this time to save his father, and, more importantly, this is the pivotal episode where we learn that Vulcan teddy bears have six-inch fangs.

Despite uniform changes, new captains that are prepared to age gracefully and much better special effects, Star Trek hasn't really changed much. As a TNG kid, the only two things I missed were the words "Make it

so..." and someone finding a new and exciting use for dilithium crystals, apparently a plot device discovered only recently.

The more things change, though, the more they stay the same. *Insurrection* promises a battle between our wilful bald-headed captain and Federation command. All of the episodes I got to watch contained this idea at least as a subplot – and still it was engaging. Gene Roddenberry, may he orbit in peace, certainly put his finger on something with the Trek phenomenon. Not only do we follow the modern incarnations of his future history but even the old stuff still enthral us, both as a humorous look at bad old special effects and as stories that are curiously engaging despite their age.

Watching the old stuff does have negative effects, though: I now have an unnatural urge to go out and hire the first and most awful *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*.

I am not a Trekkie.

I'm not.

Postscript for webcrawlers

Related fun and bourgeois pandemonium can be had online at:

The Internet Movie Database

<http://www.imdb.com/>

Sev Trek – The Comic Strip

<http://www.sev.com.au>

Yahoo! The Trek Section (with millions of sub-categories)

http://dir.yahoo.com/Entertainment/Movies_and_Film/Genres/Science_Fiction_and_Fantasy/Series/Star_Trek/

Cyberware to kill for/ with?

Little Miss Davison shares with us the mechanics of being a gun totting psycho firing three uzi's and a sub-machine gun with one hand!

Sooner or later most serious role-players will venture into the near future, insanity-laced, ultra-violent world of Cyberpunk or Cyberspace.

In this setting players are pitted against corp goons, druglords, arms dealers and general nasty slum types. Besides a range of cool futuristic weapons players have access to cyberware – electronic and mechanical implants that characters have surgically inserted. Sounds pretty awesome? Of course there's a catch; the more cyberware you have the more humanity you lose and the more humanity you lose the more likely you are to snap and launch into a cyberpsychotic killing spree – which will get you killed by the cops, if not by your own party members.

Obviously then, there is a fine line between having not enough and too much cyberware, so here are a few tips to help you choose carefully and avoid cyberpsychosis (if you want to, that is).

There are a few items of cyberware that are especially useful for most player types and depending on what system you play and your DM there is some great minmaxing potential.

NOTE: Most of this info is taken from Austin's adapted Cyberthulu system. Other players may need to adapt the stats etc to their own system.

FASHIONWARE

While most of these items are pretty frivolous, there are a couple which are useful in addition to being fun and trendy.

The Biomonitor (N) is a small implant that gives the character constant information about their vital statistics, the advantage of which is that if you are under the influence of some nasty drug or are being tortured (these things happen in Cyberpunk), you can be aware of just how damaged or stoned you really are. (Humanity loss 1)

Synthskin (N, H loss 1d6) and Techhair (M, H loss 2) are relatively cheap and allow you to change your skin and hair colour in seconds, which is an obvious benefit in situations where you are evading capture. These offer a range of natural skin colours as well as some choice colours of the rainbow, and if you can spare a few thousand more eurobucks you can have it all done with nano-machines (microscopic machines which work inside your body). Cost and humanity loss varies depending on how much of your body you want done and whether you remain awake while you have your skin peeled off.

SURGERY CODES	
N	Negligible. 1 point of damage, recover in an hour. No rest required.
M	Minor. 1d3 damage, recover in one day. No heavy lifting.
MA	Major. 1d6+1 damage, recover in 1d4+1 days. Bed rest required.
CR	Critical. 2d6+2 damage, recover in a week. Intensive care required.



NEURALWARE

This is cyberware that is directly linked to your brain. To have any neuralware you must get a basic neural processor (M, 1d6) which is required to allow your CNS to interface with the cybersystems.

Two of my favourite additions which are very useful for combat are the Kerenzikov (N, ½d6) and Sandevisten (N, 1d3) boosters, commonly known as speedware. These make you go fast.

The Sandevisten booster allows the character to increase the speed of all of their actions for a short space of time. Three rounds before the action starts one must switch the speedware on (it takes three rounds to "warm up"), and it then gives you +6 to dex for three rounds. The Kerenzikov booster is permanently on, which gives you a constant +2 or +4 to all dex rolls. The advantages to incentive rolls and combat are obvious.

A pain editor (N, 2d6) is a feature that allows you to... dadadada... edit out heat, cold and any painful sensations. I need to explain the benefit of this.

A chipware socket (N, 1d3), allows you to plug chips directly into your brain, thus giving you skills you would not otherwise have. These include chips for physical abilities and thought and communication. These are especially useful for speaking foreign languages.

BIOWARE

These include various biological modifications that are great for minmaxing. Grafted muscle (MA, 2d6) increases your strength by +2 or +4 depending on how much money you want to spend. Muscle and bone lace (N, 1d3) increases strength and constitution by 4 each and a Skinweave (N, 2d6) gives you body armour of +4.

If you are feeling especially wealthy then for 6000 eb and 1d3 humanity loss you can have a Nanosurgeons (N) which double your healing rate.

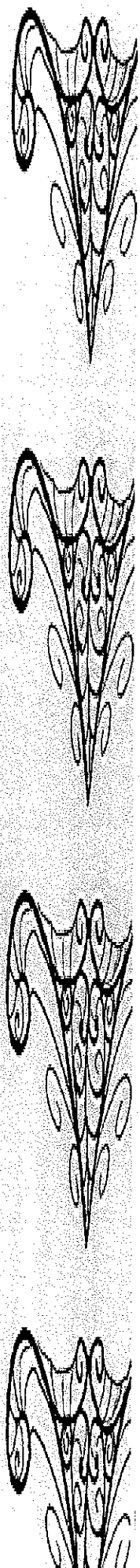
IMPLANTS

Nasal filters (M, 2), only 60 eb and 70% effective, are great for tear gas attacks provided you have cyberoptics or some other eye protection. Useful for similar situations is an internal air supply, (MA, 2d6) which is good for 25 minutes.

An alternative to speedware is the Adrenal booster (M, 2d6), which boosts your dex by +2 for 1d6+2 rounds, three times a day.

There are also various implants that allow you to detect motion, radiation, analyse chemicals, scan with radar and sonar, synthesise voices and other sounds and make audio and video recordings.

For those of you with somewhat less violent tasks on your agenda, you can get the Mr Studd™ implant: "all night, every night, and she'll never know." Also available in Midnight Lady versions.



CYBERWEAPONS

You can have vampire teeth (N, 1d6), Wolverine blades (M, 2d6+2), built in knuckledusters (M, 2d6), something called a Slice 'n Dice (MA, 2d6), which is a wrist-mounted monofilament weedeater, or my personal favourite – a Cybersnake (MA, 3d6). This can be mounted in various body parts, the back of the neck being quite popular, and since it is fast and particularly sharp is ideal for relieving some Militech scumbag of his eye of cartoid artery.

Also available are self-controlling animal-like weapons which range from 2d6 to 4d6 humanity loss. Not worth it if you ask me.

CYBEROPTIC

Crucial for any gun-toting madman, assassin or sniper. Basic eye module (MA, 2d6) required allowing you up to four options per eye. An image enhancer (N, 1) gives you 10% to spot hidden rolls while Teleoptics (N, 0.5) give you x20 telescopic vision.

Thermographics (N, 1) allow you to see heat patterns and Infrared (N, 1) gives you night vision using heat emissions, both great for night work (which you'll do a lot of, especially in badly lit sprawl alleys).

You can also install a mini video camera (N, 0.5) allowing up to twenty minutes of footage, not terribly useful, but a lot of fun depending on what kind of campaign you're in.

CYBERAUDIO

Basic ear module (M, 2d6) required, with no option limits.

Amplified hearing (N, 1) gives you +10% to Listen rolls, crucial for assassin or sniper types as is the Bug Detector (N, 0.5).

A voice stress analyser (N, 1) acts as a polygraph and +10% to Psych, Bargain and Persuade. Great for interrogations, drug deals and corporate negotiations.

The Level dampener (N, 0.5) is an automatic noise compensator, useful for protecting those precious ears from grenade blasts and automatic gunfire.

CYBERLIMBS

Your standard arm replacement (CR, 2d6) allows three options. One of the more useful are Hydraulic rams (N, 3) which multiply damage done by limb hits by 3 (this can also be fitted in the leg).

In your cyberarm you could have a plain old normal hand, but that would just be bloody boring when you can have one with rippers, hammers, circular saws, a tool kit or a spike. Feet come with talons, tools, webs (for those marathon swims) and spike heels.



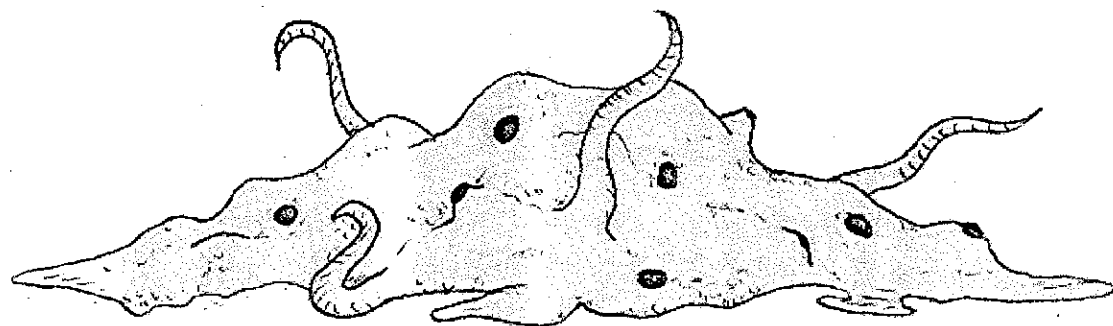
In your cyberlimbs you can have various built-ins and weapons such as grenade launchers (N, 2d6), micromissiles (N, 2d6), a flamethrower (N, 3) or a shoulder mounted laser (N, 2d6).

And lastly, for those of you with plenty of humanity to lose and cash to spend, you could have an exoskeleton implanted for major strength bonuses. From strength 22 (out of a human maximum of 18) for 6000 eb and 2d6 humanity loss, to strength 30 for 10 000 eb and a 3d6 loss.

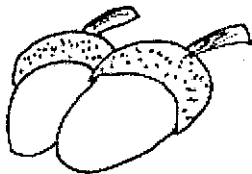
Body plating armour is also available to cover your head, torso, face and in a delightful cyclops design that sets you back 4d6 humanity.

One final notice before you embark on your adventures into the world of auto-shotguns, synth coke and teargas that is Cyberpunk: have your cyberware EMP shielded, if anyone sets off an electromagnetic pulse grenade you'll be glad of it.

And take to heart the motto of Cyberpunk players everywhere...
Style Over Substance



CLASSIFIED



NOTICES

Notice: Happy Birthday Brothers of Light—5 years

Notice: Any visitors to lake Schyl, beware of Proud Sunshine onto Rocky Pool Shrouded by a Bluff.

Note : Next time we use poison, not tear gas.

Notice: Never contain a Gunfighter sans brain for long periods. You will feel his rotten egg!

Notice - London in the Victorian era is a bad place to be Caitiff.

Notice: Some tuition in the finer points of negotiation. Apply Iris Takayama, Arasaka Corporation HQ

Notice: Campaigns of Jungian Nature to start soon. Submit requests into the Collective Subconscious (or David Seaward)

Notice: Co-ition of independent Role-playing (CIR) extend their condolences on the departure of Kathy and Craig... Working for Bill

Notice: Liver-eating Johnson. Kiss our Butts. We may or may not have blown him up—but we sure don spoiled him.

Notice: David has a Bomb (Damn you Craig)

Notice: To Blood Cause, never under estimate the power of the Badger

Notice: TOO MANY PEOPLE GOING OVERSEAS !

Notice: When we rolled the dice we did not in fact die. We are hail and hearty if not extremely far away.

Notice: Sometimes throwing your weapon in frustration just the distraction needed.

NOTICE - Any CLAW member is strictly forbidden from

believing anything it reads.

Notice: No satellites, no cameras, no cell-phones, no surveillance.

W. Smith, USA



RIPS

RIP: Some pirates in a ship just off Arcadia Bay. The Distinguished Reporter Strikes Again!

RIP: Plot against the Government

RIP - Cappadocius... Sort of.

RIP - A Lake in Greece, Diablerised.

PS RIP - The Lake was miraculously resurrected.

RIP - One Greek Peasant, opening the door, at night, when the first meeting of the Cammarilla is in the city

can be bad for your health.

RIP - One Greek child, just hope no one removes the stake...

RIP - Yet more of Simon's Assassins.

RIP - One Constantinople inhabitant, cause of death: ignoring the public warning, and explosive windowframe. "Spill water on me, will you?" (Mikhail)

RIP - One priest and majority of the vengeance party. Do not interfere in Magi arguments.

RIP - Four anonymous HighSchoolers. Drained of blood and guts arranged in a V. Hey, I hope it gets the message across.

RIP - Somnis. His rat lasted longer and tasted better.

unRIP soon - House Tremere... Watch out, Mikhail.

Bart, please come back to us, we miss you - Covenant of the Gray Moon.

RIP - Rook's sire... I guess the Sire/Childe relationship got off to a bad start.

RIP - 20 marines and 1 APC - It's a bug's life.0

RIP - A whole lot of palm trees. It's your fault for being there as we were testing our gears.

RIP - Two hydra larva, not so hot out of the water, are you?

RIP - An Iraqi nuclear missile base. You shouldn't have launched that missile - Gaia's Hope.

RIP: ? The Brothers of Light? Soon to be kicking demon butt. 1 month fall...

RIP: The Covenant of Sole. Became to Neptune's Wrath (Horatio, don't mix politics and God)

RIP: Numerous Lizard-things, victim of PISCES

RIP: The Brecon Beacon's National Park—irrevocably poisoned

RIP: Jack Hammer. Cruelly ventilated by a

sniper's AP round. Curse my metal body

RIP: 30 Militech nerds, biotechnica lab and surrounding buildings. The winged Eskimo strikes again.

RIP: A couple of bouncers outside an LA club, eat shotgun you racist swine.

RIP: Arasaka team base. No more Pizza Deliveries.

RIP: Harry the Outrider. If you can't keep your guts inside your stomach, don't make them our problem! Condolences to Mrs Outrider

RIP: Some smart mouthed accountant. Never go off by yourself. Even if you are still, barely alive we feel nothing tossing you into the fire.

RIP: A couple of turds in Murierte's open sewer/river. I'll do better next time just give me some time to aim.

RIP: DM 's key plot monster. Wendigo—fifty points damage to the head—these six gun things really work.

RIP: Some baby eating Indians. Felicity-Jane gun fighter for higher.

RIP: Wendigo—spinal column ripped out. Exceptionally fine, *Exceptionally Fine Zeke.*

RIP: The BAD lieutenant. If Commodore Patricks ties you to the mouth of a cannon and blows you out over the bay, you will get off lightly.



WANTED

Wanted: Tunnel boat. Top prices paid.

Wanted: Any news of my dear son, Gary. Last seen leaving Seeger in the company of a distinguished reporter. Wanted alive, same does not go for reporter.

Wanted: Friends, food & a purpose in life. Apply L. Freeman, c/o the Indians

Wanted - Athan Avery, dead or undead. Contact Reece.

Wanted: Pschotic serial Hijackers. Last seen in LA

Wanted - Swimming lessons for my ghoul, contact Lady Meris, just outside Eddinborough.

Wanted - Undead, Durga Syn, the Gypsy vampire.

Wanted - Children under 8, the village of Nabrd. Wanted, dead, very dead Lady Amisa, the Settite Elder - Katya.

Wanted, even deader Lord Lormeral, the Tzimisce Elder - Rook (a.k.a. Dr. Rogatien).

Wanted: Strobe light and vibrating water bed. To be fitted into AV4. Contact Tony.

Wanted - A copy of the book "How to get rid of the Sabbath in four easy steps", contact Reece, Cape Town.

Wanted - Dead or deader One annoying Frenchman, last seen running off with the horned hunter.

Wanted - A motorbike with a built in Hyperdrive. Contact Akira, Gaia's Hope, in a Solar system near you.

Wanted - A sane crew - Vox, Gaia's Hope AI. Medieval diving gear needed - contact the Covenant of the Gray Moon.

Wanted - New Assassins. Assassin inc. wants YOU for a (short) life of high adventure, and gratuitous (relatively) easy violence. Contact us in Constantinople.

Wanted: Trained Vet, to verify that dogs cannot double in size in three minutes.



GENERAL

Found: Four top quality navel cannons. Warmly welcomed by the Union, despite giving Gary a bad case of the crabs.

Missing - One large building, last seen heading for the Pacific, answers to the name Empire State.

Sale: Beach Bimbos as cost price. Sold cheap to cover losses. Contact Ty at 555-HUSTLER.

Puppy Notice: A beautiful, smart puppy acquired by Luke, Remy and Robanne. "He came to us with just a ragged piece of string." And Sigmund was his name.

Want to whack some elves? Interested in traveling to strange dimensions, meeting fascinating creatures and beating the shit out of them? Contact Alternity inc. pt. Ltd. All major credit cards accepted.

Warning - to Acky: Beware of females with two-ton fists.

Public Warning - During magi/assassin altercations in the middle of the night. DO NOT empty your latrine on them, no matter how loud they are.

Rego Vis for Sale - contact the Gray Moon Covenant, will swap for a good long-distance teleportation spell.

Wanted - A better navigator - The crew of Gaia's Hope.

To the crew of Gaia's Hope: Are you sure you guys don't want to walk home? - Erwin St. Germaine, chief (and

only) interplanetary navigator.

To St. Germaine: It would probably be safer - The crew of Gaia's Hope.

Looking for Dragons? Why don't you just check next door, Duncan.

The bugs are coming. Are you an ambitious Queen bug, interested in inter-dimensional travel? Contact us at planet 23560A/S.

Looking for accommodation? Six billion places available. Go to the Death Star nearest to you. Life support system is almost on-line.

Warning - landing on the planet Matilda can be bad for your health. Bugs who can rip through 20-ton mech are bad news. Gaia's Hope.

Looking for a good home, one strange insectoid, humanoid alien specimen. Great with kids. Contact Gaia's Hope.

Missing - Cappadocius' soul, last seen escaping into a Maelstorm, if seen, contact Augustus

Giovanni. Reward offered.

Bart, please come back to us, we miss you - Covenant of the Gray Moon.





