

# CLAW MAKES 27



*Useless  
Prestige  
Classes*

*V. Secret  
ICON  
Diaries*

*Dragon  
Sex*

*Dark  
Dungeons*

*Knit-your-  
own  
Goblins*

# Editorial

*The Hobo Edition: coming soon to a brown paper bag near you...*

Well, things haven't been exactly the same since we lost the room. No sirree.

## Think back on all the tales that you remember...of Camelot.

The story of the loss of the grandest room on campus is a long and sad tale. It's also very boring, so I'll skip it. Needless to say, eventually someone came along and said: "Out (damn spot)! Or we kill you all and use you to paint the walls a nice dark red. (#8F0400 to be exact)

In early March - when we first discovered the plot to take the CLAWroom - I don't think I really considered the possibility of CLAWs being without a room before Dragonfire. We did set to work immediately though, investigating other rooms, talking to the poodles in the New Stu-

dents Union, and generally making a fuss.

It didn't help an awful lot. (Well, obviously...)

But for the fact that the library is inaccessible, we seem to be surviving anyway.

CLAWmembers can now be found clustered around a table in Café Nescafé (I'll forego the echoes for once), or sitting on the wooden benches outside. Gaming takes place in what little space is still available for student activities. And committee meetings are (ir)regularly held in the Religious Centre. Most days I find there's been little reason to struggle up to campus at all.

## A little bleak isn't it?

Of course it is. But we don't plan for it to be that way for long. There are plans a foot for a new room in the Leslie Social Science - we shall see what becomes of that...

## Hey, isn't this the Dragonfire issue?

Um, yes. Sorry. Welcome to Dragonfire 14!

## Thankyou's

Huge hairy Greek ones (sorry -ip) to all the people who contribute to CLAWs continued survival...

Yes, that means you.



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## BOZ AND GRENZ

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### NOT KILLING US

SIMONS HOUSE SIMON'S HOUSEMATES

### NETWORK, EQUIPMENT, ENTERTAINMENT

ENTERTAINMENT  
Eddie Izzard  
Monty Python  
Peer Gynt

CROSS OFF-PISSING HARDWARE  
Round G4 Mice

CROSS PLATFORM NETWORKING COURTESY OF BACK ORIFICE 2000

CLAWMARKS 27  
ONLINE EDITION - 10 NOVEMBER 2002

The most likely way you'll die...  
Sedick Martin - Retha, or perhaps gastroenteritis



# Letters to the Editor

Dear Sirs

## Treatment of Gazebos

I find it distasteful and frankly shocking that you would consider publishing an article as offensive as *It's a Gazebo, Eric!* in the last edition of CLAWmarks.

Young people of today will be encouraged to think cruelty to Gazebos is socially acceptable and common practice.

Their dwindling habitat of carefully tended English gardens is already in decline and these gentle, harmless Gazebos don't need the added strain of having aggressive hooligans shooting at them with arrows.

After reading of these abuses I have decided to cancel my CLAWmarks subscription.

Zelda Berkowitz

Camps Bay

*Dear Zelda,*

*You are clearly deranged. As such we have decided to offer you a lifetime membership to "Death Metal Gardener's Weekly Digest".*

*regards*

*The Editors*

Dear CLAWmarks Editors,

In a dramatic break in broken tradition, will there be letters to the editor in the next CLAWmarks?

yours with bells on,

d@vid

*Dear d@vid, David® - whatever the hell your name is:*

*No. Not even with bells on.*

*- Ed*



Dear Editors

I'm 15 years old, and long to become a CLAWmember!

I've seen all those cool people dressed up in black, hanging around UCT. It's like the *Matrix* (That's my favourite movie!!!)

How do I join?

I hear you have female members too, is that true?

I've also heard you've got a great CLAWroom where you get to cheak out girls and play games. Tel me when I can come visit and I'll bring ~~my mum~~ all my friends!



Pokemon used to be my favourite game but now I like original D&D 'cos I get to chop stuff up!!!

Do you do school kids?

Mopheus



Dear Editor

I would like to voice my concern about the distressing lack of sacrifices which should have been performed this year.

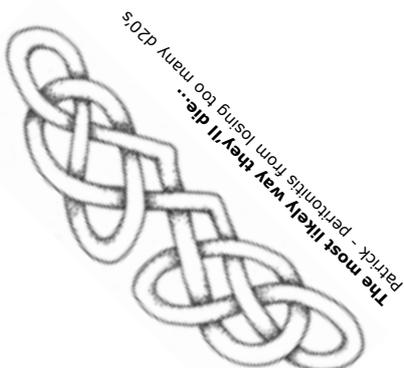
Virgin or otherwise, nothing has been slaughtered in the name of evil. Not enough is being done to raise the Elder Gods.

How I yearn for the music of the spheres, how my anticipation of the visage of Cthulhu grows and good gibbous moons and star alignments are being wasted. At this rate, humanity will last at least another good couple of years. More organisation is required.

I and my cult await your response.

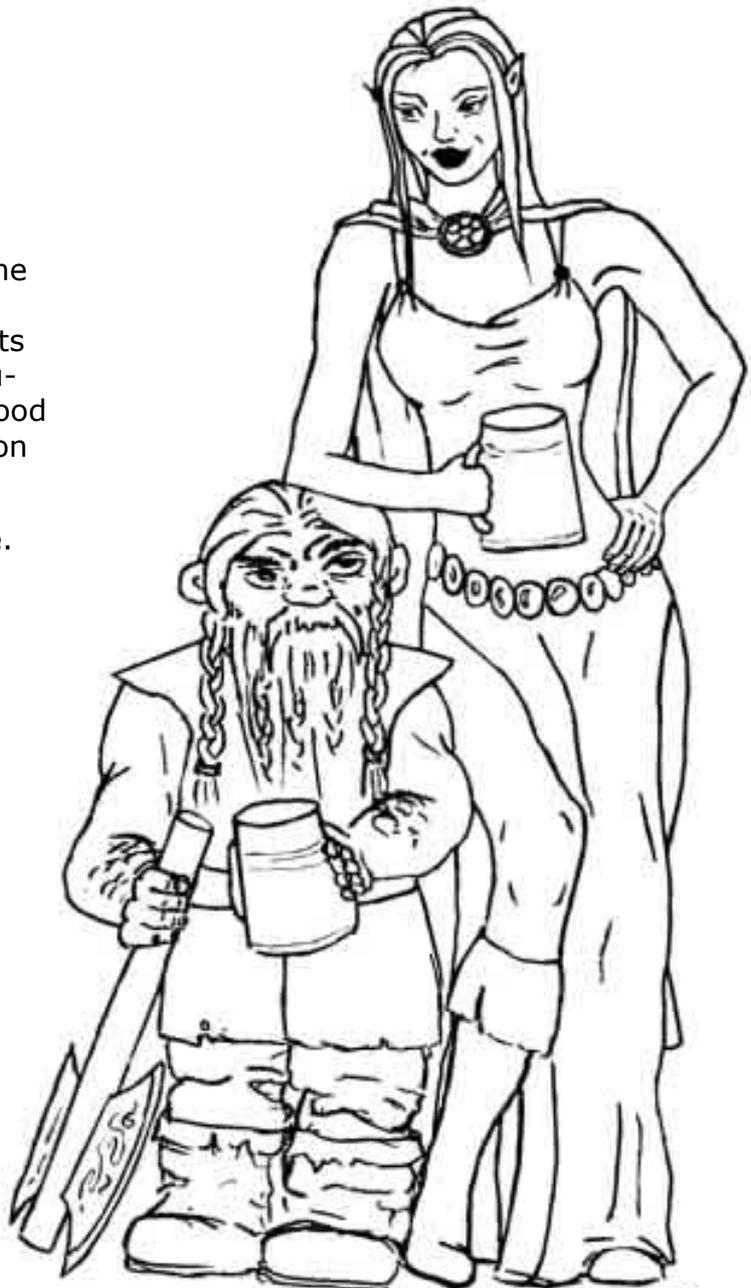
Yours truly,

A concerned cult leader



### Mojo's observations on gradations of coffee:

- Filter
- Instant
- Instant with creamer
- Instant with curdled milk
- Instant with fermented horse urine
- Instant with long life milk
- BJs liquid crap**



R5'02



# SHAGGING THE BLUE DRAGON'S FATHER



ANYONE WHO HAS CHECKED OUT THE WIKI RECENTLY WILL BE AWARE OF OUR D&D GAME ENTITLED "THE BLUE DRAGON'S AUNT". RECENTLY MY CHARACTER IN THE CAMPAIGN (LIA, A DROW-ELF WIZARD) MET AND FELL IN LOVE WITH THE FATHER OF THE AFOREMENTIONED BLUE DRAGON. WHAT FOLLOWS ARE SOME TIPS FROM LIA'S PERSPECTIVE ON HOW BEST TO HANDLE A LOVE AFFAIR WITH A DRAGON...

## HOW TO MEET A BLUE DRAGON IN THE FIRST PLACE

To begin with, one needs to get over one's natural fear of being eaten alive by something ten times your size. (Remember: "Do not meddle in the affairs of Dragons for you are crunchy and taste good with ketchup") In the case of our party we came across a Blue Dragon early in the campaign and discovered that despite being formidable they are civilised and reasonable - so long as you are not an Orc.

It is also necessary to have some friends in high places, one can't just wander into the home of a Dragon and expect to be taken seriously. Our party was sent to deliver a message to Kizzar (the Blue Dragon's father) by a fairly powerful and reputable wizard - an academic chap known as The Mist Master. I took one look at the huge shiny Dragon, and one look at his huge pile of shiny loot and it was love.

## THE COME-ON

Although I was smitten, I was in no position to hit on a Dragon, or anything else for that matter<sup>1</sup>. Besides which, I had no idea what the courting protocol was for Dragons or whether there was a Mate lurking somewhere else in the lair. At first I thought I would simply have to long for him from afar, but then (sneaky little Drow that I am) I figured that he might be able to Detect Thoughts (2nd level Wizard spell) without much effort so I mentally projected all sorts of lustful images to him. I don't know whether it was said mental images that did the trick or whether he heard me being teased by my fellow party members, but later than night I received a visit.

## TRICKS OF THE TRADE

At times like this there are a few spells that come in handy. Firstly one has to get meddlesome party members out of the way. Kizzar's spells of choice were; Sleep (1st level Wizard spell - puts 2d4 creatures into slumber for 1min per level) and Hold Person (3rd level Wizard spell - holds one person helpless for 1 round per level) for which I don't think Simon's character will ever forgive me. Bear in mind that in the case of a Dragon, one round or one minute per level can amount to quite a while.

I can't emphasize enough the impor-

The most likely way they'll die...  
Lara - the pigeons; no one suspected them

tance of either a powerful Polymorph spell (4th level Wizard Spell) or innate Shape-Shifting ability in this scenario. Unfortunately Polymorph only allows you to increase yourself by one size so unless you are dealing with a relatively small Dragon this could become problematic...for obvious reasons. One alternative is for both you and your Dragon to cast Polymorph Self and you can grow a size while your Dragon shrinks a size. In my opinion this method kills some of the spontaneity and majesty of the sexual encounter but it shouldn't be necessary as Dragons have a natural Shape shifting ability, bless them.



gained access to 5th level Wizard spells this week and hence I am now able to use Teleport. With this new spell I can theoretically visit Kizzar every other night. (As I can currently only prepare 1 5th level spell per day I have to prepare Teleport in the morning, use it to visit Kizzar that night, prepare another the next morning and then use it immediately to get back to the party. I can then only prepare another one the next morning.)

Of course every time I use Teleport there is a chance that I might wind up a kilometre or so in the wrong direction which is a tad worrying. So will I risk my life time and time again for passionate assignations with a gigantic lizard? It's crazy I suppose, but I can't help myself, he is just so big and shiny....

## KEEPING IN TOUCH

Although one night of fiery passion was enough to convince me of the enduring beauty and wonder of Dragon-sex I had to be on my way. There are always Orcs to slaughter and slave camps to decimate somewhere and that means that I have to keep moving. In a moment of either extreme sweetness or extreme possessiveness Kizzar gave me a Draconic Communication Device as a parting gift. With this we are able to contact each-other instantly and through it we can see each-other.

Although this was damn useful, it also had the effect of making me miss him more so I was really happy when I



## PRO'S AND CONS OF SHAGGING A BLUE DRAGON

### Pros

- 1 He's big and scary and can protect you from other big scary critters
- 2 He's unlikely to be judgmental about your race group, even if you're a Drow.
- 3 He gives you great jewellery, pretty and magical too.
- 4 He can teach you cool tricks...I mean magic of course :)

### Cons

- 1 He really hogs the duvet.
- 2 His Jealous Ex-Girlfriends could pose a serious threat to your health, and the city you are in.
- 3 If he rolls over in the night he could squish you.
- 4 The break up could get really ugly.

---

<sup>1</sup> Being a female from a patriarchal Drow society I had no experience of being on the active side of seduction. Drow women are trained to be submissive in the bedroom, damnit!

## The Not-so-prestigious Classes

that should have made it into  
third edition

by Simon Cross

### Heavy Drinker

All adventurers eventually reach a stage in their careers when they discover that their eyes are not as keen and their hands not as steady as they once were. Monsters and NPCs they once felled with a single blow now take many rounds to defeat. First, easy bowshots become tricky then, later, impossible. Bitterness sets in. Many turn to drink.

Heavy Drinkers frequent the bars and taverns of low-class districts of many towns. They may be found loudly regaling fellow patrons with tales of their erstwhile prowess or lying face down in a pool of drink. Wherever a round is bought or a drinking song begun, the Heavy Drinker can't be far away. His astonishing ability to consume vast quantities of alcoholic beverages and remain standing, if only barely, is legendary.

Characters from all classes become Heavy Drinkers to drown their sorrows.

Fighters, paladins and barbarians often make excellent drinkers because of their high constitution scores and lack of wit.

Clerics also make good Heavy Drinkers - their religious fervour allows them to continue spouting nonsense about their god long after lesser men would have been unable to stand. Who can forget Friar Tuck?

Bards, rogues and monks make for entertaining Heavy Drinkers but cannot be considered serious contenders in the down-down stakes.

Rangers and druids seldom become Heavy Drinkers as there are few bars in the forest.

Wizards and sorcerers make poor Heavy Drinkers since they pass out too quickly.

NPC Heavy Drinkers often have useful information and are an excellent excuse for the DM to act inebriated.

**Hit Die:** d8

**Requirements:**

- Must be middle aged.
- Feats: Great Fortitude, Skill Focus (Profession - Barfly).
- Proficient with barstools and wine bottles

#### Class Skills

Balance, Concentration, Innuendo, Intimidate, Profession (Barfly), Knowledge (Local Region)

#### Class Features

A Heavy Drinker is proficient with all simple and improvised weapons.

##### Improvise d

**Weapon:** At first level any non-weapon item commonly found in a bar (bar stools, wine bottle, other patrons) gains a +1 magical bonus when wielded by the Heavy Drinker. However, the weapon only deals subdual damage. For every two levels of Heavy Drinker past the first, the magical bonus increases by one.

**Down-down:** At second level a Heavy Drinker gains the ability to down a shot of spirits as a free action.

**Minor Invulnerability:** From fourth level onwards all damage dealt to a Heavy Drinker by wine bottles, barstools or being thrown through windows becomes subdual damage.

**Projectile Vomit:** At sixth level a Heavy Drinker gains a ranged acid attack which deals 3d4+3 damage. The base range is 10ft. For every two levels of Heavy Drinker past sixth, the damage increases by 1d4+1.

**Major Invulnerability:** From eighth level onwards a Heavy Drinker no longer takes damage from barstools, wine bottles or being thrown through windows.

### Min Maxer

Min Maxers are found in many roleplaying parties, where they can be heard quoting from rulebooks and explaining the finer points of the system to the DM. When not roleplaying, they frequent newsgroups and web forums where they trawl for rules updates and errata.

Characters become Min Maxers to flesh out their character backgrounds, add reality and depth to their personalities, explore deep emotional issues and get in touch with their inner feelings.

NPC Min Maxers are always offering the players advice on what feats to take, what race to play, what weapons to pick, who to attack, when to attack, what spells to cast, what armour to wear, what equipment to buy, what clothing to wear, which familiar to obtain, what classes to pick, what skills to choose...

**Hit Die:** d4+7 (+2 miscellaneous, +2 int modifier, +1 racial bonus)

#### Requirements:

- 6 ranks in each of Ride (System), Knowledge (Rules), Profession (Rules Lawyer) and Intimidate.
- Feats: One or more of Whirlwind Attack, Improved Great Cleave, Improved Two Weapon Fighting or Improved Critical. One or more feats not included in the core rulebook.
- Base attack bonus of +7.
- Melee or Ranged attack bonus of +15.
- Must be multiclassed. At least one class must be level 3 or less.
- Must have at least one ability modifier of +3 or higher.
- At least two abilities must have temporary or miscellaneous modifiers.

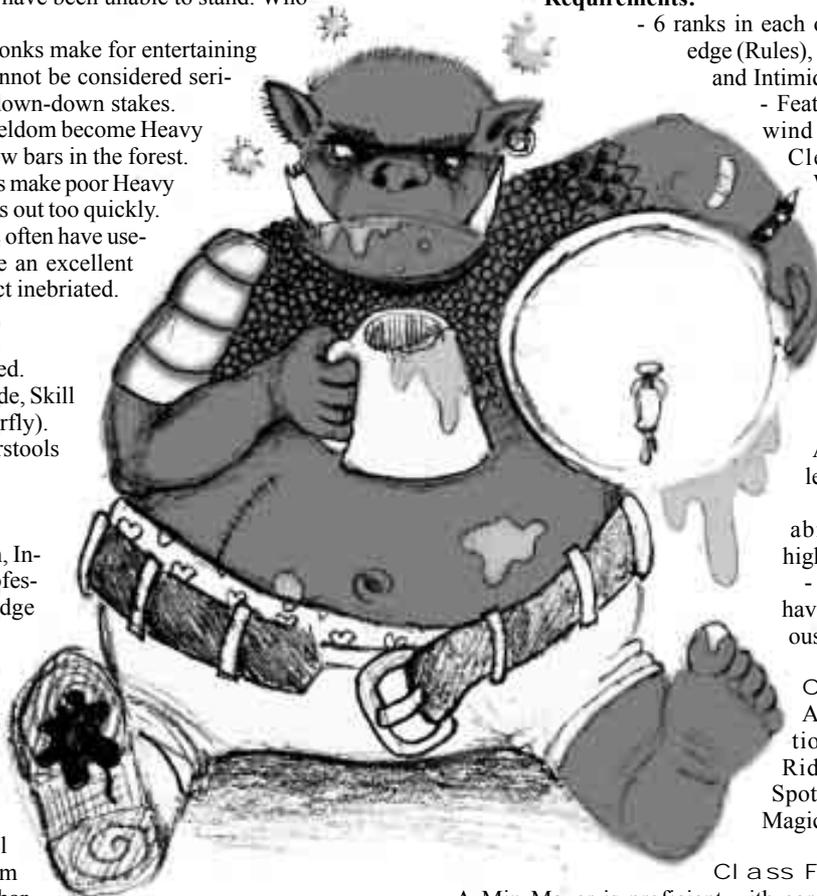
#### Class Skills

Appraise, Gather Information, Knowledge (Rules), Ride (System), Intimidate, Spot, Listen, Read Lips, Use Magic Device

#### Class Features

A Min Maxer is proficient with core rulebooks, supplements, bonus supplements, errata, optional rules, house rules and Sage Advice. A min maxer is automatically proficient with one of following weapons: the one which does the most damage, the one with the biggest crit range, the one which allows the most attacks, or the one which does all three.

**Selective Rules Quoting:** A Min Maxer of first level or higher





may quote any rules fragment of 30 words or less as a free action during combat before making any attacks for that round. Although quoting the rule is a free action, looking up the context in which the rule occurs will take the DM at least five minutes. This may be followed by further looking up of rules and a lengthy debate on their interpretation.

**Overeager Animal Companion:**

At second level a Min Maxer gains an animal companion. This animal companion is telepathically linked its master and able to flawlessly obey even the most complicated instructions. It's trusting and completely fearless. It has studied the uses of oil, acid, fire and other common min maxer equipment extensively and is able to intelligently deploy these at a moment's notice. It

is always ready to taken on even the most overpowered monsters. In the deeply tragic and emotionally distressing event of its death it will be replaced a few rounds later by a clone.

**Five Foot Step:** At sixth level a min maxer gains the ability to take a five foot step whenever he takes a free action.

**Unlimited Attacks:** At seventh level a min maxer finds a loophole in the system which allows him unlimited attacks per round.

**Min Maxers Paradise:** At ninth level the min maxer gains the ability to use AD&D 2nd Edition rules and may cast Stoneskin.

Opera Diva

All young female bards aspire to be divas. The Diva represents the pinnacle of operatic achievement. She strikes fear into the hearts of tenors and the younger sopranos tremble with awe in her presence. All envy her position, her voice, her large bulk and generous endowment.

No opera house is complete without its diva. She can be found her dressing room ranting about her costume, bemoaning the ineptness of the rest of the cast, berating the conductor or having her makeup layered on. Unlike tenors, who often hunt in threes, divas are a solitary and territorial class. If two divas are kept

in close proximity for a prolonged period the result may be catastrophic.

Bards become divas in order to obtain the respect and attention they so obviously deserve. The opera diva also works to hone her offensive sonic capabilities.

An NPC diva can often be found ordering players around, fainting theatrically, being inappropriately emotional and insisting that her ludicrous whims be satisfied. She provides a good excuse for the DM to sing in an appalling pseudo-Italian falsetto.

**Hit Die:** d6

**Requirements:**

- At least 4 levels of Bard
- At least 6 ranks in Perform
- At least 4 ranks in Decipher Script
- At least 8 ranks in Profession (Opera Singer)
- Must have the perform types ballad, drama and epic
- Language (Italian)

**Class Skills**

Perform, Bluff, Decipher Script, Language, Listen, Profession (Opera Singer)

**Class Features**

A diva is proficient with c sharps, g flats and f naturals.

**Favoured Enemies:** At first level the diva gains the favoured enemies tenors and other divas. The diva gets a +1 bonus to attack, damage, sense motive and tracking checks against her favoured enemies. This bonus increases by +1 for every three levels of diva past the first.

**Weight Gain:** At second, fourth, sixth and eighth level the diva gains 20lbs.

**Top Top C:** This is a natural ability. At third level the diva gains a ranged sonic attack which deals 1d4 damage per diva level and stuns all creatures within 30ft who have fewer hit dice than she has diva levels.

**Cleavage:** At fifth level a diva may use her cleavage as a double weapon.

**Improved Cleavage:** At seventh level a diva gains the ability to deflect sonic attacks with her bosom. The attack may be deflected towards any target within 30ft.

**Great Cleavage:** At ninth level a diva gains the ability to trap sonic attacks within her cleavage. She may store up to 1 attack per 4 levels of diva. The attacks may be released as a move equivalent action. All stored attacks must be released simultaneous and must be directed at the same target.



The most likely way they'll die...  
David Seaward - Vitamin D deficiency

# FANTASY WEBCOMICS...

## ...Have Eaten my Brain

By **ADRIANNA PINSKA**

I don't remember exactly how I found the Drowtales<sup>1</sup> site. I also don't remember why I decided to visit it again during my recent wanderings on the web. Whatever the reason, I did.

This site hosts a small number of fantasy webcomics and also a large fantasy manga exchange. So I started clicking, thus spiralling into a deep abyss of chronic work avoidance. I am now



endeavouring to drag as many people as possible down with me.

## Dark they were and Pointy-Eared

Let's start with Drowtales, then. This site's main feature is a comic called Chronicle of a Drow Sorceress. It may appear to you at first glance that this comic sucks - the art is somewhat crude and blobby, and the author seems to be a non-native english speaker, so the dialogue frequently degenerates into all-your-base-isms. And yet, something about this comic has made me read the entire archive.

It tells the story of Ariel, a little drow girl born to a noble house. She doesn't want to become a priestess. Her powerful mother rejects her. Her older brother, a sorcerer, convinces their mother to allow Ariel to attend the sorcerers' academy, even though this is a highly atypical path for a girl. Drama ensues.

The art improves, and so does the grammar. The story also dumps the AD&D references after a few chapters and switches to an original setting. Oh, and don't worry - the archives



don't have that eye-watering animated background.

At least one other comic on the Drowtales site is a spinoff from the Chronicle. Spiderborn<sup>2</sup> is very new, and, sadly, infrequently updated. The art is black and white, but quite skillfully done.

My favourite Drowtales comic is Souls Through Darkness<sup>3</sup>. It and Spiderborn are written and drawn by the same person. It's about a young drow boy who is forced to run away from the city of his birth after pissing off an unpleasant powerful woman, and ends up on the surface. So far he's been captured by slave traders and sold to somebody. Unfortunately, this comic is also very new and very infrequently updated.

Then there's the Drowtales fantasy manga exchange. I think it has at least fifty comics on it. I haven't had a chance to examine all of them, so I suggest that you go and have a look for yourself. Also pay a visit to Kickass Webcomics<sup>4</sup>. It's quite a small exchange which exercises strict quality control when considering membership applications.

## Recommendations

The most impressive comic I have recently come across is Demonology 101<sup>5</sup>. It's about a teenage girl who is a demon. She goes to school for the first time, and discovers all kinds of strange things about her heritage. The comic is backed by a solid, coherent and interest-

ing mythos and the art is great. It is updated several pages at a time every Sunday night.

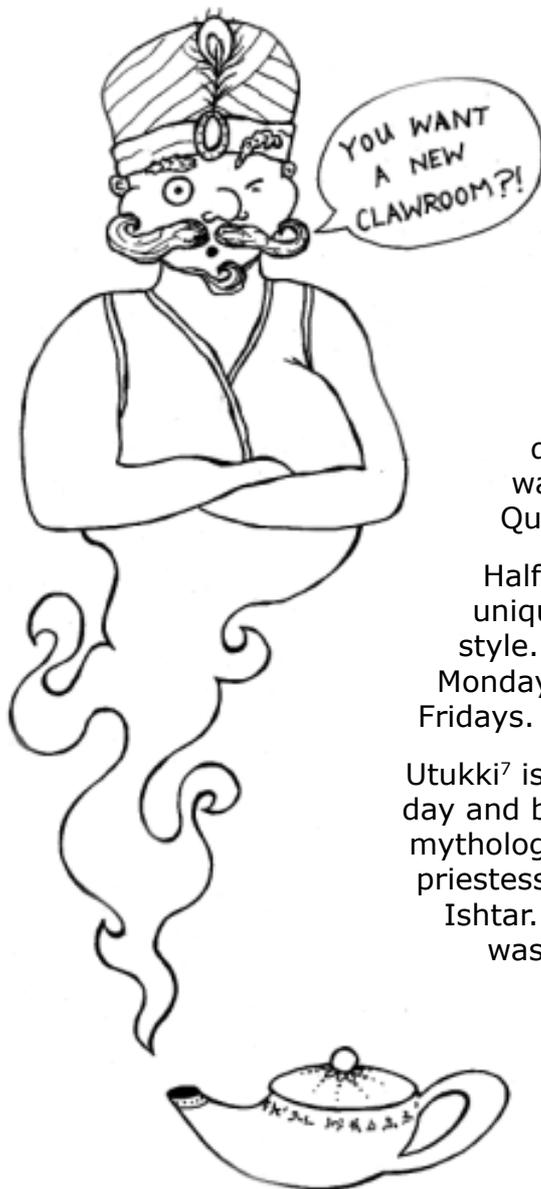
Halflight Breaking<sup>6</sup> is about Svalin, a half-elf who remained in the human world when all the elves left, and has lived there for thousands of years.

Now he has been summoned to Arcadia by the queen of elves, an old flame, who is facing rebellion from a faction that wishes to reclaim their ancient lands from humanity. Svalin, however, doesn't particularly want to join the Queen's side.

Halflight is drawn in a unique rough, sketchy style. It is updated on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Utukki<sup>7</sup> is set in the modern day and based on Babylonian mythology. Utukki was a priestess of the goddess Ishtar. Her lover, a demon, was imprisoned in a vault thousands of years ago, and Utukki has been trying to free him. Her current incarnation is making another attempt, and Ishtar wants to stop her. Various people become involved in the saga.

Blackthorn<sup>8</sup> takes place in a generic fantasy world. A young witch's relatively normal life is interrupted when an elf on the run from the city guard hides out in her house. She undertakes to help him, and leads him through the forest to the home of her brother, a wizard.





The Blackthorn site seems to be a bit buggy. Hopefully the author will fix it when she returns from her holiday.

Eversummer Eve<sup>9</sup> is a modern fantasy tale revolving around two brothers, a mysterious supernatural incident in their past, an elven lord, a dragon, and an odd little cafe as well as its strange proprietor. The art is wonderful - beautiful, flawlessly executed manga. Go there and drool. Definitely a worthwhile read, even though the author spells "magic" "magick".

And Now for Something Completely Different

Supermegatopia<sup>10</sup> is a furry comic. Its tales of heroism are separated into two categories. Some are set in Supermegatopia, a modern-day metropolis filled with spandex-clad superheroes and dastardly villains. There are gadgets, ingenious evil plots, silly costumes, secret identities and gratuitous cleavage shots. The other stories are set in a mediaeval fantasy realm where heroes are immortal - whenever they die in battle they are instantly reincarnated (minus all per-

sonal belongings, including clothes) at the Temple of Infinite Lives. There are monsters, undead, magical artefacts, treasure stashes and gratuitous cleavage shots. The comics are consistently well-drawn, and extremely funny.

More? You want more? There are various indices that list fantasy webcomics. Try, for example, Little Dragon<sup>11</sup> or OnlineComics.net<sup>12</sup>.

You don't *really* need to hand in that thesis *this year*.

---

[1] Drowtales / Chronicle of a Drow Sorceress

[HTTP://WWW.DROWTALES.COM](http://www.drowtales.com)

[2] Spiderborn

[HTTP://WWW.DROWTALES.COM/~SPIDERBORN/](http://www.drowtales.com/~SPIDERBORN/)

[3] Souls Through Darkness

[HTTP://WWW.CHIBIAKI.COM/](http://www.chibiaki.com/)

[4] Kickass Webcomics Exchange

[HTTP://WWW.PONJU.COM/KWEXCHANGE.PHP](http://www.ponju.com/kwexchange.php)

[5] Demonology 101

[HTTP://FAITH.RYDIA.NET/](http://faith.rydia.net/)

[6] Halflight Breaking

[HTTP://HALFLIGHT.KEENSPACE.COM/](http://halflight.keenspace.com/)

[7] Utukki

[HTTP://UTUKKI.KEENSPACE.COM/](http://utukki.keenspace.com/)

[8] Blackthorn

[HTTP://BLACKTHORN.KEENSPACE.COM/](http://blackthorn.keenspace.com/)

[9] Eversummer Eve

[HTTP://WWW.EVERSUMMEREVE.COM/](http://www.eversummereve.com/)

[10] Supermegatopia

[HTTP://WWW.SUPERMEGATOPIA.COM/](http://www.supermegatopia.com/)

[11] Little Dragon

[HTTP://LITLEDAGON.SEARCHKING.COM/](http://littledragon.searchking.com/)

[12] OnlineComics.net

[HTTP://ONLINECOMICS.NET/](http://onlinecomics.net/)

**The most likely way you'll die...**

Grant Charlton - choking on his own regurgitated vomit

Café Café Café  
**Nescafé Café**  
 Café Café Café  
*And why we need it...*

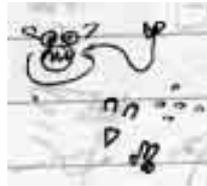
Cassandra & Bronwyn's CONTINUOUS NOVEL TO CHALLENGE THE DEPTHS OF MARCEL PROUST'S A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMP PERDU

Sean is happy, that's all that counts. He likes Marcia's hat (a lot)! He is also "slightly" unstable! (Like a wombat!)

Rabid wombats are not cute, but rabid death Chihuahuas are. (Munch, munch!)



While Sean devoured his cellphone, he thought tentatively about whether or not it was a good idea to eat the cover as well.



On further reflection he decided that it didn't have sufficient nutritional value to fuel his overactive wombat ty metabolism.

Meanwhile...

Brendan took his medication.



Now back to the story...

Adam was struggling intensley to supress his alterego, Oop Man, but not succeeding.



The Zombie nation was slowly taking over. The group was debating inane issues, as per usual, chaos rules in their minds... the nearby coffee drinkers looked scared - as scared as a Twinkie in November - or maybe that was just one bad java.

Shots rang out from the plaza, and the Café Nescafé (café, café, café, café, café) hereby to be known as the Nescafé Café (café, café, café, café, café) Lady slammed the doors shut. The masses were oblivious to the horror which was about to descend upon this peaceful coffee shop (café, café, café, café, café) ...

... Brendan arrived, and he was angry! (hence all the guns)



To be continued...

In this week's episode - due to some unexplained phenomenon, UCT

experienced a blackout. This could have been the result of one of two things: either Brendan's summoning of the demon went horribly wrong or some drunk first year licked his fingers before sticking them in a plug socket. The latter is more probable, Brendan doesn't make mistakes.



Perhaps it had something to do with funky dipsticks supplied by Café Nescafé (café, café, café, café, café) and arranged in pleasing patterns ★. Lack of illustrator (and decent acid) has severely inhibited the style of these writers. CLAWS conversation also seems to lack sparkle -> inanity was still present as well as the bad java.

Meanwhile...

Oop Man revealed his plan to shoot up (in) the bio lecture theatre. Unfortunately, when the lights went out he couldn't find his guns?!!



Wombat boy was also considering ownership of a gun... the question in everybody's mind was, "Do they issue guns to creatures that need a licence themselves?". Also with those claws (and no opposable thumbs) how much use would a gun really be (and how do you hold a joint)?

Considering we can't find Brendan, we have no pictures of Wombat boy here.

Life sucks when the prince of darkness fails to appear at one of the tables at Café Nescafé (café, café, café, café, café).



We should try the "summoning sticks of doooooom!" or just make do? :) Mike the Banana made an appearance. No-one was sure what his super power was, but another super-hero is never a bad thing (usually!).

And then there was Nick...

We just won't go there...



The most likely way they'll die... Adeeb Balla, 26 - shot down over Palestine when on Mossad sortie



Ah yes, but his vacuum cake eating skills are absolutely amazing. Mmm, contemplating the Banana's powers, he seems to hid them very well.

Mmm. Maybe that's it! The art of concealment. Various banana disguises make him invisible to the common, everyday mortal. Good thing us writers have access to a higher plain (Co, corner of Hope and Third, has everything you could possibly need to get there,

Ed). All the remaining CLAWmembers were trying meditation. This was not working and making them look naff to boot.

Now for a break... (and a word from our sponsors, Ed)

'Running through fields of flowers, enjoying the breeze, look, what's that?' 'it's your grandmother and a large pink cabbage dancing, Ed'

The Banana's thoughts were interrupted by a space ship in his field of view. I figure Wombat boys been trying too phone home again... He should check the number for Quantas in the phone directory 'he belongs on an island of convicts, Ed'.



Telekinetic Death Strike of Doom!!!

Underwear Man expressed his delight in having discovered vending machines which give you soiled panties, by laughing maniacally every few minutes or so. Egg-squishing machines with the potential to squish eggs were defeated by Campey's rather logical use of a chocolate wrapper as a conductor. It was most enlightening...

A strange sound permeated the atmosphere... colours swirled (and no we had not all partaken in the plant steroids!)... party members started to get motion sickness... it was... The Time Warp! Airhead Girl led the chorus whilst the rest were drawn in inexorably... there was... no... escape...



Much to the distress of the entire party, it was discovered that Oopman was

heavily into drugs. It was a sad moment, even sadder still was that he had a fetish for carrots. Now carrots, as Marcia will tell you, make pretty good dildos. They also make a mean coleslaw.

Well, just when you thought things couldn't get worse... Wombat Boy decided that he needed a change. Unfortunately, gothic transvestite (not Eddie Izzard, Ed.) just wasn't his thing...

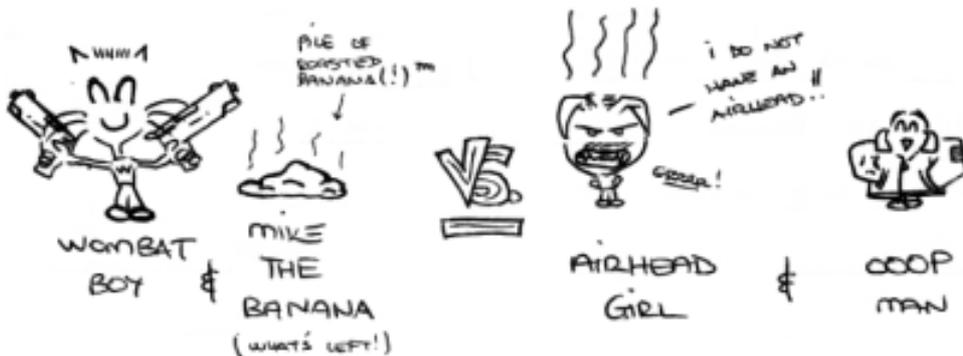
As if it ever is for a wombat! The writers were under the weather, it was raining numbers and they didn't even have an umbrella... the illustrator was off in foreign lands... dark clouds descended on the gathering...

Heads went 'spong' repeatedly and no amount of maths suppressed the desire to have a big slice of chocolate cake... No, Scary Spice was adamant that the temptation could be resisted... I wasn't too sure.

Nether was I, the call of cocoa beans beckoned - in any form. Wombat Boy was thinking of trading his guns for a baseball bat; he had just watched a video of Hunting

Yes, the only airline never to have a major accident! A grinding, tearing sound split the air. A fireball illuminated the horizon and a slightly singed Wombat floated down on his pre-packed parachute (packed by his mom, Ed) - lucky that he had invested in that Flame Proof Coat (TM).

It was a strange day in Cafe Nescafe (cafe, cafe, cafe, cafe, cafe), not the usual type of strange day which accompanies CLAWs wherever they go...



Practices of the Arctic :)  
The cocoa dilemma was solved, in the form of caffeine! (+ carbonated H<sub>2</sub>O, sugar, caramel, phosphoric acid and flavourants!)  
The drink of the gods!



joining Scary's chorus line... We don't think he has the singing capabilities... this seemed to upset him. In other news: Sheep Woman was being chased by a bunch of Australian rugby players, only to escape unscathed

Earlier... The Ego had tried to seduce the writers... using his supernice smell power, the writers were overwhelmed, but his attempts were futile in the face of the oncoming maths test...

The day had not started out very well. Bronwyn couldn't find any milk and I missed first. The munchkin was also missing and Dr Cairn was involved in the combustion of benzene...

Something need to combust... and soon or we would have to trek off to dinosaurs and other equally boring/extinct organisms!

Due to the lodging of a complaint, here's an important new bulletin:  
"The superhero, formerly known as Airhead Girl, is now the Munchkin!"  
Also: "Typhoid Mary makes an appearance in the bio lecture."

Fortunately, these days, we actually cook the food! We had the appearance of wolf-like, land-dwelling whales? Weirder even than Underwear Man's conversation about... things this writer doesn't even want to think about. Also Stone-age handouts. Chisel could come in handy when peeling "Mike the Banana" off the pavement. (Superpower now changed to being able to be turned into various baked goods?)

The rest of the gang contemplated baking him into a banana loaf. That way, they could wrap him in gladwrap and put him in Oopman's pocket.

A use - finally! Scary Spice (a.k.a. - to herself - Ms Normality) had moved into the fifth dimension and was in deep thought. Underwear Man, Mike the BananaLoaf and Oopman all wanted to move into a bubble together... Urged on by the Illustrator.

Would they all fit into a bubble? Even if Mike's in Oopman's pocket?

Dunno - but it could be made to happen, if someone wanted it enough.

Maybe we should ask God? Wombat Boy (girl) was thinking about

(and unmolested) into the clutches of the Backstreet Boys! The horror!

Don't know which is worse? A rousing chorus of "Waltzing Matilda" or "I want it that-a-way"

Let's not go there... Oblivious to his new surroundings (Oopman's pocket) Mike the BananaLoaf was reading an aberrant handbook. How do you not notice you're in someone's pocket?

It's dark? Smells funny? Computer bits and lint? The rest of Oopman's lunch? You just never know. Although, that said, it could be just about anywhere give those criteria...

Meanwhile...

Underwear Man borrowed Brendan's pen. What does he need a pen for? And, by the way, where's The Ego?

Not actually going to answer the first question and... "The Ego has left the building." Like Elvis. :)



# The Very Secret Diaries of ICON 2002

## JON: ENTRY 1

Taking applications for "farmer's daughters whoring session" so far only JD and Gareth are in. The trip is longer than I expected. Brindley showing alarming tendency towards hysterical laughter. Stephen will not shut up about stats. The English boy in the top bunk is strangely attractive. If I try anything Steve will kill me. Conversation has centred around cornholing, threesomes, and homosexual tribesmen from Ghana. I have finished this entry and we have not reached Jo'burg. Very strange.

## Mojo 13H40

Have arrived at station, looking for farmgirls, so far only not so hot grape sellers. Still no farmgirls, only ugly homeless people.

## JD 13H34

So far so good, Brindley has now twice threatened Steve with 'anal action'. B also looking at the little English boy, if he tries anything Steve will kill him. Gareth now obsessed with anything from these farms, muttering about cows.

## 13H39

Steve may be gay, seemed to be hoping to catch Gareth and I shagging. We weren't. Steve seems disappointed, has gone

to play cards with Jon.

## DAVID 14H15

Hate painting! Why did I have to choose so many cheap as shyte units? Still not Done.

## BRINDLEY 16H09

There is a surprising lack of loose women, and considering this is a CLAWS trip, it is surprising. I'm worried about Ian, he's constantly touching Michelle - I think he's in denial. English boy at the top is keeping a low profile. I think he realizes his sphincter is in danger of becoming 'narrowly challenged'. Gareth looks like Jay from the Kevin Smith films - strangely attractive. Maybe he's gay, Jay was. Duncan definitely gay, fondled JD's ass. JD didn't react. Worried.

## DUNCAN

JD's ass very firm, firmness a sign of potential tightness, must 'explore' it later. JD definitely has the gay look. I am taking my hair out of a ponytail to look

more like a may-an. The Mafioso look apparently turns people on. Owned peoples asses at J Archer but gay elflord sucked, so we lost. Need to take a leak, considering propositioning little English boy for a golden shower. Ian and Michelle look close, wonder if they have 'done it' yet.

## CLAWTHING

I sucked at Jeffery Archer!!!! They got Todd Maclanefar without a problem. Must try harder! Has no one else noticed that Brindley sleeps with his legs spread? Maybe it's just me. Have been thinking disturbing thoughts about the little English boy. Steve seems to be in there already though, he'd kill me if I try anything. Bugger - but sadly not on this trip it seems.

The farmers in the karoo have just loads and loads of sheep to have fun with. I'm so SO jealous! Am v. miffed Gareth hasn't noticed me yet, wonder if he'd fit into that sheep costume. He'd look really cute, but all he keeps talking about is how irresistible to bitches he is. On the upside got to shove a chip in Jon's mouth. Think he may be getting over our little tiff.

Go me!!

## STEVE 17H40

I think Duncan made a pass at me. He looks like he's going for that Mafioso look. I wonder what he has planned for the English boy (I'll kill them if they try anything). God save him. Gareth looking strangely attractive in a beanie, kinda like Jay. Leeugamka and no hot farmgirls, getting dark. What a ship of fools this is.

## Mojo 17H59

Starting to feel very hunted. Everyone looking at me funny, tempted to remove beanie, still no bitches. Sigh.

## THE BLASTED MAGIC PLAYER 18H05

Played magic against wargamers. Won. No satisfaction yet. Played Gareth. Won. Nope no satisfaction. Beginning to find Serra Angel very attractive. Need to get out more. Saw Gareth with beanie. Almost snorted coffee, v. funny. Serra

Angel still attractive.

## Mojo 18H30

Sitting in BJs. Back 1 and left is the table of elderly mingers, redeemed only by single fit girl. She finds me strangely attractive. Soon I will make her one of my many bitches.

## 18H40

JD making a play for my girl, think he was intercepted by an elderly minger. Gets what he deserves.

## Jon

The party is sitting in the aptly named BJs (because it sucks balls). Some of us are playing strange and mystical card games while others merely ruminate. The English boy is looking increasingly uncomfortable. I think he has noticed some peoples hungering eyes. Beard update: still there. Mank update: subtly dodgy. The English boy hurries me along in my writing of this diary in a charmingly authoritarian way. If I try anything Steve will kill me. We're still not in Jo'burg.

## Mojo 19H05

Brindley has expressed interest in my girl. I think she is taunting us with her body. Filthy vixen. Thought Brindley was gay. Am now confused. Supper was interesting. Can't tell if I was eating chicken or fish. Second thought: don't want to know. Reminds me of a song: "Smells like fish, tastes like chicken, you don't know what you've been a licking, oh boy, oh oh oh boy".

## BRINDLEY

I have just been propositioned by an old Afrikaans woman, Aunty Lizaan (or La). I think she may be single. I may have to sleep with the door locked tonight, those Afrikaners are tenacious. Mark just gave me a huge fright, lurking behind me. I thought he might be one of the 'women'. Just realized the woman is friends with the mother of the girl Gareth is perving. I may have to do her, the mother, and then only the daughter - its something that just has to be done, no matter how tough. Though if I try anything Gareth may kill me. Magic players still here affording adequate protection ... for now.

SAVE ME!! SALVETE MEI!!!

## Jon

May have to sleep in shifts tonight, if you read this and I am dead, please give my Warhammer to Jon.

THE QUASI-SECRET DIARY OF THE



**FEMALE  
21H01**

I knew I was in trouble this morning, a looong train trip, 1 girl and 11 guys - and I'm the girl. I was worried, but not for the right reasons. Here's whats happened so far. I'm trying to get anywhere near a half decent mirror, so I can see how badly I've aged since this morning. An Afrikaans tannie who was accosting Brindley, started interrogating Ian and I about our relationship, wanting to know if we were married! I'm too young to die!!

How on earth could I look old enough to be trapped for life?? I can feel the life-force draining out of me even as I write (Ian possibly sapping it for diabolical purposes). Speaking of Ian, haven't got any action (so to speak) out of him since... well... a lot earlier this afternoon, when Dave walked in and we weren't aware that he was about to do so. Since then he's been hardly noticing me at all (compared to normal) and is spending an awful lot of time staring at Dave. I'm starting to worry.

My original fears however were unfounded, the guys seem, to be far more interested in underwear preferences, bathroom preferences and each other to bother me. My ego has been dented. Mark's attempts to touch the other guys is disturbing, possibly the other males' behaviour is affecting Ian. Can't attempt to get his attention back yet however, as will be forcibly evicted from the moving train via a window by the others as this would surely drive them (and their STRANGE hormones) insane. I'm praying for my sanity.

**BRINDLEY - MAN ON THE RUN!**

We just completed the manly man test. Needless to say I wussed out first. Manliness consisted of wetting ones hand and sticking it out of the moving train in Mid-Karoo at 10:30pm. We have also realized we have no blankies - Linus wouldn't be happy. Afrikaans chick sms'ed back and has boyfriend. Looking into spading for Gareth. Possibility of 3some inevitable. STILL not in Jo'burg.

**THE ENGLISH BOY**

Jon is growing increasingly hostile ... "I'm gonna to rape you in your fucking ass, bitch" - Jon at approx. 1:07am. I fear for my anus.

**DAVID  
22H35**

Really hate painting! Soooo many models. Embarrassed earlier, have confided in my

men. Not Done yet.

**Mojo  
11H48**

Slept. Froze. Woke. Froze. Slept. Froze. Woke. Fucking cold!! Nearly in Johannesburg. Tensions on train have reached breakpoint. Little English boy has a determined look in his eyes. I think he'll kill anyone who tries anything. So cold. Still irresistible to bitches.

**STEVE  
12H00**

Last night fucking cold. Heater broke of course, knew I shouldn't have let Jon touch it. Tensions rising between Jon and the little English boy, with promises of "I'm gonna ream yo ass!" during the night. Woke up strangely warm, wonder if JD tried anything, if he did Brindley will kill him. Woke up this morning to one of Duncan's 'lessons on spading'. Still not in Jo'burg, still hungry.

**THE FEMALE**

Am starting to fear that males' behaviour is rubbing off on me, was sorely tempted to participate in test of manliness last night. Know that I could have beaten them all - but I dislike the cold and couldn't be bothered to stand up. English boy seeming strangely appealing but Steve and Ian would kill me. Should not have brought Innuendo on train - has resulted in Dave and Mark developing a strange obsession with Frank's pegleg and his large rubber membership card. Mark also seems keen on using card to write a porno. Freaking freezing on train, esp at night. So much for sleeping bag keeping me warm at -5 degrees. Woke up from the freaking cold - luckily have portable heat source. Worrying that he requested I sleep with my back to him... damn these homo-erotic stories. There were strange noises coming from the next cabin thingy with the other guys - did the Afrikaans women get them?? Dave seemed strangely envious this morning, praying that this trip to Jo'burg arrives soon.

**Mojo  
23H11**

Sitting at the aptly named 24/7. It is officially !Kuzmas. Interval since last entry due to intense cold and manual labour, we are Grant's indentured slaves. It hurts. Food is imminent, we hunger. I hate transport, have no idea how Ian's crowd getting to Jabula tomorrow. It is my problem. No one looking strangely appealing, I'm safe from being killed. Exception: dancing girls at Convention centre. Probably underage

(except for instructor girl. Yum). Irresistibility to bitches untouched.

**THE BLASTED MAGIC PLAYER**

Had dream about Serra Angel. Need relief. Need to find room with decent ambient temperature. No luck. Too cold for any naughtiness, maybe the English kid will help. Seems more flexible than a Magic card. Hmm .. Steve still hungry. Trading of services for the kid with food seems good, he might kill me tho. Met some strange Magic judge. Talked too much, sounded like a seal. Seemed repressed tho. Maybe he was thinking of servicing me while mouthing off. Dirty kiddie-fidler.

**DUNCAN**

Am currently finding males more appealing than female. Skank ho bitches irritating the shit outta me, except Michelle. If I try anything Ian will kill me. Damn! 0WnZ3D everyone (Jon and Brindley) last night at the CG arcade. I fucking raped their asses. Am looking forward to more raping in the rpgs and the warhammer. xtra rapage should be cool. Going out to The Doors tonight, may score. Am still saving up for anime style 'realdoll' only \$100 000 to go! Go me!!

**THE FEMALE**

In Joburg. Am still only girl. Feel like screaming, but on reassessment the situation could have been promising.. but I would have been killed. Joburg has been great so far, although

staying at same house as Brindley and Duncan has led to further threats to my sanity. Stuff it I don't care any more. I wonder if the English boy is ok. He was insane enough to sleep in the same room as Jon and Duncan - Steve will kill them if they tried anything. Brindley showing curious obsession with 'Prince Ali' song, possibly ego indication? Must go make concerted attempt to stay away from pretty dice store. Must stay away. Pretty shiny dice are the devil incarnate and tempting me. Already bought dice bag and baby D6s. Must stay away. Have just seen Adrianna - am no longer only female, at last! YAY!!!

**DAVID  
03H05**

One million men left. Painting flesh tough but rewarding, muscle definition important. Still not Done.

**STEVE  
THE MORNING AFTER**

Mank check: getting dodgy. Tired, sore, getting hungry. Last night sampled a bit of Joburg's nightlife with JD, Mark, Gareth, & Sed. JD's iron will crumbled at the first sign of happy hour and before long was shouting "et nominee patris, et filis, et spiritus sancti" before tossing back another (progressively vile) shot. Alcohol tolerance nonexistent, tipsy after first drink, wasted after second. First time I've had more drinks than I could put away... maybe Joburg not so bad after all.



If you even dream I'm going to proofread all this, you're nuts

The laser secreted in Jon's pocket helps him win the battle but not the war.



From left to right: Pasta, Pasta, Pizza, Pasta



Sed performs an emergency throat operation on Mark using the surgical laser built into his right nostril.



Fifteen bucks little man, put that shit in my hand.



Dave grimaces & sides.

Brindley, determined to win the game of chicken with the oncoming train.



Lara finches as she is beaten to the draw. All the white spaces in this CLAWmarks were cloned from Anick's cleavage.



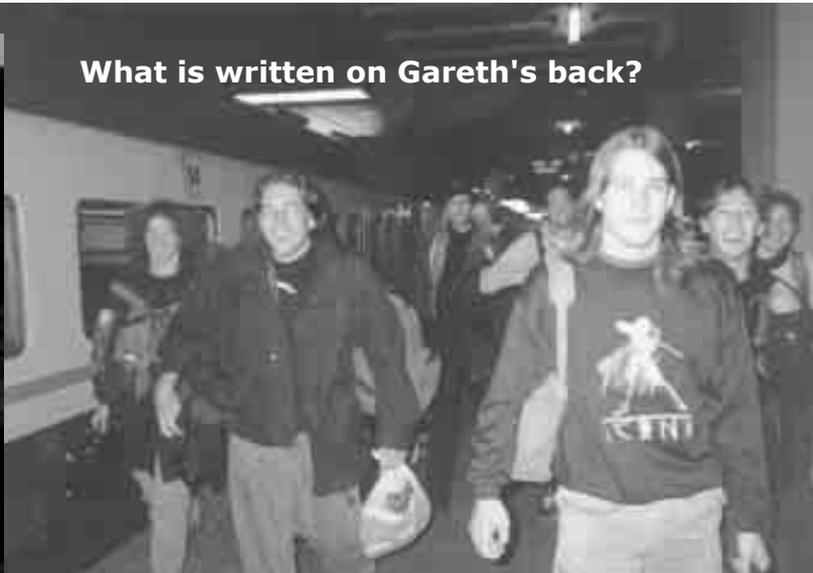
The most likely way they'll die... Giles kippis - oh wait, we already know

a, Pasta

The most likely way they'll die...  
Mark - Lynched by angry CLAWmarks-reading mob



Michelle discreetly removes the lower portion of Ian's spine.



What is written on Gareth's back?



as Gareth and Sed take him from both



Sed gestures to the judges with his left hand just before conceding.



If only Dave had tended his dice as lovingly.



Shadow puppets in the park. On the left, headless hatchet man. On the right, woman sitting with child.

The most likely way they'll die...  
Andrea - missing in action in long grass

Gareth apparently irresistible to bitches but still clumsy enough to fall off the stage.

Worried about sleeping next to JD. Keeps talking about waking up in a 69. If he tries anything I'll kill him.

### 18H06 (SUNDAY)

Mank check: ughhhh. Oh no, I might be getting sick. Probably shouldn't have joined that team of 'diseased sodomy bikers'. Convinced that all the nice girls have boyfriends. Little English boy strangely attractive... if I try anything I'll kill myself.

### BRINDLEY

#### 19H50

In a cruel twist of fate, after all the threats of raping the little English boy, it was I that was bent over and anally invaded. Yes he bent me. I wonder if Steve will kill me? Then that cheating, scaly, scummy, fucking bastard cheater-cheat-cheat-cheat-mutha-fuck. Anyways, who cares, he went down like a cheap Nigerian whore. We have had a bit of a scary conversation. Sucking dick for money. So far sucking but not taking it in the mouth: (cut off in US\$)

Gareth: 1000, Brindley: 1000, JD: 1000, Dieter: 1000, Dave 99: 100 000, Wayne

1000, Johan: 1000 000, Jon: not at all!, Simon: doesn't need the money.

### DAVID

#### 02H23

Finished painting most of men with help from Jason and JD. Little muscle bound vietnam vets are beginning to look attractive, have a feeling if I make a move, with all their artillery, they'd kill me. Still not (quite) Done.

### 14 JULY 15H25

Hate my dice!! Hate my luck!! Goodbye Abaddon ... (-the angst!!! JD)

### MOJO'S RANT

#### 14 JULY 20H57

Waiting at doors to the Doors. Downstairs bar closes as the Doors opens. My posse is in! Oh my deity! Happy hour, 2 for 1, on anything, at all!

"Hi can I have 2 hunter's dries?"

"Sure" (4 appear)

"That'll be R18" (gasps of joy and surprise followed by inebriation).

It is great. The Doors officially 'r0xX0rs my boxers' (yes I was wearing boxers, black with flam-



ing red dice on them). We drank more than I remember during the aptly named happy hour. Then we went dancing. Normal dancefloor was arb, however the stage looked promising. First liquid courage, shot 1 Sambucca (Zappa red) good, shot 2 apple sours (Tang) good, shot 3 Malibu (unknown) vile. Needed Smirnoff chaser after coconut evil.

Steve was unable to handle liquor. He was wasted, sooo wasted. However the stage was ours, bitches were unable to

resist me. Official bitch count - 4. Bitch 1 was the couch girl, had bf and was also old. Line: "I'd say I was here to chat to you, but I'm just fetching my drink." Bitch 2 was tattoo girl. Tattoo of 3 Japanese/Chinese words up lower back. Also had a pierced tongue. Very sexy, think she also had a bf. Line: "Just how far does that tattoo go?" Answer: Just past the small of back. Bitches 3 and 4 were a pair. Having acquired the ladies (cannot remember line - at this point sobriety was a distant memory), farmed Melina off to



GARETH AS WE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM.

JD. He needed just half an hour more to pull her. I ignored Feather. Not my type. Er. Yup. Possible line: "Why don't you come up on stage?" Conclusion: Doors chicks are fit and easy, damned lucky Jo'burgers.

Downside, the morning after. Woke up early. Too early. Had a hangover. The day improved as it went on. Started by doing menial work. Then parked and watched Anime. No BTS. Unsatisfied. Then played DnD, cool module. Played a half-troll, completely raped everything. Best moment, throwing an axe into a Celt. Insert incredibly shit part of day. Trying to get 3 people back to 4-ways at 1am. It is impossible. This was the most stressful part of trip to date. Brindley managed to organize a lift with scary, crazy German guy. see Jon.

Redeemed by visit 2 to the Doors. Happy hour was only at 1. We only got a few then. However, bitches! More!! Fitter!!! Easier!!!! There were also free drinks, we all got free sours. Official bitch count: 6. Bitches 1 and 2: Melinda and Feather returned for more. JD struck out. Feather was ignored. Yay me? Line: none needed. Bitches 3 and 4: short blonde and tallish brunette(frizzy hair). Both very fit. Brunette had interesting single piece top line: "Why aren't you girls on the stage?". Bitch 5: skanky stair chick! Was walking down stairs while she was on her way up. We both stepped aside to let the other past. She moved first and obviously (trust me here - unmistakable) drags her hand across my arm and then across my chest. What a ho! (Mmmm fit)

Before bitch 6, special mention must be made of The Man from Boksburg. Last night we had been told that the people who dance on stage were losers from BB. We got to see one. Topless not dancing, just flexing his muscles. Saddest thing I have ever seen. Bitch 6: very hot, dark hair, tall. Line: "You are fucking hot!" Simple, clean, efficient. We left, disappointed that we had to go. We'll be back next year.

### THE BLASTED MAGIC PLAYER 22H45

SCHOOLED dem beetches from Joburg at Magic. Victory glow almost made me forget about frustration, for a while. Now even Sengir Vampire has strange appeal.... Brindley wants to know what it will take for me to take a blowjob. No comment. (Steve might kill me). Everyone pissed. Hehe. Couple of chicks interrupted the

dinner to say something, didn't pay any attention cos the bitches were fly and presenting. Took nothing off tho. Cockteases. Little English boy undefended. Steve not that drunk tho. Bugger. Well, maybe not bugger.

### Mojo 15 JULY 12H55

Finally returning to beautiful Cape Town. Life is good. Warm last night! Yay me! Spaded bitches last night, official bitch count: 2. Bitches were sisters. Line used (on a card) "The gentlemen kindly request that the young ladies join them for polite conversation" Steve's suggested line: "Are you from Hungary, hungry for cock?" Younger sister was Pandora (15), lied about her age. Taurus. Older sister was Cassie (Cassandra) (18) Capricorn. Bitches were related to Steve, very worrying.

### STEVE

I would like to note that they are merely the daughters of my cousin's mother's ex-husband's, ex-girlfriend. Which makes us... absolutely nothing.

### JON - SUPPLEMENTAL (TALES OF HORROR)

Our journeys at Icon led us to being stranded at the Jabula centre on Saturday night. First officer Bogart used his commlink to organize alternative transportation in the form of an Alpha Romeo landspeeder, piloted by Martin, an Austrian, boyfriend of Nina Wassung, and complete cock-knocker. Martin felt the ir-repressible urge to drive at warp 6 (220km/h) on the freeway and change lanes at 190km/h in order to give use an idea as to how big his penis is. Was understandably worried by the prospect of crushing, rending death but survived somehow. Ensign Dieter believes my negative reaction to Martin's antic is amusing, but that is alright, because am handing him over to first officer Bogart for further 'training'.

I hope commander Emslie doesn't find out.

### AND NOW, A SELECTION OF OFFENSIVE QUOTES FOR YOUR READING PLEASURE

**Mark** - I don't think you should feed the natives, Brindley.

**Mark** - How about we play a game of iron RAPE man?

**Jon** - I -am- going to fuck you in the ass before the end of to-night.

**JD** - I already spoiled my breakfast, I had BJs.

**Gareth** - For a \$100 000 he could cum in my ass

**Jon** - We know Dieter's gay, we're going to fuck him on the train.

**Steve** - Fuck Jo'burg, fuck it in its fat gay ass.

**Steve** - Are you from Hungary, hungry for cock?

**Robyn** - BwaHahahahaha!! Iä Iä Cthulhu ftang ng'lthui!! My bother, um brother has been 5|<00|3d! Saul 4 eva or death - preferably his!

**Doors happy hour song:** It don't matter what you do, you still get 2, you gotta (drink it) x5

NOW!



Early on Wednesday morning, 11 of us arrived at Cape Town Station for yet another (for me at least) trip to Icon. This year however was different. There was only one female on the train and there was a little 14-year-old boy with us, whose name was Dieter. Dieter knew the wargamers from Wizards and his parents had put him into the responsible care of Brindley. John had a fantastic idea on the train, and the Icon secret diaries were born (apologies to Cassie Claire). A somewhat troubling trend became apparent: the lack of women was making all

of the men turn ghey. The 14-year-old boy was the obvious target for their affections. Someone threatened to 'assrape' someone else during the night. Jon said that he had known that it would happen (and he still came?). Even Steve was expressing affection for the 14 year old, but Ian and Michelle seemed to be able to resist the strange homosexual urges that affected the rest of us (*HEM HEM* except for me of course).

We arrived at the Johannesburg station where we discovered that Gareth's transport planning had sucked. Everything got sorted out in the end and the wargamers and I went off to Ian's uncle's place in Fourways, while the roleplayers stayed at Grant's house. The people who stayed with Grant helped organise the venue at the start of every day and got little sleep and free entrance to Icon.

The Icon flu didn't seem to affect anyone particularly badly during the trip, except for me.

Speaking of hard drinking, The Doors was hit by a large CLAWs contingent on Friday and Saturday night. Gareth, Steve and JD were dancing on the stage. Fortunately, they didn't get arrested for indecent exposure.

Our four wargamers all did pretty well, but only Jonathan Warnke was placed. Jon made it to the finals, but his

Tyrannid army lost to a space marine army. Brindley came 5th, Dieter 8th and David 18th ("*I hate my dice*").

Sed and Steve were the magic players but after the first day, Steve decided to be a roleplayer. Sed went on to play in the big magic tournament, but since the first prize involved a trip to Houston during the November varsity exams, Sed conceded and got third prize. He beat, but then conceded to the player who won the tournament.

The roleplayers did pretty well when it came to prizes, but none of the people who came in on the train got anything. Austin tied third best DM overall, Robyn Saul won third best player, and Grant got extremely smashed during prizegiving, finishing almost a full bottle of tequila by himself. Austin "braved" the normal tequila and the chilli drink, which had been brewing for two years, when he won his prizes. Gareth also had to suck it down like the bitch he is, when Robyn gave it to him real good. The somewhat long prizegiving was followed by Chinese dinner, after which a tired and varsity-dreading CLAWs contingent found their ways home.



# SUMMON YOUR OWN CTHULHU

*Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fknitting*

by **STACEY HOBBS**



**d10/d100 sanity loss  
1d3 people die**

This pattern uses only basic stitches, and is suitable for a beginner knitter. The complications come in as one must keep careful track of the increases and decreases for shaping. For those who want to knit their very own Deep One, but first need to figure out knitting, check out these sites:

[HTTP://WWW.STITCHGUIDE.COM/STITCHES/KNITTING/](http://www.stitchguide.com/stitches/knitting/)

This has videos of the stitches as well as good descriptions.

[HTTP://WWW.KNITTING.CO.NZ/BASIC.HTM](http://www.knitting.co.nz/basic.htm)

Very basic stitch instructions.

If you have never knitted before - do a practice square, and practise increasing and decreasing a few times before starting on the Cthulhu.

## Materials:

- 3 x 50g balls of 4 ply wool.
- Two eyes (buttons or eyes from a toy shop).
- Stitch holder.
- Large tapestry needle to sew pieces together.
- 1 pair 3.5mm knitting needles.



**d10/d100 cuteness gain  
1d3 people giggle  
hysterically and make  
mushy sounds**

- Toy stuffing.

Tension: 22 stitches and 42 rows to 10cm over garter stitch using 3.5 mm needles.

Abbreviations used: C/on - cast on; C/off - cast off; beg - beginning; inc - increase; dec - decrease; k - knit; rep - repeat; st(s) - stitch(es);

Ns - needles, k2 tog - knit two stitches together;

Note: when the instructions are to decrease - knit two stitches together.

## Making the Body: (make 1)

Using 3.5mm Ns, c/on 14 sts.

**Rows 1 & 3:** K to end.

**Row 2:** Inc into every stitch (28 sts).

**Row 4:** K the row, increasing 6 sts evenly across the row (to give 34 sts).

**Next 5 rows:** K each row.

**Row 9 to Row 27:** Rep last 6 rows 3 times (52 sts).

**Next 18 rows:** K each row.

**Row 46:** Dec 1 st at each end of row, and dec 6 sts evenly across row (44 sts).

**Next 11 rows:** K each row.

**Row 58:** Dec 1 st at each end of row and dec 6 sts evenly across row (36 sts).

**Next 5 rows:** K to end.

Break off thread, leaving enough to thread through the sts remaining on the needle. Pass the thread through the sts - draw it tight and fasten it off securely.

This gives the edge of the knitting a "drawstring" effect.

### Making the Head: (make 1)

Using 3.5mm Ns, c/on 12 sts.

**Rows 1 & 3:** K to end.

**Row 2:** Inc into every stitch (24 sts).

**Row 4:** K the row, increasing 8 sts evenly across the row (to give 32 sts).

**Next 5 rows:** K each row.

**Rows 9 to 15:** Rep last 6 rows. (40 sts)

**Next 12 rows:** K each row.

**Row 28:** Dec 1 st at each end of row and 4 sts evenly across the row (34 sts).

**Next 5 rows:** K each row.

**Rows 33 to 38:** Rep last 6 rows (28 sts).

**Next row:** (Here's where you need to count!!)

K sts 3 and 4 tog, k next 5 sts, inc into st 10, k 4 sts, inc into st 14, k next 6 sts, k sts 21 and 22 tog, k to end.

**Row 40:** K to end.

**Rows 41, 42:** Rep last 2 rows. (NOTE: the total no. of sts does not change - 28 sts).

This is the end of the head proper - now move on to the tentacles, each of which is based on 7 sts of this final row.

Working only with the first 7 sts (Leave others on a stitch holder), commenced tentacle:

k the 7 sts, then c/on another 7 sts. On these 14 sts, k 30 rows. Draw the thread through the sts of the final row, and fasten off (as you did for the end of the body.)

Repeat this procedure 3 times - resulting in 4 tentacles for your Cthulhu.

Wings (make 4)

(If your knitting is quite loose, knit the wings, arms and legs on slightly smaller needles than

you used for the body and head (e.g 3.25 mm needles.)

C/on 16 sts.

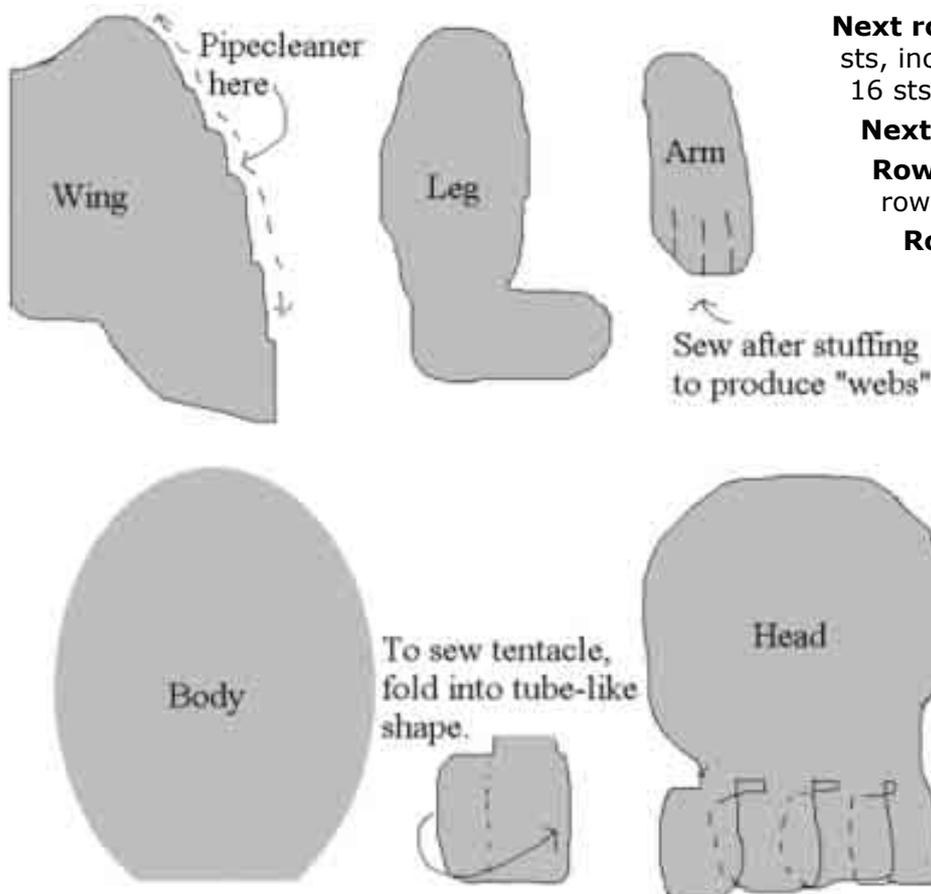
**Rows 1 & 2:** k to end.

**Next row:** c/off 1, k14 sts, inc into last st. (still 16 sts).

**Next 3 rows:** k to end

**Row 7 - 14:** Rep last 4 rows twice.

**Row 15:** k14 sts, inc into 2nd last st, k1.



**Row 16:** k to end.  
**Rows 17 to 22:** Rep last 2 rows 3 times (20 sts).  
**Rows 23 & 24:** k to end.  
**Row 25:** C/off 1, k to end. (19 sts)  
**Rows 26 - 30:** k to end.  
**Row 31:** Inc into 1st st, k to end. (20 sts)  
**Row 32:** k1, k2 tog, k to end.  
**Row 33:** as for row 31.  
**Row 34 - 41:** rep last 2 rows 4 times. (20 sts)  
**Row 42:** C/off 3, k to end. (17 sts)  
**Row 43:** Inc into 1st st, k to end (18 sts).  
**Next 2 rows:** k to end.  
**Rows 46 & 47:** Rep rows 42 & 43 (16 sts)  
**Row 48:** C/off 6sts, k to end (10 sts).  
**Row 49:** k to end  
**Row 50:** C/off 6 sts, k to end. (4 sts).  
**Row 51:** K to end.  
**Row 52:** C/off. The most likely way they'll die...  
Philip Anastasiadis - nose flute

### Legs (make 4)

C/on 13 sts.  
**Row 1:** k to end  
**Row 2:** K, Inc 1 st at end of row  
**Row 3:** Inc 1 st at beg of row, k to end.  
**Rows 4-7:** k to end.  
**Row 8:** Dec 1 st at beg. of row,  
**Row 9:** k to end.  
**Row 10:** Dec 1 st at beg of row.  
**Row 11:** K to end.  
**Row 12:** C/off 5 sts at beg of ros.  
**Rows 13 to 15:** K to end  
**Row 16:** Inc 1 st at each of this row and of every following 4th row until you have 14 sts.  
**Next 10 rows:** k to end.  
**Next row:** Dec 1 sts at each end of row.  
**Next 5 rows:** K to end.  
**Next row:** Dec 1 st at each end of row.  
**Next row:** K to end  
 Rep last 2 rows  
**Next 2 rows:** Dec 1 st at each end of row (4sts).  
 C/off



### To Make up:

#### Head:

Sew up the long edge of each tentacle first inside out, and turn right way out.

Fold tentacles inside main portion of head and sew head (right side inwards) seams together, leaving a small gap. Pull tentacles through gap and turn rest of head right side out - now stuff and sew up gap.

Stick (or sew) on eyes appropriately.

#### Body:

Sew together to make a fat tube, leaving a small space for stuffing. Turn right side out and stuff. Sew up small space. Note that the end with the "drawstring" effect is Cthulhu's bottom. Sew his head to the other end.

#### Wings: (x2)

Sew two matching wing pieces together along the shaped seams.

Sew pipecleaner along the top edge of the wing if you want to. Carefully turn the wing right side up. Make both wings, and sew to body along the open seams, closing seams as you do so.

#### Arms: (x2)

Sew together in pairs, leaving a gap in the seam. Turn right way out, stuff (not very, very full) and sew up. Sew along fatter edge to produce "webbed hand" effect. Attach to body at other end.

#### Legs: (x2)

Sew together in pairs, leaving a gap in the seam. Turn right way out, stuff and sew up. Attach to body.

# THE SECRET LIFE OF JACK T. CHICK

In an exclusive interview we reveal the secret life of Jack T. Chick, the author of the notorious anti-roleplaying propaganda, **Dark Dungeons**.



The most likely way they'll die...  
Verolin Goverder - strangulation

I met Jack Chick in Vegas once. We enjoyed some drinks (Jack was partial to scotch and soda) and talked at great length about his work. He was really easy going and humorous, a class act. He had a unique art style that was grossly underrated, IMHO. Today's comic artists just don't seem to have an eye for the grotesque as Jack did. May they all rot in hell, those heathen, talentless bastards.

*You met Chick in Vegas, once?*

*You **met** him in **Vegas**?*

ONCE?

Chick and I used to *own* fuckin' Vegas, man. There wasn't a week that went by when you wouldn't find Chick and me down at the Sands, knocking back the 'tinis with the hottest showgirls in town hanging on our every words.



Why? Because we were the original story-tellers, man. We used to spin yarns fine



enough to drape you in a pashmina, two seconds flat. And don't let the flash and cash tell you otherwise, Vegas is nothing if not intellectual: if you can tell a story just like you're breathing, you can write your own passport and the maitre'd will stamp it like you're coming back home.

The Chick-Monster, we used to call him. The Chick Magnet.



Jack could weave a story out of thin air like pulling rabbits out of a hat. You knew the rabbit was already there, you knew the story was coming, but you still laughed at the way you were fooled, every single time. No matter how closely you watched the hands, you were always looking the wrong





way when he did the switch. If he wanted to make those showgirls dream, he'd tell them

the story of the prince and the flower girl, and the Sands would be his castle. If he wanted to make them relaxed and sleepy, well... I'll put it to you this way: "Good Night Moon" was written by one of Chick's ex'es.

If he wanted to make them horny... hell, if



Chick wanted you horny, you had a baby turtle's chance on a Costa Rican beach of getting away.

Jack pulled them like Mrs. Lovett at a barbecue.



Chick and I used to cruise the strip late at night with the top down, watching the action. Then we'd pick our place, and make it ours for the night. And every night it felt like we were some place different, because while the four walls around us were the same, the worlds we created had no walls, no limits. At the end of one of our stories, the whole place would be silent: as soon as we started telling a story, the casino chief would always turn the music down, the wheels would stop spinning, the one-armed bandits would hug

themselves, and the whole town would... hold its breath.

And Chick and I would weave. He would usually start, set the stage, invent the characters and start their motors.

"Once there was a blind boy named Puck,



who lived on an artificial island made out of straw and seagull feathers in the middle of the Atlantic, and every day he would drift and think of the moon. His father was the sun, his mother was a mermaid who would visit him once every month, and every time she arrived to visit she would bring him a shell with a tiny crab in it, and the crab would tell him a story, and teach him a lesson. And one day, the crab told him this story..."



Then he'd look at me, and I'd take it. We'd go back and forth, back and forth for hours on end, unreeling that one story past the ticking of the clocks until the thread ended and the only sound was the empty spoolspinning. And silence.

No one ever applauded. It didn't seem





appropriate. The silence was the way we knew the story had been appreciated. The people would slowly, quietly walk away into the night, thinking about the story and how we had hit bone. Every time. For every person there.



And a few stragglers would remain: always beautiful, always willing, always doe-eyed and parted lips... Jack would choose first, sometimes one, sometimes two, never more. They would melt away up to Jack's room, and I would choose mine.

A collage of mouths, bodies, eyes. By the morning, they would be gone, and Chick and I would meet in the lobby for breakfast.



We're talking *years*, man. *Years*.

But there was the fatal flaw in our relationship. Yes, we both hated religion... yes, we both knew that the Church was corrupt, that the only way for people to be saved was by understanding that God is just the pillar you create outside so you can pretend you're not leaning on yourself. But we disagreed on how to lead people to understanding.



Me, I believed in attacking from the outside. Chick? He believed in attacking from within.

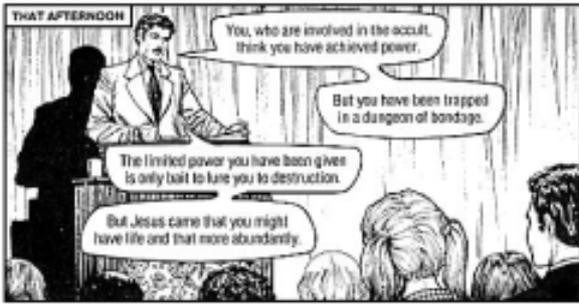
"How better to expose the hypocrisy, the negating hatred, the self-contradictory lies, than by actually promoting them to their most ridiculous extreme?"



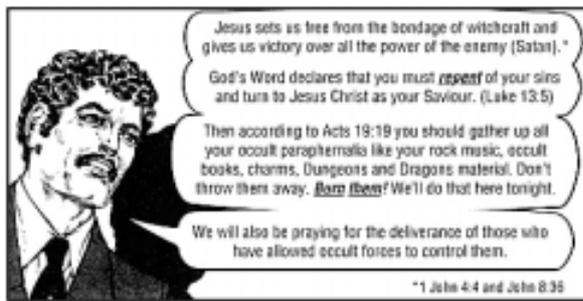
I remember when he asked me that question. It was at the Sands, again. About 4am, in his bedroom, Chick in his boxer shorts. He stood by the balcony, bathrobe flapping in the wind as he railed against me and the stars. The model in the bed, nude except for a silk sheet, looked at me nervously: I silently assured her with a look that everything was all right.

"And by exposing yourself to the same ridicule?" I answered. "You won't succeed. You will just be branded an extremist, even by those who originally agree with you. You'll be isolated, ignored."

"Thus," he screamed, a finger under my nose, "proving to people that religion doesn't make you infallible." He sat down heavily on the bed by my side and put an arm around my shoulder. "If all people hear



from religion is the reasonable voice," he whispered into my ear, "then how will they understand the real craziness that lies within? Who will show them what would happen if people actually started to take the Bible literally?"



"No one takes the Bible literally, Jack. Everybody knows it's just a story, a parable."

"No one?" he said in a conspiratorial whisper. "No one? Let me ask you this: why is she here, in my bed tonight?" he gestured at the nude. I shrugged, clumsily hiding the fact that I already knew the answer.



"Because of a story. That's all. The story of a rich prince and a beggar girl. A story that took her away from this town and everything it stands for, and dropped her in a place where she believes she should have always lived. And somewhere in her mind... she already *does*."

With that he jumped up off the bed and ran out to the balcony. For a second I was afraid he might jump off, but he skidded to a stop inches from the railing.

"Who will show them, David?" he shouted, his hair a mad fury, his fists towards the sky.

"I will show them!"



I slipped away, out of the room, as Chick screamed on the balcony.

I took the model with me. I could say that I did this to protect her, that Chick was unstable, beyond reason. But he wasn't: this wasn't the first time I had heard this argument.

Although as it turned out, it was to be the last: I never saw Jack again. In person, at least.

The next day he didn't come down for breakfast. I waited in the lobby for over an hour, until the concierge came over with a note. "From Mr. Chick, sir. He checked out



this morning."

I opened the carefully folded page of hotel stationery.

It read "This Was Your Life!".

Signed "JC."

I went up to the reception and checked out. Didn't even go back up to my room to pack. Just checked out, got my car from the valet, left in a squeal of tires and took the freeway back to LA. I haven't been back.

I hear Jack's doing well.

-dp.

The most likely way they'll die... Melanie - Killed by her spirit guide

# The CLAWwiki

Mad scientist SIMON CROSS introduces his latest creation...

Despite the Café NescaféCafé, the demise of the CLAWroom has made keeping in contact a little more difficult. We're down a CLAWnoticeboard, and some CLAWmembers have been caught attending lectures. Into the breach steps the fledgling CLAWwiki<sup>1</sup>.

Physically a Wiki is a set of webpages designed to be directly edited in the web browser as they are being viewed. Philosophically a Wiki embodies the principles of WabiSabi - the beauty of change and growth. The word "Wiki" is Hawaiian and translates roughly as "quickly, quickly". At the heart of the Wiki lie the concepts of rapid editing and constant change. The Wiki's readers are also its authors - and, in essence, its owners.

One of the features of Wikis is the WikiWord - a word formed by concatenating other words after capitalising the first letter of each. For example: ElfBoy, WabiSabi, WikiWikiWeb or ShadowCasters. WikiWords are used for linking to other pages in the Wiki. They're easier to remember and shorter to type than traditional URLs.

My first encounter with a wiki was more than a year ago when I came across a reference to Wikipedia<sup>2</sup> on the GNUpedia mailing list. Wikipedia, as the name suggests, is both a Wiki and an encyclopedia. I admit that at first I was rather sceptical. Wouldn't an encyclopedia, which anyone could edit, quickly be dragged down under the weight of trolls, spammers, script kiddies and other vandals?

Surprisingly, as you can see for yourself at Wikipedia, this is not the case. The common wisdom that all things of value need to be jealously guarded, lest they be defiled by the masses, is false. At least in the case of wikis.

For a start, there is very little street cred in

The most likely way you'll die...  
Gareth Saul - Russell Goldman, or perhaps AIDS from barebacking some ho...

hacking a wiki. Everyone can already edit it anyway. Vandalising it isn't illegal; you won't go to jail. If enough people care, someone will just restore an earlier version of the page - keeping earlier versions of pages is the Wiki's one concession to preventing page destruction, accidental or otherwise. These factors work together to create a kind of one way friction - improving the wiki is easy, degrading it is hard.

The CLAWwiki was born at 1:21:02am on Thursday, the 16th May, 2002, weighing only a handful of pages. I had downloaded PhpWiki<sup>3</sup> from Sourceforge about a week before and an initial experiment where the Wiki was used to create a questionnaire<sup>4</sup> had proved very encouraging. To begin with the wiki had only a few skeletal pages - more a list of suggestions than anything resembling content.

Now, barely two and a half months on, the wiki has 132 pages and gets edited by someone most days of the week. You can find out about currently running RoleplayingCampaigns, read up on the ClawsHistory, find a list of CLAWthings or help write a collaborative larp. The wiki has survived a brief attack by OopMan, been swamped by FridgeQuotes and generally speaking, fulfilled its purpose. I backup the wiki every week or so - just in case.

Editing the Wiki is quite simple. Just type in a WikiWord as your username in the box on the bottom right of any page and click the "Sign In" button. Then go to a Wiki page and click the Edit button. This will bring up a form allowing you to modify the content of the page. Wiki pages are not written in HTML but in a very simple formatting language, which is described in a single page on the Wiki<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> CLAWwiki - <http://claws.uct.ac.za/ClawWiki/>

<sup>2</sup> Wikipedia - <http://www.wikipedia.com/>

<sup>3</sup> PhpWiki - <http://www.sourceforge.net/phpwiki/>

<sup>4</sup> SCA Questionnaire - <http://claws.uct.ac.za/CLAWwiki/ScaQuestionnaire>

<sup>5</sup> Text Formatting Rules - <http://claws.uct.ac.za/ClawWiki/TextFormattingRules>



The most likely way you'll die...  
Simon Cross - Thesis Supervisor

# SHEER POWER OF NUMBERS

## WARGAMING AT ICON - BY DAVID SHARPE

So there we were a couple of days before leaving for Icon, frantically painting, modelling and begging/borrowing/stealing the last models to create "the perfect army". Then there was the very careful packing, army validation, army-list e-mailing, tactics consideration, and finally, if one had enough time, actually game playing. Then before some of us knew what was happening or even considered packing clothes we were standing in the train station, waiting for the train.

The train trip was as remarkable as always. Usual bunks, usual tunnels, usual passages, usually scenery (I'm sure the usual people in adjoining cabins). BJ's food was nearly almost marginally better, but service was worse (i.e. next step up would be cooking food oneself). Unusually we had one "small English boy"™, a larger wargaming contingent and one large box of unpainted miniatures... (mine). Painting those minis took up most of my waking hours (and sanity).

One sleep and several hours later we

arrived in Johannesburg, tired, dirty but full of expectation (but mostly tired). The next thing I knew (and to allow others to write about our experience) it was the first day of tournament and I had a more or less fully-painted army (thanks to the superhuman effort of Jason Burke and Jonathan Douglas, who braved cold and sleep deprivation to aid me in painting). The tournament started that morning and followed the programme below:

Days: Saturday and Sunday

Morning: 1500 point game

Noon: 500 point skirmish

Afternoon: 1500 point game

The brave CLAWs contingent consisted of four members:

Brindley (defending champion and green party member): Orks

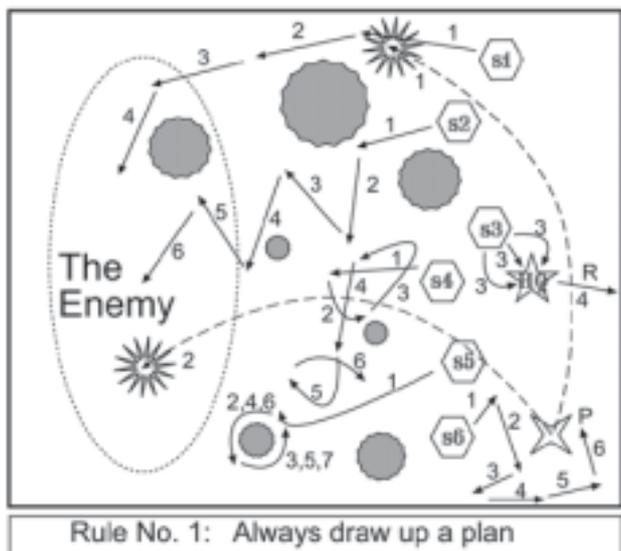
David (the writer, tactical genius extraordinaire): Imperial Guard

Dieter (the aforementioned "small English boy"™, ): Eldar

Jon (suspected hivemind node, currently wanted for humiliation of several players): Tyranids

The tournament proved to be tough on most of us (tougher on some than others). The competition was more experienced and in most cases better equipped for a tournament than we were. However, on the whole, these games were eye-openers and very educational. This tournament definitely changed the way I will play wargames in the future.

Jon was the most successful, annihilating out most of his enemies with his unstoppable, monstrous Tyranids, but



unfortunately he came second to a Black Templars army. Brindley was next best of our group, coming just outside the top four with an incredibly mobile, ram-paging mob of orks. Next, in the upper half of the placings, came Dieter proving that the limp-wristed, gay elf lords are a force to be reckoned with. And last, in something like 18th place, came myself, proving that if your dice don't like you, you're screwed (try +/- 0.15 % chance of failing to even scratch one damn tank during an entire battle or killing more of your own troops in one round of shooting than the enemy).

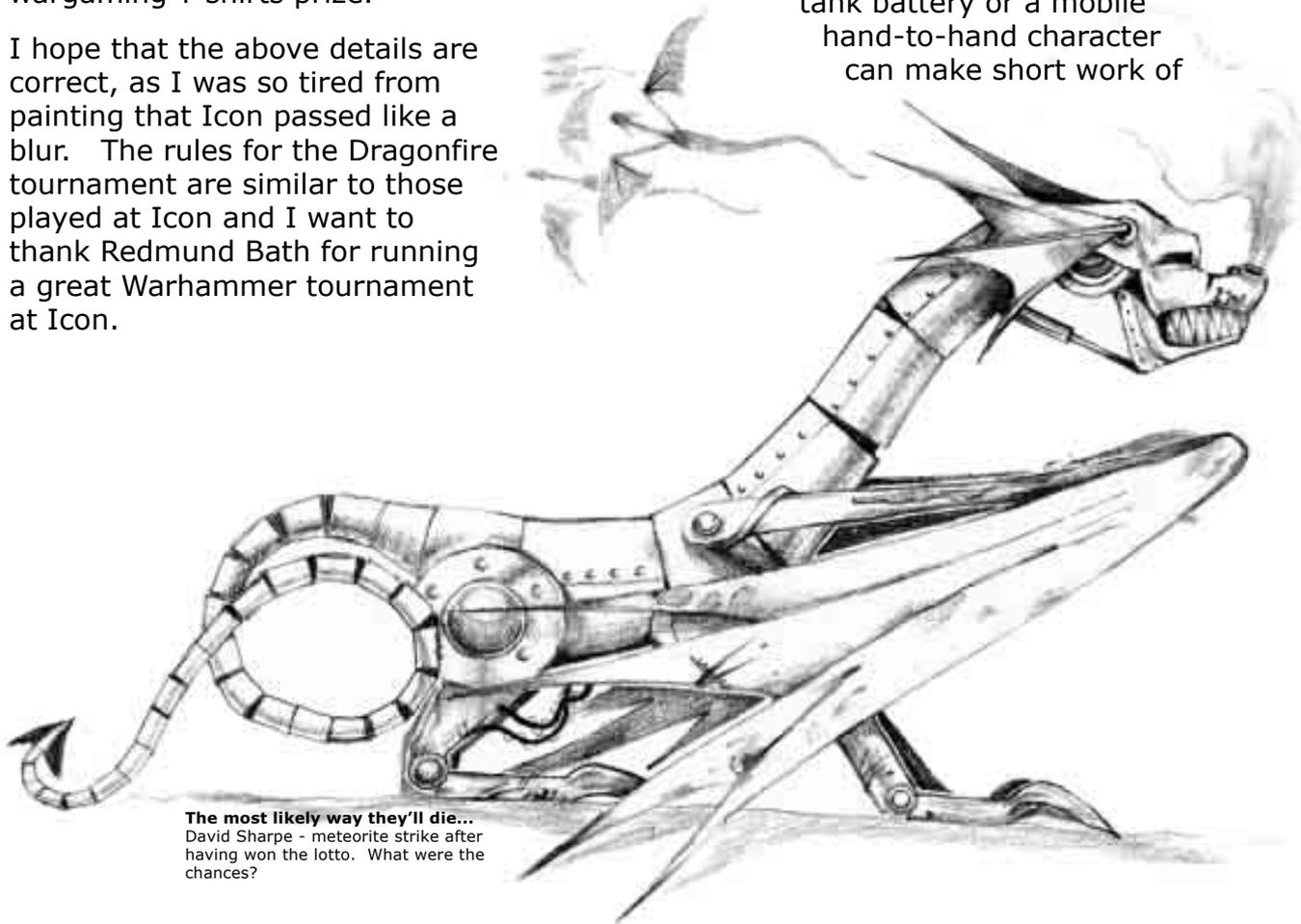
In the end, generally, basic troop heavy armies fared better than specialist armies. The winner, Luke, playing Black Templars, had a full compliment of troop choices in his army (albeit power-armoured wearing, unbreakable, close-combat daemons) and I must say that I was very impressed with his force selection. Second was, as was said, John with Tyranids, third place fell to Orks and fourth came more Black Templars. CLAWs however won the best wargaming T-shirts prize.

I hope that the above details are correct, as I was so tired from painting that Icon passed like a blur. The rules for the Dragonfire tournament are similar to those played at Icon and I want to thank Redmund Bath for running a great Warhammer tournament at Icon.

## THE TACTICS OF TROOPS

The mainstay of most real world armies is, and will for the foreseeable future be, basic troops - from now on referred to as troops. A fact I found sorely neglected in most of my Warhammer 40k wargaming experience to date. Elite units, gun batteries or tanks and other expensive units, previously found in the majority in a large number of armies, are more realistically rarer and more specialised and should be treated as such. But Icon reinforced this view, in a big way. I have a new-found respect for the various types support provided by a strong troop presence. Granted, this observation comes after the winner of the Icon tournament and most of the top placed armies demonstrated a heavy troop presence in their armies, but seeing is believing. This strength can be broken down into several major points.

First of all and probably most obvious is the ability to survive casualties. If you only bring a few crack troops to the battlefield, a well placed anti-tank battery or a mobile hand-to-hand character can make short work of



**The most likely way they'll die...**  
David Sharpe - meteorite strike after having won the lotto. What were the chances?

your forces. Yes, you will be more susceptible to anti-troop weapons with large numbers of troops, but then you have the numbers to take this punishment. Great troop presence will allow for a greater chance that troops will survive the trip to an objective, stick around to hold that or another objective, or protect other more important troops and vehicles.

Next is the intrinsic value of numbers and large quantities of basic firepower. In Warhammer 40k, even the lowly imperial-guard lasgun can cause the casualties of tough and well armoured troops such as terminators and hive-tyrants. Whether in hand-to-hand combat or shooting, more troops means more attacks or shots, which means more chances to wound opposing units. Shift the odds in your favour simply by giving yourself a greater chance at testing those odds.

Another point is that some players are guilty of sometimes overlooking the holding of territory and objectives. Large quantities of troops allow for effective contesting of greater areas of territory. Not only do the numbers allow for the obvious greater survivability but more groups and greater numbers of squads mean more territory can effectively and flexibly be claimed. Some squads can be sent to engage the enemy while others can remain behind, providing massed fire-support. Other squads can hold up fearsome characters, engage enemy heavy support squads or provide human (or alien) shields for troops behind them (yes, I know this is cruel, but it works. You too can be like Stalin).

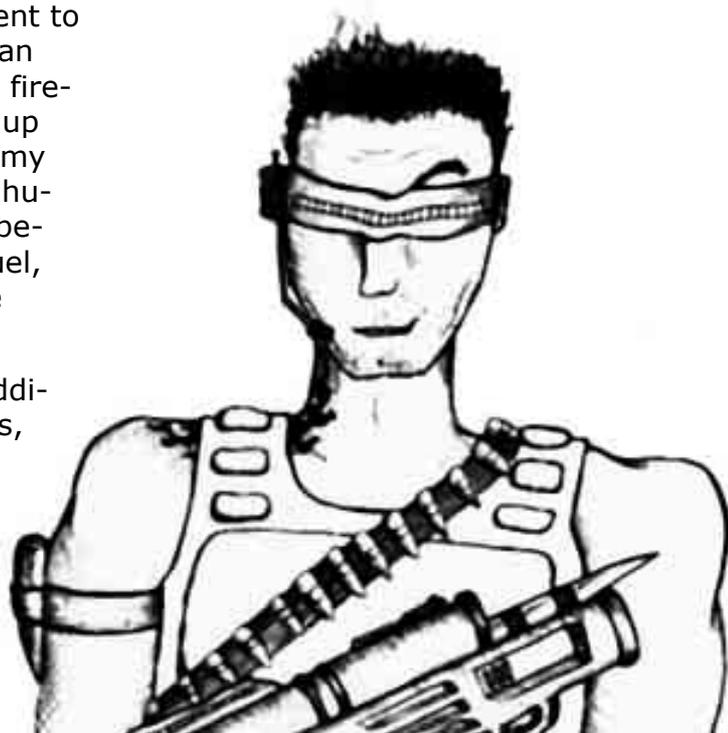
The perfect aid to troops is the addition of troop-transports. Vehicles, monsters or shuttles involved in transporting troops increase the inherent versatility and manoeuvrability of the attached units. Now, not only do they stand a greater chance of survival, encased in thick armour, but they can hide from fire and still re-

main effectively mobile or reach objectives quickly. Then, there is the additional tactical advantage of a troop-transport itself. Having disgorged its cargo, man, alien or machine, the vehicle is free to block lines of fire or troop movement, supply fire-support or provide escape routes, extending its usefulness life-span (if not its in game life-span).

There are however disadvantages to great numbers of troops. The first of which may be the physical transport and packing or unpacking (I play imperial guard, minimum of 55 troops before anything else). Next is model acquisition, but can anyone ever have enough models? Painting too may provide the biggest problem of all (that is if you actually care), with the included issue of identifying different squads from one-another (if you can have a maximum of +/- 39 different squads in a large army, you will experience this problem).

I hope that this will be beneficial to some of you wargamers out there. For the converted, say after me, "First company, third company, fourth company! Forward march!"

**freewargamesrules.co.uk**<sup>1</sup> - Where all rules are free! <sup>1</sup> [HTTP://FREESPACE.VIRGIN.NET/PETE.JONES/INDEX.HTM](http://FREESPACE.VIRGIN.NET/PETE.JONES/INDEX.HTM)



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## Deaths

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### RIP

One basilisk and five bags of exploding rats. Go Wolfgang! (pity you were turned to stone though)

### RIP

Forty Worshippers of Tempus "all right, which one of you killed that tree?"

### RIP

Half a Dozen clockwork automaton freaks

### RIP

Band of gnolls camping on smoking ruins of hobgoblin slaving camp. No swimming. Profuse apologies to the two crispy-fried human prisoners - didn't see you there.

### RIP

One demonic elf from beneath Hellgate Dell.

### NEARLY RIP

Another demonic elf from beneath Hellgate Dell. How the hell did that tracking arrow get to Menzoberranzan?

### RIP

A bunch of orcs and giants, presumably from King Obold's horde - spectacular involvement of one exploding musket and one nasty magical slicing device.

### RIP

A large blockade of orcs. We had two hundred dwarves with us. You idiots.

### RIP

One wyvern plus orc rider. Thanks for the cool ancestral sword. And the easy cash from the auction.

# CIUWmarks Unclassified

### RIP

Some feral chiekbasilisks. At only minor inconvenience to all of us except Thora, whose petrified body we had to haul out of a frozen stream by means of a well-oiled semi-naked man.

### RIP

One mobile compost heap with enormous teeth. That's what happens when you swallow a lawnmower. Thanks for the druidic artefacts.

### RIP

Some trolls. We'll go back for the pile of armour and weapons when it's a bit less stinky.

### RIP

A bunch of goblins, zorched by a fireball. You want us to pay *what*?

### RIP

A bunch of Drow. The Matron Mother picked a fight. We delivered smackdown. Go us!

### RIP

Matron Mother's career - the indiscriminate rain of spiders in the middle of a major trade fair couldn't have gone down well.

### RIP

One yugoloth with a century-long grudge, dispatched in a (nearly) fair duel. He might be back.



### RIP

Some evil Tempus worshippers. Delric is ours and you can't have him.

Thank you very much for outfitting the Skypony armoury.

### RIP

Some exploding mice. Covenant very confused.

### RIP

A basilisk. Look, faeries, if you have some sort of problem, just *tell* us.

### RIP.

The Banshee knight - you died in silence. Zerlia is avenged.

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## Births

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To Sabina Ex Miscellanea, a bouncing baby boy, Julian. Alas, no gift.

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## Personals

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Lonely mature blue dragon seeks exotic mate. Must enjoy quiet trips in the mountains and killing orcs

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## For Sale

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1 x vat of any designer drug required. - **G P Haldane**

(Contact details on FBI Most Wanted list)

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## Notices

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I do not like green eggs and ham.

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The most likely way they'll die...  
Ian Kitley - lost in L-space

### NOTICE

To **black puddings** currently occupying ancient elven ruins - we're coming to get you. Just as soon as we get lots of fire spells prepared.

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### NOTICE

Extremely boring here in Vladimir's lab. Can't entertain myself as am currently petrified. Wish somebody would read me a book. Vladimir, I *heard* that remark; just you wait until I can move again.

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### NOTICE

Single male giant orangutan seeks single female giant orangutan for friendship and possible serious commitment. Currently en route to warm, rainy forests of the south.

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### NOTICE

The temple of Eilistraee in the High Forest cordially invites all faithful to a High Hunt to be held on the evening of Greengrass, 1370.

Note: we know it's still cold, but keeping your Boots of Winter on is considered unsporting.

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### NOTICE

To Elaith the Poncy Elf Prince: No nancing.

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## Wanted

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Experienced roleplayers, preferably with experience of several systems, to playtest a completely new, highly flexible rules system and to help in adjusting its finer

points. Interested? Contact Francis on 671-4763.

**WANTED**

Like-minded companions for former CLAWmember (M,26). I have been out in the world too long and lost touch with the UCT roleplaying scene. I can offer 8 years or roleplaying and DM-ing experience (in addition to friendship and good humour). Other interests include astrology, alternative music, esoteric paganism and home brewing. Call me if you want to meet. Francis 671-4763.

**Overheard**

**Simon:** Is buttfuckers hyphenated or not?

**Mark:** Hey, Serra Angel shaves under her arms! "I didn't swallow as you said it."

**Ryan**

"I've anally violated her so many times that I'm in the forefront of her mind."

**Andy**

"Look at it this way: you've finally got dirt on me."

**Andy,** in reference to the quote above

"When you're whipping yourself, you have one hand free."

**Andy**

"Stop targeting !"

**Andy,** defensively

"That would involve at least two digits."

**Michelle**

"He's accompanied by a man wearing traditional butler's garb..."

**Ryan**

"Oh, so he's a butler, basically"

**Ross**

"Wow, he doesn't even need that third eye!"

**Steve**

"I just feel like a bog stick right now!"

**Marcia**

"I'm going to stab you all in the back."

**Steve,** under his breath

"I've come out of the closet."

**Adeeb**

"I'm gonna spend some, cause I've got Quantum coming out of my ass!"

**Brendan**

"I don't have the cards to stroke myself."

**Tim**

"Close the door and we'll do it on the couch."

**Jon Warncke**

"I don't want to hear about you fingering anything!"

**Michelle**

"The old man was Rambam. That's how the Jews did it, ok!"

**Ryan**

"You know, when I get those back from Andy and they're warm..."

**Michelle**

"Here's a plan... we kill the pilot over the Mediterranean - they'll never find the body!"

**Michelle**

"How much charisma do you have?"

**Ross**

"Not enough to pull that off!"

**Steve**

"Shag `em, then bag `em."

**Ross**

"The taxi driver is an arab who grins at you."

**Ryan**

"I take it his name is Achmed."

**Steve**

"No, it's Sedick."

**Ryan**

"Think outside the box!"

**Steve**

"It's the desert - how did we not see this demon?"

**Andrew**

"It just pulled out of his driveway."

**Ross**

"Yes, it is a regular sit of pin. Oh God, no, did I just say that?"

**Janet,** describing her sauna

"Yah, me and my friends used to sit around singing it while touching each other."

**Gareth,** recounting fond memories of

"Time is on my side" in the movie Fallen. Yeesh.

"During winter, I kept Adeeb warm."

**Ryan**

"My people were building temples when your people were running around, painting themselves with woad and eating each other's children!"

**Adeeb**

"Yeah, but they were having a good time!"

**Gareth**

"Perhaps you gentlemen would be interested in a little three way then?"

**Gareth**

"You're still polishing my marble!"

**Lara to Simon**

"For god's sake, man, that's disgusting! Put it away!"

**Adrianna**

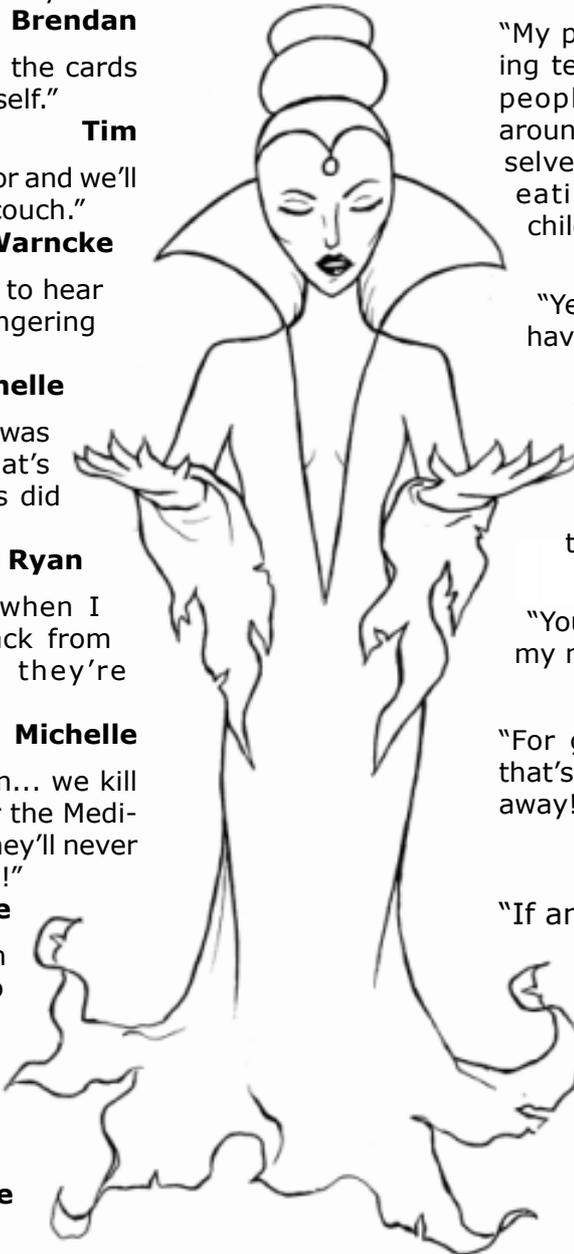
"If anything, I would say the holes are going to get filled."

**Wayne**

"My stuffit is fucked"

**Adrianna**

**The most likely way they'll die...**  
Robanne Miller - buttfucked by sober poodles



...it's dark  
 ...it's dank  
 ...it smells  
 ...it rains  
 ...it rains sulphur and brimstone  
 ...it has poor drainage  
 ...it has drains  
 ...the drains get clogged  
 ...it's cold  
 ...at night  
 ...it's always night  
 ...it's run-down  
 ...it's a bureaucracy  
 ...it's run by poodles  
 ...it's a bureaucracy run by poodles

yards  
 ...there are too many graveyards  
 ...the graveyards are filled with bigots  
 ...and poodles  
 ...and the Taliban  
 ...who are bigoted poodles  
 ...CLAWmembers are bigots  
 ...just like the Taliban  
 ...it was built by art students  
 ...it was decorated by engineers  
 ...and minimalists  
 ...it has too many rules  
 ...there aren't enough

...there aren't enough roleplayers  
 ...there are too many roleplayers  
 ...and poodles  
 ...the poodles play Magic  
 ...and AD&D  
 ...with their parents  
 ...who are non-human  
 ...and don't roleplay  
 ...the poodles LARP  
 ...and play bones  
 ...the streets are paved with bones  
 ...there are too many bones

# 66 2/3 REASONS WHY THE ARCHBIGOT HATES THE NECROPOLIS

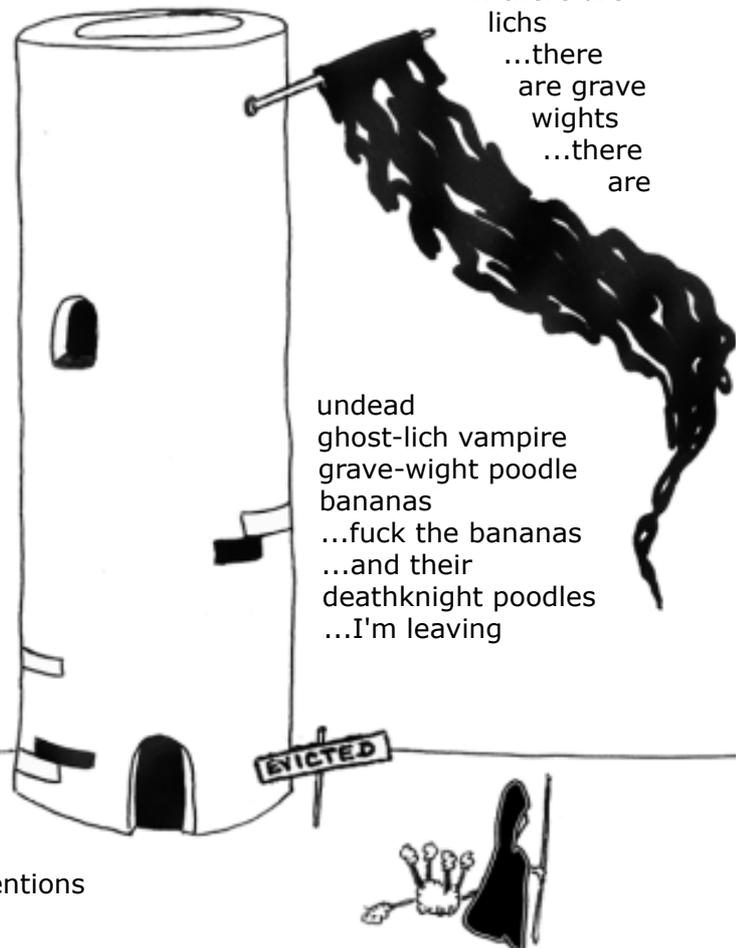
...the poodles are buttfuckers  
 ...the poodles are evil  
 ...the poodles evicted me  
 ...I was evicted by evil buttfucking poodles  
 ...the poodles have deathknights  
 ...the deathknights have freckles  
 ...the poodles have freckles  
 ...the bananas have freckles  
 ...because they're rotten  
 ...everything's rotten  
 ...except the skeletons  
 ...and the deathknights  
 ...there are too many skeletons  
 ...it's filled with vampires  
 ...and undead  
 ...and poodles  
 ...and bananas  
 ...and undead vampire poodle bananas  
 ...the nightlife sucks  
 ...it's always night  
 ...life sucks  
 ...death sucks  
 ...it sucks  
 ...there's an archbigot  
 ...everyone's a bigot  
 ...there are too many bigots  
 ...there aren't enough bigots  
 ...there aren't enough grave-

rules  
 ...the rules are silly  
 ...the rules are unfair  
 ...the courts are unfair  
 ...nothing is fair  
 ...poodles aren't fair  
 ...being evicted by poodles with deathknights definitely isn't fair  
 ...it's a myth  
 ...Tolkien wrote myths  
 ...with ringwraiths  
 ...who are deathknights  
 ...it's just like Tolkien  
 ...but with poodles  
 ...oodles of poodles  
 ...and bananas  
 ...there are too many conventions  
 ...there aren't enough conventions

...there aren't enough bones  
 ...I have a bone to pick with the poodles  
 ...and their deathknights  
 ...there are ghosts

...there are liches  
 ...there are grave wights  
 ...there are

undead  
 ghost-lich vampire  
 grave-wight poodle  
 bananas  
 ...fuck the bananas  
 ...and their deathknight poodles  
 ...I'm leaving





# WET WIPES

## MOIST CLOTH TOWELETTES

**General Use:** Wet Wipes™ cleanse, refresh, hands and face when you're away from soap and water. Handy for car, boat, caravan, picnics, braais, kitchen clean-ups and in the bathroom - in fact, in all areas of work and play. **Toilet:** Use after toilet paper as final step to personal cleanliness. You'll feel cleaner and more comfortable, especially if you suffer from haemorrhoids.

