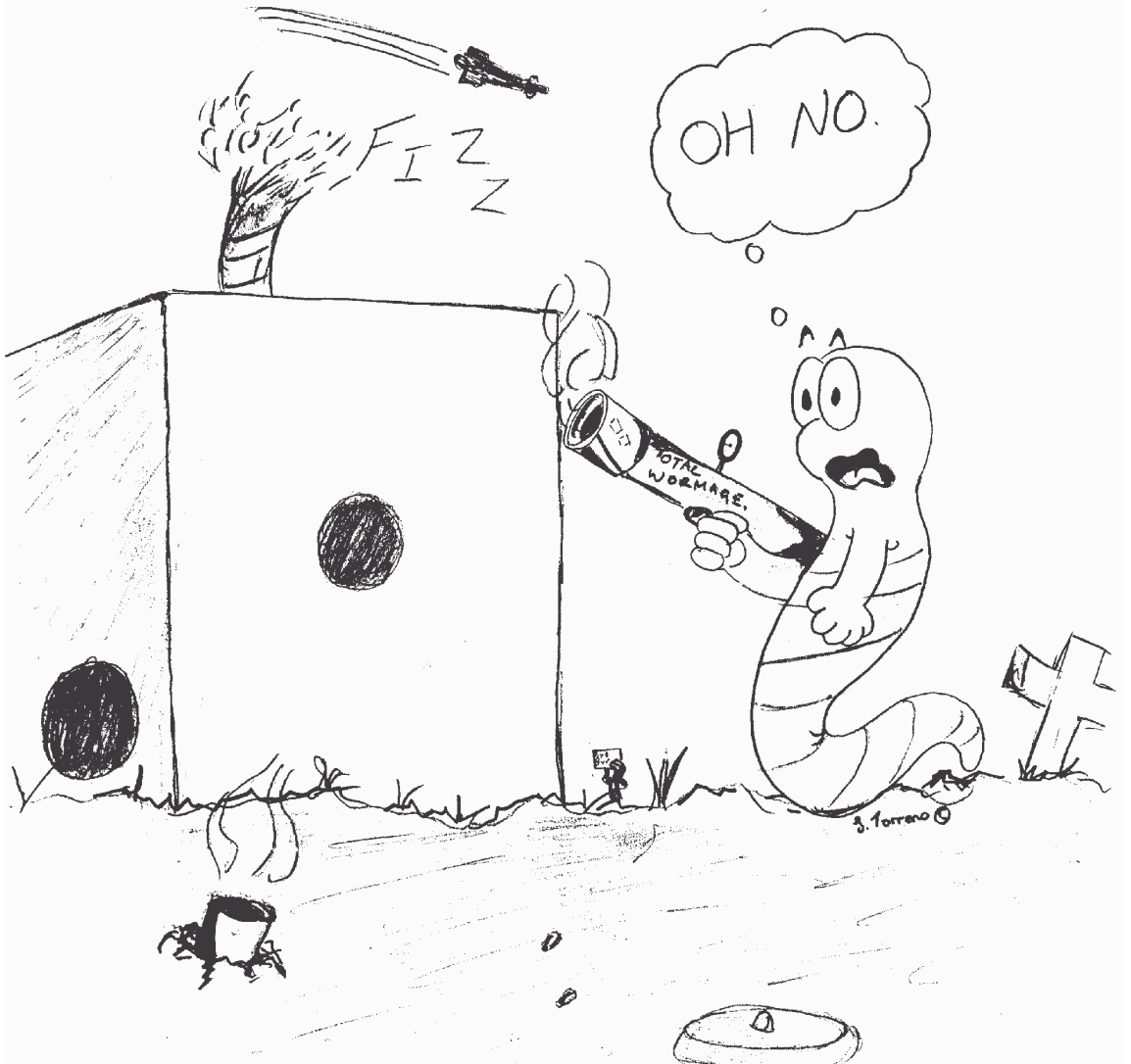


CLUB NEWS

The newsletter of the SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club



In this explosive issue,

A First Timers
view of LRP'ing.

How to Make a Chain Mail Glove.

Secret Diaries of the Rich and not so Famous.

A Time of Champions.

How eight hundred Cumbrians routed the
Scottish Army in 1542.

And an introduction to **THE.NET**.



Issue 27 April 96

SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club

The Club meets weekly at BNFL's Summergrove Hostel, Hensingham, Whitehaven. Meetings start at 7.30pm on Thursdays in the bar area. Anyone is welcome to turn up and play.

The Club's activities include:

Table Top Role-playing
Wargames
Live Role Playing
Play By Mail

For more information, contact one of the following; during working hours;

Ray Casson	019467-75666
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Chris Darwin	019467-74442

CLUB NEWS - THE FUTURE

CLUB NEWS will now be published every 18 weeks. As a side effect, it will get larger, but only if we get enough material off people. Contributions are needed and can be anything from artwork, events diary and news, articles, in character letters (death threats, love letters, anonymous stuff, etc.), reviews, short stories, poetry, general drivel, in fact anything that you want to see in print in the Club Mag. If in doubt, come and talk to one of the editorial team or myself.

CLUB NEWS 28 will be out in September. The deadline for contributions for CN28 is the 8th of August [1996].

All contributions should be given to one of the Editorial Team, or Myself.

Steve Turner

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Contributors

John Graham, Jonathan Hardy, Liz Regan, Barry Lace, Philip Barnard, Mike Simpson, Howard Cooper, Paul Mitchel, Stephen Proud, Trevor Pearson and Derek Harrison.

Artwork by: Ray Casson, Steve Hastewell, Steven Torrens, Derek Harrison, and a small slightly off colour Smurf.

CONTRIBUTIONS

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63 Dent View, Egremont, Cumbria CA22 2ET

Alternatively, you can Email your Contributions to:

ClubNews@haven.demon.co.uk

Preferred formats for submitting material for Club News are on PC 3½ Disk in either Word 6 (DOC) format or Rich Text Format (RTF). Other formats that are supported include plain Ascii, WordPerfect, MS Works and Word for Mac. If you can't see one you can create, we still accept handwritten stuff. Amiga and Mac Disks are also supported.

Artwork can also be submitted on disk in a great many formats, mainly BMP (Windows bitmap), WMF, PCX, CDR (Corel Draw), PICT (Mac Pict), GIF, PCD (Photo CD), JPEG and TIFF.

THE EDITORIAL TEAM

The Editorial Team consists of:

Jacqui Beck, Trevor Pearson, and Steve Turner.

If you want to get involved, come and see us.

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T#E

EDITORIAL

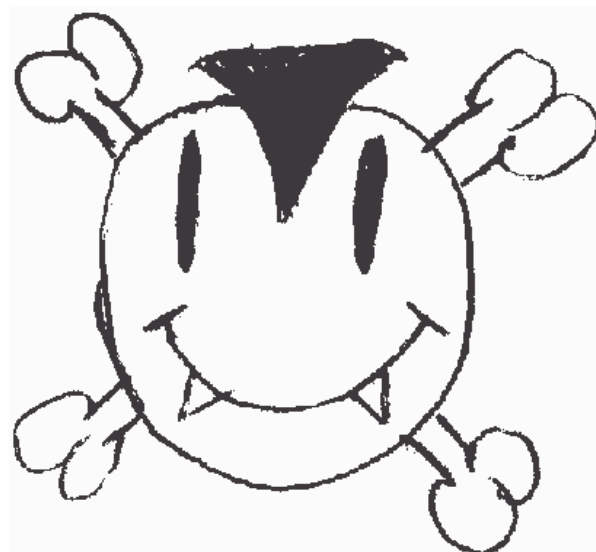
THUK!! Firstly, I'd like to apologise for the poor copy quality of issue 26, the culprits have been suitably tortured with a wet kipper and have promised never to do it again..

Anyway, onwards to yet another fun packed issue of Club News. There have been a few changes, the first being (after some discussion with the committee) the change to when the News comes out. From now, Club News will appear every other session, which gives ALL OF YOU plenty of time to write material, draw stuff and generally come up with tons of material for the News, after all, it is your Mag and we can't write it all. We put almost anything in it, from artwork, reviews, short stories, events, artwork, in character letters, comments, cartoons and more artwork, in fact, anything you want to see in your Mag. It seems like it's going to be a packed summer, certainly with the number of events that are planned, so there's certainly enough to write about.

If you want to get involved with Club News, or have any ideas that you would like to try out on an unsuspecting audience, come and talk with one of us.

Anyway, enough of me gibbering on, read on and enjoy.

Steve Turner



The Chairbeing Speaks

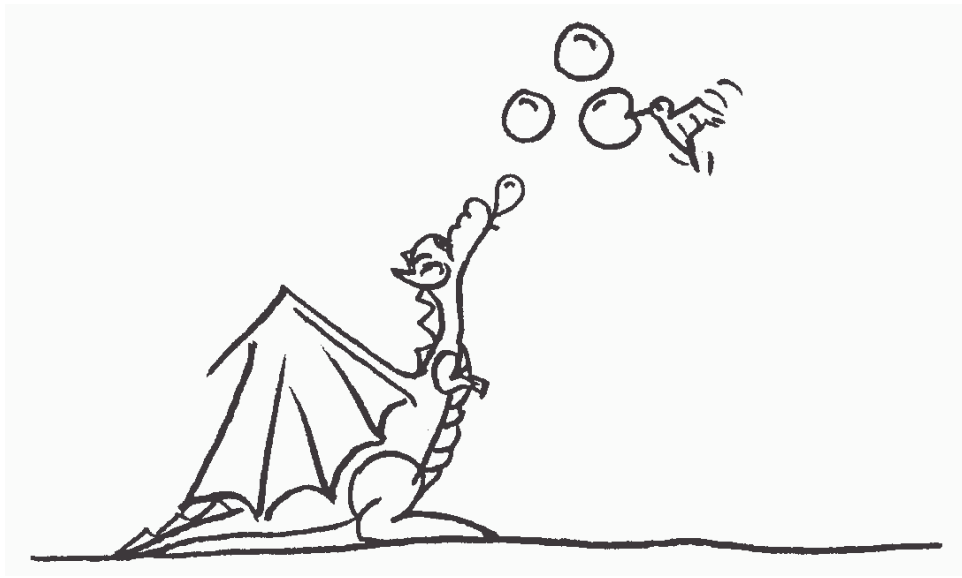
As your Chairman for the following year I would first like to thank the outgoing Chairman, Bob Cloudsdale, and the rest of the outgoing committee for their efforts last year. I would also like to thank you all for the trust you have shown in electing me to the position.

As Chairman it is my job to ensure the smooth running of the club, which I intend to carry out by leaving it to the experts i.e. the rest of the committee. I have the utmost confidence in Ray, Jane, Bob, Steve & Steve and know they will carry out their duties with the minimum of fuss. I will also ensure that we all pull in the same direction to achieve the most important aim of S.A.S.R.A. Role-playing & War gaming Club, which is to allow everyone in the club to enjoy their hobby of entering a magical realm of illusion on a regular basis. Its been said that role-playing is a strange hobby, but I say that it is simply an escape for those who find the ordinary and everyday unable to offer the opportunities to fully exercise their vivid imaginations. Well that sounds pretty damn exciting to me, I think I'll try it.

On a final note please remember that everyone involved in running the club activities, whether committee, L.R.P. or G.M. do it as a hobby they enjoy not as a job of work, so be gentle with us and it should be fun for everyone.

So be careful out there, and do it to them before they do it to us.

John Graham



The current Committee consists of:-			
Chairman:	John Graham	Secretary:	Ray Casson
Treasurer:	Bob Cloudsdale	FRP Co-ordinator:	Steve Hastewell
LRP Co-ordinator:	Jane Shaw	Club News Editor:	Steve Turner

Following a recent trait, and a welcomed new column; Club News is proud to present

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF....

or at least, some character thoughts, diaries and letters.

A Wolfweres Tale

by Johnathan Hardy

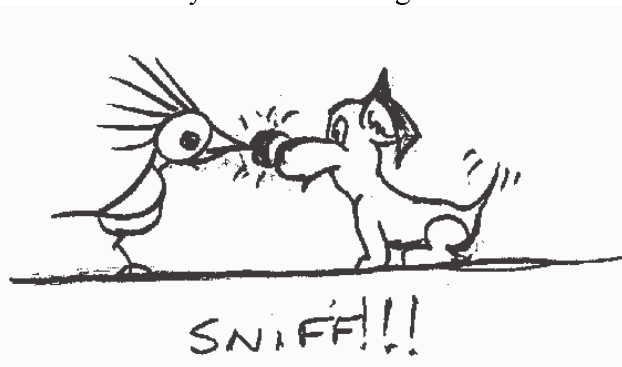
Where to start?

A forest surrounding Cormyr in the Realms. Picture a young wolfwere, a misfit who asked too many questions, who hated solitude and unlike his chaotic brethren, he made long range plans. Larger and stronger than most of his kind, he was left to himself more and more, precisely the opposite of what he wanted.

He tried to gather a group of his kind into a tribe, but the normally solitary creatures shunned him.

He seethed with rage and embarked on a killing spree through the farmlands of Cormyr. When his rage cooled, he decided to enter the world of men. He became a wandering Minstrel and Bard for many years, killing mostly farm animals and vagrants. He felt superior to his kind, but without purpose or significance.

One fog filled night in a small village, he strolled the streets making evil plans. He was destined for greatness, of this he was sure. If he could not command his fellow wolfweres, he would become a ruler of men in Cormyr. Lost in thoughts of



tyranny and despotism, he failed to notice when the village faded away and a strange landscape appeared in its place.

The fates had cursed him!! Had they not swept him away to a strange place in an attempt to rob him of his destiny??? Of his strength??? He was angry and desperate, and only the warm, familiar taste of blood seemed to calm him. For a long time he hunted and killed the wolves and werewolves that infested the mountainless landscape. One night he came face to face with the lands Vampire Lord. He barely escaped into the mists with his life. The mists welcomed him, creating a new domain. He became the Lord of Kartakass.

He was given an empire domain to rule, yet, the Dark Powers filled it with nothing of consequence for him to control, a few small villages. There he rules for 150 years, long lonely years.

Many groups of Adventurers came to his realm, drawn by the Mists, never to leave. But one group survived longer than the others. His own daughter plotted against him with these Adventurers. A chain of events occurred and a small portal was opened out of his domain, the Adventurers escaped, but so did the Lord after having tired of ruling such a small domain. The portal exited in Myth Drannor in the Realms, but remained open.

The Adventurers fled leaving him and one of his lieutenants stranded in a strange and dangerous land, but one full of possibilities.

But the Mists tried to reclaim him through the open portal, and try as he might, he could not close it. He found that the Adventurers had removed an artifact from his realm. If he could reclaim it, it might have the power to close the portal.

He traced the Adventurers to Waterdeep and arranged a meeting. A young female bard held the gem, but unbeknownst to him it had empowered her with the spirit of a long dead evil cleric. He managed to steal the gem, but when he tried to close the portal with it, it had not sufficient power.

He needed the young bard and the spirit of the cleric to be able to close the portal.

As fortune would have it, the Adventurers were hired to come to him. He could not

believe his luck. He tried to make it appear that he was trying to stop them, when all he had to do was sit and wait.

The party were captured with the aid of an enslaved Tanna'ri, The Spirit of the Cleric was returned to the gem through magical means. He passed the gem through the portal and it was sealed.

He was just about to offer the Adventurers a role in his future plans when an old wizard appeared and "rescued" them. This was a terrible pity because he could definitely have used them, especially the young bard. He really does owe her something. Maybe he will look them up and sound them out and see if they would be willing to aid him in the bold plan he conceived hundreds of years ago.



An extract from the diary of Miss. Marianne Dubois.

By Liz

We returned to London today and I can only say I'm glad to be home. (I've never thought of this hotel suite as home before!).

The last few days have been terrifying, exciting, horrible & wonderful. I feel more alive than I can ever remember feeling before. So much has happened that I don't know where to begin. We (that is Arthur, Praffle, Charles, Frederick and I) went north into the Welsh borders to sort out a problem which we did with the destruction of an evil item but we left at least one loose end which will need to be tied. We then went further north to investigate some disappearances. The problem was much bigger than we had first imagined and I feared that we were out of our depth. We investigated thoroughly and it all just seemed too awful to be true. We finally confronted the cause of the problems and with the help of an unexpected ally

defeated our foe. It was truly the most awful night I have ever endured and I'm sure the others felt the same way too. During this time I have gotten to know Frederick much better and he has been so nice to me (well apart from getting me drunk and shouting at me and treating me like a child on the train.). I have talked to him a lot and he is educated, well travelled and a gentleman, he also has a sense of humour and much of our conversation is teasing. What can I say I think I'm falling for him, I played a joke on him while he was drunk and he didn't attempt to get even. Then after experiencing the worst night of my life HE KISSED ME!!!! I ran away like some frightened rabbit but I would rather like him to do it again.... I sound like a brazen hussy but then that's what I'm supposed to be isn't it?

I have invited all the "gentlemen" to join me for a meal later and I do so hope that

they will arrive. I have decided to wear that red dress I know is too revealing but that will show "them" that I'm not a child!! I'm excited about tonight...will he come and will he come dancing with me?? I hope so.

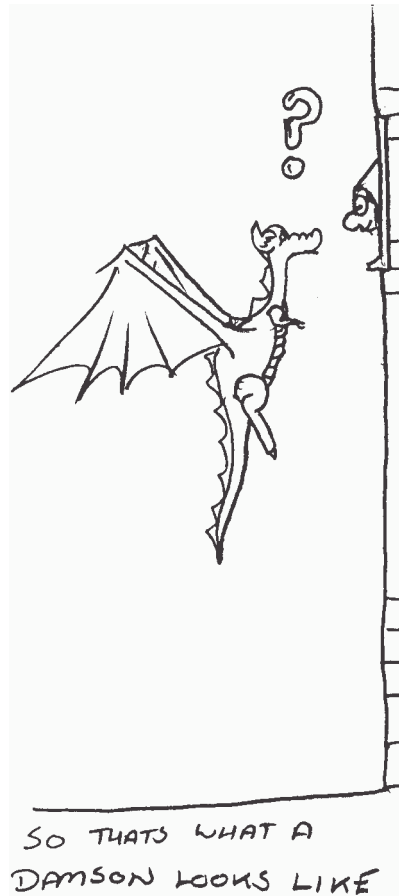
It is 4am and I have just got in. We danced all night and he stayed even though I think he's not really an all night party sort of person. Perhaps he is too old to enjoy this sort of thing much. I would be content to sit in with him. We did have an argument but it was my fault and we have made up. I will see him tomorrow, I hope, the day will drag by until I'm in his company again.

I am writing this while getting ready to go to dinner with James, Arthur, Praffle, Charles and Frederick. I received a single red rose from someone who signed themselves P (Praffle??). Then while eating I had the pleasure of a visit from Arthur, who ate with me then left after inviting me to spend an evening in the East End with him. I telegraphed James to tell him we were back safe and sound. I then went to rehearsals and they are going wonderfully this play could be great. I do hope that Frederick will come and see me in it when it opens. I think he might be surprised by the dance sequence. I arrived home to find a cable from James saying we were all invited to dinner tonight with him. I can't wait, it will be wonderful to see James again and to catch up with what's going on, and Frederick will be there. My spirits are lifted by the mere thought of seeing him again so soon. What will I do if he goes away to foreign parts, as he wants

to? I know I would want to follow him. If I thought that I wouldn't be in the way I would follow him to the ends of the earth and do anything to help him. I can only hope he would welcome the company.

It is 2½ days since I wrote anything and it seems like a lifetime. We went to dinner with James but Frederick wasn't there!!

Praffle and Josiah went to see if he was all right and until they returned I couldn't think of anything except Frederick. When he finally did arrive, it turned out that he had been injured in some way by a man he had been to visit. During the conversation he kept saying he was going back to see him again and then all the worry and upset got to me and I lost my temper. I have a deplorable temper and I'm ashamed to say I threw my tea cup at him and hit. I shouted and James tried to calm me down... I broke alot of plates that I think he had been saving for me, its a good job James knows me so well or I would have made an awful impression on him. I calmed down a little but when I went back into the living room Frederick was still insisting on visiting Mr.



Richardson and I shouted at him again. He left and I followed, I apologised for the horrible things I had said and explained that I was worried about his safety. We went back in and discussed the other problems which involved a ghostly figure haunting some of us and leaving notes. When it was time to go home I realised I didn't want to be alone because the ghost might come for me and I begged Frederick to stay with me. We fell asleep and were rudely awakened by the ghost. It left its message and went, I'm afraid I was very weak and cried all

over Frederick and he held me until I slept. We were awakened in the morning by Arthur hammering on my door. We were supposed to meet at Frederick's at 10am and it is now nearly 11am. Shamefaced and more than a little embarrassed by the whole situation I ask Arthur to go back and explain to everyone that we are OK and will be along shortly. We arrive at Frederick's house and are greeted by his friend and housemate Gregory who seems a little distressed. I try to keep a low profile and while the others are discussing the possibility of going to Scotland or

facing down Mr. Richardson I go into the kitchen and talk to the cook and to the most delightful little boy called Max whom Frederick and Gregory are raising along with another child. They are from Egypt and are most grateful for the chance they are being given to better themselves. We then go to James to give him our decision about Scotland which is that we have something we need to sort out first. He offers the use of his house and we accept (I am a little worried about this). We will all be together if the ghost appears again and perhaps we can deal with it.



A Day In The Life Of A Swashbuckler.

A Letter Home.

By Barry Lace

Dear Father,

This is the only chance I can get to write to you, as tomorrow we begin our journey to destroy the fiend. I cannot tell you his name, because it would jeopardise our chances.

The contents of this letter are actually more like a diary of events that caused me to be quite badly injured yesterday. I am, however, healing quite quickly and I shall soon be back to full strength. I need to get this utter embarrassment off of my chest as I might not perform as well otherwise.

Yesterday was a very bad day. It started off like just another normal day. I was busy checking my wounds from the previous day, which were healing quite nicely. I went downstairs to see Moonrunner already awake, but this was not unusual. A few other members of the party were stirring. I put on my swordbelt and went out, not thinking to let anyone

know my whereabouts for the morning.

I was walking around town, trying to find out if there were any card games going on. My friends had helped me, so I wanted some money so that I could repay the kindness that they had shown me.

Unfortunately there were no card games, but a middle aged gentleman (whom I will refer to as the manager)



THESE METAL ONES
DON'T HATCH EASILY

said that I could make some money by doing a spot of fighting. I carefully weighed up the situation and agreed. I followed the manager to a rather dirty looking barn on the outskirts of town.

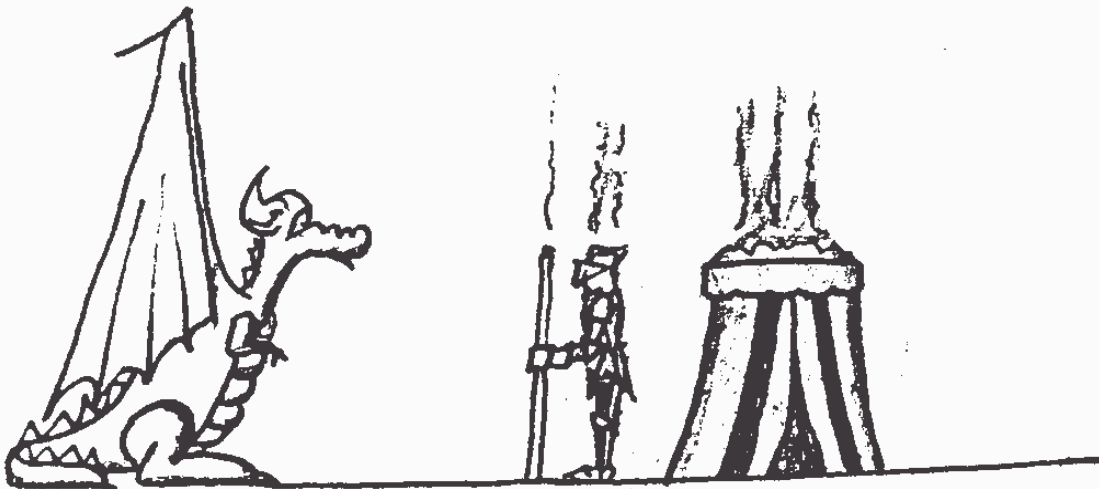
Believe me when I say, you would not believe how many people were in that barn, and how many steel pieces were changing hands. The manager informed me that he would pay me 50 steel for this fight. To my horror, I discovered that it was to be a bare knuckle fight. However, I did not back out. I went about removing my weaponry and generally getting warmed up for the fight. The manager came over with a huge hulk of a man. He was quite obviously the opponent that was lined up for me. I am ashamed to say that he caught me off guard and the fight pretty much ended with me unconscious on the ground.

When I came round, it was darker and quieter than it was before. The manager was stood over me, and my weapons were on the floor next to me. I got up and straightened myself out,

whilst bearing various slurs that the manager was hurling at me. When I asked him for my money, he just laughed and got more abusive. The insults were not just about me, but about our race in general, so I lost my temper. I threatened the manager with a rapier through his throat. He snapped his fingers and I heard steel being drawn from behind me.

I spun around and drew my weapons, only to see my opponent from before, stood there with a long sword. It was time to even out the score. We fought for what seemed like hours and I spoke. I told the gentleman that, if he left now, he would live. He left the building in a worse state than myself, but I stayed for a few minutes to make sure there was nobody else around.

I arrived back at the house pleading for help. This sounds pathetic I know, but my wounds were getting rapidly worse. Our dwarven companion Stil, finished his drink and came over to me. He helped me over to a table, and smeared my wounds with a white sticky substance. It stung like mad,



NIGEL DISCOVERS A POLITE
COUGH IS MORE THAN ENOUGH.

but Stil assured me that it would help my healing. He is a cleric after all. Most of my steel pieces had vanished, but there was still enough to buy me a stiletto. I asked Stil if he was going out. He was so I asked him to get me one. He agreed and took my money.

I could spend forever telling you about yesterday. Let's just say that it was not one of my better days, and I am quite sure it will not be one of my worst.

Ever Yours

Elondricmia



A TIME OF CHAMPIONS

Sir Ison Bround writes...

*A time of champions
When the best were called to arms
To fight the mighty Lord Sloth
The champions came to the place of the
tournament
From all parts of the known world
For the chance to fight darkness
A tournament to find who was worthy
To face the quest
Some knew of the dangers they faced on a
quest
Yet for others this was their first chance to
tread the rocky road of a hero
The tasks that were set were worthy of
heroes
Slowly they learned to work together
In the Ways where the darkness was strong
They faced their first test
To recover one of the books of lore
Many magical traps were overcome
To find a book
A time for the mages to use their skills
But even those who were not using magic
found it a testing time
The fear and cold of the Ways bit deep into
everyone
With the book was a key to a gate out of
the Ways
So once more the heroes went back into
the cold and darkness of the Ways
As they came through the gate*

*They were magically transported back to
the tournament
There to meet the Heroes from a time long
past
Whose skills were long lost to this time
They told of a quest long ago
How hard for them to find they had not
only failed
Where they thought they had won
But now to find they were in a time of
which they knew nothing
To face once more the quest
A small test to find out how well you work
as a team
The heroes were told would be their next
test
To find a small magical object hidden in a
darken room
So the teams went out one by one till all
had passed though the test
Until all stood outside in the tournament
grounds
A fight to the death was to be next
Which would leave only the best fighter
standing
But no one would fight
For most knew each other
To do the enemies work for him they could
not
So a spell was cast
So each saw his worst enemy
So the killing began*

*With each killing their worst enemy
Only to be killed by their worst enemy
Till only Alt Ath Roe Of a Hundred Cuts
stood with bodies all around
Ready to kill anything which showed life
Then the spell was lifted
All were still alive
So the test was passed and of the next they
were told
But no, the heroes would not do it
They questioned the judges as to their
right to hold the tournament
So they left to find their scrolls of law
The talk of their right to hold this
tournament went from hero to hero
Till at last the judges returned with the
scrolls bearing the kings seal
So once more the heroes were to fight
This time in the teams they had gathered in
for the tournament
Some teams worked together
Others alone
So the sound of combat filled the arena
With heroes dying once more
This time it took longer, each team seeking
to win
So the teams died until only two teams
stood
Then once more Alt Ath Roe of a Hundred
Cuts stood alone with the bodies of
many heroes lying around
So all were once more brought back from
the dead
All went to the great hall*

*With glasses of mulled wine and the
warmth of a fire to keep out the night
air
Of each team a reason for being there was
required
So they came forward
Some with fine long speeches
Other with but a few simple words
Till all had told of why they were there
Then one last test
To find a Storm Khan hidden in the
darkness
All the teams worked hard
Till in the end by using all the teams the
Storm Khan was stopped
Now the winners
Sir Frederick stood up
Faced all the heroes
There is only one winner
Lord Sloth
Nowhere to run
The heroes faced their hardest choice
Death or Lord Sloth
All face him and made their choice
Known only to them
Lord Sloth and the gods
All were returned to the Tournament
At the point of their death
All stood alive
All still choose to fight
To take part in the quest to destroy him
So ended the tournament
To find the heroes to fight Lord Sloth*





Storm Chihuahua

THE LRP PAGES

Its been a while since any of you saw an LRP page, I assure you they were written, but it's probably just as well that none of them were printed!

A problem often faced with the LRP News is that by the time the Club News gets to print the events contained in the "Pre-Event" previews usually cover scenario's which have already been run and forgotten about, a problem someone else will have to deal with next year!

As for the forthcoming year, there are many rumours of an invasion, but as yet no sight of any Indians. Howard Cooper and his team tell me that they have at least four weekend scenario's written around the various factions involved with preparing the demise of Lord Sloth, and he hopes to have the Sloth chapter of the Krimmsworld Campaign sewn up by the end of 1996. By sewn up I can only assume he is referring to the players. With the frantic rush to discover new sites over the winter period we now seem to have a large number of potentially excellent venues, with germinating scenario's about to hatch within them all, watch this space for more details as the year unfolds....

Personally I have already visited and written a scenario for a youth hostel on the shores of Wasdale. I hope to run this event either late in 96 or early in 97, depending upon how well the Sloth scenario's follow their projected time-table. I have

already approached a few people about running the event and I think I have my REF team sorted out, providing their circumstances don't change between now and the event. However I will still need a hand with all kinds of preparations such as costume and prop-making, as well as logistical support around the time of the event. So, if you fancy lending a hand I'm sure I can find you something to do that you may even enjoy!

There are various events coming up over the year run away from the club, with the usual plethora of summer events, week-long holidays and weekend plots. Personally I shall not be attending any of them, as, believe it or not, I am now a firm supporter of Howard's oft-voiced opinion, and have finally swung to the view that we can do it better, bigger (if required) and cheaper, with much more professionalism, than the majority of other larger, allegedly professional or semi-professional LRP companies.

On a final note I would like to announce that I am stepping down from the post of LRP Co-ordinator. After having spent a year as the Internal Events Secretary, a year as the Role-playing Co-ordinator and two years as the LRP Co-ordinator, I am having a year off.

The reasons for this are many, but probably the single most influential reason that I can no longer devote so much of my time to organising the clubs LRP activities is the fact that I am due to become a Dad at the end of March, so I am unlikely to have any spare time for the rest of my life. I would like to say thank you to those few of you who have put so much effort into organising events with me, especially Ray, Jane, Ricky,

MY FIRST TIME

A letter from Sarah.

Howard, Chris, Kerri and Liz.

Anyone interested in taking up the position of LRP Co-ordinator should make their application to the current executive committee. Notices for the AGM will be posted over the next few weeks. It is important that as many of you attend the meeting as possible, and is in your own interests to do so.

The post requires a lot of hard work, and dedication to the minutiae is definitely an advantage. I have always had problems restraining my imagination until the paperwork and "real-world" issues of organising LRP have been properly dealt with and paid for, but despite, or more likely because of that, I have always found it to be extremely rewarding work when it all eventually goes right.

Over the last two years, (or is it three?), the club has leapt boldly with legs spread wide in a fearless manner into new realms of LRP. Now, as I predicted three years ago, the Interactive scenario has become a firm favourite in all our hearts, though I am not suggesting we should ever do away with the trusty old linear. The FADGES rules have gone from a heavily plagiarised version of diceless Champions™ to a heavily plagiarised LRP system which, now in it's FADGES 95 format, actually works better than any other LRP system in the world, probably.

Whoever takes over, I would like to see them continue to serve the clubs best interests as far as choice and quality of event are concerned, but also to try and maintain the high degree of individual service I think we have been able to offer in the run up's to events, advice upon how best to interpret the rules (ahem!) and post event parties.

One final note, I would like to give a great big thank you and **respect** to all the monsters, NPC's and event REF's who have put up with me screaming, ranting and laughing at them, cadging cigarettes and

TALLY - HO!!



alcohol, turning up late to meetings, losing the plot, finding it again then re-writing bits without telling anyone else, Spending too much money on props and costume (Sorry about the £250.00 Ray!), forgetting to fill in my own health forms and generally suffering a nervous breakdown the day before every event we have run.

Its been a long time, and I'm looking forward to the break, even though I know I'll miss all the hassle!

Until next year

Mike.

For those of you who have been role-playing for years, here are some brief reflections on my first encounters with the game? Sport? Hobby? I had been taking the **** out of Dom since I'd known him for his interest in the role-playing, but he finally persuaded me to have a go, on the

understanding that I could take the **** with experience. The closest I had come to role-playing before was a brief acquaintance with 'Magic' so I had no idea what I was letting myself in for. But, I'll try anything once.....

After about two hours driving aimlessly around the Cumbrian countryside, one or two dead end tracks, and a map that wasn't exactly to scale, we eventually found our way to the scout hut (not exactly the world's most romantic venue for a weekend away.) I found myself surrounded by strangely dressed fully grown adults, and was welcomed by a woman with a beard and furry arms and legs, who introduced herself as *Halak Earthshaker*. At this point I was on the point of leaving, thinking what are these people on (and where can I get some?) but was finally persuaded to stay.

I soon found myself inside the hut, surrounded by a combination of people who looked like they were either out of 'The Hobbit' or 'The Crow' or couldn't make up their minds between the two. I didn't have a clue what was happening or what I was meant to do - it was great. The experience was very similar to the first time I went to a Roman Catholic church - everyone else seemed to know what they were doing and what to say, and I felt like I would cause great offence by doing wrong. I had to present myself to Sir Frederick (who would have been more at home in a dodgy night-club than a medieval court) and tell him why I wanted to go on this quest. **** knows.

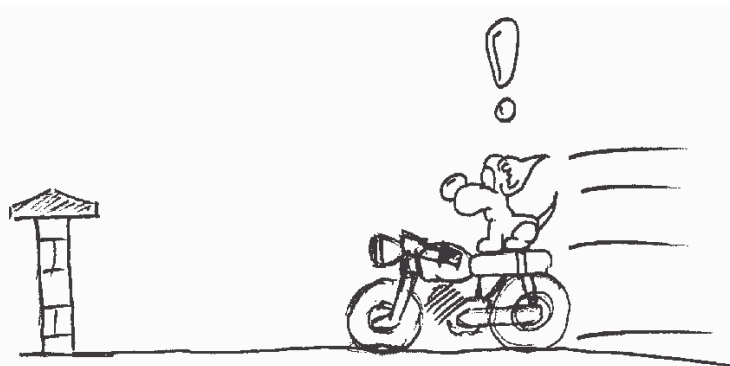
My character, Sarah (originally named - not) is a human, as not being widely acquainted with dwarfs and suchlike, I was not too sure how to act as one. She was far too quiet for her role, and should have been far more outspoken and

opinionated (much more like the real me). She did at one point challenge *Cucuthlian*, but that was more because I was getting fed up with his arrogant, superior attitude and the fact that he obviously didn't expect anyone to challenge him.

Apart from the fiasco when people refused to fight each other, and certain referees (who shall remain nameless) who seemed to get a kick out of being patronising and authoritarian, I enjoyed the game. The fighting was interesting. I was instructed by my barbarian compatriot, Hrafn (pronounce that if you can) to go and hit everyone with a rubber sword and shout 'single'! Why??? I soon realised that I was fairly crap at fighting, gave up, sat down and pretended to be dead.

My encounter with Lord Sloth was an experience. I couldn't believe how stressed I was about it - my heart was thumping in my chest but my brain was telling me 'why am I scared of a man in a plastic mask?' In fact, I think his friendly werewolf was more frightening - who knows what he might have done with those claws...

The day seemed to go on and on - God knows how many hours we were playing for altogether. I was extremely glad to get out of my costume, grab a beer and one of Howard's cigars, and behave like a normal person again. I discovered that the other people who had been playing were actually normal people as well, and



Crab News

very nice ones at that. I'm not sure what I enjoyed most - the socialising or the role-playing.

So what did I learn during the day? I certainly understand what it's all about now and can see the attraction. I learnt that people do some very strange things and I had a lot of fun. Maybe I even learnt

some skills that could be useful during my career as a teacher. But I suppose the question is... would I do it again? Yes, to my surprise I would. However, I feel that the whole experience would be far more enjoyable after a crate-load of beer and a large bottle of whisky.

A Numidian Cavalryman.

For three Centuries, from an image on a coin of Hannibal's ally Syphax to the sculptures on Trajan's Column in Rome, the representation of the North African Light Horseman, be he a Numidian or a Moor, remains consistent. It is that of a small, tough, man on a horse which tends to be described in similar terms. He wears only a simple short tunic, is armed with a couple of javelins and carries a round hide shield for protection. He rides bareback and without a bridle; his grip on the beast and control of it being limited to a rope around its neck and a stick with which to hit it - usually between the ears!

Archaeology suggests variations on this theme. An Early Second Century B.C. Numidian grave at El Soumaa contained a Carthaginian helmet and the remains of a mail shirt and a sword. Polybius records that Hannibal's army acquired equipment from both allies and from plundering their defeated enemies, this often being suggested as the source for a highly ornate Oscan Triple - Disc Cuirass discovered in another grave near Carthage.

The figure I have produced represents the possible appearance of a Numidian veteran of Hannibal's Italian Campaign, it is not necessarily accurate or typical. To the usual depiction of a North African Light Horseman I have added a Carthaginian helmet and a simple version of the Oscan Triple - Disc Cuirass. (The limitations of my draughtsmanship precluded illustration of the ornate version, or the embossed ears on the helmet.)

The simple appearance of the North African Light Horseman belied his military effectiveness, as many of his opponents found to their cost. The Numidian Cavalryman proved to be the ultimate arbiter of the Second Punic War, as it was Scipio Africanus' success in bringing the majority of them over to his side that made possible his final victory over Hannibal at Zama.

[DEREK'S PICTURE - FULL
PAGE]

At last... more useful than 'how to repair hose in zero gravity', more popular than
'Titanium Plate Armour on a grant' its...

Chain Mail Master class!!!

A rambling and sort-of-comprehensive guide as to what to do with all these
chain links that have suddenly appeared about the place.

or,

What are they and why bother buying them?

Right enough headlines, sub headlines, sub-subheads etc. ad infinitum; I suspect from your continued interest in this article, despite the fact that so far it has told you nothing of any practical use, that what you really want to know is how to make the damn stuff. I expect you'd secretly like shorter sentences well. All right, I'll try. There.

The most practical and quickly-made¹ item of mail armour for the beginner to set out on is probably the glove (or preferably two). A pair of single linked mail gloves weighs in around 1 pound and will cost approximately £4.50 in raw materials, if you already own the basic gloves (£1.80). In exchange for these slight penalties, they provide good hand protection and make a lovely racket when you hurl them at somebody feet by the way of a challenge! To make a pair of single linked (I'll explain all that in a bit) gloves, you will need:-

1. *Approximately* 1000 chain links; they come in bags of 1000, so counting them out is not a problem!
2. Two ordinary pairs of pliers (about 6" with reasonably broad jaws, say 1/4"). These can be obtained for not very much at all from places like Poundstretchers, or from a adoring parent.

¹ *Similar to one of Liz's phone calls!*
(sorry Liz)

3. A thin Knitting needle or coat hanger (the metal kind). This helps to keep it stretched out so you can see the mistakes you will inevitably make.
4. A Responsible Adult (I wouldn't worry about that one, I got by OK).

Firstly, put about 8 rings (I chose 12) on the wire ala fig.1, then thread another link onto each of those on the wire. The second row of links should naturally hang at 90° to the first, and in line with the wire. So you now have 8 pairs of links - doesn't look much so far does it? Never mind. The clever bit is when you link it all together before you do this look at fig.2, get used to how the links should look.

Take your first open link, thread it through the two above, make sure it looks right and then close it up. Finish the row (7 links if your top row was 8) and start the third row in exactly the same way (except the links at the right and left only connect to one other link. Keep checking and take it slow.

After you've done about 5 or 6 rows your hard work will start looking a bit more like chainmail. At this stage, lay over the glove to see if it is wide enough. 8 links should be sufficient for medium-sized hands (mine ended up being 12....) if it is wrong adjust it now. Carry on, checking the length occasionally, until the mail covers the wrist as well as the back of your glove.

You may have noticed that the last sentence, while being quite short, glibly skimmed over a lot of hard work. Dead

right! Unfortunately making chainmail is largely repetitive once you know what your doing, so don't sit up in your room for hours at an end painstakingly knitting links together - it can be done in front of the telly with other people around, so you can make chainmail and still have a social life! Well a bit.

NB. With reference to the above; if your housemates (including lovers, husbands, wives etc.) habitually throw cushions, insults, and household pets about the place, ask for a cessation of hostilities while you are doing this, as the 850 odd chain links you have not yet linked up can be a right bugger to find again!

Adding the fingers.

So, you now have a 4 or 5 inch square of chainmail which needs a thumb and fingers attaching to it. To make the fingers, make sure the last row was a full width one (8 as opposed to 7). From now on, these full-width rows will be divided into four finger widths (for the thickies that's 4x2=8 links). Each finger is now made in row alternating between 1 and 2 links wide, as shown in the diagram- it may be easier to make the fingers one at a time. The 1st, 2nd and 3rd fingers will need to be 3-4" long, but the most obvious and practical way to check the length is to lay the mail over the glove to see how your doing...

Making the thumb.

Having completed all four fingers, check that they are the right length - the reason being that once the thumb is attached, moving the whole piece relative to the glove will throw the glove piece out of line. Look at the back of the glove with the thumb flat on the table; look at the way your thumb moves in the glove, and work out the shape the mail needs to be (even having said this it *sounds* easy enough...) it will probably turn out roughly triangular with a little bit on the end (thumb shaped funnily enough). With the mail laid over the

glove, attach the first links to it, and, working towards the end of the thumb, gradually reduce the depth of the section to form your triangle. As a guide, your section will probably start out 2-3" deep, reducing to about 3/4" at the end. Make sure the length is sufficient to cover the whole length of your thumb even when its curled round - it will be in that position when you're fighting.

Attaching the mail to the glove

Stitch it on with very strong thread (e.g. Dacron) or preferably leather thonging. Weave the thread between about every 4th link or so up the side of the glove, around the fingers and thumb and across the bottom of the glove.

Double vs. single-link Mail

The steps above refer to the construction of a single-linked glove. Double-linking simply means you use a pair of links in place of every single one mentioned above. The advantages of double-linked mail are well erm.. none for LRP'ing but there are several for re-enactment (where I got a very similar guide to this one from). The main disadvantages are the cost, the heavier weight and longer time required to make them². So, you'll need twice as many links (weighing twice as much), and it'll take twice as long, right? Wrong, surprisingly - because the pairs of links have less freedom of movement around each other due to the greater space taken up. This means the links tend to 'bunch up' more, making a very dense 'weave' which you can barely see through. You will actually need around 3 times as many links to make a pair of double-linked gloves.

If you are interested in making chain mail the links can be obtained from any engineering stores (I got mine from

²You thought single-linked ones took a long time. that's nothing...

Egremont where I was told they were cur-clips when in fact they are split rings!!) although the best links I've seen so far are from Sheffield, and are available from George Heeley, 25 Rippon Cresc., Malin Bridge, Sheffield.

Coming soon how to make a chain-mail sleeve (which once I've made one will tell you how I did it!!)

N.B. The above article was re-written from article given to me by a strange hairy beast-man type creature which answers to the name Newton, who received the original article from his buddies at the re-enactment society a part of the Sheffield University

and he decided (in his infinite wisdom) to pass it on to you the readers.

See you at the next event!

Halak the acquirer.
(MITCH!)

PS If you have any problems making your chain-mail don't hesitate to contact me at:-

Paul Mitchell.
Shrigley Hall hotel,
Pott Shrigley,
nr. Macclesfield,
CHESHIRE.
SK10 5SB.

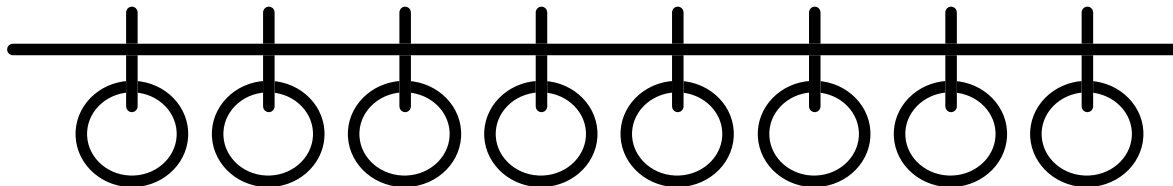


fig. 1

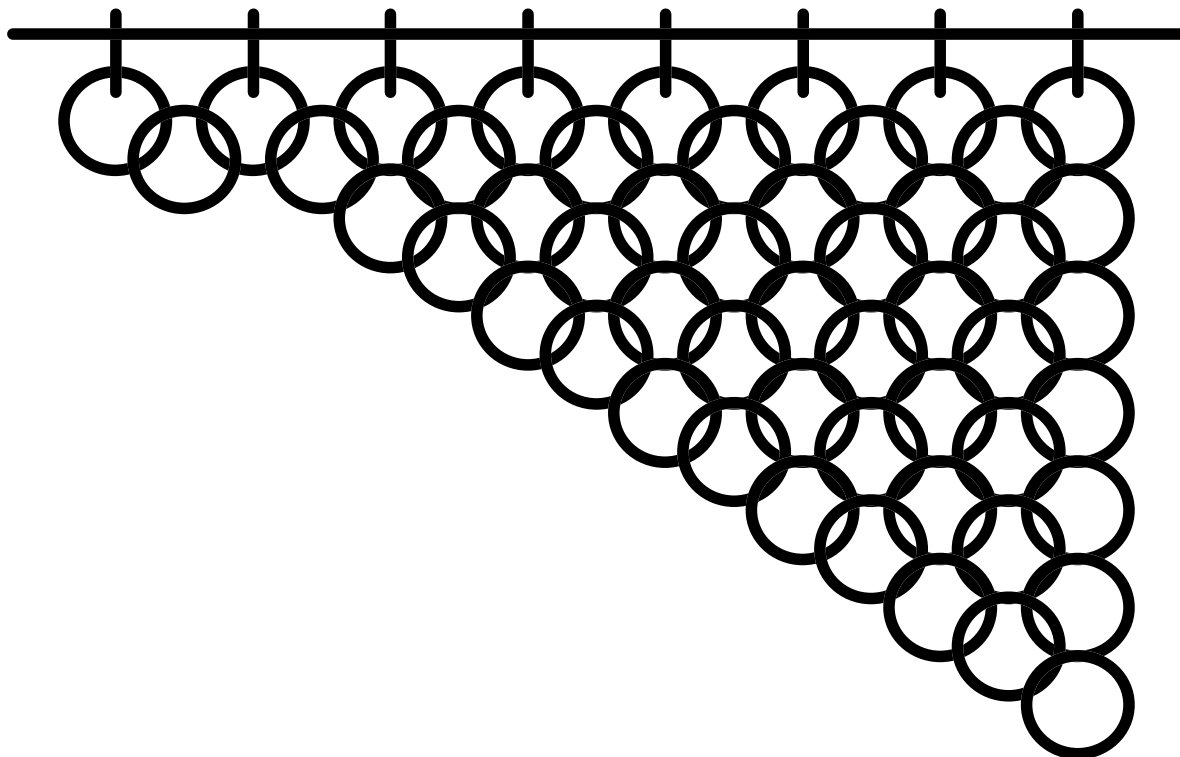


fig. 2



In this issue: Trevor reviews the Planescape expansion to AD&D 2nd Edition. Steve Proud tells all about the Star Trek Collectable Card Game. Derek reviews two books and a video, and spills the beans on the Scot's, when their invading army was smashed by the severely out-numbered Cumbrians.



Planescape An AD&D campaign setting.

Reviewed by: Trevor Pearson



For those of you who have tread the leafy forests of Krynn or Faerun, or risked the burning sands of Athas,

especially those poor sods, erm, souls who've found themselves in Ravenloft. The idea of travelling to and from different planes will be familiar in one form or another.

The Planescape setting expands upon this building into a relatively complete setting including all the previous settings released by TSR for the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons game. The Details below cover the NEW settings and locations my players are gradually going.

Planescape currently consists of four boxed sets, a set of Adventures and a small set of expansion books and CD's.

- “Planescape : campaign setting”
ISBN 1-56076-834-7 £21.50
- “Planes of Law”
ISBN 0-7869-0093-8 £18.50

- “Planes of Chaos”
ISBN 1-56076-874-6 £18.50
- “Planes of Conflict”
ISBN 0-7869-0309-0 £18.50

“Planescape : campaign setting”, introduces the major idea's of the setting and covers briefly all the different planes available to you, and some of the beasties that call those places home. Also introduces Sigil the “City of Doors” and the Lady of Pain who dwells therein. It does contain a rather naff introductory adventure too.

The next three boxed sets cover in detail the Outer Planes where most of the Action takes place. This is where the Powers (GODS to you and me) live.

The Outer Planes are :-

<u>PLANE</u>	<u>ALIGNMENT</u>
The Abyss	Chaotic Evil
Archeron	Lawful Neutral or Lawful Evil
Arborea	Chaotic Good
Arcadia	Lawful Neutral or Lawful good
Baator	Lawful Evil
The Beastlands	Neutral good or Chaotic good
Bytopia	Lawful good or Neutral good
Carceri	Neutral Evil or Chaotic Evil
Elysium	Neutral Good
Gehenna	Neutral Evil or Lawful Evil
The Gray Waste	Neutral Evil

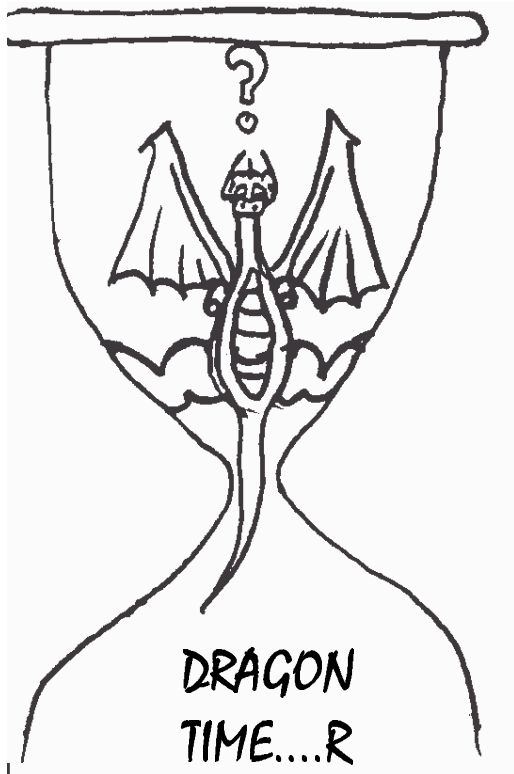


Limbo	Chaotic Neutral
Mechanus	Lawful Neutral
Mount Celestia	Lawful Good
Pandemonium	Chaotic Neutral or Chaotic Evil
Ysgard	Chaotic good or Chaotic Neutral

The Alignment is the predominant alignment shared by the inhabitants of the plane. For those unfamiliar with AD&D, Alignments are split between Lawful, Neutral and Chaotic attitudes, and Good, Neutral and Evil personalities. Curiously Chaotic neutral is the wildest alignment (don't go to Limbo).

There is plenty of detail about the nature and behavior of the natives, especially the dreaded Tanar'ri and the Baatezu who's eternal Blood war is the source for the card game of the same name.

There are two glossy-covered Monstrous Compendium Appendices at £9.99 each and four paper supplements just for



Planescape (plus anything from anywhere else) so there is no shortage of beasties.

Currently available adventures are :

“The Eternal Boundry”, Someone is stealing corpses which keep turning up in the strangest of places. Set in and around Sigil for low level characters.

ISBN: 1-56076-843-6 £5.99

“Harbinger House”, A lunatic asylum run by a Succubus and a 'Jack the Ripper' style murderer on the loose in Sigil. Aimed at more experienced characters with some tough encounters.

ISBN: 0-7896-0154-3 £7.99

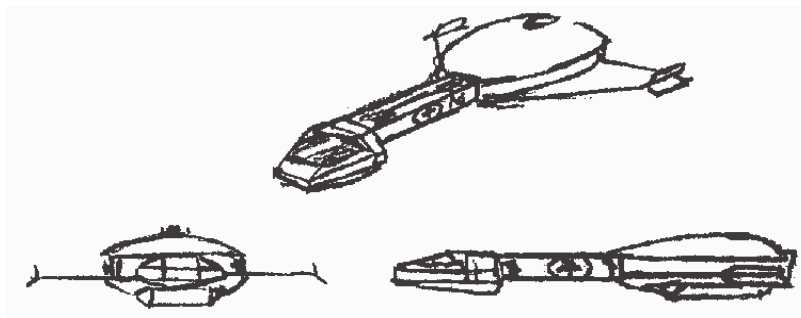
“The Deva Spark”, From the blasted pits of the Abyss to the Forests of Elysium, this adventure is for very experienced characters. The random encounters are bad enough, the plotted ones are absolutely ferocious. The main villain is a Bebbilith who has a Deva's life force in it's possession and is hiding out in the Abyss. The Deva is dying and it's up to your players to save it, poor thing.

ISBN: 1-56076-916-5 £5.99

“Fires of Dis”, Again for experienced characters this adventure begins simply as a quest to recover a stolen sword, unfortunately the trail leads to Ribcage, a gatetown teetering on the edge of Baator (The Nine Hells), thence to Dis the Second Of the Nine Hells... Some seriously nasty encounters!

ISBN: 0-7869-0100-4 £7.99

“In The Abyss”, Definitely need high level characters here. The Ship of Chaos is flying around the Abyss and everyone is after it, including your players. Death and disaster are literally lying in wait for them in the most demanding of the adventures yet published. The setting should be fairly obvious.



ISBN: 1-56076-908-4 £5.99

Expansion books are

“Well of Worlds”, It is a set of nine separate adventures that don't mix very well at all. I would not recommend it.
ISBN: 1-56076-893-2 £9.99

“The Factols Manifesto”, This is a much better effort. It explores the nature of the different factions that operate in Sigil's internal politics. There are many different factions and they are run by Factols (Party leaders in effect). Definitely a good choice.
ISBN: 0-7869-0141-1 £11.99

“In the Cage”, A Guide to Sigil. Essential for anyone running a Planescape game is the guide to the city of doors. A great source for locations and short side trek style adventures.
ISBN: 0-7869-0111-X £9.99

In summary all the Planescape products are of high quality production, there is a somewhat different feel to the artwork. There is no shortage of maps, poster size sheets and so on. The boxed sets contain several books apiece, some for players, others for the GM. This setting is huge to say the least and I would suggest to anyone wanting to run games in Planescape would be wise to limit the players access to the different planes quite severely.

Star Trek: The Next Generation Customisable Card Game. Produced by Decipher Inc.
Starter Decks £6.99

Booster Packs £2.50

The premier sci-fi card game on the market is currently the Star Trek: The Next Generation Customisable Card Game. Based on the TV series of the same name

it attempts to compress the seemingly infinite possibilities of the program into the structure of a card game while still retaining the same sense of disbelief the program engenders. The fact that it more or less succeeds is a credit to all the thought put to it. This is not a cheap attempt to cash in on a trend, unlike some other card games (“Spellfire” springs to mind). All this and nice photos too.

The game comes in sixty card starter decks, all randomly packed and each supposedly enabling you to start playing at once (more on that later), and fifteen card booster packs to allow you to customise your deck. A second, long overdue, expansion set of booster packs has just recently been released with another two currently in the works. There are 363 cards in the basic set, divided evenly into common, uncommon and rare cards and 125 cards in the expansion set. The rare cards include all the major personalities from the series (Jean-Luc Picard, Worf, Data etc.) and can cost up to £25 individually.

- The cards are divided into various groups.
1. Missions: Different missions for each affiliation.
 2. Affiliations: Divided into Federation, Klingon, Romulan and Nonaligned. These are ships and personnel.
 3. Dilemmas: Obstacles to play against your opponent or yourself to make missions harder or more interesting.
 4. Artefacts: Rare and useful items you sometimes get after completing a mission.

5. Equipment: Phasers, medical or engineering kits etc.
6. Events: These special occurrences or conditions occur during a players normal turn.
7. Interrupts: Special occurrences played at the time during a players or opponents turn.
8. Outposts: Locations where ships are launched, personnel report for duty and equipment is loaded.

The object of the game is to accomplish missions and so score points. The winner is the first player to score 100 points or the player with the most points when either deck runs out.

Before playing the game, each player decides which affiliation or alliance of two or three affiliations (the non-aligned work with anyone) they want to control. They then customise a sixty card deck from the cards they possess. There must be one outpost for each affiliation controlled and six unique mission cards in the deck. The rest of the deck is made up of any combination of cards the players desire, with one exception: no more than half the deck can be made up of seed cards (i.e. mission, dilemma, artefact and outpost cards).

The players then create a spaceline by laying down the mission cards and seeding them with dilemmas and artefacts placed upside down under them. The rest of the deck is then shuffled and each player takes a hand of seven cards. On each turn, you can: 1) play a card from your hand: 2) execute orders (move cards already on the table) or 3) draw a card from your deck



marking the end of your turn.

When playing a card, you can dock ships at outposts, have crews and equipment arrive at outposts, and play event and interrupt cards. Crew and equipment can also be beamed aboard ships ready for the next phase, which is executing orders. In this phase, ships can be moved along the spaceline, so long as they have the correct personnel aboard, to the various missions and interrupt cards can be played. Each mission has requirements (e.g. skills) that must be met by the personnel aboard a ship.

When attempting a mission the dilemma cards underneath the mission are turned face up and each dilemma must then be overcome by the away team that has beamed down to the planet or by the whole ship's crew if it is a space mission. Battles can take place between opposing away teams and ships at the same mission, and outposts can be attacked by the latter. Klingon and Romulan ships can be cloaked, treaties can be made (and broken) between affiliations allowing them to try the other affiliations missions and such nasties as Q and the Borg can appear.

The game looks good, it's easy to learn and reasonably priced for beginners. It's easily expanded for a longer game. Simply add more cards to the deck or increase the size of the spaceline. My only complaints are that it is designed for only two players with no way to incorporate others in, and that as so many cards are specific to affiliations (e.g. Klingon only missions, Romulan tricorders or PADD's) you cannot get a playable deck with one starter deck. It can take three or four before you have the sixty cards you need to play. However if anyone is looking for an alternative from Magic or Vampire this is well worth a look.

"Steill Bonnetts"

by Derek Harrison

What wargamer or fantasy author would envisage a scenario where a force of seven or eight hundred men would utterly rout an army of some eighteen thousands, without the advantage of magic, miracle, or stratagem? Whence could come such supermen? All modesty aside, Cumberland, actually! The date was the 24th November 1542, the location a ford on the Esk a few miles outside Carlisle, and on the far side of the river a bog called Solway Moss.

The King, Henry VIII, was preparing to end his reign as he had begun it with an extravagant, if ultimately futile, military intervention in the affairs of mainland Europe, allying himself with the Emperor against the King of France. But as ever, when England's attention was focused across the Channel, the Scots took the opportunity to play up a bit. Twenty-nine years before, the first time Henry had gone to France, the Scots had come south only to find even the English "B" team the King had left behind were too much for them. In a battle more reminiscent of a former era, the English inflicted the last of the great Longbow slaughters at a place called Flodden Field in Northumberland. That had left the Scottish King James IV and a goodly portion of his nobility dead on the field, and amongst the 10,000 slain "other ranks" the archers of Etterick - the Flowers of the Forest whose lament would echo Scottish grief ever after. Now again there was warfare on the East March, an English raid defeated at Haddon Rigg, and a Scottish army raised in reprisal. The English massed in Berwick, but took to the field for a few days only - Roxburgh and Kelso were burned but they could not threaten Edinburgh "for want of beer". (The English army was commanded by the Duke of Norfolk, who as Admiral of England in the army commanded by his father - at that time known as the Earl of

Surrey - had led a Division at Flodden, where his cousin Sir Edmund Howard had been rescued from the destruction of his force by a band of Westmarch ruffians led by the notorious outlawed reviver "Bastard John" Heron.) His eastern army sunk in apathy and disaffection, but still holding the attention of the English, James V of Scotland raised another force in Edinburgh and headed south-west. Ill-health forced him to rest at Lochmaben, handing command to Oliver Sinclair, a favourite the nobility detested even more than his master.

Across the Border, Sir Thomas Wharton, Deputy Warden of the West March, summoned his reivers to war. The highest estimate of the force he raised is that of the Imperial Ambassador, Eustace Chapuys, who said 4,000 rallied to Wharton's standard - the majority say two to three thousand. Faced by the force advancing on him (the least estimate is 10,000, more likely 15 to 18,000 Scots). Wharton could have justifiably elected to stand behind Carlisle's recently refurbished



defences, but he knew well the qualities of his men: that they were probably the best light cavalry in Europe at that time and skirmishers without equal. They could be called light cavalry only in an age where full Plate was still the norm for the nobility: most wore a "jak of plaite" (a quilted sleeveless jerkin of padded cotton or canvas incorporating small scales or plates, often of metal) or back- and breast-plates, and headgear ranging from a simple iron skull under their hat to a "Steill Bonnet", usually a Burgonet or Morion. Chains could be stitched to their sleeves in absence of other armour, and heavy thigh-boots protected the legs, while a small shield completed their defences. Richer (or luckier) individuals may have had Three-quarter Plate, but most preferred mobility to such burdensome attire. All would have a knife and most a



sword: Basket-handled backswords for the commoners, Rapier and Parrying Dagger for the nobles. Their characteristic armament was the "Border Stave", an entirely more formidable weapon than the spear which earned other English cavalry the title of "Demi-lances", and in whose use they were so adept as to be able to spear fish from the saddle! At Flodden these would have been supplemented with a missile weapon: possibly a light crossbow known as a "latch", more frequently the longbow. But the years since had begun great changes as under Henry's tutelage England tried to catch up on the handgun revolution in which it lagged behind mainland Europe by a generation, and although the longbow would remain the preferred weapon of the borderer until the end of the century the Rev. William Harrison would (in 1588) complain "all our strong shooting is decayed and laid in bed". Meanwhile distrust for the new Calivers (light wheel-lock Arquebuses) which

initially "brake and hurte divers mennes hands" waned, and these now became a common part of the reiver's firepower with (as supplement or alternative) up to half-a-dozen "daggs", large bore pistols. Most importantly, they were hard men, bred to a savage life in a harsh country. The words of one Geordie Burn, before they hung him on a cold dawn in 1596 could stand for many of them: "He had lain with above forty men's wives, ... slain seven ... men with his own hand, cruelly murdering them; ... had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing and taking deep revenge for slight offences." A limited range of Christian names in use amongst the majority of the "Riding" surnames meant that most of

these individuals were identified by location (" Kinmont Willie" Armstrong), ancestry ("Will's Jock" Graham) even unto the

third generation (" Dick's Davie's Davie") or some personal attribute, often unfortunate ("Nebless Clemmie" Croser, "Fingerless Will" Nixon, "Buggerback" Archie Elliot and his brother "Dog Pyntle" George, *et al*). Senior Clerics in particular decried their morals; Bishop Toby Matthew's described them as "Tribes of Thieves", and I defy anyone to read out loud the Archbishop of Glasgow's "Monition of Cursing" without starting to rant like the Rev. Ian Paisley after about five sentences or loosing their voice after the first couple of pages. Local priests were more pragmatic, at Christenings they left the sword hand of male infants unblessed so he could smite his enemies with unholy blows!

The Scots decided they would along the way discipline the inhabitants of the "Debatable Land", in particular those deep-dyed villains, the Grahams. (As any Club Member who has played one of John's Scenarios will tell you, you screw with any

of that name only at your gravest peril!) The Grahams retreated into the hills where they watched their homes burn, nursed their wounds and their grievances, and waited their chance. It would not be long in coming.

Wharton had crossed the Border with a small force to scout the Scots advance, and in the early morning he was presented with an unequalled opportunity. It would be nearly four hundred years before the German Tank Genius, Guderian, would formalise in print the tactic which was already deep in Wharton's raider instincts: when a mobile force, be it Panzers or Reivers, wishes to defend a linear obstacle such as a river line against an opponent they do not stand on the obstacle but remain concentrated some distance behind it and attack the enemy when he is in the process of crossing it, with his force disrupted and only part of his troops available. What Wharton saw was the Scots column emerging from the Esk ford, with the bulk of the force still struggling across Solway Moss. With the resources at his disposal the Deputy March Warden was probably still only planning a classic light cavalry harassment when he ordered some seven to eight hundred of his Reivers, led by William Musgrave, in against the right flank of the Scot's column. It was to Wharton's amazement that as the small groups of English Borderers hit and ran and charged again with increasing boldness, the Scots force began to disintegrate: "Our prickers...gatt them in a shake all the way" he would later report. At this point Sinclair tried to assert his command in the face of the rest of the nobility, who had not been informed of his appointment; thus it was as panic began to grasp the Scots host, its command was paralysed by dissension. The English horsemen were growing more daring, charging into the Scots mass and breaking it up (some small groups cut off in this

manner were so bereft they would surrender to a single rider) until the hindmost sought safety in flight. With them they carried a lone English reiver, the only man taken prisoner from Wharton's force that day, who together with seven fallen comrades would comprise the entire list of English casualties. Behind them they left "Thirty Standards, Earls, Barons, Lords, Cannon and Handgonnes" (actually 2 Earls, 5 Barons and 500 Gentlemen among the twelve hundred prisoners). Oliver Sinclair had been taken prisoner by one Willie Bell; Lord Maxwell, Warden of the Scottish West March and Admiral of Scotland was claimed by Edward Aglionby and George Foster (possibly Sir John Forster, later an infamously corrupt Warden of the Middle March), the Earl of Cassill by Batill Routledge (on a horse borrowed from John Musgrave who claimed part of the ransom on behalf of his beast!), while the ransom for the Earl of Glencairn was disputed between Wharton, Thomas Dacre, and a couple of Willie Grahams - "Wat's Willie" and "Willie of the Balie". Some put Scots fatalities at English hands as low as twenty, but no-one counted those drowned in the Esk or trampled into Solway Moss. It is axiomatic that in battle the greatest number of casualties occur not while the combat is contested, but are inflicted on the losers as they flee. Although Wharton held back his force, judging it too small to mount an effective pursuit, the grief of the shattered Scots was not yet at an end: they had yet to face the horrors of The Debatable Land. The vengeful Grahams by now had been joined by their predatory Scots neighbours for whom the concept of nationhood held less appeal than that of plunder. It had been only recently that at a secret meeting Lord Maxwell had told the leaders of the notorious Liddesdale alliance - the Armstrongs, the Elliots and the Crosers - "Ye are the men I can trust"; now some of them were amongst those who fell upon

the remnants of the army he had helped lead. Wharton's glee is evident in his report "To hear of the spoil and taking of prisoners that night in Scotland by the Annerdale's, Eskdale's, Ewesdale's, Wauchopdale's and some of the Liddesdale's...is for goode Englishmen pleasant to hear." Many Scots, deemed not worth a ransom, were slain by their countrymen, and those let go were mostly stripped of anything of value - including the clothes they stood up in!

James V died within the year, a broken man. Both his sons had died the previous year, and the child born just before his death was a sickly girl "lyke not to live". Had he known what fate had in store for her - Mary, Queen of Scots - he would not have been comforted. Sir Thomas Wharton was made a Baron in 1544 as reward for his victory, retired to his native Yorkshire and began enlarging his ancestral estates, including the building (in about 1560) of a great Deer Park at Ravenstonedale near Kirkby Stephen. Its walls can still be traced but it is said Wharton did not see them, having gone blind before they were complete, much to the amusement of his former charges: efficient March Wardens were rarely popular men. The Grahams were to enjoy another half-century of lawless freedom before retribution in the form of another King James - the sixth of Scotland and first of England - would finally catch up with them. It was a commonly held belief in that period that between the death of a Monarch and the accession of their successor the Rule of Law was in abeyance, and on the death of Elizabeth the First in 1603 the Grahams cut loose in what would later be called "Ill Week", ravaging Northern Cumberland and raiding as far south as Penrith. But King James was determined to unite the two Crowns in a most concrete manner, declaring the Border at an end, dismantling all its peculiar arrangements and setting up a

Commission with draconian powers to pacify the district. All of the inhabitants were visited with what were regarded as extreme legal sanctions, even for those used to "Jeddart Justice" (where execution preceded the trial), but it was the Grahams who received special attention. Subject to summary execution, turned out of the "Debatable Land" and rounded up in Carlisle Castle, some riders were sent abroad to serve the King in Europe from Belgium to Bohemia under pain of death should they return. The gentlemen of Cumberland and Westmorland held a whip-round which raised £300 to assist this early example of ethnic cleansing by having the entire clan shipped off to Roscommon in Ireland; some reached there late in 1606 but unfortunately the money ran out with most of them still stuck in Workington. Few stayed in Roscommon, where the locals had been upset to find there were some people even more addicted to Cattle-raiding and fighting than they were, and better at it to boot, but took service elsewhere with others of their name who had already emigrated to the island on a more voluntary basis. Despite the promises of punishment a surprisingly large number of deportees made their way back to their old haunts over the years, some attempting a feeble deception by reversing their surname and claiming they were of the clan Maharg!

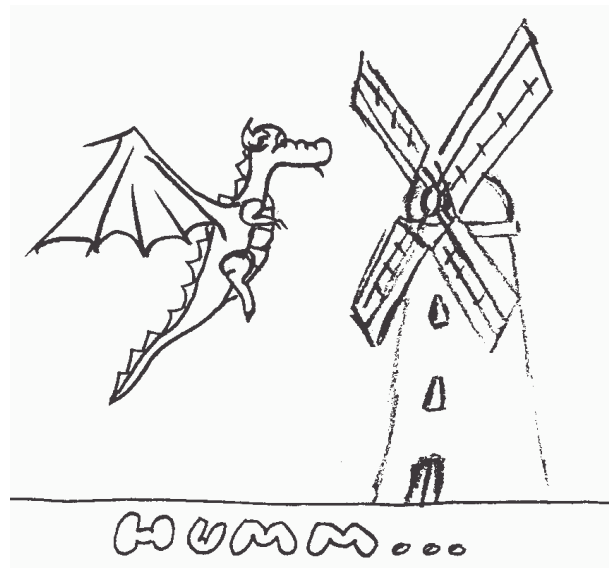
Solway Moss was the Reivers finest hour, most of their adventures were more squalid and mercenary, if not lacking heroism of some sort. Their tale has been told in many a tome, but perhaps best by George MacDonald Fraser in "The Steel Bonnets" (ISBN 0330 23857 4). Although a quarter of a century old, nothing has yet appeared to challenge it as the most readable history of this turbulent period. Frequently reprinted, the cover usually shows a couple of reivers riding past Hermitage Castle; when first printed in 1971, the faces of the riders were those of

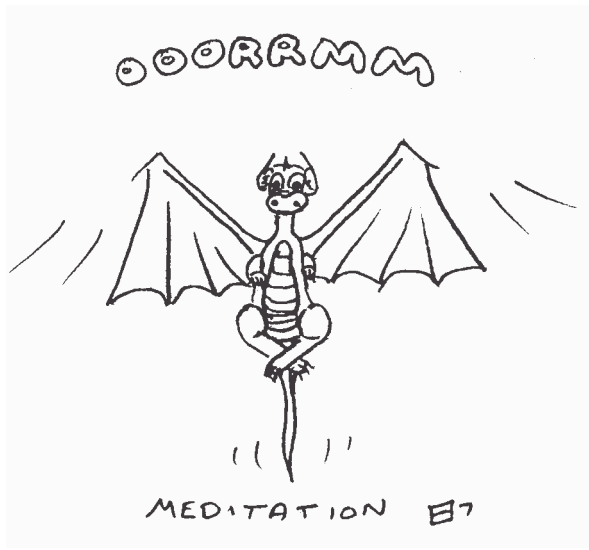
American Presidents Johnston and Nixon, both of whom had reiver ancestry. (It is interesting to reflect that Nixon's downfall was because he inherited reiver attitudes as well as genes: politically he was four centuries too late - his character was exactly suited to 16th Century Border politics!) Fraser is best known as a novelist - the author of the "Flashman" series - but has only recently explored the subject in that form in "The Candlemas Road". The literature has been recently joined by an excellent introduction to the subject, "The Border Reivers" by Keith Durham (ISBN 1 855 32 4172). This is available in two guises, one with a pretty cover and found in tourist outlets such as Tullie House, and another for the Modeller/Wargamer fraternity which boasts it's pedigree as N°. 279 in Osprey Military's Men - at - Arms series. At £6.99 it may appear a little pricey, but the text is competent and the illustrations excellent. The photographs are well chosen, and the title page states the colour plates are by Angus M^cBride, who will probably be most familiar to club members from his brilliant artwork for the 2nd Edition of ICE's "Middle Earth" games system. However, the Black-and-White illustrations are by Durham's friend Pete Armstrong of Border Miniatures, the Keswick-based model firm, for whom Durham sculpted the superb model of a reiver illustrated in the book. One can, however, sound a note of regret. Although M^cBride's artwork is as good as any of the work which leads many to regard him as the pre-eminent illustrator of military subjects, it is to be lamented that the colour artwork was not supplied, as it appears was the original intent, by the late Rick Scollins - it is to Scollins that the book is dedicated. Scollins last completed painting was of Solway Moss, and it is instructive to compare the much-reduced monochrome reproduction of it which appears on page 44 with M^cBride's interpretation of the same subject. The Scollins painting formed

the cover of the March 1993 issue of "Military Modelling" magazine and illustrated an article on Solway Moss by Keith Durham, many elements of which have gone on to form part of the text of his book. (The same issue of the magazine contained the artist's obituary.) My own judgement based on this larger full-colour version is that it is markedly superior to M^cBride's equivalent, but even in the reduced version in the book one can see the central mounted figure is based on Durham's Border Miniatures model, less readily apparent is that the artist has given the figure Keith Durhams face! A second reiver on the left of the picture is recognisably Pete Armstrong, while Rick Scollins himself appears as a panicking Scotsman in the centre foreground.

It is the patriotic duty of every Cumbrian, native or resident, and lesser breeds of Borderer to buy (or at least read) one or preferably both of these books mentioned above, otherwise they cannot appreciate what a gang of (*PHRASE CENSORED AS UNSUITABLE FOR PUBLICATION*) were those to whose traditions they are heir. On a more practical note, if you don't get half - a - dozen ideas for scenarios from them you ain't got no imagination!

DEREK HARRISON





P.S. Now there's no excuse for even you semi-literate couch potatoes to miss out on your heritage; you can watch the video ! "Edwin's Kingdom" Volume IV "The Border Reivers" (Hartnell Images, Morpeth, Northumberland) is available from the public Library (I borrowed it from the Mirehouse branch) for the ridiculous hire charge of 75p . For the price of your evening's gaming at the club you can spend 57 minutes being gently introduced to the subject. Although far from exhaustive it is generally accurate, and the credits state it is based on Durham's book. At least it saves you some petrol money by showing you some of the major sites you may wish

to visit. There are a few distant shots of simulated Reivers wandering through the Border countryside, no close-ups as I suspect their kit wasn't too good (they carry halberds, not spears), but there is some good footage of genuine equipment. There are a few shots of some good artwork, some nice close-ups of Scollin's last painting mentioned above, some of the M^cBride stuff from the book, and some new work, possibly from Pete Armstrong who also gets an artwork credit. Durham is credited as an advisor and of course his Reiver model features heavily ! Presentation is a bit lightweight and the whole thing is easily watchable.

P.P.S. For those of you who weren't gallivanting to Gallashields on Saturday 13th of April 1996 there was a small group of re-enactors celebrating the 400th anniversary of the rescue of "Kinmont Willie" from Carlisle Castle. They drilled with Bills and sparred with swords-and-buckler (or Cloak, or Dagger), and had an encampment with women and children in the Inner Bailey. I hope to have some footage to include next time I do a Club Tape of the LRPs.

Competition Corner

It's competition time again and we want you to design a new logo for the club. The prize winner will not only have their winning entry survive in the annals of club history, but will also win a super-duper fun packed prize which will feature the winning entry.



Entries should reach the Editorial Committee by the 4th of July.

GOOD LUCK.

THE SONGBOOK

It wasn't all that long ago that people were talking about a 'monsters' song book, who knows, maybe when a bunch of Orcs come round a corner singing a merry tune, the party may not want to attack them on sight, but instead join in their merry ditty. Hmm... Your right, I don't think they'd go for that, still here's Howards Christmas songs from the gathering in the Fleece over Christmas for those who weren't present or were too pissed to remember them!! Enjoy..

TO THE TUNE OF "TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS"

On The First Day Of Christmas, SASRA
Gave To Me,
An All Night Game Of AD&D (Lucky Me!)

Five Gold Pieces (Excessive Treasure
Award)

On The Second Day Of Christmas, SASRA
Gave To Me,
Two Turgid Plotlines (Nothing New There)
And An All Night Game Of AD&D (Lucky
Me!)

Six People A (Role) Playing (Unlikely)
Seven Refs A Swimming (Well More A
Floundering)

On The Third Day Of Christmas, SASRA
Gave To Me,
Three Naff French Accents (For Johnny's
NPC'S)
Two Turgid Plotlines (Nothing New There)
And An All Night Game Of AD&D (Lucky
Me!)

Eight Players A Milking (It)
Nine Prussians A Lancing (Token Gestures
For Derek)
Ten Villains A Drumming (On The
Superheroes)

On The Fourth Day Of Christmas, SASRA
Gave To Me,
Four Stalling GM'S (Typical)
Three Naff French Accents (For Johnny's
NPC'S)
Two Turgid Plotlines (Nothing New There)
And An All Night Game Of AD&D (Lucky
Me!)

Eleven Azathoths A Piping (And A Gibbering
And A Fluting)
Twelve Lurpers A Lurping (Sad Bastards)

TO THE TUNE OF "WHEN A CHILD IS BORN"

A Set Of Stats, For Which Most Players Would Die,
A Hit Point Roll, That's Really Very High,
This PC's So Rock Hard, The Others Look Forlorn,
This Comes To Pass,
When Fudges Characters Are Born

TO THE TUNE OF "AWAY IN A MANGER"

A Mage And A Ranger Went Out On A
 Quest
 To See Which One Of Them Was Really
 The Best
 The Ranger Was Lawful And His Rival
 Wouldn't Slay
 But The Mage Was Chaotic Evil And Blew
 Him Away

So What Is The Moral What Lesson Can
 We Learn ?
 Always Cast 'Detect Alignment' Unless
 You Want To Burn
 Even With Such A Precaution You Still
 Might Get Trashed
 As The Lessons Very Simple "Nice Guys
 Finish Last"

TO THE TUNE OF "HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING"

Hark The Herald Porace Sings,
 Glory To The Mimbrian King,
 Peace With Elves And Barbarians Wild,
 Knights And Grey Ravens Reconciled

See The Consequence Of The Ale You
 Scoff,
 Sloth Takes Over While Your Sleeping It
 Off,

Joyful All Ye Stormbulls Drink,
 Till Your No Longer Able To Think,

Hark The Herald Death Knights Sing,
 Glory To The Undead King.

TO THE TUNE OF "LOVE IS ALL AROUND"

I Can't Feel My Fingers, I Can't Feel My
 Toes,
 The Booze Is All Around Me, Till Down
 My Throat It Goes,
 Watch Out Here's My Wind, It's Pretty
 Sour You Know,
 The Last Time I Was Sober, Was A Long
 Time Ago

I See Your Face Before Me, An Out Of
 Focus Head,
 And Though This Time Tomorrow, I'll
 Wish That I Was Dead,
 If I'm Not Too Hungover, I'll Get Out Of
 Bed,
 And Rather Than Get Sober, I'll Come
 Down Here Instead

CHORUS

You Know I Drink Here, I Always Will,
 The Price Is Right Although The Beer
 Tastes Like Swill,
 To My Beer Drinking, There'll Be No End,
 And On My Custom You Can Depend

CHORUS

You Know I Drink Here, I Always Will,
 The Price Is Right Although The Beer
 Tastes Like Swill,
 To My Beer Drinking, There'll Be No End,
 And On My Custom You Can Depend

TO THE TUNE OF "BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY"

Is This Your Real Life ? It's Very Sad You
See,
Look At Your Beer Glass, Filled To
Capacity,
Focus Your Eyes, Unfasten Your Flies And
Pee

Now That Your Bladders Low, You Need
More Alcohol,
(Because It's Quickly In, Quickly Out,
Don't Sit Down, It's Your Shout)
Anyway Your Wind Blows, Glasses Tend
To Shatter You See, You See

(Hic, Burp, Vomit, Belch, Fart, - Hic,
Burp, Vomit, Belch, Fart)

Landlord,
I'll Have A Pint,
Also A G & T, A Coke With Bacardi,
Landlord,
This Orders Just Begun,
But I'm So Drunk I've Forgotten What
Else I Want

Landlord, Oh Oh Oh Oh,
I'll Drink Until I Die,
At Least That's How I'll Feel This Time
Tomorrow,
Very Ill, Very Ill,
But Right Now That Doesn't Matter

(Hic, Burp, Vomit, Belch, Fart, - Hic,
Burp, Vomit, Belch, Fart)

Too Late, Times Been Called,
For More Ale And Lager, We Must Go To
Gallachers,
"Bood Gye, Evryb'dy, Ish Got Oo Go,
Cos Although The Lights Are On,
Nobody's Home"

Landlord, Oh Oh Oh Oh,
Just One More For The Road,
I Don't Care If I Wind Up In The Gutter,

I See A Little Herd Of Pink Elephants,
Oh My God Oh My God, I'm Feeling
Pretty Pissed Now
Guinness And White Lightning
Very Very Frightening Me

Galiano (Galiano) Galiano Whisky - O

My Glass Is Empty, I Must Go Home
Now,
(His Glass Is Empty, Think About His
Family, Spare His Wife From This
Monstrosity)

Very Drunk, Feeling Sick, Will You Let
Me Throw ?

(The Carpets) No ! We Will Not Let You
Throw !

Let Me Throw ?
(They're Brand New) No ! We Will Not
Let You Throw !

Let Me Throw ?
(They'll Never Clean) No ! We Will Not
Let You Throw !

Will Not Let You Throw !
Will Not Let You, Will Not Let You
Throw

(Throw Throw Throw Throw Throw
Throw)

Mama Mia Mama Mia Mama Mia Let Me
Throw

Sean Hopkins Has A Gallon Set Aside For
Me, For Me, For Me !

So You Think I'm Plastered ? Well My
Round I'm Still Going To Buy !
So You Think You'll Out Drink Me ?
Come On Then Just Give It A Try
Oh Baby,

I Can Manage One More Maybe,
Just Gotta Get Your, Just Gotta Get Your
Round In Next

Any Way The Wind Blows!

And now Fastjack, our resident Cybernaut, gives us the word on ...

THE.NET

Welcome to the strange world that exists only in the deranged imaginations of a few dribbling idiots who spend most of their time sitting in front of their computer.

What is it that drives these anti-social outcasts to behave like this? Well, the answer is that their computer is using the telephone line to talk to other computers all over the world.

So What do two lonely Computers talk about? Err, well to be honest, Computers only say what the dribbling idiot sitting at the keyboard tells them too. Brill for Control Freaks!

If ever cornered by a 'nettie' you will probably be bombarded with words like 'cyberspace' and the ubiquitous 'web'. These terms are culled from assorted novels and even the lingo that dribbles unbidden from Californian surfers! Even more over hyped terms are used by our political masters who are responsible for the inaccurate, misleading and meaningless 'Information Superhighway'. The trick it seems is to be familiar with this lingo or be treated as a leper.

In truth, between me and you, there is an almost unbelievably brilliant system out there that for a meager £10.00 a month anybody can have access to! Yes they even let ME use it!

Apart from the endless conversations with the sad, demented, dribbling idiots that seem to have little else in life to do but sit in front of their computers and discuss their personal problems with absolutely anybody that might be stupid enough to listen to them. There are interesting and even useful things available. From animation to ZZ Top chances are that if you're interested in something then there's a whole load of other

people who are too and the Net is the place to find them.

The.Pavers

The Pavers are just one of the many groups which formed on the net. This particular group is dedicated to covering the entire planet in asphalt and then driving all over it in ultra high powered Hypercars™. Below I have included the creed that these fanatics believe in.

THE CREED OF THE PAVERS

WE BELIEVE IN A COMPLETELY PAVED EARTH

Earth is cursed with trees, shrubs, grass and scurrying creatures. With every breath we act to right this terrible wrong.

WE BELIEVE IN THE PLAN®

The plan® is the final word, it brings us the knowledge of the twin pleasures. Speed and Convenience.

WE BELIEVE FOOD SHOULD BE ENJOYED

"Nutrition" is an aberration of human nature. The juicy Burger and hearty Beer are our sacrament.

WE BELIEVE IN THE DEPLETION OF SCARCE NATURAL RESOURCES

Some see the vessel are half full. Others see the vessel as half empty. We pour it out on the floor and laugh.

WE BELIEVE IN A SKY ROILING IN SMOG

The colour blue should appear nowhere but the paint on our Hypercars™.

THE WEB

I mentioned it before as one of those things that the 'netties' like to spend there time telling you about. So I'll tell you all you need to know about the World Wide Web just to save you from the clutches of those vile and corrupt creatures.

Many of you will know about Cyberspace already from films like 'TRON'. Some will have played in Shadowrun or some other Cyberpunk based games and even L.R.P.'s set in some mythical future where big corrupt companies run the world through powerful computer systems.

Well it's like this, There exists a huge network of computers, millions of them, all linked together and all communicating with each other. These computers hold a vast library of information in a

special format known as HTML. Any one document can have a link to any other HTML document or anything else held on any computer linked to Internet anywhere in the world.

The Screen Shot below features just one such document from the WWW - World Wide Web This is the Wizards of the coast home page, yes the people that produce Magic - the Gathering and other collectable trading card games. Just about every major company and a lot of the not so major have a collection of 'pages' on the web. They are used for advertising and distributing info and even in some cases doing a bit of electronic mail order shopping!

As you can see graphics and the familiar point and click interface is a major feature of the WWW making it very easy for anybody to use. Just point the mouse at anything highlighted, under lined or



in a box and click the button. In moments a new page will appear before your startled eyes. No science fiction writer of years gone by could have envisioned a Globe spanning information system that was so easy children could use it. But this isn't science fiction.

THE.VIRTUAL.WEB

The speed at which computers and the Internet changes is almost unbelievable. You have just read all about the World Wide Web, I hope.

The Web is based around a way of putting special markers into ordinary pieces of text. These are called Hyper Text Markup Language or HTML files. These files form the Web.

This year however has seen yet another advance in the form of VRML or Virtual Reality Modeling Language. Turning the dull two dimensional pages of the web into three dimensional images which you can examine , walk through and interact with.

Below we have another screen shot this time of URL house. This is where a 'nettie' would start to explore the three dimensional parts of the Web.

You can approach the door and 'knock' using the mouse. Once inside, the inside of this house is stored in America, You can wander about selecting and examining just about anything. Each door leads to another room which may be stored on another computer. You can even have you're own room in this house! All you need to do is set up your own VRML pages, anywhere, and then inform the company (TGS systems) who add your door.

When you select an object you get yet another file in the same way that you can get other pages on the Web. The software is free too.

THE.REST.OF.THE.NET

Internet is a world wide network of computers, millions of computers connected together. There are several ways you and me can use this network to enhance our lives.



ELECTRONIC.MAIL

Electronic mail or E-mail as it is known, is a simple way for one person to send a message to another person. Just like sending a letter. However E-mail takes just seconds to get to it's destination which can be anywhere in the world.

Most if not all Students at universities have E-mail addresses, many club members currently 'away' are keeping in touch with the ever so exciting time we have here in West Cumbria through E-mail.

USENET.NEWSGROUPS

The Usenet Newsgroups is an area of the net which is like a series of small debating societies. There are currently 16,342 of these groups.

A newsgroup is similar to a Bulletin Board System. Any member can leave a message and any member can read anybody's messages. They tend to discuss a particular area of interest.

The Pavers, mentioned earlier, are one such group. These groups vary in how friendly they are to new users or 'newbies', some groups are helpful and polite to those fresh faced innocents, while some, like the Pavers, are very unfriendly and even downright nasty to 'newbies'. The Pavers go so far as to keep a list of individuals that annoy them. On the Pavers newsgroup, *alt.pave.the.earth*, the listkeeper is a feared man.

Other groups cover subjects as diverse as religion, politics, computers, business, star trek, music, art, food and drink, and of course SEX. There is a fair bit of sex on the Usenet newsgroups, including pictures of nude celebrities.

RELAY.CHAT

Internet Relay Chat, I am convinced, is a plot by the telephone companies to boost their profits.

IRC is one of the most enjoyable aspects of being on-line. The basic idea is that anybody can talk to anybody else that is currently on. It consists of small messages relayed back and forth between two or more users.

This is probably simpler to explain by example so here goes:

I go on line and click the 'IRC' button on my software. A screen pops up on my computer telling me I'm connected. I type at the keyboard "/join #general", and get a 'hello' message from a French student in Marseilles. I reply to him, politely as is expected on the net. Messages pass back and forth, it is raining in Marseilles as well as in Whitehaven. However we are told that Houston in Texas has just woke to another beautiful day. Our new American friend has visited Whitehaven before and tells us to visit Texas.

GOPHER.SPACE

One of the easiest ways to find something on the net is to use a program called a Gopher which does exactly that it Goes For. There is an additional program that runs on BIG computers that searches for stuff, called Veronica. Between them, Gopher and Veronica can find just about anything.

SUMMING.UP

The Internet is, without doubt in my mind at least, the most powerful way to communicate with your fellow Human Beings. Admittedly there are some that you may not wish to communicate with. I can recommend the Internet to anybody with a modern computer who has any interests at all. There is a wealth of information available over the net.

FASTJACK

CLUB FRP Resources

The Club has a large selection of Rule and Source Books for loan to Club members for the grand one-time-only very reasonable price of a signature on the dotted line.

Anyone wishing to borrow this marvellous stuff should see the FRP Co-ordinator - Steve Hastewell.

AD&D

Forgotten Realms Adv. Handbook
 Forgotten Realms Atlas
 Forgotten Realms Boxed Set (2 copies)
 Lankhmar - City of Adventure (2 copies)
 Players Screen
 Unearthed Arcana
 Volo's Guide to Waterdeep (Forgotten Realms)
 Wilderness Survival Guide
 Forgotten Realms - The Savage Frontier (2 copies)
 Rogues Gallery
 Forgotten Realms - The Magister (2 copies)
 Players Handbook
 Dungeon Masters Guide
 Players Handbook (1st Ed.)
 Battle System
 Skirmishes (Battle system)
 Scenario's - Tournament Games
 Campaign & Catacomb Guide
 Old Empires
 Dwarves Deep
 Anauroch
 Great Glacier
 Moonsnae
 Hall of Heroes
 Shadowdale
 Waterdeep
 Thief's Handbook
 Wizard's Handbook
 DMG (1st Ed) #2
 Players Handbook (1st) #2
 Al'Qadim Adv. - Guide to Zakhara
 Al'Qadim Boxed Set

City State of the Invincible Overlord
 Dark Sun Boxed Set
 DM Design Kit
 Dreams of the Red Wizard
 Dungeoneer's Survival Guide

Ares Magica

Beyond the Supernatural
 Covenants
 Fairies
 Over The Edge
 Saga Pack
 The Primal Order

Call of Cthulu

Call Of Cthulu (2nd Ed.)
 Call Of Cthulu (3rd Ed.)
 Cthulu Companion
 Cthulu Now
 Gaslight
 Keepers List
 Keepers Screen
 Source Book for 20's
 Green & Pleasant Land

Cyberpunk

Cyberpunk Rules (2nd Ed.)
 Chrome Book (2 copies)
 Chrome Book 2
 Corp. Rep. Vol. 1
 Corp. Rep. Vol. 2
 Corp. Rep. Vol. 3
 Cyberpunk Boxed Set
 Deep Space
 Eurosource

Hardwired
 Nights Edge
 Night City
 Players Screen
 Protect and Serve
 Solo of Fortune
 When Gravity Fails
 Sprawls + Megacorps

GURPS

Magic
 Gurps Basic (3rd Ed.) (3 copies)
 Gurps Basic (3rd Ed.) [HARDBACK]
 High Tech
 Space #1
 Ultra Tech
 Conan Sourcebook
 Conan Beyond Thunder River
 Autoduel
 Horror
 Special Ops

Heroes System (inc. Champions)

Champions Rules (3 copies)
 Champions #II (rules expansion)
 Champions #III (rules expansion)
 Champions in 3D
 Heroes System Rules (2 copies)
 DC Heroes Boxed Set
 Circle & Mete
 Mystic Masters
 Primus & Demon
 Red Doom

Runequest

Runequest Boxed Set (2 copies)
 Runequest Rules (2nd Ed.)
 Cults of Prax
 Cults of Terror
 Fangs
 Runequest Companion

Role Master

Arms Law
 Character Law

Claw Law
 Spell Law (2 copies)
 Character + Campaign Law
 Arms + Claw Law
 Role Master Companion I
 Role Master Companion II

Shadowrun

Rigger Black Book
 Shadowrun (1st Ed.)
 Shadowrun (2nd Ed.)
 Street Samurai Catalogue (2nd Ed.)
 London Source Book
 The Grimoire (2nd Ed.)

Warhammer

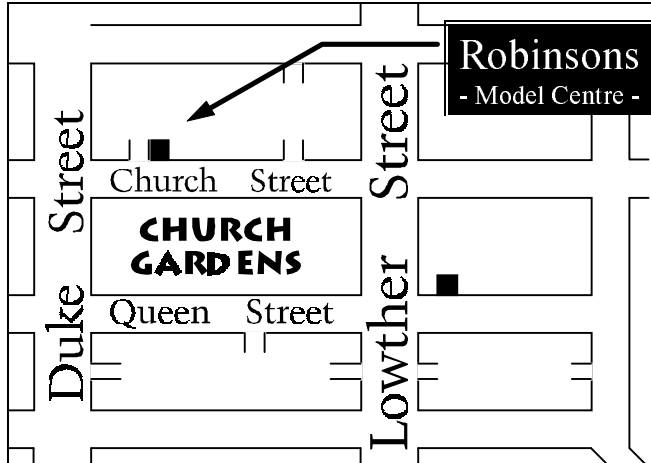
Warhammer FRP (softback)
 Warhammer FRP (Hardback)
 Death of the Reich
 Fantasy Battle Rules (Box)
 Fantasy Battle Rules (Book)
 Warhammer City

Miscellaneous. Systems

Blood Bowl - Companion
 Blood Bowl - Star Players
 Dungeon Floor Plans
 Dark Conspiracy - Dark Tek
 De Bellis Renations
 DBR Army Book 1
 EN GARDE
 Hordes of the Things - Fantasy Battle System
 Rules
 Hole Delves Catalogue
 Judge Dredd
 Judge Dredd Companion
 Labyrinthe Rules
 Labyrinthe Rules Companion
 Middle Earth Role Playing
 Paranoia Rules
 Reaper Wargames Rules
 Star Wars Rules
 Vampire
 Hell on the Margin

ROBINSONS

- MODEL CENTRE -



We have Moved to

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**In The Next Issue of
CLUB NEWS**

The Dragons return.

The Demise of SLOTH.

How to make an LRP Latex Sword.

Diceing with DETH.

And all the regular Features.

Club News Issue 28 is due out in August