

SASRA NEWS CLUB

Newsletter of the SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club

Probably the least imaginatively named newsletter in the world..



© 1996 Ted Goff

"THAT'S WEIRD. THE CALENDAR PROGRAM
ON MY PC JUST STOPPED WORKING."

In this issue:

Ramblings of a deranged Editor
More goings on...

"INVASION SASRANIA"

Stories Galore
SASRA News

as well as:

What's YOUR game!

Issue 32 - May '99

CLUB NEWS

SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club

The Club holds regular meetings in the function room of the Falcon Club, Egremont starting at 7:30pm on Monday evenings.

Anyone is welcome to turn up and play. If you want to, you can just watch, but be warned: Roleplaying is a participation hobby and makes dull viewing.

The Club's activities include:

Table Top Roleplaying

Fantasy, Futuristic, Comic Book Superheroes, and Gothic Horror.

Live Roleplaying

Using the Club's own FADGES LRP rules... High Fantasy (KRYMSWORLD), Horror (HATCHET), Dark Future (CONCRETE DREAMING), Dark Fantasy.

Wargaming

Table-top battle enactments featuring Ancient Britons, Romans, Napoleonic, Wild West, Fantasy (WarHammer) to name but a few!

Play-By-Mail

The Club hopes to run a PBM game shortly. Some members play the infamous Quest game (and others) offered by KJC Games

You can contact the Club through and of these people:

Jacqui Hastewell

Tel: 01946-67611 (evenings)

Steve Proud

Tel: 01946-62312 (evenings)

Club News—Issue 34

The next issue of Club News is due for publication on the 8th of July 1999. All submissions should reach the editors no later than the 24th of June 1999.

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Acknowledgements

Thanks to all of this issue's contributors, who are:-

Paul Caughy, Stephen Proud, Barry Lace,
Derek Harrison, Mark Tremble

Contributions

To put your article in Club News, give it to Geoff Brown at the Club.

Alternatively, you can send it to:

Club News
29 Scalegill Road
Moor Row
Cumbria CA24 3JL

EMail it to:

ClubNews@fedges.demon.co.uk

Mole@euphonium.freeserve.co.uk

Or even fax it to: 0870-164-0866

(Calls charges at national rates – so do it cheap rate.)

All submissions welcome... We support many different formats but prefer Microsoft Word. Artwork is especially appreciated. All materials will be returned if requested.

Your Editorial Team is:

ASJ KSTZD LA ASJ
VACSLA LZ VSS

3. The Usual Blurb
4. Editorial & SASRA Information
6. Farewell From A Friend
7. Victoria's Secrets
9. Thankyou
10. News From The Front
12. SASRA AGM Notice
13. The PROPHECY
16. LRP News
17. Braincare Specialist For Hire
19. Coming Soon
20. What's Your Game

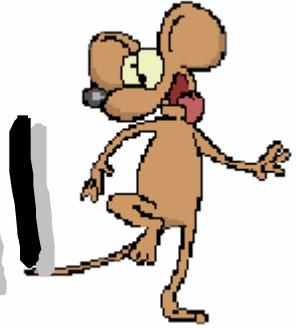
"Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic"

- Clark's Law

"Where did I put that Wand of Fireballs?"

- Randal (Mage)

Editorial



The Curse Strikes Again!!!

It ain't easy being editor these days... The 'alleged' curse which surrounds Club News is determined to make sure that the 'News' is never printed... Gremlins and more Gremlins... At least the sunlight's working (when available)... Anywhay enough of my drivel... on with the show.

The big news this month is the Convention which some of you will no doubt have heard of. We plan to hold a 1 or 2 day event later this year as a charity event (and of course to have fun). Hopefully we'll have a special guest, all the usual stuff, plus whatever we can cook up for you lot (and everyone else who comes along). But more later as things become clear. If you have any idea's of thngs you would like to see, just drop a note to either Mark Tremble, Jonathan Hardy, or myself, and we'll try and accomodate you.

Issues 31 to current are available as PDF files which can be emailed to anyone. Most of them (except 32) will fit on a disk as well. Full archive of CN available on CD later this year. For those of you who don't know, PDF is an electronic document format for which there is a reader for most computers, the advantages of using this format are that it can easily be transfered from one system to another, it holds all the information about a document inside it, as well as the fact that it can be easily eMailed t anywhere in the world

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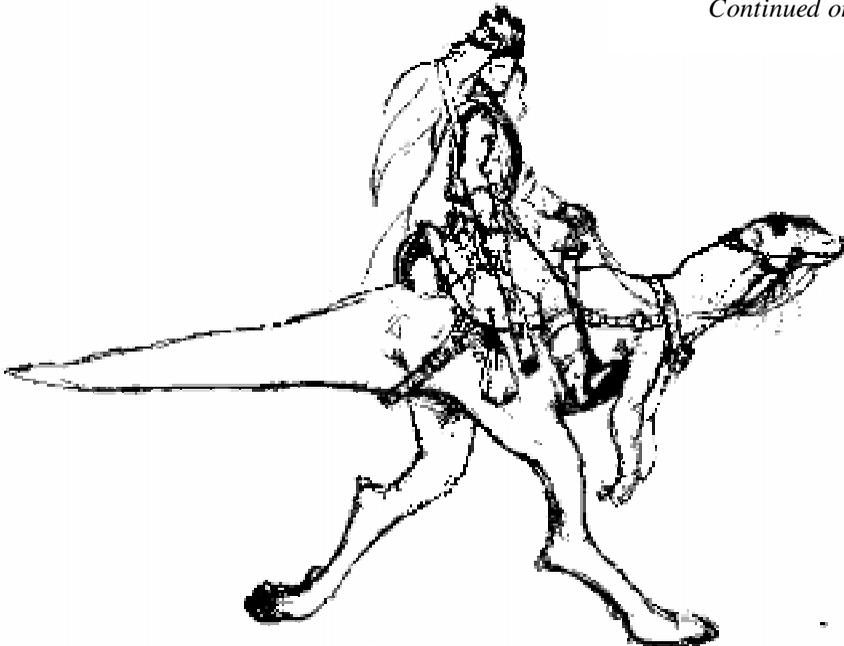
without too much fuss.

If your aware of anyone (away), who you would like to receive Club News, if you drop me a note giving their details, I'll mail the current (or specific) editions too them.

While on the subject, it would be nice to see more articles, especially artwork (I'm rapidly running out). As a guideline, 4 pages in clube news is about the most I'll print in one edition, which equated to about 2 pages of typed A4 (size 12, times new roman). If you want to print something larger, let me know, if it just clips over I'm not too bothered, but I obviously don't want to print your 50 page epic, but we could always serialise it...

As a final note, every year at the AGM, people discuss

Continued on page 18..



Paul
King

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Farewell from a friend

My Dear Friends

My dear friends, my dear friends; those three little words do no justice to the feelings I have for all of you. But I have neither Vicki's silvery tongue nor Stuntie's education, so they will have to do and understand that they are spoken straight from the heart. I hope you will understand what I am trying to say.

Knowing you as had a big impact upon my life, you took an automaton killing machine and taught her to think and feel. You showed me that I was no different than the people I hunted and then taught me to be better than them, perhaps even more human.

Each of you is a very special person and I owe all of you more than I can ever repay. Each of you gave some of your own unique specialness to me: Jay (to reach out to a friend and the true meaning of friendship), Ki (honour and the value of sticking to your ethics no matter what), BC (the value of truth and to believe in myself), Vicki (to laugh and to enjoy life), Hawkeyes (the value of helping another for its own sake) and finally Stuntie (to care and for what its worth, I said that I couldn't return your feelings, never that I didn't); you made me what I am and no matter what becomes of me, I am grateful for knowing you.

But I guess I didn't learn your lessons well enough, because if your lessons well enough, because if your reading this then I'm dead and I have failed in my attempt to avenge the deaths of my family. I finally found the man who murdered my family and I tracked him to the headquarters of Almos 2000 in Seattle. I couldn't let you in on this, something's a Gal has got to do alone and as Confucius said, you can't live under the same sky as the slayer of your father - I went to seek justice for their deaths. I intended to infiltrate the place and the kill Acros Rastinov, I

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can only theorise that something went wrong with my plans. I guess the old saying about two graves came true.

Don't let Stuntie make the same mistake I did and waste his life in revenge. Maybe there is an afterlife, if so perhaps we will meet again. Accompanying this letter is my will, telling you how I would like my belongings divided and where they can be found. I would like it if you did take the things I'm offering, because then in a way then I would still be around. The person delivering the letter is called Fayette and she is as close a friend of mine as you are. I would appreciate it if made her feel as welcome as possible and apologise to her for me, because I didn't tell the letters contents when I delivered it.

Goodbye and I will be with you always be with you.

Shelain Dimitri
Hotstuff

Extract from the Journal of Victoria Reynard - A friend.

4th February 2052, Entry 546

It's over. One way or another, Hot Stuff is dead. Gone out in a blaze of glory and leaving the rest of us to pick up the pieces. In this case salvaging the sanity of a whizkid mage who loved her from afar. Typical bloody cat, always thinking of themselves.

While I didn't know her well, or for long, we shared a common heritage. That of an animal lost far from home. We both suffered tragedy and a traumatic change at an early age, but while I've been able to put that behind me she never could. In her will she said I taught her to laugh and enjoy life. I wish I'd known her sooner, I might have been able to teach her what she had forgotten. That, for animals like us, you have to take each day as it comes and not let yourself be chained to the past.



By Steve Proud

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Yet she did. Whatever tragedy happened to her it caused her to dedicate her life to revenge. She trained to be the best she could, honing her skills solely for that purpose. While I don't know if she knew the term, she forged herself into a physical adept, a living weapon. To finance her training she took work as a shadowrunner. In this her animal instincts asserted themselves, tigers are adept at stalking their prey from cover so she excelled in her job. Yet she still remained focused on her long-term goal, revenge.

She was never truly a people person. She tried to keep others at arm's length, as much to spare their feelings as to keep her focus. Only four people I know of worked their way through her walls to any degree. Fayette Myers, a young girl who was her opposite in so many ways; Stunty, the teenage mage who she considered a kid brother; J, the troll who was her best friend; and myself, so similar and yet so different. She once accused me of going native, adapting to humanity well enough to lose myself in the crowd, yet that is the nature of the beast. By nature Foxes are sneaky, quick to adapt to a new environment and can be fairly social as needed. Tigers, like all cats, have an air of quiet superiority that keeps them distant from others and an air of menace that puts others on their guard. After all no one likes to see six hundred pounds of sleekly muscled killing machine bearing down on them. I certainly didn't the first time we met.

It's also part of a tiger's nature to hunt alone. So when she told me she was going hunting that last time we talked I thought nothing of it. If I'd known what her prey was I'd have urged her to stop, to get her friends to help her, not to throw her life away. Animals cull the weak and the slow from the herd when we hunt, we don't charge in and try to take down the lead bull by our lonesome. Yet here her human need for revenge caught up with her. She had finally found her target and would let nothing stop her. It led her here, to a supposedly deserted island in Puget Sound, one cold October night.

A fishing boat reported seeing lights and hearing both weapon's fire and the dull crump of explosives coming from here, that night. Knowing her, what started out as a quiet hunt turned messy once her bloodlust, which was never far from the surface, was up. My best guess is that she was after someone

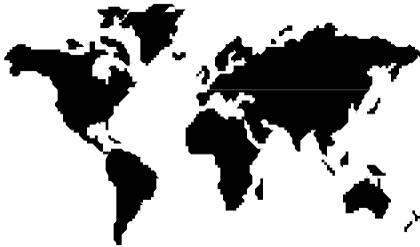
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high up in some type of paramilitary group.

Somewhere along the line something happened to her, precisely what is what I've come here to find out. It took a full month of the hardest astral questing I've ever done to be able to track her this far. Even then the answers I received raised more questions than they answered. The only thing that was clear was that, one way or another, she never left the island.

So for the sake of closure I've come here. Stunty needs to know what happened if he is ever to move on. For myself I don't know. Fox relationships are usually brief, no more than a few months at most. I can accept she's gone, it's how that bugs me, and I'm too inquisitive to let it rest until I know.

Rest in peace, Shelaine. You'll be missed. I hope you've found in death the contentment you never had in life.



F.U.D.G.E. AGENCY

I would like to thank the people that have shown considerable interest in my system and have proposed ideas. These include: Jim, Steve Proud, Mick Ridyard and Paul Lace. I hope this support will be continued and I hope other people would consider the system in the future.

Barry S. Lace

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News from the Front

The continuing saga of the King of Sasrania



By Derek Harrison

Hear ye now the sad tale of Roger, King of Sasrania for but a brief while, whose reign had lasted less weeks than he had served in years as regent, and of Todgeric, his nemesis.

It was no sooner than had King Roger overcome the rebellion of Piers on the field of Mylstrete with much effusion of the noblest blood in these lands that word reached court that from the north the Barbarians beset us all with invasion.

These were led by their Chieftain, Todgeric, who had at his side a champion, Goregax the Mighty, famed throughout the northern lands. Now the Northerners go by both foot and horse, those afoot being more numerous (*6 Warbands*) than those ahorse (*4 Riders including General*). and more savage and impetuous in their onset while those ahorse lack the full harness of Knights and so move more swiftly but are less inclined to press a fight. If these Barbarians have weakness it be this; that they do despise any who stand away from hard handstrokes and as consequence have no missile save for those hurled by hand at an enemy close too.



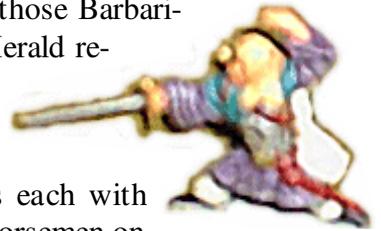
Knowing of this did King Roger wisely place the Royal artillery in his center, flanked by Yeomen with Longbow on either side. He placed his Knights upon their right with Sir Grimblade the Gray on the wing, While upon their left were a

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group of Duke Pier's Knights afoot, then the king with Sir Peredur on his shield hand, and a party of peasants on the flank.

Now the King believed Todgeric to be unlike his kin, who are hot tempered and hasty, while Todgeric was said to be cold and aloof, humourless and calculating. Therefore The King did send forth Harque the Herald called to have parley with the Chieften; and Harque did spoke thus: "Consider your position, Lord Todgeric, and withdraw from this our realm, for you see arrayed afore you our most Gallant Chivalry, our doughty Yeomen and our Greate Bombard with its balls of stone."

The Lord Todgeric replied ;, "Verily I see that last, yet I do reckon it not, for my Warriors are also so provided, yet theirs are of brass." and their was much mirth amongst those Barbarians at this unexpected pithy quip. Then did the Herald retire and the King advanced his line, provoking the Barbarians forward and Battle was joined.

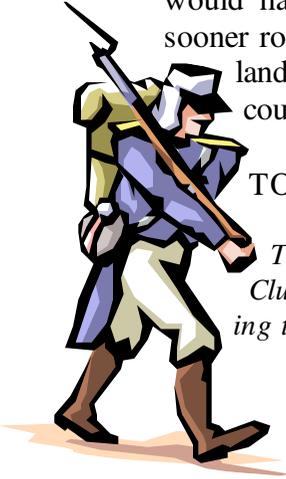


Now Todgeric had set his Warriors in two lines each with three warband in the centre, and with a block of Horsemen on each flank, that at the right of the second line being Todgeric and his Bodygaurd and at his right Goregax. And the Barbarians did advance upon the host of Sasrania with mighty Oaths and Bellowing and greeted the first discharge of the bombard with disdain, but as they approached nearer it scattered one Warband entirely whilst another succumbed to the arrows of the Yeomen. A third warband was overthrown by King Rodger, and the horsemen upon their flanks were ridden down. But this Slaughter had pulled the wings of Rodgers army forward, to thier undoing. With triumph in the Sasrania's grasp Sir Peredur yielded up his valiant soul amidst a mass of his enemies and no sooner did this catastrophe occur than did Rodger the King Himself fall to Goregax's spear! For a while his army fought on until Grim-

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blade the Gray fell having made a mountain from corpses of Barbarians and thus Sasrania fell to Lord Todgeric..

Irony is such that no sooner does one gain a crown then those who would have that crown do grow bold. King Todgeric had no sooner rode into Sasrania that word came of Orcs invaded these lands from the East and came in such numbers as none could count!



TO BE CONTINUED.... !

The figures for the armies used in this campaign belong to the Club. If you would like to use them, or have a battle (maybe during the change-over week) [Hint], see Derek.

Sellafield Area Sports and Recreational Association

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

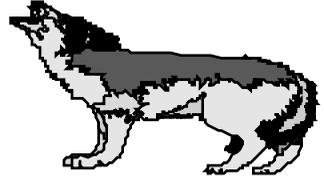
Notice has been given that the 48th Annual SASRA General Meeting will be held at the Falcon Club on Wednesday 19th May 1999 at 8.00pm in the Function Room.

Voting will be restricted to Full SASRA Members who can produce their current SASRA Membership Cards at the meeting.

Further information can be obtained from the SASRA office (B419.1, Sellafield, Seascale, Cumbria CA20 1PG) Tel: 019467-74286/73677 or fax 019467-73562

The Prophecy

“When the moon is full and the darkness beckons, the chosen one will rise to face the demons.”



PART ONE

The dark, damp chill of the night air plagues the mortal soul and drives fear into a man's heart. The once tried and tested method of foretelling the coming of the Chosen One was now but a folk-tale. A story of legend handed down from generation to generation.

This tale is no exception. Albeit true, this tale is still folklore, or so they assume.

The night is All Hallows Eve. The time, midnight. The night sky rank with many wondrous shades of darkness. The moon, waxing and waning with each passing cloud, is a deep; blood red and as full and round as the eyes of a newborn babe.

The cries of pain and anguish break the stillness of the night. A young girl, face and hair drenched with sweat, hands stained and soaked with blood holds aloft the fruit of her womb. The small, pale blue figure held in his mother's arms doesn't move. No sound can be heard from the mouth of the babe. It's eyes, black and lifeless. It's head hangs limply on a body devoid of life. The child, it would appear, is stillborn.

The mother cries out to the God of death, and pleas for the life of her son. Offering her own mortal soul in exchange for the life of her unliving child.

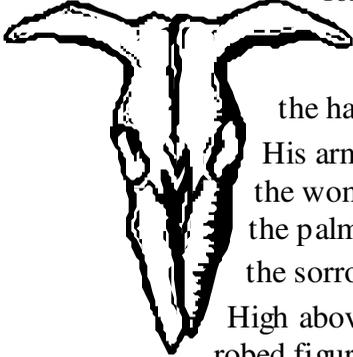
The God of mercy hears her cries and takes pity upon the wretched woman. Infusing the child with a part of his own soul. The other Gods see this, and they too give up a part of their souls so the child may live. Anger, Love, Lust, Jealousy,

By Paul King

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Hatred, Compassion, Mercy, Forgiveness, Life, Death and Magic.

The child squirms in the arms of his mother, and cries out with a voice begotten of Mercy. He looks up to his mother with eyes forged with Compassion. In his chest beats the strongest of hearts, powered by Love. He speaks to her in a voice filled with Magic and holds her in the hands wielded by Death.



His arms move up and his hands touch the weeping eyes of the woman he will come to call mother. The tears drop into the palms of his hands and roll down his wrists to drop upon the sorrow soaked ground.

High above, in the single lit window of the church tower. A robed figure looks down upon the scene with unbelieving eyes. "So it is written. So shall it be."

"The darkness of evil shall manifest itself in the hearts of men. It takes the chaos of women to release it."

PART TWO

Six and twenty years hence have past, and Lyntaro, the man with the soul of Gods has grown strong and powerful. He was born with the mind of a genius, the speed of an antelope and the will of a tiger. But unlike most men he knew he had the touch, the touch of Death.

The hands given to him by the God of death were not given by accident. He was marked since birth, marked to become the Chosen One. The one who would lead the Gods in their eternal struggle against the daemons of "D'Fouwed", the Neverworld.

The God of death, contrary to popular belief, was a wise and just deity. His given name was forgotten by the Gods several millennia past, and his role was to watch for the sick and dying and to guide them to that better place, to guide them to the Promised

Land. A place the mortals called “Ralesh’Pa” which means “Resting Place”.

Lyntaro’s mortal mother Meandria had died in the bleak winter of his eighth year. Since then he had been raised by the Monks of Magetta. The Monks whom worshipped all Gods.

Whilst learning the subtleties of arithmetic and writing, Lyntaro was also taught how to harness his strength, utilise his speed and control his power of death and destruction. All this tuition was required for the task set out unto him by the Gods. This task was his destiny. He knew of his being from books kept hidden from him, he also knew of his powers over the wills of men, that was how he got access to the forbidden tomes.

It was whilst reading an ancient leather bound text that he saw mention of himself, not by name, but by mark. “*The mark of the souls of the Gods*” was the text he read. It told of how a child shall be born by the light of the Blood Moon on the stroke of midnight on All Hallows Eve. The mark would be both a blessing and a curse. The child would grow into a mighty figure of a man, with the power to give life, and to take it. The mark was one of anguish, for although his heart was filled with love, and his eyes two solid pearls of compassion, his touch was death itself.

The powers of the Gods ran like fire through his mortal veins, his heart thumping like a herd of rampaging Landsharks. He knew he could never love another, for they would wither and die and his slightest touch. He would inevitably bring about their destruction, just as he had his mother’s. This pained him more than any mortal wound could ever do.

He knew he had to lead the Gods in the destruction of the Daemons, but in his heart he knew, he would need to love someone. No matter the cost. But the cost, he would soon learn, would be greater than he could pay, and would hang heavy upon his unearthly soul. The cost would be Death.

TO BE CONTINUED...



The LRP Pages

LRP Scenarios - 11th/13th June 1999

Friday 11th June 7pm to 1am King's Council

A gathering of influential characters and NPCs meeting to advise King Ambrose where the limited resources of the Kingdom of the Field should best be directed. This essentially provides an opportunity for players (and referees!) to provide input for future events in a structured, in-character situation.

Combat: None/Very Low
Interaction: Medium
Character level: High
Special feature: Plotline input for future events

Saturday 12th June 1pm to 2am Elemental History (working title)

A new campaign with all new characters set on Krymsworld, but not within the Sacred Empire. Characters will be mostly elven background.

Combat: Medium
Interaction: Medium
Character level: Low (starting characters)
Special feature: New campaign
Overall cost: £35-£40 to play both scenarios (**not** finalised, due to unavailability of

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referees for consultation!). It will be possible to play only one of the events and crew the other, or play only one and not be involved in the other at all (both options with a reduced fee), subject to available places.

Site:

A new site on the Duddon estuary near Millom.

Places available:

15 players + crew, plus 3 referees. First come, first served.

Instructions:

Uf you would like to play or NPC either event, see Ray Casson as soon as possible to register your interest. If you want to secure your place, you will need to pay a £10 deposit (non-refundable).

Referees:

Steve & Jacqui Hastewell, Ray Casson.

BRAIN CARE SPECIALIST

Part of the Gag-Halfrunt practice - as recommended by Zaphod Beeblebrox



Do you want to get right inside your PC's heads?

See if there's actually anything there??

Now available (for a nominal fee - about 2 pints), psych. evals for your campaign characters.

This is particularly suitable for modern or futuristic campaigns, but could be adapted for others. Questionnaires and feedback can be tailored to the GM's requirements or a more general format.

Approximately one weeks turnaround (but may be quicker), full feedback report and profiling for PC's, professional format.

For more information talk to Jacqui H. at the club on a Thursday, phone on (01946) 67611 or email on jeb54@student.open.ac.uk.

References available.

Member Service

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(complain about) why we need to be members of SASRA to be in the Club, well, after doing a little digging, you'll be glad to hear that there are a number of benefits that being members of SASRA brings, being part of the Roleplaying Club is only one of them. There are other Clubs that we automatically become members of (local conditions apply), some of which include the Archery and Fencing Clubs. We hope later this year to arrange interactive demonstrations with these at least from the perspective of the LRP'ers, so that could be interesting.

SASRA has also managed to negotiate a number of discounts with many local organisations, I have all the details and will either get you a copy, or let you look over the copy I have. Some are probably not too much use to people, but some are.

On the note of discounted items, SASRA is also a member of a holiday club, and as a result is able to arrange and offer cheaper holidays away, from weeks in the sun, to trips around the country to events and shows. Again, I have details, so if you want to see any of the offers, just come and see me and I'll let you have further details.

Steve Turner..

Robinson' Model Centre has moved.

We are now located at:

108 Duke Street
Whitehaven
Cumbria
Tel: 10946-66525

(What used to be Hal Purves Camera shop, opposite The Central, just up from the crossing at the end of King street)

Still stocking all the usual stuff. Nick can order most things for you, and still with a discount.

The Great First Annual *SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club*

CONVENTION

All your favourites... All the fun of the Fayre...
But who knows who's coming...

Expected Date: Weekend of 11th Sept 1999

- WATCH THIS SPACE -

What's Your Game?

AD&D
2nd Ed.

A standing stone has fallen, revealing a staircase down. Guess who's been hired to investigate?

GM: Steve P
Paul Lace, Mike R,
Gary, Colin, Steve Tu

Wasteland

From the Garden Party of the Gods, to the Icy Wastes... Is nothing sacred...!!

GM: Steve H
Liz, Mark T, Scoot,
Regsy, Geoff

Shadowrun

A continuing campaign in 2058, with monsters, magic, murder and mayhem, with maybe a little blackmail, extortion, double crossing and plausible deniability.

GM: Reg
Barry, Carl, P.
McDonald, Jacqui,
Fudge

GURPS
SPACE

The latest installment of 'seeing if the space bums can make good for a change'.

GM: Ray
JohnnyG, Barney,
Paul K, John W,
Rikki, Andrew

If there's a game you want to see run, or even run,... see the FRP Games Coordinator (Mark Tremble) and sign up. If you want to run, but are unsure of the in's and out's of running a game, there are GMs who can assist you in planning and running your campaign. See Steve for details, or to sign up to help for a particular system if you want to help out.

Next Session begins:
8th July 1999