

CCNG News

Newsletter of the SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club

Probably the least imaginatively named newsletter in the world...



In This Issue:-

- Chairman's Address
- News from the AGM
- Talk Of The Town
- Top Ten Tips for Toon
- Word of the War against
the Red Death



And much more!

@N43 - April 2001

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

Computer Network Games The Club runs network game sessions every 6-8 weeks. Games run include Quake 3, Unreal Tournament, Crimson Skies and Diablo 2.

You can contact the Club through and of these people:

Jacqui Hastewell Tel: 01946-67611 (evenings)

Steve Proud Tel: 01946-62312 (evenings)

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Acknowledgements

Thanks to all of this issue's contributors, who are:-
Chris, Jacqui, Reg, Geoff, Steve P, Colin P, Reggs,

Artwork by:
Chris

Contributions

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

Alternatively, you can send it to:

Club News
15 Church Street
Moor Row
Cumbria CA24 3JF

EMail it to:
ClubNews@bigfoot.com

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:

Happy to be re-elected, and looking forward to seeing all the articles you are going to submit this year.

3. The Usual Blurb
4. Charbeing's Address
5. Advertisments
6. AGM Report
8. Sir Adam Sinclair's Journal
10. Advertisement
11. Talk Of The T won
14. Seattle News-Intelligencer
16. The Joys Of Team-work
21. Ten Tips To Toon
22. The Jack Daniels Book Of Fairy Tales
28. What's Your Game?

Thought for the Issue:

“Reputation is made in a moment: Character is built in a lifetime”

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Chairman's Address

First of all I would like to thank Jacqui for doing such a good job last year, even when she was unable to attend regularly on a Monday night due to work commitments. The 24-hour Charity event was very successful and well attended although I was unable to participate. I would also like to apologise to Chrissie who I feel I let down by not showing her the secretary duties even though she was very eager to learn.

Some good news this year is that SASRA are willing to underwrite the cost of LRP's which should make them cheaper for all concerned. We should be able to increase the set dressings as well as a result.

I certainly hope to have another charity event this year and get the magic tournament going for definite.

Hopefully we can get down to a convention as well for all those club members interested.

En Garde seems to be going well and it is nice to see new faces coming down to the club as well as some old ones.

If anyone does have any concerns or problems they are free to talk to me anytime and should be encouraged to do so

I hope you all have a good years role-playing

Reg

Wanted:-
(un)Dead or Alive

Shadows

The committee is looking for people who are interested in finding out more about what the committee does, and getting involved in the running of the Club. If you are interested, either in a specific post, or the committee in general, ask any committee member.

For Sale

Two Saxon swords with 1/2 leather scabbards—£55 each

Two Saxon daggers with full scabbards—£40 each

These items are a matched set. Discount available if you want to buy the lot.

One “Dragon” sword—£40

Two throwing daggers (safe for throwing - no core) £15

With leg scabbard.

I can bring them to club if you want to see them

Contact LST on (01946) 599 853

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AGM Report

by Christine M. Lincoln-Brown

A summary of the minutes from **5th March 2001**

The committee was present, along with 16 club members and Gary Soppitt, who represented SASRA. Our own Jonathan Hardy chaired the meeting for Jaqui who was arriving late due to work commitments and I took the minutes.

The **Treasure's Report** mentioned a loss (£295.18), due to us spending our approved budget and more importantly loss of LRP revenue. Steve also noted that LRP budget was not fully spent due to lack of interest in LRP events.

The **LRP Co-ordinator** expressed concern that only 1 event of the 4 planned went through but hopes that interest will improve for the 4 planned events for next year.

The **Games Co-ordinator** gave an uplifting report with special note of a successful 24 Hour event, the first in several years, raising nearly £500.

The **Club News Editor** mentioned the 5 well-received issues for the last year with a special thanks to our most prolific writer, S Proud. Also spare copies of most previous issues are available, just see Geoff.

Next the new committee was elected: **Chairman:** J Hardy, **Secretary:** S Turner, **Treasurer:** S Proud, **FRP Co-ordinator:** C Lincoln-Brown, **LRP Co-ordinator:** J & S Hastewell standing jointly, **Club News Editor:** G Brown

In the only official motion for discussion :J Hardy and J Hastewell asked

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“Does LRP have a future at the club?” This led to a spirited discussion covering Krymsworld, Teolvar, foot in mouth, increasing numbers of participants and referees, developing plot ideas and overall costs of events. Rikki asked for a show of hands from people interested in LRPs yielding 15 responses. Scoot summed it all nicely with ‘it looks like most of us are interested in keeping club going, so now it’s up to the LRP Co-ordinators to pull it all together.’

The **Review of Subscriptions** was less painful this year, largely because after J Hardy proposed to raise subs he then after loudly debated the issue with himself and then withdrew his motion. P Ferguson proposed and I seconded that subscriptions stay the same with was voted for.

Proposals for Expenditure involved a large assortment of source books, LRP armour and kit, Hex Maps. A separate discussion and vote decided on purchase of Campaign Cartographer II.

Any other business covered a range of topics for War gaming, club advertising, the new LAN sessions run by Geoff and Steve Turner and reopening the RPG Juniors section for 14-16 year olds, and the competition for club news 42.

Finally Reg closed the meeting at 21:35 Thanks to all for attending.

Late Update

Since the AGM, discussions with SASRA have confirmed that we can apply for SASRA funding to cover some of the Club’s running costs, such as LRP venue expenses and printing Club News. We were also advised that we can apply for our grant from SASRA in advance. This means that the Club may be able to offer less expensive LRPs in the year ahead.

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Extract from the journal of Sir Adam Sinclair June 189?

It has been a long night, and I feel I ought to record the events in case someone needs to know what actually occurred here.

I originally invited them to the house because instincts told me they were in the same line of work - even they didn't all know it yet. The youngest was aware of what our work was - not the public career, but the one that we don't discuss very often. The one with rare thanks or acknowledgement, that few people are even aware we are doing. And that is the way it should be - most people do not have the strength of spirit or willpower that our people need to cope with the things we witness.

The young girl, Flora has the potential to be a great shaman - she is very perceptive and aware of others feelings and needs. I don't think she's comfortable in the house yet, I suspect she feels as though we are all watching and waiting for her to make some sort of mistake, to show herself up as not belonging. It's a pity, as she's such a charming child when she relaxes when she thinks she's unobserved.

Sam has a lot to learn yet - I think she's the least prepared for what is happening to us all. I hope Peregrine will be able to help her see what an ability she has, and how it can be used for great good. She's a spirited girl, and very brave, although I wonder what true knowledge of our opponents will do for that?

Giancarlo I know of old. He is a sound man to have on your side in a crisis. And the doctor... He also has the potential to use his power to do a great deal of good, but we all have our limitations - I fear he is not yet aware of his. His knowledge of the occult is good - he will be a great resource for the others - assuming he can survive long enough.

But the events of the past night. They had dealt most bravely with a lycanthrope who was attacking people within the city - a cunning plan ensured a discrete operation - Noel tells me the police on the case have no leads to his disappearance. Sadly, the madman they were fighting was more aware of his actions than they may have anticipated, and young Darryl was badly in-

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jured. I heard good reports of his bravery during the operation - and commend him for it.

Last night, however, was the first of the full moon. The true damage inflicted on the boy would show itself, and at what cost? As the moon rose, the dreadful change came upon him. His companions bravely tried to restrain him as Kit concentrated on the spell which could reverse the curse upon him - and we all wondered if they could hold fast until the cure could be effected. Sadly, it was not to be. The doctor was the first to be attacked - savagely clawed and bitten, and his tattered corpse (as we all thought) roughly tossed aside. His uncontrollable rage turned on the rest of his friends.

Sam showed her bravery and presence of mind by emptying a full revolver - silver bullets at that - into him as he leapt towards her - but it hardly made him reduce his speed. Rolling towards the doctors body, she grabbed for his pistol, and again emptied it at the huge figure. This time, it was enough - more than enough we feared.

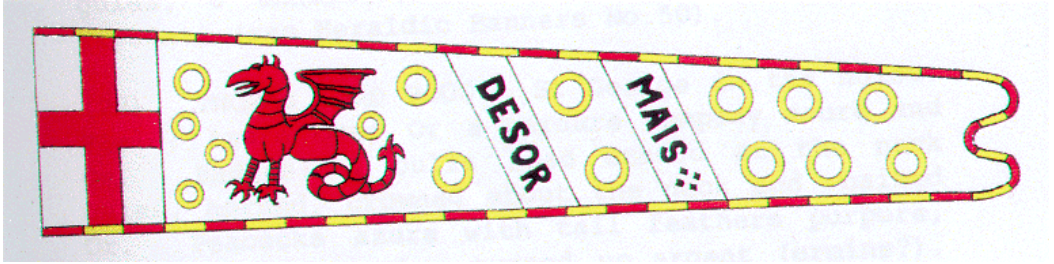
The rest of them were barely able to control him as he quickly regained consciousness, and Kit released the power of his spell - but to no effect. The strengthening werebeast threw himself after them as they ran for the door - poor Kit sustaining a nasty bite as he left.

The rest of the night passed very slowly for us all. As morning came, the boy regained his natural form, only to be made brutally aware of the damage he had inflicted. I don't know if there is any hope for him, other than to be chained or locked away for three nights of the month - and what as he gains in control, and possibly begins to value his lupine form? Such a curse can change a man's nature, such that he is the beast within at all times, not caring for others - can we allow this to happen?

But tonight we have an even greater concern. What will happen to his victims of last night? Will we have not one but three of these crazed beasts to deal with? And will we be able to restrain them and prevent even greater carnage? That remains to be seen. But if we fail in our task, it will not be for want of trying ... and probably at the cost of many lives...

Jacqui Hastewell

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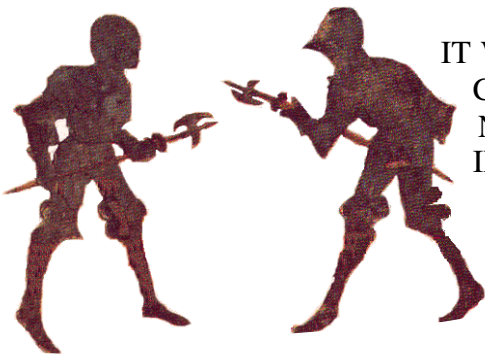


**FED UP OF TICKLING
PEOPLE WITH BITS OF
FOAM?**

**COMBAT LOST ITS
EDGE?**

COME AND BE CURED!

LEARN TO FIGHT WITH FULL WEIGHT METAL WEAPONS IN A
SAFE BUT AUTHENTIC MEDIEVAL STYLE.



IT WON'T HELP YOU WIN LRP STYLE
COMBATS BUT IT IS FUN AND NOT
NEARLY AS DANGEROUS AS TRY-
ING TO GET YOUR HEAD AROUND
ONE OF STEVE'S LANHKMAR
GAMES.

SWORD + BUCKLER, SINGLE

Talk of the Town

January 1606

Quite an interesting month this, some people regarded the good old editors advice about their mistresses and some didn't. Although I have to say that not one mistress dumped their young man because of a lack of presents and parties over the Xmas period.

I also would like to apologise to Colonel Le Pue of the 53rd Fusiliers who has shown me the error of my ways and that sometimes you do not have to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth to be a gentleman.

Msr Leclerc had a bit of a busy month this month; he was seen in his new club Bothwells with both Msr Le Boeuf and Msr Weasel toadying to him. However it does seem to have benefited all. It was noted that Msr Le Trec was seen also hanging onto the shirrtails of Msr Boeuf and buying his drinks and it was at this point that the barman got a bit confused as to who was who's guest and who was paying for what. It seems because of this that Bothwells and

hunters have decided members may only have one guest with them. The other clubs have not followed suit but then again they will take anyone. The next three weeks were much the same, which probably didn't help Msr Leclercs case as the newest member of Bothwells.

Msr Petit Poulet was seen at hunters with his mistress and Msr D'allmond every week for a month. They did seem to have a jolly good time and seemed to share the cost, although only Msr Poulet seemed to gain any social standing as a result. He was also noted for wagering on the tables in the last week although the amount was trifling he seemed to have a good time.

Msr Weasel was in the company of Msr Leclerc as previously reported before he knew it was time to go and defend France against some peasant uprising or something.

Msr Greneu joined hunters and was

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spotted in the sales buying a late Xmas present for his mistress Drusilla. He was then spotted in hunters with his good lady, it should be noted that Drusilla had a bit of a bad month herself and seems to have lost some influence due to the fact she apparently was aught bad mouthing another lady. The rest of the month was spent with the lads in hunters.

Msr Le Boeuf was in Bothwells all month with Msr Leclerc who seems to have taken a shine to the newest captain in the royal foot guards. Both were with the respective ladies so we are pretty sure nothing is going on.

Msr Hosis of Deliver was sported out with Colonel Le Pue in Hunters; this seems to have been something to do with military appointments because he was spotted the next week having a word with general Melchard just before Le Pue applied for Army Adjutants job. He was later spotted in Hunters with Francois who seemed to be sporting a new Pearl Necklace. Even more impressive is the fact

that in the last week he was spotted in Bothwells as guest of General Melchard and had a fine old time.

Msr Le Trec was also in Bothwells and Le Boeuvs guest who was in turn hanging on the shirrtails of Leclerc. He was also there all month and seemed to have a jolly good time.



Msr Bastille had a bit of a disastrous month. The only bright point was when Anna accepted his advances early on in the month. He was spotted in Blue Gables with the newcomer Zambert in tow which we are sure cost him much in the eyes of his betters. A quiet week followed but when he was in Blue Gables on the last week he was arrested on suspicion of being Carlos the Jackal a notorious Spanish assassin. He was let off when it was found he didn't in fact have a moustache though.

Msr Focards on the other hand had a very good month. He organised a party in the Frog and Peach for which many people attended al-

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though none of who are worth a mention. His mistress Josephine was hostess and it went down a treat. The next week was understandably quiet. He then was seen training with his regiment. Josephine was spotted having a word with the Brigadier and later a month as given the job of Brigade major of the Heavy Brigade. He then joined Blue Gables and got some practice in being brigade Major.

Adjutants job and was accepted. He also had a small altercation with me the editor, which he won.

A new entrant to the Paris scene is Msr Dufan E`meral who wasted no time at all going to a shylock loading himself to the hilt and then buying a captaincy in the 53rd Fusiliers. He then courted Lynette successfully before he was carted off to the campaign to show what sort of man he is.

Msr Noir Joined Blue Gables and took Isobella there two weeks on the trot. The only blip came when he discovered Msr Deviant at Isabella s doorstep trying to court her. A duel to first blood ensued which technically Msr Deviant won although it was too late to stop Msr Noirs Blow which sadly killed Msr Deviant. He then went on campaign.

Msr Zambert was in barracks on week one but on the second week was seen in Hunters in the company of Msr Bastille. He seemed to gain immensely from this and then went on campaign.

No one seems to know what happened to Msr Partro is this month.

And lastly another new scruff. Msr Claude Latrine. He also visited a loan shark and joined the 53rd Fusiliers also as a captain. He was spotted in a bawdy-house then went on campaign.

Msr Le Pue was seen toadying to Msr Hosis of deliver in Blue Gables. He then applied for the Army

Reg



SWAT Team Party Poopers **Saturday 15th February 2053**

Revellers at a teenage party got the surprise of their lives last night when the party was crashed by a Lone Star Security SWAT team after neighbours reported it as a riot in progress.

Over fifty young people are believed to have been at the party, which featured heavy drinking, pomographic simsense chips, and drug use. All present were arrested and charged with Breach of the Peace. The host of the party, Matthew Bronson, and several others believed to have been involved in organising the event are still in Lone Star custody pending charges of possession of controlled substances, inciting a riot, and possession of firearms.

Mr & Mrs Bronson not present at the time of the party, and were unavailable for comment. Lone Star spokesperson Martin Knowles said that Lone Star was "seeking to contact the Bronsons", but refused to confirm or deny a suggestion that they had disappeared, or that Lone Star was running a "Missing Persons" investigation. It has however been confirmed by Hawkshom Chemicals that Mr. Bronson has been absent from work for the last two days.

Kidnap Victims Released **Tuesday 18th February 2053**

Bill & Moira Bronson, the couple who disappeared last week, have been found safe and well on a monorail. The couple were rescued by the driver of the monorail who took his train back to the depot at the end of his shift. The couple were taken to Seattle General Hospital, where they are recovering from their ordeal. Lone Star spokesperson Martin Knowles issued a statement to the press this morning: "Mr. & Mrs Bronson are recovering well from the effects of the gas used on them by their kidnappers. They were released from home on the afternoon of Thursday 18th February. They did not see their kidnappers. They were kept confined to a single room with minimal facilities for several days, during which time they had no communication with their

relatives. The kidnappers used non-lethal riot gas to render the Bronsons unconscious before dumping them on the monorail. They are believed to have been placed on the train sometime between 11 p.m. and 12 midnight last night. Anyone who used the monorail during that time, who may have seen the Bronsons, or the people who were on the train should contact

Released
2053

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local Lone Star precinct."
The Bronson's daughter, Stephanie, is returning from California, where she is a student at UCLA, to be with her parents. Their son, Matthew, has been released from Lone Star custody, where he was being held since his arrest on Saturday night, following a riotous party at the Bronson residence.

**"I Kidnapped My Parents" Confesses
Distraught Son
Wednesday 25th February 2053**

In a dramatic witness-stand confession, Matthew Bronson today revealed that he had his own parents kidnapped because he wouldn't let him have the birthday party he wanted. Matthew Bronson, who was in court today on trial for possession of controlled substances, supplying alcohol to minors, inciting riot and breach of the peace, broke down on the witness stand and admitted that he had hired **Shadowrunners** to "keep [his] parents out of the way so I could have a real 21st birthday party."

Matthew Bronson's parents, Bill & Moira, who had come to stand by their son during his trial, were horrified. Mrs Bronson collapsed in shock at the news, and was rushed to Bellevue University Hospital, where she will remain overnight for observation. "I don't understand how he could do this to us," said a furious Mr. Bronson, as he followed his wife to the ambulance. The trial has been adjourned for one week.

Geoff Brown

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Editor's Note:

This article originally appeared in Issue 42, where, due to a formatting error, the final section was replaced with a repeat of the opening paragraphs. The article is reprinted here in its intended form.

The Joys of Teamwork

“Magnus the Red cursed out loud as he cancelled his half-cast spell. There was no way now that he could launch the fireball at the Orc warband without catching his sword-swinging companions in the blast. This was the third time that this had happened today, and the second time that they had had to rescue their overly larcenous scout from the results his own greed. How the king expected to get the creatures cleared from these caverns when he kept hiring glory seeking individuals rather than a team was beyond him.”

Anyone who has ever played a mage or other spell caster will undoubtedly have met the above scenario at least once. Do you launch the mass destruction heavy artillery spell that you have memorised for situations like this – and wipe out most of the party's fighters who have charged into the fray before you can ask them to wait for a few seconds? Or do you grit your teeth and attempt to find some other way to help them out?

This is only the most obvious (and frequent) example of the thing

that irks me most in the game, a lack of teamwork. Almost every role-playing game works on the concept of a team of player characters, whether it's a band of adventurers, a team of Shadowrunners, a wing of Mechwarriors or even a coterie of vampires. Yet we still get groups that are a loose collection of individuals only connected by the GM's plot. No-one minds individual role-playing during an evening but the character is expected to let his teammates know about anything that might have a bearing on them and vice versa.

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Rather than rant on for a page or so, not that the editor would let me, I've put together what I think are the basics points of working as a team, and both a good and bad example of each point to attempt to illustrate each point. Feel free to disagree with them. I haven't named people or characters, though some people will recognise the examples.

Before I go any further let me state that I'm not out to slag anyone off or settle scores. I'm just hoping that people will read this article think about it and if it applies to any of their characters and modify character behaviour if it's required to benefit the team. All the examples below are from games I was in. Some I was GMing for, others I was a player in and some of the bad behaviour was my own. Now that's out of the way let's get on with the show.

- **Together we stand. Divided we fall.**

It's a simple idea and the reason for teams. Together people can accomplish things that they

can't do on their own. Everyone has their own strengths and weaknesses and a group can usually find a way to work together to cover each other's weak spots and bolster their strengths.

For example: One of my adventuring group was captured by the enemy during the middle of a quest. Rather than immediately go to rescue her I persuaded the others to continue the quest first, as the next gem we needed was in a mage's tower across town and then we could get her and leave town altogether. As things turned out the gem was easy to get hold of but the Demon that was guarding it nearly killed us when we tried to get out. We survived only with a hefty dose of luck (by flambéing it and setting the tower alight at the same time). In the meantime the captive escaped on her own (using just as much luck to es-

cape completely - and with the enemy's sword as well.

(Swashbuckler's luck at it's best.)

The value of backing each other up and stay-



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ing together as a full group was hammered home that night (literally). Both groups nearly fell that night, the captive could easily have died if something had gone wrong in her escape and the others would have had an easier job if another person have been there to help.

By contrast: Learning that the village they were staying in was being attacked by vampiric wolves each night the party spent the day preparing traps and planning an ambush. When nightfall came they took up their positions and settled down to wait. All that is except for two warriors who took up isolated positions at the edge of the village and, confident in their own prowess, prepared to slaughter the wolves. When the night's attack began the group discovered there were actually three packs of the wolves. The traps and the ambush worked and disposed of two packs with only minor scratches to the ambushers. But the third pack left the warriors extremely badly mauled, and they only survived because the mage had caught that pack in a lightning storm spell and badly weakened them before they reached the warriors. Even though the warriors suffered for their hubris the help the group gave them, both the mage's spell and the cover-

ing fire from the archers, helped them survive. By working together they won. Even the warriors, however inadvertently, played their part in that triumph—delaying the pack long enough to let the ambushers spring the ambush safely.

- **Work with and support each other.**

This should be a given in any adventuring band. While disagreements will always happen as long as two people are together, after a few days a sense of camaraderie should develop and people begin to support each other. A Lone Wolf type character is often accepted into the group as long as he supports the others when needed. However if someone doesn't help out he may find himself dangerously isolated.

For example: A member of the adventuring group, a self-exiled Count, discovered that his home county had been overrun by vampires, led by one that he had left his home to hunt several years ago. Using the combination of doppelgangers and magic the vampires were ruling the county as the beloved Count and Countess. The PC was obsessive by nature but now became to-

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tally fixated on revenge, to the extent of ignoring everything else. While the rest of the group helped to free the people they met and gathered information and allies en route to the Count's castle, he charged on ahead and left the rest of the group behind each night. He needed to be rescued from his own folly several times and got the group's mage killed during one such rescue. Eventually he died himself in a foolish attempt to kill the false Count that launched an open war at the castle between the party and the vampires. During all of this he was so obsessed with his goal that he didn't help out the group and kept walking out on them every time they rescued him. He alienated himself so much from the group that nobody cared about him and they were reluctant to help him at all.

By contrast: A hermetic mage in the shadowrunning team I run with was blackmailed over a job. His sister was kidnapped in order to force him to turn over the target of our upcoming job. Once he was sure that his sister had actually been kidnapped he told the rest of the team. We all agreed to help him out, either by handing over the item we were after as he had been told or by rescuing his sister if we could find her

first. As it turned out we were able to send somebody else to rescue her, while we were stuck dealing with some fallout from the run, but the entire group stood together and were working on ways to help him out of the fix.

- **Make sure you know what people's capabilities are and make full use of them.**

No two fights are ever the same. Some start at close quarters while others begin with your opponents starting to enter into missile fire range. If a fight is at a distance then let your spell casters fire off the mass destruction spells that they can only safely use at range before the close quarter fighters enter the fray. But if it is a melee then the fighters should take the lead while protecting those characters not suited for this type of encounter.

For example: A high level thief I know of once used his Boots of Speed to charge a group of Sligs that were moving towards the group with obviously hostile intentions, just after I had started casting an Ice Storm spell to discourage them. He reached them just before the spell hit and was caught in it. Only his high

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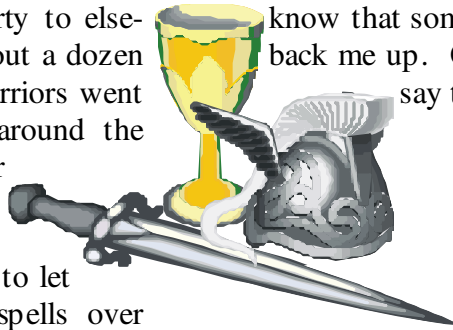
hit points saved him. As the Sligs were only just within bow range I thought I could get off a couple of spells before they reached us, to reduce their numbers. I didn't expect the thief to cover the distance inside three seconds. We had words afterwards.

By contrast: When an adventuring group I was in was transported from the middle of a party to elsewhere and greeted by about a dozen waiting dark Sidhe the warriors went into a protective circle around the spell casters and other miscellaneous transported guests. They protected the guests and were able to let the spell casters throw spells over

their heads or heal them. Only when there were a couple of opponents left did the fighters break formation and only then to overpower the last couple of Sidhe by weight of numbers.

So that's my take on the issue. I can't say I always follow the above rules religiously, but I am always a team player at heart. It's nice to know that someone's there to back me up. Can you always say that?

- Steve Proud



Help Wanted

Cleaner, must be able to work nights
competitive wages as per experiance
discreSSION assured.

Applicants to Vincent Price
Delaware 1-900-7145352

Pegbuilder required to help with the building of barns,
Brothers and sisters of the faith with impure thoughts only to apply
Contact brother Jacob, Elie and Ezekiel
(must also be able to plought and milk cows)



Club News

Ten Top Tips To Survival in Toon

1. Treat everyone you meet like the folks back home! or worse!
2. Eat the food! Drink the water!
3. Always make a bad situation worse!
4. Break things! then try to fix them!
5. Logic is a bad word! Forget you ever heard it!
6. Always make a determined effort to Boggle everybody you meet!
7. Tell your friends to buy Toon! (well it was worth a try.)
8. Cracking the Animator up is good! Do it often!
9. Always act before you think!
10. Keep things fast, loose and, above all, SILLY!



Colin

Club News

Here it is! After a two issue break, Mr Regan is back with the next part of his epic fairy tale. So with no further delay, let us continue the story of

Jack Daniels & the Three...

The Three stepped out of the nightclub to be confronted by a wall of vans and cars with police officers in cover behind them or shields. A harshly amplified voice suddenly broke the silence, "All of you face down on the floor now, hands behind your head, NOW!"

The Three just stood there and eyeballed the police personnel lined up against them, "There must be nigh on a hundred of them," Mark said in a hushed tone.

"Yeah maybe we should wait for another fifty or so to show up?" Vicky replied, every word dripping with sarcasm.

"I suppose that would be a little more fair, but its cold out here. Lets go!" Dave said with a particularly whining tone of voice.

"Get down on your fucking knees NOW!" some idiot roared from of the megaphone. His tone belied the fact that he was a little unhappy. Mark began to kneel, hands behind his head. As he slowly sinks to the ground he overbalanced a little and one hand dropped as if to steady

him. As one knee touched the ground the police started to relax, then suddenly Mark is moving, accelerating like a sprinter coming out of the blocks. The air is filled with the racket of weapons being fired, automatic weapons, rubber bullets and even pepper spray was directed at Mark as he lunged towards the line. The moment he had exploded towards the waiting masses, Vicky and David split left and right getting into the police line before they could react. Mark was getting riddled, his muscles were ripped from his body, bones were shattered, chunks of flesh was torn from his body, and he screamed a huge animal cry filled with pain and hate. Slowly his decimated body fell to the ground.

Jack left the Tuns at a flat run, but the moment he exited the Pub a fusillade of gunfire erupted about a half mile in front of him. Who ever it was, they weren't gonna get out in one piece thought Jack. Then the noise was beaten back by a howl of rage and pain. Jack glanced around

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him. There was no-one close by, so as he ran he faded, becoming invisible. A second later his footsteps are no longer audible. Jack moved on. The gunfire was already beginning to slacken off, was this a good sign? Jack hoped so but he knew against hope that it was becoming lighter because fewer and fewer people were still able to pull a trigger.

Mark was down. Vicky and David were moving from each end of the police line, getting closer to each other. Dave appeared to be pulverising the bodies of his victims, occasionally using his teeth to tear the throats out of people stupid enough to try and stop him. Vicky was moving like a whirlwind of death. Her fingers were changed, she had grown claws black and glossy in the street-light and they were sharp enough to eviscerate a body in one swift strike. Many of Vicky's victims lay squealing in pain and terror because she had chosen to not to kill them, but only caused severe injuries. As the number of writhing bodies rose Vicky seemed to move faster and faster, a blur now, a killing machine. Every time she moved someone else howled in agony, joining the chorus of misery. Mark crawled towards the carnage. He knew deep inside he

needed to reach the others but how he was moving at all was a miracle. Part of his head had been blown off revealing the grey mess of brain inside. One eye had been popped out of its socket and dangled down the side of his face, the rest of his body was even worse, but he crawled on into the carnage. When he dragged his tattered form over a policewoman, she groaned. Mark immediately sank his teeth into that young neck, the hot sweet blood filled his mouth and its strength flowed through his body. His mind began to clear and he realized that she must have been a virgin for her blood to be this potent. She had been pretty as well he mused, pity he hadn't met her under different circumstances. Ah well, such is life, he thought and continued to drink the glorious blood. The terrible wound in his head knitted itself closed and new hair grew to cover the hole. In the same way his eye drew back into its socket, and his body healed itself. As the last of the resistance died Mark slowly stood, rising up to his full height. He was just in time to see a tall figure appear from behind a van. The figure seemed unconcerned by the slaughter around him, but slowly parted his coat to draw two swords. David and Vicky appeared

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at the same time, both moving towards the newcomer.

Jack looked about at the carnage, it was all too familiar but he wasn't sure what had caused this. He let his mask of invisibility drop as he stepped out from behind a police transit, and massive figure slowly stood in front of him. Its clothing had been torn apart by gunfire but the body bore no wound that he could see. Two more figures stepped into his line of sight, both quick and smooth in their movements. "Bollocks" muttered Jack under his breath. He could take on one of them, possibly two, but to take on all three could be suicide. Still, when had that ever stopped him? Slowly Jack manoeuvred to keep all three figures in front of him.

Vicky was the first to notice that the figure facing them looked odd. There was something about him that wasn't quite right not to mention the fact that he didn't look afraid. She quickly thought this to the other two. Moments later Dave thought back, "he looks like he is slightly blue, like a special effects shot done on a blue background." "I thought it was just me," replied Mark, "but that's what he reminds me of."

Jack realised that according to his training he should really attempt to talk to them. His eyes drifted across the three figures in front of him when he noticed the young woman in her uniform, her glassy eyes staring at him but seeing nothing. Her throat was brutally bitten; her eyes seemed to have a pleading look to them, almost as if asking for help.

Vicky and Dave slowly formed up around Mark, shoulder to shoulder they stood watching this dark figure who stood with two exposed swords and a confident look in his eyes. Vicky decided that without the scar he would be half decent looking, but with the scar he looked like a demon. He should be on their side she thought.

David eyed the stranger, his mind screaming warnings at him. Surely this guy would leg it unless he was supremely confident in his abilities. Seeing the carnage around their feet he should realise that if this number of people with guns couldn't stop them, then he had no chance.

Jack had no options, the best form of defence was attack, so fuck it. Slowly he brought his defences up; his strength and speed, all of his abilities would be concentrated on this combat.

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The Three noticed a change in his stance; he seemed even more ready, even more confident. As one they sprang towards this mysterious figure.

Jack moved a split second after his opponents, darting left, rolling forwards. As he rolled he let go a surge of energy towards the biggest of his opponents, followed up with a punch to the groin as he came out of the roll. The massive figure howled in pain, sounding strangely human as he crumpled to the floor. "Nice one Jack! Take down the biggest but move so that the others are now on either side of you," Jack berated himself mentally.

Dave dived for the legs of this opponent while Vicky attacked on the high line, but every time she lashed out with her claws a blur of steel deflected them from their target. This man was good, whoever he was, but while she couldn't get a strike in neither could he. Her attacks were coming so fast that he could not attack back, only defend.

Dave was shocked; it impossible for someone could move faster than Vicky, but he had already put Mark down with one punch. Dave attempted to knock the stranger off his

feet but as he dived forward a boot appeared in front of his face, striking down hard. David heard his nose break as the boot connected.

This was getting a bit too close for comfort. Whoever this woman was she was bloody fast and Jack was sweating freely as he desperately defended against her lightning quick attacks. A lucky blow appeared to have broken the other guy's nose. He had a chance of surviving; if he could finish this before the big one recovered he'd make it. He slid a blow from a set of claws down his sword blade and attacked with the other, manoeuvring for better position. His opponent was caught off guard by this sudden assault so he began to move forward pressing the attack.

Vicky saw Dave drop and thought, "Well then, its just the two of us now." A sword point flashed towards her; she swayed away from the blow, and then struck again. This time, beating both blades, she ripped her talons along the right shoulder of this swordsman. Four very small cuts appeared along the sleeve of the coat, but they didn't penetrate, Vicky was so shocked she almost forgot to defend herself and barely managing

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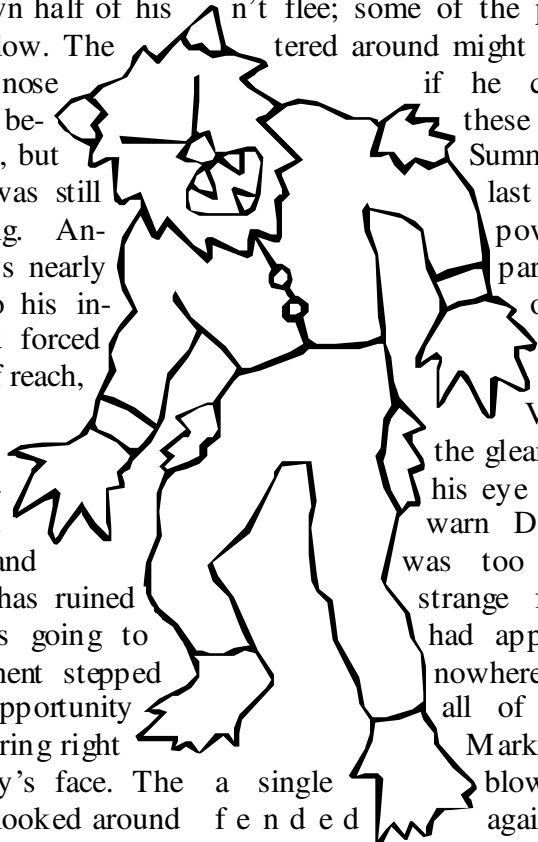
to avoid a wicked slash towards her throat. Whoever this guy was she hadn't been able to hurt him yet and the others were still fairly out of it.

Jack had to take stock; he couldn't get in a good blow at this woman and she had taken down half of his protection with one blow. The bloke with the broken nose was showing signs of becoming involved again, but at least the big guy was still down, a small blessing. Another rake of the claws nearly took his nose off, so his instincts took over and forced him to step back out of reach, just in time.

Dave, blood streaming down his face, got back to his feet and thought "the bastard has ruined my profile and he is going to pay." As the opponent stepped back Dave saw an opportunity and delivered a thundering right fist into his adversary's face. The bastard staggered and looked around but was still defending with a web of fast moving steel blades. Vicky and Dave stepped forward simultaneously, while their opponent looked around for an escape route.

Jack knew he was now outmatched, the only protection he had was his armoured coat and two swords. He could defend but to attack one would leave him wide open for a counter attack. On the other hand, he couldn't flee; some of the people scattered around might be saveable if he could drive these three off. Summoning the last of his power, he prepared to launch one last assault.

Vicky saw the gleam appear in his eye and tried to warn Dave, but it was too late. This strange figure who had appeared from nowhere, attacked all of them, put Mark down with a single blow, and defended against everything she had thrown at him, now flicked those grey eyes towards Dave. An invisible bolt of energy hit Dave square in the chest and knocked him, with a bone shattering



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force, backwards into the side of the night-club where he slowly slid to the ground.

Jack turned back to this she-devil that again leaped in to attack him. "Bring it on!" she said with contempt; the impression on her face was that she couldn't help but win.

"In your dreams, Bitch!" The taunting reply drove her crazy and she attacked with such a renewed ferocity that Jack was forced back. Small rips and tears began to appear in his coat, its armour worn through and blood beginning to seep through some gashes in the left sleeve of the coat. "Jack my boy "he thought "you are now truly in the shit!" In a move born of desperation, Jack managed to catch both sets of claws with one blade and slashed out with the other. She saw it coming and tried to evade, but a shallow cut appeared across her thigh.

Vicky felt the fire of her wound as it began to throb. She knew she had been lucky, she hadn't felt the sword touch her, and although the cut wasn't fatal it could weaken her as the fight continued. She screamed mentally to the others for help, hoping she could hold off this strange swordsman for long enough. In the

distance sirens began to scream and the roads into the town filled with blue flashing lights.

Jack never saw it coming; someone had blindsided him and with one massive blow they had put him down and out. Dave stood over the fallen figure, a broken night-stick in one hand. The bastard had been very good but he wouldn't be needing his swords anymore. After David collected the swords from their fallen opponent, he moved on to collect the guns from the fallen police. Meanwhile, Vicky was moving towards Mark, who was just now beginning to move. He shook his head to clear it and groaned as Vicky reached out and helped him to his feet. The noise of approaching sirens grew louder, catching Vicky's attention. She growled, "Let's move." Dave had beaten her too it and was already sitting in a Volvo T5 waiting for them to jump in. Mark dived into the back shouting, "Head for St Bees, I doubt any will have come in that way." Before Vicky could close her door the car roared away, leaving huge black tyre marks as it tore off the wrong way down a one-way system.

Mark Regan

WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

Vampire

The opening moves are done. Now the true game begins.

GM: Steve P

Reg, Kate, Trevor
Paul L, Pennie,
John W

Judge Dredd & Amber

You are the Law!

GM: Colin & Gary

The Pattern Calls

Fudge, Paul K, Chris
(Gary)

Lankmar Wargaming

Once more
into the
breach...

GM: Steve H

Geoff, Reggs, Liz,
Andrew, Barry

*(Crystal ball out of
service -
No information
available)*

GM: Newton

Paul C, Scoot
Phil, Jacqui, Steve T

If there's a game you want to see run, or even run,... see the FRP Games Coordinator (Chris Lincoln-Brown) 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 Chris for details, or to sign up to help for a particular system if you want to help out.

Next session begins:

14th May 2001