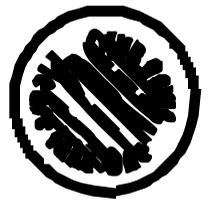


Club News

Newsletter of the SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club

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



Issue 47
March 2002

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.

Any one 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, Horror, Dark Future, Dark Fantasy.
Wargaming	Table-top battle enactments featuring Ancient Britons, Romans, Napoleonic, Wild West, Fantasy to name but a few!
Play-By-Mail	The Club runs an En Garde PBM game.
Computer Network Games	The Club runs network gaming sessions every 10 weeks or so. Games run include Quake III Arena, Unreal Tournament, Crimson Skies and Diablo 2

You can contact the Club through and of these people:

Christine Lincoln-Brown	Tel: 01946 815 898
Steve Proud	Tel: 01946 62312 (evenings)
E-Mail	ClubNews@Bigfoot.com

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Acknowledgements

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

Colin Proud, Paul Caughy, Kate Wilmer, Liz & Andrew Dixon, Steve Proud, Christine Lincoln-Brown, Barry

Contributions

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

Alternatively, you can send it to:

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15 Church Street
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Cumbria CA24 3JF

EMail it to:

ClubNews@bigfoot.com

A_mole_played_euphonium@hotmail.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.

3. The Usual Blurb
4. AGM Report
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8. LRP News
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18. The Bard's Tale
20. Talk of the Town
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27. Small Ads
28. LRP Flyer

Ridiculous Amount of Computers Used in the production of this Issue

Athlon XP1600+ w/ 512Mb, 46Gb
Athlon 1333 w/ 320Mb, 40Gb
Duron 1200 w/ 512Mb, 20Gb, 40Gb RAID array
Hewlett Packard LaserJet 4500DN printer

Thought for the Issue:

Never trust a smiling cat.

CLUB NEWS

AGM Report

by Christine M. Lincoln-Brown

A summary of the minutes from 11th March 2002

The committee was present, along with 20 club members and Gary Soppitt, who represented SASRA. Our own Jonathan Hardy got us started.

The **Chairman's Report** was admitted to be largely stolen from Steve Hastewell's report, and focused on LRP. Reg also mentioned the 24 hour event, Christmas party, and memberships issues. Finally he thanked last year's committee and shadows for all of their time and efforts.

The **Treasure's Report** reported a balance of £3382.50, with £407.96 waiting to be paid out from the 24 hour event. Our profit this year is due to change in the application for the grant. Despite Foot & Mouth club has spent 2/3 of the money that was allocated to LRP. Finally Steve told us that GC Smith award, £500, was used to support the Christmas party, but there is still a lump left.

The **LRP Co-ordinator** began with thanks to Liz, Andrew, LST for running Arath and generating it in such a short time. Only run two events this year, in spite of the 4-6 planned. Some fell through due to lack of refs, others to lack of players. Felt that a lot of people have other commitments despite interest and are unable to play. Happily, those events which have run have been good and enjoyable by all. Steve then proposed that we select specific dates for the year for the LRP's and then decide on events to run on those days. This would give some warning and allow people to plan around them as well as an aid to booking sites. Finally he reported that LRP Kit is now stored at Barry Lace's due to problems with the storage facilities at sellafield.

The **Games Co-ordinator** felt that it had been a fun year for all, which including a mini session and a painting session. There were no complains about games and we do have people wanting to run, Colin the most enthusiastically. However numbers are down by 7 with around 21 in regular attendance. Advertising has failed to attract new members; she felt that perhaps only word of mouth really works. Comments were made about the need to recruit new and younger blood, but who in club interacts with young people? It was commented that the committee needed to fix this problem but Chris argued this saying that if club is to grow all of us will have to be involved in recruiting. We will sink or sail together.

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The **Club News Editor** stated there had been 4 issues this year with no complaints lodged. He gave a big thank you to all those who contributed (the usual suspects). Finally he reported to have extra copies of nearly all previous issues and reminded club that if anyone doesn't have a copy, to please get in touch with him.

Next the new committee was elected: **Chairman:** Reg Hardy, **Secretary:** Barry Lace, **Treasurer:** Stephen Proud, **FRP Co-ordinator:** Chris Lincoln-Brown, **LRP Co-ordinator:** Steve Hastewell, **Club News Editor:** Geoff Brown

In the only official motion for discussion : Chris Lincoln and Steve Proud asked “**Should the club continue to keep the Black Library and if so should we continue to expand it?**” This led to a spirited discussion covering current minimal usage, potential reasons for lack of use, which books if any should be removed, what to do with items removed, storage, and what to do. The decision was made to not buy more books for now, distribute copies of the contents of the black library to members of the club and get feedback from club before removing any items, except photocopies which are to be removed immediately.



The **Review of Subscriptions** was amazingly brief. No changes made

Proposals for Expenditure involved no additions to the black library, other than minatures for the club dungeon and wargaming rules, in line with the prior discussion. Various LRP expenditures were accepted, including equipment, insurance and site fees with an estimated cost of £1200. Money was also approved for the upcoming Magic tournament, future LAN sessions and En-Guarde. Total spends were approximately £1770.

Any other business included: the decision to hold another 24 hour event, but to chose the charity later; discussion of widening the range of participants in En-guarde and strongly encouraging these to become external members; reinstating a £1 charge to loan club LRP kit to cover wear and tear; a request for club participation at the vintage car rally; question on who won the Club News 42 competition (only 2 entrants, prize is a source book of the winners choosing); and finally the decision that the committee will set the next years LRP dates by January.

Finally Reg closed the meeting at 9.45pm. Thanks to all for attending.

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Liz would like to apologise to her players for her inability to run much of last session, and say a big

Thank you

to Andrew for taking over her game at short notice.

A word from the FRP Co-ordinator



Greetings all. I thank you all for your support at the AGM, and for your thoughts on the Black Library. I am currently in the process of moving said library into my house, so many thanks to Barry for his patience, time, and muscles. My current plan is to check that the records match the actual contents of the library, then to assemble the survey sheet as discussed at the AGM. So far both tasks are more complicated than I had expected, so if anyone is willing to help it would be greatly appreciated. Just let me know.

To loan a resource from the library:

1. Contact me at club or home (01946 815 898) and tell me what you would like.
2. I will do my best to get the resource to you within a week.
3. Please return item in good condition within a reasonable timeframe.

Please note that the Black Library contains books, the dungeon model kit, Campaign Cartographer II and all of the wargaming kit (some of which still needs to be painted).



24 Hour Update

Thank you to everyone who took part in the 24-hour Sponsored Roleplay. This year's grand total raised was £407.96, enhanced by a further £100 from BNFL for a grand total of £507.96. The cheques were presented to CFM DJ Craig McCarron from the Help A CFM Child Appeal and Janice Starkey & James Ashman from the Whitehaven Hospital Coronary Care Unit Trust Fund.



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ARATH

Immediately after the last event.

You spend the night at the Temple. There are no problems and you have a good nights sleep. In the morning a female spirit appears and says she is the Guardian of the Temple. When questioned she tells you her sister and herself attend the Gods. When you mention the "Sun Priest" she looks at you blankly and says then her sister and herself have been Guardians here always. She thanks you and blesses you all for your efforts in protecting the Temple

Your journey out of Ghost Wood is less eventful than your journey in. Following your tracks you avoid the traps. There are no animal attacks, no spirits, there are only 2 skirmishes one with a small group of Head-hunters and the other against a small number of Greenskins, both of these are dealt with quickly and easily.

Once you reach the Teleport area, the amulet grows warm and you find yourself travelling back to Summer Grove. When you return to the Frinn Temple you all hear a female voice in your head "Thank you. I did not know you would need to do that. You are everything and more than I could have hoped for or expected. You all have my heartfelt blessings." (You either recognise the voice or others tell you it was Hope.)

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Owen welcomes you back; he listens with surprise of your recounting of the events of the past day. He is interested in the Head-hunters, the Temple, the Laurin and the Ceremony. You are all offered food, drink and time to rest. Owen asks if you would be prepared to perform the Ceremony a second time, here at his Temple. *(The ref.s would like to know if you would take part in this second Ceremony?)* The following day you are given an honour guard to show you the way out of Summer Grove. As you move away your escort waves you farewell.

Did you take part in the first and second Ceremonies?

What do you do now, where do you go? (You have 6 months in which to do things)

What do you want as new skills and abilities?

Turnsheets please as soon as possible to Andrew, Liz and LST. We will accept no verbal turnsheets. If you have any questions that you need answering then come and ask us. If your Race REF is unavailable you can speak to any of the other REF'S.

Andrew &Liz

CLUB NEWS

A Most Unusual Shadowrun

<i>Shelaine “Hot Stuff” Dimitri</i>	<i>The Bride</i>
<i>Stunty “We’re All Gonna Die” T Kid</i>	<i>The Groom</i>
<i>Jay “the very big Troll Street Samurai”</i>	<i>The Best Man (by far...)</i>
<i>Dunkelzahn, The Bloody Great Dragon</i>	<i>The Father of the Bride (Yeah, right...)</i>
<i>Mover</i>	<i>Bridesmaid</i>
<i>Victoria “Scarlett” Reynard</i>	<i>Brisemaid</i>
<i>BC</i>	<i>Bridesmaid</i>
<i>Howie</i>	<i>Friend of the Couple</i>
<i>Ryan “Quicksilver” Mercury</i>	<i>Guest Appearance</i>
<i>Harlequin</i>	<i>Guest Appearance</i>

Stunty the Kid, combat mage extraordinary, veteran of over two years in the shadows, as one those elite who can solve (almost) any problem for the right price, lay dying on the floor. He'd survived countless encounters with: insane (& not so insane) dragons, Twenty-foot tall spiders, vampire assassins, prima-donna actresses and all the other horrors of the modern world and he had emerged victorious (or at least alive). But his luck had finally run out and he could almost feel himself dying, the very life force draining from his body, drip by drip. His every movement hurt and he could

manage little; it was a wonder that he was conscious at all and he didn't consider it a blessing. His head ached so badly that he couldn't even remember his name, how he got here or for that matter why he was here. His stomach had already emptied its entire contents, but even now he could feel the occasional twinges to bring up what wasn't there. His hearing had gone, all he could hear was a dull buzzing; his sight wasn't much better and he would have preferred no sight at all, because all he could see was the outline of two very big forms standing over him, gazing down at him.

"Oh shit, I'm really gonna die this time" he managed to sputter, almost coherently and then passed out.

*

An attractive young lady sat alone, eating a late breakfast in Dunkelzahn's main dining hall, Lake Louise. She was dressed in some hat out of place with her surroundings in jeans and a Tee-shirt,. But it didn't seem to bother the rooms only inhabitant, a young human male by appearances; but you couldn't be certain of anything around here. She smiled at him and brushed her long black hair back from her face, as he placed a considerable fry up in front of her. "Thanks" and went about assaulting her second helping, my the food was great here. Only to be expected at Dunkelzahn's pad, "Dunkelzahn's pad, my my that girl is just full off surprises" she thought aloud. She was fast reaching the point when she wouldn't put anything past her lycanthropic friend; hell, being asked to be her brides maid had been shock enough. It was at that point much to Movers surprise that a second guest arrived for breakfast, she hadn't expected the new comer to arise for some time yet. The new-comer a stunningly beautiful Red-head glided into the room, the was no other way to describe her movements. Her hair was long and loose, not a single hair was out of place

and she was dressed in a long, almost not there sylph like gown; that managed to combine maintaining just the right amount of modesty, while maximising her sensuality.

The overall effect was brilliant and she could almost here the young gentleman's jaw hit the floor behind her; if Mover was the jealous or envious type, she'd probably have wanted to scratch the new comers eyes out, fortunately she just found the same reaction in others amusing.

"Morning Mover" she spoke, her voice as perfect as the rest of her and gestured to the young man behind mover, "Whatever she's having" gesturing at Movers plate, while unleashing a devilish smile at the attendant; the man was out the door, just as soon as he remembered where the door was that is.

"Morning Vicki, your incorrigible you know" Mover replied "you do realise that young mans hands are probably going to be shaking so much, he's liable to drop your breakfast in your lap".

"I have to keep in practice" she regarded mover with an impish smile, "skills atrophy if you don't use them and besides a little risk makes things more interesting". Her voice dropped a couple of notches for the

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last words, as the young gentleman arrived back with Vicki's breakfast post haste, mover sat with an amused if poorly concealed smile as she watched the rest of Vicki's performance. It was a work of art that combined gracious thanks, a winning smile and a strategically placed cleavage, that ensured any request made by Vicki for the rest of her stay, would have the utmost priority.

"So is our princess up and about?" Vicki returned to her conversation with Mover, while pecking at her breakfast.

"Shelaine, you know our Bride to be?" Mover replied, "I believe she's been up since dawn, sparring with Dunkelzhan's Guards, the way she's working her tension out on them, I reckon D's personal guards are going to need a vacation of their own to recover from this wedding.

"Although" Mover continued, "I don't think your late night activities are helping them any".
"I haven't heard any complaints" Vicki replied smugly.

*

A couple of hundred yards away from where Mover & Vicki were chatting over breakfast, two score or so bodies were lying in various places and in various states of un-

consciousness around the mansion Dunkelzahn had lent them for the stag party; oh yes and three conscious ones.

Two of the three figures stared down at the now unconscious Stunty, with a combination of: concern (in part for themselves, anticipating what the prospective bride would do to them once she found out the state they had let the groom get into), smugness (that natural smugness, people get when it's the other person who gets the hangover, when you've both been out drinking all night) and confusion.

"Man, I never in my entire life seen someone with this bad a hangover" said the first, a tall bald headed orc in a track suit, as he stared down at the now comatose groom "what did he say, I didn't quite catch it".

"Nothing new, he just reckons he's gonna die" replied the second, a very large troll (his very bulk & legendary endurance, being the main reason for consciousness this morning because unlike his orcish friend he had drank to extreme excess the night before) in Bermuda shorts, a vest and a very colourful shirt, "He's been reckoning that, for as long as I've known him".

"I'm not surprised, shacking up with

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Hot Stuff” the orc spoke with an amused sarcasm.

“You know she’s gonna kill us” He continued the mostly with sarcasm, but also a tinge of concern, he hadn’t known Shelaine long, but had seen what she did to people who angered; there usually wasn’t enough left of them to bury. Shelaine was in many ways a great person, possessed of many great qualities and qualities as great as her looks; plus she was a good partner to have covering your back, when the shit hit the fan. But she had a temper, an almost insane temper and neither her looks nor her good qualities combined times four would even remotely interest him in the path Stunty was about to walk down; the man must either be nuts or really like a dangerous life.

His companion, the troll who was as astute as he was big, read volumes in his companions brief comment and face. “Ha, don’t worry about Hot Stuff, she don’t hurt her friends, she might bluster and yell at me a little; but that’s all, besides” he continued “I’ll have him up and healthy, before my little sister is any the wiser”.

The orc somewhat mollified, turned his companion with a sudden grin, “It was one hell of a party, Jay”.

“That it was, one stag night to go down in history, Howie” the troll replied “Now I suggest, you go for your run or you’ll never get out of here, let me worry about prince charming here.

“I might get some breakfast first” the torturous odour of fried bacon was starting to drift from the kitchen, where the only other person up was making himself breakfast; a strange friend off Hot Stuff’s called John Walks with the Hawks (Shaman, Jay guessed from the name and outfit) and also in excellent health, something that he would quite happily flaunt latter in the day, when the living dead, became the walking dead. However Shelaine’s odd friend, jogged another memory of the previous night in Howie’s fairly functional brain, “Jay, I know most of the people here, but there is one person I don’t know and was curious about”

“Yeah” Jay Grunted barely paying attention.

“Who was the guy with the painted face” Howie inquired curiously, “He gave me swig from a canteen of his, him he said he owed me this at least, it was a most unusual drink and I meant to return the favour later on, but I couldn’t find him.

Jay turned and regarded Howie for a

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moment, a faint smile tugging at the corner of his lips “oh that was just old Laughing Man, quite a joker he is”.

*

Shelaine “Hot Stuff” Dimitri could feel her spar with Ryan Mercury swing in her favour, second in charge of human element of Dunkelzhan's guard, he was good and he was very good. He had already scored one point against her: but that was about to change, she was pushing him hard, she saw her opening, took it and landed flat on her face, as claimed the second point and victory.

“How the hell did you do that” she looked up at him, her green eyes blazing.

“Don't you know” replied the grey eyed veteran cryptically, his eyes locked on hers, as he resumed a defensive stance; clearly indicating to continue the spar.

For the past couple of weeks, she had been doing more and more sparing with the castle guards, trying to work off the tension that was building up inside her. She had known most of them, for quite a while now and the majority of them didn't seem to mind losing to the raven haired beauty; occasionally she lost a match, but rarely for long. She

barely knew Ryan, he'd always been distant and purely business with her before and it surprised her, when he challenged her to a spar, but then Hot Stuff had great confidence in her abilities and maybe she'd take the cocky git down a peg or two. But she'd lost and quite spectacularly as well, he'd got lucky she decided and resumed a defensive position, across from; before engaging in an even more aggressive manner than before. Unfortunately, the outcome was the same.

She stared up at from the floor in stunned shock.

“Your younger, quicker and stronger than me, Shelaine” he continued, his manner detached and lecturing “not to mention your supernatural heritage, why are you losing”.

What was he, taunting her, she'd bloody well show him and lined up for a third spar, by now there was concerned murmuring coming from the crowd of onlookers. She attacked, the difference between spar and real combat was starting to blur; as she attacked ever more aggressively, determined to win. But to no avail, she once again ended up face down in the earth and this time, he through in a slap to her ass in for good measure.

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"It's your rage Shelaine, it's your enemy not your ally, it makes you predictable and will lead you to your death-" he didn't get a chance to finish his sentence, as she attacked in a mindless rage. How completely predictable, he signed this one would only learn the hard way and so she would learn the hard way, because she obviously had some value to his liege (what he couldn't tell, but that didn't matter) and so he would make her learn the lessons she would need to survive. He would wear her down and when she came out her rage due to exhaustion, show her, in terms she couldn't refute how her rage had defeated.

She attacked and he parried and dodged, relinquishing several opportunities when he could have dropped or disabled her. Because that wouldn't suit his purpose, he had to defeat her right way, if she was to learn anything from this. Too late he realised his mistake, she was too strong and her rage added to her already superhuman strength. Every blow he blocked exacted its toll and now he was on the full defensive just trying to fend her off, knowing full well what was inevitable, his last thought a fist connected with his temple, was his lordship ain't gonna be happy about this.

Shelaine came out of her rage al-

most as soon Ryan hit the floor, her widening eyes in horror as they switched from Ryan's unconscious body to the deadly silent onlookers, she found the strength for one word, a weak quite "No".

*
Returning from his brisk jog, Howie discovered slight signs of life amongst the house (mostly groans), but nothing even closely resembling a walking, talking sentient being, except in the kitchen. Where Jay was spoon filling a foul looking (and even worse smelling concoction) down a now barely conscious and mobile Stunty, who was truly a pitiful sight.

"Enough Jay, enough" where Stunty's first comprehensible words.

"Do it yourself if ya like, Stunty" Jay regarded him sternly, "But it's my job to see that your fit and well for your wedding, so all of that's getting swallowed".

"Just leave me alone and let me die" Stunty replied, cradling his head in his hands and completely ignoring the spoon in Jay's outstretched hand.

Damn, he could see Stunty was going to be difficult about this and an evil glint touched his eyes, "Well luck and traditions being what they are, we can't get your betrothed to come

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down and nurse you, but we could always ask Vicki”.

Stunty stopped groaning and looked up, inspired by Jays words there was nagging memory at the back of his mind that was trying to surface. A memory that had so far been concealed by that part of his brain called self-preservation.

“You were most co-operative with her last night” Howie popped in.

And the memories came flooding back, “Oh, no, she’s gonna kill me” with four times as much life as he had so far shown that morning.

Perfect, Jay thought and popped the medicine into Stunty’s open mouth.
*

Vicki and Mover had moved onto coffee, they’re somewhat distracted attendant, even managed to serve it without spilling any.

“I wonder how long it will be before any of the boy’s show up” Mover mused with a sadistic grin, “and in what state”.

Vicki’s grin matched and both wouldn’t have looked out of place on a Cheshire cat. Both knew that last night had been Stunty’s stag night, they could hardly have missed the blaring music; oddly enough She-

laine had declined a hen party, but these two sneaky ladies had other ideas.

“I doubt the majority for sometime yet” Vicki took a sip off coffee and continued, “they were very drunk when I left, but I bet Jay’s up and about” she finished with a smug grin and a roll of her eyes.

“Your probably right, there’s very little that can keep him down for long” Mover replied then stopped, mid motion of taking a drink as Vicki’s words filtered through “You where at the party last night”.

“We’ll yes, but only for a short time” she met movers gaze for gaze, a slight smile tingling at her mouth.

“What where you doing at the party last night”, Mover asked in stunned shock already anticipating the answer.

“It’s traditional for a lady to attend that kind of function and I found out late Yesterday evening, that with all the security and secrecy, Jay hadn’t been a been able to arrange one, so I of course volunteered to do my civil bit”. “Besides” she moaned, “with all the young males going to party, there wouldn’t have been anything for me to do”. “You should have seen there faces when I jumped out

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of the cake, It isn't half fun when you're the absolute centre of attention for forty or so men.

Stunned and struck silent by Vicki's sheer audacity and lack of what, well.....something, Mover struggled to find some words, when a thought struck her. "Vicki, if this was a spontaneous thing, were did you get the cake"?

*

Will Shelaine find out about Stun ties stag night activities, will there be a wedding, will Stunty survive it, will Ryan be okay, where did Vicki get the Cake, who is laughing Man and will Howie catch up with him?

These and many more questions may answered (probably won't) in the next chapter.

Paul Caughy



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Alone

The temple stood for year, it was a sight for all to see
But when the land wars cam and lasted centuries
The temple was forgotten, our race the Laurin fell.
My wife and co-priest into stasis and madness went as well.

And for many years and decades the time went rolling past
The woods around grew fearsome, the ghosts grew strong and fast
And the temple fell into ruin and despair
And I watched this despoilment of the land so fair

Alone, alone

Half an hour is seven hours, one day is several months

Alone, alone

A month is a calendar, a year can be a decade spent

Alone

After centuries had passed a battered ragged band
Into the temple came led by a man
Wotan was his name the Nomand was his race
And with hime all the races came, the Laurin girl who did not
know my face

And so I woke her to her past and all the histories
And told her all that must be done to solve the mysteries
A rite of protection to make my temple once more strong
To remove the evil, my love I'll not be long

Alone, alone

Half an hour is seven hours, one day is several months

Alone, alone

A month is a calendar, a year can be a decade spent

Alone

And so the group set to their tasks, the elementals came
My wife released from torment long, I felt I was to blame
The blade was forged, the rite begun required a sacrifice
One who was full willing to give up his life

And so they spoke to all the gods that the protection should be
great

The Laurin girl was high priestess the sacrifice to make

I took this upon myself that I might be set free

To join my wife, my love, at last and no longer be

Alone, alone

Half an hour is seven hours, one day is several months

Alone, alone

A month is a calendar, a year can be a decade spent

Alone

Kate Wilmer

CLUB NEWS

*For the Month
of:
June 1607*

Parisian Society The Talk of the Town

*Just 1 Crown for
Home delivery*

From the Front
By Gen P. Pactice (ret)

With Toulon in the forefront of our minds and prayers, all want to see the Spanish wiped from French soil and, in my humble opinion, loaded into a canon and fired at the gates of Barcelona itself to make some use out of them. The Second army marched and met up with the Frontier brigade already positioned there.

To their horror our men were greeted by the site of a ruined city, great black smoke trails whisping up into the sky from the surrounding fields with the smell of salt high in the air. The Spanish flag was flying high above the city and the head of its lord; Viscomte Gaston Bilosh du Toulon suspended on the end of a pike above the gates to the city. Work has commenced on the building of great earthworks of circumvallation from which the walls of the city can be bombarded in preparation of the assault. Judging by the feeling in the camp here, the Royal Marines will lead the assault, eager to get to grips with their Spanish counterparts.

In more worrying news, preparation for the summer campaign of the first army against the English has met with a small problem. With both sides retreating from the field last month we have lost contact with the enemy. Neither sides scouts are encountering each other, a problem I am

sure that General Brue shall easily rectify.

Trial of a Nobleman
By Msr Snoop

Viscomte Le Peu is innocent, came the cries from the stands and the benches in a packed Courtroom. All wish to see a war hero in person, the clerks of the court had to bar the doors to keep the peasantry out. Surely no place for the unwashed smelly masse s, but then again, was not or as rumours say Le Peu still one of them?

Noteworthy persons seen attending were Princess Louisa du Brittany, Grand Duc Maximillion du Brittany, Sir Pino Noir Minister without Portfolio, Field Marshall Melchard, Bishop Richelieu, Major Sir Hosis of Deliver and Msr Tarte. Despite his threat of not turning up, Viscomte Le Peu was present having been escorted by a squadron of Royal Foot Guards (a task made more difficult with him being their Brigade commanding officer).

Presiding over the court was our very own Baron Jaques "l'Executer" Raban, Minister of Justice. Known for his close attention to details and hard line stance. Surely the result was a forgone conclusion and the Executioner would be busy again? Seeking the prosecution was our very own crack team of Sir Plus de Tard, Minister of State and Sir Stickler, Com-

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missioner of Public Safety who had collected a dossier of crimes and corruption on a scale unheard of before by one of His Majesties senior officers.

These crimes were of taking bribes in return for promotion or appointments. Bias against certain officers in the face of his favourite incompetence and underhand dealings with known criminals and hit men. In short the accusations included conspiracy to murder of former editor of this very paper, Pierre de Nosy who it was known he disliked and had duelled in private some time shortly before his death. There was even suggestion that he may have some idea of the attackers of the Cardinal himself having had a public falling out during a party at Christmas.

To keep it brief the offences witnesses we saw Major d'Arcy of the Cardinals Guard telling of how he was snubbed in favour of the appointment of Sir Deliver for the post of Brigade Major after money changed hands Although it should be noticed that this seemed to infuriate Sir Deliver and both officers had to be held apart by members of the Royal Foot Guard to cool off after De Liver decided to show him the end of a duelling pistol which had been a gift from Le Pue.

A letter from the Cardinals secretary claiming that Le Peu had made moves on his Fiancée, Princess Louisa and after being warned off promised revenge. Although seeing as how his Eminence is in fever, this was dismissed.

In the defences stables, witnesses were called from Sir Hosis of Deliver, his long

time friend and current Brigade Major who vouched that "Viscomte Le Peu is a true son of Franc, one that I have been proud to fight shoulder to shoulder with, would be proud to do so in future, and to make these accusations is absurd and an insult to all who put their lives and honour on the line for King and France!" Again to the resounding cheers and standing ovation from the benches, possibly embarrassing his royal majesty as he sat in station overseeing the trial of one of his nobles.

After calm was restored his aide, Subaltern Tarte took to the stand and quoted "Viscomte Le Pue is a good servant to France for the last two years. Is of a generous and benevolent nature and that the charges are not true"

When Viscomte Le Peu took to the Stand himself he merely stated that he had come up from nothing to one of the leading figures in the Military. Rewarded for service to his Majesty, which he did not feel himself worthy of. As such many enemies were made with the poisonous pen pushing lowly toads who stick around in court eating every small bit of free food and drink like the swine that they are to make themselves important. Jealousy is the cause of this and the foe is hiding in the shadows behind his maid's skirt in case he get spotted by a real man.

Needless to say Baron Raban thought long and hard after hearing the evidence and passed the decree that Viscomte Le Peu was innocent and merely the victim of excuses for every crime in Paris that is unsolved for the minute. One wonders what impact this will have on Sir Plus de

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Tard and his weasely attack dog, Sir Stickler.

Cardinal Fading
By Msr Snoop

Our beloved Cardinal as you are all aware has been seriously wounded in a viscous assassination attempt on his very life last month. Whilst bedridden and attended by the best Physicians in all of Paris it is feared that the Fever which has set on him is witchcraft at work. Even with daily application of Leeches to draw out the impurities and poison in the blood nothing seems to aid him. The Cardinal is slowly starting to waste away before their very eyes having turned a pale pasty white colour.

All over Paris the masses have been flooding to church to pray for his recovery led by archbishop of Paris, Rumour has it that Bishop Richelieu has confirmed that the Spanish are believed to be behind this dastardly attempt as the small religious order who attempted the assassination have their home in the Spanish foothills.

Bizarre
By Pas Pas Ratzl

My friends, what of the leading lights of Parisian Society this month? Let me tell you, many have been busy enjoying the best drink in Paris at different locations as summer starts to rear its lovely head.

Week 1 found me sneaking around Bothwells after I had heard that many people would be flocking over for the initiation of Sir Hosis of Deliver, formally of Hunters.

Indeed there he was and taken aside to be dealt a jolly good radishing as is the tradition there. On more elegant matters I met Msr Weasel and his mistress Emilia who were enjoying a fine meal on the veranda in the evenings light. Msr Weasel was somewhat preoccupied after it seems some malicious rumours going around about his nature came to light. One must say that it is supposed to have come from the neighbouring stable of the Dragoon Guards, with much talk about what he was going to do to this preposterous young upstart I made my excuses and left before the mixture of wine and foul mood took over to much in the young cavalry officers mind. Searching around I found myself drawn towards Red Phillips where I espied from across the bar that most famous moustache in all of Paris, Msr Callard and his mistress Lynette holding court amongst many of his fellow friends. For it seems that the Picardy Musketeers are off to war against the Spanish in Toulon. Unfortunately it would seem that Lynette has gained a certain reputation as a drinker for she was seen imbibing freely and quickly and as the evening wore on began to get hot and flustered and flirted with all and sundry much to the horror of Msr Callard who retreated in her company to limit any further damage.

Week 2 saw me At the Horse guards club where the youngster Msr Dysoon of the Dragoon Guards was admitted membership after serving his time on the parade ground well. Unfortunately the surroundings and new found friends ill advised him against the alcohol and after a whole pitcher of wine to himself he staggered across to the gaming tables and surprised

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all by his skill with the cards winning himself a reasonable amount of money and the respect of those around him. Remembering a prior arrangement I made my excuses and left. Strange as it sounds I was invited to the Regency club as well be its newest member, Sir Pino Noir, Minister without Portfolio. Looking at the imposing front of the building with its Doormen dressed up as guardsmen of Paris I almost backed out, but the delightful Sir Noir has never refused to cough up for me where drinks are concerned. Alas I was denied admittance at first as in my haste I had arrived as the initiation ceremony was taking place. Certainly not the first of this month and definitely not the last I can tell you, all around Bothwells, Hunters and the likes have been admitting new members to their doors. Once the initiation was complete I was escorted in to the place by one of the doormen and shown to the bar. I must admit that I was staggered by the full scale map of Europe hanging on the wall opposite the bar, different coloured pins sticking in it at varying points and past historical battles noted.

There I met Sir Noir and Katrina, although it must be said that he was short of breath and white faced like he had seen a ghost, exactly what those generals get up to I have no idea whatsoever. But over a series of glasses of wine including one of these new cigar type things so favoured in the New World and lately the Queen Elizabeth of England. I must admit to finding myself sick at the strong taste of it in my mouth and the horrible smoke, which you are supposed to inhale, I did not enjoy it as much as I should have.

However as I have seen before just recently with a different mistress, Katrina found the strong taste and the fine wine going to her head quite quickly. Soon she was leading all the gentlemen present in song, interspersed with many a witty remark that even broke a smile and laugh from Fled Marshall Melchard, whose stony face and lack of humour has been mentioned upon many a time. In fact when it came time to leave many an envious eye was cast at the departing figure of Sir Noir arm in arm with Katrina. Most would have preferred to have changed places with that lucky gentleman I can assure you.

Week three saw my busy schedule kept up with, already my purse was almost bare of coins. It is a good job I am allowed a certain allowance by my editor for such trivial matters. First up saw me again receiving an invite from a noble clad servant with an awaiting carriage just for me. I recognised the coat of arms as belonging to Lt General, Viscomte Le Peu du Reims, intrigued I accepted and entered before being driven off to the Rose and Crown, a place I myself prefer not to frequent due to the many nobles that are there. Never have I seen so many in one place, and the way of telling the richest amongst them is by the fact that they are also the most poorly dressed. Even street beggars are better tailored. Inside Viscomte Le Pue and his guest Msr Raynard met me with his mistress Isabelle. The mere fact that I sank almost completely into the seat offered to me suggested that the noble knew how to live even if they did not dress as such. There I was regaled by tales of the battle field, and asking a very

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worrying question to my host for I like him very much after all the money he has freely spent throwing parties almost ever month. "What of your trial my lord?" I asked, only to be greeted by roars of laughter silencing the room around me. "My friend, I have the perfect defence set for them. I do not intend to show up. How can they execute someone if he is not present to hear such a decree?" Feeling very green at the moment about the comment I made my excuses and left only stopping on the way out to recheck one of the young nobles watching our table. Was that not to fuller figure for a gentleman to possess and more like a woman's figure? As I closed in to ask my quarry moved and ducked behind two potentially threatening figures which I would rather not clash with. Unfortunately for me they did picking me up between the two of them and frog-marching me off towards the front door before casting me out. It hurt all the way down the stairs and then all the way down the hill, which it sits upon. Moving slowly as my aching body fought back I headed over towards the Frog and Peach to gather my wits with a fine brandy or two. Inside I met Msr Dupres who fretted about my state of bruises and aches and undean dothes. Greatly amused was he by my tale of the ejection from The Rose and Crown that he paid for my drinks all night and had his mistress Prudence wait upon me which was very nice, until I was recovered. Feeling myself overstaying my welcome as well as getting quite under the weather from the drink I decided to leave after all the fresh air would soon wake me up. Bidding a fond farewell I headed off for home being a modest apartment near the red Phillips club. Walking by I heard the noise of great

cheering and voices raised in song. Tempted I headed in to see what all the noise was bout only to be told that the 69th were having a party. Msr Compaq fresh from the campaigns had decided to invite all his command back with him and they were having a great time, which I soon joined in. Especially the dance above the open keg of Beer until I saw one unfortunate Private fall into. Having such a good time the hours flew by and I cant really remember much more after that.

Waking up in the horse trough outside the Red Phillips establishment in week four I bid farewell to Msr Compaq who it would seem was asleep nearby hugging a pair of boots and snoring loudly. Thankfully on week four there was only one party to go to, Bothwells for Sir Hosis of Delivers new club. Cleaning up and making myself presentable as well as cleaning up most of the bruises and dosing the interesting knife cut across my shoulder which I cannot remember getting I headed off. I must admit to being a tad late due to the lack of funds as my editor still had not sent over the money I asked for. The party was in full swing and many were the normal patrons of Bothwells in for a good time, in the upstairs booth the party was being held, already the fine food spread had been decimated and the wine was being seen to with equal fervour. Guests included Sir Lambert and his mistress Marie and Captain of the Kings Escort Msr Temporaire and his mistress Anais, a young slip of a lady and very beautiful too. The fact was her eyes would capture you like a fly in a spiders web making you feel all defenceless and wanting to help in any way that you could. It would seem that all is not as good as it seems as for bringing

the beautiful Anais to the party tonight Msr Temp'raire had been met on the doorstep by Msr Tarte of the Kings Musketeers. Our host Sir Deliver and his mistress Josephine were in excellent health and many a toast was made to the couple. Eventually as the night ended I was offered a lift back in the carriage of Sir Deliver, gratefully I accepted and headed off home in style only to my horror to find that I had forgotten my key and my manservant Charlie refused to open the door and threatened to call the guard on me. Feeling sorry for myself I headed around back and climbed in the doghouse where I slept with my mastiff "Le Cardinal". Until next month my friends I bid you adieu.

Duelling - A matter of honour
By Van Rash

On a Cold morning outside the Horse Guards Club on the fourth week, down the garden and past the Gazebo first light saw two figures meeting for a prearranged duel. Lt Colonel Weasel dressed in non descript clothing, a scarf hiding his face met with Captain Enthree of the Dragoon Guards for what must be said as mostly a defensive battle as Captain Enthree led the attack. First blood went to the Black Weasel as after allowing his opponent to stand after a fall lashed out with a wicked slash that caught his opponent on the thigh. Not to be outdone Captain Enthree hacked back causing a nasty Gash in the left side of Lt Colonel Weasel's chest. Talk about taking exception to your opponent's code of dress. Sensing victory slowly crawling away from him after a parry and riposte caught him on his left arm, Captain Enthree tried a new tactic, back peddling with the intention of

spearing his oponent with a thrown Sabre. Reading this move perfectly Lt Colonel Weasel charged after him denying him space until Enthree found the edge of the gazebo and off balance started to tip over it backwards. Only to be caught by a wicked slash across his guts almost opening them for the world to see. Holding his guts in on the floor Captain Enthree signalled enough weakly and the duel was ended, both parties sinking off into the shadows as fast as they could. It is also rumoured that upon hearing of the blood soaked area; one of Sir Sticklers ferrets, a certain Jekyl Anide was on the scene tracing what might have happened.

WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

AD&D

The Company of Thieves prepares for action.

GM: Steve Hastewell

Liz, Andrew,
Scoot, Fudge,
John

Ravenloft

The Quest to resurrect the fallen hero begins

GM: Barry Lace

Steve P, Kate,
Penny, Trevor,
Paul L

Shadowrun

Gang warfare rocks Seattle....

The Governor prepares to declare Martial Law....

The Metroplex Guard is ready to roll...

Maybe you should take Mr Johnson up on that offer of a foreign job...

GM: Geoff Brown

Chrissy, Reg,
Colin, Graeme
Bowch, Paul C

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

CLASSIFIED CLUB NEWS ADVERTISEMENTS

Urgent - Decker required for a slice & dice job into Lone Star records.

Dara, Ghost. Let's test your stick action. Cratchett's Bar & Grill pool table, 8 til whenever. Bring your own insurance. S.

Lt Colonel Weasel, I do humbly write to you as agreed concerning my apology against words said of a detrimental nature against your good person. You have shown me the error of my ways and I was out of order. I shall accept this judgement before god who was our witness.

Captain EnThree, Dragoons Guards

Lost - Life. If found please contact Kyrun in Nova Vasa.

Inspection of Cardinals Guard

Notice is hereby given for a kit inspection of the Cardinals Guard in July on week 2

Major Sir Hosis of Deliver
Brigade Major, Brigade of Guards

Wanted - Elf that can prove the stereotype of conceited, arrogant self-absorbed xenophobe isn't true. Apply in person, anytime, anywhere, to anyone.

To All Brave Men of Paris

Are you feeling inadequate? Not enough respect being given to you? Then fear not for the Crown Prince Cuirassiers are looking for you. For a short period of time only we are offering a half price commission for those seeking entrance as a Captain, Subaltern or Private. Uniform guaranteed to have all the beautiful young ladies seeking your company. Join up today and become a man unlike other inferior regiments, we are the best.

Colonel Jester,

OIC, Crown Prince Cuirassiers

Captain Cuisine,

D Company, Crown Prince Cuirassiers

Urgent - Babysitter required. Must be able to handle large children. Apply to Dr. Goode at 1133 Gates Road, Redmond.

Death, destruction, divorce. Ex-shadowrunner requires shadow employment before the aforementioned occur. Contact HotStuff@cathouse.com

SOMETHING WICKED, THIS WAY COMES.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**The third Arath event will take place at Ratlingate
the weekend 2nd to 4th August 2002.**

As usual this event will be fully catered and have reasonable levels of combat and interaction. We expect at least part of the event to be linear, using the woods around the building.

Costs will probably be £30 to play and £10 to NPC; (External members are reminded that they are now due to pay their £5, annual external membership fee)

To reserve your place a £10 deposit is required. Please let the Ref's know if you want to play or NPC as soon as possible as the numbers are limited and it will be on a first come first served basis.

If you want to play a new character please get a character concept to the Ref's (Andrew, Liz, LST) ASAP because it may need some work.

Oh !!! don't forget, Turnsheets for any character actions between events.