

# CLUB NEWS

## Newsletter of the SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club

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



ISSUE 48  
MAY 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.

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, 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)

Website	<a href="http://www.sasrafp.co.uk">www.sasrafp.co.uk</a>
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## Acknowledgements

Thanks to all of this issue's contributors, who are:-  
Scoot, Bowch, Geoff Brown, Steve Proud, Colin Proud,  
Barry Lace, Christine Lincoln-Brown

**Artwork by:**

## 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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EMail it to:

**ClubNews@bigfoot.com**

**ClubNews@sasrafrp.co.uk**

Or even fax it to: 0870-164-0866

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

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

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Your Editorial Team is:

**TOP  
SECRET**

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# CLUB NEWS

## Teolvar 3 (part 2)



The date for the next Teolvar event is provisionally set for

14th of September 2002

Watch this space for details!

## A word from the FRP Co-ordinator

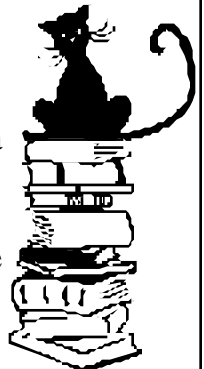


Greetings all. As you have no doubt noticed, the grand survey of the Black Library is now underway, with a small selection of books being brought down to the club each week for your perusal. Thank you to everyone who has filled in the survey forms so far - please keep on filling them in.

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).



## INTERLUDE 1 – 22ND AUGUST 1999

THE WATCHER SAT BACK IN THE SHADOWS OF THE JAZZ CLUB AND LET THE MUSIC WASH OVER HIM FOR A SECOND. THE GAMBIT WAS ADVANCED. WHAT HE DID NEXT DEPENDDED UPON WHETHER HIS OPPONENT ACCEPTED OR DECLINED THE SACRIFICE. THERE WOULD BE LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES BEFORE THE GAME ENDED – BUT ONLY OF PAWNS, NOBODY WHO MATTERED. HE HAD BEEN SURPRISED AT SOME OF THE PIECES USED BUT ONLY BRIEFLY, FOR HE THOUGHT HE DETECTED A THIRD HAND INFLUENCING THE GAME FROM ELSEWHERE.

BUT THE PRIZE WAS WORTH IT. A LARGE HUNK OF POTENTIAL POWER HAD BEEN INVESTED IN IT BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN SUCH THINGS WERE CONSIDERED BAUBLES TO SUCH BEINGS AS HIM. THE SERPENT KNEW THIS, AS HAD THE MOON-BOUNDED. BOTH WERE OUT OF THE PICTURE NOW THOUGH, SACRIFICED FOR POSITION. HIS CHOICE OF THE ROSE HAD DIVERTED THE ATTENTION OF ONE OF HIS OPPONENT'S PAWNS FOR A WHILE BUT IT HAD BECOME WORTHLESS TOO SOON, THOUGH NOT ENOUGH TO THROW AWAY.

NOW THE FIEND WAS MAKING HIS MOVE. IT HAS TAKEN TIME FOR IT TO GET THE STRENGTH TOGETHER BUT NOW IT WAS AC-

TIVE. SENSITIVE TO THE SLIGHTEST CURRENTS OF MAGIC THE WATCHER HAD FELT THE WEAVING BEGIN TWO NIGHTS PAST. SORcery OF THE LAND, TWISTED TOGETHER WITH THE POWERS OF OTHER PLACES THAT SOME CHILDREN FAVOURED. SOON THE THIRD ELEMENT WOULD BE ADDED INTO THE MIX AND THE GATEWAY WOULD STAND READY. IF THAT WAS WHAT THE FIEND WAS STILL ATTEMPTING. IT WAS UNSTABLE EVEN BY THE MEASURE OF SUCH CREATURES AND NOT EASILY INFLUENCED. WITH THE POWER OF THE AMULET BEHIND IT, EVEN ON THE SUBCONSCIOUS LEVEL THAT IT APPEARED TO BE USING, IT MIGHT BE PULLING BACK ON THE STRINGS.

HE REVIEWED HIS FORCES. THE SWORD HELPED TIP THE BALANCE BACK BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH BY ITSELF. HE'D HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY IF HE WERE TO TRIUMPH, FOR HE'D SEEN AGENTS OF OTHER POWERS IN THE CITY. HE REACHED OUT MENTALLY, IMPLANTING A FEW MENTAL SUGGESTIONS INTO UNKNOWN MINDS, COUNTERING SOME MOVES BEFORE THEY COULD BE MADE, IN THIS GAME AND OTHERS, AND INITIATING HIS NEXT MOVE IN OVER A DOZEN SIMILAR SCHEMES. BUT IN HIS HEAD HE STILL HEARD THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF HIS FOE.

# CLUB NEWS

## X446TT13F

“I don’t like waiting!”

of the premises.

“It’s alright, it won’t be much longer.”

“Can’t you do this any quicker?”

Bwok glared menacingly at the small figure huddled over the door’s console, although small was probably just a matter of perspective. Most people looked small to Bwok, who stood just short of 8 feet tall when she stood up straight. Even if it wasn’t for being so tall, she was still hard to miss, with her almost jade coloured skin, bright pink waist length hair and gold-inlaid tusks. Although, relatively short by Troll standards, she still gave most people pause for thought. She carried herself with an air of supreme confidence and almost reckless fearlessness. She was starting to build a bit of a reputation on the streets as somebody not to trifle with. She quickly glanced about before returning her attention back to the door. Although the security system had been bypassed there was still the chance of discovery if a guard happened to make a manual sweep

The small figure looked up with a grin on his face, “It’s open; I told you I could do it! O, ye of little faith!” He quickly stowed his equipment away before standing up. Although small by Bwok’s standing, he was close to 6’6” tall himself. His main distinguishing features were a totally bald head and gold eyes. With a flourish he pushed the door open and gestured for Bwok to enter.

“The Inner Sanctum of Hodgson Pharmaceutical my lady!”

It had actually gone better than she thought it would, now all they had to do was find the right sample and destroy it.

“Right Miller, we’re looking for a vacuum-sealed sample dish, code reference X446TT13F. It’ll be in one of the storage units. You take those three over there and I’ll take these three here.”

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Bwok tossed a small, almost cylindrical item to Miller and then made her way to the first of the large storage units to the left of the room, while Miller went to the right side of the room and began hunting through the first of his assigned units.

Midway through the second unit, Miller called to her, "X466TT13F was it?"

"No, 446!" she replied, and resumed her search of the second storage unit.

About 20 seconds later she found what they had come for.

"Found it Miller," as she took out an identical item to the one she had given Miller and placed it atop the sample dish, "now to nullify the sample!"

Hearing a click she dropped to the floor, just in time to avoid getting hit in the back of the head by a bullet. Rolling quickly to her feet she saw Miller drawing a bead on her with a 9mm. "Sorry Bwok, I can't let you do that, Hodgson

have expended a lot of time and money getting that DNA sample!"

Time seemed to slow down for Bwok, watching closely for Miller depressing the trigger. As he started to apply pressure, she became a flurry of movement and his shot missed as she closed the distance to him. He fired again, just grazing her left arm, as she finally got within striking distance and levelled him with a quick kick to the solar plexus. He rebounded backwards about 6 feet and struck his head on one of the storage units, before crumpling to a heap under a mound of sample dishes that fell off the shelves as the storage unit rattled from the impact.

"I should kill you, you backstabbing piece of scum! But, I don't have the time," she quickly went back to the sample dish she had found and initiated the injector before rushing out of the door, "don't think I'll ever forget this Miller; you're dead still walking!"

Armed Medical Assistance

24-7

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## Life after Death

This phrase was one that I never ever used to believe in. I was normal, just like the rest of you. I attended high school, served as an apprentice mechanic and lived what I commonly called my dream. While serving my apprenticeship I took to racing motorcycles in competition. I don't know why, probably something to do with the heat of the asphalt, the smell of burning hot sticky rubber fighting for grip on the tarmac, the thrill of tearing down the straights at breakneck speed with my heart pumping so loud I thought my eardrums would burst, and the enthusiasm that goes hand in hand with being young.

I loved racing and, even though I say so myself, I was quite good at it. Some of my friends came to races with me on a regular basis. Kurt, about four years younger than me with twice the youthful enthusiasm I had possessed at the same age. And then there was Lauren, an old girlfriend with whom I have always shared a very special friendship despite the fact that our relationship, as far as romance is concerned, didn't last long due to the jealousy of another old school friend.

Anyway, I digress too much, back to the subject at hand. Kurt and Lauren came along to one of my most important races. It was essential for me to perform at my peak on this day. There were potential sponsors in the stands looking to see whether it would be worth them investing the money to

give me a works ride in the 500s. This race was to dictate my future in a way I would never have even dreamt of.

We moved out from the paddock area and onto the starting grid. The roar of the engines when we set off was deafening even through my crash helmet and ear protectors. I was out to impress the spectators in the stands and make sure they got their moneys worth.

The first couple of laps seemed to be going just like a normal race, everyone settling in and finding the best racing lines. I don't know what was wrong but something about the whole atmosphere just didn't seem right. It may sound crazy given the fact that there were hundreds in the stands, but I felt like I was being watched and I couldn't shake the feeling. I tried to dismiss the thought and concentrate on the race once more but as I came out of the hairpin and accelerated along the Start/Finish straight I glanced to my left momentarily. My vision cleared seeming to pause and I noticed a man who seemed to stand out over the crowd. I turned my head back to face the track and I was a moment too late to avoid the patch of oil on the track. The front wheel made contact and slid over slightly on its side. The back wheel, still producing power, went in the opposite direction and the sheer force behind the whipping action threw me clear off the motorcycle and towards the wall at the end of pit lane.



# CLUB NEWS

It's strange what they say about when you're about to die. My whole life seemed to flash before my eyes in the seconds between my leaving the bike and making contact with the wall. All the missed opportunities resurfaced, all the regrets over things I should have done or said and all the happy times. Those comfortable thoughts were driven abruptly from my mind by a pain so intense that I'm surprised I managed to retain any semblance of consciousness. There was a horrible cracking sound accompanying the pain yet I still made to stand up, more out of instinct than anything else, to get out of the way of any oncoming racers. Can you imagine my surprise when I couldn't stand?

Anyway, I fell over in extreme agony and realised that the paramedics were crowded around me. I couldn't see anything but I could hear everything they were saying. They were asking if I could hear them and, as much as I tried, I couldn't answer them. There is no way on earth that anyone can even imagine what it feels like to hear them fighting to try and save your life and then eventually just give up. I could hear Lauren crying and Kurt exclaiming that he couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I don't have any idea how long I was out for but I remember hearing my parents speaking with someone regarding funeral arrangements.

Then, after what seemed an eternity, I felt a similar sensation to the one I felt just before the accident. I sat up and then realised that I wasn't injured. I

was in fact in what appeared to be perfect health. The feeling was getting stronger and made me feel physically nauseous. I made to swing my legs to stand up and realised that I was lying on something cold and, when I looked, I realised it was in fact an operating table. The feeling was getting stronger and stronger and as I approached the door it swung open revealing a man who appeared to be in his early thirties.

His features were kind and strong, his dark brown hair neatly combed back revealing his hazel coloured eyes and clear skin. His jaw looked strong, like that of a boxer but his clothes told a different story. He introduced himself as Charles Albert and he told me that both he and myself were immortal. I got the distinct feeling that everything he told me over the course of the three hours we spent together was absolutely true. He explained to me about the traditions of what I now call "our kind", and explained about the power he named "The Quickening". He taught me the basics on how to use a sword and gave me a blade of exquisite but practical craftsmanship.



*To be continued....*

# CLUB NEWS

## INTERLUDE 2 – 1 A.M. 28<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1999

JURGEN KRAMER SIGHED AS HE HEARD THE CLIP-CLOP SOUND OF HOOVES COMING DOWN THE ROAD TOWARDS HIM. TRUST HIM, HE THOUGHT, SOMETIMES THE IDIOT THINKS HE'S STILL A COWBOY. THE SUDDEN SOUND OF A STRANGLED MOOING DID SURPRISE HIM THOUGH. THE WHEEZING LAUGH OF THE NOSFERATU OPPOSITE HIM BROUGHT HIM BACK DOWN TO EARTH AND IT WAS ONLY WITH EFFORT THAT HE KEPT CONTROL OF HIS TEMPER AS THE SCOURGE WALKED UP AND SLAPPED HIM ON THE BACK WITH A "HOWDY, PARTNER."

THE NOSFERATU GESTURED DRAMATICALLY AND POINTED DOWN TOWARDS HIS FEET. THE CHARRED BLACK CORPSE TWITCHED ITS ARM ONCE AND LAY STILL. "SHE'S STILL WITH US – JUST" HE WHISPERED. "HOWEVER SHE'S IN NO FIT STATE TO DO ANYTHING. IT'S TAKEN A PHENOMENAL AMOUNT OF BLOOD TO HEAL THIS FAR, AND I'M STILL WAITING FOR THE

TONGUE TO REGENERATE SO I CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED."

"WE'RE SURE IT WAS ARAKAN?" VINCE ASKED.

"NOT YET" CAME THE REPLY. "SHE GOT AWAY FROM WHOEVER DID THIS BUT NOT BY MUCH."

"HOW GOES THE PLAN IN THE LIGHT OF THIS DEVELOPMENT?" KRAMER ASKED.

THERE WAS NO REPLY. TURNING ROUND HE SAW THE SCOURGE STANDING THERE, STARING INTO SPACE IN A FUGUE STATE.

"MAKE SURE YOU LEAVE BEFORE DAWN" HE TOLD THE IMMOBILE FIGURE AND, PICKING UP THE REGENERATING CORPSE, WALKED TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR DOWN. "OH, AND DISPOSE OF THE COW" HE SHOUTED AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR STARTED TO CLOSE.

## Greetings from the Treasury.

You're probably fed up of seeing me rabbit on about things in club news (if so, then write something. The editor will quite happily push me out for the sake of variety). However I would like to whittle about something that belongs to us all - the club dungeon.

By now most people who attend the club on Monday will have seen the dungeon, whether it was when it was Steve Turner and Derek (among others) were playing about with the set up potential or when Steve Hastewell was using it in his thieves challenge. This was only the first of many times it will be used (especially when we start playing 3<sup>rd</sup> edition D&D regularly). However now that we have the setting we need to populate it. At the AGM I was told by you lot to loosen the purse strings to the value of £100 to let the Dungeon Keeper (Chrissie) purchase minions miniatures. Now we come to the part where your help is needed: **What do we buy?**

The AGM money is to buy "generic fantasy miniatures" to populate the dungeon. A list of the clubs preferences would be greatly appreciated in defining this. - otherwise it will be left to the people doing the purchasing (probably Derek, Trevor and Myself) to make the

choices on behalf of the club. In which case there should be no whining about the lack of trolls, vampires, harpies, undead Smurfs or whatever it is that you want to use in a year's time. Make all suggestions to Chrissie (including suggested numbers) and we'll see what we can find.

Two points to remember.

- i) Character models are not due to be purchased at this time (that will probably be next year).
- ii) No Games Workshop figures please. While their stuff is readily available, it is expensive. If we just bought from them, we would only be able to buy around twenty figures. That's not a lot for £100. (Though maybe a plastic sprue each of skeletons and zombies if anyone has any spare).

Finally once we have enough miniatures we can have another painting evening on a change over week and everyone can show off their skills.

**So get thinking about required monsters and pass on all suggestions to Chrissie ASAP.**

# CLUB NEWS

Geoff Brown



**Lone Star Security Service**  
2nd Avenue & Union Street  
Downtown  
Seattle

Discretionary Funds Disbursement Form  
I authorise the disbursement of the following funds

*60,000 nuyen*

To the following parties

*Freelance Operatives*

As payment for

*Services rendered*

Payment Details

## **New Gang Causes Chaos** 29th April 2053

Lone Star say that the recent spate of gang violence in Seattle may be due to the presence of a gang. Calling itself Elven Fire,

## **22 Die at Shadow Lake** 20th May 2053

The peace of rural Snohomish, previously free of the recent spate of gang wars, was shattered last night by a clash between the Gothic Phanotms and the Lake Acids that left 22 people dead

## **Elven Fire Strikes Again** 15th May 2053

Downtown Seattle 14 people lie dead, and more than 30 injured, in the aftermath of the latest gang violence. Last night's fighting began when Elven Fire launched a series of raids against

## **Gang Violence at Denny Park** 24th April 2053

Violent clashes between the Ancients and the Meat Junkies gangs terrorized the residents of the Denny Park district last night, as the Ancients launched what Lone Star have described as a "major offensive" to prevent the orc- and human- lead meat Junkies making further inroads into Downtown's Elven

*Identified credstiks,  
1,000 nuyen*

**KOREN  
INSPEC  
DIVISIO**

**PAGE 1**

**14th April 2053**

Thomas Adler, founder and CEO of Adler Plastics, today offered a reward of 50,000Y for the safe return of his daughter Lucinda, who has now been missing for over a week. Lucinda Adler (20) was reported missing after she failed to return home at the of

## Six Die in Nightclub Shooting

21st May 2053

Redmond - Six people died last night when an unknown gunman burst into the Witches Circle nightclub and opened fire with a submachine gun. In what appeared to have been a professional hit, the gunman killed all the occupants at the corner both, then walked out before anyone could react. Lone Star have not yet released the identities of the victims, but they are believed to have been a party of business

## Violence Continues

25th May 2053

Tacoma - As dawn breaks on the Tacoma docks, another battlefield is revealed. Last night, the Ancients and the Meat Junkies fought what is only the latest round of their on-going feud

## Lone Star Powerless to Stop Violence

25th May 2053

Lone Star to stop

## Hideout Found

26th May 2053

Lone Star discover Witches Circle killer's hideout.

## Council calls for Stronger measures to deal with Gang Violence.

22nd May 2053

In the face of increasing levels of gang-related violence in the Metroplex, Governor Shultz is coming under increasing pressure from the Council to introduce tougher anti-gang laws. Lone Star Security Services, the current holder of the Seattle-Everett Tacoma Metroplex law enforcement contract has repeatedly claimed that it is hampered in its efforts by a lack of legal authority to pursue

## Martial Law?

26th May 2053

City Hall - Governor Shultz today called an emergency meeting of the Seattle Metroplex Government to discuss the ongoing gang warfare that continues to rock the city. Also present were representatives of Lone Star Security Services, current holders of the Seattle Metroplex Police Contract, and Lt. General Gage-way of the Metroplex Guard. Following yesterday's admission by Lone Star that they are unable to cope with the current levels of gang war-

## Elven Diplomat Killed

26th May 2053

Oak Lane Heliport, Bellevue. Early this afternoon, Shim Bright, Tir Tarnaire Advisor for Elven Affairs, was fatally wounded as he waited for

## Peace Breaks Out?

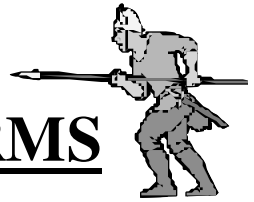
27th May 2053

Downtown, Sunrise. For the first time in weeks, the day heralded by birdsong instead of gunfire. Lone Star reports three incidents last night,

SCARLET,  
DARA,GHOST,  
WELL DONE  
THARK

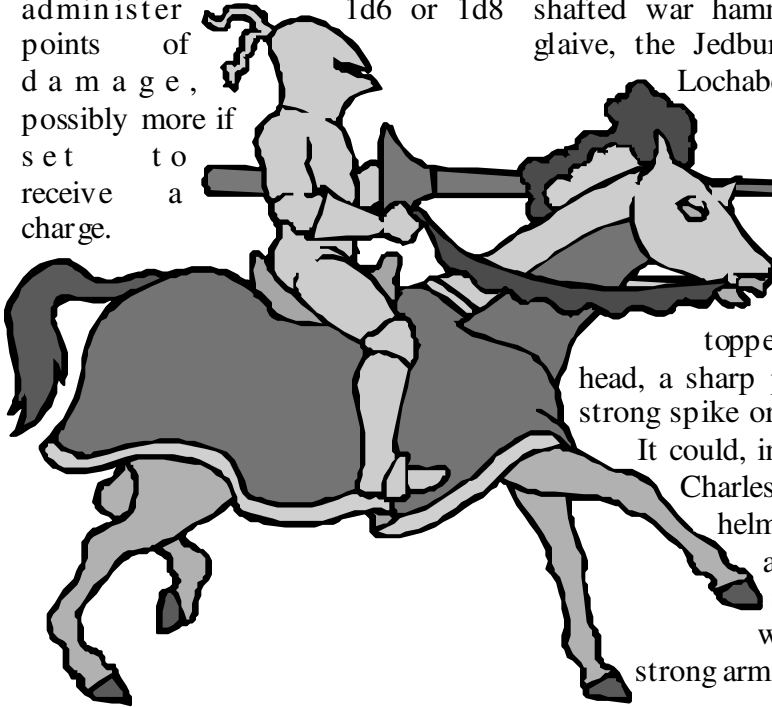
## th June 2053

Tarnaire today appointed unt Ethan Paris as Advisor Elven Affairs to the Seattle Metroplex. This follows the death last week of Shim



## THE CASE FOR POLEARMS

In all the rule systems I have ever read or played, the humble polearm has been overlooked or relegated to some kind of "pokey-pokey" weapon which might administer 1d6 or 1d8 points of damage, possibly more if set to receive a charge.



I will take as an example the halberd, which was, in essence, the father of polearms and sired such others as the poleaxe, the long-shafted war hammer, the bill, the glaive, the Jedburgh staff and the Lochaber axe.

The halberd was eight feet in length topped by a heavy axe head, a sharp pointed end and a strong spike or hook on its back. It could, in the words of Sir Charles Oman, "cleave helmets and plate armour as no sword could do, when swung by strong arms."

This is, of course, total garbage. Polearms were horrendously damaging weapons and were feared by everyone including the most heavily armoured knights; I will now try to justify this statement.

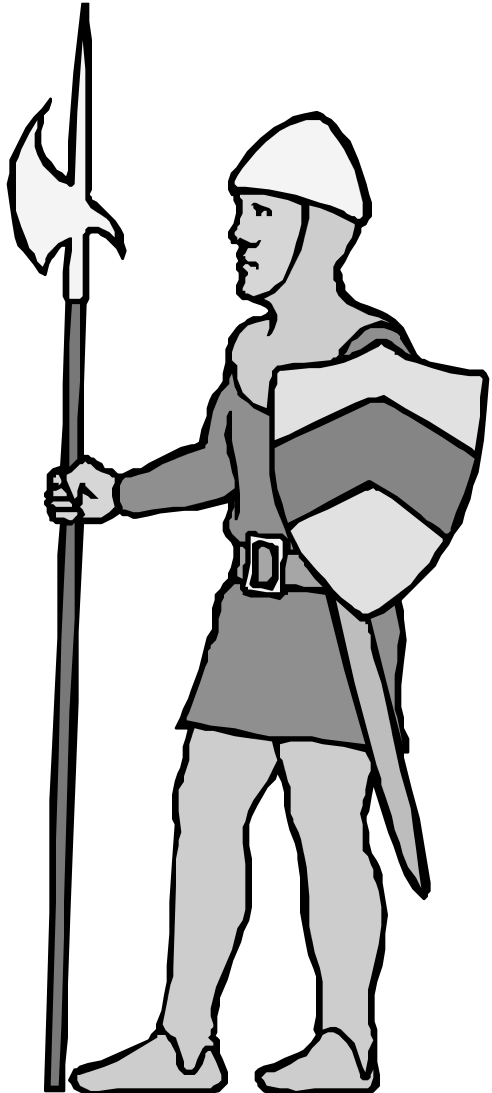
The halberd was used most frequently by the Swiss who used it as practically a national weapon for over a hundred years and it could be said that it was through their use of this weapon en masse that the Swiss Confederation became Switzerland.

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When the Swiss army encountered the Austrians at the battle of Morgarten in 1314 it would have seemed that the Swiss stood no chance as they were up against the cream of the Austrian nobility resplendent in full plate harness, and mounted on their destriers. The result was somewhat different from the expected one in fact, according to John of Winterthur "It was not a battle, but a mere butchery of Duke Leopold's men; for the mountain-folk slew them like sheep in a shambles; no quarter was given, they cut down all with no distinction. So great was the fierceness of the confederates that scores of the Austrian foot soldiers, when they saw the bravest knights falling helplessly, threw themselves in panic into the lake, preferring to drown rather than be hewn about by the dreadful weapons of their enemies."

halberd could do if a sword takes your napper straight off.

*SCOOT.*



A halberd also accounted for Charles of Burgundy at the battle of Sempach in 1386 where his head was split from temple to teeth with one stroke; he also was wearing full plate armour.

So please G.M.'s let's see some representative damage for halberds et al, just imagine what a vorpal

# CLUB NEWS

## Rescue of the Dauphin

On the first day of the month five figures sneaked out of the city individually meeting in the small hamlet of Anjermon in the tap-room of the Saint-André. The five were prepared for a long journey:

Chevalier Hosis of Deliver Brigade  
Major Brigade of Guards KM  
Chevalier Pino Noir, Minister  
without Portfolio  
Captain Adroit, Captain of the  
Royal Escort, RFG  
Captain Compaq 69<sup>th</sup>A  
Subaltern Tarte aide to Lt General  
Le Peu KM

Once all were in place and a drink to the success of the venture was toasted left together, traveling inconspicuously in the plain clothing of impoverished gentlemen heading south east from Paris.

Having surveyed the siege lines of Toulon and identified the area being used by the Cardinals Guard as well as a scout of the camp when possible they moved on the day of the assault itself. Once the walls had been breached and the main body of the Cardinals Guard charged off to do combat

in the city, the group shadowed the Crown Prince and his body-guard.

Seizing their moment as groups split off to fight in houses and streets all moved forwards on horses, Chevalier Deliver taking down one guardsman with his pistol as he turned to see what made the noise before dismounting and engaging Captain T'Ladd, aide to the Crown Prince. In the quick and bloody combat both skilled adversaries nicked each other before a slip allowed Chevalier Deliver to cut him down with a slash across his femoral artery.

Captain Compaq raced forwards and sent two guardsmen flying to the ground before dismounting and drawing steel. Unfortunately Major D'Arcy, who moved to engage him using the fired pistol as a makeshift club to complement his rapier, shot him in the arm. In a one sided affair as Captain Compaq battled for his life he was gashed across the shoulder and dropped his rapier. A well placed quick kick sent him sprawling to the ground only to be saved by the crack and retort of Subaltern Tartes Musket.



# CLUB NEWS

Injured D'Arcy ran into cover calling for aide at the top of his voice.

The remaining Guards easily finished off by Chevalier Noir and Captain Adroit before the shocked Crown Prince realised that these people were here to rescue him. As all mounted up and started to head off a squadron of 27<sup>th</sup> Musketeers moved to block their way being led by Major D'Arcy himself.

The ranked muskets loaded as the band headed for a side street, however a shot from D'Arcy's pistol caught the Crown Prince's horse. Killing it instantly and leaving the Crown Prince to take a heavy impact on the street as he jumped from the saddle. Seeing this Captain Compaq and Adroit spurred their horses against the Musketeers, racing to short range before opening up with two pistols each. (Through clenched teeth for Captain Compaq from the pain and blood of his wounded arm) Chevalier Noir seeing this turned his horse back and rushed to aid the Crown Prince, pulling him onto his horse. Before leaving showing excellent horsemanship skills from the ex-Royal Marine. For his troubles got a shot to the back of his shoulder.

Using their advantage of speed the companions soon outdistanced their foes despite being given chase and met back up at base camp, using fresh horses to leave and trying to evade the pursuit of a squadron of 101<sup>st</sup> Dragoons led by Major D'Arcy of the Cardinals Guard.

During their non stop race back to Paris stopping off at designated safe houses for fresh horses and food, it became apparent that Chevalier Noir's shoulder wound had festered and was oozing foul smelling green pus and blood causing untold pain to the Chevalier. Captain Compaq although his wounds were serious were quickly bound and escaped infection.

Once back in Paris the Group was escorted by a squad of Musketeers to the Palace where the Dauphin was reunited with his family. For thanks all were mentioned in dispatches quietly for execution of special duties and rewarded with a substantial sum of money crown each.

The Personal Royal Surgeon has been set aside to look after Chevalier Noir should he need it.

The Dauphin plans to host a party for the group in week three as his guests in Fleur des Lys.

# CLUB NEWS

## INTERLUDE 3 – 29<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1999

FELICITY PRICE STORMED DOWN THE HALLWAY. REACHING THE DOOR AT THE END SHE PAUSED TO COMPOSE HERSELF BEFORE WALKING REGALLY THROUGH THE DOOR AND INTO THE TEMPLE. PASSING THROUGH THE OUTER CHAMBERS SHE ENTERED THE TEMPLE PROPER AND BEGAN THE RITUAL CLEANSING. ONCE READY SHE ENTERED THE SANCTUM AND THEN PASSED THROUGH THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE TO THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS.

RETAKING HUMAN FORM SHE PULLED A ROBE ABOUT HERSELF, WIPING AS SHE CAUGHT HER BURNT FLANK, AND WALKED DOWNSTAIRS TO WHERE HER VISITOR WAITED. GIANCARLO MET HER AT THE DOOR AND, AFTER PAYING HIS RESPECTS, LED HER INTO THE CELL. "HE'S FINALLY BROKEN" THE GHOUL TOLD HER. "HE DIDN'T LAST ANYWHERE NEAR THE TIME I THOUGHT HE WOULD." LOOKING AT THE BATTERED PILE OF FLESH IN FRONT OF HER FELICITY WASN'T SURPRISED. GIANCARLO HAD BEEN A SADIST BEFORE SHE'D MET HIM AND UNDER THE FOLLOWERS TUTELAGE HE'D GROWN MORE SKILLFUL.

EXTENDING HER FANGS FELICITY RAISED HER HAND TO HER MOUTH AND TORE A GASH DOWN HER PALM. IGNORING THE FRISSOM OF PLEASURE AT THE TASTE OF THE DIVINE BLOOD SHE RAISED THE HEAD OF THE CAPTIVE AND HELD THE BLOODY PALM BETWEEN HIS LIPS. SHE GAVE HIM SEVERAL SECONDS TO DRINK BEFORE PULLING AWAY. WAITING UNTIL THE EUPHORIA FADED SHE BEGAN HER QUESTIONING, SKILL-

FULLY TEASING OUT THE INFORMATION SHE REQUIRED IN EXCHANGE FOR SMALL SIPS OF BLOOD. WATCHING FROM THE DOOR GIANCARLO FELT HIS OWN HUNGERS RISING AT THE SCENE IN FRONT OF HIM. AFTER GETTING WHAT SHE WANTED FELICITY MOVED AWAY, BLOOD COLOURING HER CHEEKS. "I'LL BE IN THE NEXT ROOM WHEN YOU'RE READY" SHE TOLD THE GHOUL. "HAVE FUN BUT DON'T KILL HIM. I HAVE PLANS FOR OUR GUEST."

PAUSING OUTSIDE BRIEFLY SHE HEARD THE FIRST SCREAM. PULLING OFF THE ROBE AND CONCEALING ON HER SIDE SHE HEALED THE LAST OF THE BURNS, FINISHING OFF THE JOB SHE HAD BEGUN SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE. TIME TO FEED AGAIN SHORTLY SHE BROODED, AS SHE WATCHED THE PINK FLESH LIGHTEN. AS THE LAST OF THE BLOOD DID IT'S WORK A PREDATORY SMILE SPREAD ACROSS HER FACE. GIANCARLO WOULD BE ALONG SOON TO RENEW HIS BONDS TO SET. ONCE THEY WERE FINISHED THERE SHE HAD A NEW TARGET TO BREAK. EVERYONE HAS A WEAKNESS AND IT WAS HER JOB TO FIND AND USE THEM FOR SET'S GREATER GLORY. NOW SHE HAD TO PLAN OUT A NEW CAMPAIGN. TIME TO CALL THE NEW YORK OFFICE AND PULL IN SOME LOCAL FAVOURS. WHISTLING TO HERSELF SHE ENTERED THE ROOM AND LOUNGED BONELESSLY ON THE COUCH AS SHE ENTERED A TWENTY DIGIT NUMBER. "GOOD EVENING" SHE BEGAN "I'LL LIKE TO SPEAK TO MR JAMES PLEASE."

## *Prudence goes around ze merry-go-round of love*

*By Madam Fiji D'chocolât*

Bonjour mes enfants, what can we say except ze passions are high in summer! All month long ze dashing gentlemen have been romancing ze ladies in ze dark times.

What more need I say when on week one our newcomers Msr Z.Orro came strolling up to Prudence's doorstep and knocking gained entry. Maybe it was ow you say ze size of ze hamper that his servant was carrying? Also Msr Zimbolene was successful with ze lady Juliette using ze-favoured bunch of flowers routine. Personally I think that this is entirely due to ze fact that Madame Juliette has not seen ze man pay her any attention for such a long time.

Week two saw Msr le Scroat appear on ze doorstep of Beautiful Prudence, flowers and champagne on ze tap. Surely Prudence could not be thinking of acceptance whilst her beau, Msr Z.Orro was busy elsewhere was she? Yes, in he went and enjoyed ze pleasant evening of wine dine and companionship. Surely Msr Z.Orro will be dicing and slicing when he hears about this foul fellow-non?

To make matters worse Msr Compaq, of late ze brave Captain in ze 69<sup>th</sup> introduced himself to Madame Juliettes maid wearing ze uniform of ze Kings Musketeer, Black company no less prestigious of ze two. His flowers chocolates and wine were much appreciated by Juliette, but not as much as ze uniform one thinks judg-

ing by ze was he sloped off with ze limp afterwards, tipping every beggar and street urchin as he went.

Lo and behold on week three that Brave medal wearing Dragoon Subaltern Dysoon appeared out of ze darkness like magic and swept Prudence off her feet and into ze bedchamber, for ze duration of ze evening much to ze annoyance of ze neighbours judging by all ze noise!

Week four saw, yes you guessed it, that knock, knock, knock on Madame Prudence's door. Surely no more she must be exhausted beyond all means with all ze attention? No, Before Msr Tarte had even introduced himself to ze lady he was dragged indoors and ze door shut and bolted. Presents festooned all over Ze Street like ze aftermath of a battle. Much to Msr Scroats disgust as he came to collect Prudence and found the door barred, caught in ze act oh-la-la!

Also on week four ze brave Lieutenant Inconnu, stormer of Spanish battleships arrived at Madame Juliettes doorstep and used his skills to assault and take hold of her position. Msr Compaq may well be having words about this.

As you can see mon ami, although ze weather is becoming cold, ze passions are heating up. What more shall next month hold in store for us? until then adieu

# CLUB NEWS

In what can only be explained as the most unusual place to hold a duel in all of Paris, an upstairs room in the Old Trout drinking establishment saw young Captain Marche of the 69<sup>th</sup> Arquebussiers and Msr le Méprise hold their duel to second touch over the belief that the other was responsible for the brawl leading to their gaoling last month. Admittedly, most of the patrons of the Old Trout's Taproom thought they went upstairs for a different reason entirely...

Captain Marche led the attack with a failed cut and thrust allowing Le Méprise to catch him along the forearm with a lazy riposte drawing blood. Cpt Marche leapt back and threw his rapier at le Méprise, who unbelieving his luck missed with his slash and cut combination, the rapier came to rest in a picture of a bowl of fruit. Seizing his advantage le Méprise tried to grapple and overbear his opponent but missed and overbalanced fell flat on his face to the floor, catching him on the chin with the room's bed. Wincing Cpt Marche allowed him to stand after retrieving his weapon, then the fight descended into total farce as Marche attempted a Slash and cut of his own only succeeding in breaking his belt and pants by the manoeuvre causing them to fall down to his knees. Méprise fared no better as his Lunge missed his opponent and embedded itself in the bed again, with a twist to release it his rapier broke, obviously either an

# Flashing Blades

By Van Rash

Heirloom passed down through the ages or simply not cared for by an idiotic peasant!

Obviously forgetting his now broken weapon Méprise tried an overhead hack on his foe, hopelessly overbalancing and tumbling to the ground again as his opponent jumped back desperately pulling up his pants again. Sensing victory within his grasp as Marche tried to hold his pants up le Méprise allowed his opponent to go first. Cpt Marche obliged and with an attempt to Cut and thrust whilst holding up a pair of pant not surprisingly missed allowing le Méprise to snatch victory with a riposte catching his opponent on the cheek with a pathetic nick.

Honour satisfied they prepared to leave only to be greeted by clapped hands. Turning both wore expressions of shock as in the open doorway leaned none other than Baron Klink, newly appointed Commissioner of Public Safety and one of his cronies Msr Jeckyl Anide with a squad of City Guard. Both were officially arrested although released and will be standing trial next month. Thankfully ended one of the poorest duels in the unrecorded history of Paris, maybe when they get out they should enrol at the fencing Schools and be taught how to fight properly rather than like a gang of children.

## INTERLUDE 4 – 31st AUGUST 1999

THE PLANE TOOK OFF AS HE WATCHED. FLIGHT 23 TO NEW ORLEANS ARRIVING AT 2AM LOCAL TIME. GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH. HE WOULDN'T MISS SEXTON AND THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO FINALLY GET SOMETHING DONE WITHOUT HER AROUND TO THROW HER OAR IN. WALKING BACK OUT THROUGH THE AIRPORT, NOW DISGUISED AS A STEWARD, THE NOSFERATU DID A DOUBLE TAKE AND HAD TO NEARLY PICK HIMSELF UP AS HE SAW THE PERSON HE HAD JUST WATCHED DEPART WALK OUT OF ONE OF THE CAFES AND HEAD TOWARDS THE ARRIVAL SECTION OF THE TERMINAL. IT CAN'T BE THE BITCH, HE TOLD HIMSELF, I JUST WATCHED HER GET ON A PLANE. I STAYED UNTIL THE DOOR SHUT TO MAKE SURE AND SHE DIDN'T LEAVE. HOW CAN SHE BE HERE NOW?

OBLIVIOUS TO HIS SCRUTINY NATASHA STOPPED AND GLANCED AT THE ARRIVAL BOARDS BEFORE CONTINUING ONWARDS. HIS MIND A WHIRL OF THOUGHTS THE NOSFERATU FOLLOWED HER, CAREFUL TO STAY WITHIN SIGHT OF HER AND VARYING HIS DISGUISE EVERY TIME HE GOT THE CHANCE.

HE FOLLOWED HIS TARGET UNTIL SHE REACHED HER DESTINATION AND THEN FADED INTO THE BACKGROUND TO WATCH. ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER SHE GOT UP AND WENT OVER TO GREET A NEW ARRIVAL THAT WAS LOOKING

AROUND OBVIOUSLY EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE. CAREFULLY SIDLING OVER HE CAUGHT THE END OF THE CONVERSATION. WHATEVER SHE HAD SAID SHE'D MANAGED TO GET THIS NEW VAMPIRE, FOR NOW HE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH HE COULD TELL WHAT THE NEW-COMER WAS, TO BELIEVE HER. HE WATCHED AND LISTENED AS SHE TEASED AND SEDUCED THE GUY INTO FOLLOWING HER OUT INTO THE CARPARK AND OVER TO A BLACK LIMOUSINE, ALL THE WHILE WISHING HE COULD STILL GAG.

IT WAS ONLY WHEN THEY TUMBLED TOGETHER INSIDE, OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND ONE WAY WINDOWS, THAT HE THOUGHT TO CHECK THE PLATES. ADD ANOTHER TO THE LIST OF SURPRISES HE THOUGHT. THAT'S MARCELLO'S TRANSPORT SHE'S USING. THE CAR PULLED AWAY AND ONTO THE MAIN ROAD LEAVING THE NOSFERATU BEHIND. SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERED SOMETHING AND DARTED AWAY INSIDE. TOO LATE HE REALISED, THEY'VE FOUND THE LUGGAGE HE LEFT BEHIND. STILL HE'D GOT A LOOK AT THE CASE. TIME TO TRY AND FIND IT. IT'LL ONLY TAKE MOST OF THE NIGHT TO GO THROUGH THE LEFT LUGGAGE QUIETLY.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER HE FOUND IT AND LOOKED AT THE NAME TAG. "GIOVANNI!" HE MURMURED "WHAT THE #%!\$ IS GOING ON.?"

# CLUB NEWS

**Reward Offered.** Vet attempting to backtrack route of drunken tiger that was caught in Princes Street Gardens 15th May 2053. Anyone who can help, please call Edinburgh Zoo on 0131-456-8125 and ask for Dr. MacGregor.

**Witnesses wanted.** Anyone who saw a car crushed by a falling cow at 3 a.m. last night on 17th Street.

**Attention Fishermen.** Are you looking for the catch of a lifetime? If so, come to The Silver Eel, Lankmar, for a once-in-a-lifetime fishing opportunity.

**Bonjour mon amies,**  
I Major, le Chevalier Christophe Lambert, hereby serve notice that I intend to hold a party for all persons on the last campaign. A good night is assured for all and any mistresses would be most welcome.

**Hot Stuff.** All casualties

# CLASS ADVERTIS

have been medivac'd home. You're on your own now. I look forward to your successful completion of the mission. Johnson.

**Captain, le Chevalier D'Arcy, oc Cardinals Guard**  
Congratulations on your, and I quote, "Victorious return from the campaign."  
Your failure to recover the Crown Prince from the hands of a few pox ridden dagoes is most enlightening. I intend to apply for the position of instructor at the Military Academy, I suggest you enrol and if you do so I will pay for your first weeks tuition, we will begin with basics - Guard duty rotas, positions and piquet patrols.  
With Compliments  
Captain le Chevalier Hosis of Deliver, oc Black company Kings Musketeers.

# SIFIED SMENTS

## CLUB NEWS

### **Brave souls to journey to the New World**

Should you be seeking adventure and fortune then by all means join our party! We embark on a long voyage where there be much dangers and chance of death by both sea and land all in the Name of France. Discover new territories and establish a foothold against the Spanish and English.

### **MechWarrior Wanted -**

Urgent vacancy for skilled Light BattleMech pilot. Team sports experience an advantage.

### **Are you a penitent man with a love of God?**

If so come to the parish of the penitent monk in the Bois de Bologne and ask for Abbe Vale

### **Are you Good as Gold?**

It's not too late to enter the 3025 Martial Olympics. If you are interested in forming or joining a team, contact the Olypic Committee, Outreach.

### **Saints Eve Fancy Dress Ball**

To celebrate hallows eve in the fourth week; it is my intention to host a fancy dress ball at my Chateau estate in Reims. All gentlemen of social standing and mistresses are welcome with a purse of 500 crowns available for the best costume. The recently widowed Lady Danielle Orleannais, Comtess du Orleannais, shall judge the results. For invitations send your letters courtesy of Msr Duexetdeux Iz quatre, Secretary to Lt General Viscomte Le Peu du Reims, Chateau Dis, Reims. Carriages will be arranged for your travels.

**Marcello.** Its your building. Please explain this - and how a cow got onto the roof unseen in the first place.

# WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

## Lankmar

## Vampire

And now  
for some-  
thing  
com-  
pletely

*(Crystal  
ball out  
of service*

-  
*No information*

**GM: Steve H**

Liz, Andrew,  
Geoff, Penny  
Scoot

**GM: Steve P**

John, Barry,  
Graham,

## BATTLED

## Psi & Colin

Welcome to the  
3025 Martial  
Olympics

Regis Quondam  
Regisque Futuri

**GM: Chrissy**

Paul C, Fudge

**GM: Kate/Colin**

Trevor, Paul K,  
Kate,

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.