

# CLUB NEWS

## Newsletter of the SASRA Roleplaying and Wargames Club

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



*Issue 49*

*September 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 823 372
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:-  
Steve P, Colin, John W, Barry,

### **Small Ads from:**

Steve P, Colin, Jo, Barry, Paul C

### **Artwork by:**

## Contributions

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

Alternatively, you can send it to:

Club News  
51 East Road  
Egremont  
Cumbria CA22 2EF

EMail it to:

**ClubNews@sasrafrp.co.ok**

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.

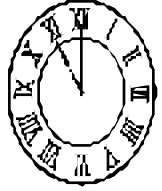
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# CLUB NEWS



The Club will be holding this year's  
**24-Hour Roleplay**



**On October 19th, 2002  
at the Falcon Club**

We will be raising money for the MacMillan Nurses and the Multiple Sclerosis Society (MSS) West Cumbria, Copeland branch. Last year the club raised £ 408, but I would like us to do even better this year. Sponsorships forms are available, please feel free to use both sides. If you haven't signed up for games yet please call me ASAP.

The club will provide a buffet in the evening and the bar will be open during normal hours. Hopefully a fun time will be had by all.

Chris M. Lincoln-Brown

## *Just a reminder...*

Please call me or tell me as soon as you know that you will be missing a night of your game.  
Thank you.

Chris L-Brown.

(01946) 823372



## Club News “42” Competition

After many months, I have finally been reminded that I still need to announce the results of the Club News “42” Competition. For those of you who don’t remember, since “42” is said to be the answer to Life, The Universe, and Everything, for Issue 42 we challenged you to submit any RPG-related questions you had to the Committee, and we would try to answer them for you, with the most interesting question winning it’s author a source book of their choice.

In the end, even with a two-month extension on the deadline, only two people submitted questions.

The winning question is

“Who is the God of Getting Up Late, and what powers does he grant his speciality Clerics?”

The Committee answers:

The God of Getting Up Late is an oriental deity, Lei Yin. His priests are easily identified, as they are always reciting the mantra “Just 5 more minutes...”

His speciality Clerics receive the following powers:

- 1st Level spell - Silence alarms (50’ radius)
- A plus 6 bonus on all tests to resist being woken up.
- 3rd Level special ability - Haste Self while packing up camp. This ability only works if the priest has stayed in bed at least one hour longer than every other member of the party.
- 5th Level spell - Conjure Comfy Bed (duration 18 hours)

Congratulations are due to Steve Proud for his winning question, and an honourable mention goes to Barry Lace for his entries.

Steve’s prize is a copy of the Scarred Lands - Ghelsped Campaign Setting.

## The next Arath events

**Come Into MY PARLOUR**

**&**

**ALL AT SEA**

Will be held on Friday 8th November and  
Saturday 9th November.

Closing date for Turnsheets is 30th September

Costs will be £25/£28 (Member/Non-Member)  
to play and £15/£18 to NPC

For more information, contact the Refs at  
[Arath\\_LRP@hotmail.com](mailto:Arath_LRP@hotmail.com).

*Coming Soon - Arath LRP Competition  
Watch this space...*

# Teolvar 3.5 Update

The Teolvar Refs would like to say a big

**THANK YOU**

to everyone who played or crewed on Teolvar 3½,  
especially those who stayed and helped to clean up.

As everyone who was on Teolvar 3.5 should now be aware, after many years of trying, the Club has finally managed to acquire a smoke machine. May we look forward to many more excitement packed events as the Mists roll in...

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## INTERLUDE 5 – 3RD SEPTEMBER 1999

WITH A SIGH THE NOSFERATU GATHERED TOGETHER HIS NOTES. THE PRINCE WAS NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS ONE LITTLE BIT. MASQUERADE? WHAT MASQUERADE? BY THE TIME THIS LOT WERE FINISHED THEY MIGHT AS WELL ALL HAND THE CITY OVER TO THE SABBAT. THERE WOULD BE A LOT LESS DISRUPTION.

IF IT WASN'T MALKAVIANS PLAYING AT DRACULA IN NIGHTCLUBS OR DISCUSSING VAMPIRIC ORIGINS IN CHURCHES WITH TOREADORS THEN IT WAS BRUJAH ON THE RAMPAGE IN THE MOST OBVIOUS FASHION - AND THE NEWLY APPOINTED SHERIFF OF ALL PEOPLE.

PEERING MYOPICALLY AT THE CRABBED HANDWRITING HE READ THE REPORT AGAIN AND STILL COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. CARLOS RIVIERA APPEARED TO BE FIGHTING A SMALL WAR AND LOSING BADLY. IT HAD STARTED WITH SOMEONE SHIPING AT HIM EVERY TIME HE LEFT HIS HAVEN OVER A WEEK AGO (WHICH IS WHAT HAD ATTRACTED THE NOSFERATU'S ATTENTION). ON AT LEAST ONE OCCASION HE HAD USED CELERITY TO GET TO THE SHOOTER BEFORE HE FLED AND

HAD THROWN THE GUY OUT OF A FIFTH STOREY WINDOW. HOWEVER THE SHIPER HAD JUST GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY (HOPPED, HE AMENDED - ONE BADLY BROKEN LEG AMONG THE OTHER WOUNDS, BUT NO BLOOD).

AFTER THAT THINGS HAD GOTTEN SERIOUS. THE NEXT TIME RIVIERA HAD PULLED THE ENHANCED SPEED TRICK THERE HAD BEEN TWO EXPLOSIONS FROM THE APARTMENT WHERE THE SHIPER HAD BEEN. RIVIERA HAD STAGGERED OUT, CLOTHING IN TATTERS, BUT ONLY AFTER HE HAD FINISHED WRECKING THE SPOT IN A FINE DISPLAY OF BRUJAH TEMPER.

THE NEXT NIGHT RIVIERA HADN'T BEEN AT HIS HAVEN. INSTEAD HE HAD EMERGED FROM THE SEWERS A FEW BLOCKS AWAY. HE THEN KILLED A HOOKER AND DRAINED HER DRY, DISPOSED OF THE BODY BY THROWING IT UP ON TO THE ROOF (EIGHT STORES, HE NOTED) AND THEN USED CELERITY TO GET HOME. A FEW SECONDS AFTER THAT HIS APARTMENT BECAME THE CENTRE OF A HUGE FIREBALL. A BADLY BURNED RIVIERA HAD GOTTEN OUT AND, AFTER



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LOSING ALL HIS BURNING CLOTHING EXCEPT FOR A LEATHER POUCH, HAD TAKEN TO THE ROOFTOPS TO ESCAPE.

AFTER THAT HE HAD DISAPPEARED FOR A BIT AND THE WATCHER HAD RETREATED AS ALL THE KING EMERGENCY SERVICES (AND LATER THE FBI) HAD ARRIVED. RIVIERA HAD REAPPEARED DOWN BY THE DOCKS. THE WATCHER DOWN THERE HAD SEEN HIM KILL AND DRAIN TWO MORE WOMEN, WHO WERE SIMPLY IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME. HE COULDN'T BLAME THEM FOR FREAKING WHEN THEY SAW RIVIERA - A TALL POWERFULLY BUILT MAN DRESSED ONLY IN A LEATHER JOCKSTRAP WITH PALE SKIN AND PERMANENTLY EXTENDED CANINES, CARRYING A BLOODLESS BROKEN FEMALE CORPSE OVER ONE SHOULDER.

RIVIERA HAD THROWN ALL THE BODIES AS FAR INTO THE SEA AS HE COULD. HOPEFULLY THEY WON'T WASH ASHORE ANYWHERE NEAR HERE. THEN HE HAD HEADED BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE FIRE THAT USED TO BE HIS HAVEN. WHEN HE ARRIVED HE HAD ATTACKED THE EMERGENCY SERVICES IN FRENZY AND TORN A NUMBER OF THEM APART.

FINALLY

THE SCOURGE HAD TAKEN HIM DOWN. PRICE HAD SOMEHOW HEARD WHAT WAS GOING ON AND TURNED UP AND PUT BOTH BARRELS OF HIS SHOTGUN THROUGH RIVIERA'S HEAD. HE HAD PULLED SOME KIND OF TRICK TO DISPOSE OF THE BODY QUICKLY AND THE FACT THAT MARCELLO'S LIMO HAD BEEN SEEN DOWN THE STREET MEANT THAT HE WAS INVOLVED AS WELL.

WITH THE NUMBER OF WITNESSES THAT COULD HAVE BEEN AROUND THIS COULD BE A BAD ONE. THE NATIONAL INQUIRER AND THE FORTEAN TIMES ALONE WERE GOING TO HAVE A FIELD DAY WITH THIS ONE. AND GOD KNOWS HOW MANY VAMPIRE HUNTERS THIS WOULD PULL IN. DAMAGE CONTROL WAS GOING TO HAVE TO GO INTO OVERDRIVE FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS.

MURMURING HALF-HEARTED COMMENTS ABOUT LEAVING TOWN THE NOSFERATU PULLED THE NEXT REPORT OUT OF THE PILE AND BEGAN READING. MORE GOOD NEWS, THIS TIME IT WAS THE TREMERE...

*Steve Proud*

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## DIABLO INTERLUDE

Andariel sat bored on her throne; slowly a pout started to form on one side of her beautiful chiselled features, like fine porcelain. Infectious it grew unchecked and spread closely followed by a frown before those full, fine green lips smiled and a laugh started.

“Your work is starting to bear fruit Dragon Weaver, our brave rogue Tamara here is about to break. Can you not tell by the change in her screams?” She asked, the quiet menace carried in her voice spoke of command and authority. Startled from his work Doom Weaver the Destroyer looked up and saw his mistress, the Demon Queen Andariel happy, the first time in months since she had personally corrupted the greatest Captain that the Sisterhood of the Sightless Eye possessed, Blood Raven.

“My Queen is too kind” he answered as the bloody mess

laid out in front of him moved slightly shaken by sobs of pain.

“Sweet child, listen to me, I can stop this pain for you at any time and I will. If only you would do me a small favour in return, so easy and harmless. Merely tell me all you know about them, this group of strangers in the camp. The Barbarians Bob and Kurn as well as the Paladins of Zakarum, Duncan Talonspike and Feckabix of Nabisco,” Andariels said as she moved over to look at the injured Rogue, calmly stroking her hair with her human hand in a soothing motion as she leaned closer and gently whispered, “Join our forces, you know that my master Diablo, Lord of Terror will win the day. Your pathetic order is all but destroyed and you number less than three dozen. The passage east is closed and shall remain that way, your precious heroes

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shall have their bones ground to dust beneath our might. What do you say... Sister?"

"I will tell, please, just make the pains stop" the Rogue managed to whisper. Andariels smile grew to monstrous size as she stood and laughed deeply, arms spread wide as she spun in circles, both pairs of Arachnid Spinner arms joining easily dwarfing the innocent human arms.

"I am Andariel, Demon Queen and corrupter here me ROOOAR!"

"Doom Weaver, prepare your forces for ambush in the third level of the Catacombs, take Puke Reaper the Grim and his minions with you" Andariel ordered as she sat back on the throne in contentment, pausing only long enough to tear the head off the shoulders from a

small and annoying Warped One who got too close.

"Yes my Queen, these heroes shall be crushed" the Goatman said as he picked up his war axe and headed towards his herd. Already the Vampire known as Puke Reaper was leaving to find a good place for an ambush, the fire in his eyes burning brighter.

"You are a credit to your clan Doom Weaver" Andariel calmly stated as she watched them leave. The sound of chanting slowly building in the background to a culmination as the headless Warped One was resurrected by its Shaman. It looked at the figure of its Queen and ran away before it was killed again. Pathetic vermin Andariel thought as she went back to her thoughts and musings

*Colin Proud*



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*To my faithful servant Kyrin,*

*I am relieved to hear that you are safe and well. I must admit, I thought you dead when I received word that you had not arrived. The King of Ylourgne sent a runner to ask me what had happened. I knew that you would not have just shunned the responsibility despite what some of the courtiers have said. Thankfully, your untimely disappearance did not affect the business I had with the king. My daughter Gabrielle was married to her betrothed Dominick last week and the two kingdoms now have good trade and communication with each other.*

*My youngest daughter, Alyssa, has been asking me where you are and when you are coming back. I think that she has been slightly more taken with you than she used to let on since you disappeared. It's strange really. When you were here you spent a lot of time together and she never really thought about you that much. However, now that you are missing she clearly misses the time you used to spend together. Probably something regarding the unattainable.*

*I am most intrigued by this finding you wrote to me about. Are you absolutely certain that this young woman is who she claims to be? If so then her destiny has yet to be fulfilled. It is strange however that you mention all of these other people. There were definitely reports of a magus as a companion, that much is true and a member of some priestly order. However I have had the scholars scour through any texts from that period in history and, I must say, that some of your companions are not even mentioned by description, let alone name. There is only so much written however, like you said mostly the fancies of minstrels. It may be that none of our records are entirely accurate.*

*All in all, you have got a serious decision to make my friend. What you choose to tell people is a thing that only you can judge. Do you think that it will make any form of difference if you tell what is history to you? Keep me informed of your progress. I do hope, however, that you will be able to make it home. This would really give the bards something to talk about and could very well cast a whole new light on the legend of the woman who "single-handedly" restored our civilisation.*

*I wish you well on your journey,*

*Queen Isidore*

# Hunter and Prey

The commandeered transport bounced along the hastily repaired roadway, Sergeant Tyler looked out through the canvas flap covering the back of the truck. The rain that had started after the Cobalt's Landing battle continued, turning into sleet as they headed inland, towards higher ground. This hemisphere of the contested planet of Azure was heading into its winter and the Imperial Armies were heading for a siege somewhere in the local highlands.

"I don't understand why the Navy just doesn't blow the frag out of the thing from orbit" said Trooper Kelly, newly arrived from the heavily mauled third platoon.

Corporal Forester glared at him "The Navy has enough on its mind keeping the Hegemony from reinforcing their forces here" the weight of his voice finished any arguments before they started.

Tyler remembered that Forester had a brother on the *Hermes*, and not even the enmity the Guard had for the Navy could displace that. He then glanced at the officer sleeping at

the front, roughly behind where the driver was. Lieutenant Kincaid was their platoon officer, newly recovered from a bout of the local flu. He had not appeared to notice the brief tirade between the two soldiers, in fact he was still asleep judging by the gentle snoring coming from under the tipped helmet. The truck went over another ripple in the road, swung to the right and stopped, the squad reached for their weapons and readjusted their greatcoats. The stop wasn't scheduled. Carefully Tyler and Trooper Blake unlatched the back of the lorry and let it drop; they dropped out into the sleet and the mud. Other lorries were stopping behind them and there was already a line on the other side of the road. Among the small number of Praetorian troopers and NCO's milling around were a number of officers hastily making their way down the line. Behind them troopers were dismounting in full battledress.

Tyler called into the transport "Reynolds, wake up the Lieutenant." Reynolds moved to do so only for Lieutenant Kincaid to straighten his helmet, nod at him and move to the

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open hatch, collecting trench coat on route. The small group of officers and their attendants were almost at the hatch when Kincaid jumped out to meet them. Kincaid, Tyler and Blake saluted them when they came level and stopped. The salute was returned.

“What’s the hold-up Sir?” asked Kincaid.

The officer in charge, a major by his insignia replied “Hegemony irregulars mined the bridge over Tapers Gorge, they set it off as the Sixtieth Cadia Mechanised was crossing. Both sides of the gorge are a mess and before the bridging unit comes up Command want's the entire area swept in case there are more surprises waiting for us. So form your men up by squad and get to it”

Kincaid saluted again “Yessir!” and turned to Tyler as the officers returned the way they had came.

“Sergeant, pick a volunteer to call the platoon to readiness and I’ll detail them off.”

Tyler nodded to Blake who turned and ran off down the line of transports that contained the rest of fifth platoon “Already being done sir.”

Kincaid nodded and pulled himself back inside the transport as the squad, and the platoon as a whole, began to deploy in a muddy moor in

the pouring rain and sleet.

The sleet cut the visibility down to about twenty feet at best. Other times the squad was lucky to see even ten. Away from the road the landscape had become even hillier, sparse woodlands covered the slopes in many places. Lieutenant Kincaid shivered slightly, wishing for the warmer climes of Cape City on Pretoria. However he had a job to do here, with practised ease Tyler’s squad was moving through the brush, making their uniform blend into the background as best as they could. Kincaid himself was not as good as they were, having returned to the regiment only two days after the battle in Cobalt Landing and this was essentially his first action. As carefully as he could he advanced, Tyler not far from his side. Tyler winced slightly; the Lieutenant was slowing them down slightly, his inexperience showing through as he over cautiously walked up what was probably not the best way up the incline. Tyler turned his attention back to his own chosen pathway up the hill. Ahead of him he could see Trooper Blake slowly approaching the crest of the hill. Blake sneaked a look over the top of the hill; no one fired at him so he judged it safe to

stand up. Below him the hillside dipped steeply into a rocky gully, below water cascaded down a series of small waterfalls. He began to make his way down the slope placing his feet more and more carefully as the grass spattered out into wet soil and slickly smooth rocks. Kincaid watched the trooper, Blake he thought, disappear over the crest of the hill and down out of sight as the rest of the squad advanced. Soon they were also dropping down into the gully, cursing slightly as some of them slid on the tricky ground. From some way to the north the sound of mechanised warfare started, somewhere, he thought, on the other side of Tapers Gorge. At the bottom of the gorge he saw Blake and Sergeant Tyler talking, carefully he made his way down to them.

“Well?” he asked Tyler.

“Other side of the gully’s impassable sir, looks like it collapsed”.

Kincaid thought about this for a second “Collapsed, or blown out?”

Tyler ran his hand over his stubble “Possibly, but if it was blown, there’s no scorch marks or smell of cordite.” He paused thinking “This weather could have erased any evidence pretty quickly.”

Kincaid nodded again and began sorting through his pockets, eventu-

ally pulling out a plastic enveloped map. He traced along the road until he found the spot where they’d pulled over, then he moved his finger across the map until he came to roughly the area that they were presently in.

“Sergeant. If we continue on down this gully” Tyler looked at the offered map “We should possibly come out... here” Kincaid pointed to a black square on their side of Tapers Gorge.

Tyler nodded in agreement and returned the map to Lieutenant Kincaid and turned to his men.

“Okay, we’ve decided to head down the gully, move out!”

They watched the Imperial unit enter the gully from their hidden position on the other side. Five Hegemony Commandos, elite soldiers who excelled in any terrain, their immense patience held them from attacking, now wasn’t the time. The Imperial unit was heading in exactly the direction they wanted them to, straight down the gully towards the power station and the trap waiting for them there. The leader signalled his men to follow the Imperials on this side; they were the insurance, the hammer to the Jaeger’s anvil. He smiled slightly with the just use of the Imperial euphemism.

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The going was slow, the weather and the slippery rocks making the Guardsmen aware of how easy it could be to fall and become injured. The small stream gave off a constant gurgling, the only other sound apart from the eleven guardsmen's mutters and swearing as they descended the slight declination of the gully. Trooper Blake watched the far side of the stream, there was a feeling niggling t h e b a c k of his mind and the hairs on the back of his neck were standing up. He couldn't help having the feeling that they were being watched. He shook his head, that road led to things that could get you killed. The sound of a slight rock fall had him automatically pulling his head around to look at the far bank; his lasgun was half off his shoulder when he saw something skittering out of the bushes. He relaxed as the... fox? Disappeared down a hole.



The commandos silently dropped prone as the fox disturbed from some bushes by a slide of stones attracted the attention of the Imperial scout. The scout visibly relaxed and began to turn away. As Blake turned he caught some movement on the far side of the gully; light had glinted off metal momentarily. He concentrated on continuing the movement as if it was a cursory look. Yes he could make out some irregular shadows that weren't natural. He surveyed the terrain again, as if not worried and turned back towards the rest of the squad, setting of in as relaxed a walk as he could on the wet ground. The leader watched him go the Imperium scout was good, he gave him that, but he still hadn't seen his commandos. Or had he? The scout looked as if he had seen nothing but the commando leader thought he had seen a brief pause after the scout had seen the fox. The scout moved further



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away, as fast as he could go on the wet ground. Damn, he had seen them! He activated his helmet comlink.

“Alpha to Bravo, operation Vice rumbled. Beginning operation Wasp’s Sting.” He paused for acknowledgement before changing channels “Alpha lead to team, operation Wasp’s Sting is go.”

Trooper Blake dove into cover as the first shots rang out, he rolled behind a large tree stump. Eruptions of wet earth and stone chipping signified how close the shots had been, he quickly fired a couple of shots at a figure moving on the other bank before he ducked down again. They all heard the firing, Tyler nodded to his men as they made ready and he drew his bolt pistol and power sword. A quick glance showed that Lieutenant Kinkaid had drew his own bolt pistol and power sword.

*“Ambush on the far bank!”* That was trooper Blake over the unit’s microbead.

They made their way forwards, watching for movement on the far bank. They could now see flashes of light from the opposite bank, the ambusher’s gunfire, as well as hearing them. The ten men spread themselves out into a skirmish line and

advanced towards the firefight.

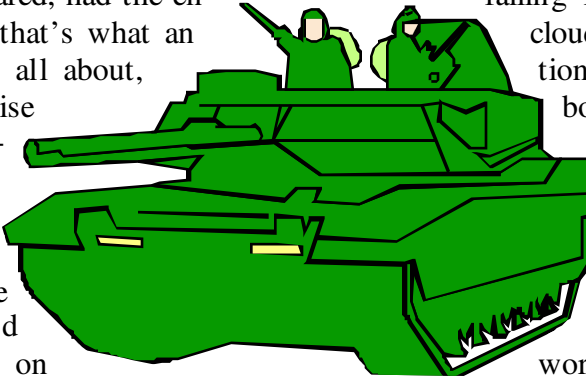
The commando’s reacted quickly to the arrival of the other Imperial troops, switching most of their fire to them. Again the commando leader watched as the Imperials returned fire as they made for cover; they were good. He aimed at the boulder where one was hiding and fired.

Fosters helmet was blown off his head by sudden burst of gunfire, he slid further down the boulder to where his pack lay and hooked it with his foot. Another burst of gunfire stitched the earth where it had lain, he guessed that the shooter was using some sort of sub automatic stubber. Pulling his grenade launcher close he selected a frag grenade and set it up, mortar fashion, using the bolder as support. Now all he had to do was see where the enemy gunman was. From his pack he pulled a lightweight trench-scope and the spare ammunition for both his grenade launcher and his Las pistol. Carefully he began to raise the trench-scope, just before it got to the top of the bolder he swung the pack out towards the stream. He raised the scope for a short second; long enough to see where the muzzle flash as the gunman followed the arching

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pack.

Kincaid ducked into a slight lip and swore, it was half full of cold water, that would come up to mid shin on a standing man, but as he was crouching it came up to mid calf. If that wasn't enough something slithered in the water, thankfully it moved away from him. Carefully he looked around him, Tyler's squad had taken cover as best they could, so it appeared, had the enemy. Yet that's what an ambush is all about, to surprise your enemy and inflict casualties. He spotted movement on the other embankment and snapped off a couple of shots, a body rolled out from some bushes and into the stream. This drew him fire from other enemies, still hidden and still alive. Suddenly an area roughly two meters in diameter was launched in the air, orange/red flames briefly mingled and a small rain of earth, foliage and what he realised were the remains of people dropped around him.



The Alpha tried to get a bead on the Imperial trooper with the grenade launcher; the man had taken cover behind a large boulder. He had already caught the troopers helmet and it now lay a few feet to one side, a sudden movement caught his attention and he followed it, firing his P40A SMG. To late he realised that it was a diversion, some form of backpack and he cursed himself for falling for it. A small gas cloud brought his attention briefly back to the boulder and he had enough time to see the grenade dropping down towards him in what seemed a lazy ark. He blinked and his world erupted into pain for a brief second, then a final darkness overtook him.

The remaining commandos began to pull out. With three out of five dead they were in danger of being wiped out and their training allowed for such tactical decisions. Careful as not to give away their objective they pulled back into the tree line, only occasionally firing at the Imperial troops, more to keep them

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from following than anything else.

The enemy just seemed to fade away and disappear from the area. Tyler motioned for his squad to move towards the stream carefully. McDonald minor began to jog to the stream but he was premature, a burst of semi-automatic fire would have cut him in two if he hadn't dropped and rolled back into cover. That proved to be the last shots fired, the squad moved towards the stream in skirmish fashion, one man running whilst covered by another. Tyler looked around for Lieutenant Kincaid and saw him moving like the rest of the squad, the man was beginning to re-learn the skills of the job after his long convalescence. The far bank proved to be empty of both the enemy and any animals that may have been around. However, Tyler wasn't taking any chances and he posted sentries just in case. They hauled the dead body out of the stream, a difficult job given the depth of the water at that point. Foster recovered what was left of his helmet and backpack; both were pretty much useless. After a bit of rummaging he pulled out his forage cap, the bullets had remarkably missed it. Tyler walked to where troopers Kelly and Wells were checking the dead body.

"Anything" he asked.

Kelly shook his head "Not much, just some rations, spare ammunition and a water bottle."

Lieutenant Kincaid approached, his uniform was a mess and he squelched when he walked, but this didn't seem to bother him too much. He nodded at the body.

"Wont find much on him, Hegemony commando's are an elite and only carry what they need, if his kit isn't here then they've a base or a camp somewhere near."

Tyler nodded, the Lieutenant was showing some insight and that suprised him, and prior to the fire-fight the Lieutenant had shown little true leadership. Tyler remembered the hastily given orders from a few night back and the second fight on the docks and he hopped that the Lieutenant had been no way involved in that conspiracy. The lieutenant needed to be watched.

"Need to make a decision here Sergeant, do we keep advancing or do we return to the road."

Before Tyler could answer trooper Reynolds, the squad communications officer came over.

"Sirs, we've been called back to the road, all hells broken loose."

*John Weir*

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*For the Month  
of:  
June 1607*

## *Parisian Society The Talk of the Town*

*Just 1 Crown for  
Home delivery*

### **Court News**

**By Msr Nosie Buggeur**

In week one a grand court was held and the main topic was the proposed treaty with Holland which, it turns out, was very favourably received by Maurice of Nassau. The treaty received official royal approval and motions were taken into consideration for a co-ordinated assault on the Spanish in the north.

Baron Deliver was in charge of the guard ably assisted by M. Tarte, both gentlemen carried out their duties efficiently but failed to attract any specific attention.

In week two there was no court business but the building must still be guarded so hats off to M. Adroit for volunteering to guard an empty court.

In week three there was another Grand Court held with M. Adroit, master guard of vacant buildings, in attendance with Beatrice. Both of these gentlepeople made a good overall impression.

Baron Deliver was again in charge of the guard and as a consequence was promoted to Brevet Brigadier General for the consistently good turn out of the K. M. since his assumption of command.

In week four there was a government court where the options for military action in the north were again discussed. In consequence His Majesty has decided to take the field in person and requested the presence of his Field Marshals to discuss battlefield strategies behind closed doors.

### **At the Front**

**By Gen P.Ractice (ret.)**

Strange occurrences have been reported at the Front this month, talk of treaties with the Prince of Orange against the Spanish forces and a carriage heading over the border under pursuit from Guards. Those are just on our side too... The Famed General Valentino has been busy too as border skirmishes have shown that we fight

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not enlisted scruffy peasants but battle hardened and well-trained Arquebusiers, something which will not be missed by General Robs Pierre as he patrols his borders.

Rumour also has it, but it has not been proved that the Barcelona Conquistadors themselves have been seen in force on the frontier as well as in the Austrian capital. This can mean but one thing itself, King Phillip II of Spain himself is no longer sitting by on his golden throne in his golden castle...

A call has gone out for volunteers and brave men to strike deep in lightning fast raids on Spanish positions as our intelligence in the field is poor. The Spanish are amassing but we do not know where...

Those dastardly Spanish have been up to their usual tricks again; The Cutter "Rose-Marie" of Lieutenant Zimbolene has been in dry docks for extensive repairs because of damage taken in the build up for last month's campaign. Fully repaired it was allowed to leave the dry docks and sank in the harbour!

As it turns out sabotage has occurred which can only mean one thing, the Spanish! The cutters keel was cracked along the entire length and soon buckled and took on water. We are

sorry to report the deaths of five of its skeleton crew who were trapped below decks trying in vain to save the ship from sinking. Come summer I am sure that they will be venged in Spanish blood on the open seas...

## Bizarre

### By Msr Plume de ma Tante

In week one I began my hunt for gossip by stepping into Hunters and found my old friend M.De Boeuf who was enjoying a quiet bite and sup with his cashtastic mistress Drusilla I joined them for a while and was surprised to find that my old friend would not be taking part in next month's tournament.

I rounded off week one with a walk into Blue Gables where I found Msr A la Pousin and Natalie having a good carouse. M. A La Pousin imbibed way too much wine and then headed to the tables where against all conceivable odds managed to win.

In week three I called into Red Phillips where I found M. Zimbolene who was out on the town with Juliette, they seemed more intent on each other's company so I left them to their own devices and headed down the road.

My next port of call was Bothwells

# CLUB NEWS

where Chev. Weasel and the lovely Emilia were enjoying themselves by spending some of the not inconsiderable funds won from Baron Deliver on the Derby. Consequently I decided to tarry a while and help my old friends dispose of this timely windfall.

I finished off week three by sticking my head round the door of Hunters where I was struck down by my old curse (yes I found someone drinking alone again). It was none other than my old compatriot M. De Boeuf so we set to with due aplomb and had to support each other out of the club at the end of the night.

In week four I was invited to an early dinner at the Fleur De Lys where the Crown Prince was entertaining Baron Deliver and the enchanting Suzette. It turned out that this was possibly the last time such a meal would occur due to the good Baron's promotion to Brevet Brigadier General (it looks like he will accept it this time). In any case the Crown Prince sang the praises of the Baron as his aide and presented him with the ownership deeds of a magnificent black stallion as way of a thank you.

My next port of call was Bothwells where Chev. Weasel was out celebrating with the lovely Emilia again and making

further inroads into Baron Deliver's money.

I then headed into Hunters where Chev. Lambert was entertaining the gorgeous Justine so I joined them for a few snifters and was surprised to find that the Chevalier will not be taking part in the upcoming tournament either. I also spotted M. Adroit who seemed to be lavishing lots of attention on Beatrice and indeed lots of money (lots of expensive wines), a most unusual circumstance given the huge bank balance of the lovely lady. By the end of the evening, I hear, M. Adroit ended up well in his cups having tried to prove his knowledge of fine wines by consuming most of them.

I rounded off week four in Blue Gables where I ran into a new face in town, one M. Iznobout who was celebrating his acceptance into the Picardy Musketeers. I made myself known to the young gentleman and proceeded to assist him in making a hole in his purse.

Well that's it from your good friend mes amis, at least for this month. Au'voir!

**The Spaniard in the Golden Mask finished a good first try!  
from Msr Ivana Gohome**

# CLUB NEWS

All throughout this month many Parisians have flocked to see the play, written by a Frenchman, about Frenchmen, and the humiliation of Spain...Surely it could not fail?

The opening night saw Msr Deceit in his box with his guest Msr D'Oppullont as they watched their mistresses in action. Other notables included the Duke of Buckingham (who seemed somewhat aloof and watched DeCeit like a hawk throughout) whose box was next to Princess Louisa as she acted the nursemaid to the young Prince Louis and Princess Anna-Marie as they watched rapt their nursemaid Madame Emmanuelle acted her way as Queen Isobella of Spain.

The opening night Party hosted in Red Phillips by our playwright Lucifé DeCeit attended by Msr D'Oppullont. It should be noted that whilst Red Phillips is generally frowned upon as being somewhat childish and uncultured by its other gentlemen club rivals it did nothing but good for its name as all clientele were well behaved and the spread and drink was excellent. However it would seem that the Duke of Buckingham had other matters on his mind as heedless of the play he confronted Msr DeCeit about the contents of a certain bag which had

found its way into the possession of one of his staff. A jockey in fact just last month and how it had influenced said jockey to throw a certain race of high prestige. Naturally DeCeit was shocked and denied everything but I am led to believe that others in the Dukes household took matters into their own hands later in the night and both they and Msr DeCeit shall enjoy their time in the Bastille for the week which follows.

Msr D'oppullont however had nothing but praise for the play, which I think, was perhaps biased heavily given that his mistress, Annika had taken part and he is understood to help fund the effort. I would ask others later on in the month.

Week three saw the Frontier Pirate Msr Zimbolene hiring a box and inviting as his guests Msr Tarte and his wife Prudence. Opposite them was the other infamous pirate, the corsair Roquefort with his mistress Marie. Like myself they enjoyed the play but the shoestring production showed through with canvas sets and old moth eaten costumes. Perhaps next time Msr DeCeit will get better investors as these small things affect a play so much. None the less for a first try A is for Effort, the play however is received as nothing Special.

# CLUB NEWS

Next month we hope for much better as the playwright Donald Van Trumpe brings us the delights of Montzemuna, a fantastic war epic tracking of one

mans defiance against an overwhelming force and the friendships that form because of it. Billed as being without budget in its pursuit of quality, sets which include

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## The Social Ladder

Name	Player	Initial SL	SP Awarded	Final SL
Viscompte Pino Noir du Bourges	Fudge	20	35	20
Baron Hosis of Deliver D' Auxerre	Scoot	20	46	20
Msr Adroit	Graeme	15	43	15
Chevalier Black Weasel	Bob	14	35	14
Chevalier Partois CdG	Newton	13	23	13
Msr Curtains de Boeuf	LST	12	20	12
Chevalier Christophe Lambert	Barry	12	20	12
Msr Tarte	Gary	10	22	10
Msr D' Oppullont	Paul C	9	21	9
Msr Saute A la Pousin	Mitch	8	19	8
Msr Pierre-Yves Iznobout	Dave Lace	7	10	7
Msr Pierre le Scroat	Reg	7	14	7
Msr Robert le Partisan	Jo	7	19	7
Msr Roquefort	Steve H	7	17	7
Msr Inconnu	Geoff	6	9	6
Msr Lucifé DeCeit	Colin	5	22	6
Msr Jean-Paul Gaultiér	Andrew	5	Captured	5
Msr Allon Marche	John	4	Frontiers	4
Msr Zachari a Zimboline	Bowch	3	16	4
Msr Jean-Claude Van Varenberg	Paul L	2	Frontiers	2



# CLUB NEWS

six lions and maidens whose beauty you would burn your own eyes out once viewed as all other ladies pale in comparison.

The opening night party shall be hosted in the Blue gables (SL5+ welcome)

## The Ladies of Paris

Name	SL	Attributes	Influence	Lover
Princess Louisa	21	I/W	9,9	
Beatrice	17	W	8	Msr Adroit
Suzette	17	B/I	8.9	Chevalier Deliver
Emilia	16	B/I	6,7	Chevalier Weasel
Drusilla	14	W	6	Msr de Boeuf
Natalie	13		5	Msr A la Pousin
Nicole	12	B	4	Chevalier Partois
Rosalie	12		4	
Annika	11		4	Msr D'Oppullont
Isabella	10	I/W/A (1)	3,4,7	
Josephine	10	B/A(2)	2,8	
Emanuelle (M) (P)	9	I/A (3)	2,3,8	Msr DeCeit
Marie	9	B	1	Msr Roquefort
Prudence (M)	9	I/B	2,3	Msr Tarte
Anais	8	B/W	1	Msr Gaultier (Captured)
Justine	6	B/W/I	1	Chevalier Lambert
Charmaine	6		-	
Juliette	6		-	Msr Zimbolene (Frontiers)

Attributes: B=Beautiful I=Influential W=Wealthy A=Appointment (1-aidé -PL, 2=LIW-Queen, 3=Royal Nursemaid) E=Engaged, P=Pregnant, M=Married

# CLUB NEWS

## INTERLUDE 6 – 2ND SEPTEMBER 1999

“GOOD EVENING, REX.”

VINCENT PRICE, ERSTWHILE SCOURGE OF THE CITY AND CURRENT BEATER OF APPEMEN, SCOWLED AS HE HUNG UP HIS COAT AND LOOKED AROUND FOR THE UNWANTED VISITOR. “GOOD EVENING, CLEO” HE RESPONDED SEEING HER INSPECTING THE STATUES AROUND THE ENTRANCE HALL. “WHAT DO YOU THINK?”

“THAT YOU MUST HAVE SOME CLOUT TO GET THE LITTLE PRIMA DONNA TO HAVE POSED FOR THIS. TRUE TO LIFE?”

“SO I’M TOLD. WHY ARE YOU HERE?” HE ASKED. “IN A MINUTE” SHE REPLIED. “FIRSTLY THOUGH, I NEED TO BORROW YOUR OFFICE FOR A FEW DAYS.”

“YOU KNOW THE PRICE.”

“HEY, BOSS!” LISA CALLED AS SHE APPEARED AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS TO THE PRIVATE PART OF THE CLUB. “A CREEP WAS HERE LOOKING FOR YOU EARLIER. HE SAID TO TELL YOU HE’D BE.... OH SHIT”. THE STAKE IMPALED HER STRAIGHT THROUGH THE CHEST PINNING

HER TO THE DOOR.

“THERE’S YOUR PRICE PINNED TO THE DOOR. YOU BE CALM AND LET ME BORROW THE FACILITIES AND AS A BONUS I’LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HER EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES. OH PLEASE.” SHE SIGHED, HEARING THE GROWLING BEHIND HER AS SHE MOUNTED THE STAIRS. “NOT ANOTHER ROUND WITH YOU. WEREN’T LOS ANGELES AND PANAMA ENOUGH?”

THE RESPONSE SENT HER FLYING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR. FOR THE NEXT QUARTER OF AN HOUR LISA HUNG THERE, LISTENING TO THE SOUNDS COMING FROM BEHIND HER AND GROWING MORE WORRIED ALL THE TIME. SEVERAL MINUTES AFTER THE CRASHING HAD STOPPED AN ARM REACHED OUT AND UNHOOKED HER, LETTING HER FALL DOWN THE STAIRS. LYING THERE SHE HEARD THE WOMAN TALKING QUIETLY AS THE DOOR SWUNG SHUT. “TO REPAY A DEBT. TO TELL YOU SOME OF WHAT IS GOING ON AND HOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN MISERABLE SKIN. IT GOES BACK TO THE LEGENDS OF OUR KIND...”

# CLASSIFIED CLUB NEWS ADVERTISEMENTS

**Wanted:** Competent Kindred to fight Methalusah. Apply to the Scourge, Delaware. (Alastors preferred).

**Lost:** the letter "K" and the number "9". Last seen in a game of Amber. If found please return to Big Bird c/o Sesame Street.

**Marcello:** Cow? That was easy. The horse however...

**Reward offered** for the return of Fire fighting suits stolen from engine while at Herrick's Grocery Store, Washington Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

**Wanted:** Cleaner to work nights. Apply Shaw's Abattoir, Delaware.

## **To all potential duelists**

The gloves are off, enjoy your sport for a few months  
Chevalier Sebastien Stickler

**Vacancy:** The Gnomes of Zurich are seeking enterprising young bankers to be based out of Paris - only young French naval lieutenants need apply.

**Wanted** - Barry needs a name for his agency in his Agency game. Anyone with any suggestions can submit them by e-mail to Ravensview78@aol.com. The agency is part MI-5, part X-Men. Any suggestions would be most appreciated.

**Vince.** The funding for your latest hostile share takeover will be cleared on Tuesday. Cuddles.

**Iceheart:** Beware of Marcello. I know Serpents who are more honourable.

## **Join the Anarch Movement**

Come to the Sabbath and ask for Vince. Remember Vince IS Prince.

**Witnesses wanted** concerning explosions at 3rd floor apartment on 16<sup>th</sup> east central Delaware two nights ago. Bring any information to Agent Darrow at 3<sup>rd</sup> Precinct.

***Disclaimer:** Club News will not accept any liability for the consequences of responding to Private Advertisements. Applicants are required to provide their own*

**Help:** Possible prince of Amber looking for someone who can tell him what is going on.

# WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

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AD&D:  
Al Qadim

Genies, sand,  
and combat  
galore

GM: Reg

Geoff, Fudge,  
Steve H, Scoot, Jo

Ravenloft

Tombs R Us

GM: Barry

Paul L, Pennie,  
Trevor, Steve P,  
Graeme, Kate

Warcammer

Darkness rises  
in the heart of  
the Empire

GM: John W  
(Mentor: Liz)

Bowch, Andrew D,  
Liz, Robert,  
Andrew H

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.

**Next Session begins:**

**23rd September 2002**