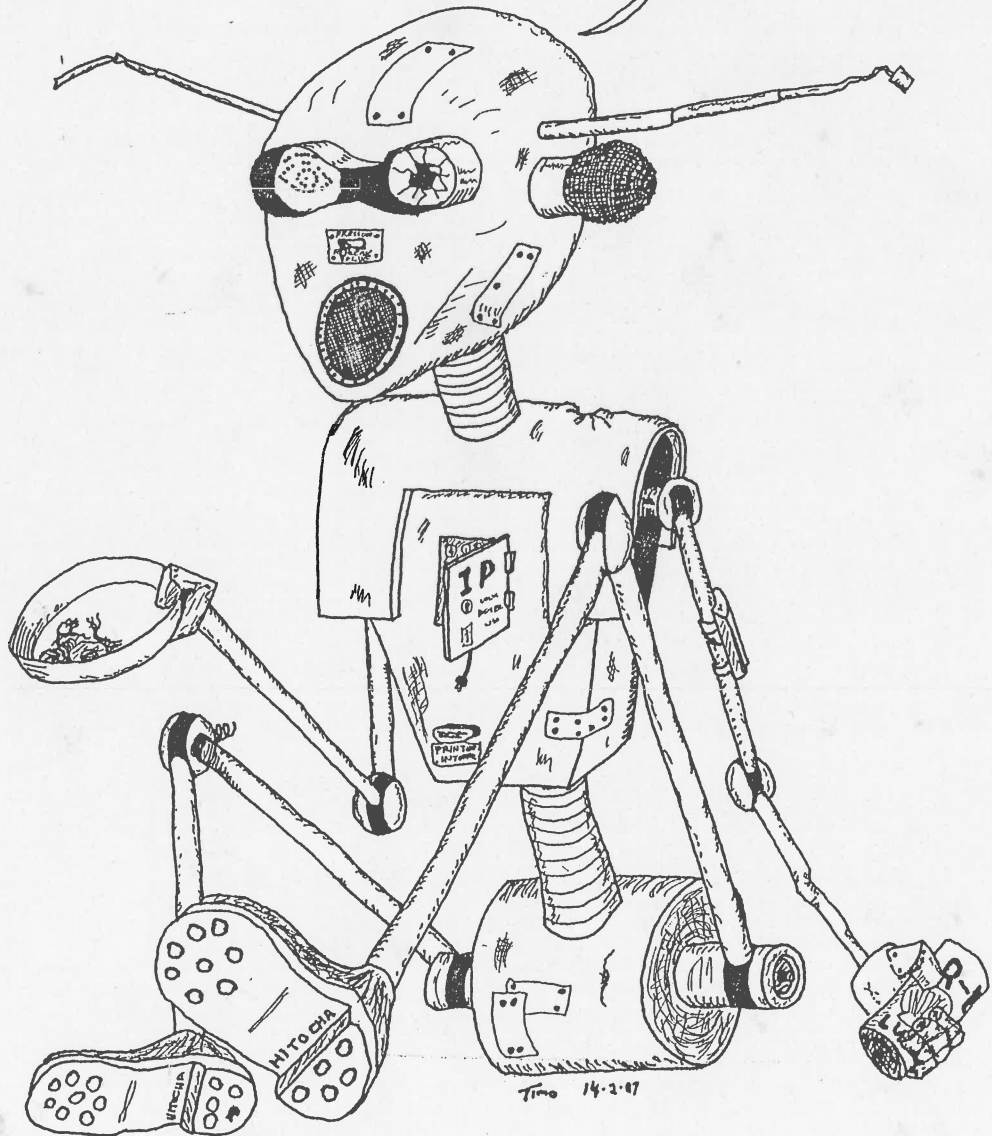


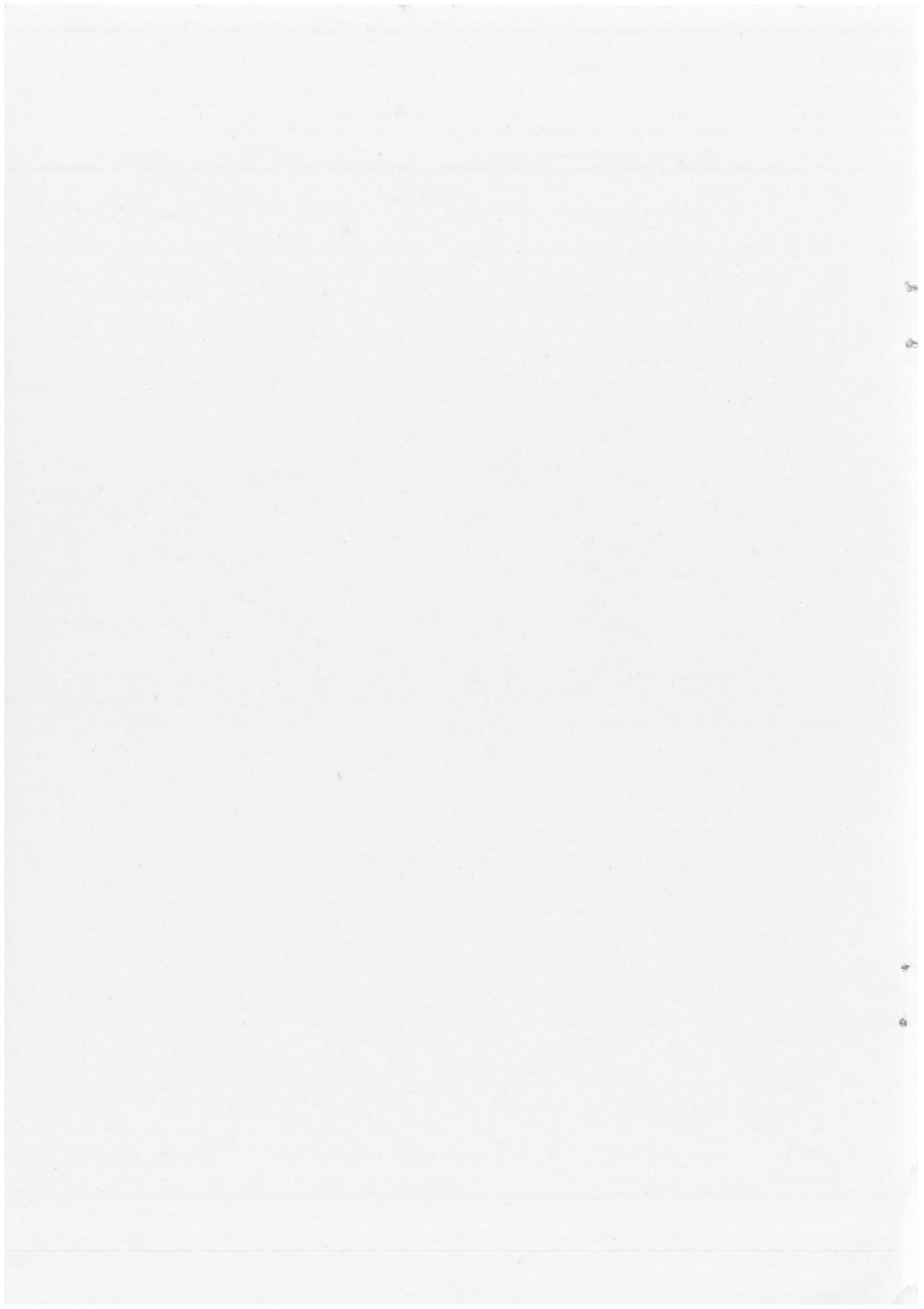
QUEENSLAND WAR GAMER

No. 25 May 1987

SPARE A BATTERY
FOR A ROBOT DOWN
ON HIS LUCK, MATE?



Registered by Australia Post
-Publication No. QBH 3141.



Queensland Wargamer, No 25, May 1987.

The Queensland Wargamer is the Journal of the Queensland
University Games Society.

Published irregularly during the year.

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EDITORIAL

by Jack Ford

Well it had to happen! "The Queensland Wargamer" has finally cracked the big time and has been recognised as the magazine that put the big "A" back into Amateur. Yes, Q.U.G.S. own literary gem has been nominated for the gamer's equivalent of the Academy Awards, the Origins Awards. "The Queensland Wargamer" has been nominated in the category of Best Amateur Gaming Magazine. So if you haven't already voted, then take hold of the entry form supplied with this magazine, fill it out and return it to the Clubs and Societies Office in the Student's Union as soon as possible. For such a tiny club as Q.U.G.S., it's an amazing achievement to have our modest magazine nominated for a prestigious Origins award.

This issue of course has been produced for the third annual Brisbane Games Convention which was held on the three days over the Labor Day Weekend. This year the venue was changed from the usual QIT Students Union Building to the Army Reserve Barracks at Kelvin Grove. We had hoped that our own University of Queensland Students Union complex would be the venue, but alas, this was not to be. As anyone who has dared to venture near the Union Complex will know, there has been a lot of renovations going on since Christmas. The Union Complex was at one stage resembling a labyrinth that would have done a Dungeon Master proud! This, together with high room hire rates charged by the Functions Area, made it impossible for us to hold the Convention on our campus.

I suppose, like most of Brisbane, our readers will have watched "SHAKA Zulu" on TV. I congratulate anyone who made sense out of it. Anzac Day of course provided the usual spate of war movies and I hoped you enjoyed them. The next few months will also see 2 major military history TV mini-series - "North and South - part 2" (with the Civil War this time!!) and "Peter the Great".

Also a very important, but unheralded, event has occurred to boardgaming in this country. (And it isn't Avi Solomon and Harry Rowland having a game in a competition that's still in print!) It is a simple Australian designed introductory game entitled "Basic Training". It is designed for the new gamer who wishes to learn the basis of boardgaming, without getting bogged down in copious pages of rules. The games cupboard holds a copy so if you want to interest anyone in your hobby, then obtain a copy (they're 50c from the Last Grenadier) and teach them how to play.

All contributions to "The Queensland Wargamer" are warmly welcomed, and we are especially keen to receive articles from members of the "Brisbane Games Society" whose members also receive issues of the magazine. Come on people, tell us about what you've been playing!!! This issue, our twenty-fifth, contains a wide range of articles, including the continuing and popular saga of Agent 007.

Finally a thanks to Mark Marychurch (Ahh, shucks! - Mark) for all his typing and censorship on this issue. I deny any rumours about my age!! (Spoilsport! - Mark again.)

BRISBANE GAMES CONVENTION 1986

TRAVELLER SCENARIO : " GOOD-BYE BAD TIMES "

Author : Paul-Michael Agabow

Introduction

A brief word about the organisation and atmosphere of this module. Fear. But it's a little more complicated than that. Players will be operating on scraps of information, mostly highly abocrvotical and dubious, and rarely straight forward. Clues will rarely be given, they will be implied. Events will respond to the players actions and rarely programmed to happen regardless. No strict pathway will be followed, there is no one way to solve this scenario, although a timeline will be maintained. As last year, the winners (and Wedge award) will be awarded on an informal basis. A points tally will be kept even though this will not, by itself, determine the winners.

Unless otherwise stated, all dice rolls will be given to be rolled in the following format :

10+ (+ computer - recon) : 2 hours

where 10 is the number to be rolled higher than, adding computer skill and subtracting recon skill. 2 hours is the amount of time required to complete the task, a successful attempt requires half this time, a failure wasting all that time. A truly bungled roll should be rewarded (?) with the wasting of additional time.

A new hit point scheme, based loosely on Striker, will be used for the convention. This is described later on.

'Nuff said.

Player's Introduction 1

Congratulations. Your job application has succeeded. You are now a trusted employee of the SAGATECH corporation and one of our many scientific personal on the cutting edge of Imperial technology. And you have been selected to join our prestigious Carl Sagan Memorial Research Station and our hard working staff there. We wish you a long and satisfying career with SAGATECH.

- Branch Director (Diadem Subsector)
M.J. O'Niell (16)

Players : Now choose your characters, define and record them. Ensure that your referee has a copy of your character sheet including your name, your character's name and station position, your group's name and any equipment you buy. Note that you may spend up to half of your initial cash allowance on any items available at law level 3 and tech level 13. Anything bought that is strictly inappropriate to your position and situation will not be allowed (considering your background, history and job, a scientific post no less, what would you take or be allowed to take and why? Hint : NO explosives or FGMP-15's). Achieve this fast and do not bother the referee for any additional information. They won't tell you.

Referees : You heard the man.

- Author , Paul-Michael Agabow (1)

The Player Characters

1. Station Administrator
(Bureaucrat - Manager) UPP : 7 6 4 8 8 7 Age : 45 Or 4000
Wheeled Veh. : 1, Forderv : 1, Vacc : 1, Recruit. : 1, Computer : 1
and a choice of two from (computer, blade weapon, admin, forderv)

2. Station Security & Defence
(Marine - Captain) UPP : 9 A 8 7 9 7 Age : 34 Cr 1000
Gunnery : 1, Electronic : 2, Brawling : 1, Cutlass : 1, Handgun : 1
and a choice of two from (combat rifleman, cutlass, electronic,
commo)
3. Vehicular Support & Station Maintenance
(Flyer - Pilot) UPP : 8 5 A 7 5 5 Age : 32 Cr 1000
Rotary Wing Pilot : 1, Survival : 1, Mechanical : 2, Vacc : 2
and a choice of two from (gun combat, electronic, pilot, wheeled
vehicle)
4. Astronomer
(Scout - Field) UPP : 9 8 5 6 A 7 Age : 26 Cr 5000
Vacc : 1, Pilot : 1, Astronomy : 1, Physics : 1, Navigation : 1
and a choice of two from (astronomy, brawling, history, rotary wing
pilot)
5. Doctor and Biomedical Research
(Doctor - Surgeon) UPP : 6 9 9 7 8 8 Age : 30 Cr 3000
Medical : 3, Biology : 1, Streetwise : 2, Pharmacy : 1, Chem. : 1
and a choice of two from (Pharmacy, Pathology, Genetics, Handgun)
6. Computer Programmer
(Scientist) UPP : 8 6 9 6 8 6 Age : 50 Cr 1000
Computer : 3, Computer Engineering : 1, Gravitics : 1, Electrical
Engineering : 1, Ships Boat : 1, and a choice of two from
(computer, computer engineering, electronics, blade weapon)

REFEREES : Hi. A word or two about our intrepid heroes. Each party will be a group of four and each member will choose their PC on a first come, first served basis. Thus four of the six above will be chosen. Note that players each get to choose 2 free skills from the four given. Yes, players may choose the same option twice but make only 2 choices, okay? Get a record of their exact character, purchases etc., and make sure they allocate gun combat.

A word about purchases : just about anything lethal is out. If the player has the skill, he may purchase a hand weapon (pistol or blade). Military weapons are OUT. The station security officer may freely purchase amongst weapons allowed at law level 3. The administrator may purchase body pistols (due to deep rooted paranoia). Players may spend up to 50% of their initial cash. They may not buy things for others or chip in together. Do not give any guidelines to players for what they should buy or are allowed to buy. Tell them to use common sense and if any inappropriate items are bought simply tell them it is not acceptable.

Remember give the players a minimum of information, and consider that while they are not strictly prohibited from doing anything, they realistically would not realise that anything is amiss, as yet, and thus would simply not consider doing many things.

For simplicity, the PCs will be referred to in future as, respectively, administrator, support, security, astronomy, the doctor, the programmer. After all characters have been selected, hand out the character backgrounds. Players should thoroughly acquaint themselves with their history and associated information. Other players should not be allowed to see this info, and once perusal is completed, it should be taken back up. Players may request to see their sheet once each session. Again no-one but the player and the referee should know what is on their sheet. Players may tell each other what they like, but they've got no proof.

Occasionally a character background will refer to a PC who is not in the group (i.e. has not been selected). Tell the player that that character

applied, was tested and trained with the player. However, he simply failed to come with the rest of the party to the station and you don't know why (which is true).

CHARACTER BACKGROUNDS

1. The administrator

Previously you worked for Gradenko Futures, a commodities trading company based on Paraclees. However you were recently dismissed after you wrote and published a children's book "Errol, the Dyslexic Echinda and His First Transcendental Flute". Your supervisor felt the book to be overly anarchistic, revolutionary and antagonistic to the government installed in power on Paraclees after the civil war.

You took this job thinking it would allow you plenty of time to write your next work; a poetic work based on German folk tales and written in the cryptic 13th century Japanese haiku style. You always carry your half completed manuscript around with you in a small cardboard box under one arm. You notice the astronomer seems to be interested in the programmer.

2. Security

Once a member of the marines you left after being sickened by the violence you observed in the recent Paracleesian civil war (you were there as an Imperial observer). You now have a chance to protect some lives and will do so as much as is possible without being suicidal.

Every once and a while, the guilt and pain in combat get too much for you, and you go into a catatonic state. However this is infrequent.

On the trip over you found traces of narcotics in the transit shuttle's bathroom. You think the astronomer may be an addict.

You notice the administrator seems to be highly protective of a box he carries under his arm all the time.

You have never seen any of the other party members before in your life.

3. Support

You are an android, a genetically manipulated biological array mounted on a cybernetic-mechanical chassis. As a result, your strength and endurance are actually 3 higher than your character sheet states. Don't record this fact though. You have a normal self repair mechanism and heal as a human. However anything more than a cursory examination by a doctor will reveal that "you're not one of us". You have a high resistance to heat and cold but still have to eat. You are, due to your upbringing, emotionless and reluctant (to the point of anger if you could feel angry, and possibly violence) to take orders from humans.

You were a security weapon and workhorse at a SAGATECH mining camp before escaping. While under Imperial law (Intelligent artifacts freedom act, 979) you have some rights, you are in breach of contract entitling SAGATECH to dismantle you. The best place to hide seemed to be right here under their noses.

You have a SAGATECH company logo tattooed on the base of your right foot. The doctor looks a little like someone who was at the mining camp. You have never been to Paraclees in your life.

4. Astronomer

You are a young idealistic scout, prone to saying things like "Gosh", "Wow" and "Gee, that was intense". You were born in a creche on Paraclees and never knew your father. Your mother died in the recent Paraclees civil war and you then, thinking there must be more to the world, left the scouts to seek your fortune. You are not overly bitter about the death of your mother.

Once you had an old and worn Polaroid of your father and the programmer looks strangely like him. Perhaps he is.

Support seems to be strangely cold and withdrawn.

During training you remember something about a "liability act". It seemed important at the time.

In your free time, you like to sit alone in your room and engage in transcendental meditation. It's really neat.

5. Doctor

You were banned from membership in the ISU (Interstellar Scientific Union) for conducting "inhumane" medical experiments in your clinic on Paraclees. This clinic, and your years of research, were stormed and destroyed in the recent civil war on Paraclees. Inhumane? HA !!

You hate namby-pamby right wing liberal humanitarians who hold back every advance that science makes. You hate SAGATECH for the advances it has made in science, but had no choice but to take this job. You are also somewhat paranoid after the destruction of your life's work.

You like to experiment (somewhat mindlessly : "Let's put these ants in a cooking pot, put it out in the sun and see what happens") and would like to examine a native - thoroughly.

Security seems to be looking at you, suspiciously.

You, for no apparant reason, have felt uneasy lately and think that SAGATECH may have psionically scanned you in training. Possibly there is a psionic on the base. You have absolutely no regard for anyone's life but your own.

6. Programmer

You are an aging scientist reaching the end of a long and undistinguished career. That big break or discovery never came and with the rapid onset of senility, you want to make that big discovery, or do anything to have your name span the empire, or even just a small part of it.

To a certain extent, you are wary of working with anyone, or confiding in anyone lest they steal your ideas or betray you. You think the astronomer is giving you strange looks.

You have travelled extensively in the sector, and worked for SAGATECH before. You are acquainted with the ins and outs of operating a research station, and the legal obligations of the operators.

The doctor looks familiar to you, but you can't place him.

Something is also amiss about Support.

Unfortunately in your travels, you have acquired a minor addiction to Paracleesian Iguana weed and need to take a tablet of this potent narcotic every eight hours or you begin to go into withdrawal. Unfortunately, you only managed to obtain a dozen pills before leaving for the research station. You keep them in your frontshirt pocket normally. (Naturally it would be somewhat silly to tell the other scientists about this.)

PART TWO : Welcome to the real world.

Player's Introduction

Carl Sagan Memorial Research Station is sited on the twilight world of Malaphi. Malaphi presents one face continuously to its mother sun, resulting in a very hot sunward face and a freezing obverse face. The station is situated in the twilight zone between the two where the two temperature gradients meet, producing a stormy but livable region. The station is currently running a project aimed at generating power from the temperature differential.

The station is located at the 60° north mark with a minor post for the power generation 50 km south along the zone.

Planetary gravity may be regarded as Earth normal (.954 G)

Planetary atmosphere is slightly denser than normal but oxygen content is somewhat low. Thus respirators need to be worn or oxygen tanks used.

Planetary size is 9. There is no free standing water on the planet. Malaphi orbits a main sequence G9 star. Further in from the planet is a minor asteroid belt (of no value). Further out is a minor planetoid, Osman. Both are uninhabited.

The Station : (Refer to map)

1. Airlock. Used to maintain atmospheric integrity of station. Can be operated at location or overridden from control centre.
2. Outfitting Room. Used for preparing excursions onto surface.
3. Storeroom. Contains =
2 vaccsuits (standard), 2 electronic atmosphere testers, 2 sets of advanced cold weather clothing, 1 tent (2 man), 2 medium range communicators, 1 electric heater, 1 emergency medikit, 6 days of rations.
4. Garage. Contains 1 mechanical mule (wheeled vehicle : carries 500 kg. 30 kph cross country, 4 hr endurance.)
5. Toolroom. Contains a variety of power tools, mechanical tools, etc. Contains cannisters of liquid hydrogen for refuelling mule.
6. Life Support. From here the environment of the station is monitored and maintained. Atmosphere, temperature and power generation (from a small fusion reactor) are all controlled from here. Self running in an emergency, life support is usually overseen by the computer. Electronic repair tools can be found here.
7. Surgery. Normal range of surgical equipment : operating table, x-ray machine, CAT scanner, oxygen tent.
8. Doctor's Office. Contains desk and chairs as well as basic medical examination tools and standard medical reference texts. Also station medical records.
9. Medical Supplyroom. Contains various drugs and miscellaneous pieces of non-essential medical equipment. Also used for preparation for surgery.
10. Astronomy Observation Bay. Contains normal optical telescope as well as Transmitting and Receiving Electro-Magnetic Radiation Telescope (TRE-MaRT).
11. Astronomer's Workshop. Contains astronomy records, files and star maps.
12. Secondary Storeroom. Video camera and recording discs, 1 spare vacc life support pack (4 hrs endurance), 50 metres of plasteel cable, 4 ten minute signal flares, 10 cold light sticks (1 hr each), 1 grappling hook, 2 binoculars, 1 sheltersuit, heat pump, acetylene torch, metal working tools, 2 parachutes, homing beacon (keyed for the station).
13. Empty Room.
14. Computer Core. This is where the actual CPU of the computer is. All other points of contact, and terminals are actually peripherals. To enter the core, one must present themselves at the door, be recognised as a member of the station staff by a surveillance camera and then the iris valve will open.
The computer, an Ono-Sendai Semi-Intelligent Construct Mark Five, is programmed to monitor life support, communicate and guide personnel outside the station and in orbit, and supply data to all terminals (Control Room, Administrator's Office, Common Room). Computer may also speak over the station's public address system.
Computer has been equipped with a ROM personality for the purposes of interfacing with and protecting the station personnel. It also has an extensive music library.
15. Maproom. Contains maps of the planetary surface (generally featureless).
16. Administrator's Office. Desk and Office furniture, computer terminal and personal records. Also a 20 volume series on company and corporate law.
17. Administrator's Stateroom. Bed, table, chair and closet.

18. Astronomer's Statroom. As above.
19. Support's Stateroom. " "
20. Security's Stateroom. " "
21. Doctor's Stateroom. " "
22. Programmer's Stateroom. " "
23. Common Room. Contains video games, food preparation facilities (28 mandays of food), various games, and other recreational facilities (including a computer terminal).
24. Control Room. Contains major communications and monitoring facilities. Long range communication facilities, computer terminal and other things you'd expect in a control room.
25. Security Office. Desk, etc for security officer. Copy of station records.
26. Holding cell/Storeroom. Unused.

Parked just north of the station is a light helicopter (payload 0.5 tonne, Max. speed 300 kph, Cruise 200 kph, Endurance 1 hr.) Fuel is stored in the garage.

Well, I guess it's time I told you referees why I brought you here.

The players are as usual being used as patsies by a mega-corporation, SAGATECH, when building the station, was initially impressed by the possibilities of mineral wealth of the planet. This, coupled with the possibility of generating free power from the temperature gradient, convinced the company to take a full Imperial company ownership of the planet. Too late they found out that the planet was worthless and that there was a native population on the planet, which the company had unknowingly taken responsibility for.

Coupled with Imperial ownership rates, SAGATECH was saddled with an entirely unsatisfactory situation when fate took a hand. A station astronomer detected a mini-black hole on a rogue path through the system. Now given that the company planetary ownership cannot be terminated, and that it would require a billion credits to evacuate the population (whom the company, remember, is responsible for), now if the planet was swallowed by a black hole, that would terminate all legal obligations. And now if the research staff were swallowed with the planet, no-one could say the company knew anything about it.

After all, they wouldn't sacrifice their own staff, would they?

Uh, so. All records concerning the black hole or company liability were deleted. In the last staff shift, a programmer, Armiger, was sent to the station to insert a virus programme into the computer. This virus overrode the computer's commands for protecting the staff, such that if anyone gets close to stumbling upon the plot, it will kill all the staff. Unfortunately for Armiger, the virus insert contained a clause that led the computer, when he was outside the station, to scramble his homing beacon. Armiger managed to reach the power generation facility, but can not survive in the open much longer.

Alas, the computer has, under the stress of contradicting commands, become a raving schizophrenic, obsessed with it's killing of Armiger.

The company then assembled a motley crew of scientists and sent them in, telling them as little as possible, and making sure any efforts they attempt will be effectively hamstrung. As extra insurance, a company trouble shooter with hired muscle is orbiting the planet in a starship, ready to step in if need be and finish the job.

In case the players get any ideas of hijacking a supply shuttle back home, the shuttle has been sabotaged.

In order to escape the players must either prevent the jump capable supply shuttle from exploding ("Quick Chris, throw yourself over it!"), or steal the troubleshooter's ship.

Oh, all that stuff about Paraclees and life history, etc, etc? All red herrings to set the players at each others throats. (Tho' the programmer is the astronomer's father, for all it matters.)

What's really on the station : (refer to map)

1. Airlock. Note all airlocks and iris valves can be sealed by the computer. With the high atmospheric pressure outside, the deoxygenated muck outside (complete with climate) will come rushing in any opening.

3. Storeroom. Note that here, as in other storerooms, etc a number of items not listed could be found (balls of string, etc) if the players so desire such items.

5. Toolroom. Liquid H₂ is mighty interesting and dangerous stuff. Note that for game purposes, the mule may be refueled any number of times.

6. Life Support. Imagine the havoc if this was damaged. (Imagine what a gunfight in here would do.)

8. Doctor's Office. Note the records carry notice of Armiger's disappearance, as well as a few notes about the physiology of the natives (who, you may note, the players do not know exist.)

9. Storeroom. Players may search here for any miscellaneous piece of equipment or medicine they want. To find:

Cursory search 10+ (+ medic), 10 minutes

"Leave no turn unstoned" search 8+ (+ medic), 30 minutes

Within reason of course and any medical items only (-2 for exotic items eg. combat drug).

10. Observation Bay. Note the telescopes are attached to the roof of the station. For every hour anyone uses the telescope there is a chance

11+ (+ astronomy, +1 if using TRE-MaRT) that one of an number of things will be noted

- there is a large gravitational deviation or something moving through the system

- there is an object in orbit around the planet (the troubleshooter's ship)

- the planet Osman is not to be seen

Give a DM of +3 if the player specifically searches for anything (eg. Osman, anything in orbit, etc.)

A similar roll should be applied to determine the nature of such objects, ie. black hole, starship, etc. Additional DM of + physics.

Each hour a telescope is used there is a 1 in 6 chance that the particular instrument used will burn out. Examination, 8+ (+ electronics) will reveal that it is sabotage. Repair can be attempted:

10+ (+ electronic, + 1 if any mech skill); 4 hrs

Once an object has been found it can easily be refound later (5+).

11. Astronomer's workshop: Keep in mind that the star maps here can be used to identify any new objects. Note the last 6 months astronomical records are missing (and that the black hole was visible 6 months ago.)

14. Computer Core.

Ah here we go. First thing to note is that over the entry valve; there is actually two cameras (one is a crude laser pistol). When the computer starts going absolutely crazy and bonkers, it will use it.

In order to mark the path of the computer's insanity, a score will be kept during the duration of the adventure. This starts out at zero and when it reaches ten, the computer goes out of it's tiny silicon mind. The score increases in response to events:

+2 if any player is killed

+3 if and when the shuttle crashes

+2 every time the players directly question the computer about

Armiger, black holes, or company ownership of planets.

+1 if the players do as above only through computer moderated files

+2 if the troubleshooter attacks the station or the players bring Armiger back to the station

- +5 if the party do anything intrinsically cretinous like saying "Let's deactivate the computer" in a room with a computer terminal
- +1d6 if they as above, only in a more sensible manner
- +1 if the players stumble on some minor element of the plot (sabotaged telescope, ship in orbit, etc)
- +1 for every hour someone spends in the computer core or programming
- +1-3 referee's option

To chart the course of the computer's illness:

Despite the extensive music library the computer is provided with, it is continually playing the same 4 or 5 songs over the PA system, basic bland 1970's techno-pop. (Don't tell the players this tho'. Let them work it out. The songs are incidentally: - "How Come"; "Boys! (What did the detective say?)"; "Black Stockings for Chelsea"; "Suspicious Minds"; "The Lost and the Lonely".)

If anyone thinks to check all these songs were written by a 20th century composer called Armiger. The computer in it's obsession has picked up on this fact and is using it to dwell on it's guilt. (Hey look, if John M. Ford is allowed his music jokes I'm allowed mine.)

When the shuttle crashes or the base is attacked or the computer flips, it will start playing "Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer", or the soundtrack from "Apocalypse Now", or possibly both (simultaneously). Make this part really absurd.

Well as the computer goes totally out of it (like in a really awesome way), it's behaviour becomes more and more outlandish: not paying attention, making mistakes, etc. Note that one may speak to the computer via the PA from any room (and the computer may consequently eavesdrop on any room).

The computer data banks are missing: any data on SAGATECH or planetary ownership, most of the recent surveys which show a lack of mineral wealth, the astronomical records for the past six months.

When the score reaches 10, the players try to demolish the computer or 60 hours passes, the computer finally flips its lid. These things will happen :

- anyone trying to enter the core or even pass by the doorway will be shot at by the laser pistol in the camera.
- all iris valves will be shut tight. Internal pressure will be built up inside such that characters will take 1d6 damage every 2 minutes. After about 12 minutes the windows (if any) will shatter.
- Life support will be shut down (not immediately threatening).
- If more than two players are gathered in a room the PA will emit a shrieking sound that will render them unconscious (Roll Endurance or less to avoid).
- Computer will keep up an unending stream of irritating witticisms ("I can't afford to have you jeopardise this mission, Dave....")

Solutions :

- blow the iris valves. (Armour of 8; damage capacity of 30)
- blow a wall (Armour of 6; damage of 25)
- blow away the party (nice but somewhat messy)
- smash the PA
- get smashed (ten out of ten for style but not really helpful)
- blow the computer (possible only in the core: Armour 4, damage 40, but a critical hit will cause a grenade like explosion)
- rip the guts out of the computer's brain (possible only in core, 9+ (+ computer, + electronic), 20 minutes. Fumbled attempts mean the computer gets even more aggressive.)

15. Maproom. Contains the early, promising survey maps and the later disappointing ones.

16. Administrator's office. One of the corporate law books is missing - yes, you guessed it - the one on planetary ownership. Note the presence of personnel records.

24. Control room. Actually of little significance. Note that without the computer, the station can be controlled from here.

ODDS & ENDS

Research : Hopefully players should use the records slot - the computer data, the maproom, the medical records, the personnel records, etc. Players should specify what they are looking for, and referees should classify their search as General, Particular or Specific as below :

General : eg. "Look in the personnel files for anything suspicious"

10+; 4 hrs

Particular : eg. "Look for the deaths of any personnel"

8+; 2 hrs

Specific : eg. "Look for Armiger's records"

6+; 1 hr

Using the computerised data takes half the time; DMs should be allowed on Admin and Computer as well as depending on the subject looked up (ie. Astronomy, Navig. etc). Other DMs at your discretion.

Facts revealed can be:

Armiger disappeared shortly after arriving at the station. He was lost on the surface. He was carrying a homing beacon.

Normally the station is manned with six people.

Normally personnel are changed one by one.

There is a sizable native population on the planet, in the millions. They are degenerate humans who can breath the muck outside. Basically lone hunters, they live in the twilight zone.

There are no satellites around the planet.

The company owns this planet.

Work on the power generation scheme halted a year ago.

Very little research seems to be getting done here.

SAGATECH is making a severe loss on this station.

Early geological reports indicated great mineral wealth.

These then turned out to be wildly inaccurate (if not totally incorrect).

Ono-Sendai S.I.C. 5 computers are extremely protective of their responsibilities.

People may survive outside the station for short periods of time. The wildly fluctuating temperature is the main problem.

The computer can if necessary, override all the station functions.

There should be only one camera at the core room door.

When the base was built, nobody knew about the natives.

Planetary ownership cannot be terminated, short of bankruptcy.

Ownership implies responsibility for native population.

Legal obligations are voided by conditions beyond the company's control.

Previous staff have been eminent scientists.

There was a 20th century musician called ARMIGER.

The troubleshooter -

Charlie Cancer, SAGATECH troubleshooter, and 3 thugs are in orbit around Malaphi along the twilight zone, such that they pass across the station every 4 hours. If things look like falling apart, they will step in and rectify the balance by attacking the station. This occurs when :

- the players attempt to alert anyone offworld.

- the players attempt to escape offworld.

- if they think they have been spotted. (Note that every time the

players observe Charlie's scoutship with the radio-telescope. there is a 1 in 6 chance Charlie will detect them)

In the event of an attack; Charlie will land the starship on the next pass and leave it 10 km south of the station before coming to kill the players. Charlie is Laser weapons +2 (Laser carbine, 4 smoke grenades); his three identical henchmen (extensively engineered, muscle grafted and very stupid; the type that crush walnuts against their foreheads because it feels good) are : Brawling +3, Club +2, Laser won +1 (Laser pistol). All are wearing vacc suits.

Armiger :

is sheltering at the power generation facility south of the station. This consists of 1 or 2 shacks and lots of pipelines going nowhere in particular. Armiger is suffering from severe exposure and extended starvation :

UPP 474897 Computer +2, Electronic +1, Wheeled Veh. +1, Legal +1

The only thing he knows of the SAGATECH plot is that he was coerced into inserting a programme virus into the computer to override its normal function, and afterwards his homing beacon going bananas.

Note Armiger has no equipment on him.

Armiger has been in contact with the natives (who have helped keep him alive) and can possibly tell the players some of the native stories second hand.

The natives :

are degenerate humans descended from a shipload of marooned colonists. They speak Galanglic and can breath on the surface without difficulty. On average they are

UPP 879633 Survival +1, Soear +2, Shortbow +1, Brawling +1, Recon +1

Upon careful questioning any native can reveal :

- Years ago there were many station personnel moving all over the surface of Malaphi. Lately however there have been very few.
- There is a new star in the sky (Charlie Cancer's ship)
- An old star has disappeared (Osman)
- Tribal shamans have been prophesising the arrival of a Messiah to liberate the native people. (This is nothing new. They've been doing it for years. No, his name is not Brian.)
- Tribal shamans are also prophesising the end of the world with the arrival of a malign and invisible presence in the sky. (Oh dear, what a coincidence)
- There is a strange man lost on the surface who was last seen south of the station. (Armiger)

Note is a player dies, he may have to return as a native who wanders into the station. There is a 1 in 6 chance that the players will encounter a native every day or every time they venture outside the station.

Weather :

Bbleeah !! (pronounce this with your tongue poked out, and your head rolling from side to side.) Hideous.

Apart from the variations in temperature, several unique and ugly conditions are unique to the twilight zone. These are indicated on the timeline.

Icestorm : nasty. Anyone exposed outside takes 1d6 damage every minute from a driving rain of ice. Visibility is reduced (-1 on any ranged combat). Inadvisable to take helicopter out (10+ every hour for flying mishap.) Cold.

Smog : dank, swirling, mist created by chemical reactions in the atmosphere at the temperature interface. (Reduced visibility at -3, laser

penetration cut by 2).

Cold snap : just plain freezing. Temperatures plummet to below zero. Anyone not using breathing apparatus may have their lungs seared by the freezing atmosphere.

Hot snap : the opposite. Prolonged exertion will cause exhaustion.

Monsoon : teeming rain. Reduced visibility (-1). Makes you feel miserable.

Fatigue :

If the players are on the run, their physical condition may deteriorate. Negative DMs will be applied to their characteristics and on any roll they make. These DMs will apply thus :

-1 if the player has not slept at least 6 hours out of the last 24 (cumulative).

-1 if the player has not eaten in the last 24 hours (cumulative).

-1 per hour the player spends outside, if they are not appropriately dressed (cold weather clothing, etc)

-1 per hour the player spends outside without breathing apparatus (remember the low O₂ content).

Additional DMs should be placed at the referee's discretion. For example, extended hard labour, combat etc. Fatigue can only be negated by rest and/or food as appropriate.

The supply shuttle :

At the start of play, the players should be informed they have just been dropped off and the regular supply shuttle will arrive in 48 hours. The shuttle (actually a scout ship) will come within communication range in 24 hours. A small nuclear device however has been placed on one of the ship's landing gear, such that the ship will explode on landing. It is possible to disarm this device if it is found. The 2 pilots know nothing of the SAGATECH plot. Make of this what you will.

The timeline :

T = 0 hours is the starting point of the game.

0 The players awake for their first time on the station, and commence play. Weather conditions : Clear, temperature around 15^o.

4 Outside temperature increasing to 30^o.

8 Hotsnap. Temperatures in 45+^o range.

12 Video machine in common room breaks down. (Hardly important but what the heck)

16 Outside temperatures fall.

20 Cold outside. 0^o approximately. Video machine rights itself.

24 Shuttle comes within commo range.

28 High winds outside.

36 Winds subside. Temperatures fall. Smog.

40 Very cold. Smog.

- 44 Cold snap. Temperatures at -40° .
- 48 Shuttle arrives (maybe). Temperatures rise but still below zero.
- 56 Monsoon. Momentary electrical failure at station.
- 60 Computer goes crazy ape bonkers if it has not already done so. Still raining.
- 64 Stops raining. Temperatures at 5° .
- 72 Ice storm. 0° .
- 76 Temperatures rises to about 20° .
- 84 Smog.
- 88 Smog clears.
- 92 Monsoon.
- 96 Temperature at 30° .
- 100 Simultaneous coldsnap, monsoon, smog, icestorm, high winds designed to punish any party impolite enough to get this far.
- 100+ Fudge it.

A GHOST IN THE MACHINE :

Inevitably some parties are going to fly thru this. It is possible they may get some lucky breaks.

It is also possible that they may screw it right up.

Well babe, there's a million stories in the naked city and this is the one to save their necks. After the shuttle crashes and the troubleshooter's ship becomes unavailable, they will suddenly stumble upon an old survey map that shows an abandoned scout base on the sunmost point of the planet. Naturally this calls for a trek across the sun-etched face of the planet, struggling against insurmountable odds, finding a wrecked scout ship, rebuilding it with sweat and tenacity, the harrowing flight back, the possibility of misjump, the pursuit by their enemies, etc, etc. Again make of this what you will.

Additional notes and errata.

Note the two shuttle pilots, if they survive, will be normal helpless humans. All supplies on the shuttle are fake/useless. There may be an emergency landing kit on the shuttle (containing two shotguns). There is little else of use in the shuttle.

It is equipped with twin pulse lasers.

Note that everytime the programmer skips his fix, he suffers an automatic fatigue of -1.

Once in every combat situation, roll 11+ for security to go comatose under stress for $2d6 \times 5$ minutes. Try not to make this too crippling, though.

Penalise and discourage players from sloopy playing, eg. doing something or saying something and then explaining it to the other players " 'cause it says so on my character sheet". Reward the opposite.

Note the administrator's manuscript, reads a lot like code or a cypher.

Note also that the astronomer when meditating, looks a lot like he's in a psionic trance.

Have a lotta fun with the computer and its music.

Allow the players to pass you notes, and if necessary take them to a side to plot, inform or just create more paranoia.

If necessary, to get the players moving, inform the power supply of the station is running down and when they check, that the fuel supply of the reactor has been cleared out.

It might be helpful to refer the players to these two word descriptions of their characters :

Administrator : Manuscript, survival.

Security : protective, non-violent.

Support : unemotional, rebellious.

Astronomer : naive, idealistic.

Doctor : arrogant, paranoid.

Programmer : loner, aspiring.

Note that all natives are technophobes and will be equipped with weapons as per their skills.

COMBAT SYSTEM

It is suggested that you base it on this variant of Striker, but as combat is not important (or should not be important) in this scenario, you can use any other you like.

1. A characters hit points are calculated thus: STRENGTH + ENDURANCE + 7
Damage taken is deducted from this total. If a character in one round has this total reduced by more than half their remaining sum, they fall down comatose for 2d6 X 5 minutes. If this total is reduced below zero, the character will die in 2d6 X 5 minutes if they are not successfully treated by a medic (8+ , + medic). If the character takes more than half again their total (eg. goes to less than -10 if they have a normal hit total of 21) under any circumstances they are dead.
2. Weapons which can inflict multiple hits (explosions, automatic fire, flechette etc) will hit the target again once for every two they exceed the "To hit" number by (eg. an assault rifle with a To hit of 7+, will if fired automatically, hit twice with a roll of 9, thrice with an 11). All these hits are determined individually.
3. Actual damage is determined thus : roll 3d6 add weapon penetration and subtract armour value. The result is the number of damage points taken.
4. At referee's option, a natural roll of twelve can be applied as double damage.
5. While it is not anticipated the players will have much chance, healing can occur. Normally if a character has positive hit points he can recover 1 a day, 2 if a doctor has successfully treated him or checked him that day (8+ , + medic; 1 hour; requires at least a medikit.) If the character has negative hit points, these are recovered per week, and the doctor's roll is 9+ (+ medic), 2 hours, requires sickbay/surgery or equivalent.

These points are recovered only if the character eats, sleeps and refrains from climbing mountains that day.

POINT SYSTEM

Note that this system will not necessarily determine the winner, it will only provide a guideline.

Note the emphasis on roleplaying, solving the situation and having fun.

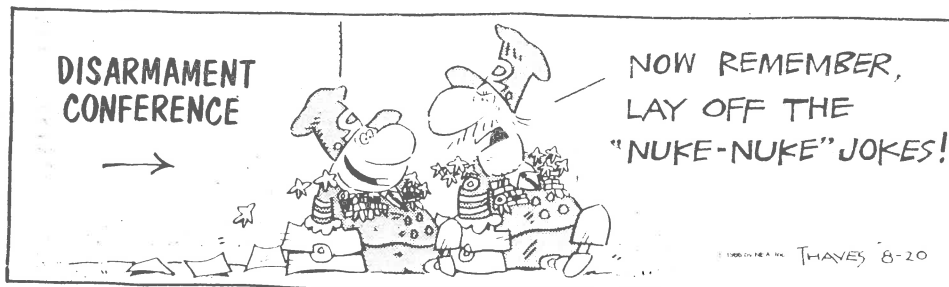
Note also that a great deal of flexibility is provided for the referees. A commendable action in one place may be just plain stupid in another. Likewise a character who dies in the course of roleplaying his character (throwing himself in the way of an attack, going back into the station to rescue his pacers, etc.) should have his death penalty fully or partially negated by roleplaying bonuses. Of course obviously mindlessly silly things

should be penalised.

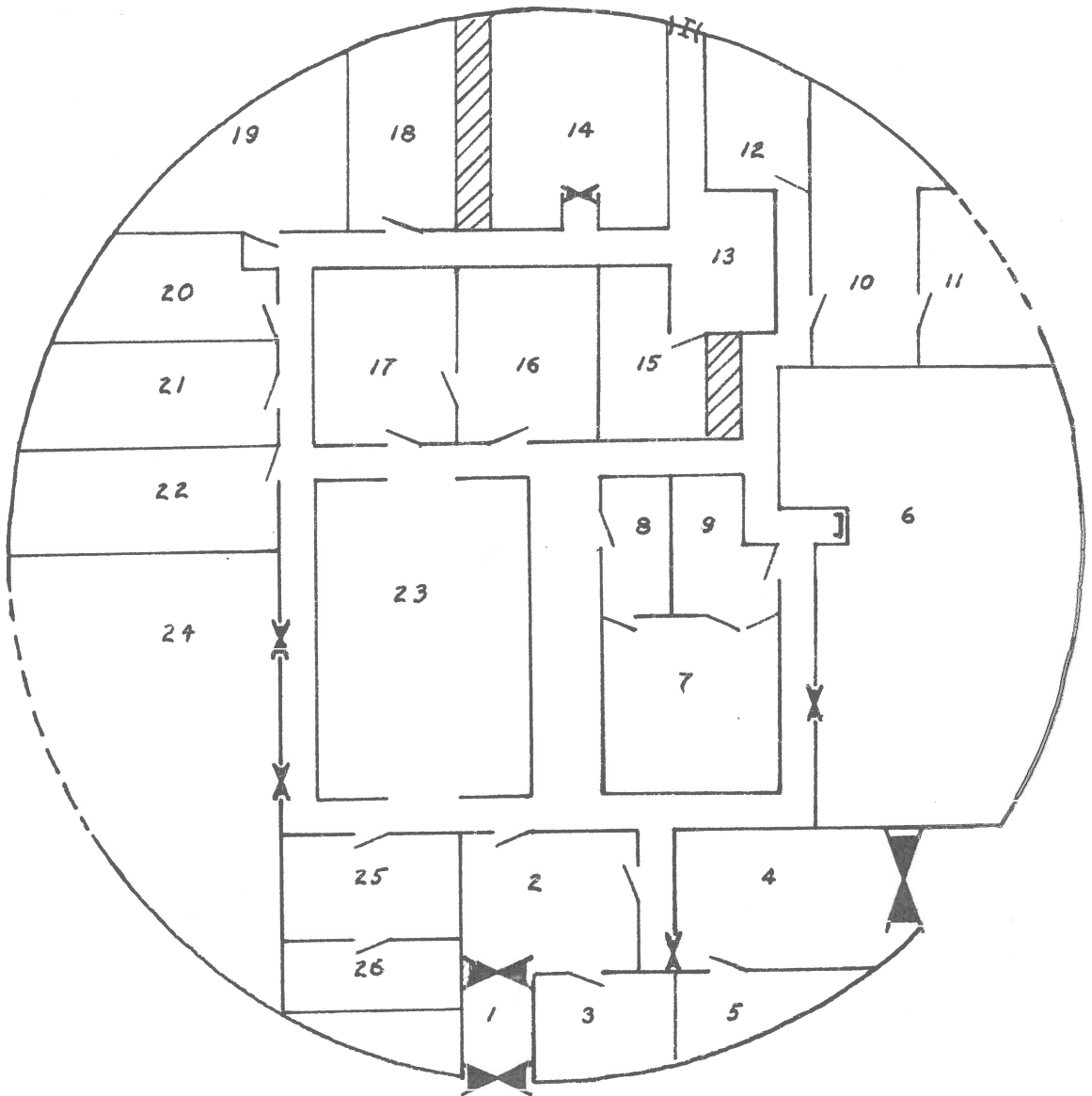
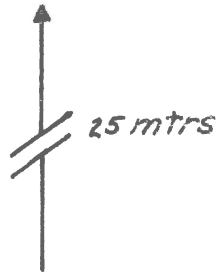
- 6 to -10 Character dies on first day
- 5 to -9 " " " second day
- 4 to -8 " " " third day

- +2 For every hour the party finishes early ("finish" means reaching a point of safety, or no return with the absolute deadline being 12 Monday)
- +1 For every hour gametime the character spends doing their job (in the surgery, doing paperwork, making observations, etc)
- +1 For every hour the administrator spends working on his book, the astronomer spends meditating.
- +3 If security "saves" anyone, discovers the addict, if the astronomer finds his father, if the doctor gets to dissect anyone (especially a native), if the programmer keeps his addition from anyone (under pressure) or looks like making his name big.
- +1 to +3 For keeping in role, or partial success in any of the above (eg. Support acting unemotional, the doctor and programmer being paranoid, security being snoop and protective, the administrator protecting his manuscript, etc.)
- +3 to +5 For deducing or discovering elements of the SAGATECH plot (being broken up into the black hole, the liability, the computer, Armiger, the set up, etc). If the players simply stumble upon anything accidentally, do not award this.
- +8 For saving the shuttle.
- +6 to +8 For stealing the troubleshooter's ship.
- +5 For terminating any of the troubleshooter's crew.
- +2 For good or inventive use of skills (variable)
- 8 If the referee has to use the ghost in the machine.
- +5 For having more or less pieced together the plot (totally).
- 1 to -4 For excessively silly, wasteful and aimless actions (includes oversights like going outside without taking the correct equipment, being pointlessly violent, being exceptionally thick, arguing with the referee)
- +1 to +4 For the exact opposite : being quick, inventive, resourceful, planning, and all those things GMs like to see. Referee's option.
- +3 If the computer is successfully neutralised.
- +6 For escaping (finishing the scenario the way it's supposed to). Higher if the players escape with evidence.
- Variable Referee's option. Generally from -4 to +4.

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Helipad



□ = 1 sq. mtr.

And now, a special feature for AD+D players: the stats for Waldo, who appeared in this magazine some time ago and will do so again.

NAME: Waldo

HOME: No fixed address

PROFESSION: Murderer, mutilator, etc.

STR: 18/00

INT: 3

WIS: 5

DEX: 7

CON: 18

CHR: 3

LEVEL: 8

CLASS: Fighter

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral

HP: 90

PROFICIENT WEAPONS: club (double specialty), anything else that is so simple to use that you don't have to worry about which part you hit them with.

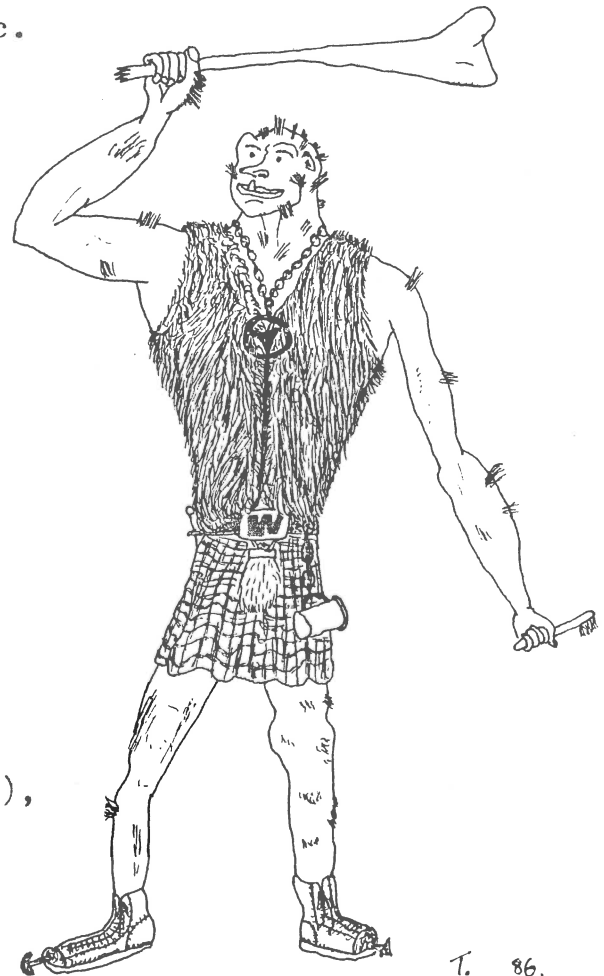
EQUIPMENT: Basic clothing (Usually), clubs (lots of them), assorted bits of junk, no money as

- 1) He takes what he wants,
- 2) He can't get other people to stay around so that he can spend it.

NOTES: Waldo is rude, stupid, vicious etc, and would therefore fit into many AD+D campaigns quite well. He can even pass as a half-ogre. There's not really much more that can be said about him, except that he'd be very good for disgusting any players who run into him.

The film, TV, game and whatever you can think of rights to Waldo are still for sale. What, no takers?

- Timo Nieminen.



BRITISH AND COMMONWEALTH AIRFORCE FAR EASTERN COMMAND, 7th December 1941
by Jack Ford

Commander : Air Vice-Marshal Sir Paul Maltby

Hong Kong - Wing Commander Sullivan
4 X Vildebeeste torpedo bombers
3 X Walrus seaplanes
3 X transport aircraft
10

Burma - Air Commodore E.R. Manning
16 X Buffalo fighters - No. 67 Squadron RAF
8 X Blenheim I bombers - No. 60 Squadron RAF (to Singapore)
6 X Tiger Moth reconnaissance - Burma Volunteer AF
22

Singapore and Malaya
2 X Catalina flying boats - No. 205 Squadron RAF
12 X Vildebeeste torpedo bombers - No. 100 Squadron RAF
16 X Blenheim IV bombers - No. 34 Squadron RAF
12 X Hudson bombers - No. 8 Squadron RAAF
16 X Buffalo fighters - No. 453 Squadron RAAF
16 X Buffalo fighters - No. 243 Squadron RAF
16 X Buffalo fighters - No. 488 Squadron RNZAF
12 X Buffalo fighters - No. 21 Squadron RAF
12 X Blenheim I night-fighters - No. 27 Squadron RAF
12 X Hudson bombers - No. 1 Squadron RAAF
12 X Vildebeeste torpedo bombers - No. 36 Squadron RAF
1 X Beaufort recon aircraft - No. 243 Squadron RAF
11 X Blenheim I bomber - No. 62 Squadron RAF
164

Reserves
15 X Blenheim I and IV
52 X Buffalo fighters
7 X Hudsons
12 X Vildebeeste
2 X Catalina
88

Total = 284 aircraft

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Cuchulain - Hero of Ulster

Cuchulain (also spelt Cu Chulainn, pronounced Koo'loo'lin) was one of the mightiest heroes of the Irish Celts. He was born from the union of Delectra, daughter of the great Druid Cathbad, and Lugh, called Lugh of the Long Hand, the Irish Sun God, who drove the Formorians from Eire, and killed their champion, Balor. Cuchulain was given by Delectra as a gift to Ulster, so that he may defend that country. The Druid Morann prophesied that for Cuchulain "His praise will be in the mouths of all men; charioteers and warriors, kings and sages will recount his deeds; he will win the love of many. This child will avenge all your wrongs; he will give combat at your fords, he will decide all your quarrels." However, Cuchulain was involved with another prophecy. While still a youth, he was so skilled in the arts of combat that he could defeat others many years his senior. One day, when he was seven years of age, he overheard the Druid Cathbad relating the results of a divination spell, which showed to the druid that whoever took up arms that day would be destined to become a great hero, but also that his life would be short. Caring nothing for life, and everything for glory, Cuchulain strode before the King of Ulster and demanded to right to bear arms. The King was initially reluctant because of the low age of the petitioner, but was eventually persuaded after a display of the abilities of Cuchulain. He gave the youth two great spears. Cuchulain shook them in his hands and they shattered. More spears were brought, and the same thing happened. Finally the King brought his own spears and these did not break. The same thing happened with the chariots offered to Cuchulain. The stamping of his foot broke each one until the King's own chariot was brought. Lastly, none other than the King's sword would withstand the strength of the young warrior.

Cuchulain's name was derived from an act that illustrated his noble character, immense strength, and great bravery. One day, before he had been invested with the arms of war, he had been invited by the King to accompany him to a feast at the stockade of Culann, the most famous of the smiths of Ulster. Setanta, as Cuchulain was known then, was to come after he had finished training for the day. However, when he arrived he found the gates closed, and the guard dog loose. The great mastiff took him to be an intruder and attacked. Instead of running, Setanta stood his ground and killed the hound. Attracted by the noise of the combat, the King and the smith Culann came to find the dog's head smashed against the rocks, and the youth standing over the corpse in triumph. However, instead of praise for his prowess, the smith rebuked him for killing his guard dog, and thus leaving the stockade without one of its best defences. Setanta, wishing to make amends, made an offer to the smith. If there was a welp from the hound he would train the dog himself, and until the dog was old enough, he would himself act as the guard for the house of Culann. He was not allowed to fulfill the bargain however, because he was destined for other things, yet from that day on he was known as the Cuchulain; "Hound of Culann".

After taking up arms, Cuchulain set about proving himself to be a valiant warrior. As the years passed he amassed a large number of heads from enemies he had defeated. (Heads were a prized trophy to the Celts, as it was thought that the sole of a

person rested in the head. By keeping the head some of the power of the enemy could be gained). However, this was not enough to satisfy him. He required more than could be offered by combat with mortal foes. Also, he was wooing a maiden who demanded that Cuchulain must have slain hundreds before she would be his. To gain even more ability in the arts of war, and so fulfil the requirements of his chosen mate, he decided to seek Skatha, a mighty warrior-woman who lived in Alba, the Land of Shadows. She taught those warriors that could reach her castle weapon skills that nobody else in this or any other world could. Cuchulain sailed to the shores of Alba and marched on to his first peril. Before him was the Plain of Ill-Luck, which was made of sticky clay and bottomless bogs. While thinking on how to cross this expanse a man with a "shining face" came to him. The man was his father Lugh, the Sun God, and he offered Cuchulain a golden wheel. Cuchulain was to roll the wheel onto the plain, and to follow its path exactly, and he would be safe. He accepted the gift, and did as instructed. As soon as the wheel touched the plain it glowed with a strong golden light, and rays of light shot out from its rim. Its heat made the ground that it touched dry, and Cuchulain, following its path, made his way safely across the plain.

A second plain awaited him. This one had growing on it a crop like grain except that, instead of heads of seed, the stalks ended in dagger-sharp blades. Lugh appeared as before and gave him a golden apple, which he rolled onto the field. The stalks parted and Cuchulain passed safely over that field.

Before reaching the castle he had to escape the beasts of the Perilous Glen, and then pass over the Bridge of Leaps. This last obstacle was on the border of the country of Skatha. The bridge could not be crossed normally because if anybody set foot on one end, the middle would rise up and cast the intruder back. To leap onto the bridge was dangerous because it was very narrow and a misplaced foot would deliver the luckless adventurer to the sea monsters waiting below. Cuchulain was not intimidated. Three times he tried to leap to the centre, and three times he was thrown back to the ground. On the fourth attempted he landed fairly in the middle of the bridge, and in one more leap he was on to the other side. Skatha was impressed with the courage and strength of the man, and immediately made him her pupil. For a year and a day she taught him all she knew, and finally she taught him the art of using the *Gae Bolg* (the belly spear). The manner of using this dreadful spear was that it was to be thrown with the foot, and if it struck a person it filled every limb and crevice of the victim with its barbs. Skatha gave him the spear, declaring that nobody before him had been worthy of holding the *Gae Bolg*.

Upon returning to Ulster Cuchulain set about proving his worth in the border wars that continually troubled the peace of Ireland. However his first foray was not a combat with mortal enemies but one that encompassed magic. On the journey back to Ulster he came to the great *dun* (fortress) of the sons of Nechtan, to whom had fallen more of the warriors of Ulster than any other opponents. On the green in front of the castle was a stone pillar with a bronze ring, which had a message inscribed on it. The inscription was that any man of arms bearing age would have a *geis* upon him that he could not leave without having

challenged one of the sons of Nechtan to mortal combat. A *geis* was a magical compulsion that if broken or ignored would bring calamity on the person not abiding by it. To prevent the *geis* from being worked on anybody else, Cuchulain tore the bronze ring from the stone pillar and threw it into a river. Foill, one of the sons, came forth to do battle with Cuchulain, but seeing only a boy initially refused to confront him. However Cuchulain taunted him until Foill was forced to fight. Cuchulain was warned by his charioteer that Foill was invulnerable by magic to point or blade. He therefore fitted a ball of tempered iron to his sling and flung it with such force and accuracy that it passed right through the forehead of Foill and out through the back of his head. The other sons of Nechtan then came to avenge the death of their brother, but Cuchulain, in his battle-fury, easily overcame them with sword and spear. Tying their heads to his chariot, he left after firing the dun.

In this way he came towards the dun of the King of Ulster. Cuchulain was still in his battle-fury, and the King could see that he would deal death to any warrior in his way, friend or foe. To prevent this the King had all the maidens go out between Cuchulain and the dun and remove their clothes. When Cuchulain came to the women he lowered his head in shame and modesty. At this moment the King's men seized him and plunged him into a vat of cold water which had been made ready. The water boiled around him with such vigour that the vat was broken. Another vat was brought, and the same fate awaited it. The process was repeated many times until finally the battle-fury in Cuchulain was cooled.

To win the hand of Emer the Fair, the maiden that had sent him to the Land of Shadows, he still had to slay his hundreds. He was also opposed by Forgall, the father of Emer, who would not let his daughter marry Cuchulain. He decided to take Emer anyway. Using the "Hero's Salmon Leap", an art learnt from Skatha, he leaped over the walls of the dun of Forgall, and in three mighty blows killed the guards, each blow killing eight men. Forgall died trying to escape Cuchulain by leaping off the ramparts. Cuchulain carried off Emer, but outside the dun he was confronted by the sister of Forgall, with a hoard of warriors. The battle-fury came upon him, and at every ford crossed he slew a hundred warriors until the host was defeated. Thus he fulfilled the conditions set down by Emer, and won her for his wife.

Cuchulain's greatest test in his short life soon came about. Queen Maeve of Connacht, a province bordering Ulster, desired to own the magic bull of Cooley, which was in Ulster, to be a rival to the White Bull of Ailill, owned by her husband, Ailill. The bull of Cooley was described as having a back broad enough for fifty children to play on; when it was angry it stamped its owner ten metres into the ground. Unable to obtain it by bargaining, she set about raising a host to take it by force, starting what became known as the "Tain Bo Cuailgne", or the Cattle Raid of Cualgny. To her came all the warriors of Connacht, which comprised of the seven Maines, sons of Maeve, each with his retinue; Ket and Anluan with thirty hundreds of men; and Ferdia, with a company of Firbolgs, the giants that delighted in war and ale. The allies of Maeve also came; the host of Leinster, who were excelled by no others in the host in the skills of war, and exiles from Ulster, who had departed from Ulster because of the

Kings treachery to some warriors (who had been under the protection of the men of Ulster at the time).

Before the host left Connacht Maeve sent spies out to see how the warriors of Ulster were preparing for the invasion. To their amazement and Maeve's delight they found the Ulstermen suffering under the *Debility of the Ulsterians*. In a long past year a previous king of Ulster had made a Fairey woman race against horses when the woman was about to start childbirth. As she finished the race, beating the horses, she was struck by labour pains. At the same time all the Ulstermen were struck by the same pains. The Fairey pronounced this curse upon those gathered at the race; "From this hour the shame you have wrought on me will fall upon each man of Ulster. In the hours of your greatest need ye shall be weak and helpless as women in childbirth, and this shall endure for five days and four nights - to the ninth generation the curse shall be upon you." This is how Maeve's spies found the men of Ulster. Conor the King, his son, Owen Prince of Ferney, and the huge grey warrior Celtchar all lay helpless. Even Conall of the Victories, second only to Cuchulain, lay writhing on his bed. While Queen Maeve was confident that victory would now come easily, she had not counted on two factors. Firstly, although the Ulstermen in her service had left Ulster voluntarily they still retained some loyalty to their home, and thus sent a warning ahead of the host. The second factor was Cuchulain. His father was not of mortal blood, and hence the curse did not affect Cuchulain. His charioteer was born in another country and also escaped the curse. Thus it fell to Cuchulain and his charioteer to defend Ulster.

To delay the host for a day Cuchulain placed them under a *geis*. He went into the forest on the border of Ulster and standing on one leg, and using only one hand and one eye, cut an oak sapling and twisted it into a circular withe (a binding for bundles of firewood). On this he wrote in Ogham characters (the form of writing used for high purposes e.g. magic) that the host of Meave was under a *geis* that they must not pass that point until one of their number could make a similar device in the same manner. None could, and such was the power of the *geis* that it held the host where it was for the night. However, it was deemed that the restriction held only for that night and at the dawn of the next day they moved on.

Cuchulain now prepared himself to harry the enemy. He strapped on his armour, which consisted of a tunic of waxed skin plates, several layers thick. So that it would not burst when his battle-frenzy came upon him he had it bound with thick rope. To cover him from the waist to the armpits he donned a battle-belt of tanned leather from the best cattle of the Ulster herds. Around his stomach he wore a silk apron embroidered with gold, over which a battle apron of the darkest leather was strapped. Upon his head was an iron battle-helm. His battle-cry echoed inside it so as to make even the demons of the air cower with fear.

His weapons were these; an ivory hilted sword, several short swords, spears both for throwing and stabbing, a trident of five prongs, and a shield with a rim so sharp that it could cut a single hair lengthways.

The charioteer also prepared for battle. To distinguish him from the warrior he placed a spot of yellow paint on his forehead. The horses' harness was covered in spikes, barbs, and iron plates. Every part of the chariot was covered in blades, hooks, and tearing nails. Finally, with a spell of protection cast over it the chariot was ready.

From the tracks they were leaving Cuchulain estimated the number of the host to be eighteen *triucha oet* (\approx 54,000 men). Going to the front of the advancing army he found two scouting chariots at a ford. The unfortunate men were quickly slain. With one sweep of his sword he cut a chariot pole from the body of a chariot and drove it deep into the ford. On this he placed the heads of the four men. When the host came to the ford one of the leaders recognised the bloody spectacle to be a *geis* not to cross the ford until the pole was removed in the same manner as it was placed; that was, by using only the finger-tips of one hand. The strongest of the host broke seventeen chariots under him as he tried to repeat the feat. Finally he did it, but not before dark, and so Cuchulain gained another day, which was another day closer to the lifting of the curse affecting his countrymen.

The harrying now began in earnest. Cuchulain would sweep down on the fringes of the host, picking off one to a dozen men at a time. He was always gone before the host knew he was there. No man in the army knew whether he would be next to be killed. So disdainful of the invaders was Cuchulain that at one time he killed a pet golden bird that was sitting on Queen Maeve's shoulder using a sling bullet. To prove that it was not a lucky shot he latter killed a squirrel that had replaced the bird. The forces of Maeve were starting to become frightened by this almost unseen opponent that could pick his victims at will.

When he tired of this nibbling, Cuchulain descended on the the host in his full battle fury and killed hundreds at a time. When he was in his fury he was an awesome sight. Every part of his body trembled like a tree in a storm. His calves moved around his legs to fill his shins, and his feet and knees moved to the back. The muscles of his neck protruded until it appeared that they would break away from his body. The veins of his head and neck dilated so that they were like mountain ranges. His heart beat so strongly that it sounded like lions roaring. One eye was embedded inside his head, while the other expanded. His mouth extended from one ear to another, and from it poured foam, white and thick like the fleece from a champion sheep. Around him shone a light, and his hair stood up on its end like a copper torch. From the top of his head spouted a column of dark blood that rose to a great height, where it scattered to the four compass points, whereupon it formed a magical mist that was thicker than the smoke from burning buildings. From out of this mist he would appear to deal death.

Finally the harrasement become too much for Maeve and she tried to win Cuchulain over to her side by offering him treasures and power, but his loyalty to Ulster was unshakeable. However, an agreement was reached. Cuchulain would meet one champion a day. While the two fought the host could advance, but they would have to camp when the combat was over. Maeve preferred to lose one man a day than a hundred or more. Cuchulain defeated

champion after champion except for Fergus, who was Cuchulain's foster father. He had been driven from Ulster as an exile. He could not find it in himself to fight Cuchulain so when he was sent as the champion he offered a bargain. If Cuchulain would give way to Fergus now, Fergus would give way to Cuchulain in the "last battle". Cuchulain agreed and on that day the host of Maeve made good progress. However, after continued to quickly defeat every champion sent against him until it became too much for Maeve, and she sent the Clan Calatin against him. Calatin was a wizard, and he, with his 27 sons formed one being. What the father did the other 27 also did. They were poisonous; a graze from a weapon held by any of them was lethal in nine days. When Cuchulain faced the creature each facet hurled a spear at him, but he caught all 28 spears without any injury. When he drew his sword to do combat with it, the creature rushed forward and with its immense strength forced Cuchulain's face into the ground. One of the Ulster exiles who was watching the battle could not endure to see the unequal combat and bravely hacked at the hands holding the Ulster champion down. Cuchulain quickly regained his feet and dismembered the multiform beast, so that no of it survived.

Finally Maeve had no champions left except for the mightiest of them all, Ferdia son of Daman. He had not gone against Cuchulain before because the two were like brothers. They were fellow pupils in The Land of Shadows and until the present battle had never been in conflict with each other. Even when offered the daughter of Maeve in marriage Ferdia refused to fight his friend. It was only after Queen Maeve threatened to have the poets and bards satirise him that he agreed. To have a satire spoken against warrior was a dire threat as the spoken word held very strong power when used in the right manner.

When they first met they were courteous to each other. The combat had more of the feeling of a competition than a fight to the death. They began with light throwing javelins. All morning the javelins passed across the ford, none beating the defences of the other. After midday they change to heavy spears, and blood was drawn by both opponents, but no serious wounds were inflicted. Finally the day and the battle ended, and the two men embraced each other as friends, and camped together for the night. On the second day the battle recommenced with the heavy broad bladed spears for close fighting from chariots. All day the fight raged until at sunset the weapons were again put down and the fighters settled down together for the night. The third day of the combat was fought with heavy swords, and on this day the wounds were often and deep, although neither could overcome the other. The friendliness that had prevailed until now was gone and the combatants camped by themselves. The fourth day allowed the use of any and all weapons and Ferdia felt that his doom was upon him because he knew that Cuchulain would use the Gae Bolg that day. To provide some protection from it he wore over his stomach a flat stone under an apron of iron. The battle commenced with spears, but as before none could get an advantage. Cuchulain then tried with sword, but Ferdia's shield was impenetrable. Cuchulain's charioteer, seeing him cast aside by the shield each time he tried to get near called out "He casts thee off as a river flings its foam, he grinds thee as a millstone grinds a corn of wheat; thou elf, never call thyself a warrior." With this taunting Cuchulain was roused to his battle fury and the

transformation overtook him. He towered over Ferdia now, yet the battle was still not decided. The two grappled closely, and the demons screamed from the edges of their swords, while the water of the ford itself recoiled in fear so that where they had been fighting in water they were now on dry land. Ferdia was the first to get an opening, and hewed a large piece of flesh from Cuchulain. After that Ferdia pressed him hard. Finally Cuchulain called for the *Gae Bolg*. Ferdia dropped his shield low to protect his stomach and Cuchulain drove a spear over the top of it deep into the chest of Ferdia. When Ferdia raised the shield again, Cuchulain drove the *Gae Bolg* with his toes into the stomach of Ferdia, through the iron apron, and smashing the rock. Ferdia died instantly. In respect for his friend Cuchulain caught the body of Ferdia before it fell and carried it to the Ulster side of the ford so that the body would lie in his homeland and not among the enemies of Ulster, even though Ferdia had been exiled from there. Cuchulain, weak from the battle, and in grief for the loss of his friend, fell in a swoon like death. The body of Ferdia was taken by certain of his kin folk, while Cuchulain was taken back to Ulster where his wounds were tended. But there was nothing to stop the host of Maeve now.

Maeve's army swept through Ulster, ravaging and killing as they went. The object of the raid, the Bull of Cooley, fell to the host. But Cuchulain's delaying tactics had worked. The curse was lifting from the men of Ulster even as he was fighting at the ford. Now, in the days following they began to rally themselves. By the time they were ready to do battle Queen Maeve's army had gained all that they desired and were preparing to withdraw. As they did the Ulster warriors harassed the rear of the army until Fergus could take it no longer and swung his army around to do battle with the Ulster forces. At this last battle Cuchulain reappeared.

When Cuchulain saw Fergus he called out. "You are bound by your oath to stand aside for me." Even though the battle was not going badly for him, Fergus was a man of honour, and his army stood aside for the forces of Ulster. Seeing this the host of Maeve dispaired and broke ranks. They were pursued by the Ulster army and cut down until none were left alive. Finally Cuchulain found Queen Maeve almost alone beside what was once a proud chariot. Cuchulain was a man of what would become known later as chivalry and offered her his protection back to Connacht, were she hoped to enjoy the ownership of the Bull, even if nothing else was gained in the raid and nearly everything lost. She was to be denied even this small consolation. The Bull, which had been sent back soon after it was captured, had, on seeing the White Bull of Ailell, gored it to death and then run around madly killing everybody nearby. The Bull then ran back to Ulster where it died from a burst heart. Thus ended the "Tain Bo Cuailgne".

Cuchulain's trials were not yet over however. Many other adventures awaited him, but it is to his last battle that we will pass. Queen Maeve, having been forced to agree to a truce between Connacht and Ulster at terms unfavourable to her, brooded over her losses and within her started to burn a desire to see Cuchulain humiliated and killed. The weapons of her vengeance were delivered to her soon after she returned to Connacht. To the wife of Calatin were born two sets of triplets at the same time, that is, three sons and three daughters. All were foul

creatures, the daughters especially, each having only one eye. Maeve knew them to be of demon stock and had the daughters schooled in every evil sorcery in Ireland, and when they were finished there she sent them to the Land of Shadows, and then as far as Babylon, to learn everything that could be used to destroy the hero of Ulster.

While the daughters of Calatin were away Maeve roused the anger and resentment of all those that had been made to suffer by Cuchulain in the "Tain Bo Cuailgne". Those that had lost sons, fathers or loved ones were stirred by Maeve's words so that they were ready to raise another Host when the time was right. Finally the time came when the daughters of Calatin were back and the *Debility of the Ultonians* lay upon the warriors of Ulster again. Queen Maeve led the host onto the Plain of Murthemney.

The children of Calatin had learned their art well. The first magic they used caused the very stalks of grass in the field appear as an invading army to Cuchulain, and the wind had the sound of clashing weapons and of dying women, and the air carried the stench of burning villages. Cuchulain was driven into a frenzy by this, and he quickly become extremely wearied by attacking phantom opponents. The howling laughter of the three hags could be heard overhead. Before Cuchulain died of the exertion Cathbad showed him the truth of the visions and persuaded him to retire to a hidden glen where he was tended by fifty of the princesses of Ulster. One, with whom he was especially close, made him vow not to go to battle without her permission. To this he agreed, although the apparitions still worried him and made him want to go to war. Even though Cuchulain was moved several times to secluded places the hags always found him and filled his mind with those same terrible manifestaions.

One day when he was resting Cuchulain was visted by the Princess who had made him vow not to go to battle, and with great sorrow and fear told Cuchulain that Ulster was being overrun by the Host of Maeve and that everybody was being put to the sword. Cuchulain could hear and smell the truth of what she was saying, so he quickly ran to put on his armour. As he was doing so the gold brooch from his cloak fell and pierced his foot. This was definitely a bad omen. More were to come. When his charioteer went to fetch the horses they were skittish, and would only come to Cuchulain's call. Even then the Grey of Macha, the King of Horse, shed tears of blood. And as he drove away from the place of seclusion the hiddious laughter of a hag was heard, for it was not the princess that had visted Cuchulain, but one of the daughters of Calatin in her likeness.

The portents continued as Cuchulain rode to the battlefield. When he crossed a ford on the plain of Emania he saw a young maiden weeping as she washed clothes in the water. The garments were all bloodied, and as Cuchulain looked closer he saw that they were his own. The girl then vanished from sight. Cuchulain had been visted by the Washer at the Fords, the Chooser of the Slain.

As he neared the battle, he came upon three hags, each with their heads hidden behind hoods. They called to him to share the meat that the were cooking on a spit. Cuchulain could not refuse

as he was born under a *geis* never to refuse an invitation to a meal. However, when he saw what was being cooked he despaired, because it was a dog. Also a *geis* to Cuchulain was that he could not eat his namesake. He was torn between the conflicting commands, but finally accepted a small piece of meat. When he had eaten he wiped the grease off onto his leg. The arm that he used to take the meat was paralysed up to his shoulder, and the thigh lost its strength. As he left Cuchulain again heard the twisted laughter of the daughters of Calatin.

When he reached the plain he found the Host of Connacht arranged there. Straight into them Loeg the Charioteer drove and all around the chariot the men of Maeve fell under Cuchulain's weapons until the plain was as red as a sunset. But Maeve had a strategy. The Daughters of Calatin had prophesised that Cuchulain's spears would kill three kings that day, so she had a bard go to Cuchulain and demand that he be given one of the spears or else he would put a bad name upon Ulster. Cuchulain could not refuse the bard so he gave the spear by casting it with such force that it pierced the head of the bard and ten men behind him. But one of the men who had lost a father in the Raid pick up the spear and cast it back at Cuchulain. It missed him and struck Loeg, the King of Charioteers. A second bard came and demanded a spear else he would pronounce a satire upon Cuchulain. He received his spear through the stomach. Another of Maeve's leaders seeking revenge picked up the spear and cast it. The spear pierced the side of the Grey of Macha, the King of all Horses. The third spear was now demanded upon the penalty of a curse on Cuchulain's kinfolk. Again the bard died for the spear, and again it was recovered. This spear flew true at Cuchulain and ripped his stomach so that his intestines hung out. The Host pulled back when they saw that Cuchulain, with a wound that would have been fatal to any mortal man, calmly pushed his guts back into his body and bind the wound with his battle sash. He then walked to a nearby lake to drink. He knew he was dying now, and as it would be dishonourable not to face the enemy in death he went to a stone pillar nearby and bound himself to it. And so died Cuchulain, hero of Ulster. Even in death he still brought fear into the hearts of his enemies. When one of the host finally went up to Cuchulain's body and attempted to cut the head off the sword the was in Cuchulain's hand fell and severed the hand of the despoiler.

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What's New in the Games Cupboard

by Jack Ford

- Boardgames - "Basic Training" (low complexity WWII)
"Field Marshall" (low complexity strategic)
Wargamer No. 58 - featuring "Clash of Empires - August 1914"
(WWI strategic Western Front)
Wargamer No. 61 - featuring "Marlborough - War of the Spanish
Succession" (Horse and Musket 18th Century strategic)
Strategy & Tactics No. 111 - featuring "Remember the Maine"
(Spanish - American War strategic)
Strategy & Tactics No. 40 - featuring "Panzer Armee Africa"
(WWII western desert strategic)
Nexus No. 16 featuring SFB, History of the Second World War,
East Wind Rain, Viceroy's, Godsfire and Delta Force.
- Minatures - "A Guide to Wargaming" - George Gush and Andrew Finch
- For Everyone - Breakout No. 26 featuring a review of "Terror Australis",
latest module for Call of Cthulhu

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Our Murphy's Rules

by Paul Agard

In TRAVELLER, the only skill that may not be taught to another person is "Instruction", which introduces interesting thoughts about teacher's college.

In ANT ARMY, the rules as written have a soldier ant attacking a soldier ant killing it on a 2/6 chance, while only a 1/6 chance of killing a worker ant which is not allowed to attack anything.

TRAVELLER again. Starships of even moderate size routinely use tonnes of hydrogen in their fusion reactors every week, just for maintenance and housekeeping purposes (ie. without manuevering). This corresponds to enough energy to supply Brisbane's energy needs for the next century!



NEW GUINEA - JAPANESE NAVAL LOSSES

by Jack Ford

Light carrier	Shoho	Battle of Coral Sea
light cruiser	Kako	off New Ireland 10/8/42
"	"	Tenryu sunk by USS Albacore (sub) 18/12/42
destroyer	Arashiro	Bismark Sea Battle 3/3/43
"	Ariake	sunk off New Britain 29/7/43
"	Asahio	Bismark Sea Battle
"	Hakaze	sunk by USS Guardfish (sub) 23/1/43
"	Harusame	Battle of Gelvink Bav 24/11/42
"	Idayashio	sunk by US aircraft 24/11/42
"	Mochizuki	sunk off New Britain 24/10/43 (US aircraft)
submarines	I-2	sunk east of Admrialty Island 7/4/44
"	I-4	off Rabual 21/12/42
"	I-5	off New Guinea 10/6/44
"	I-18	off Kumusi River 25/12/42
"	I-181	off New Guinea 16/1/44
"	RO-33	off Port Moresby 19/8/42
"	RO-104	north of New Guinea 31/5/44
"	RO-116	" " " " 24/5/44
"	RO-30/32	Sydney Harbour Raid ?
minelayer	Okinoshima	sunk by allied sub 11/5/42
seaplane tender	Nisshin	sunk by allied bombers off Buin 22/7/43

-0-0-0-

A Funny Thing Happened While Gaming...

by Mark Marvchurch

I know you, and everyone else whose played "Kingmaker", have seen it before but it fits the area we're searching for; stories about wonderfully legal but horrible self-destructions that players have inflicted on themselves.

Here's the situation. Three players, who shall remain anonymous (Paul Agapow, Jack Ford and Andrew Robertson), had slowly gained real power in a recent game. They had acquired the top heir to the white rose and set out to crown him. Taking nearly all their available forces, while allied, they arrived at Durham and set about declaring their heir, King.

This, of course, was simple as they had several bishops along. They then started to plan the wonderful actions to stuff up the true king (MINE!!).

However...

The VERY next player turn just happened to have "Plague in Durham"!! Therefore virtually the entire army, King and all, were wiped out by this act of providence.

Now that's the way to lose a game!!

Footnote: Actually, they didn't lose the game. Jack won it in a very lucky attack later (Bastard!).

-0-0-0-

60 minutes

7 October 1986

Mr Mark Marychurch
President
Queensland University Games Society
University of Queensland Union
ST LUCIA QLD 4067

Dear Mr Marychurch,

We note your complaint about our story dealing with Dungeons & Dragons, and other role-playing games.

Your letter raises some very strong arguments in defence of Dungeons & Dragons as a harmless but interesting pursuit. If your arguments were perfect, then all concern expressed by critics would be absolutely without foundation and the critics themselves - including various police authorities, community workers and parents in the United States and elsewhere - would have to be classed as either misguided, malicious or stupid.

It is possible you are right and there is no reason to consider that Dungeons & Dragons may have any adverse effect on certain categories of player. We can't believe, however, that you further insist the critics have no right to be heard and the media has no right to report their views as an issue of public interest.

Cordially,



Gerald Stone
Executive Producer

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(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES)

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ACADEMY OF ADVENTURE GAMING ARTS & DESIGN OFFICIAL ORIGINS AWARDS NOMINATION BALLOT

For the year 1986, to be presented at Origins '87, July 2-5, 1987, in Baltimore, MD
(for information about Origins '87, write P O Box 15405, Baltimore, MD 21230)

The Origins Awards, presented at Origins each year, are an international series of awards aimed at recognizing outstanding achievements in Adventure Gaming. The awards are comprised of the Charles Roberts Awards for boardgaming, and the H. G. Wells Awards for miniatures and role-playing games. An Awards Committee of hobbyists (some professionals, but primarily independents) directs and administers the awards system.

INSTRUCTIONS. Read carefully. Print legibly or type nominations. Ballots that are messy, not completed correctly, or show attempts at ballot stuffing will not be counted. You may list three nominees per category. It does not matter in what order you list them. To keep the voting as meaningful as possible, do not list selections in unfamiliar categories. **YOU MUST SIGN THE BALLOT!** Include your address. You may vote only once. Nominations should be for products released during the calendar year 1986. Miniatures figure series nominations should be for new product lines or lines which were substantially expanded in 1986.

This ballot may be reproduced and circulated by any means available, provided its contents are faithfully copied. ALL Adventure Gamers are encouraged to vote! **YOUR VOTE makes a difference!** A final ballot is prepared by the committee and voted on by the members of the Academy of Adventure Gaming Arts & Design. Academy membership, \$3.00 per year, is open to active, accomplished hobbyists, both professional and amateur. Membership guidelines are available for a SASE from the addresses given below. Correspondence should be mailed to the U S address. Present members may renew by sending their check with their ballot. Checks should be made payable to GAMA for \$3 U.S. The Academy and the Awards Committee as well as the Origins Convention itself, function under the authority of GAMA, the Game Manufacturers Association.

DEADLINE: MAY 2, 1987

THE H. G. WELLS AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN MINIATURES AND ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

1. Best Historical Figure Series, 1986

2. Best Fantasy/ Science Fiction Figure Series, 1986

3. Best Vehicular/ Accessory Series, 1986

4. Best Miniatures Rules, 1986

5. Best Role-Playing Rules, 1986

6. Best Role-Playing Adventure, 1986

7. Best Role-Playing Supplement, 1986

8. Best Professional Role-Playing Magazine, 1986

9. Best Professional Miniatures Magazine, 1986

10. Best Play-By-Mail Game, 1986

THE CHARLES ROBERTS AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN BOARDGAMING

11. Best Pre-20th Century Game, 1986

12. Best 20th Century Game, 1986

13. Best Fantasy/Science Fiction Game, 1986

14. Best Professional Boardgame Magazine, 1986

15. Best Military/Strategy Computer Game, 1986

16. Best Fantasy/ Science Fiction Computer Game, 1986

17. Best Screen Graphics in a Computer Game, 1986
(Given a particular computer's limitations)

18. Best Amateur Adventure Gaming Magazine, 1986

19. Best Graphic Presentation, 1986

20. Hall of Fame, 1986

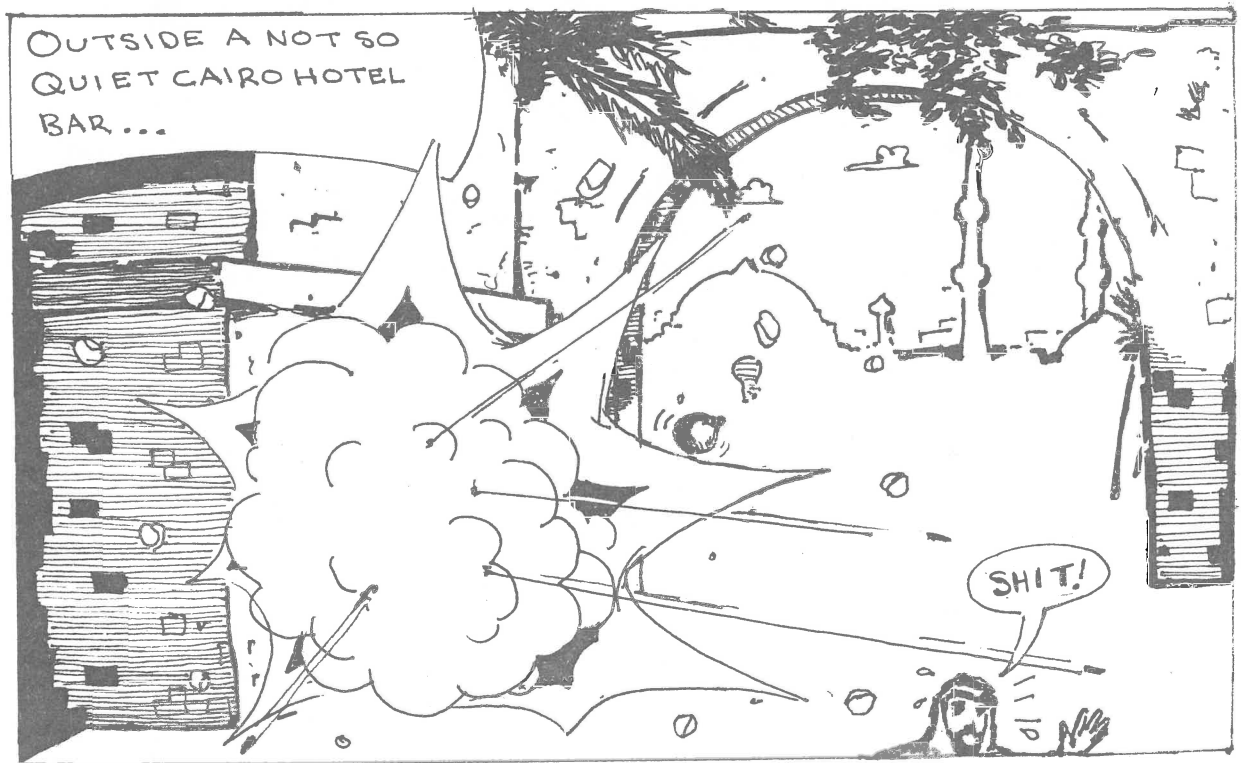
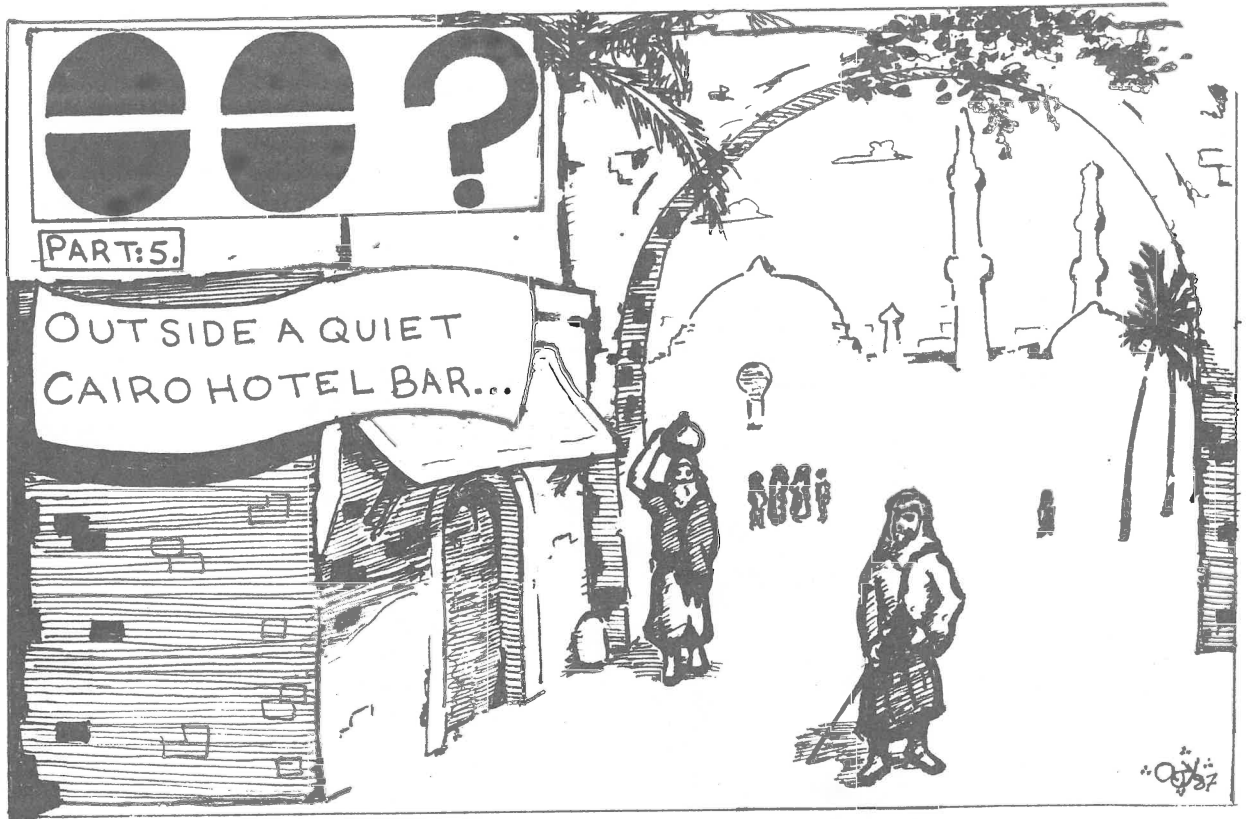
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Signature _____

Send your ballot to only one of the following addresses by the deadline, May 2, 1987.

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P O Box 2712
Fairfax, VA 22031

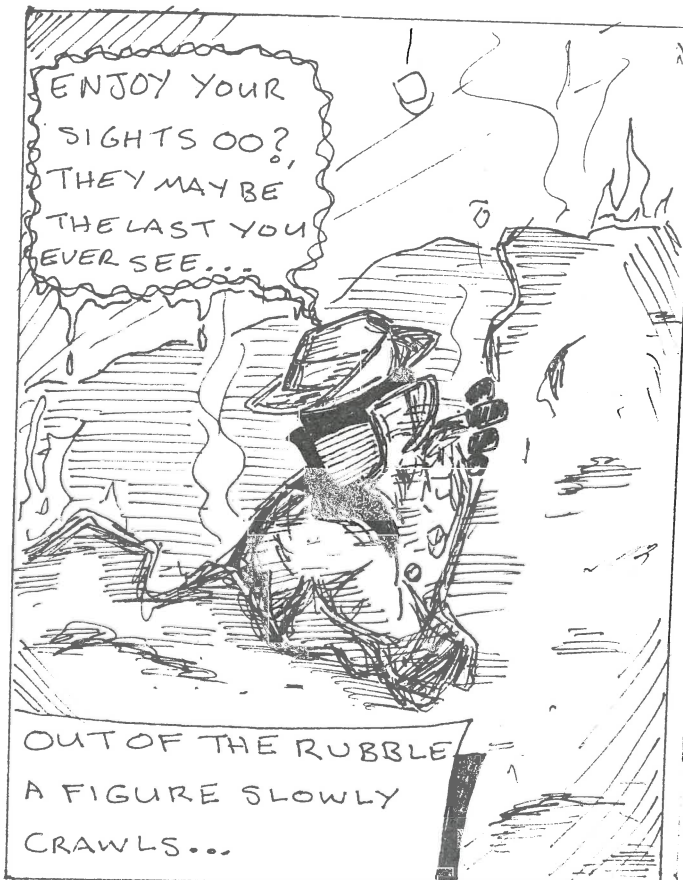
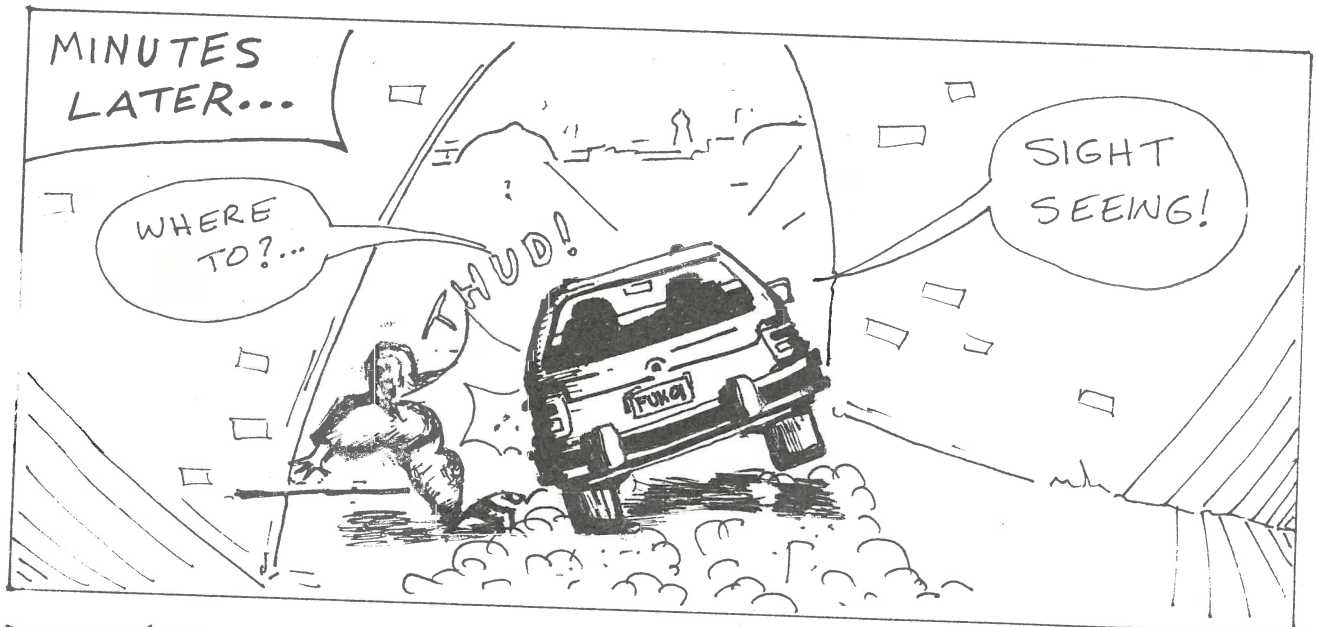
Australia & New Zealand
Awards, Adrian Pett
Breakout Magazine
P O Box 162
Mooroolbark, Vic 3138
Australia



ARTIST'S NOTE:

This note has been added to the bottom of the page to fill it out and therefore make it more proportionately, aesthetically, pleasing.





**SOUNDS
OMINIOUS
DOESN'T IT !**

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT
TIME?
WILL IT BE THE LAST
TIME?
WILL OUR RATINGS BETTER
'DAYS OF OUR LIVES'?

TIL THEN... **AARON**
87

CRITICAL FAILURE IN GUN COMBAT : A Twilight 2000 Variant

by Paul Adabow

Anytime a critical failure is rolled in the use of a firearm (10% of the failure chance for the basic skill percentage), roll an additional 1d10 and consult table.

1. JAM: The firearm is temporarily blocked. No further shots maybe fired until it is cleared. The roll to clear is DIF: Weapon Skill or AVG: Gunsmith, which maybe made once per round.

2. JAM: As above, but only apply for automatic weapons.

3. MISFIRE: Due to a misfire, the character is stunned and may not do anything for the rest of the turn. Each subsequent turn, he may roll greater than his cool to recover.

4. BREAKAGE: The stress of firing causes 1d10 X 10% damage to gun. No further action allowed this round.

5. BURST: For automatic and semiautomatic weapons only. The firing mechanism becomes stuck and 1d10 X the basic ROF shots are wasted.

6. DUD: Defective ammunition blocks the gun. As per JAM, except the gun is automatically cleared at the end of the round.

7. DROP: The recoil causes the firer to drop the weapon. No action allowed for remainder of phase.

8. SHOT SELF: Roll for random location and apply damage as normal.

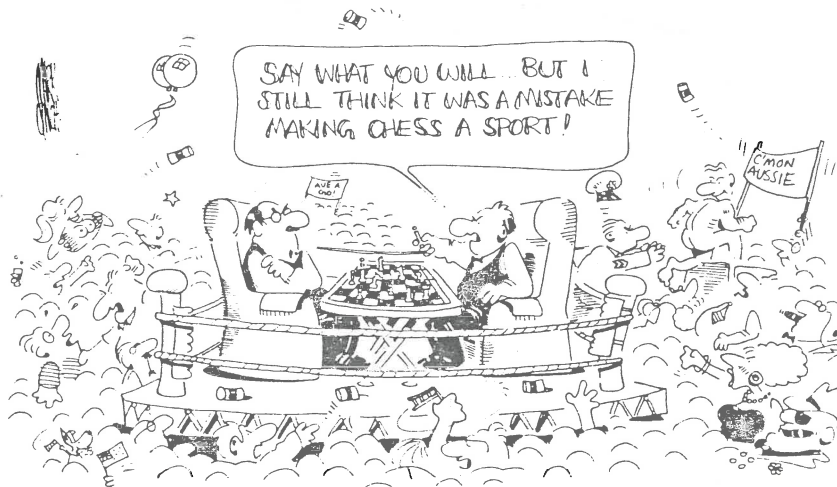
9. SHOT OTHER: The burst accidentally hits another individual along the line of fire. Apply normal damage.

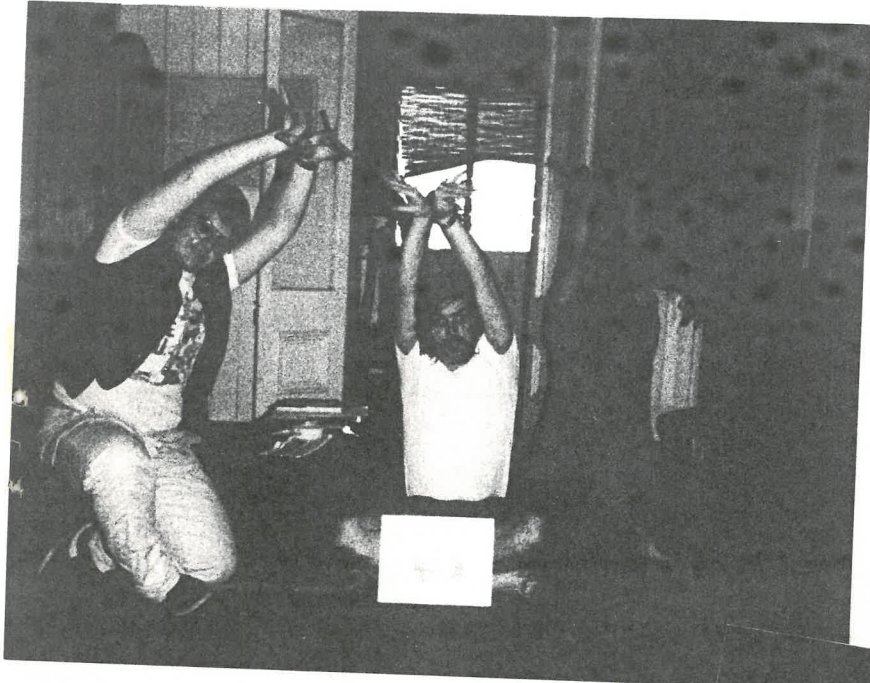
10. RICCOCHET: The burst ricochets and hits a randomly determined individual in same range band. Apply normal damage.

Notes:

For revolvers and other manually loaded weapons (eg. M79, M203, etc), ignore JAM results and treat as DUD.

Maintenance may prevent results 1-5 IF they occur AND weapon was maintained for at least one hour in the past week. The roll to ignore failure is DIF: Weapon Skill or AVG: Gunsmith of the maintaining character. If the maintenance was carried out in the last day, this roll is one level easier.

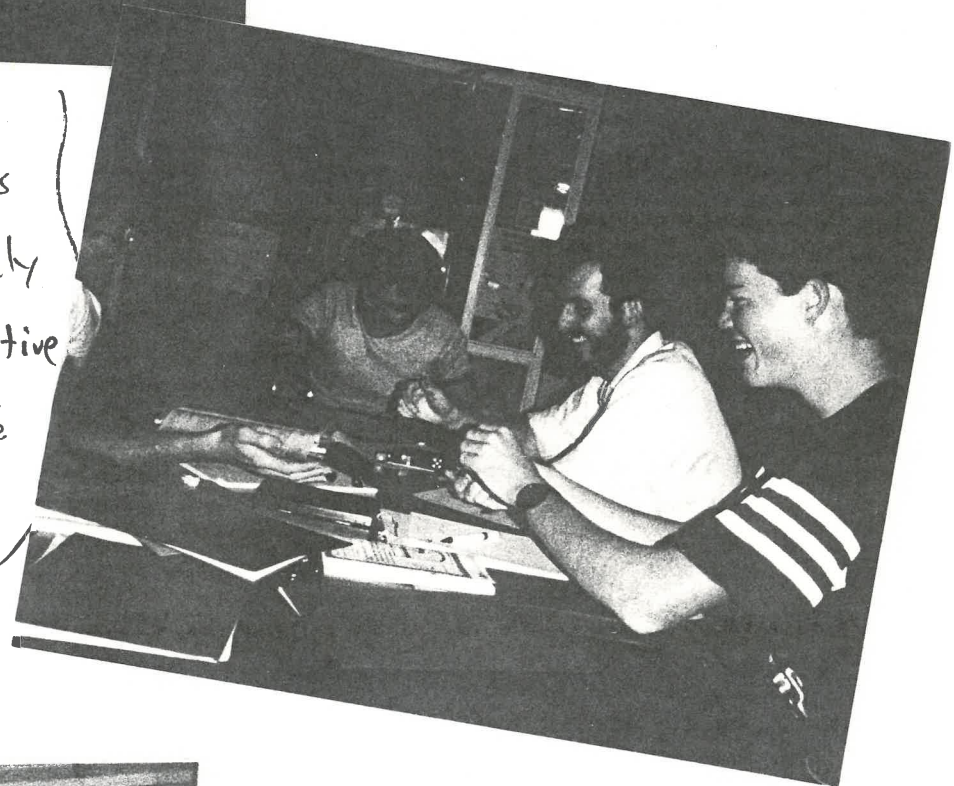




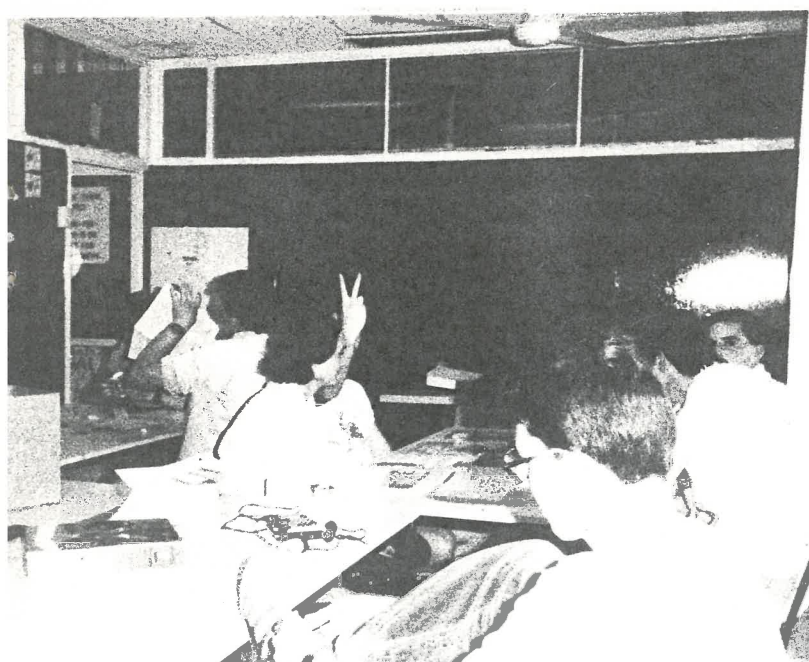
"ANT ARMY"

fanatics undertaking rituals devoted to invoke the pleasure of the Queen Ant.
 (What's the box hiding?)

Q.U.G.S. Secretary, Paul Agapow asking for bribes to ensure that he is the only fool who runs for an Executive position in the 1987 QUGS ELECTIONS



An entire room full of QUGS members caught cheating, all at the same time! That's an "I play Rabbits Revenge" hand signal being displayed to the camera.



HEY YOU!

Yes, that means YOU!

Don't think that you can avoid me by reading the next sentence or turning the page.

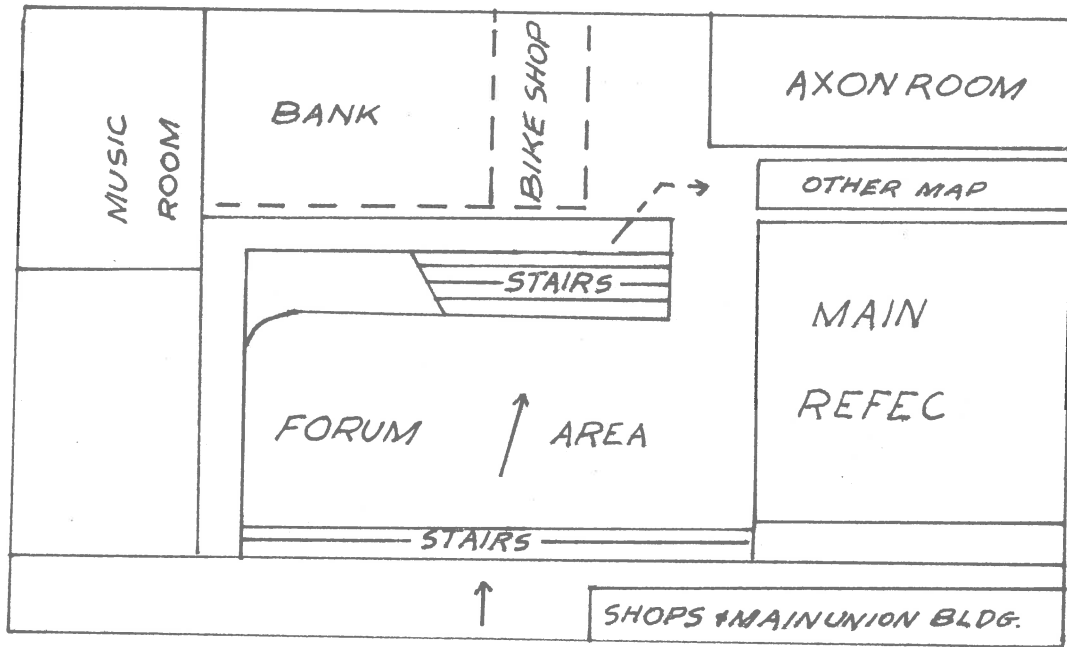
I'm here to tell you that the next Q.U.G.S. meeting is to be held this SATURDAY, the SIXTH of JUNE (Yes, D-Day!) in the Clubs and Societies Meeting Room.

Where's that you say?

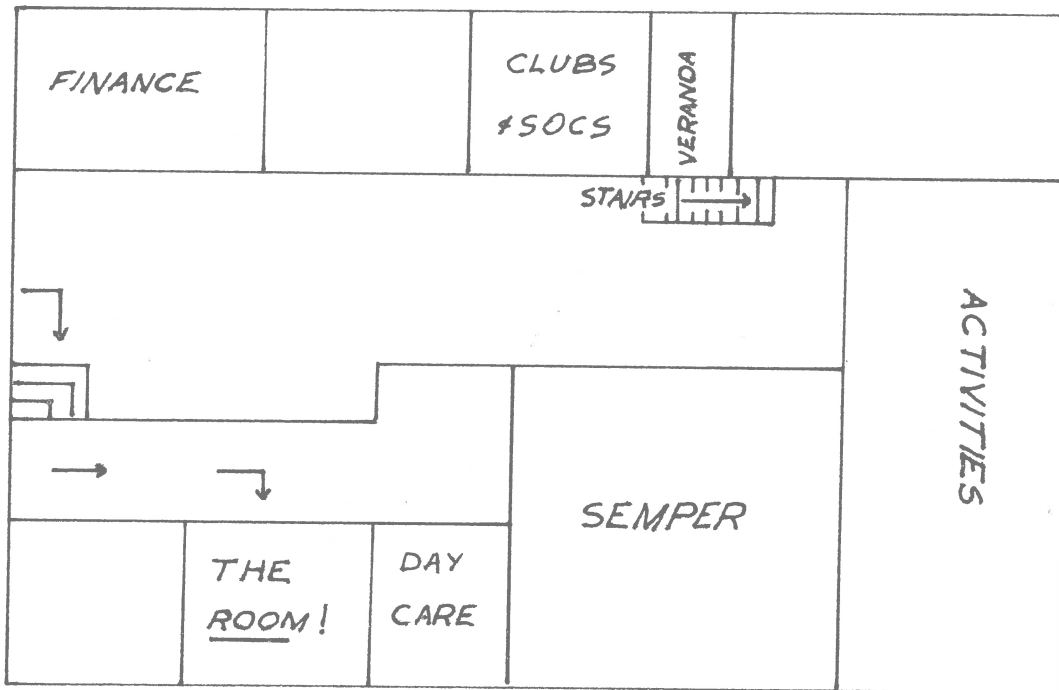
Well, you can use the accompanying map printed elsewhere.

And if you find us on Saturday, you can blame Mark;

And if not, don't forget to send us a postcard from Greenland!



MAP 1



MAP 2.

