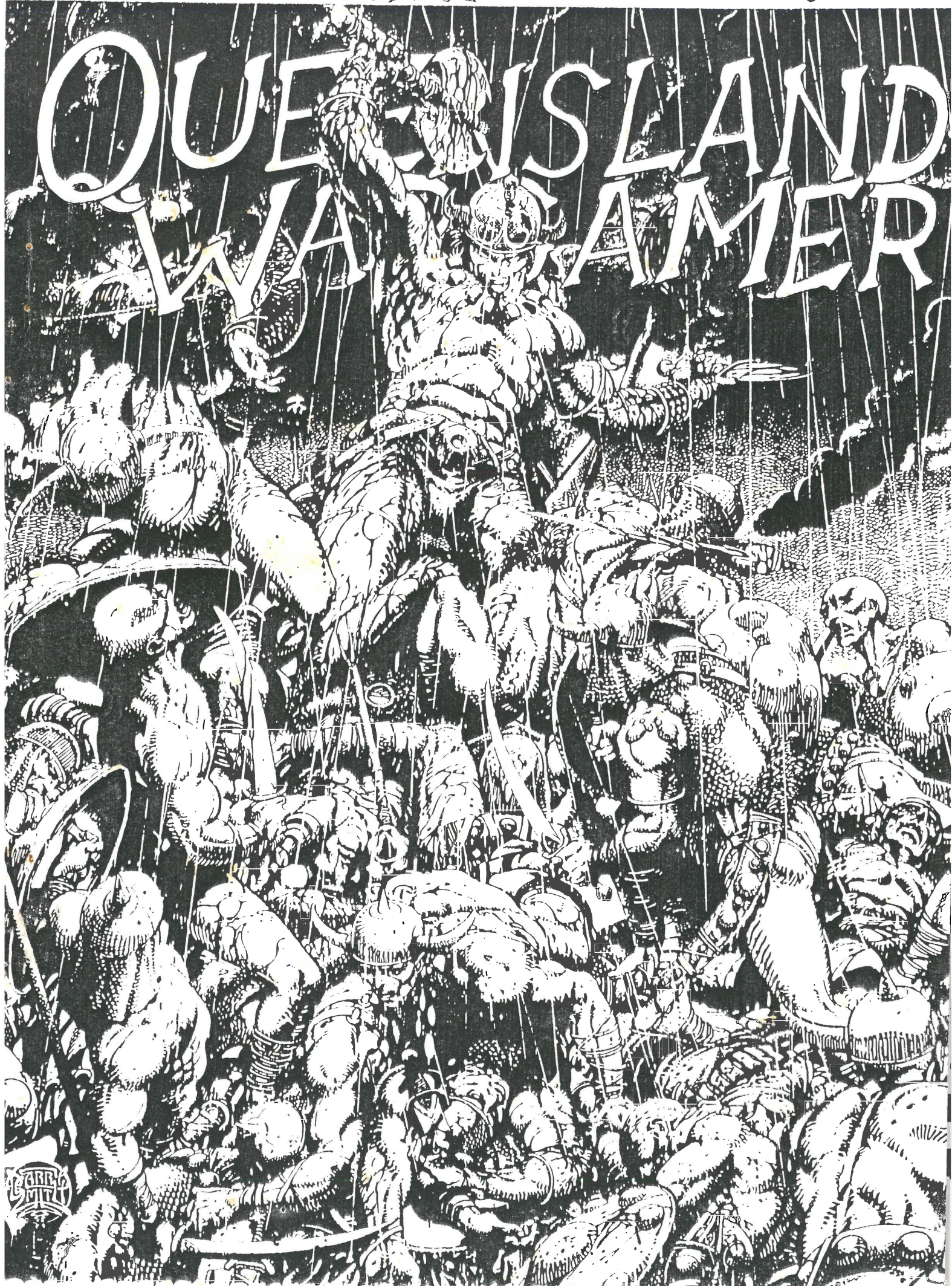
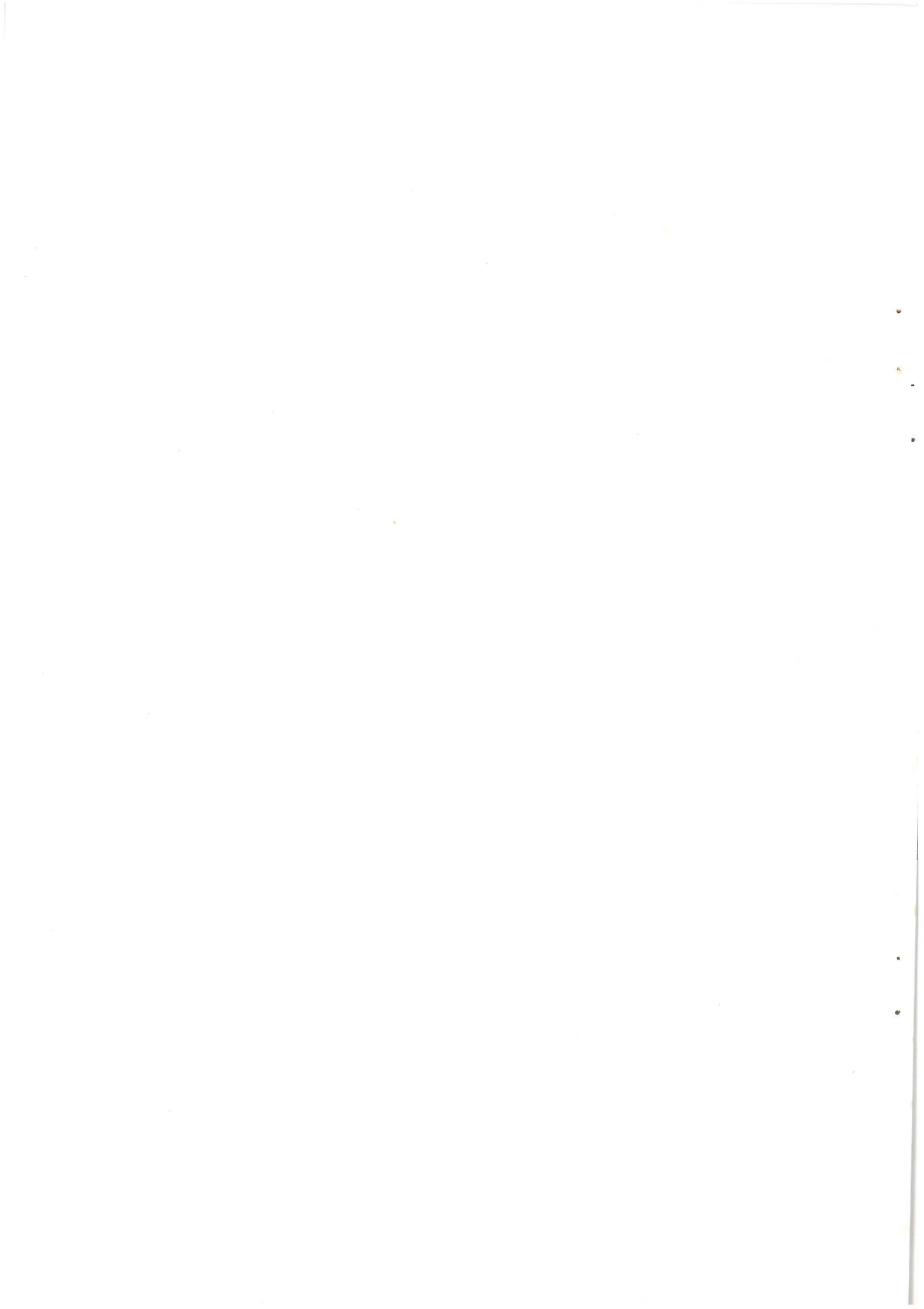


QUEEN ISLAND WARRIORS





Queensland Wargamer

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Editorial - by Timo

Welcome to/back to QUGS for 1990. This is looking to be one of the more successful years for QUGS for quite some time, as we (the New Improved Executive) seem to have our act together, and present you with flashy new membership forms, new cards combining the best of the old and new. Even the magazine is doing far better than usual. (Which reflects rather poorly on how it was doing at other times.) You can do your part and contribute. The survival of the Queensland Wargamer seems to have surprised a number of old ex-QUGSees, inspiring some of them to even rejoin, I hear.

So, what do we have for you this issue? Well, we have the solution to last issue's crossword, (did anyone actually get the whole thing done?) some articles, a (modern) Viking saga, and the next installment of The Man From QUGS. This issue was actually intended to be the November issue, but due to problems such as the lack of money to produce it with, it had to be delayed till now. This year should see two more issues if contributions continue at the current rate. Something that we do have a shortage of is small pieces of filler art by members. If you've always wanted to be a published artist, now is your chance.

We currently have a vacant executive position, that of vice-president, which is mostly a training position where you don't actually have to do anything, but can do as much as you want, especially continue on in later years to replace the rest of us. The current executive is:

President: Paul Kinsler
Secretary: Taina Nieminen
Treasurer: Andrew Noskoff
Editor: Timo Nieminen
Custodian: Jack Ford
Vice-pres: vacant

All of us are postgrads, and most of us are also long time QUGS members (except the president, who became the president at the first QUGS meeting he attended, and of course, as the president, then had to join! But he is a long time gamer) following in the footsteps of such past greats as Mark "Mad Mark" Marychurch. But you don't have to be on the executive to do things for the club. It's just that sometimes the executive positions seem to outnumber the members of the club who are willing to do anything.

Well, that should do for this time round. See you later.

Timo. O-week 1990

In RealTime : PM rants about :

Character generation :

My own feelings currently tend towards the point system of generation. However with that caveat I'll define what I didn't like about it in the past :

1. Realism. No one really can say whether they turn out strong or dexterous or smart etc. Similarly often the skills acquired over a lifetime often have random element in their choice (I never dreamt I'd have to learn so much extraneous junk at university or that I would end up where I am now).

2. All men are not equal. That says it all. No one starts off in life with an even chance. Additionally the habit (not restricted to but prevalent in design systems) of having player characters as supermen (above average etc) was, I felt, unnecessary and unrealistic. (Don't PCs have enough advantages already?) And how does one compare the relative worth of various skills and powers and quirks under a variety of wide situations?

3. Realism (again). Let players have a free rein and they will be sure to abuse it. Give them the ability to choose any skills and powers and they will (eg. an infantry with ridiculously high levels in Nuclear demolition and Scuba but none in Rifle). A system where players received mainly skills that were related to their profession produced more reasonable characters.

4. Too long (time). Most point systems require a large amount of time to compose a character. I'm sure we're all acquainted with the player who will spend hours agonizing over whether she/he should take an extra 2% in Foraging or 1% in both of Shortsword Parry and Herbal Medicine or....
Dice speed things up by taking the decisions away from the players. Additionally point systems as a rule make NPC record keeping a lot more complex and laborious.

However the random system runs into its own problems. Over a period of time I shifted away from my preference for random systems through intermediates (Twilight 2000 & Traveller 2300, where you get what you want more or less) and finally to the point system (a la GURPS) for these reasons :

1. In random systems you don't get what you want. So what if one of your players generate Rambo-like grunts every time? As long as they enjoy themselves! At least they can identify with the character. And random systems can generate some of the most stuffed characters I've ever seen. RQ III is particularly guilty of this (where you can end up in a profession totally unsuited to your stats, as per the shaman I once saw with a POW of 8, which was his highest stat ... and where you can end up a fighter or a priest or a cowherd or a potter).

2. Systems have been designed where it is possible to weigh up the point

values of various powers and skills in a balanced way, and where this is done with a minimum of brainstrain on part of the player. Also it has been shown that NPCs need not be a cypher, powerless or overly complex in such systems.

3. Fairness. OK maybe it is realistic that all player characters are not at the same power level on generation. But its not fair to the players who get shafted with a bad character. And once they start adventuring the differential accumulation of equipment and experience will cause the party to diverge in power anyway.

4. Random generation is not immune to the complexities of point-based systems. (Witness Space Opera and Land of the Rising Sun, which take randomised detail to ridiculous extremes).

5. If the player generates a character that just doesn't make sense, the referee can always say "No". This is the ultimate and final authority in any of your games, because you have to run them! And if the player doesn't like it - tough.

At the moment my opinion is that GURPS makes the best characters, in an overall sense of utility in a game context. However I think there is place for the mixture systems of Twilight 2000 and Traveller 2300. (For those who have played neither both systems essentially allow you to ask for eg. 'a strong dexterous character' and get that, but without defining exactly how strong etc. In addition both systems make it cheaper to buy skills related to your field and background, without prohibiting buying unrelated skills which are more expensive.)

Stay tuned for an expose on experienced characters vs inexperienced.



What Your Games Club Will Do For You

1. You can turn up to our meetings on the first Saturday of each month.
2. You get to meet lots of other gamers, and find out what and when they play.
3. You get the Queensland Wargamer (that's this magazine).
4. You can get discounts from Napoleons and Gabba Hobbies. Just show your card when you buy something.
5. You get access to the QUGS Games Cupboard, which is our club library of games, books, and magazines. Jack Ford, the Postgrad Organiser, to be found in the Union Building, has the key in his keeping. Meetings are also a good time to get stuff out and return it.
6. We usually have an auction/game sale at one of our meetings each year, which provides an excellent opportunity to buy and sell games.

The Return of the Man From QUGS in

"Illegal Aliens"

(On paper, no-one can hear you scream)

"We'll break you for this."

The Roleplaying Executive were crowded around the table in their pressed T-shirts and jeans and frowning heavily, like they were unhappy with me, or alternatively, trying to figure out the rules to "Up Front".

"Losing a rental car and its crew that was worth a considerable amount in adjusted dollars, failing to win any roleplaying trophy for the third consecutive year, causing extensive havoc at the Jedko second-hand table, impersonating an insect," the QRPs hack ranted, "And then coming back with these wild stories about normal gamers becoming infected and turning into boardgamers ... We'll lynch you for this."

"The readers of this magazine will probably help you," I pointed out, but no-one was listening.

I, you see, am the Man From QUGS, just an ordinary gaming grunt. I was sent on a mission into Canberra to sanction a defective QUGS agent (yes, the spelling was correct in that third last word, which might also be considered superfluous) and was confronted with the horrifying spectacle of a new breed of gamer, that threatened to overrun the gaming world. I'd barely escaped with my dice intact. (See "Have dice, will travel too" for the full story.)

"In six major capital cities, and Brisbane, we've never encountered anything like what you described. And then, failing to buy me a copy of 'Rail Baron' reduced to half price." The club executive was working his corpulent body into a hypertensive rage, reminding me of a pink-reddish gelatinous cube, about to explode.

The pressure this would have exerted on this stories special effects budget and this authors narrative ability was averted, when one of the younger executives (who was liberal enough to think that boardgaming was OK, as long as you took protective measures) dashed into the boardroom (get the pun?) waving a piece of paper.

"Sir, sir, we've lost contact with our team in Canberra ..."

I spun around. "What! You didn't try and hold another convention there did you? You fools!"

My question was answered by the expressions on the faces of the executives. Most looked like their favorite Rune Lord-Priest had just fallen off an extremely high cliff and failed to bounce. Eventually, one of them cleared his throat. "Uh, we have another mission for you."

The roadside cafe was situated in a nowhere outback town, that was somewhere between Brisbane and Canberra. (I think that was a paradox.) My limbs were still aching from the cold-sleep we had put into for the trip. Theoretically, this was to save on life support and power. Practically, it involved depriving everyone of their jumpers and winding down the windows of the drop-sedan, letting the freezing New England weather in.

"Don't sweat it," the lieutenant said, and gestured at the QUGS marines littering the diner. "These guys are tough. Some of them are waiting for the fourth edition of Starfleet Battles."

"Tough or stupid," I growled. The gaming grunts were posturing and flexing their dice-throwing muscles. Others were quoting hit dice and armour ratings at each other, keeping in practice. "The least the executive could have done for the convention goers," I added, "Would have been to advise them to wear condoms whilst at the Squad Leader Tournament."

"Would have been most difficult for the female members of the club," the lieutenant said mildly.

I looked carefully at his face for a trace of a smirk. Suddenly, one of the marines called out, "You just got hit by a laser, take a red pill!"

There was a momentary nervous quiet, like someone had just thrown a double zero on percentile dice. "You didn't tell me we had a Hunter Planet player in the party," I snarled.

"It's OK, we keep her on valium most of the time so she's not too hyperactive for combat Drug technology has come a long way in the last few years"

"They're sick man! Hunter Planet players have no concept of death or logic! They can't be controlled ..."

"Considering your recent experiences with aberrant gamers, we thought it best not to tell you."

I studied his face further. "We go there, we go in to wipe them out, right?" "That's the plan," he replied.

I watched the grunts disperse over the video monitors in the back of the drop-sedan. We'd established base camp just outside the convention centre. As usual, it was foggy and damp in Canberra, so foggy in fact, that most games of Europa held that morning had to utilize infra-red goggles to see the far sides of the mapboards.

"We're moving into the main trade-table area, sir" hissed one of the grunts over the monitor. "Looks like there's been a struggle tables overturned, forms scattered, a DragonLance module torn in half ..."

"Good job, too" I quipped, but no-one was listening. The lieutenant was

bent over the screen, studying the flickering shapes of his troops.

A burst of static issued from the console. "Sir, moving into the boardgames area...." a background clamour "... really strange, all these pictures of John Hill everywhere errata sheets, combat tables"

The lieutenant paled. "Oh, no" he whispered. "Squad leader players!"

The report continued as he spoke. "Can hear somethingjust a moment, we got...." a distant crash and then the scene was replaced with a blipping monochrome field.

I studied the VDU and then the lieutenant. He shrugged and gave an embarrassed gesture. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm a 'Carriers At War' fan. This saved game must accidentally been loaded onto the system.

I looked back at the electronic map of the Pacific which was labelled 'Combat Menu'. "Lieutenant, how many games of 'Carriers At War' have you played?"

He looked indignant. "Seventy-two."

"Yes, but without a programmed major advantage to your side?"

"Um, including this one - two."

Turning back to the VDU, I was just in time to see the entire Japanese fleet sink outside Pearl Harbour. We were in deep trouble.

The screen wavered in a crash of sound. "Made contact ... have sustained casualties ... retreating into the roleplaying seminars " I could hear the Hunter Planet player screaming "Take your pills, everybody take your pills!"

The lieutenant grabbed the microphone. "Sergeant, hold your position, we have secured the seminar rooms ..."

The reply was weak and distorted. "We got dice rolling, in front and behind"

"That's not possible man ..."

The VDU broke up in a haze of grey static, that is to say that the scene on the screen did, not the unit itself, if you understand me, but, anyway, it was in grey, the same shade of grey you get if your computers crashes on the 95th turn of the "Hue City" scenario of "Halls of Montezuma" and in retaliation against the siliconised bastard you kick the screen in, noting that that is a separate screen to the one we were talking about earlier this sentence, which as I said several lines ago, was breaking up in a haze of grey, when suddenly, without warning, this sentence collapsed under the weight of its own syntax.

The lieutenant and I were still sorting the plotline out when the survivors of the marines made it back to the drop-sedan.

"What was it man?" I said.

In reply one of them put out his upturned hand. It held a pile of

bloodstained KIA counters.

I rolled up the sleeves of my paisley combat coveralls and tucked a copy of "Cross of Iron" into the waistband. "You're not seriously going in to rescue them, are you?" the lieutenant said.

Sliding a batch of counter-sheets into my shirt pocket, I ignored his question. "How long have I got to do this?"

He frowned. "No more than an hour. By then we have to be in Narrabri."

"Why? Something going to happen then?"

"Sure. Petrol station in Narrabri closes. We'd be stuck there for the next day."

"So, that's not so bad," I said.

"You ever spent a day in Narrabri?"

I nodded in reply while donning my armour : plate made up of several Squad Leader mapboards, stitched together. "You think they're still alive?" the lieutenant asked, handing me a QUGS Mark 7 assault incinerator (which looked a lot like a Bic disposable lighter).

I shrugged. "Beats me. But one of them has the car keys."

A look of comprehension dawned across the soldiers face. "You'd better go" he said.

The complex had been savaged alright. There were remnants of games and rule books strewn everywhere. I picked up a copy of "Drang Nach Osten", splattered with blood. Whoever it belonged to, they had not left it behind willingly. After all, it's been out of print for five years. Can't get a copy anywhere.

Shredding the rulebook to Cross of Iron, I scattered the pages across the floor as I moved. Later I would follow the pages to get out of the complex, if I succeeded. Eventually I came to an door marked "Boardgames Tournament". I could hear some of the grunts inside, cringing in fear. And other noises, loathsome and dread : the ruffling of rulebook pages, piles of counters toppling, rule amendments being quoted. I pulled out a copy of Advanced Squad Leader and hurled it against the door. It crumbled under the weight of the massive tome. Thumbing the incinerator to a searing inch-long length of destructive flame, I swung into the room.

The grunts were huddled in one corner amongst a bizarre collage of dice, maps and countersheets. In front of them crouched this gangling and horrible visage, a creature with long grasping fingers and a voice, incredibly dull and boring, that was droning on and on about "the rule amendments in the latest General that cover HE near-misses by Latvian infantry during light snowfall". The grunts were screaming with fear and begging for it to stop as it swung around to face me.

"Leave them alone, you boardgamer" I said.

"People who write lines like that," said the creature "should be made to sort out the countermeix to 'Holy Roman Empire'"

I shrugged and we continued with the fight scene.

It advanced towards me, its teeth bared, and began to explain skiing in tropical climates by Italian engineer cadres as per rule....

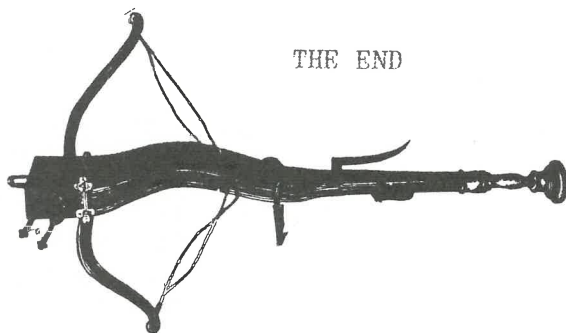
I held the incinerator over a densely stacked gamemap. "Stop just there man. Move closer and I'll burn the lot. You grunts, move out. I'll cover the rear." The grunts ran out and I checked my watch. Mickey's hand was on the 10. Time was running short.

The creature slavered in hesitation. "Oh please don't kill me. All I wanted was someone to play ASL with."

I shook my head, generating a terrible migraine. "Sorry. I've got to wrap up this story, and I can't think of anything else to do."

"You don't have to," it drooled, dampening a pile of 6-10-6 Polish airborne marines. "You could just type in on the word processor

THE END



Games Cupboard

What's in the games cupboard? Here's some of the stuff:

Books

- Many books from the Osprey Men-at-Arms series
- Mollo, A. "Armed Forces of WWII"
- Gunston, B. "Aircraft of WWII"
- Ellis, C. "Tanks of WWII"
- Woodward, D. "Armies of the World 1854-1914"
- Hathornwaite, P. "Weapons and Equipment of the Napoleonic Wars"
- Heath, D. "Armies of the Middle Ages", "Battles in Britain", "Strategy and Tactics of War" and "Weapons and Warfare"
- Warry, J. "Warfare in the Classical World"
- Grant, C. "Wargame Tactics"
- Gush, G. and Finch, A. "A guide to Wargaming"
- Palaner, N. "The Best of Board Wargaming"
- Livingstone, I. "Dicing With Dragons"
- Hartnell, T. "The Big Fat Book of Computer Games"

QUGS Crossword - by Timo

Across

1. Shapechanger (11)
6. Old fighters have many (5)
9. The Wind-Walker (7)
14. A slender sword (6)
15. Monsters named after their consistency (6)
16. A space alien (2)
17. Mediaeval forts (7)
18. WWI battle weapon (3)
20. A monumental stone (6)
21. "It is better to give it than receive it"-old fighter proverb (6)
23. Fire genie (6)
24. Head protector (4)
26. Viking blood-money (8)
29. The youngest kobold (3)
30. Slashing sword (5)
32. 1st units to have camo uniform (2)
33. Distance units (7)
34. Descriptor of the Lord of Alamut (3)
35. Particularly greedy barbarian (4)
37. Ambassador mistaken for Grog (3)
38. Hit Dice (2)
39. A being like Orac, Zen, etc. (2)
42. Quarrels (5)
44. Issues weapons to (4)
47. Antarctic servant race member (8)
51. Imperial Space Navy (3)
52. Used to listen at doors (3)
53. Walking tree, not walking stick (3)
54. Non-human warning cry (4)
55. Gambeson (6)
58. Famous Viking with hairy pants (6)
60. Major beholder organ (3)
63. Steve Austin's employers (3)
64. Anti-vampire breath weapon (6)
65. Demon spider queen (5)
66. Pack animal (4)
67. Asiatic cat (5)
69. Battle between Octavian and Antony (6)
70. Ex-pharaoh (5)
72. Do samurai adventurers desire these? (3)
74. Disease symptoms (6)
76. Boil for defence (3)
81. A dungeon of sorts (9)
83. Gil "The ___" Hamilton (3)
84. Adventurer motive (4)
85. Electric fish (3)
86. A swamp (3)
88. A long spear (for fishing?) (4)

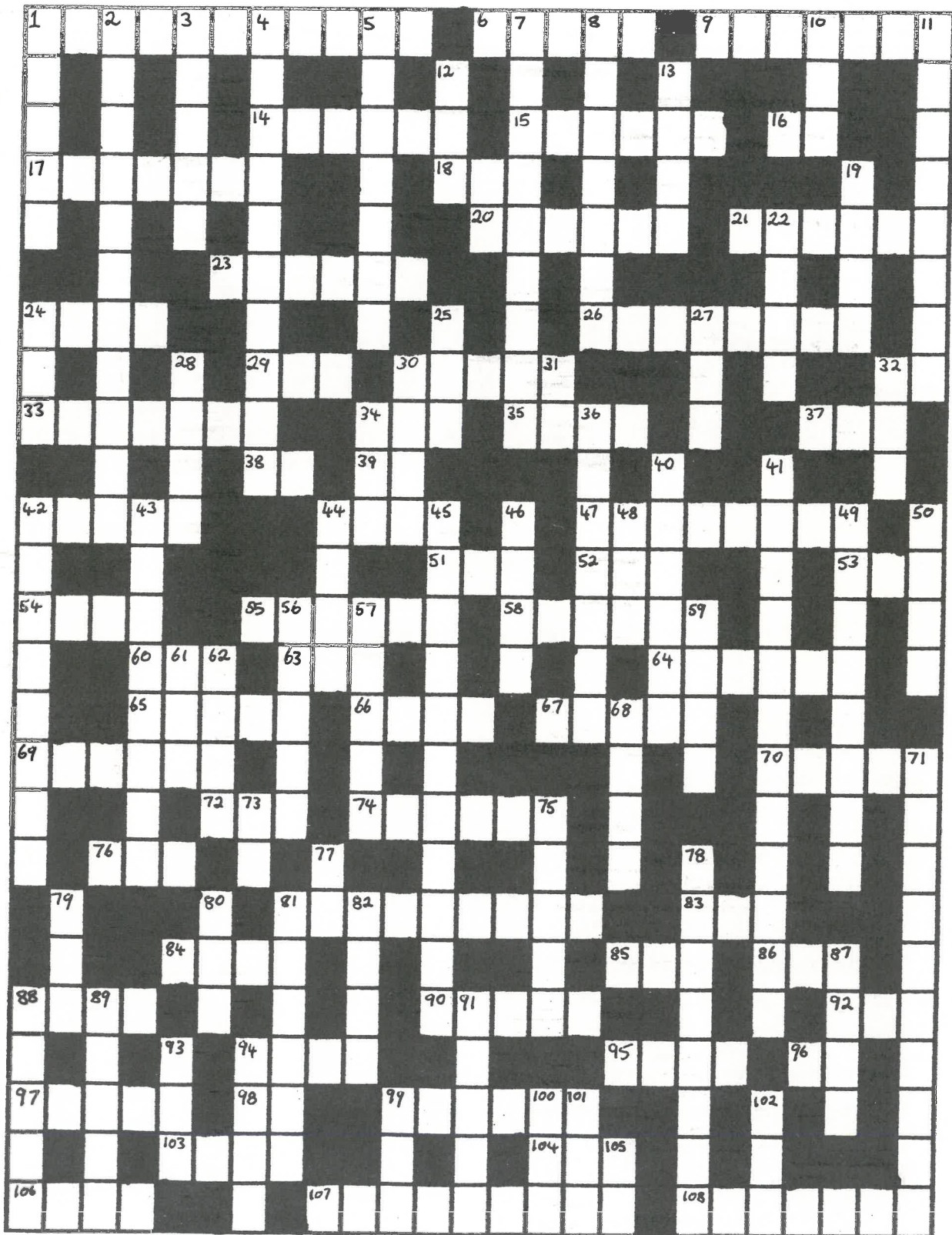
90. Gurkha sword (5)
92. Type of rodent (3)
94. Do to dispose of eg. a corpse (4)
95. The average adventurer? (4)
96. A short staff (2)
97. Release bonds (5)
98. Fictional kingdom (2)
99. Historical Hebrews (6)
103. The Ship of ___ and Sea (4)
104. Mythical ship (3)
106. Large monster (or tank) (4)
107. ___ Systems: built the enemy in "The Terminator" (9)
108. Source of the Holy Hand Grenade (7)

Down

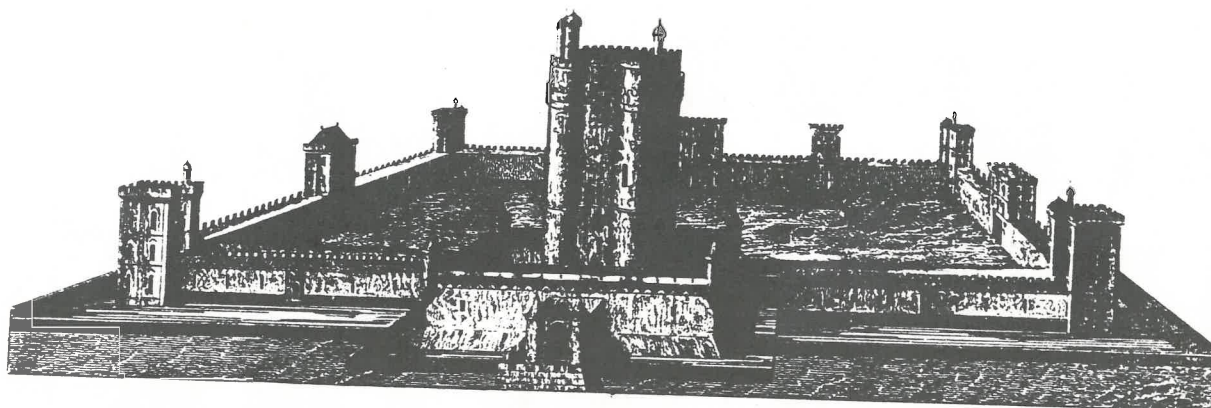
1. Mediaeval cavalry unit (5)
2. Scrying device (7-4)
3. An inert aristocrat (5)
4. Ride it and eat it (10)
5. Potion (7)
7. Trojan prophetess (9)
8. Bridge to Asgard (7)
10. QUGS insect (3)
11. Early firearm (8)
12. Commander Quark's pet (3)
13. Just a maid at sea (4)
19. Mage weapon (4)
22. The Nightfighter's employer (Australian, at that) (4)
24. 2001 AI (3)
25. A nuclear war policy (3)
27. A nuclear war effect, esp. on electronics (3)
28. Showing them can lead to showing them (4)
30. Early nickname of Cyclops (4)
31. ___A - spacewalk (2)
32. Yueh's school (3)
34. Boat propulsion device (3)
36. Short Zulu spear (7)
40. Gather supplies (6)
41. Congo lake monster (6-6)
42. Russian ogre witch (4-4)
43. Cry of 47 across (6-2)
44. War god (4)
45. Short staff, often used in pairs (11)
46. Power-packed aliens (4)
48. Chinese dynasty (3)
49. Loyal follower (8)
50. Infernal river (4)

- 56. Groo's old employer (5)
- 57. Central Asian conqueror (5)
- 59. AD&D monsters described as such seem to turn up much more often (4)
- 61. Person your mistakes often endanger (3)
- 62. Guard slain by Groo (4)

- 68. Treasure material (4)
- 71. Key and Guardian of the Gate (10)
- 73. For example, a Gygax (2)
- 75. Faun (5)
- 77. Magic-user (2) [cont over pg]



- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 78. Odin's hall (8) | 91. Hulk colour (5) |
| 79. Extra-heavy infantry (3) | 93. Viking underworld ruler (3) |
| 80. Sutekh (3) | 94. Body support material (4) |
| 81. Ahriman's foe (6) | 99. Goblin type (3) |
| 82. Common(?) magic seed (4) | 100. SF gun type (3) |
| 87. Mindless barbarian (4) | 101. Burial container (3) |
| 88. Yuggoth (5) | 102. __ grub- deadly monster (3) |
| 89. Indian weapon (5) | 105. Delivered by bullet (2) |



Games Cupboard

What's in the games cupboard? Here's some of the stuff:

Magazines

- Breakout (Your Australian magazine): most issues
- Nexus: issues 11-16
- Sabretache: most issues from vol. 23 to vol. 30
- General: most issues from vol. 18 to vol. 25
- Courier: most issues from vol. 4 to vol. 7
- Wargamer: most issues 15-62
- Strategy and Tactics: most issues 84-131
- White Dwarf: most issues 30-75, 103-114
- Dragon: 59, most issues 83-117
- Multiverse: May 84, Spring 84 - Winter 85
- Slingshot: most issues 88-128
- Charge: most issues vol. 3 to vol. 5, 10/1
- Devil's Advocate 3, 9, 11, 16

There are also a number of other club magazines etc that we have an issue or two of

Remember, some of these magazines (notably The Wargamer and S&T) contain a game in each issue.

Review of "Miniature Wargamer" and "Wargames Illustrated"

Recently the semi-illustrious editor, when observing my reading of these magazines, stated "I'd never seen them before. They're great!" I realised many people/gamers either haven't seen them or overlooked them and was advised to scribble down a review, so here you are!

Both magazines cater for the same basic audience - miniature gamers (or true wargamers, to really start arguments!). They are around 64-72 pages with about 10-15% taken by ads. These ads are not solely on pages, but tend to fill space with articles, so they are not obtrusive. However, some of the more useful info comes from ads.

The mags are generally in full colour with every article having accompanying photos/illustrations. The articles are generally top-notch, well researched studies/commentaries of historical events, say "Quatre Bras" in the 100 Days Campaign of 1815, with gaming/organisational hints accompanying most. Where these articles are superb is that they tend **not** to be the same old stuff. The Middle East campaign of WWI or ironclads of the riverine battles of the ACW or "Who were the Sea People?" (of classical times) are some of the topics covered. Generally a fun read and not continued rehashes of someone's ideas of why Germany invaded Russia in 1941! (Or yet another variant/scenario for "very" advanced ASL.)

Also the photos are superb. Although they appear staged, they **are** of someone's actual army and so are **not** to show off the figures themselves but to show the situation. Not like White Dwarf's 'EAVY METAL where the photos tend to demean your efforts of painting by claiming it was a "simple" job that took 12 hours. Given the detail/complexity shown in the terrain used in photos, it makes you envious and strive to improve. The ads like I've said are useful for they not only show latest releases but give ideas for paint schemes etc.

Both mags have been edited by Duncan Mcfarlaine which explains their similarity but of the two "Wargames Illustrated" is slightly snazzier but it doesn't matter. Also the publishers of "Wargames Illustrated" have started a semi-regular bumper mag (like an annual) called "Wargames World." It too is of similar quality. All these mags remind me of MAP's "Battle," one of my favorite all-time game mags but for quality and variety they leave their ancestor for dead.

Mark ("No, I'm not a club hack!") Marychurch

Review :

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

(SSG computer game for Apple and Commodore)

I confess to being a late convert to the SSG "battlefront" series of games. The lack of suitable machines due to having no PC myself and thus having to use work machines, and the failure of the producers to make them for the more commercial systems (why oh why don't they do it for a Mac or IBM I'll never know) were two minor reasons in this being so. Additionally playtests of other SSG games ("Carriers at War" etc) and verbal descriptions of the battlefront series failed to excite me. No more.

For those who haven't encountered them the Battlefront series depicts modern (post ACW) combat on a divisional scale. The actual moving of "pieces" (company, battalion, brigade etc) is handled by the use of generic commands - Support, Assault, Retire and so on. This allows an excellent simulation of command control (you issue general instructions to your troops but the actual execution is up to them) and saves on the work effort on the part of the player. Movement is achieved by designating set objective landmarks or units as targets for desired friendly units. Reports can be obtained on the condition of the troops (combat effectiveness/quality and condition). There is four turns a day including a night turn where troops automatically shut down (ie. rest but maintain position) unless specifically activated. Operating troops at night or ordering a series of sequential assaults will tire the troops and lead to a lowering of their subsequent performance, unless they are allowed to rest. Support weapons and assets are allocated to each division and may be assigned to specific units within the division (but not outside) at will. Badly mauled units will attempt to run away to their designated headquarters. Enemy units are, until contacted, unknown quantities, bringing the full importance of scouting and probing to the fore. Airpower is abstracted to a level of discretionary support that varies with the weather and is assigned like an asset. Victory is determined according to set numbers of VPs for casualties, and holding certain objectives at certain timepoints or periods. Players may opt for various degrees of advantages to either side or an "enhanced" game that in effect throws random variations in. The computer plays a formidable and intelligent opponent and resolves the human players commands in an intelligent way.

So after that confused summary, what are the pros and cons?

Advantages : for the action involved there is little strain on the player (the computer does most of the work), the fog of war is simulated quite

nicely, the scale allows interesting battles to be fought without becoming too strategic and "coarse" in the handling, the computer makes a challenging opponent, in built features allow for the redesign of map icons and adding or changing scenarios, the copy protection on the game is minimal (this is not encouragement to pirate).

Disadvantages : at times some of the different icons are hard to differentiate (easily fixed as above), some battles and troops don't lend themselves to the formal command structure represented (eg. partisans, guerrilla warfare and other less structured forces), the lack of a mouse and its accompanying menus leads to irritating delays and lengthy commands in swapping between menus and levels of menus, sometimes difficulty is experienced in ordering troops to do simple tasks (like march in a certain direction when there is no set landmarks or troops to act as an objective).

And all in all, I come out in favour of the Battlefront series. It achieves the things that computer games should be able to do and falls into few of the traps that other games do.

So onto the specifics of HOM. The battles depicted in the game represent key battles involving the US marines from late 19th century Mexico thru WWI & II (Iwo Jima and Guadalcanal) to Korea and Vietnam. A prime feature of the game is that while it incorporates the latest advances in the Battlefront system, the HOM system can be used to play other scenarios in the series, and conversely HOM scenarios can be played with the earlier and later versions of battlefront. (The computer just ignores the extra data it cannot handle and does not crash on those it cannot find. And the scenarios even run well!)

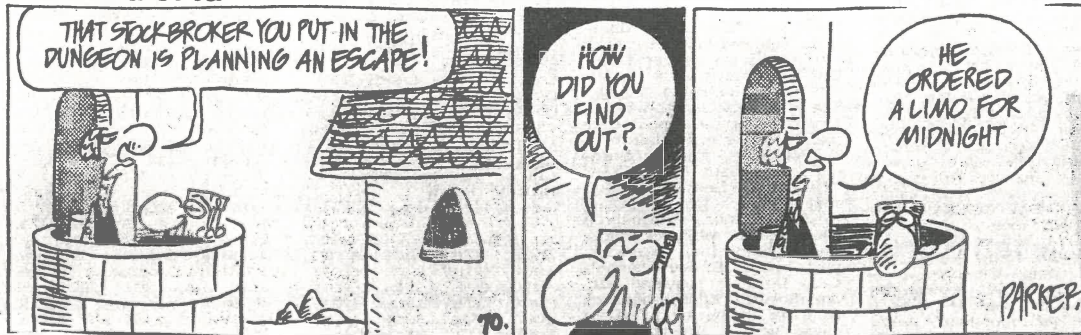
I only encountered a few minor problems with HOM. One was the movement difficulty described above. Another specifically concerns the "Hue City" scenario. According to the historical notes, the American troops made their way to the north side of the city via a bridge that is depicted on the hard copy map at the left hand reach of the river. However this bridge does not exist in the game and there is no way apparently for engineering units to create it. (The bridge may easily be added by altering the scenario.) This has a major effect on the outcome of the battle. Another minor quibble is way at times that roadblocks of units can occur, hindering movement. (This may be realistic but it becomes ridiculous at times).

Well to wind up this lengthy review, I heartily recommend HOM and the rest of the series, as well as SSGs inhouse organ "Run 5" which contains many valuable designer notes as well as "programme it yourself" scenarios. Now why can't they make a version for the Macintosh?

Paul-Michael Agapow

Note added in press : (apparently SSG are currently having a lot of their stuff rewritten for IBMs, Mac etc. There are the usual problems as you might expect, and the only one I've actually laid eyes on is 'Reach for the Stars' 3rd Edition for the Mac.)

Wizard of Id



Games Cupboard

What's in the games cupboard? Here's some of the stuff:

Games

Illuminati

Nuclear War and Nuclear Escalation

Naval War

Fieldmarshal

Basic Training

Outreach

Combined Arms

Solomons Campaign

Ant Army (!)

Pizza Hut Space Race Game

Wet and Wild Game

Contributions

We need your contributions. We accept anything. (Well, almost anything.) So if you ever wanted to see your name in print, here is your big chance. We do prefer contributions typed/printed on A4 paper so we don't need to re-type them, as we are really very lazy, but we'll accept it in any form. You can get your contributions to me either by giving them to Jack Ford at the Student Union, or sending them to me, Timo Nieminen, at the Physics Department, or the address on the title page. Even if you are not a member, you can still write. Remember: the quality of the magazine is in your hands!

Giant-killing Saga

1

There was a man called Kveldulf, the son of Eirik of Alptafjord. Kveldulf was a shipwright and had made *Wavepiercer*, the first ship owned by Eyjolf of Svin Island. Kveldulf had gone on a raiding trip to the Baltic with Olvir Trout. Their first raid was very successful, and they gained much plunder. However they were ambushed by a force of men during their second raid, and only Kveldulf survived. He killed three men single-handed and escaped into the forest. After a long walk he reached Ladoga, a town on a neck of land between the sea and a large lake.

Living at Ladoga was a chieftain call Bjorn, who had a son called Thord. Bjorn was a man of much wealth and a great seafarer. He had led raids against a group of pirates led by a man called Yngvar. Yngvar was a berserker, and would often attack Bjorn's trading ships.

At the time Kveldulf arrived in Ladoga, Bjorn was raising another expedition. He had five large ships and two smaller ones, crewed by a total of about eighty men. Kveldulf decided to join the expedition as Bjorn had promised much plunder when Yngvar and his men were defeated.

2

The expedition left from Ladoga in early summer. They spent ten days searching the coast for Yngvar. On the eleventh day Kveldulf went on a scouting expedition to an island where smoke had been seen. With him were Ivan Tasnesky and Talmar Runewielder. Ivan was a large man with red hair and a long beard. He was a good warrior but not very bright.

Talmar could carve runes and tell the future with his runestones. These had once belonged to Thorstein the Old, who had foretold the death of Ketil Valgardsson. Talmar had a booming voice and was much given to dramatic poses and high sounding phrases. While Kveldulf was scouting the island, Bjorn's ships were attacked by Yngvar. Yngvar only had four ships but they were packed with men. He used the cover of a bank of fog to get close so that the attack

surprised Bjorn's men. Bjorn and all his men were killed in the battle. Yngvar himself killed ten men single-handed.

Kveldulf and the others heard the sounds of the battle but could not reach the ships in time. While Yngvar and his men took possession of Bjorn's ships, Kveldulf and Ivan were restrained from joining battle by Talmar. Talmar said that they faced certain death if they returned to the ships.

After Yngvar had left, Kveldulf, Ivan and Talmar offered to buy the boat of Bjorn, a fisherman who lived on the island, so that they could sail back to Ladoga. Bjorn refused to sell, so Kveldulf drew his sword and threatened to kill him. At this Bjorn ran away and hid. Kveldulf then took the boat, claiming that if Bjorn would not defend his property, then he deserved to have it stolen.

3

They reached Ladoga several days later and told Thord Bjornsson that Yngvar had killed his father in battle. Thord was only a young lad at this time, but he immediately started planning a new expedition. Kveldulf decided not to join this since he was not impressed with the fighting skills of the Ladogans. Ivan had taken a liking to Kveldulf and also did not join. At this time Talmar decided to travel to Constantinople because he had heard that there were vast riches there. Kveldulf and Ivan decided to join him. Talmar cast his runestones and made this verse:

*The Emperor will shower us
With silver like snowflakes;
We will fight his foemen,
The war-wise Saracen;
We creators of carrion
and gore spattered blades;
In the midst of battle
Our red standard waves.*

The next day they obtained a longboat and rowed across the lake. They bought some salted fish and other provisions from a farmstead that was near a small inlet. As soon as they were ready, they

set off, traveling inland along a rough track. This track joined up with a river about two days journey from the lake.

4

They were walking eastward and down river when Ivan saw five men walking along the opposite river bank. They were dressed in the fashion of warriors, with armour and shields. Three of them were carrying spears and the other two had crossbows. 'How far to the next village?' shouted Ivan to them. The warriors replied in some foreign language, but it was clear that they were yelling abuse. The bowmen then loaded their weapons and fired at Ivan. The first bolt missed him, and the second struck his shield. By this time both Talmar and Kveldulf had taken cover and were out of sight in the forest. Ivan also ran for cover before the bowmen could reload.

'Since we are outnumbered, we should move on quickly' said Kveldulf. This seemed sensible advice so they set off down river. They had not gone far when Talmar noticed that four of the five men had crossed the river and were pursuing them. Kveldulf and Ivan took cover in order to ambush them. Talmar nocked an arrow on his shortbow, and waited for a clear shot. Two of the spearmen appeared, charging at Talmar across a small clearing. Talmar shot at one and missed. Since he could not reload his bow in time he attempted to grapple with one, but tripped and fell face down on the ground.

At this, Kveldulf ran from cover swinging his sword. The spearman blocked the blow with his shield, but Kveldulf slashed again and sliced his leg off. The spearman collapsed and died. The other turned his attention from Talmar and thrust at Kveldulf with his spear. Kveldulf twisted sideways, evading the attack. Then he charged and pushed the spearman over. Kveldulf then killed him as he lay on the ground.

Some distance away, Ivan faced the two bowmen who were advancing forwards. They had slung their crossbows over their backs and were wielding swords. Ivan let out a battle-cry, and charged towards them. As they turned towards him, Ivan stopped short and brandished his axe threateningly at them. They did not seem impressed and advanced towards him. By then, Kveldulf and Talmar had moved

behind the two bowmen. Talmar shot an arrow, hitting one square in the centre of the back. He fell dead. Kveldulf then charged the other from behind as Ivan was attacking from the front. The remaining warrior saw his predicament and tried to escape. Kveldulf swung and missed, but Ivan intercepted him and killed him with a blow from his axe.

Ivan searched the bodies and took a crossbow and a number of bolts. Kveldulf then suggested to Ivan that they should cut the heads off the dead men and post them on stakes. They did this, and left the heads looking towards the river. 'That should serve as a warning' said Kveldulf.

5

The three then continued their journey. At nightfall they camped in a small hollow beneath a hill which had a single tall tree on the top. About noon the next day they came upon a house in a clearing by the river. A small stream ran through this clearing down to the river. There was a coracle tied to a tree on the river bank. The only sign of life was some smoke rising from the chimney. Talmar suggested that Kveldulf approach the house while he and Ivan kept watch, with their bows at the ready. Kveldulf scowled deeply, but nevertheless went to the door and knocked.

A woman of striking appearance opened the door. She was tall and thin, with a stern face. This was Hildigunn the Deep-Minded, the daughter of Hoskuld Snake-in-the-Eye. Kveldulf said that he was a traveller, and asked where the nearest town or village was. Meanwhile, Talmar had crept up to the back of the house, and tried to climb in a window. Hildigunn heard him, and picked up a large stick. She beat Talmar around the head until he retreated, cursing loudly. Kveldulf realised what happened and laughed. 'You must excuse this lout', he said 'But we tend to be cautious when traveling in unfamiliar lands'. At this point Ivan also left the forest and walked towards the house.

Hildigunn smiled at this. 'If I thought that he was dangerous, I would have killed him' she said. Kveldulf then noticed a large battle-axe next to the door, and a row of scalps nailed to the far wall. Hildigunn told them that the nearest town was about ten days travel

away. It was called Trollshaven because its inhabitants were noted for their large stature and strange habits. It was ruled by King Gudmund the Powerful, who was reputed to be a mighty sorcerer and demon-tamer.

Hildigunn also said there was a temple only two days journey in the direction of Trollshaven. It was said that there was a monstrous bird there, and that a Troll-priestess sacrificed a whole oxen to it every day. Sigrid, the daughter of King Olaf Flat-Nose, was imprisoned there under the influence of binding magic.

After they had talked for some time, Kveldulf suggested that they move on. Then Hildigunn offered them some of the stew which she was cooking. The stew had a very spicy aroma. Ivan and Talmar accepted the offer, and immediately started eating. Kveldulf refused, and began getting ready to leave.

6

When Ivan and Talmar had finished, they set off through the forest towards Trollshaven. 'If we manage to rescue Sigrid Olafsdughter, King Olaf would reward us well' said Talmar. That night they made camp under a large slab of stone that was supported by two rough hewn pillars.

Early the next day they encountered a stranger. He was one and a half times normal height and extraordinarily ugly. Coarse black hair grew in clumps over his body. The stranger was fishing with a line in a stream. His only weapon was a large fishing knife which was the size of a Norwegian short sword. Ivan approached the man and greeted him in a friendly fashion. The giant seized Ivan and lifted him off the ground. 'Now I no longer need to catch any fish' the giant said.

'Indeed yes', said Talmar. 'He will make a fine meal. He is yours for only 50 ounces of silver'. The giant reached into a pouch and hurled a lump of gold at Talmar. Then Ivan freed his axe and hacked at the giant, but he caught Ivan's arm and stopped the blow. The giant then attempted to throw Ivan at Talmar. Ivan grabbed onto the giant's hair to prevent this.

Talmar stabbed the giant in the leg with his dagger and twisted the blade. The giant dropped Ivan and snarled at Talmar. Kveldulf

then charged, and wounded the giant with his sword so that he fell to his knees. Ivan had recovered from his fall, so he drew his knife and cut open the giant's belly. The entrails slid out onto Ivan, emitting a horrible stench. Talmar searched the corpse, but found nothing of value. Ivan washed himself in the stream, but could not rid himself of the smell for some time.

7

They walked on beside the stream until they found a path leading off into the forest. This looked like easier traveling, so they followed this for some distance. Then Kveldulf heard someone cursing up ahead. They crept towards the noise, and from their concealed position they saw an ox that was six foot high at the shoulder. It was being led by a man as large and ugly as the one they had killed by the lake. He was goading the ox into walking faster with an iron cattle-prod.

On seeing this, Ivan walked boldly up to the giant and greeted him. The giant immediately struck at Ivan with his cattle-prod. Then Talmar shot an arrow, but missed. The giant grabbed Ivan and used him as a shield from the arrows. Both Talmar and Kveldulf then shot arrows at the giant. Talmar missed again, but Kveldulf's crossbow bolt went low, pierced Ivan's thigh and then smashed into the giant's knee. This crippled the giant, and he fell over. Ivan also fell since he was pinned to the giant by the crossbow bolt through his thigh.

Kveldulf and Talmar then slew the giant as he lay on the ground. Talmar cut the head off the bolt through Ivan's leg, and pulled it out. Ivan did not make a sound, but glared at Kveldulf. 'You should not approach such men so incautiously' said Talmar. They tied the giant astride the ox so the dead giant appeared to be riding it. Talmar said that this should help to allay the suspicions of any inhabitants. Ivan then led the ox down the path. Kveldulf and Talmar followed on behind.

8

Further down the track they came across a wooden temple in a clearing. It had a large round tower on top. Ivan led the ox up to the main entrance and called out. A voice from inside said to take the

sacrificial ox to the usual place. As Ivan led the ox around the side of the temple, there was a rush of air as a massive eagle, with a wing-span equal to the length of a longship, struck down at the ox and killed it. Ivan retreated back to Talmar and Kveldulf as the eagle devoured both the ox and the dead giant.

When the eagle had finished eating, it went behind the temple. Talmar cautiously looked around the corner of the temple and saw that the bird was asleep. He then went up to a shuttered window at the rear and attempted to break in. He was not successful, and the shutter frame cracked with a loud noise. 'What are you doing?' said the voice from inside the temple. 'We are just checking the building for damage' said Talmar. The voice demanded that they come around to the front entrance. Ivan and Kveldulf obeyed, but Talmar stayed where he was. When they reached the front, a woman twice as tall as a man was waiting. She brandished a large club and motioned them inside. Then she locked and barred the door behind them. 'Who are you?' she demanded.

By this time Talmar had climbed through the rear window and was searching the back room. Chained in a large cupboard he found Sigrid Olafs-daughter. She was very pale and had a strange look to her. Then Talmar banged loudly against some metal pots. The giantess immediately left Ivan and Kveldulf and went into the room where Talmar was. Kveldulf and Ivan followed with weapons ready. The giantess saw Talmar and struck at him with her club. However this left her off balance and Talmar and the others tripped her and pushed her head first into a large cauldron that was cooking over a fire. It tipped over and spilt its contents, which quickly caught fire and burnt with a blue flame.

Kveldulf hacked at the unconscious giantess with his sword. She bled profusely, but took a long time to die. Then Talmar searched her belt and found a bunch of keys. At this time the walls and roof were beginning to catch fire. Talmar unlocked Sigrid's chains, and they all ran to the main door. They opened it to find the eagle blocking the way. The temple was now well alight. Kveldulf grabbed Ivan's

crossbow and blinded the eagle with two well aimed shots. The eagle began to force its way through the door, stabbing about with its beak.

Everyone managed to escape around the bird except Kveldulf, who was caught by a blow from the birds wing. Burning timbers started to fall from the roof. The bird stood up and Kveldulf dived underneath it and rolled out the door. Just then the roof of the temple crashed in. Talmar ran straight for the thickest part of the forest and the others followed.

9

Some time later they came across a man walking through the forest. Talmar asked him who he was. The man said that his name was Eirik. He said that he had been collecting tribute with the king's envoys, but they had been ambushed and only he had escaped alive. Talmar said that he was traveling back to Ladoga, and that Eirik was welcome to join them. Eirik readily agreed to this.

That night Ivan was on watch. In the middle of the night the others were wakened by Ivan yelling. They could see that Sigrid was attacking Ivan bare-handed. Despite Ivan's armour, she was easily getting the better of him. Kveldulf and Eirik grabbed their weapons and rushed to attack Sigrid. Kveldulf struck her hard on the back with his sword, but it did not bite. Eirik had similar luck. Sigrid leapt onto Ivan and attempted to tear out his throat with her teeth. Then Kveldulf landed a heavy blow on her head. Again his sword did not bite, but the blow stunned her.

Eirik grabbed Sigrid by the hair and turned her face up. He then put the point of his sword in her mouth and put his full weight on it. The bones of her skull cracked and she stopped struggling. Eirik extracted his sword. There was no trace of blood on it. They then built a fire over the corpse and burnt it.

10

The next day they returned to the temple site and searched through the ashes for valuables. They found nothing but a few silver coins. Then they started walking towards Trollshaven. As they were walking through a broad valley Kveldulf noticed some mounted men ahead. Talmar sat down in the middle of the track and the others took

up ambush positions in the forest. Talmar began chanting and casting his runestones.

The mounted men rode up to him and stopped. There were six of them, all heavily armed. The leader had solid metal armour that covered his entire body. However it was jointed in such a way so as not to affect his movement. This was King Gudmund the Powerful of Trollshaven. All these men were one and a half times normal height.

Gudmund dismounted and strode up to Talmar. He lifted the visor of his helmet and demanded to know his name and business. Talmar stopped chanting and spoke this verse:

*The steel spun warrior
Has been enticed to the pyre;
The eagle flies with ravens,
With clear sight they stoop
To meet the grey viking wolves;
Blue blades swing high,
Weapons raised in battle,
To strew the field with carrion.*

Ivan had been stricken dumb with fear at the sight of the men, and his crossbow hung slack in his hands. Eirik grabbed it from him and loosed a bolt which went full into Gudmund's face. Gudmund pulled out the crossbow bolt and lifted his mace. It was six foot long and made of iron. He charged at Ivan and Eirik, swinging his mace. Ivan took the blow on his shield and it shattered at the impact. The blow also knocked Ivan to the ground.

Eirik attacked aggressively, but his sword could not penetrate Gudmund's armour. Then Kveldulf ran up behind Gudmund and stabbed upwards into his groin. The sword went through a gap in Gudmund's armour and he fell to the ground, blood spurting from the wound. Then Gudmund changed into a bear, which reared up and smashed Kveldulf to the ground. Ivan swung his axe and it bit deeply into the bear's shoulder. The bear howled and Ivan struck again. His axe split its head down to the jaw bone, spilling its teeth on the ground. Gudmund fell dead and turned back into human form.

Ivan's axe had stuck fast in Gudmund's head, so Eirik cut it off the body. Then Ivan held the head on his axe up, and showed it to Gudmund's men. They had not made a single move during the skirmish. Ivan said 'Here is your king's head. Little good his armour did him'. The riders then turned and rode away without saying anything. 'We have bluffed them this time' said Talmar, 'but they may return with more men and pursue us'. They left the body of King Gudmund for the wolves. Ivan took Gudmund's mace. It was so heavy he could barely wield it.

11

On the way back to Ladoga they stopped at Hildigunn's house. There they boasted of their achievement in killing Gudmund. 'Beware of Jarov and Eilif, the sons of Gudmund' said Hildigunn, 'They will not rest until you have all been killed'. Then they went back up river to get back to the lake. When they were about half a days travel from the lake, Eirik noticed a large group of men encamped ahead. It appeared to be a raiding party. Talmar said that they should avoid these men. 'They could be friends of the men we killed when we set out' he said. They circled around the camp and continued to the lake.

The next day they retrieved their longboat and set off across the lake. They had got a long distance from the shore when the sky turned suddenly cloudy and it started to rain. A head wind sprang up so they lowered the sail. Ivan and Kveldulf took the oars and started to row.

Then Eirik saw two men striding across the surface of the water towards them from behind. One was carrying a long halberd and the other was armed with a sword. They were the sons of King Gudmund. 'The bearded one with the halberd is Jarov, and the other is Eilif' said Talmar. As they came closer to the longboat, Talmar and Eirik started to shoot arrows at them. Eirik took careful aim and loosed a long, black arrow at Eilif. The arrow pierced Eilif's neck, and blood spurted out. As he fell, he flung his sword at the boat. It arced through the air and struck the gunwale, carving a large chunk from the planking. Eilif then sank under the water.

Jarov reached the boat and thrust his halberd at Eirik. Eirik dodged, but the blade caught his left hand, cutting off three fingers. Then Talmar shot an arrow into Jarov's arm. Enraged, Jarov hurled the halberd at him. The blow would have split Talmar in two if Kveldulf had not managed to deflect it with his oar. The shaft of the halberd still struck Talmar and knocked him over. Jarov drew a large knife and lunged at Eirik, but Ivan and Kveldulf fended him off with their oars. Then Jarov grabbed both oars from them and threw them away.

By this time Talmar had recovered and was using Jarov's halberd. As Jarov attacked, Talmar thrust at him and Jarov ran straight onto the point and died. The body fell onto the boat and tipped it so that it started to fill with water. Ivan and Kveldulf pushed Jarov's body off the boat and it sank. Then the wind and rain stopped.

12

Kveldulf and the others continued until they reached Ladoga. There they again stayed with Thord Bjornsson. He was still gathering a force of men to attack Yngvar and avenge his father's death. Thord was impressed with the tale of their exploits and invited them to join his men. Ivan and Eirik accepted his offer. Talmar took a trading ship that was traveling to England. He said it would be easy to get to Constantinople from there. Kveldulf took up with Otkel Wry-Neck who was building a ship for Thord.



This saga is based on a role-playing adventure GM'ed by Timo. The basic plot is the same, but I have altered some of the details. The dialogue is all my creation, but it does reflect (most) of what was actually said. Except for the verses, which I have added. I should confess to 'borrowing' some of the first verse:

... shower us

With silver like snowflakes;

This was taken (with changes in subject and tense) from a verse in 'Egil's Saga'. As general references for style and form I used various viking sagas from the Penguin Classics series.



Paul Kinsler



Games Cupboard

What's in the games cupboard? Here's some of the stuff:

General Equipment

Perspex: 1 sheet

Tabletops: 2 (One of these is missing at the moment.)

Chalkpaint: 1 tin

Trees: 1 box (small green)

Assorted green felt terrain

1 Barton Arm's Courage house

13 empty counter trays

1 slide container with Napoleonic miniature slides

Tempera paint: 1 light green, 1 leaf green, 1 black, 1 brown

1 paint brush

Lufkin tape measures: 2

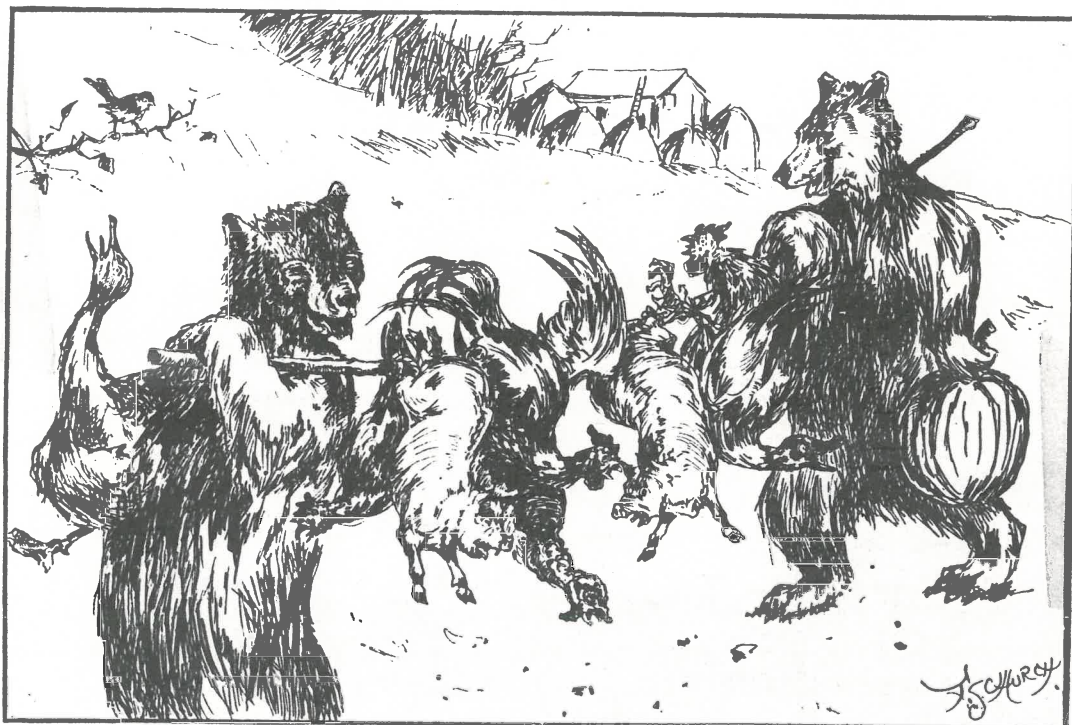
Over the last few years I've run a highly successful Twilight 2000 campaign in Brisbane and as is the norm amongst such long campaigns, a lot of house rules have been devised. (Also plan to do an article on T:2000 and morality and gaming in general : I like the game and the system, although it's not perfect, but am horrified by some of the demented redneck crap that goes on in some games. But more of that later ...)

Suggested optional rules for Twilight : 2000

- * Area fire / blind fire (referees decision) at 1/2 probability. No aimed fire possible.
- * Optional Vehicle Immobilization Rule : (This rule was proposed to correct situations in which a vehicle was completely immobilized by any penetrating damage to the engine or suspension. In fairness it does take a reasonable amount of damage to penetrate.) If a vehicle is damaged in its engine, suspension or other such "mobility" areas such that it would be inoperable, the % damage is the chance that it will stop completely immediately as a result. On subsequent turns, the cumulative percent damage on the item is the chance that it will breakdown on any round that it is in use. This continues until the mechanism is fully repaired. Critical on any of the rolls results in immediate immobility, total damage increasing by 10%, and possible loss of control of vehicle (suggest roll vs drivers skill).
- * Vehicles may reverse in combat at 4 x normal cost. (Exceptional vehicles, eg. landrovers or those with dual drives etc., may do this at only 2 x cost.)
- * Skill for flying ultra- or micro-light aircraft is determined by averaging LAP and PAR (unless ultralight rules from Challenge are used).
- * Weapons may be fired at full at full skill percentage at point-blank range or less (which is defined as 1/5 of the weapons close range).
- * Range skill modifiers should be changed to .5, .25, .125 respectively, ie. halving at every increase. (This aids calculation and brings the difficulty into line with what the game designer has on occasion proposed.)
- * Skill levels for veteran and elite troops should be increased to 60 and 80% respectively (making for a realistically tougher opposition).
- * Grenades : for characters prone (or otherwise unable to fully flex for

throwing) the throw range is halved. If a character has no direct line of sight to the target the chance to hit is halved and the deviation is doubled. A cumulative $\pm 10\%$ may be allowed for successive throws at an immobile target (although this may never more than double the probability of success). $+10\%$ maybe allowed for throwing from a higher elevation, -10% for throwing from a lower elevation. If a grenade deviates such that it would of had to have passed through a solid object (plotting a straight line between position of the thrower and the eventual landing spot) it actually stops at the furthest point along that path. As a option, the length of deviation may be determined to be 1 mtr for every 5% or part thereof that the roll was missed by.

* (This rule was suggested to represent the devastating effect of explosions in a confined space). If a blast occurs sufficiently close to a large object or surface, deflection of the blast may lead to local enhancement of its effects. This may be applied where the surface would not be significantly damaged or penetrated by the blast (referees decision). Partial restriction occurs 1/3 or more of the blast circle is blocked by the object. Full restriction occurs if 2/3 or more is blocked. (These are intended as guidelines only. Exact measuring of the blast circle is unnecessarily complex. Calculations should be made separately for KDR and burst radius, due to the differing effects of different explosive devices.) Partial restriction increases KDR for 1 mtr for every 5 mtrs of the original KDR. Full restriction doubles this increase. Burst radius is increased as per the KDR and the chance of a fragment hit increased by 10% or 20% for full restriction.

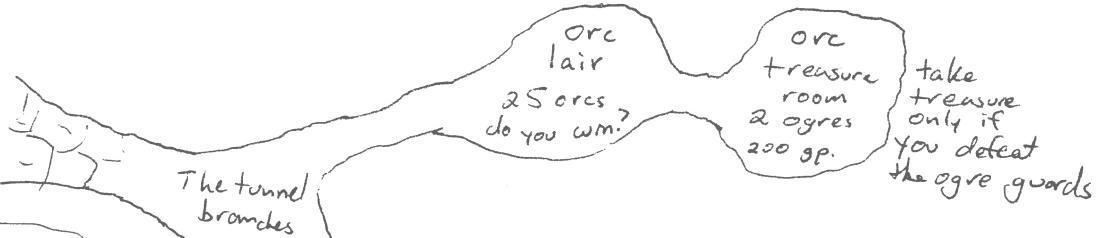


THE QUGS INSTANT SOLO DUNGEON.

compatible with AD&D, but readily modified for any thing.

START

You are at the dungeon entrance



Handy hint!

To preserve suspense, get a large sheet of paper eg A3, and cut a hole in the middle to correspond with what you see

False door with Ear Seekers
Did you listen?

Treasure table

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. None | None |
| 2. Too little | O.K. |
| 3. small | large |
| 4. adequate (Player) | King's ransom (6M) |

Don't forget to roll for wandering monsters every 50 often

Wandering Monster Table

- 1D6 orcs
- 1 bugbear
- 8 kobolds
- 104 hobgoblins
- Green slime
- 1 beholder
- 1 gas spore
- A human, but after killing him, it turns out he had no magic items.

x Talking duck (called Dr Spok) is he a quack?

Green slime

x "statue"
- An Iron Golem which attacks if touched

3 hungry minotaurs

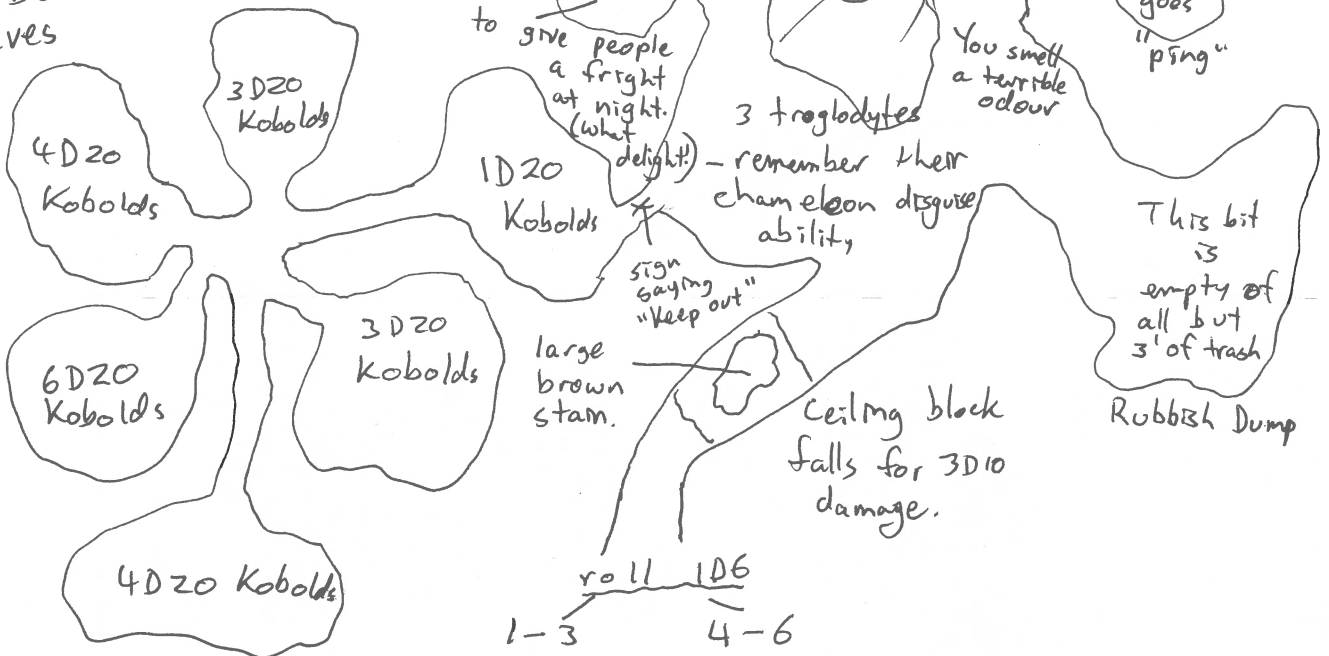
Here, you hear a "ping"

Empty hollow cavity

A large noisy machine which goes "ping"

You smell a terrible odour

Kobold caves



roll 1D6

1-3

4-6

Fame + riches

An early grave

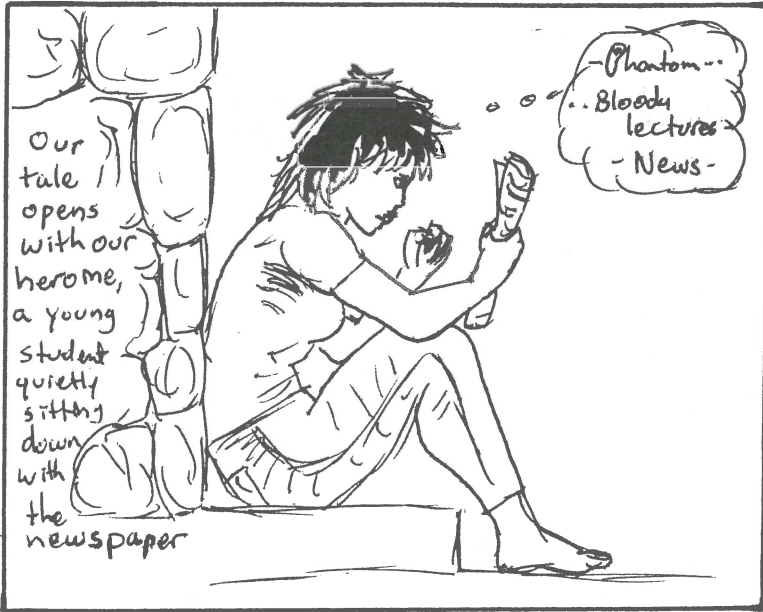


End



DRAGON'S TEETH

AN INEXPLICABLE TALE -Timo



Black Dragon!



Will the story ever be concluded? Remember, this is @UGS, so only time will tell!

Some simple SF trivia ...

1. "2010" (the book) by Arthur C Clarke : how did David Bowman's brother die?
2. "Rendezvous with Rama" by Arthur C Clarke : what did the mission controller realise and wake up and shout at the end of the novel?
3. "The Deceivers" by Alfred Bester : what does "magfaser" stand for?
4. "All My Sins Remembered" by Joe Haldeman. What religion was the agent Otto?
5. "Ringworld" etc etc. by Larry Niven : who were Louis Wu's real/biological and adoptive/legal fathers?
6. "The Mote in Gods Eye" by Pournelle and Niven. Who is the archetypal figure that repeatedly occurs in Motie folklore?
7. One crewman does not understand what a beam or tree is. This is apparently because of where he comes from. What planet is that?
8. "2010" by Arthur C Clarke. Dave Bowman on the far side of the Stargate is "imprisoned" in a "room". What is wrong with the phone book in this room?
9. "The Fountains of Paradise" by Arthur C Clarke : what eventually caused the monks to leave the mountain?
10. "Mona Lisa Overdrive" by William Gibson : what colour nail polish is Sally Shears wearing?
11. "Aliens" : what was the name of the troopship?
12. "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep" by Phillip Dick : what was Deckard's wife's name?
13. What device did they use to set their moods for the day?
14. The name of the family made rich from genetic engineering was changed when DADOES was made into "Bladerunner". What was their name in both places?
15. "Stranger in a Strange Land" by R A Heinlein : what was the name of the compulsory dirty old man (the lawyer)?
16. How many of the obligatory randy young women live with him?
17. "Starship Troopers" by RA Heinlein : when the lead character enlists, what specialty does he first attempt to join?
18. Who was "Doctor Mirabilis"?
19. What year was "Make Room, Make Room" (Harry Harrison) set in?
20. "Voice of the Whirlwind" by Walter Jon Williams : who were the corporate mercenaries for Coherent Light?



