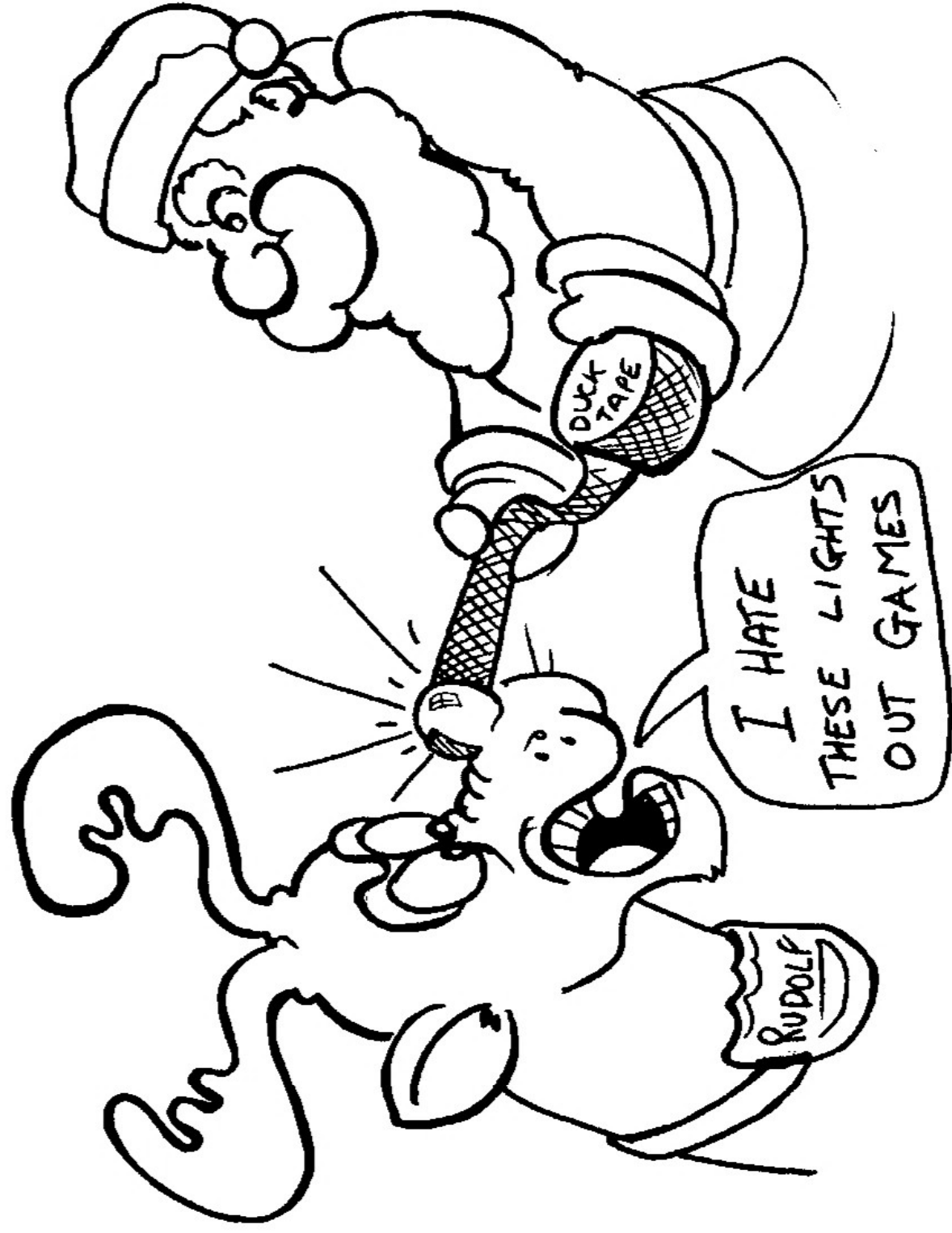


FIREFIGHT

WINTER 1998/9

ISSUE 8.1



FIREFIGHT

The Independent Science Fiction Live Roleplaying Fanzine

CONTENTS

2	TAG DIARY - 1999
4	EDITORS BIT by Dai Rees
5	HUNTER - KILLER - an organisers report by David A Harvey
15	DROPZONE '98 - as seen by David A Harvey
25	WHAT IS YOUR CONSTITUTION? - an example from Andy Smith
31	ANOTHER WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY - an organiser's report by David A Harvey
37	SAVING PRIVATE RYAN- by Dai Rees
41	A WEEKEND RECIPE FOR TAG - by Jenny Watson
42	SENSORS DEBATE - an update
43	CLUB DIRECTORY
46	THE READING OF THE RUNES - by Dai Rees



If you would like to write a short article or letter for **FIREFIGHT** then just send a typed or clearly written transcript to the editor at the subscription address.



Longer articles may be submitted on a 3 1/2 inch disk in most word processor formats.

Please do not send either **MIME** or **Word 8.0**, similarly do not embed fonts or diagrams/graphics into the document. If layout is critical send a printed copy along with the disk.



Similarly articles sent via e-mail should be sent in as simple a form as possible with further instructions if format is important.
The editor reserves the right to alter any material submitted.

The trade names in this fanzine are used for descriptive purposes only. Any alterations made by readers to their own property are entirely at their own risk.

Please send all correspondence to :-

Mr DA Rees, 122 Hartland Avenue, Wyken, Coventry, CV2 3ES
(01203) 727105/6 Drees42@aol.com / Drees42@joyeaux-garde.freemove.co.uk

**THE FINAL DATE FOR SUBMISSION OF
ARTICLES OR ADVERTISEMENTS FOR**

FIREFIGHT 8.2 is APRIL 30th 1999

TAG DIARY -1999

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Cost</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Contact</u>
January 15-17th	Virtual Eclipse	?	?	Graham Field 01252-614119 drake@mid-gard.demon.co.uk
February 13th	TagCon niner-niner	£5:00/ £8:00 on the door	Nuneaton Arts Centre	Dai Rees: 01203-727105 e-mail DRees42@aol.com
February 19-21st	Virtual Eclipse	?	?	Graham Field 01252-614119 drake@mid-gard.demon.co.uk
March 13th	South London Warlords - Day event		Downgate Woods, Kent	Dave Harvey 0171-701 8981
April 2-4th	Virtual Eclipse	?	?	Graham Field 01252-614119 drake@mid-gard.demon.co.uk
April 16th-18th	Starlore Adventures, "Unit" game - "The Pit"	£35 rising to £45 NPCs £17 bunk, £10 camping	Walesby, Notts	Shaun Danby, 111 Berridge Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham NG7 6HS E-mail: continuum@inc.co.uk Bookings to: Starlore Adventures, Imladris, 3 Hardys Drive, Gedling. Nottingham. NG4 3HR (Cheques payable to: Starlore Adventures)
April 24th	South London Warlords, Salute Wargames Fair	?	London	Dave Harvey 0171 701 8981
May 15th	South London Warlords Day event	?	Downgate Woods, Kent	Dave Harvey 0171 701 8981
Late May Bank Holiday	DROPZONE 1999	£25, rising to £35	Harmergree n Wood Nr Welwyn Garden City	Dropzone 0115-9893192 18 Rivermead, Cotgrave, Notts NG12 3LQ e-mail: dropzone@runabout. demon.co.uk
July 2nd-4th	TAG-BAG	£15 inc BBQ	Downgate Woods, Kent	Jon Blau, Lane Cottage, Whitbread Lane, Northiam, Rye. E Sussex. TN31 6QU 01797-252537 fax 01797-252863 (mobile)0860-314857

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Cost</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Contact</u>
Sept 17-19th	Virtual Eclipse	?	?	Graham Field 01252-614119 drake@mid-gard.demon.co.uk
Sept 17-19th	Starlore Adventures, Starlore Universe game	£35 rising to £45 NPCs £17 for a bunk, £10 camping	Walesby, Notts	Shaun Danby, 111 Berridge Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham. NG7 6HS E-mail: continuum@inc.co.uk Bookings to: Starlore Adventures, Imladris, 3 Hardys Drive, Gedling. Nottingham. NG4 3HR (Cheques payable to: Starlore Adventures)
Oct 8-10th	Virtual Eclipse	?	?	Graham Field 01252-614119 drake@mid-gard.demon.co.uk
Dec 10-12th	Virtual Eclipse	?	?	Graham Field 01252-614119 drake@mid-gard.demon.co.uk

Please note: this is a free advertising service maintained by Sarah Clark and amended by Dai Rees for the benefit of the Lasertag hobby and has no connection with any organisation commercial or otherwise. The appearance of an event in this calendar should not be taken as an endorsement of the event by the authors of the diary.



OH MY GOD THEY'VE TAGGED KENNY!

And so it begins! Yep! Yet another wonderful tag filled year awaits. That is if the rain holds off. We have survived one of the wettest years on record. Still never mind, if the sun decides to come out to play 'big time' most of our sensors will pack up anyway, according to the debate still surging on. **[see page 42]**

I must of course thank all those who contributed to this edition. There were a number of technical articles I was waiting for, as last minute inclusions. But as is the way of the world, they never appeared. Hey Ho! Thanks especially to Dave Harvey for reminding us of the games we played and to Jenny and Tim for helping me produce a couple more articles from a christmas logged brain.

Talking of Timmy that chap doesn't know when to quit. Not only is he speaking not twice but three time at **TAGCON niner-niner** but he's also arranged the site for **DROPZONE '99**. Having recently been down to inspect it, I would suggest most invest in some asbestos boots as the firepit is huge! Beware of the pyre builders!

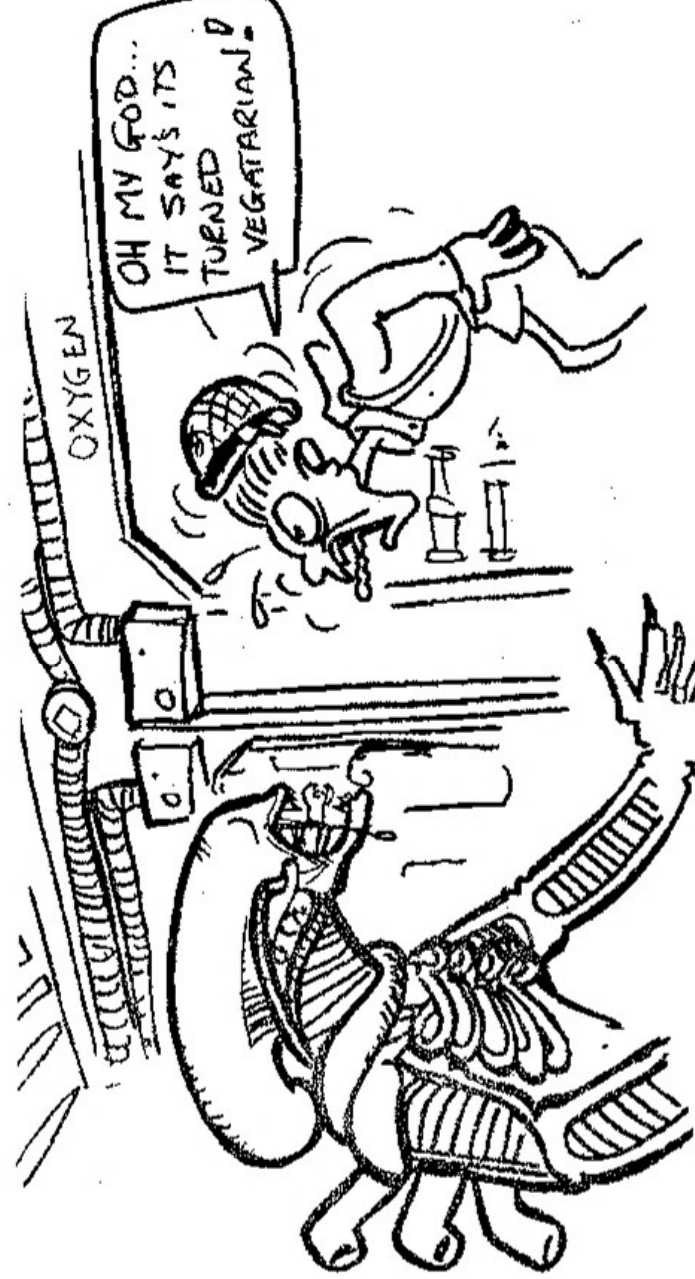
That aside there a few dates already on the calendar for this year including the surprise return of Light Years Ahead's *TAGBAG*. I'm rather keen to get the Light Brigade chaps to run one this year as sites are beginning to materialise. The most likely event being a Starship Trooper style training weekend in early September. Thought I'd better mention it as soon as poss. just in case others have designs on that time of year.

TAGCON niner-niner this year will have various bits of technology available and possibly debates on its use. That of course is up to you. Nevertheless, do come along and get your voice heard and drag some friends. Remember at least there, no one is going to shoot at you. It may be unconstitutional. But then, that may well be another debate on the horizon.

Any road up, let's get on with it. The next edition should have more tag calendar details especially for **DROPZONE '99**.

See you all soon, I hope
thro' a 'scope.

Dai



In the Vietnamese jungle will you hunt and be destroyed?

HUNTER-KILLER

An Organiser's report by David A. Harvey

It began simply, as such things always do, when Jasper Hedger gave me an envelope and asked me to have a look at a rather interesting scenario idea he had come up with.

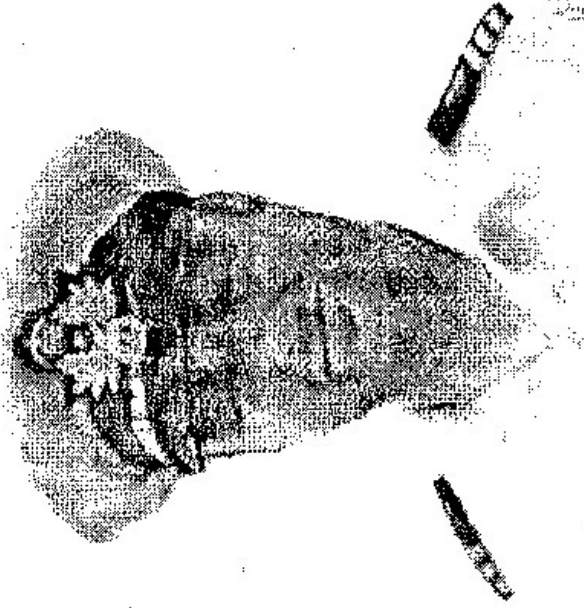
Not long after, during a discussion with Tim Atkinson, it was suggested that it would be a good idea to have a game soon after Salute so that anyone interested by the tag stand would have a chance to give it a go.

With that in mind I talked to Jasper and we agreed that Hunter-Killer would fit the bill and after consulting diaries we found that the only available date was the Saturday after Salute (2nd May) - this unfortunately was the Saturday of the Bank Holiday weekend which cost us some players which was a shame but unavoidable.

Given the plot of Hunter-Killer we decided that the Kingdom of the Skull site, near Hastings, was best suited to our needs.

Since we were likely to have a number of first time players Jasper and I decided to have two games during the day. The first a fairly simple combat based game called "Chase the Ace" to give the first timers a chance to get to grips with the basics of live roleplaying using laser-tag (the guns, sensors, medical system etc.) rather than being thrown in at the deep end with the more complex predominantly roleplaying based game, "Hunter-Killer" in the evening.

Set in the universe of the TV series Space Above and Beyond "Chase the Ace" divided the players into two groups the first the 141st Colonial Marine Squadron whose mission was to rescue Naval Commander Tim Atkinson who had been kidnapped that morning by a group of Silicates (rogue humanoid robot infantry) who have a shuttle coming to take him off planet for interrogation. To make things a bit more difficult for the silicates, at game in Commander Atkinson had just managed to give them the slip.



Naval Commander Atkinson - missing
presumed captured by silicates

This was simulated by Tim getting a three minute head start from their insertion point.

With the game up and running Jasper and I loaded up and headed off down to the far end of the site to set up firebase Della for Hunter-Killer

After returning to blow game over for Chase The Ace which ended in a victory for the silicate team who had managed to recapture Tim, still resplendent in his dress uniform, and defeat the marines we stopped for a break. This was to give everyone time to get something to eat, talk over any questions, and generally relax and get ready for the evening game. Meanwhile Jasper and I headed back out to set up the rest of the props.

When we got back it was time to assemble the players and make some last minute alterations to personal briefings because two players had to pull out at the last minute.

The idea behind Hunter-Killer was to present the players with what appeared to be a straight forward Vietnam era mission and then twist things by introducing elements from the X-Files and other SF and fantasy fiction.

Hunter-Killer was set in Vietnam in 1969 the players were members of an American Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol (LRRP's pronounced "lurps"). Their mission, although at game in this was only known by Lieutenant Peter Merritt, was to provide security for a civilian from Acme Electronics who needed to go up country to field test their latest wonder widget.

In fact the civilian was a Federal Narcotics Agent who needed to investigate Firebase Della because he had reason to believe was a CIA heroin factory. He was correct but that wasn't the only thing going on.

Local Knowledge - What the LT. knew about the area

Firebase Della has been around for a very long time, in 'nam terms anyway. Neither you or anyone you know has ever visited it or called in fire support from it.

The monk at the local Buddhist Temple, whilst almost certainly crazy is also almost certainly a drug dealer. However any requests for action against him have always been turned down.

An F14 pilot was reported shot down yesterday. Nothing been heard from him so he's probably dead but patrols have been asked to keep an eye out after all help from the flyboys and girls has let many a grunt survive what could have been a terminally bad day.

Two night ago a UFO had become entangled with a B52 raid and had been shot down near Firebase Della, wreckage and the remains of the presumed pilot were recovered and held at the base whilst awaiting further instructions from CIA higher ups.

Not wishing to give mankind hard evidence of their existence the owners of the UFO have dispatched a Hunter-Killer, an almost indestructible shapeshifting biological construct capable of assimilating and replacing any creature of roughly the same mass, its mission to recover or destroy any evidence of their crashed scout ship and its pilot. Through it's creators intelligence contacts the HK knows of the LRRP's mission and plans to get into Della by infiltrating them

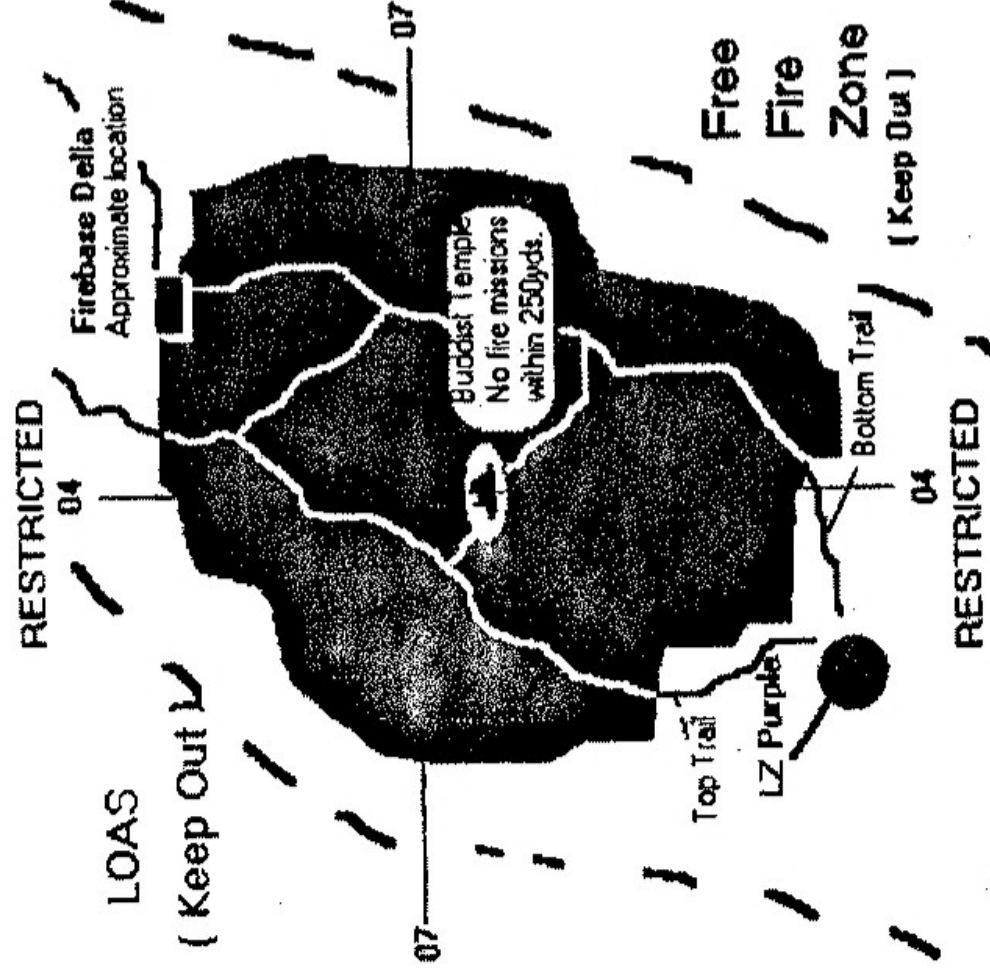
Dramatis Personae

The LRRPs

Despite, or possibly due to, its reputation as one of the best LRRP outfits around it has been effectively disbanded with most of its members assigned elsewhere. The following are those who remain.

LT. MERRITT - Long standing leader of the LRRP. His wholly professional approach and loyalty to his men has earned him an almost godlike loyalty. Based on Colonels Kilgore and Kurtz in Apocalypse Now.

Y CHUNG VU (Simon Barker) - The patrol's Hoi Chan (Vietnamese guide). Of course he was still a



Property of
United
States
Government

Estimated
Accuracy of
contents
85%
(+ or - 35%)

On completion
of mission, this
document is to
be returned to
stores

In the event of
capture this
document is to
be destroyed

Date of last
revision
02 - 28 - 69

loyal member of the Viet Cong posing as a defector but has been ordered by his superiors to ensure the mission's success because they want Della shut down too. Of more importance to Y Chung is his loyalty to a secret organisation dedicated to the destruction of Demons and the other servants of darkness which walk the world. He has been told that one of the Americans in the LRRP team is a spirit in human form.

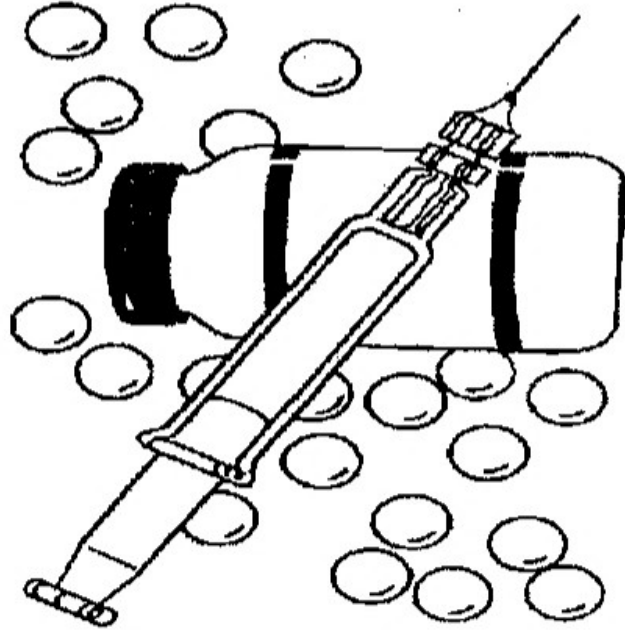
With this in mind he has armed himself with his trusty rosewood stake and mallet and a number of ways to identify a demon, one of which is correct.

TIM "DOC" ATKINSON - A long standing member of the team. He volunteered for Vietnam to get away from trouble stateside, someone was hunting down and killing his friends, not surprising since he was a Highlander style immortal. As such, given sufficient time, he would regenerate from any wound except decapitation.

PFC SKINNER (Dave Bodger) - Radio op. A volunteer for whom the war has finally become too much. The stress has lead to him taking drugs to block everything out. To this end he had a big bag of sweets and result slips. He is thinking about a career in law enforcement if

he get's home.

As X-files may have guessed this character was a young deputy director Skinner and with this in mind had a sealed envelope in case of his character's death containing a note about a mystical out of body experience explaining that it was not his time, as detailed in the show. Unfortunately for Skinner this get out of jail free card was a one shot deal. Still it could be worse, he could have been a young Principal Skinner from the Simpsons!



about his origins. He was another Highlander immortal but unlike "Doc" he didn't know it yet.

The FNGs

As new guys in country the assignment officer has decided to place them with the LRRP team to, as he put it "get them blooded" or possibly just to piss off Lt. Merritt.

LCPL. MICHAEL BESWICK - Just out of boot camp this eager beaver wanted to make the most of his temporary and unpaid promotion to lance corporal by impressing everyone with his command abilities.

PFC IAN PAYNE - Having received some medic training during basic he has been attached to the unit to learn from "Doc" Atkinson. He joined up to rebel against his adoptive parents who refused to answer his questions

PFC LAURA DALE - Although officially an FNG, trooper Dale was really a CIA agent working on Project Long Look a study of army moral in Vietnam. Upon her assignment to the LRRPs she was told that, in the interest of national security, the civilian directing the mission must not reach firebase Della.

At the last minute she received an additional briefing (which she didn't know whether to take as a joke or not) telling her that she had been seconded to Project Shadow, a high level black ops organisation. The Project has been aware of extraterrestrial life for many years and seeks to keep such knowledge secret. She was told that a UFO had been shot down near Della and had orders to collect any

evidence, discredit any witnesses and terminate any alien lifeforms with extreme prejudice.

PFC JOSEPH HUMPHREYS -

Upon his arrival in Vietnam PFC Humphreys found the incredible variety of local entertainment irresistible. Unfortunately the Military Police caught him trying out the local weed and explained to him that military prisons are there to convince people that there are worse places to be than in the jungle surrounded by people trying to kill you.

In order not to go to jail he has agreed to inform on any dealers and users he encountered.

THE CIVILIANS

CHARLES ALFRED THOMPSON aka Kalamazoo (JIM MARTIN) - Although posing as a representative for Acme Electronics he was actually a Federal Narcotics Agent who had followed the drug trail back to "Air America" one of the CIA's private airlines. This suggests that the CIA might be financing it's black ops with drug money.

His investigations have suggested that "Firebase Della" is a possible CIA heroin factory and his mission is to get inside Della by stealth or deception and obtain some hard evidence.

What has gone before - Why the LRRPs found what they did

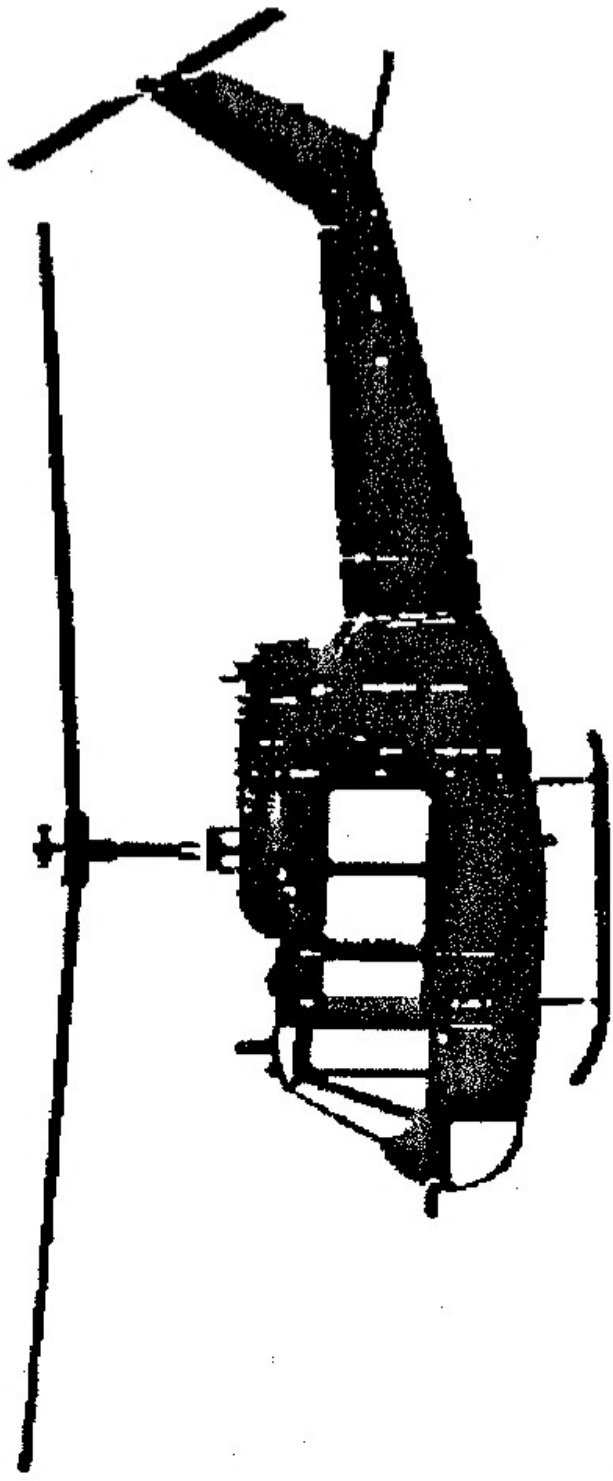
30th April 1969. Sometime during the night a UFO became entangled in a B52 raid and was shot down by one of the escorts. It crashed near Firebase Della. Wreckage, items of advanced technology and possibly the pilot were recovered

1st May 1969 Elements of the North Vietnamese Army 324th Main Force Battalion move into the area. They encounter a reconnaissance team lead by Sergeant Cutler and do horrible things to them.

Overnight the 324th attack Della but are beaten off. They withdraw leaving the area clear except for a small stay behind force.

2nd May 1969. Morning - In response to the attack operations at Della are closed down and personnel and equipment moved out. An NVA stay behind group attacks the last elements of Della as they are moving out, in the confusion the CIA operative in charge of the alien wreckage is killed and left behind.

JAKE KENT - A technician for ACME Electronics and in charge of



an experimental offset radio beacon for directing B52 bombing missions. He was really an agent for Project Shadow but disappeared on route necessitating the use of Agent Dale to complete his mission.

What Happened

After assembling and getting their mission briefing from Lt. Merritt the team was transferred by helicopter to LZ Ladybird (the Hollows) and started out towards Firebase Della. Not long after they stumbled across Sgt. Cutler's patrol, decapitated and hanging upside down from the trees.

To make the bodies we had filled out three uniforms with newspaper and liberally applied the fake blood which ran off and pooled rather well under the bodies. Although Cutler's patrol had actually fallen foul of the NVA the

idea was to get the players thinking of the film Predator.

On their journey to Della the LRRPs suffered sporadic attacks from NVA stay behind troops and managed to stumble across a downed US pilot (Ros Day). She was in fact the Hunter Killer which had found and assimilated said missing pilot. They also investigated the Buddhist Temple and encountered a highly disturbed Buddhist monk (Jim Cutler swathed in saffron robes) who offered dire prognostications of doom and warnings that a demon was plaguing the area.

Eventually, after taking the courageous decision, despite advice to the contrary, to trek down the almost impassable bottom path, which after a weeks rain was a wee bit muddy, they reached Della.

Upon reaching Della they found evidence of a tremendous firefight. When they entered what was left of the base they found it deserted except for a body in American uniform claspimg a bag of equipment. The bag contained a number of strange articles including several test tubes filled with a glowing green liquid, which looked quite spooky in the darkness, sealed in specimen containers and a map with a nearby area marked "crash site".

Further investigation of the base revealed several large bags of abandoned heroin and a search of the body revealed letters which indicated that he was a CIA field agent.

Having been to Della and thereby achieved their objective Lt. Merritt decided on a quick exit and rather than attempting to cross the Somme again he took the team up to top path and back towards LZ Purple figuring correctly that this less direct route would be easier and therefore quicker.

Believing her to be some form of spook (the CIA sort that is) Lt. Merritt decided not to accept the rescued pilot's offer to carry the bag retrieved from Della. This posed a problem for the

Hunter-Killer who resolved it by hanging back until Pete seemed to be unobserved and assassinated him.

Unfortunately for Ros a sharp eyed member of the team spotted her and she was apprehended before she could disappear with the goods. Admittedly had PFC Dale not been so loaded down with other kit I think there would have been more of a fight for possession of the alien artifacts.

With the pilot under arrest the team continued back towards the LZ where they were ambushed by Jim Cutler who had slipped into blacks as a VC and used the bodies, which were still hanging across the path, to great effect and I am told gave everyone quite a scare.

Since by this point it was half an hour after the declared game end time once the players had picked themselves up after the attack the game over whistle was blown.

After assembling the players back at the car park, and making sure we had everyone accounted for, Jasper gave a short debrief and plot explanation before with the help of some of the players and NPCs we moved out to dismantle and collect the props. Some time

later we went home and not a minute too soon. It had been a good day but a very long one.

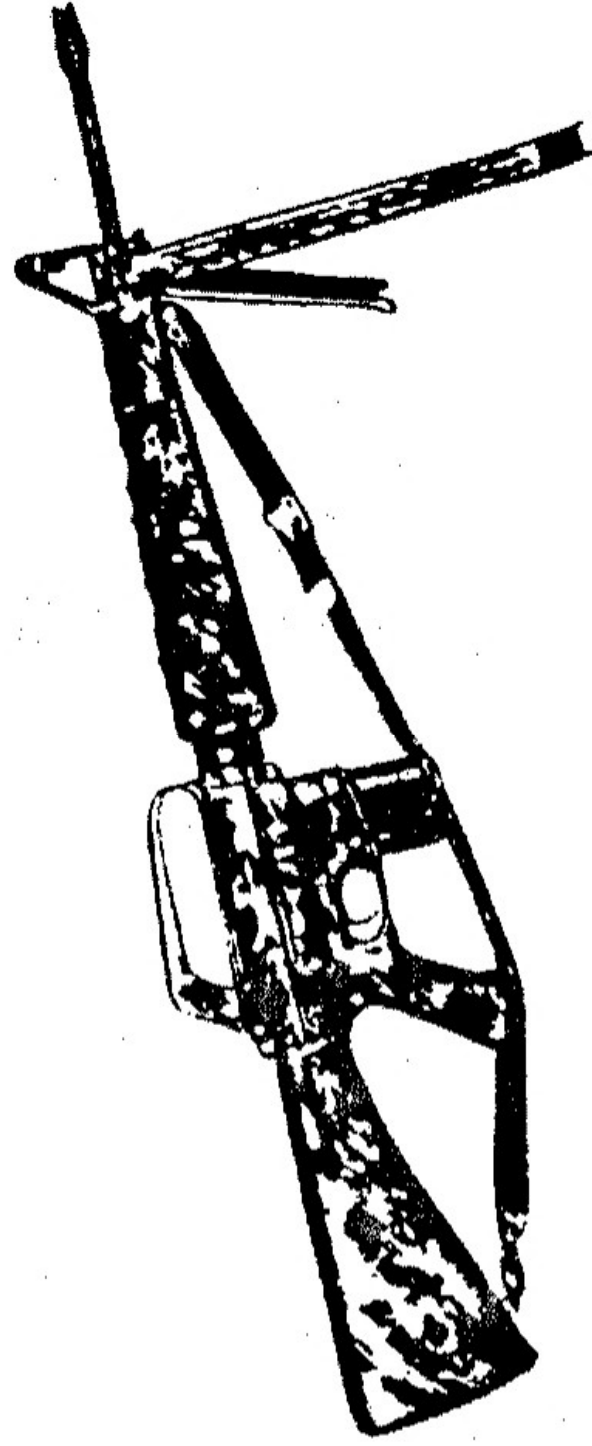
Closing thoughts

From my point of view as an organiser the event went reasonably well. I think we achieved our main goal in that the players seemed to enjoy themselves and commented favourably. I guess that we must have done something right because the club gained four new members due to this event.

If I want to be picky some things could have gone better for example we could have done with a few more NPCs to harass the players and to help set out the props which would have shortened the between game break and either given Hunter-Killer a longer run time or let it finish on time or a bit of both.

Hunter-Killer was an ambitious project, probably the most ambitious project Jasper and I have worked on so far, which meant that putting this event together was a lot of hard work, rewarding and entertaining certainly, but still hard work. Still that is to be expected (and Jasper did most of it so that's OK) but we couldn't have put it together without lots of help from various sources. Thanks to Jim Cutler, Bill Chivers and Ros Day for NPCing. Thanks to Tim Atkinson, Peter Merritt and others for lending us equipment not only to run the game but also to give the first time players sensors and guns to play with. Thanks also to Tim Atkinson for amongst many other things booking the site and arranging that the club equipment (stretcher, first aid kit etc.) was on site for the event.

Finally, thanks to everyone who came. See you at the next one.

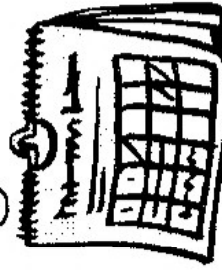


**only
£5:00**

9th Annual Science Fiction Live Roleplaying Convention

FEBRUARY 13th 1999 - NUNFOLK ARTS CENTRE

Tag details



for '99 **QUIZ**

Sensor

Technology

MEDICAL SYSTEM

SAMS 3

Sci Fi Constitutional matters

**DROPZONE
UPDATE**

without the cigars

PRESENTATIONS & Discussions
with a Buffet lunch thrown in!

For further details contact :-

Dai Rees, 122, Hartland Avenue, Wyken,
Coventry. CV2 3ES (01203) 727105/6

drees42@aol.com

DROPZONE '98

As seen by David A Harvey

DropZone'98, the Annual Science Fiction LRP using laser-tag weekend, took place, as usual, over the Late May Bank holiday weekend. This year the event had an overall gothic horror and modern flavour with a backbone of four linked Call of Cthulhu games interspersed with standalone scenarios.

The linked games worked well starting in WW2 France and moving to other sites of 20th century conflict such as Vietnam in 1970, then the drug wars in 1990's Columbia and finishing with the Great Millennium Barbecue in Arkham on the eve of the new century. A fun touch was that everyone had to carry ten marbles with them to represent their mental stability and if you lost all your marbles you had to open a provided envelope to see which insanity you had fallen foul of.

The Price of Liberty

The weekend opened with "The Price of Liberty" organised by Jasper Hedger and myself (South London Warlords). Drawn from the Terminator films the game had human rebels attacking a SKYNET military base with some interference from human looking infiltrators. Essentially a simple Friday night firefight to get the blood moving.

Themed games France 1940

Saturday morning brought the first of the themed games. Set in France in 1940 a group of British commandos were sent in to rendezvous with a group of American archaeologists investigating the Abbey Saint Lucifer to pick up an item before a Nazi Hexen unit got there to grab it for Hitler.

As one of the British commandos we had an interesting time since we started with only one magazine of ammunition each and had to find where the RAF had dropped our extra ammunition and the special container to bring the item back in. Despite the attentions of a couple of German scouts we managed to recover our kit, meet up with local resistance fighters, blow up a German supply dump, and made it to the Abbey where the archaeologists were waiting for us.

They managed to scare themselves half to death when they moved off with the item, a book wrapped in bandages, and suddenly some shadowy figures appeared and followed them. One of my colleagues said that they were ghosts because someone had fired at them and the bullets had gone straight through, to which I replied that there was no such thing but I still lost three marbles.



Tim Atkinson, who dived into the water and wrestled the book from the Deep One escaping with it, the game ended with our prize heading across the channel to England.

ActionMan Adventures part 1

After lunch it was time for first round of Blackwatch's ActionMan Adventures game in which teams competed to score the most points by completing missions picked at random from a pack of cards. I didn't play this one but those who did enjoyed it.

Themed games Vietnam 1970

Late Saturday afternoon we had the second of the themed games. Set in Vietnam in 1970 I was a US grunt operating out of Firebase Ladybird in the fairly sleepy Dac Lao province in south east Vietnam. Thanks to President Nixon's commitment to the withdrawal of US personnel we were busy marking time and looking after number one while we waited for the army to send us our tickets back to the world. Thankfully the local VC were taking it fairly easy too letting the NVA take the strain.

While we were relaxing and goofing off with a casual game of baseball (Tim Atkinson brought along a bat and ball so we passed the time with a game while we waited for our briefing) Captain Hannaford popped by and told us that we had some good news and some bad news.

The good news was that tomorrow we were being reassigned to HQ for two weeks light duties before catching the freedom bird home. The bad news was, of course,

Without wasting further time we headed back to the harbour for the boat back to Blighty. Upon reaching the harbour we were attacked by a vast number of horrible man-sized reptilian creatures with water and seaweed still glistening on their scaly skin. Given the size of their claws and their reluctance to die when shot we beat a tactical withdrawal (ran like rabbits) and having put some distance between us and them opened fire again.

Eventually our continued fire drove the creatures off but before we could regroup the German "Sonder Kommando Hexen" caught up with us and we took heavy casualties. They too were then attacked by the Deep Ones and adopted the same tactics (they ran like rabbits too) in the confusion our pick up arrived and thanks to the bravery of commando

that he had a mission for us to perform today. With heavy hearts and that timeless bad feeling we listened to what we had to do.

A patrol had gone missing the previous day in the vicinity of Lao Dac village and we were to follow their patrol route and see if we could find out what had happened to them.

Well we went out, followed the route and early on found a body, presumably of one of the missing patrol members, which the Lt. examined and came away visibly shaken. He then ordered us to move on and thankfully without event we headed out. Despite having some worries about our officers ability with a map (but who doesn't?) we more or less followed the patrol route crossing back and forth across the site, at one point word was passed back that our scouts had spotted something horrible in the village and since it wasn't VC or NVA we made like Elmer Fudd and "very, very quietly" bypassed it. Since Simon Russell and I were rearguard and had been hearing the sounds of a noisy but sizable force to our rear in the distance but getting closer we had no arguments with avoiding unnecessary trouble.

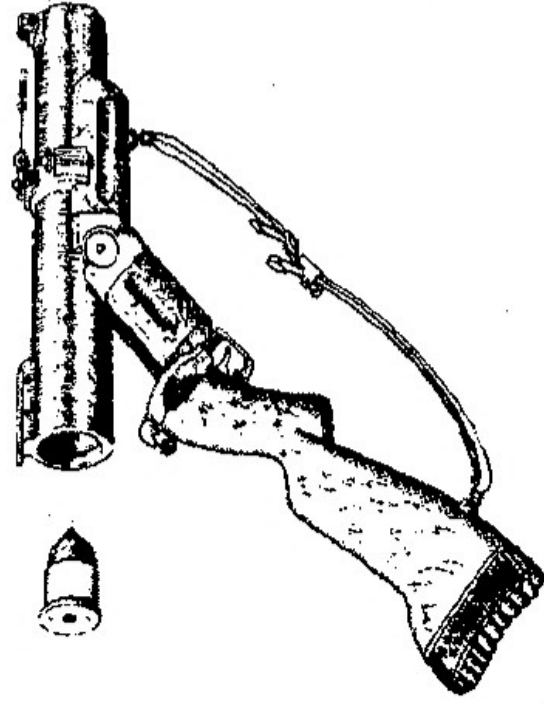
Eventually we reached our extraction point and after it had been secured we called in our pick up. As we waited Tim Atkinson and Mick Penver who were our point men arrested two civilians one American and one Vietnamese whom we took back with us to base.

I really enjoyed this game because I don't often get the opportunity to roleplay a soldier and we really took our patrolling seriously. Given the wealth of

background material provided it was easy to get into character and adopt the take no chances mindset of a conscript soldier not wanting to die in an unpopular war which was already lost.

After the game some people on other teams said that they were surprised that we hadn't gone looking for some action, but with the big carrot of going home alive on offer we felt that there was no reason for, or advantage in, looking for trouble. Indeed with only two weeks of a one year tour to go it would seem logical that anyone who was overly gung-ho would have been calmed down or weeded out by peer pressure and the hazardous nature of the environment.

Thanks to Chris Hannaford for organising and the rest of the guys in the squad for a great game.



Trojan Horse

The evening game was called Trojan Horse and was organised by Alex Clark of Fiat Lux!

In the quiet American backwater of Conestga County there has been an accidental release of a bio warfare agent and the US army has been sent in to evacuate everyone in the area and deal with the problem.

Symptoms of exposure to the agent are hysteria, paranoia, panic attacks and hallucinations. Possible problems include the Conestoga Militiamen, a local reactionary survivalist group who may be reluctant to be moved on. Local law enforcement agencies are under orders to assist as required.

This was in fact a cover story. As in the film Close Encounters of the Third Kind, the army were clearing the area to provide a safe and private place for a US Senator (Gary Swanston) to make contact with aliens. The other reason for the tight security was that an experimental portable plasma cannon had been stolen from a research laboratory presumably by the Militiamen who if they found out about the aliens might use it against them.

Had the army known better they might have been all too pleased to let the Militiamen get on with it because the aliens were parasitic creatures who were only interested in Earth as the potential source of new host species. As part of their plan they had placed agents on Earth, one of whom was the Senator.

Due to a late start the first stage of the game, where the civil and military forces had to clear the area of civilians before the ship landed, had to be severely curtailed. So the game began with the landing of the ship, which was a shame because having volunteered to NPC it would have been rather fun to play an uncooperative and sceptical civilian.

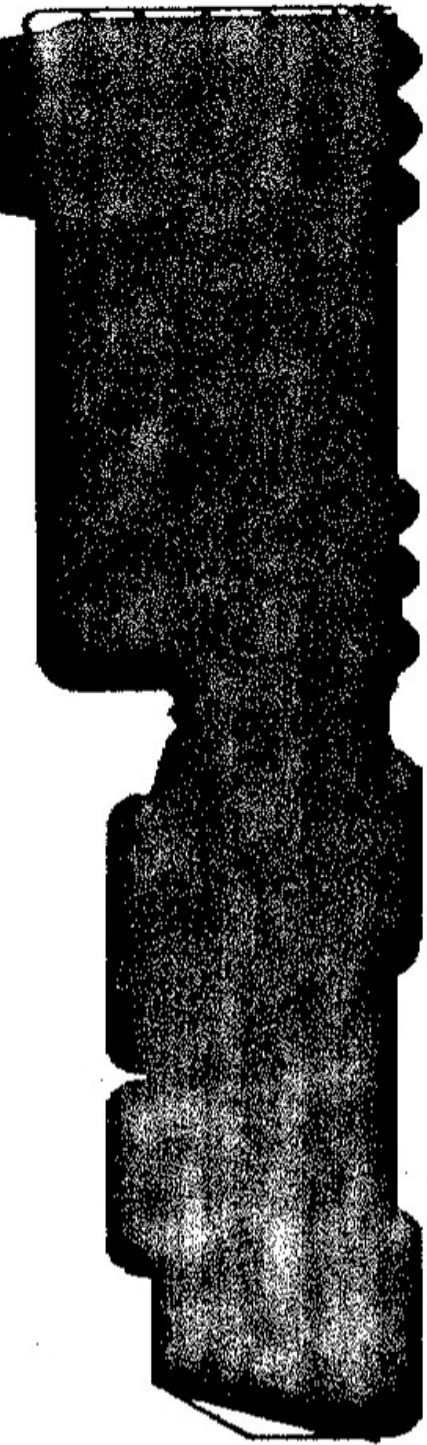
The aliens, of which I was one, had been issued with coloured overalls and made up to look like pandas. Our briefing was to play dumb (no difficulty there) and

innocent (hence the panda make-up) while starting reasonably enough but slowly making more and more outrageous demands upon our human hosts (sell us your children... how much for the little girl?) until the humans finally broke and attacked us, at which point we would grab whoever was standing nearby and take off in the ship. Later, as in Mars Attacks, to claim a cultural misunderstanding.

Being one of the aliens was enormous fun mainly due to the roleplaying of the players facing us. Pat and Sue from Virtual Eclipse were great as two ufologists who had come to warn us of all the dreadful experiments which the government would perform upon us if we went through with the meeting, and the look on Graham Parton's face when I "accidentally" crushed his patient's fingers while shaking hands and his earnest advice to be more careful in future.

Eventually we had assembled a good crowd and I suggested that we invited a few humans on board the ship to show them around (and take them back to the mothership for experimentation). Unfortunately the ship's fairly simple computer mistook our passengers for us and when four people were on board it closed the doors and took off leaving us standing there.

With the ship gone someone took the opportunity to open fire on the assembled crowd and never one to hang around where I wasn't wanted I pulled the senator to one side and accompanied by his bodyguard we made a swift exit, and would have got away if we hadn't fallen foul of an unknown sniper as we were leaving



the site which left the Senator and his bodyguard dead and me alone on a strange planet.

After a trip back to the fort to clear up it was back to the Fiat Lux! hospitality tent where the hospitality flowed freely. Firstly Sarah Clark produced a jug of martinis, and soon after Dai Rees popped by with port and mints (an old military tradition which the Light Brigade resurrected at DropZone last year) and then Jasper Hedger disappeared off and returned with another bottle of port. Chatting and drinking continued until very late with the die hards still around the camp fire as the sun came up.

Fugitive Breakout

In Dai Rees' Sunday morning's game I was a medic attached to a US army Chemical Emergency Search Team (CESTUS) and we had been sent in to an area of the Everglades where there had been a spill of a toxic biological agent possibly anthrax. Under the command of Major Tim Atkinson we were to secure the area to prevent the spread of infection which we did by establishing a roadblock and treatment centre at the only way in and out of the area. Then to find and contain the infection source whilst treating and evacuating any casualties.

Things started reasonably enough with search teams going out and as time went on we had to start dealing with casualties who appeared at our road block. Slowly antagonism started to develop between us and the local population which was not helped when Major Atkinson refused the assistance of the local sheriff and his deputies and attempted to hold them in quarantine. Eventually local animosity erupted into gunfire and I was shot down attempting to extract casualties. Seeing how things were going Major Atkinson and the three remaining soldiers withdrew using our mobile laboratory as cover.

In the debrief afterwards Dai revealed that Tim had a hidden agenda to use this outbreak as a chance to study this potent biological weapon and as such wanted to see victims in all stages of infection which was why he was in no hurry to see everyone treated.

The cause of the outbreak was a leaking cache of biological warfare agent which had been developed by a Doctor Richard Gamble and hidden when he chose not to share the fruits of his research with the government.

Possibly as a consequence of his reluctance to cooperate Dr Gamble found himself in Fort Myers Penitentiary serving time for the

apparent murder of his wife (questions from the audience about whether a one armed man was seen leaving the crime scene were tactfully ignored). Together with Jed "Redneck" Hanson, a noted armed robber, he escaped and they headed south-east into the everglades where Hanson's family were waiting for them and Dr. Gamble could recover his stash of the hidden bioagent. Other parties in the area after the bioagent included two FBI agents, Skunner and Mouldy, and a group of Lithuanian hunters (spies) with outrageously thick Australian accents.

Although Sunday morning is usually considered the graveyard shift of the weekend because it is missed out by many players who are still recovering from staying up late Saturday night Dai made a big effort with this game and it paid off hugely.

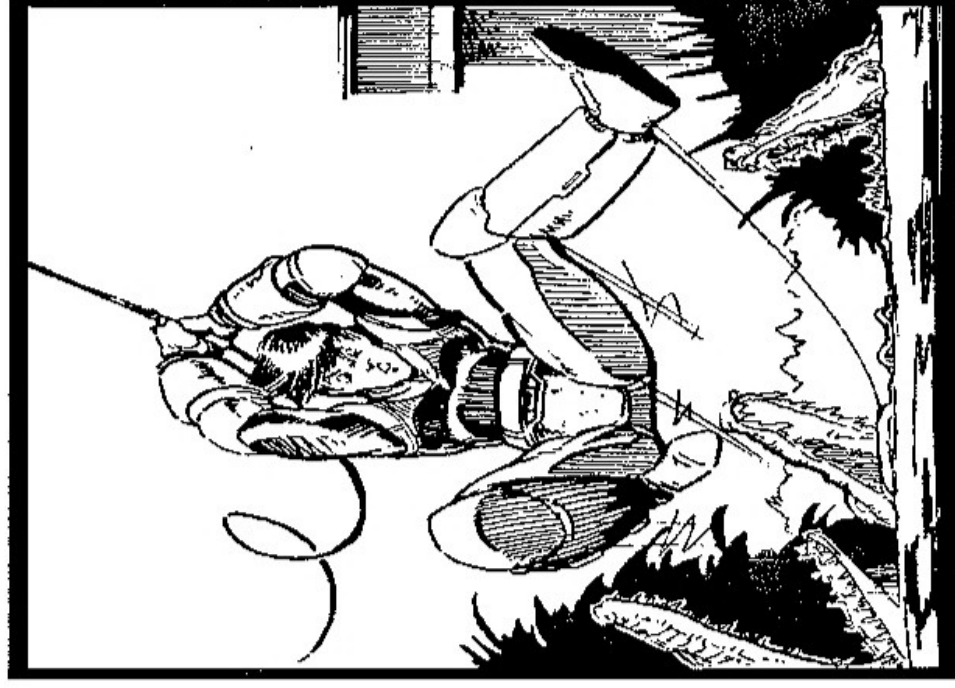
The costumes and props for the CESTUS team were great with chemical protection suits for the medics, respirators for the troops. As part of the preparation for sending search teams out we had to immunise all the troops against Anthrax (coloured liquid in appropriately labelled bottles) and issue them with emergency stimulants (empty syringes) and wound cleaning kits (fullers earth in sealed envelopes).

Giving the immunisations was fun, even if just to see the look on the faces of some of the troops when asked to role their sleeves up for an injection. Which, in their defence, wasn't really surprising since the newspapers at the time were full of Gulf War Syndrome stories.

Lots of fun Dai I look forward to the next one.

ActionMan Adventures part 2

After lunch it was time for the second heat of Blackwatch's ActionMan Adventures followed by a grand prize giving for the contestants.



Themed games Columbia 1990

Late Sunday afternoon we had the third of the linked games. Set in Columbia in 1990, the two leading drug gangs, the Scorpions and the Jamaican Voodoo Posse, had decided to settle their differences and had arranged a meeting. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) had come to hear of this meeting and knew that the successful capture and trial in the United States of the Jamaican's leader King Willie would arrest the FDA's decline in the constant battle with other law enforcement agencies for funding.

Having survived the Vietnam game I chose to play the same character in this game. In the intervening 20 years he had gone into law enforcement and ended up a team leader in the FDA but was considering a career move.

As one of four FDA agents (dressed in suits and ties) we were accompanied by a squad of DEA troops (black combats and body armour) we arrived and sneaked into a position where we could observe the ancient temple where the meeting so we could snatch King Willie when he left. Soon after we arrived the meeting broke up in disarray with the sound of gunfire coming from the fort. Despite our best efforts we missed King Willie only seeing his distinctive yellow cloak disappearing through the trees at a dead run towards the border as we dealt with his stay behind party.

Having missed our target we headed back to our pick-up point via the temple to find out what had happened and hopefully gain some useful intelligence to offset our failure to catch King Willie.

The temple was a mess, strewn with bodies from both the Voodoo Posse and the Scorpions some of which had been literally ripped to pieces. As we were leaving we encountered a group claiming to be a unit of the Columbian army. In the absence of any definite evidence to support our feeling that they weren't who they said they were we went our separate ways.

As we approached our pick-up point we circled a group of American soldiers (Special Forces, I guess) out on a covert mission the details of which we made no effort to discover,

and again having no reason for mutual antagonism we went our separate ways.

As the soldiers left we heard voices fro our pick-up point which I recognised as belonging to known Voodoo Posse members. Having passed this information back we spread out and moved into the area in order to follow and capture them. We moved in and searched for the owners of the voices. Unfortunately it turned out that the voices I had heard were those of two dead players having a quick chat whilst walking off site.

As team leader and with apparently nothing constructive left for the team to do, I sent out the signal for the pick-up. Moments later Gary Swanson, a more senior agent but only there to observe pulled rank and announced an attack on a nearby Scorpio held shack to get some prisoners. Since a couple of minutes earlier I had seen him regenerate a bullet wound and he didn't seem a minute older than he had been when he had accompanied us on my last patrol in Vietnam I wasn't going to argue.

Agreeing to get the helicopter, which was now on its way, to hold on for them as long as I could they went off with ten minutes to get some results.

Unfortunately, as I was persuading the helicopter pilot to wait, a member of the alleged Columbian army group popped into the clearing and opened fire on us.

I lost the ensuing firefight and the helicopter was judged to have exploded just as my team returned carrying a box looking suspiciously



like the Arc of the Covenant. Oh well there are worse things to be killed doing than trying to save your friends.

Themed games

The Great Millennium Barbecue and Party

After a break to get changed we went into the last of the linked games as we took our places at the party of the century "The Great Millennium Barbecue". The barbecue was interesting with the various interest groups circling each other and making veiled threats and boasting expected, but yet to be realised, successes. As the meal came to an end a post dated telegram arrived from HP Lovecraft which lead to the partygoers heading off in on a treasure hunt in the woods.

A long trek around the woods ensued ending, for me, when someone who I won't name and a couple of his friends murdered my character for no readily apparent reason by grabbing me around the throat and throwing me to the ground yelling

"Coup-de-grace". To be honest I am amazed that I wasn't genuinely injured. Come on guys I know it's easy to get carried away but this is a game so show some restraint.

With no possibility of recovery I headed back to the campsite unfortunately missing the staged ending to the campaign which I am told was very good.

Although not in the same league as the other three games the millennium barbecue was fun in its own way although it could have done with a bit more in the way of briefings for the players.

After the game there were the usual drinks, frothing and frivolity around the campfire. It's really good to see the social side of DropZone flourishing and long may it continue to do so.

Monday morning it was time to pack up and go home, tired but happy and looking forward to DropZone'99.

Comment

I was very impressed by the games this year, not only because they were well thought out and prepared but also by the effort put into them by everyone playing. Good costumes by both the organisers and the players helped get and keep people in character. This was particularly true of the linked games where detailed costume suggestions were made and publicised well in advance, both in the event booklet and at TagCon98 with the Cthulhu Clothes Show.

This insistence that players made an effort with their costume showed in players attitudes to the game where people tended to stay in character. Ample proof that "Clothes maketh the man".

On the other hand there were a couple of things which did irritate me and I could have done without.

Firstly, although everyone tended to stay very much in character whilst live and in game there were numerous cases of shot down players (and umpires) standing around chatting in the playing area whilst the game was still in progress. This is really unfair to everyone still trying to play the game so please don't do it. If you are down, lie down and shut up, if you are beyond recovery wait until you can leave the area without disrupting play and get out quietly.

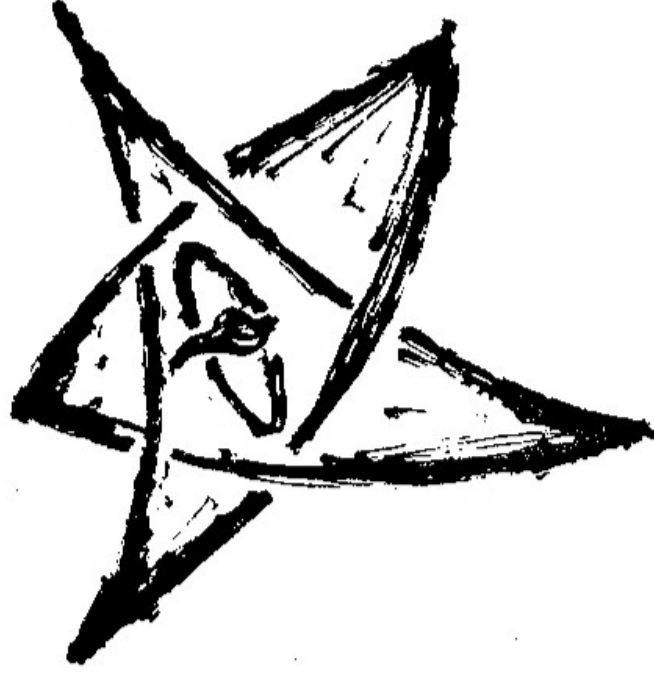
Secondly, people not going down when shot because they didn't hear their sensor going off. It seems a real shame that although the message that enhanced guns should be bigger, brighter and louder is getting across to most gun builders, the fact that this means that your sensors need to be

louder so you can hear them over the increasingly loud tag battlefield seems to have passed some (?most) players by. After all, the starsensor was only designed to be heard over a Starlite so it's a wonder that any of us ever hear it go off at all.

With this in mind isn't it about time that everyone had a buzzer board (or equivalent) on their sensors? After all if you can build an auto tag gun (or have one built for you) you can build and fit a buzzer-board (or get one built and fitted for you). Surely it's got to be worth it to avoid the embarrassment of discovering (or worse, having it pointed out) that you have been, unintentionally or not, cheating.

Conclusion

Taking everything into account, in my opinion, DropZone'98 was, thanks to the uniformly high standard of the games and despite tough competition, the best one so far. Many thanks to everyone involved. Next years game organisers will have a tough job keeping up the standards set this year. Let's hope they can.



Dropzone

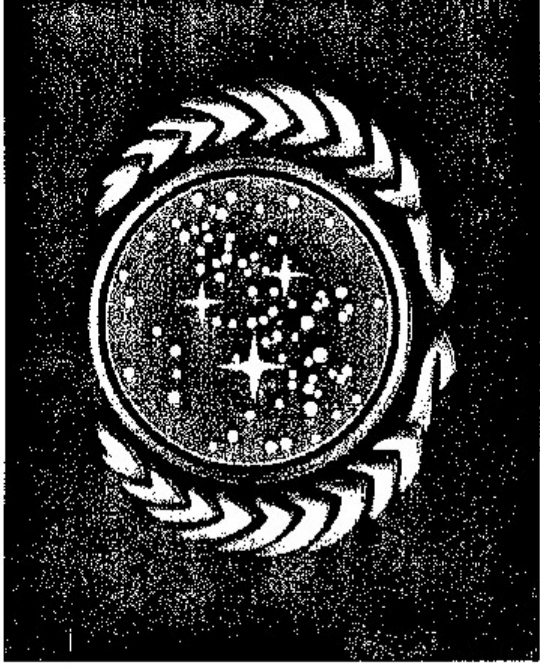
We Could Tell You, But Then We'd Have To Kill You.

DISSEMINATION AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATOR

FILE: A56/7W
REVISION: 1.5
DATE: DECEMBER, 1998
SUBJECT: 8th National Lasertag Live-Roleplaying Weekend
DATE: 28th to 30th May, 1999
LOCATION: Harmergreen Wood, Nr. Welwyn Garden City
CONTACT: DROPZONE: 1999,
18 RIVERMEAD, COTGRAVE, NOTTS, NG12 3LQ, UK
TELEPHONE: 0115-9893192
EMAIL: <mailto://dropzone@runabout.demon.co.uk>
WEB: <http://www.runabout.demon.co.uk/dropzone.htm>

WHAT IS YOUR CONSTITUTION?

[THE FOLLOWING TEXT SHOULD BE REGARDED AS A SAMPLE / EXAMPLE OR FRAMEWORK FOR DISCUSSION. IT SHOULD NOT BE SEEN AS A DOCUMENT TO WHICH COMPLIANCE IS A PREREQUISITE TO JOINING THE LASER-TAG CONFEDERATION ED.]



Explanatory note to the Laser-Tag Confederation constitution.

In the year that has elapsed since Dave Harvey and myself first put forward the idea of a tagging 'unitary body', there has been much discussion of the merits and flaws of such an idea. My thanks to those of you who took the time to tell me your ideas and give me your opinions. In particular I would like to thank Mr Bloodworth and Mr Carr for actually putting their thoughts onto paper and into print. (It means I'm far more likely to recall their points more than half an hour later!)

From these discussions and comments there seems to be (to me anyway) enough grounds for moving things on a stage, rather then endlessly debating the theory round and round in circles. Certain individuals **[Guilty as charged. ED]** expressed a wish to see some more substance to the idea of a Confederation, so this draft constitution is an attempt to provide a "more substantial" framework for discussion. Given Simon Clark's letter (last Firefight) concerning the Laser tag Confederation insurance policy requirements, such discussion carries a certain air of inevitability about it.

Again, a disclaimer - this is not "holy writ". In order to write even a draft constitution, certain (sometimes arbitrary) decisions have to be made, a full explanation of which would probably be longer than the constitution itself (If you are really interested, you can always ask me). Just to point out, this is not actually what my ideal would be. What it is, is an attempt to consider and accommodate the suggestions and reservations of all those who have communicated with me on the subject.

Andy Smith

(in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ninety-eight.)

Laser-Tag Confederation of Great Britain Constitution.

1.) General Philosophy

The confederation is a democratic group of like-minded enthusiasts seeking to provide the best representation of laser-tag on behalf of its membership. It does not seek to profit from its membership and will at all times make every effort to ensure proper representation, value and enjoyment are the primary considerations.

2.) Membership

There are two types of membership: group and individual. Membership is open to any person aged 16 years or older. All members and member groups agree to accept and abide by the constitution in full without reservation as it comprises part of the rules and conditions of membership.

The full rules and conditions of membership, along with the annual subscription rates are fixed in a full meeting of the Council as necessary.

3.) Structure

The confederation is comprised of member groups, with a further section for individual members. Each group is entirely responsible for their internal structure and should appoint, however they so deem appropriate, a Liaison Officer. Individual members are represented by the Chairperson. the Liaison Officers plus elected Executive Officers together form the confederation Council which is responsible for decision making on behalf of the Confederation.

4.) Liaison Officers

Must meet the requirements placed upon them by the Council.

Liaison Officers' Duties:

- i) The Liaison Officer is responsible for administration of group payments to the confederation Secretary and checking conditions of membership.
- ii) The Liaison Officer is responsible for communication with the Executive Officers particularly the return of any record systems introduced.
- iii) The Liaison Officer is responsible to the Council for events run by their group.
- iv) The Liaison Officer is responsible for informing the members of their group of the business of the Council learning those opinions held by their members and representing their members on the Council.
- v) The Liaison Officer must also meet any other requirements specified by the Confederation..

5.) The Council

Consists of the Liaison Officers plus the Executive Officers. The Council must meet no less than twice annually. Council meeting must be published to members of the Council at least fourteen days before the meeting and this must include a draft agenda of the meeting. Council meetings are open to any paid up group or individual members of the confederation but in an observer capacity only. Such observers may not speak at the meeting unless recognised by the meeting.

Decisions are made by simple majority, with each member group holding one vote and the confederation Chairperson holding one vote on behalf of individual members. The Council must have a minimum of 40% of the memberships represented to be quorate. Decisions to change the constitution must be passed by no less than 75% of the memberships. Liaison Officers vote on behalf of their member-group. Evidence that a liaison officer is not voting in accordance with the wishes of their group could lead to disciplinary action. If the majority so vote, ballots may be held in secret at Council meetings. The Executive Secretary is responsible for the conduct of such ballots.

Should a Council member be unable to attend a meeting a deputy may be appointed. That deputy must have a written explanation for his attendance signed by the absent Council member. the deputy may fully represent the absent officer. Alternatively an absent officer may offer a written contribution. This will be presented by one of the Council members who may hold the votes to use as directed.

Council meetings are organised by the Executive Secretary. These Council meetings shall be conducted by the Executive Chairperson.

Extraordinary meetings of the Council may be called. Full notice must be given as for a normal Council meeting. An extraordinary meeting may be called with the agreement of the Secretary or forced by Officers representing not less than 50% of the total votes available.

6.) The Executive

In order to run a geographically dispersed confederation it is necessary that responsibility be localised through Liaison Officers. Similarly, it is necessary that much of the day-to-day running of the confederation can be done without the need for a full Council meeting. The confederation therefore has an Executive which has general control of the confederation. Executive Officers have their own responsibilities but also may act in concert in lieu of the full Council.

7.) The Secretary

Is responsible for the administration of the confederation centrally. The Secretary controls membership lists, fees, etc. The Secretary is responsible for the democratic organisation of the confederation, the conduct of elections, etc. and the organisation of the meetings of the Council.

8.) The President

Is responsible for the general running and policy of the confederation. The President must generally oversee all confederation events and contact with outside bodies. The President is responsible for the presentation and image of the confederation.

9.) The Treasurer

Is responsible for the accounting of the confederation and the administration of the insurance policy. The Treasurer oversees the main confederation account and is responsible for authorising expenditure and agreeing charges.

10.) Editor of 'Firefight'

A non-voted, honorary post, enabling said Editor to pass on full and accurate accounts of Executive meetings.

11.) Election of Officers

Executive Officers shall be elected annually and hold office from 1st January to 31st December. The annual election process may not start before 1st October or end after the 31st December. Candidates, nominators, seconders and all potential electors must be part of a fully paid up member-group or a fully paid up individual member. Nomination forms will be issued to all Liaison Officers by the Secretary. All nominations for Executive Officer posts must be returned to the Executive Secretary within one calendar month from the postmarked date of the envelope in which nomination forms were received by the Liaison Officers. Voting forms will then be sent to Liaison Officers by the Executive Secretary. These forms, to be valid votes, must be completed by the Liaison Officer, in accordance with their groups' wishes, and returned to the Executive Secretary within one calendar month of the date of the postmark on the envelope in which they were received by the Liaison Officer.

Should an election become necessary during the term of office, it shall be run under the same rules as above, on the first suitable date. The Council may suspend an election (other than an annual election) if it deems it is in the interests of the confederation to do so. In all cases election is by simple majority. At either of the above elections if only one candidate is nominated they are automatically elected unopposed and no election for that particular post needs to be held. It is not recommended that a Liaison Officer simultaneously hold an Executive post. Potential Officers may stand for one post only.

12.) Affiliated Groups

From time to time the Council may agree to a group affiliating itself to the Laser-Tag Confederation of Great Britain rather than taking full membership. In such a case the Council will agree with said group the appropriate fees and benefits. Affiliate group members may not vote or stand for election of any Executive Officer post. They elect their Liaison Officer by methods of their own choosing.

13.) Motions of No Confidence

The Officers of the confederation may register a motion of no confidence in an Executive Officer of the confederation. To do so they must present a signed petition of Officers constituting no less than 60% of the total Council vote. this petition should be offered to the Secretary who should then arrange an extraordinary Council meeting, ideally within six weeks of the presentation of the petition. At this Council meeting the member concerned may defend themselves before the motion is voted on. Should the motion be passed by no less than 60% of the total Council vote the member must stand down and an election held and appointment made as soon as is practical. A motion of no confidence may be brought only once against a member in each year of their office. Should an election be forced and the member be returned to his post by the membership, a second motion of no confidence may not be brought on the same matter.

14.) Expenditure

The Executive has immediate control over the Laser-Tag Confederation of Great Britain account. The Executive may use the account to maintain the operation of the Confederation and fund events. Major capital expenditure should be authorised by the Council. At all times the Treasurer is responsible for overseeing the use of the account.

15.) Other Officers

The Council may as it sees fit create new posts for specific duties or tasks. These are not Executive posts and neither do they entitle the holder(s) to a seat on the Council, although directly answerable to the appropriate Executive Officer.

N.B.- The creation of new Executive posts is a constitutional decision.

16.) The Rules Committee

Exists to monitor and develop the rules. It should consist of no less than three members and may no more than five. It need not meet to discuss its recommendations but its members must agree (through democratic process where necessary) on its findings. Members of the Committee are appointed by the Council.

the Committee presents its findings to the Council for vote on inclusion in the inter-club rules. This is a simple yes/no vote. Should a proposal be rejected, the Committee must take it away and return with a new or modified proposal or drop it altogether. **THE COUNCIL IS NOT THE FORUM FOR RULES DISCUSSION.**

It should be noted that the Rules Committee does not exist for the creation, inclusion of new rules and complications. Its primary role is the explanation and development of the rules as they exist now.

17.) Safety

Is of the utmost importance at all confederation events. Members accept that no liability can be accepted by other members of the confederation or its Officers even so all possible precautions should be taken against injury, loss or damage to individuals.

It is recommended that each group hold a first aid kit and bring it wherever possible to every event. It is furthermore recommended that there be qualified first aiders available at all games.

18.) Inter-Club Rules

As decided by the Rules Committee and ratified by full Council meeting.

19.) Non-Members

Non-members may attend confederation events as participants provided they meet the normal requirements.

TAG RAG

IS BACK

JULY 2ND-4TH

WEEKEND OF TAGGING AND FESTIVITIES TO BE ENJOYED BY ALL!

The time has come ONCE AGAIN for fun, frolics and frivolity !!!
Events include Games, Competitions, Special Offers on Equipment, A Bar
(Cheap beer & possibly a little cider).

TO BOOK EARLY FOR THIS YEAR'S EVENT MAKE SURE YOU GET IN
TOUCH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

IF YOU REQUIRE FURTHER DETAILS OF ANY EVENTS OR WANT TO
MAKE A BOOKING; PLEASE EITHER USE THE FORM BELOW OR GIVE
ME A RING ON 01797-252537.
COST : £15:00

Name

Address

.....

.....

.....

Tel. no.....

No. tickets

Total enclosed

If you are applying for more than one
ticket. Please list all your party on a
separate piece of paper.

Cheques should be made payable to
J. Blau and sent to Lane Cottage,
Whitbread Lane, Northiam,
East Sussex. TN31 6QU

Vegetarian YES or NO (please delete)

ANOTHER WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY

An Organiser's report by David A Harvey

In June 1997 I organised a South London Warlords tag weekend called "A Weekend in the Country". The games were excellent and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, I was even asked if there would be another one, so I decided that I would organise a follow up.

Another Weekend in the Country took place over the weekend of Saturday 27th and Sunday 28th June 1998 at Merdon Castle near Winchester. I chose Merdon Castle because not just because it is such a wonderful site but also one at which the Warlords had yet to run an event.

Using the same format as the previous year we had three games, Saturday afternoon, Saturday evening and Sunday morning, with a barbeque between the two games on Saturday.

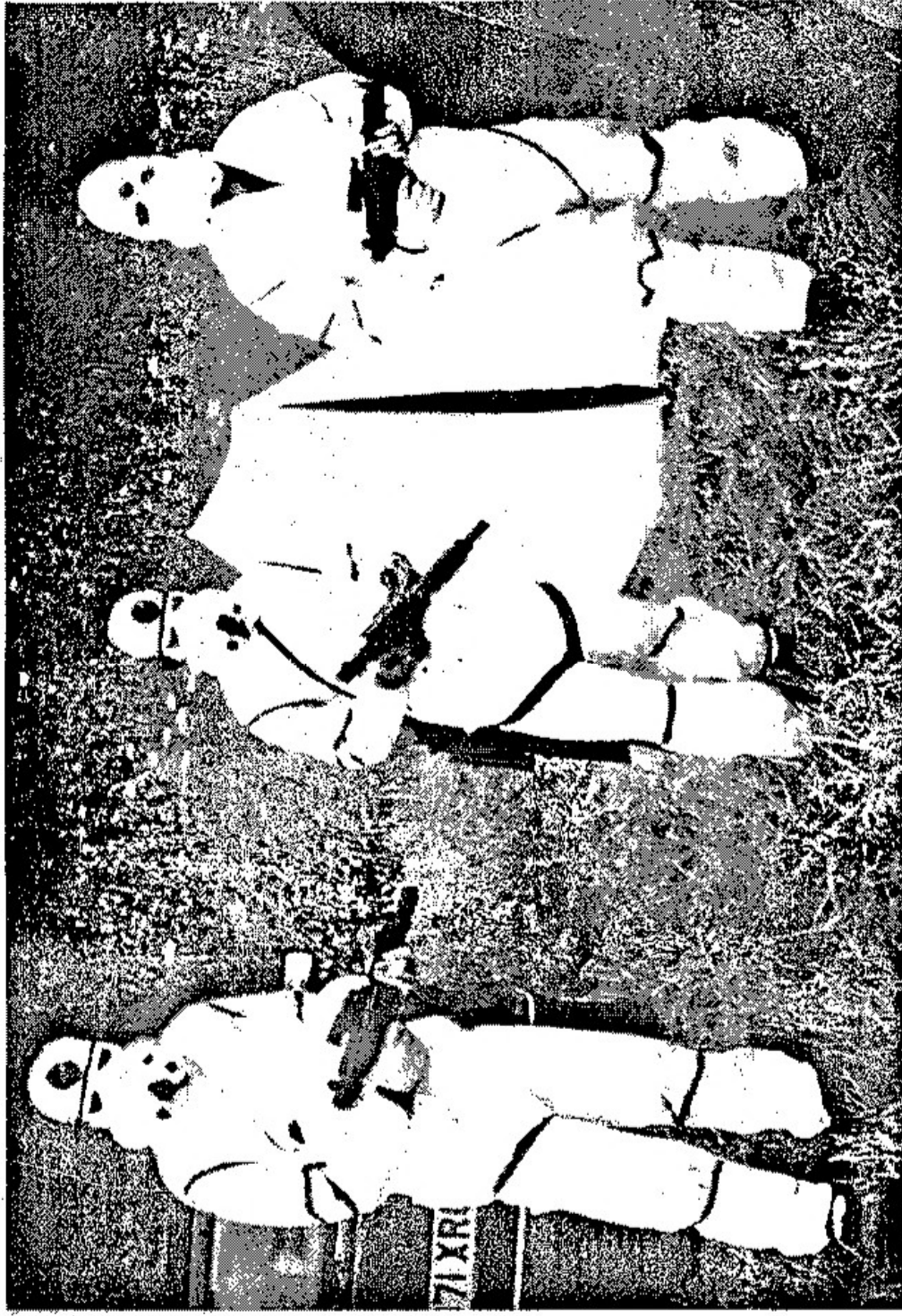
Originally I had planned to give people the option of arriving on Friday evening with a game called Moonlight Shadow for those who wished to do so. Unhappily due to

problems with the site owners it became necessary to cancel Tim Atkinson's game and start on Saturday afternoon.

The weekend started with everyone assembling at Merdon Castle on Saturday afternoon. First order of the day was to sort out the last of the paperwork, collect game fees etc. With this done and tents set up it was time to get ready for the first game.

Organised by Ros Day "Open the Box" was set in the Star Wars universe. In order to curry favour the government of Merdonia has decided to send the Emperor a gift to celebrate his birthday. For various reasons other groups were anxious to get their hands on the gift.

I was one of a group of local officials charged with delivering the gift in its locked protective box to the Imperial representatives who were coming to pick it up. Knowing that other local elements might want to take the box from us we decided that the best course of action was to hide it and retrieve it when we had



found the Imperials who would be dressed in their black uniforms.

After a wander around the site avoiding several other groups who weren't wearing black we spotted the Imperials who were engaged in a firefight with a group we could not identify.

Once things had calmed down we attracted the Imperials attention and their spokesman asked us to hang on while they went and fetched some reinforcements. Having settled on a meeting point we withdrew to await their return. As we waited we discussed whether this present was really such a good idea? After all, what if the Emperor didn't like whatever it was, and with such a huge number of planets in the

Empire he might be thoroughly sick of getting presents from planetary governments, in fact, given the expense of collecting and storing said items he might be happier if we didn't send anything at all...

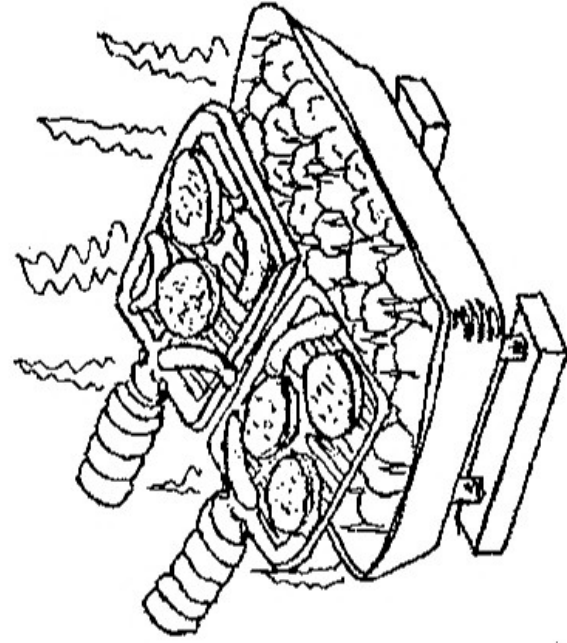
Soon after, with guns blazing and the Imperial March blaring out, the stormtroopers arrived and triumphantly announced that they had captured the box from the rebels. This surprised us but it did look like our box and the Imperials refused to check where we had hidden the box.

Under the supervision of the stormtroopers we headed back towards the Imperial's pick up point to wait for the shuttle which would take them and the box off planet. On

our way there we were subject to a last minute attack by a group of dissidents which was defeated by the intervention of the weather. Whilst we took shelter beneath a tree the brief but intense rainstorm persuaded our adversaries out in the open to withdraw allowing us to reach the shuttle unopposed.

Unfortunately the post game debrief revealed that the box which the Imperials had recovered was a fake which the rebels had planned to substitute for the real one all along. This meant that the real present was exactly where we had left it ...oops.

This left us the mystery of what was in the boxes. In the absence of the Emperor and since it was her birthday (the inspiration for the game) Sarah Clark was handed the keys. Upon opening the real present burst into a tinny rendition of Happy Birthday and contained a huge cake with the Imperial crest iced on it, and in the other box... a few cake crumbs and a number of very fat tribbles.

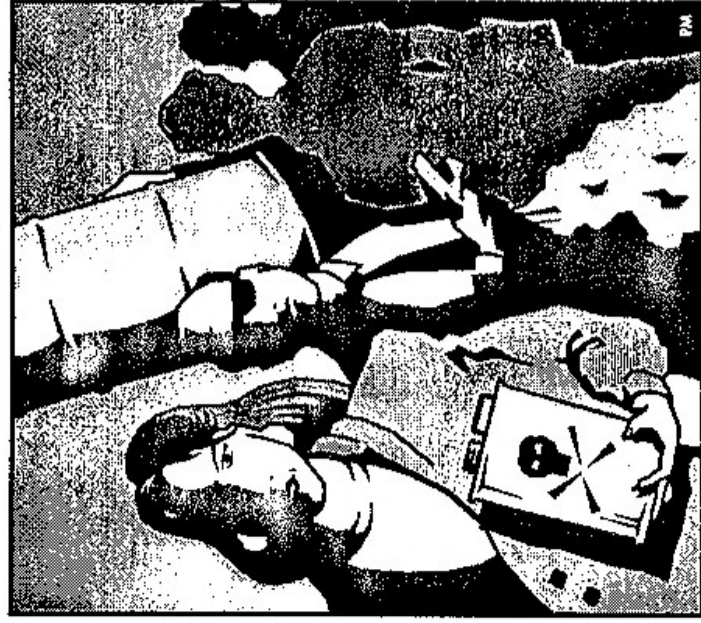


After a break to get changed it was time for the barbecue. Sarah Clark excelled herself with marinated chicken, peppered steaks (...mmm... peppered steak), and a very tasty dressed salad.

Next up was "Many Happy Returns" a game by Paul Grosvenor, Craig Porch and Peter Merritt. Set in an alternative near future we played members of a multi-disciplinary investigation team brought in by the United Nations (which in this universe is more or less a world government) to deal with a cargo shuttle which had crashed near Winchester when returning with samples and results from the scientific research team on Mars.

My role in this was as a private communications contractor brought in to liaise between UN control and the team on the ground requesting information and additional equipment as necessary. As a sideline I was not above sending out unofficial communiques and private messages for anyone offering reasonable remuneration.

When we arrived, armed with our official passes, the first thing was to set up a base of operations from which the various investigating groups could work and report back to. Since I was the team's liaison with the outside world I stayed at base camp and discovered from the teams as they filtered back to report



How NOT to handle toxic waste

that the site was littered with various forms of debris offering biological and radiation hazards. Soon I was busy trying to get additional protective clothing, handling equipment and information on how to deal with the hazardous material.

To complicate things an environmental protester (Tim Atkinson) and a journalist (Mick Penver) had slipped through the police cordon surrounding the crash site and tagged along with our military security team. They were eventually exposed when Alex Clark, head of the security group, requested a check of their IDs with headquarters but not before they had had a good look around the site and Tim had managed to become infected by some green slime.

Things acquired an increased sense of urgency when headquarters warned us that if the team could not

dispose of all the hazardous biological material by 11.30pm then other options would be considered. Since the recommended method for disposal was exposure to a powerful radiation source this was not a comforting pronouncement.

Happily the engineering group then asked me to get information on how to deal with the shuttle's highly radioactive drive core. Putting two and two together this gave us a method of disposing of the hazardous biological material.

Unfortunately the drive core was so radioactive that it was instantly fatal to get closer than about 20 feet even with protective clothing and for effective sterilisation the material had to be placed inside the core.

After some prodding of the groups wearing protective clothing ("If we don't get this material collected and disposed of in the next twenty minutes HQ is going to nuke the crash site with us on it.") Sarah Clark and I managed to get the biologists to get all the material collected whilst the engineering team rigged up a string and pulley system to lower it into the core.

Eventually, after a tense period where Sarah and I had to buy time from headquarters with outrageous progress reports, the engineers managed to get everything



into the core and game over was called.

Many Happy Returns was a great deal of fun and it was good to play a game which depended on problem solving and lateral thinking rather than gunplay and deception. It is interesting to see that tag scenarios are expanding/evolving to include civil disaster scenarios mirroring the changing role of the armed forces.

After game Sarah Clark relit the barbecue and produced a big bag of sausages which made a pleasant after game snack whilst everyone sat around and talked until late.

Sunday morning's game Borderland was a collaboration between Tim Atkinson and I.

Inspired by the trials and tribulations of the US Border patrol it was set on the border of countries where one group of players were the border guards whilst the others were groups of mercenaries struggling to make a living by competing for various contracts, some of which would bring them into conflict with the border guards, with rewards varying according to the difficulty of the task and the team's bargaining skills.

Available contracts ranged from the safe, collecting up any rubbish on site, to the more dangerous, smuggling people across the border, kidnapping Alex Clark a member of the border patrol with a murky past, planting listening devices on the border, and anything else which I thought would prove a



challenge. To complicate matters I asked Tim Atkinson and Mick Penver to play a couple of local terrorists whose goals were to stir up trouble on the border with sniping and hit and run attacks on anyone in the area.

Although a simple game it seemed to work reasonably well, possibly because it allowed people to play at a pace which suited them. Some teams competed to make the most money whilst others took their time and concentrated on completing the mission without taking casualties (you can't spend it if you're dead). The multiple missions format allowed teams to, within limits, pick a task which suited their style of play, whether loud and aggressive or quiet and sneaky.

After about an hour and a half I called a halt to the game and it was time to pack up and go home.

All in all the weekend went reasonably well although it was disappointing that the event was somewhat curtailed by having to start on Saturday afternoon. This made things rather rushed which meant that we didn't have as much time to enjoy this interesting site as I had hoped we would.

To close I would like to thank Ros Day, Jasper Hedger, Paul Grosvenor, Craig Porch and Peter Merritt for organising games. Thanks must go to Sarah Clark, of Fiat Lux!, for booking and liaising with the site owners, ordering the portaloos and organising the barbecue. Thanks also to Tim Atkinson for advice and help with putting the weekend together.

Finally, of course, thanks to everyone who attended. I hope to see you at the next one.



SAVING PRIVATE RYAN

or my version of the Dr Who adventure "Eyes of the Kalon"

by *Dai Rees*

As introduction I should point out it was my puerile idea to name my character as Private James Frederick Ryan. This was also before I saw the film. I saw the film some 4 or 5 days before the event and seriously reconsidered my attendance and or changing the name. However I felt that if nothing else, people do not fight such wars to stop people enjoying themselves. So with conscience pricked I went along to Walesby Scout site not far from the Dropzone site at Thoresby Park. Second potential problem was that my daughter Sian (No! Not Zy'ell!) would be accompanying me. As she is only 9, I was worried as to what she would make of the weekend. (Not to mention the strange men she would meet) However Jenny and Paul Watson had kindly agreed to help keep an eye on her and informed me that Helen Deakin and her son were also there.

Enough! In true tagging Time warp style the 9:30 ish kick off ended up more like 11:00 and as a result the rain had enough time to get worse. The villagers, UNIT was supposed to be rounding up and accounting for, played it to the hilt. Preferring to argue in the rain than come and sit down in the nice warm public house "The Pit". This was our HQ for the weekend. Good call Brigadier Watson.

Investigating the report of strange creatures wandering about, yours truly who had decided to play the keen paratrooper type, went on point. Having heard chirruping cree-cree noises and glimpsed a couple of 2m tall lobster like creatures we decided to head home.

Needless to say the Brigadier wanted to see for himself and after a some nasty toe to claw menacing and sniping they apparently disappeared underground. Not a moment too soon as the majority of us probably couldn't shoot or register hits due to the torrential downpour.

The night was cold but the Scout hut at Walesby is a veteran accommodation and was quite comfy if a little cosy. Jenny Watson poor lass was suffering from a cold and promptly devoured two thirds of the bottle of whisky I'd bought to say thank you to the Watsons for convincing me to go along. At this point a lot of people cold, wet, confused and late though they were, began to think better of the weekend; as hot soup, rolls and tea the true UNIT saviours came to the rescue.

A late (obviously 'cos you still have to drink as much in the less time during the night and therefore not be compus mentis until later) start, saw us wandering the length and breadth of the open land for bits of a crashed rocket that the boffins wanted to prod at. At the same time a subtle time warp seemed to be taking effect. Cloaked (and for that matter daggered) fellows started to drift past us. (There was a Fantasy Live Roleplaying event also on at the other end of the site)

We managed to sight a couple more of the creatures and at intervals a female journalist managed to get herself too close to them. Result? The ever keen Private Ryan rushes in where several NCO's and even officers fear to tread and gets mortally wounded several times.

It is at this point that Jenny who's condition had improved immensely was wandering along at the back of the party giving a running commentary to my daughter. "See" said Jenny "There he goes now" as I charged over to an imperilled journalist and gave the lobster chap several 'tens of rounds' rapid as he/it pounced on me. Apparently Sian far from being impressed merely sighed and said "Ohh he's just being heroic again." Ego and rib cage crushed I was medi vacted to Commander Atkinson's tender ministrations. Bearing in mind the two casualties last night had passed away, I thought I was in for a short tag. Fear not, before long I

was up and about finding bits of rocket all over the place, except the radioactive bit they were a tad worried about.

As I rejoined the troops, we saw on the horizon a dance of death with a difference. Squadron Leader Simon "Tiger" Barker tackling one of the carapaced chaps with only a pistol. Rushing to his rescue I was order to run through the ever increasing downpour to the rocket scientists who were on a jaunt some 500 metres away heading in totally the wrong direction for safety. Moments after I started running, the bushes behind me suddenly came alive with these creaking creatures anything up to 9 or 10 as far as I could see. (This I thought was clever as we had only seen two at any one time, until now. This delay before playing the heavy hand was masterly.) The chaps had the high ground and were pasting away with

grenades and so forth, so I continued on my merry but damp way. Having found the said boffins they were acting like 5 year olds on a school outing to a museum. Oblivious of the life and death struggle raging back in the clearing they insisted on looking or sampling anything shiny or odd in any way. (That reminds me. If I ever send people out to look for metallic items; I must sweep the area first for all the litter; After all "All that litters is not gold") (Sorry)

Everyone eventually got back after some intensive medical support. (So intense the medical supplies were running short) The boffins were tinkering with stuff I didn't pay much attention as UNIT was on red alert for any of the Chirruping creeps.

That's obviously where I went wrong. I followed orders. A soft cree-cree noise attracted my attention and my Sgt (James) and I investigated. Just as I loaded up a grenade for point blank encounter (Time Freeze) I was grabbed and before my Sgt.s closed eyed and humming figure I was dragged underground to the thingys lair.

The last thing I remember was my Sgt. shouting "We got to save Private Ryan".

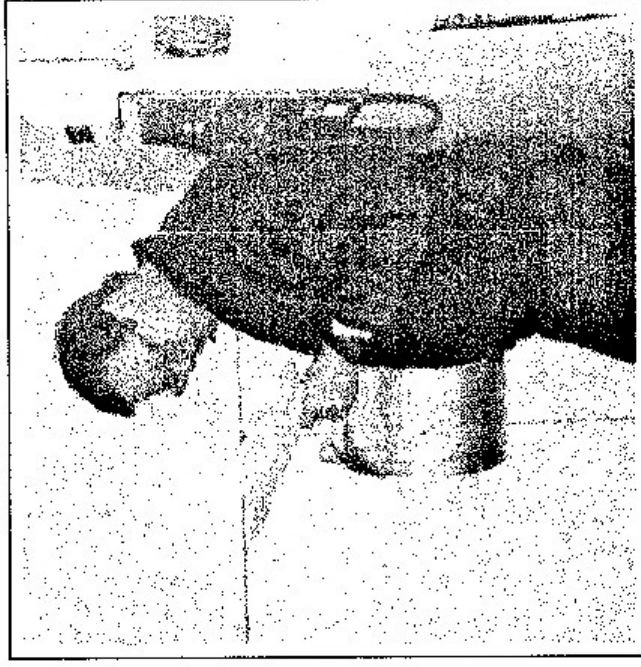
Briefed I was to return later as an escapee from the ship these creatures and some robots had come to Earth in.

My daughter confided in me that she liked some of the intrigue that was going on between the scientists and the scientists and the Brigadier. She had some theories of her own and had been holding secret talks with Mr Watson.

It had stopped raining but was now cold and windy. So much so that all hands were required at one point to save the NPC supply/Props tent.

The cold got a hell of a lot worse as the night progressed and I was led back from the "ship" towards the pub in order to get my bearings for the return trip. I was told to take my time and lead them around the site a bit to come in from a set direction. I wasn't looking forward to this, as I knew some would suspect me having been "taken" and also that, true to character I would probably be first to charge the enemy if it was an ambush.

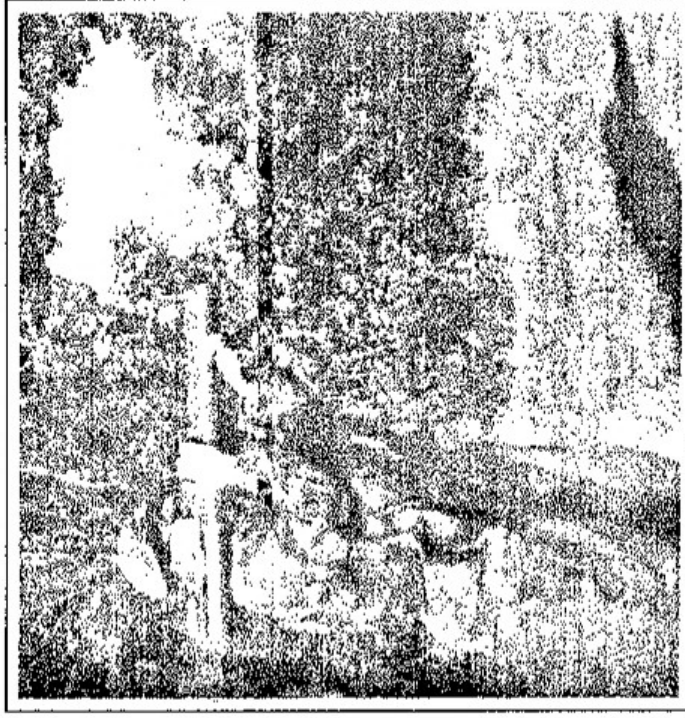
I wandered back in a makeshift blanket/cloak and mud smeared face, only to be accosted by a friendly Fantasy Live Roleplayer, who (in character tried to find out who I was and where I was from. I tried the 'in character' and 'out of character' answers before bemused he staggered off into his banquet (No doubt with tales to tell, of the monsters in these here parts) (No that does not necessarily mean me!).



Even St. Bodger can't work this one out

On returning, to my utter astonishment, everyone believed me (maybe playing a good guy every so often does work). We traipsed back and found little resistance due to the frozen nature of the NPC's. We found a capsule with a figure inside it and activated it. It was the Doctor. (aka Luke Deakin minus beard (scary)) Everyone was for wandering off and having a few jars down the pub. All that is except the Doctor who insisted on blundering around in the dark trying to find out more about the ship. With desperate cries (several times) from UNIT troops and his assistant I kept hearing the end title music going through my head to every "Doctor! No! Not that way!" There were still some robots around and as Doctor finding missions got more dangerous, good old Private Ryan thought he heard someone trying to break out of the second 'sealed' section of the ship. As the silver door swung open the synthesised voice came out "Halt intruder! Identify?" "Private Ryan UNIT" I replied. The thing went berserk "Intruder alert! Intruder alert! All forces attack! Exterminate! Exterminate!" As you can imagine, I and most others were attempting to get out of there as soon as possible. Again I could almost hear the theme music going in my head as I heard "My God sir, It's a Dalek!". The NPC's still about, drove us off. We, after time out, had a lot to chat about and as always plenty to eat. (The food was never ending)

Despite being very late back (surprise surprise) my daughter had stayed up. (obviously worrying over her aged father out in the cold). "Well?" she said "Did you get killed again or not?" Where is the respect these days?



The next day started ... (yes you guessed it) however it was also rather abrupt. One moment people were milling about wondering when 'time in' was to be called, and the next second a bright red robot (Called 'Eyes of the Kalon') burst in blasting everything in sight. Once taken down, our tekkies managed to reactivate it in safe mode and it told its tale before joining the great Blue Toaster in Silicon heaven. This confirmed that these guys meant nasty business. The Brigadier informed UNIT it was time to kick bottom. They gathered up an assembly of heavy weapons. A Bazooka, a LAW 66 and a rocket launcher and went hunting for the bad guys.

Sgt. Hannaford blasting a bug

On the way we managed to find and neutralise a radioactive drive unit, rescue some hostages from local terrorists, and generally tried with varying degrees of success to remain alive.

My Sgt. Major and I (sounds a bit like Spike Milligan) were separate from our main 'heavy' force for a while and when we returned, had a whale of time gathering all our wounded together to await Commander Atkinson's revival, since he too had become a casualty. At the same time we were busy dodging the Bugs that kept cree-creeing their way up and then wandering off, just to keep us on our toes. Once patched and assembled we marched over to the 'ship'. All hell broke loose. After a good 30-40 mins. UNIT broke through the massed Bugs and Eyes of the Kalon and blew up the 'ship'; guest aboard and all.

At this point I have to say, I felt good. The rain had stopped, the sun was shining, we'd beaten the baddies once again and there was still a huge mound of food to finish.

I decided despite my wish to stay and chat, that my daughter had let me play for long enough and it was time to go home. We had a great chat on the way back and she mentioned that she was impressed with not only the acting (I concur) but the effects (I concur) and good story (I concur). I think the only bad thing of the weekend apart from the horrible weather in the first 36 hours, was not being sure when 'time in' came in or went out. You have to remember, although I've been tagging for many years, I haven't done many away missions. Therefore subtleties like someone saying "Time in" I tend to miss. Give me the blast of an air horn any day.

All in all, both of us and especially me, enjoyed ourselves immensely. As to bringing my daughter along again? I'm not sure. This scenario, being classic Dr Who was not too hairy. I would not want her to go on an Aliens weekend. Equally, although she seems able to hold her own in roleplay conversation, it is not every taggers cup of tea to have to put up with someone else's child in addition to their own inner one.

The main reasons I enjoyed the weekend were:-

1. I was a private given orders and responsible for nothing.
2. I was a player not an NPC and therefore more switched on to the potential for harm to my character (and person).
3. I was a good guy for the whole weekend.
4. I wasn't organising the weekend in any way shape or form
5. My daughter entered into the spirit of the game even though not taking part. She also was kept amused by herself and others throughout the weekend.

Many thanks to all on the game but especially to the Watsons for convincing me to go; the NPC's for playing their hearts out when cold, wet and tired; and finally Shaun, Luke and Helen, a team that strive to always do their best to entertain.

.... I'll be back! If my daughter'll let me!



A few of the UNIT chaps appear to have recognised that Shaun is trying to take a photo! "Chap with the camera! Five rounds rapid! Fire!"

A WEEKEND RECIPE FOR TAG

The following is the result of a chat with Jenny Watson over what remained of a bottle of Glenmorangie at the Starlore "Eyes of the Kalon" game. Treat all matter accordingly! Having said that, the contents do stand up to a lot of scrutiny in the light of day and several coffees. If you never intend to run a game and don't want your pleasant player delusions shattered do NOT read any further.

The Recipe

FRIDAY NIGHT:	Move into an area and find or shoot something.
SATURDAY MORNING:	Find out what it was you shot at or found.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON:	Find out why you should or should not have done that.
SATURDAY EVENING:	Discover the sub-plot / complication.
SATURDAY NIGHT:	Get shot / shoot back ? how many left alive?
SUNDAY MORNING:	Rescue Saturdays victims, solve the problem, either run like hell or blow the place up.
SUNDAY AFTERNOON:	Go home

Further ingredients:

Players: Feed them, water **[?? ED]** them and house them and they'll be happy.
 No more than 2 or 3 totally dead. Usually in the last 3rd of the event.

NPC's: They are as important as players!
 Assume they will misunderstand completely at least once.

Plot: No plot survives intact, contact with players!
 At least one plot device will never be recognised (or even seen).

Props: They are nice NOT essential.
 Never rely on technology.

Time: Everything will always run late! **[Tagging Time Warp ED]**

[It is perhaps unfortunate that this summary brief though it is makes perfect sense. In fact anyone reading this will recognise when these elements are forgotten and the whole thing goes pear shaped. Bearing in mind this is for a full weekend themed event the skeleton is pretty basic. Surely we can all have a go. Certainly the Light Brigade are determined as soon as site constraints allow to run at least one event in 1999. ED]

SENSOR DEBATE

Although many reading this may think this is old hat; the debate is repeated at regular intervals. This article is therefore to help inform all as to the current state of play. For a further update (if you do not have access to e-mail, you'll have to attend **TAGCON niner-niner**).

The option to use different systems and/or upgrade the compatibility of sensors is considered by some to be essentially the life's blood of the hobby. The lack of commercially widespread outlets for Lazer Tag™ compatible gear, naturally limits the number of new recruits.

New systems are being generated all the time. Some even use Infra Red (IR) for their carrier wave. However none to date have been backwardly compatible with the Worlds of Wonder™ (WOW) Lazer Tag™ except of course Terminators™, Neutron 2000™, Quickshots™, Sureshots™ and GI Joes™. All of which have gone the same way as the original guns and sensors we all cut our tagging teeth on. Two of the latest releases, are Lazer Tag™ (LT'98) and Laser Challenge™ (LC).

These latest have been experienced by the American market for at least a year before us and their verdicts are not good. The LC system even the V.2 release, is of generally poor quality and very sunlight dependent. The LT'98 system although usable, is not WOW compatible and has the sensor built into the gun. This is difficult to remove to place on the head.

These new systems, have led a number of valiant individuals to attempt to provide sensors not only compatible with the WOW type gear, but also to have upgrades available for other systems. The widespread use of such upgrades seems unlikely, unless large numbers of new guns enter the scene.

[This appears to be very much 'chicken and the egg'. ED]

There are alternative sensors for WOW stuff around. St. Bodger, Simon Barker and an American chap Tom Baker **[without the scarf. ED]** have produced working sensors in variable numbers, complexity and price.

One other argument is that we should all perhaps learn to tune our sensors. This might stop so many from being binned. **[FIREFIGHT would love to run a tuning tutorial. ED]**

Alternatively, others have called for a general reduction in the sensor test standard, to allow more sensors into the game. The pro's being that many guns are putting out more power than a Starlyte™, and it would allow a large number of sensors into the market. The con's being that given the variability in light, many sensors passing a lower baseline may not take hits at any useful contact ranges. Some have suggested making the test more accurate by using a sliding 'pass' scale dependent on the ambient light. This would be measured with a photographic light meter.

The debate will no doubt continue and it has been suggested that there be a formal debate at **TAGCON niner-niner**. This may well happen, depending on the reaction to the talk to be given in the morning on the "state of the sensor".

Hopefully all version of the sensors currently available will be at **TAGCON niner-niner** along with several gun circuits and bodies. Anyone with spare gear or wishing to rid themselves of Lazer Tag™ clutter are welcome to the stalls upstairs. Please contact Dai first, so that sufficient tables can be made available.

Anyone wishing to check out Tom Bakers sensor before then will need to visit his web site at www.nlci.com/users/tbaker. He is a member of the Lafayette Lazer tag Club.

CLUB DIRECTORY

BAD COMPANY

BAD COMPANY

Contact: Ian Palmer,
2 Beech Close,
Stokenchurch,
High Wycombe
HP14 3QL
(01494) 483160

BARKING (MAD) WARDOGS



Contact: Paul Watson,
51, Vivien Road,
Sheffield.
S5 6WJ
(0114) 2440565
paul@combinedops.demon.co.uk

BLACKWATCH



Contact: Mr Katt (Jason) Landinaff,
18, Althorpe Rd.,
St. James,
Northampton.
NN5 5EF
(01604) 750329
(0802) 698802
uscmbblackwatch@hotmail.com

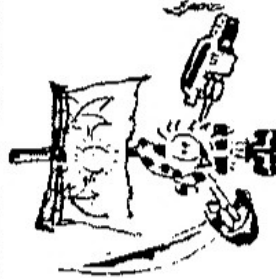
FIAT LUX



FIAT LUX !

Contact: Alex & Sarah Clark,
74, Bluebell Rd.,
Southampton,
SO16 3LQ
(01703) 679758
(0385) 790673
AJC4@SOTON.AC.UK
<http://www.soton.ac.uk/~ajc4/index.htm/>

FREEBOOTERS

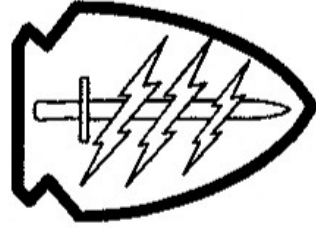


Contact: Peter Sherwood,
129 Parc-y-dre,
Ruthin,
Clwyd,
N. Wales
LL15 1PH
(01824) 704735

LAZERQUAKE

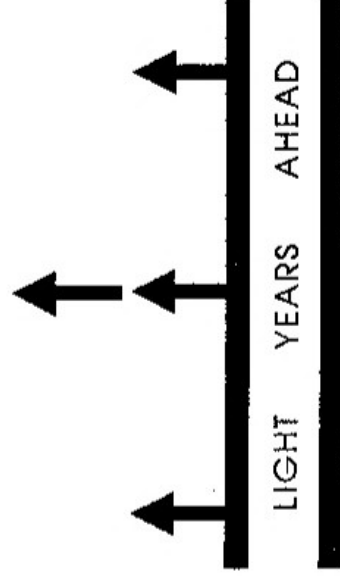
Contact: Paul Simmonds,
7, Preachers Lane,
St. Ebbes,
Oxford.
OX1 1RS
(01865) 728695

LIGHT BRIGADE



Contact: Dal Rees
122, Hartland Ave.,
Wyken,
Coventry.
CV2 3ES
(01203) 727105/6
drees42@joyeaux-garde.freemove.co.uk

LIGHT YEARS AHEAD



Contact: Jon Blau,
Lane Cottage,
Whitbread Lane,
Northiam,
East Sussex.
TN31 6QU
(01797) 252537
(0860) 314857

N.O.A.G. 2500



Contact: Pete Webb,
8 Grenadier Walk,
Hardwick,
Cambridge.
CB3 7XW
(01954) 211593

SOUTH LONDON WARLORDS



Contact: Dave Harvey,
7, Nutt Street,
London.
SE15 6LD
(0171) 7018981

STARLORE ADVENTURES



Contact: Shaun Danby,
111, Beridge Rd. East,
Nottingham.
NG7 6HS
starlore@inc.co.uk

SURREY & HANTS OUTDOOR LAZER TAG

Contact: Jim Harvey,
2, Ibotson Court,
Poyle Road,
Slough
SL3 0HP

THIRD AGE ADVENTURES



Contact: Andy Gudelajtis
49, Goldsmith St.,
Mansfield,
Nottinghamshire.
NG18 5PF
(01623) 644914
andy@outpost1.demon.co.uk

VIETNAANS

Contact: Dave Bignall
Flat 8, St John's Court,
101, Wentworth Rd.,
Harbourne,
Birmingham.
B17 9ST
(0121) 4262520

VIRTUAL ECLIPSE

Contact: Bill Chivers
5, Stokes Close,
Maldenbowe,
Crawley,
West Sussex.
RH10 7LY
(01293) 889642
Bill@Chivcons.demon.co.uk

http://www.chivcons.demon.co.uk/ve_info.htm

THE READING OF THE RUNES

After the Cthulhu based games of Dropzone last year **[Not that I was deeply affected in any way. ED]** I started thinking of the Necronomicon and ancient scripts that might have shaped our history. Once I came across the scroll printed paper, I started to think of Dead Sea scrolls. Who would have written them and in what script. Rather then plump for the easy, early Hebrews and Ancient Aramaic, I thought of Sci-Fi influences. **Q.** Who has been here to influence our development. **A.** The Vorlons from Babylon **5** ; hence that script was sought out on web pages and it, along with others were eventually found

Interestingly enough, I was tempted to use Shadow script. A number of people thought that it was. 5 or 6 people contacted me with the final solution as to the paragraph. Tim Atkinson however was the first by an hour or so and as such gained himself a bottle of real ale. See I told you my generosity knows no bounds.

The passage reads as follows:-

And it came to pass,
that a fanzine was created.
It was called FIREFIGHT.

And so it was.

Thus the laws and ways
of the faithful were written.

The faithful read the fanzine and there was much rejoicing.

However in Shadow it would have been :-

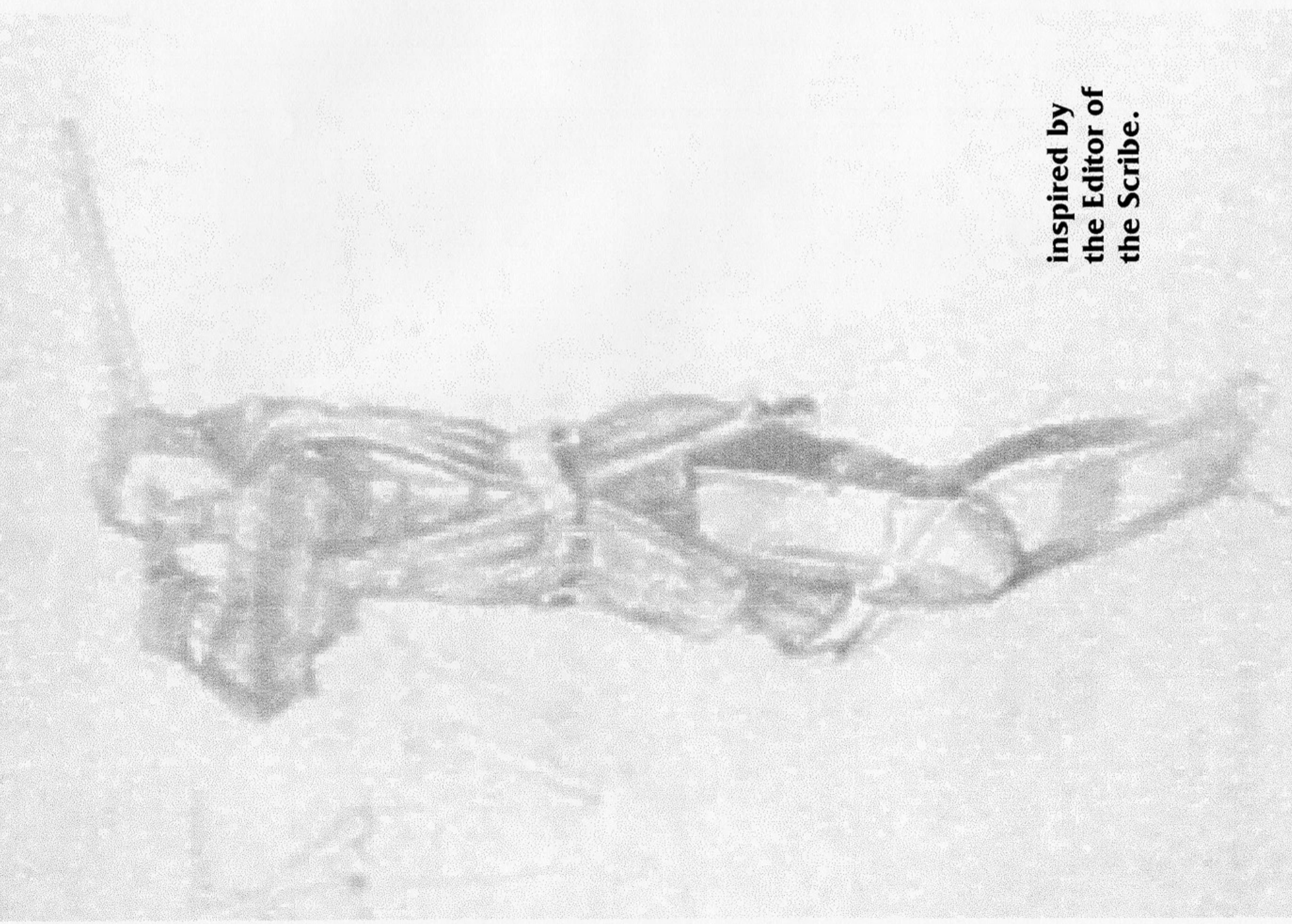
[illegible]

Scary or what?

Well that's enough drive! for this edition. Anyone with any ideas on content, format and or covers / themes don't hesitate to get in touch. I may not carry out the ideas but I will listen.

FEN

Dai



**inspired by
the Editor of
the Scribe.**

Apologies must be extended to all who attempt to strain their eyes trying to look at some of the graphics in this edition apparently the copier broke down 6 times during the production of this rag. I have reprinted some pages that were beyond help. Anyone know of any alternative (cheap) printers/copiers to Office World.