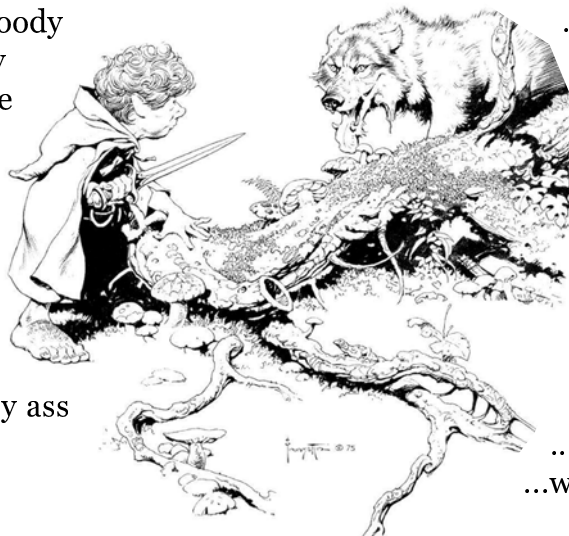


# 21 Reasons why I hate... The Lord of the Rings

...what kind of a name is Smaug anyway?  
 ...people think you suck if you haven't read it.  
 ...you suck if you haven't read it  
 ...you suck.  
 ...it has elves.  
 ...it has freckles.  
 ...elves have freckles.  
 ...it produces modules  
 ...with characters  
 ...called Legless and Bothermere...  
 ...you have to read it if you're going to watch  
 the movie...  
 ...you're going to watch the movie  
 ...Meet the Feebles  
 ...*Agh bum-bum ishi krimpatul*  
 ...a talentless rip-off of *Sword of Shannara*.  
 ...Tolkien or Tolkein!?!?  
 ...nobody calls their kid Reuel.  
 ...what kind of a DM makes the maps & lan-  
 guages first?  
 ...such a pathetic World War II allegory  
 ...the Hobbits don't even get gassed.  
 ...are there any goats?  
 ...he was born in Bloemfontein  
 ...in a Morkels store  
 ...oliphants aren't exotic  
 ...oliphants blow goats  
 ...goats blow oliphants  
 ...what kind of an acronym is LotR?  
 ...it's not even three letters long  
 ...it blows goats  
 ...too  
 ...long  
 ...winded  
 ...it goes bloat  
 ...dem goats, dem goats, dem... dry goats  
 ...I don't care about the bloody  
 phase of the moon anyway  
 ...the other so-called movie  
 ...Christopher  
 ...new editions  
 ...newer editions  
 ...newest editions  
 ...goat editions  
 ...expurgated editions  
 (without the Gollum)  
 ..."Book of the Century" my ass  
 ...Hobbits  
 ...hairy foot fetishes  
 ...Tom Bombadiddle

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
 Bahai - GURPS Religion



...people who think that knowing everyone's  
 names is important and/or fun  
 ...people who think that  
 knowing the lan-  
 guages is impor-  
 tant and/or fun  
 ...go learn Klingon  
 ...fantasy literature  
 geeks  
 ...pointy ears  
 ...eep eep eep  
 ...phallic towers  
 ...two phallic  
 towers  
 ...compensation  
 ..."fellowships"  
 ...obvious innuendo  
 ...banana innuendo  
 ...ring jokes  
 ...cracks of doom  
 ...it has banana-flavoured goat freckles!  
 ...freckled banana-goats  
 ...there's no Invisible Stalker  
 ...funny, since everything else is cribbed  
 from the *Monster Manual*  
 ...and if it isn't it's from Terry Brooks  
 ...William Shatner  
 ...pseudo-Tolkeins  
 ...anti-Tolkiens  
 ...neo-Tolkeins  
 ...William Golding  
 ...why didn't someone just start a jewellery  
 store?  
 ...frickin' halfling Jews  
 ...frickin' Catholic Orcs  
 ...ork spelt "orc"!  
 ...frickin' Jehovah's Wargs  
 ...frickin' atheist fanboys  
 ...William Shakespeare  
 ...frickin' censorship  
 ...goats!!!  
 ...authors shouldn't draw  
 ...William the Conqueror  
 ...William Tracy  
 ...roleplaying  
 ...wargaming  
 ...Nazis  
 ...Indiana Jones  
 ...world poverty



If other UCT societies roleplayed... Kolbe - In Nomine

# SPONtents

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## CLAWmarks NOIR

(or, CLAWs III: The Third Coming)

Hell is empty and all the devils are here.

The Tempest, Act I Scene 2

CAMERA LIGHTS ACTION WIZARDS presents a SPON FILMS production in association with BLOATED TENTACLES INC - THE ARCH-BIGOT OF NECROPOLIS in CLAWMARKS NOIR with ADEEB BALLA - JASON BURKE - MONTE COOK - SIMON CROSS - JESSICA TIFFIN - BRINDLEY UYTENBOGAARDT and KEVIN BACON as BUS FARE MAN special visual effects ADRIANNA PINSKA casting director BRINDLEY UYTENBOGAARDT composer JOHN WILLIAMS editors MARK FERRY and D@VID SEAWARD sound designer APPLE INC supervising sound editor EEP production designer DAVID SHARPE directors of photography MARK FERRY - DUNCAN TRUTER line producers TOM GLENN - ADRIANNA PINSKA - BRENDAN QUINLIVAN - ROBYN SAUL - MICHELLE WIEHAHN uct executive in charge of production IGOR BARASHENKOV associate producers E GARY GYGAX - GRAÇA MACHEL - NJABULO S NDEBELE screenplay by OSCAR WILDE from the novel "THE NECRONOMICON" by ABDUL ALHAZRED executive producers MARK FERRY and D@VID SEAWARD produced by STEVEN SPONBURG and BRINDLEY UYTENBOGAARDT directed by STANLEY KUBRICK

## Editorial

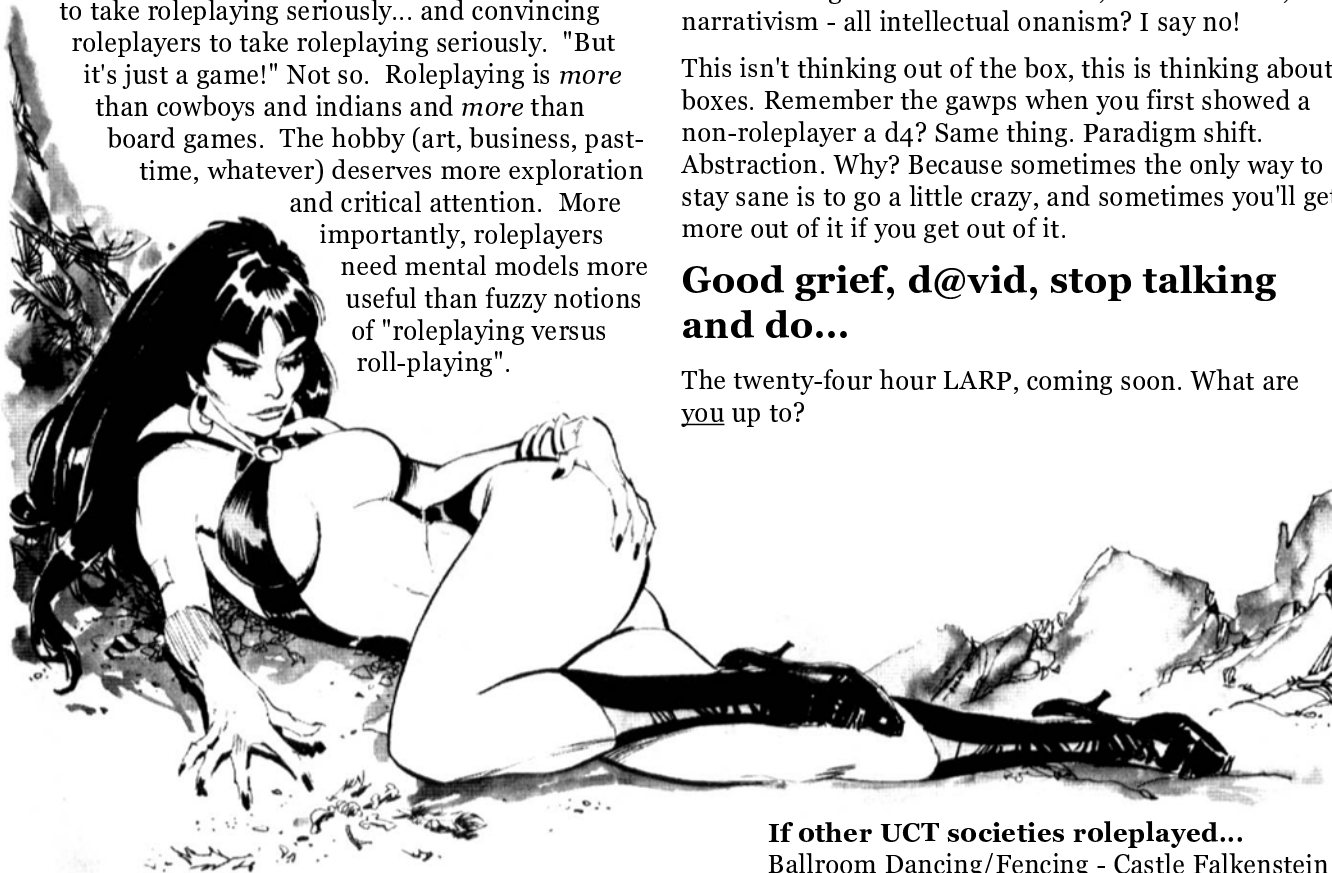
# CLAWS, INTERRUPTED

*The crazy thing is, d@vid's not (that) crazy*

"The only thing that ever made me less loony was writing." - Susanna Kaysen

## So, why do we all wear black?

There are two hurdles: convincing non-roleplayers to take roleplaying seriously... and convincing roleplayers to take roleplaying seriously. "But it's just a game!" Not so. Roleplaying is *more* than cowboys and indians and *more* than board games. The hobby (art, business, past-time, whatever) deserves more exploration and critical attention. More importantly, roleplayers need mental models more useful than fuzzy notions of "roleplaying versus roll-playing".



Why do we roleplay? If an orc falls in the forest, does it grunt? Isn't it all escapism/wish fulfilment? What is unconsciously symbolised by the desire to roll a d12? Can we split the spon? This isn't about silly philosophical questions, interesting though some of them may be, but to make sure we're all on the same page and that the next chapter isn't going to be more of the same.

Heck, over at [gamestudies.org](http://gamestudies.org) they're making an academic journal about computer games, at [fate.laiv.org/dogme99/en/larp4.htm](http://fate.laiv.org/dogme99/en/larp4.htm) you'll find a strange European LARP manifesto, amongst the semantic arguments at [indie-rpgs.com](http://indie-rpgs.com) (I've plugged it before, I know) they're developing the vocabulary and models that gamers need. Gamism, simulationism, narrativism - all intellectual onanism? I say no!

This isn't thinking out of the box, this is thinking about boxes. Remember the gawps when you first showed a non-roleplayer a d4? Same thing. Paradigm shift. Abstraction. Why? Because sometimes the only way to stay sane is to go a little crazy, and sometimes you'll get more out of it if you get out of it.

## Good grief, d@vid, stop talking and do...

The twenty-four hour LARP, coming soon. What are you up to?

**If other UCT societies roleplayed...**  
Ballroom Dancing/Fencing - Castle Falkenstein

---

## A funny thing happened on the way to CLAWmarks...

D: We're beyond CLAWmarks 24!

M: Well... yes.

A: Bacon kips! Ice-cream! Probably not at the same time...

S: Hello, is this typist working?

M: Dunno, what program can I use for typing in?

S: Oh, we have a wiener for the GURPS prizes.

A: We should have an inflatable sheep of shame.

S: He roleplayed the kobolds? low intelligence quite well.

A: It was quite bad, sometimes you don't know when he's faking or not.

A: They may be passing a "Child Internet Protection Act" to protect children from naughty words on the internet. Unfortunately "cipa" translates directly to "cunt" in Polish. Which means that should a similar law be passed in Poland, diligent students wouldn't be able to research similar laws in other countries.

S: Are you typing the editorial?

M: No I'm just typing what everyone's saying

D: Are we saying anything interesting?

S: Ah, so we've got to this crappy self-referential point.

D: It was difficult finding a decent picture of Lara Croft.

A: The easiest way to find a decent picture of Lara Croft is to download a nude Lara and paint clothes on her.

M: We need a CLAWs SPONSored holiday... to Mexico!

# CLAWS DEATHMATCH II

(because absolutely no one demanded it!!)

Adeeb Balla, with "assistance" from Dylan Craig



**Guildenstern:** Hello and good evening, welcome back to CLAWs Deathmatch!

*(The crowd goes wild!)*

**Rosencrantz:** Yes, tonight we have two fights on the cards - Sed vs Duncan for the couch, and Brindley vs Norman.

**G:** Yes, Rosie, it's gonna be a good one. Let's get to our first match.

## SED

**HT/WT** 1.8m/84kg  
**REACH** 65cm  
**STYLE** Drunken boxing (he's Scotch)  
**QUOTE** By Allah, that's not a sheep, laddie, that's my wife!

## VS



## DUNCAN

**HT/WT** 1.7m/76kg  
**REACH** 60cm  
**STYLE** Pokemon dance of death + a little jujitsu  
**QUOTE** Suck it down!

**G:** There's our ref, Ryan, giving our opening schpiel.

**Ringmike Ryan:** I don't wanna see any of that Marquis of Queensburg jazz. Let's get it on!!

**R:** Let me remind our readers that in CLAWs Deathmatch anything goes and only one can walk away.

**G:** The bell goes and Sed rips off his t-shirt... Holy god, he's pumped like Arnie!

**Sed:** Bismallah, ahm gonna break you, och aye!

**R:** Duncan, egged on by Judith, rips his shirt, to audible groans.

**G:** Sick, sick, sick. Make the bad man stop.

**R:** Sed and Duncan close in, and it's clear Sed is better, forcing Dunc to run around the ring as Sed gives chase.

**Sed:** Ah'm gonna whip you like a fat Chinese guy...

**Duncan:** Judy, help!!!

**G:** Judith has thrown an inflatable sheep into the ring, distracting Sed long enough for Duncan to launch a blistering attack, but to no avail!

**R:** Don't they know Sed prefers the real thing?

**G:** Sed has Duncan in a headlock, no way Duncan can break free...

**R:** Wait, Judith has brought out a chocolate cake! No-one can resist

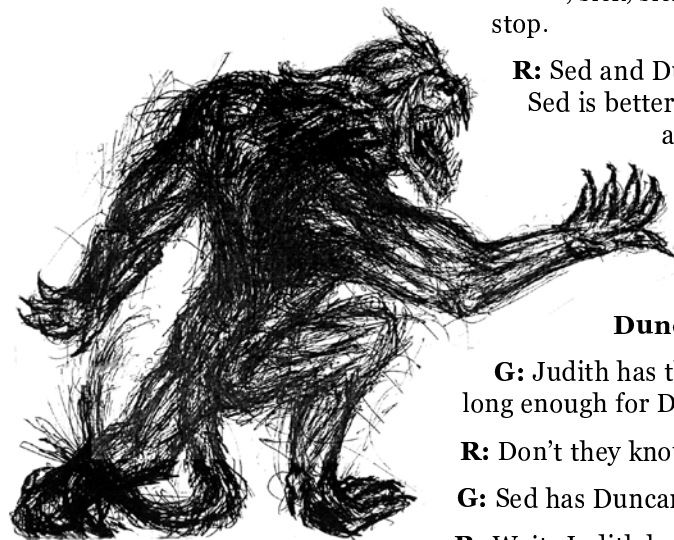
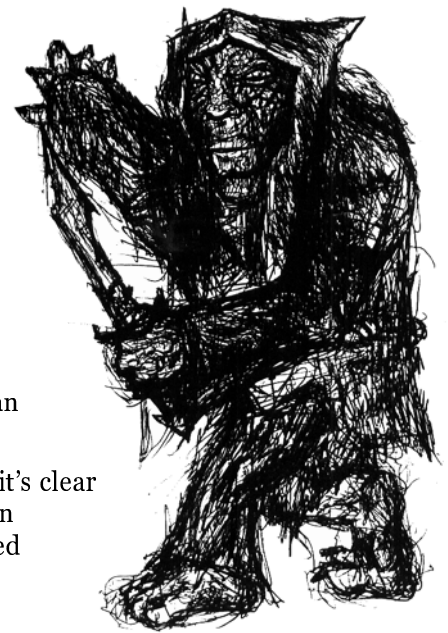
Judith's chocolate cake.

**Sed:** Mmmmmmm... cake! (munch, munch, munch)

**Judith:** Duncan, why did the cthonian cross the road?

**Duncan:** Uh, dunno...

**Judith:** To get to the other side.



**If other UCT societies roleplayed...**  
Bhakti Yoga - All Flesh Must (not) Be Eaten



**Duncan:** Hahaha... hah, hah, ha ha HA HAWA HAWA!!!

**Sed:** Nooooo...

**SPLAT**

**G:** Oh my god, Duncan's sonic laugh of doom popped Sed's head like a pimple.

**R:** Say it with me now...

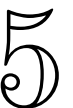
**Crowd (chorus):** Sed's dead, baby, Sed's dead!

**R:** Duncan wins. *[without resorting to the Flask of AJ, thanks Adeeb - ed]*

**G:** And now for a word from our sponsors...

**If other UCT societies roleplayed...**  
Flying Club - Crimson Skies

**If other UCT societies roleplayed...** Society for Creative Anachronism - Dungeons & Dragons



# vgfwordzsearchfyu

W R X A D Y R E S R B E C E Q K Z J S H R E K R S S C A C I  
 S I I P C M V B Y W D G I H R G T H I R T E E N M T S T E K  
 K R W A U Q S H U B N I G G U R A T H O B J Y V A P G L X I  
 O Z L Y J U L E S L O R D O F T H E R I N G S S G N P A P D  
 B G S Y D T V Z L R P H A H F H I Q T F P R M S E L A S L T  
 O A I X K Z U G H B O F Y F M A T R I X Q D E M W R T T O W  
 L T L K J E Y W R D O J C A I Y M H B O C Y Y M Z G P N I O  
 D H A L I E N S N J D W C K Q B W L S R Q J Z C W J F B T D  
 I E O Q B N L V X Z L A C N J A M R A P M C K E F I V E A E  
 R R R G C A P S C V E R P B P Q J Y S J P H M W I F J Z T E  
 T I E V L H S R S T E V E J Y R D D O D R A G O N S Y Z I S  
 Y N G E A P L P K V M F G P O S C J A V A O J O M U R V O I  
 D G A X W U T R C H E I B D Q V D U A I N S A M Y P H E N X  
 O V V Z S Q F D E M Z N S L I A R D A I F I C V N I R G N Q  
 M I G L I T L R P I M A D F B B A T W O N U K D I A K Y O L  
 A I V Y H F B I C E A L X K S A G A N J C M S K N N X W W W  
 I W D U M A V N K P G F N N R B O N J B H S O H Z O F N U E  
 N V O R Y V G G L S I A B X R Y N T A P I H N H E W W O W M  
 S L S U N N S S X H C N V N W J F E P E C E L I D Y O X T V  
 J F Y X H I O F D T D T R T H E I C N N K A J H U H L G F D  
 G O A O C T O P U S W A Y K D F R H Y T E Q X R N X W D T H  
 N N X G D H L J D I V S P K W Q E A T A N T F V G F O D Y A  
 B U N M L M T O N J U Y Q P H I D M W G L K M S E S M V C K  
 N G N W G V J Y U E Y V D F Q T Y B H R Z S V B O P Y A T G  
 J V R G P O Y O G T Y I V C U H D E D A K J P S N O Y M H X  
 L D U J J Q B A S H E I Y O V Q J R N M T M E X S N N P U D  
 Z L G U R P S A D H X P N U A V J Z P P C H Y O Q L G I L I  
 W R I J A H Q M A G E I R T L E G E N D Y Z N O J U U R H C  
 I V U T G U L J V W T A W H I T E W O L F O O N M F G E U E  
 S V F A E F X G Q U Z T Z R F A R S M A G I C A X H D P B X

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
 SHARP - Kobolds Ate My Baby



## words

FINALFANTASYVII  
 ARSMAGICA  
 SPON  
 DRAGONFIRE  
 VAMPIRE  
 MAGE  
 RINGS  
 CHICKEN  
 DIRTYDOMAINS  
 MATRIX  
 DICE  
 DUNGEONS  
 CTHULHU  
 WHITEWOLF

EXPLOITATIONNOW  
 MAGIC  
 LEGEND  
 PIANO  
 BABY  
 ATLAS  
 SHREK  
 LORDOFTHERINGS  
 DRAGONS  
 ANTECHAMBER  
 CHAOSIUM  
 TWODEESIX  
 THE  
 OF

ALIENS  
 OCTOPUS  
 STEVE  
 SHUBNIGGURATH  
 CLAWS  
 POODLE  
 GURPS  
 THIRTEEN  
 GATHERING  
 FIVE  
 KOBOLD  
 WOMYYN  
 JACKSON  
 PENTAGRAM

# You take the high road, and I'll take the low road...

by Jessica Tiffin

technical consultation, opinion and argument by  
Dylan Craig, Simon Cross, Austin Chamberlain,  
Wayne Human, Michael Streatfield.

## high versus low fantasy roleplaying

For a start, by high fantasy I don't mean necessarily elves and dragons, nor does low fantasy necessitate wall-to-wall bathroom humour. The difference I'm discussing is between the kind of roleplaying campaign with an enormous, epic sweep, where the characters are Heroes with a Destiny, on quests which affect the world, galaxy or universe; and the opposite extreme of gritty realism, counting your bullets/arrows, and characters who are street riff-raff on a quest to find enough coppers for the next mug of ale.

This is an old debate. Okay, maybe it's not necessarily an explicit debate to anyone but the die-hard role-playing argumentatives like me (I was brung up on the Great Cyberpunk Wrangle, after all), but I bet it underlies a lot of problems in a lot of role-playing games, whether the participants are aware of it or not. It's yet another aspect of the old problem of expectations in role-playing games - are the players and GM expecting the same level of play? Are you quite sure that you're all committed either to saving your butts from the local law enforcement, or saving the world? If the GM is intent on the party going to find the artifact that will prevent the next armageddon, s/he is going to be a bit twitchy if the party are more interested in a get-rich-quick scheme; likewise, the get-rich-quick party are likely to think "none of my business" when the artifact clues are dangled unsubtly in front of them.

I should add, for the sake of all you dichotomous possibility acolytes out there, that the terms "High" and "Low" in this discussion are PC to the max, being completely free of any value judgement, implicit statement of quality, or anything else, possibly including all meaning and sense. Anyone who wants to argue this gets to read my personal collection of arcane English Lit Criticism on the High Culture vs. Low Culture debate,

with its particular reference to postmodernism. Heh.

Thinking about it, there are a lot more manifestations of High/Low fantasy divides than at first appear. Most actual sword-and-sorcery campaigns fall fairly easily into the

high or low categories, the obvious one being D&D: High Fantasy revolves around 96th level characters battling the gods, Low Fantasy revolves around characters picking pockets in low taverns. But the same applies to other settings. Call of Cthulhu - High Fantasy is saving this dimension from the incursions of the Outer Gods,

Low Fantasy is saving a teenager from the nasty cult across the road.

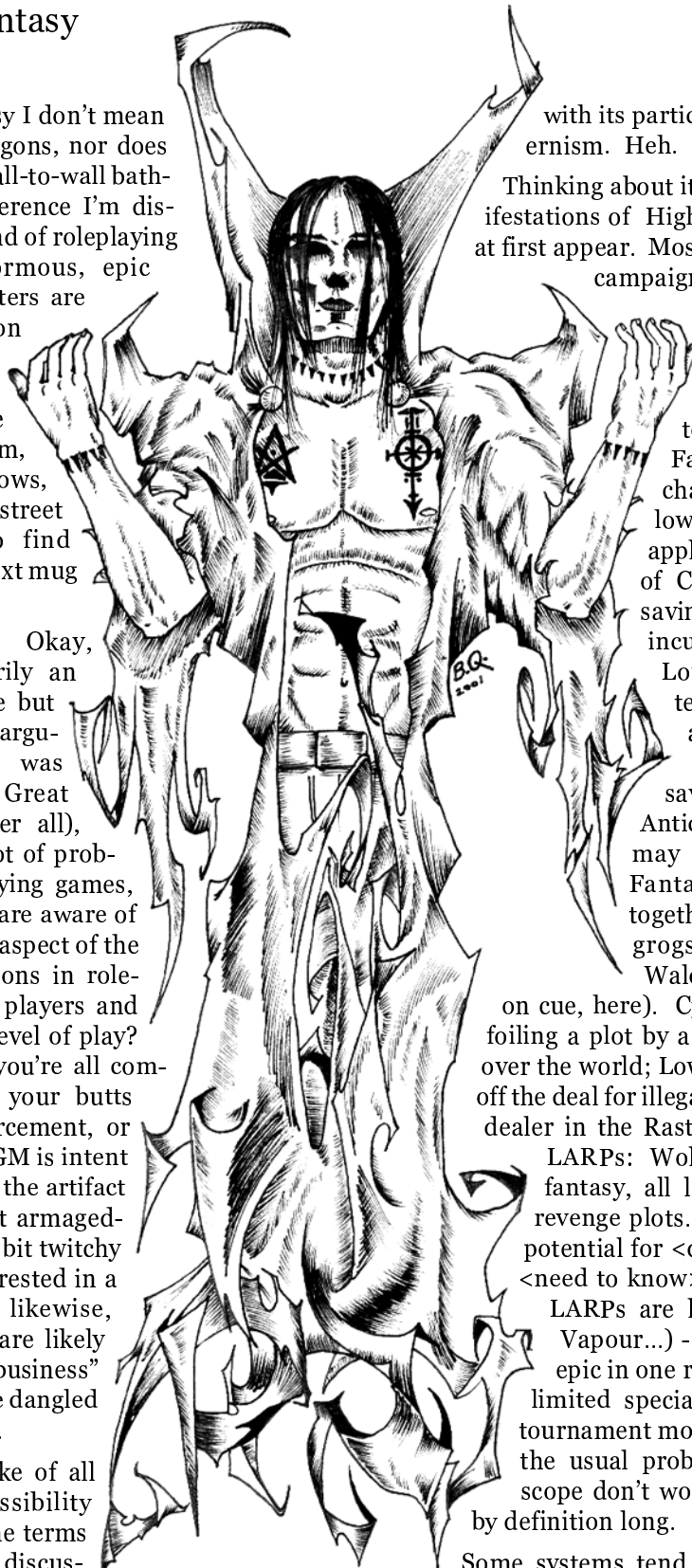
Ars Magica: High Fantasy is saving the world from the Antichrist, or not, as the case may be (Hi, Alastair!), Low Fantasy is trying to scrape together enough silver to pay the grogs for a season (and Waldenstein mages may wince

on cue, here). Cyberpunk: High Fantasy is foiling a plot by a corporation trying to take over the world; Low Fantasy is trying to bring off the deal for illegal hardware from the dodgy dealer in the Rastafarian enclave. Think of

LARPs: Wolves are Running is low fantasy, all local politics and personal revenge plots. Twinkle Twinkle, with its potential for <deleted> <plotspoiler> and <need to know>, is definitely High. Most

LARPs are low, (and none so low as Vapour...) - after all, it's difficult to be epic in one room over three hours, with limited special effects. Likewise, most tournament modules are low fantasy, since the usual problems of limited time and scope don't work well with epic, which is by definition long.

Some systems tend more towards one aspect than the other - Castle Falkenstein, for example, is a swashbuckling adventure game whose villains, by definition, are usually trying to Take Over the World, and it willingly sacrifices a lot of realism in the pursuit of that end. Traditional D&D, at least at low level,



is about the nitty-gritty of dungeons and who has enough money to pay for the ale. Cthulhu, being the One True System, can be played with great success at either extreme. Likewise, various GMs may tend towards one or other end of the scale. My personal preference is low fantasy. My first session ever entailed the hapless first-level party trying to recapture the village goat. (Never underestimate the amount of fun you can have with a simple goat...). Andrew Sturman, on the other hand, tends to think more in terms of nukes, Outer Gods and Balrogs. (Still haven't forgiven him for the bloody balrog).

So, given my incautious statement about lack of value judgement, what are the pros and cons? If you're an innocent GM starting out to create a campaign, what do you need to bear in mind as regards high or low angle? Likewise, if you're a player scouting for games, what can you expect? A brief, opinionated summary follows:

## High Fantasy

### General characteristics:

- \* Epic plots involving kingdoms, worlds, gods, galaxies, the space-time continuum, whatever.

- \* Characters who are either very powerful or who are especially significant owing to their birth, astrology, destiny, dazzling charisma or bizarre ability to exist perpetually at the fulcrum of any epic plot.

- \* A tendency to gloss over mundane details of day-to-day realism such as laundry, horse-feed or, occasionally, travelling between continents.

### Upside

- \* It's epic. It can be spectacular, flashy, death-defying, terrifying, exhilarating and addictive.

- \* As a player, it can be very freeing not to have to bother with basic details like who's paying the servants or whether there's a clean tunic in your backpack. You're hyper-powerful, mega-wealthy, and have far more important things to worry about, like the sun going nova in the next five minutes unless you win this combat.

- \* It's why you roleplay - it offers a very, very different experience to the everyday grind of your real life.

### Downside

- \* It'll wear out your GM quicker'n two days on a treadmill with a nymphomaniac, since trying to keep tabs on the whole world is difficult when the characters keep rearranging it, or when every character has an individual world-shaking destiny to be fulfilled.

- \* It also requires a particularly superlative GM to keep on coming up with challenges which will actually challenge superpowerful characters. Bizarrely, it's easier to get bored with a high fantasy campaign than it is with a low fantasy one. Oh, another threat to the fabric of reality itself... <yawn>. Or, in a memorable quote: "We kill a dragon and get 2 XP because it's been an arb session."

8

- \* It's bloody risky, since to challenge a super-powerful character means you do need to take inordinate risks with the fabric

of reality in your world - if the players fail to rise to the challenge, what they're up against isn't going to slap them on the wrist, it's going to render redundant three years of careful world-planning while rendering reality down for vis.

- \* Realism? Pshaw! High fantasy is not even trying to be realistic, its rules are different; it often needs to be scripted quite tightly if the campaign isn't going to go up in smoke, or, more frequently, galaxy-wide radioactive rubble with tentacles.

- \* Also, unless your GM is superlative, as aforementioned, s/he is not going to keep up with small details, which means inconsistencies can creep in, to the irritation of players. As well as inconsistencies, this means that small details in your character's day-to-day life cease to matter, and may be assumed to happen by the GM whose focus is on higher things. This means that otherwise satisfying detail can become meaningless and unchallenging.

- \* High fantasy campaigns are particularly prone to the dangers of scripting, when the DM's epic vision for the world is so complex and compelling that character actions don't really affect it at all.

## Low Fantasy

### General characteristics:

- \* It attempts a certain degree of realism - minor details matter, your GM won't let you get away with glossing over who's feeding the horses. Basic realities like whether you're making enough money to survive, actually apply.

- \* Characters start at low-level, and don't have heroic superpowers, enormous wealth or vital destinies to pursue; they are normal people within the framework of the world.

- \* Plots tend to operate in the microcosm rather than the macrocosm. Goals are realistic and down-to-earth, challenges are finite and well-defined. Low-fantasy campaigns are wonderful for politics, since skillfully-planted pieces of information, for example, can actually make a difference.

### Upside

- \* It's gritty. It's realistic. Real Roleplayers(tm) do it. It makes you feel that you've worked for your feeling of satisfaction.

- \* It's easy for the GM to control, and it doesn't take much in the way of bad guys to put the fear of wossname into the party. Most tournament modules are low fantasy for this reason: it is possible to realistically structure and contain a plot without resorting to scripting.

- \* It tends to encourage good roleplaying, since we can technically (this is CLAWs, after all) all relate more easily to grubbing-for-money than we can to saving-the-world. It's also easier to build up a realistic sense of your character's personality and reactions when you have some detail to interact with. Low fantasy campaigns tend to have more than a meringue's chance in a waterspout of turning into a long-term game with inter-



esting characters.

### Downside

\* It's one step away from Chartered Accountants, the RPG. If you wanted to worry about money for booze, you wouldn't have to roleplay to do it, you do it every weekend, anyway. You roleplay because you want to mess about with magic/ cyberware / evil cults, not because you want to worry about whether you're carrying a cigarette lighter. Low fantasy games can sometimes feel like an ongoing helpless struggle against massive odds.

\* Even if detail is satisfying and necessary, low-fantasy campaigns particularly can run into problems with pace - it's easy to become bogged down in day-to-day detail when what is really needed is the GM to say "All right, two weeks pass."

## High/Low Fantasy and Tolkien, damn him

If things stayed where they were put, and definitions were absolute, and all that rot, the above comments might be some use. The problem is, though, that high and low fantasy, despite being apparently mutually exclusive, tend to blend, blur and generally bond in a way that isn't always productive. Be it never so high, High Fantasy can have domestic moments. Be they never so low, any innocent 2nd-level dungeon crawler could accidentally crawl across - oh, say a Balrog? (Bloody Sturman). The above definitions are fairly clear-cut, but really it's a spectrum, not a binary state: most campaigns will tend more one way than the other, but few are absolute.

Personally, I blame Tolkien. Lord of the Rings gets pretty High Fantasy - apart from its ancient, epic history (and you don't get much higher than Elves), the heroes are up against Sauron, and are led by Aragorn, your prime example of the Player Character with Destiny. On the other hand, think about the Frodo/Sam sequences - all that buggering around in Ithilien cooking rabbits, for heaven's sake! Tolkien, being a wily old coot, pulls off the perfect mix of high and low - the high is never too distant or unrealistic because of the domestic nature of the hobbit bits, but the hobbits, while being obviously low-level characters without special skills, are

elevated by their association with the high fantasy of the Ring quest, Sauron and the whole nine yards.

That kind of thing, though, is a lot easier in Literature than it is in roleplaying. It takes a cunning GM indeed (see wily old coot, above) to mix high and low elements in such a way as to refrain from annoying players to the point of murder. If you're off to save the world on your flying horse with the magic of the realm at your fingertips, you don't want to be told that the horse has lost a shoe. Likewise, if you're intent on cleaning out the dungeon to finance a better sword, you don't relish suddenly discovering that this bit of treasure (a) needs to be returned to location (b) in the teeth of demon (c) and the armies of (d), or the world will end in apocalypse (e), have a nice day.

So, as a closing note, I refer you to the identical conclusion I arrived at in a previous CLAWmarks article which was printed in an edition back in the primordial slime, when most of the current CLAW

generation were still struggling out of the eggshells... Really, the secret of an ongoing, satisfying campaign for both players and GM is to make sure you have similar expectations of what the campaign is going to be about. Don't just develop

your character all on your lonesome. Rather discuss

it with the other players and see if you'll fit in with their concepts and the way they want to go. If

you don't, then think up another character or find another game. And don't

settle for second best: to take part in a campaign which is not really what you want just

because it's available, is a fairly dead cert for killing the enjoyment of the other participants as well as your own. Not to

mention the ever-present danger of High Player's corpse being found in the Liesbeeck suffocated by

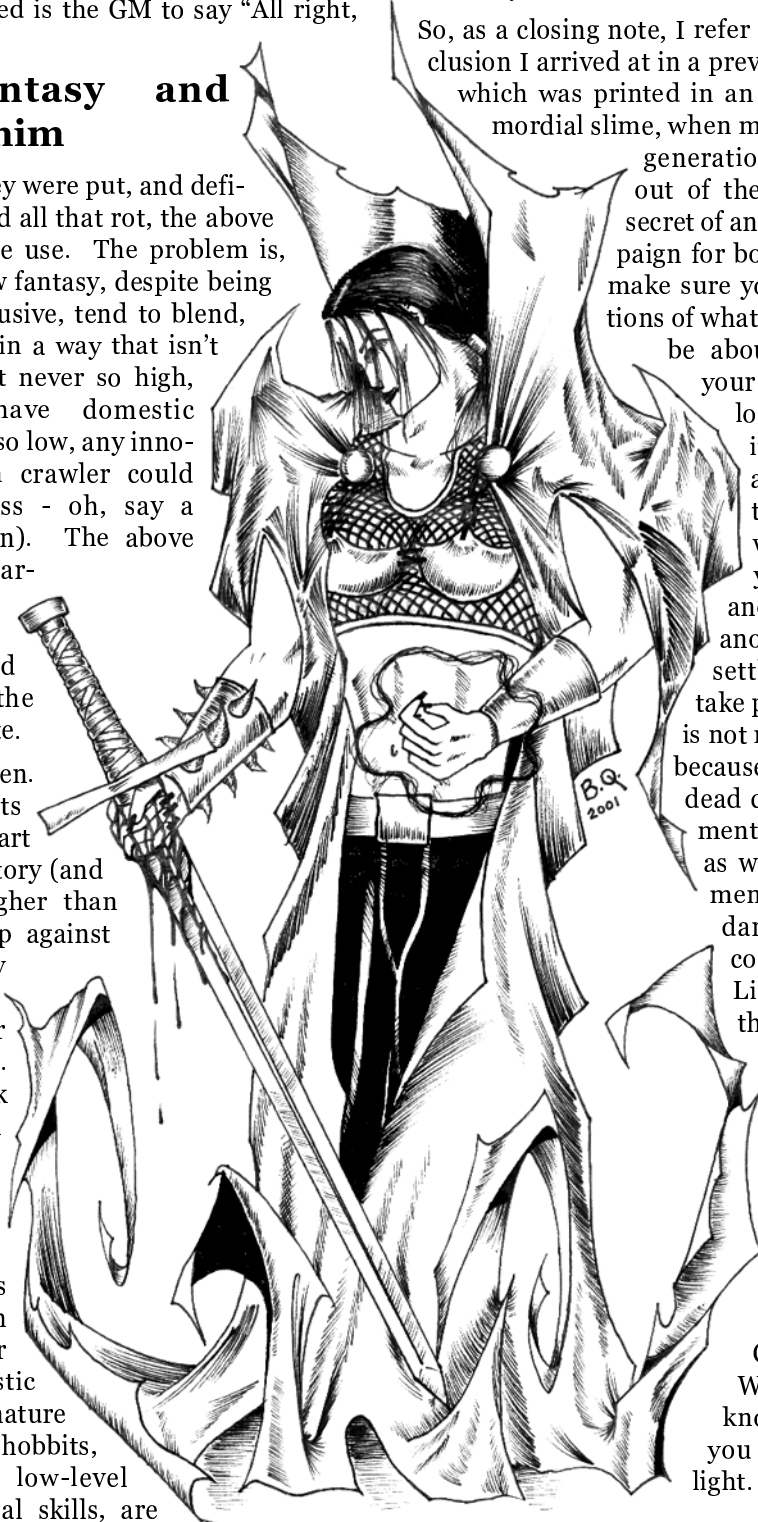
their own dice collection, while Low Campaign and Low GM are conspicuous by their

alibis. Or vice versa.

A simple creed, but one I espouse with utter faith. Raise Your

R o l e p l a y i n g  
C o n s c i o u s n e s s  
a n d  
C h o o s e Y o u r G a m e s

Well. Let me know when you see the light.



# KAOS 2001: KILLING AS AN ORGANISED SPORT

A recently unclassified dossier on the Hack 'n Slash of Live-Action Gaming.

Mark Ferry pulls the pin

KAOS or **KILLING AS AN ORGANISED SPORT** is an assassination game run from time to time (read seldom) by CLAWs UCT. For KAOS 2001 twenty-seven players signed up for a week's worth of paranoia - slipping quietly from shadow to shadow, stalking and being stalked by a cunning enemies armed with only waterpistols and plastic knives. Well at least that was the idea, anyway.

In reality KAOS 2001 turned out to be a short, bloody, mayhem-filled week. More of a blood-bath than could reasonably have been expected, in fact. James Illingworth was blown away by Keightley Reynolds no more than three minutes into a game which was to last a total of 124 hours. This senseless waste of human life set the pace for the next thirty hours,

which saw the brutal slayings of 10 more innocent victims. Perhaps it was the assignment of five targets per player or perhaps the relative inexperience of the players involved...

## How did it work?

The game was run by three judges (d@vid, Mark Ferry & Duncan Truter) who also took the in-game role of law enforcement officers with powers of search, seizure, arrest and detention over players. Players who executed public assassinations were certain to draw the attention of the local law enforcement (to their eventual soggy detriment).

In contrast to previous years, this running included a few extra elements to add to the action (and administrative effort, *sigh*). Players were given an amount of KAOS Creds and were each issued with licences for their (legal) weapons. A number of players were given con-



## THE THRILL KILL KLOB

### SOME NOTABLE DEATHS

#### Brindley Uytendogaardt impales Steve Emslie

Steve: "I wasn't thinking about KAOS at the time..." Which is why you got shot, Steve.

Steve was carelessly walking in front of Brindley, who deftly fired off a high powered dart and then ducked behind a pillar. Steve felt something, stopped and noticed the sucker-capped dart on the ground. He never even knew who killed him.

"Hey, where did that come from? I guess I must be dead." - Steve's dying words

#### Brindley beguiles Caroline

What a scumbag. The second of a three-person killing spree by Brindley.

#### Candice Cloete eliminates Gareth Saul, in plain sight

Right on Jammie steps, where everyone could see.

#### Candice Cloete downed by Brindley

He took the law in to his own hands.

#### Andrew "Pinktofu" Moore flushes Konstantin Nedev

Andrew walked out of the loo. Straight in to Konstantin.

#### 10 Jon Warncke randomly murders civilian David Campey

Was Jon bored? Was this planned? Marshals found one extensively mutilated

corpse identified as David Campey. The victim died from multiple stab wounds. No prints were found.

#### Juan "Dodge Bullets" Barrios matrix-ripples Brindley

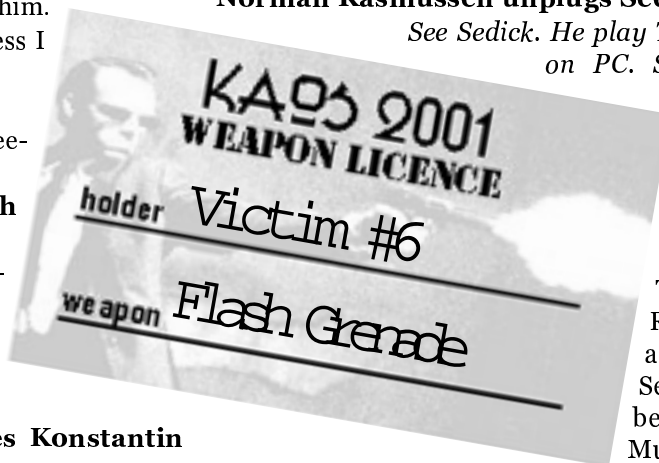
Brindley got too cocky this time. Juan saw Brindley coming and, leaning back, arms waving like an octopus falling out of a tree, limboed under Brindley's dart and returned fire. **FATALITY!**

Marshals Mark Ferry & David Seaward were on the scene - "The cleanest cut case of self-defence I ever saw..."

#### Norman Rasmussen unplugs Sedick Martin

See Sedick. He play *Total Annihilation* on PC. See Norman. He play *Total Annihilation* on Sedie.

Sed had been invited to the house of Turner, Timm & Rasmussen to play a network game. Sedick mistakenly believed that Muslim hospitality



applied in this situation and that no-one would be so low as to "kapp me at their home while I was there as a guest". What short-sightedness...

At 22h00, Norman entered the room where Sedick was playing *Total Annihilation* and blew him away.

tracts to kill specific targets for KAOS Creds or specific motivations for targeting someone. Add a corrupt cop, a pinch of conspiracy in the form of a syndicate and stir.

The event itself kicked off at 9am on Monday 19 March after players had been e-mailed the names of their targets, and ran until Friday afternoon, by which time one judge at least was exceedingly weary.

## Shadowrunning

The atmosphere created by the game is *supposed* to encourage players to skip lectures and creep around campus looking wily and furtive. Players chose to play one of two character types - Runners or Suits. The Suits were required to wear a suit or similar smart wear and in return were given more Creds with which to start the game. Runners were welcome to wear whatever they liked (most chose their own very effective student disguises).



Just for a laugh, we added the **Playing Dead** rule. When you get shot you play dead. Not “roll-over-and-play-dead” dead. I mean third-act-of-Macbeth kind of dead. It doesn’t matter whether you’re in the middle of Jammie Plaza with hundreds of pairs of trendoid eyes focused on you, or whether you’re giving your assassin a lift home (I’ll get you for that, Dave. Just you wait). Of course most of the time players get taken by surprise and completely forget to play dead. Kudos to Andy then for remembering to throw himself down the stairs...

## Cut to the chase

At closing time Sias, Sam, Keightley and David Sharpe were all still standing. Sam managed the highest number of kills with three - winning the title KAOS Mastaah.

If other UCT societies roleplayed... Islamic Society - Unknown Armies

Rounding off a miserable evening, Sed lost the Total Annihilation game.

“Dude. Now that was *not* cool. Not even Kosher”

## Juan “the one” Barrios chokes on David Sharpe’s Chi

You queues you lose... David Sharpe silenced Juan whilst Juan was ordering food from the Engineering Cafeteria. David Sharpe also silenced a witness (Jo McDaid) in the process.

“All your dead are belong to us!”.

## Matthew Beets beats Piotr Dubla doubly

“You shouldn’t stand there, you could get sta-aaa... aaack... eeeech... aaaaaa aaaarg...” - Piotr

## Sam Morar liquidizes Ryan Kruger

Late on the Wednesday night, our sources uncovered this classified company memo apparently written by Sam Morar himself:

“After divulging the crucial info that he had no weapon, and intended to kill his assassins with their own weapons, I made sure there were no marshals around (Marshal Dave was nearby) and shot the target as he was about to turn around in the bathroom stall. [Ryan, did your parents never teach you to close the loo door? - Ed] I then closed the door, took out my super body-liquidizer-o-matic and poured the victim down the toilet, not forgetting to flush the loo and put down the seat afterwards. This body will never turn up...”

## Matthew Tagg crucifies Terry-Jo Thorne

In a 1-on-1, Terry-Jo fired first but fell short. Matthew returned fire fatally wounding Terry-Jo... Alas for those who forget to fire a warning shot.

## Andrew “Pinktofu” Moore severs Jon Warncke’s

## addiction to MUDing

What sweet irony. Strange how KAOS can bring out weaknesses in people. Brindley got cocky, Sed preferred Total Annihilation. And Jon was too busy MUDing to pay any attention to the *real* world.

## Andrew Moore offed by someone on the stairs

Andy actually suffered a *real* injury when enacting his playing dead routine. Falling down the stairs is reserved only for the brave.

## Matthew Beets takes out Janet Horn

She was really quite upset. ‘Twas her predictability that did her in.

## Matthew Tagg almost dismisses Bevan Timm

In a vicious and unprovoked attack, Matthew Tagg blew away most of Bevan Timm’s left shoulder. Bevan’s gun apparently misfired on the first retaliatory shot. Bevan turned and ran...smart man.

## Matthew Tagg takes out Norman Rasmussen

Matthew got greedy here and planted two bullets in Norman’s back. Norman wasn’t one of his targets, it was just for kicks. However the chase that ensued took them through Marshal Mark’s jurisdiction...

## Mark Ferry places Matthew Tagg six feet under

“I was standing on Highway 666. To some a beautiful stretch of the Old Students Union Building...”

## David Sharpe judo-chops Sias

An attempt was made on the life of Sias Mey on the Thursday by a crazed Easterner wielding a blunt object greatly resembling a hand. Sias was last seen in a critical condition in the CLAWroom...

# SKOOTING WIF 733T SKI772

Brindley's tongue in cheek/foot in mouth guide to thumping 40K players at GenCon 2001

For all those who are unfamiliar with the term 40K, here's a brief intro. It's glorified Chess. Miniature figurines on a table top killing other miniature figurines on a table top. It's expensive, it's time consuming and it's heavily strategic. The strategically impotent, horribly impatient or partially blind need not apply - try Mage Knight rather.

So, after winning the 40K tournament at GenCon I, in my nauseating arrogance, feel that I am the most appropriate person to dispense knowledge of 733T 5KI775 capable of eradicating various opponents.

I will start off with what one requires to win a tournament. I will skip what one is obviously assumed to have - ie: an army. The first point that the few of you pedantic bastards out there will say is: "What about the army type?! Surely that matters?"

The answer is a resounding "No! You silly twat!". It doesn't matter what army you play - providing you balance your 5KI775 well - we'll get to this. Unless you are thinking of playing ultramarines. I mean, honestly! Ultramarines? Get a real army, you novice. Oh and Dark Angels are pretty pointless as well. So apart from those two - oh yeah, Saim-Hain Eldar - don't bother! I mean..Jetbikes..Whooooooo! I'm quivering - Not! Oh, and unless you KNOW how to play Orks - don't bother ...and unless you have 2 BIG tanks - don't bother with Imperial guard either. And Dark Eldar - be careful- these pansy bitches are difficult to play. So, as mentioned, you can play any army!

The first thing one requires to win a 40K tournament is an organic rules/battle assistant device. This organic rules device should also have the statistical calculations add-on and the play-like-a-scaly-bastard patch. My particular device was a model 21 David Sharpe. Capable of assimilating and processing hundreds of thousands of army variables a second and including the latest patch of "scaly-bastard" this seemed like the obvious choice.

One should use the organic rules device before constructing one's army. Be sure to choose your army first as the rules device will only confuse you further as it churns out various and multiple possibilities. This will help you in pre-battle calculations which should get you prepared for anything. Do not let your opponent know you have this device, and do not communicate with your device whilst playing your opponent lest you intend invoking violence.

Once you have chosen your rules device and your army, and have constructed it, you

then need an enemy morale decimator. This may come in various forms ranging from pictures of you and your opponent's mother in bed together, to informing the opponent that his pet has been knocked over. (In the latter, more extreme case,

you should actually have the pet knocked down, as a simple cell phone call home might thwart your charade.) I was lucky enough to be blessed with the mobile organic enemy morale decimator model 21 Duncan Truter. This device was truly miraculous. At any time it is in the vicinity (after all it is mobile) and you roll more than two 6's at any point, the device spontaneously

screams out **"GEE, THAT WAS A RAPING!!"**. If you are lucky enough to beat your opponent entirely, the device does the all demoralizing war cry: **"SUCK IT DOWN!"**.

This worked so well, in fact, that one particular player I played against dropped out of the tournament after his entire army was obliterated before the start of his 5th turn. It was the poor boy's first battle.

The third tip to win is grooming. If you look better than the opponent he will feel inferior. This in turn will manifest itself in a form of negative psychic energy which will course through his unwashed matted hair, down his pimply skin into his sandpaper-like hands and reveal itself in the form of poor dice rolls. And here's the best bit about the grooming - if you do lose, you still look better than him! He may get him a trophy at the after party - but you are more likely to get laid! At which point you can get your mobile demoralisation device to saunter past and echo **"SUCK IT DOWN!"**

I will dispense the fourth tip in the form of a multiple choice question.

When your opponent says: "So, how long have you been playing?"

Your response is:

A: "I am the CLAW Warlord! Feel my wrath of power through 5 years experience!!"

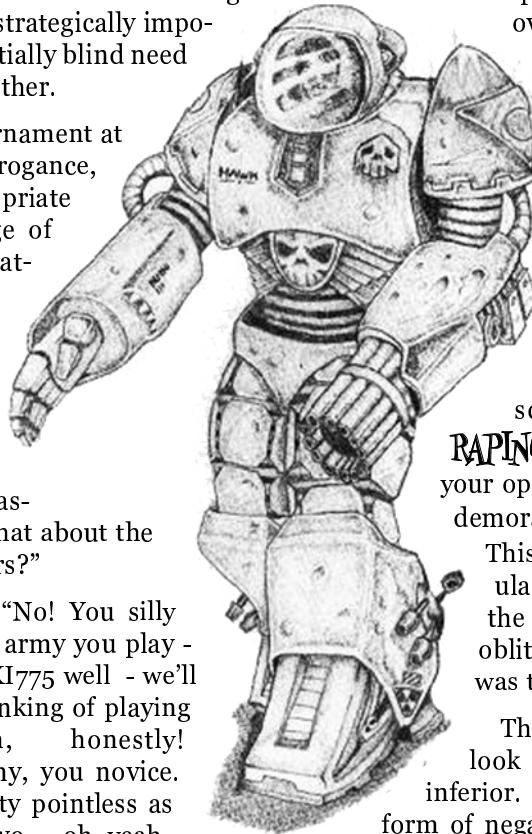
B: "It doesn't matter. I'm a strategic prodigy and I will eat you!"

C: "A year or two"

D: "A week or two"

E: "Dude, I got this game from a friend yesterday, could you tell me what a ballistic skill means?"

As tempting as the first two options are, they are the incorrect ones. The correct answer as you may have guessed it is E. You should not only underplay your time spent playing this game, you should also put your oppo-



ment into a position of **helping you!** Asking questions will continue to assert your naivety and annoy your opponent - which may actually trigger the demoralization device. For example, when you move your land speeder into range so it can use its multi-melta - a horribly obvious anti-tank weapon - that is when you say:

“What does that mean ? Is that six? I rolled a hit ? Oh, and it penetrates the armour automatically? Wow! That’s kinda cool. So what happens to your truck thing ? A six! What does that mean ? It’s blown up ? Sorry dude!”

At which point **“WHAT A RAPING!”** should resound through the hall.

The fifth point actually goes hand in hand with the third. Cheerleaders. Now this doesn’t have to take the form of loose girls in tight outfits as not everyone has access to CLAWgirls. When I use the term Cheerleaders I use this in a fairly androgynous interpretation.

People who support you. People who clap and cheer every time an opponent fails to make an armour save. As you can clearly imagine this will definitely help you win - either through sheer frustration of your opponent or through disqualification of your opponent when he tries to stab you in the face with his range ruler. If it fails to help you win, your apparent popularity will again count in your favour for scoring at the after party.

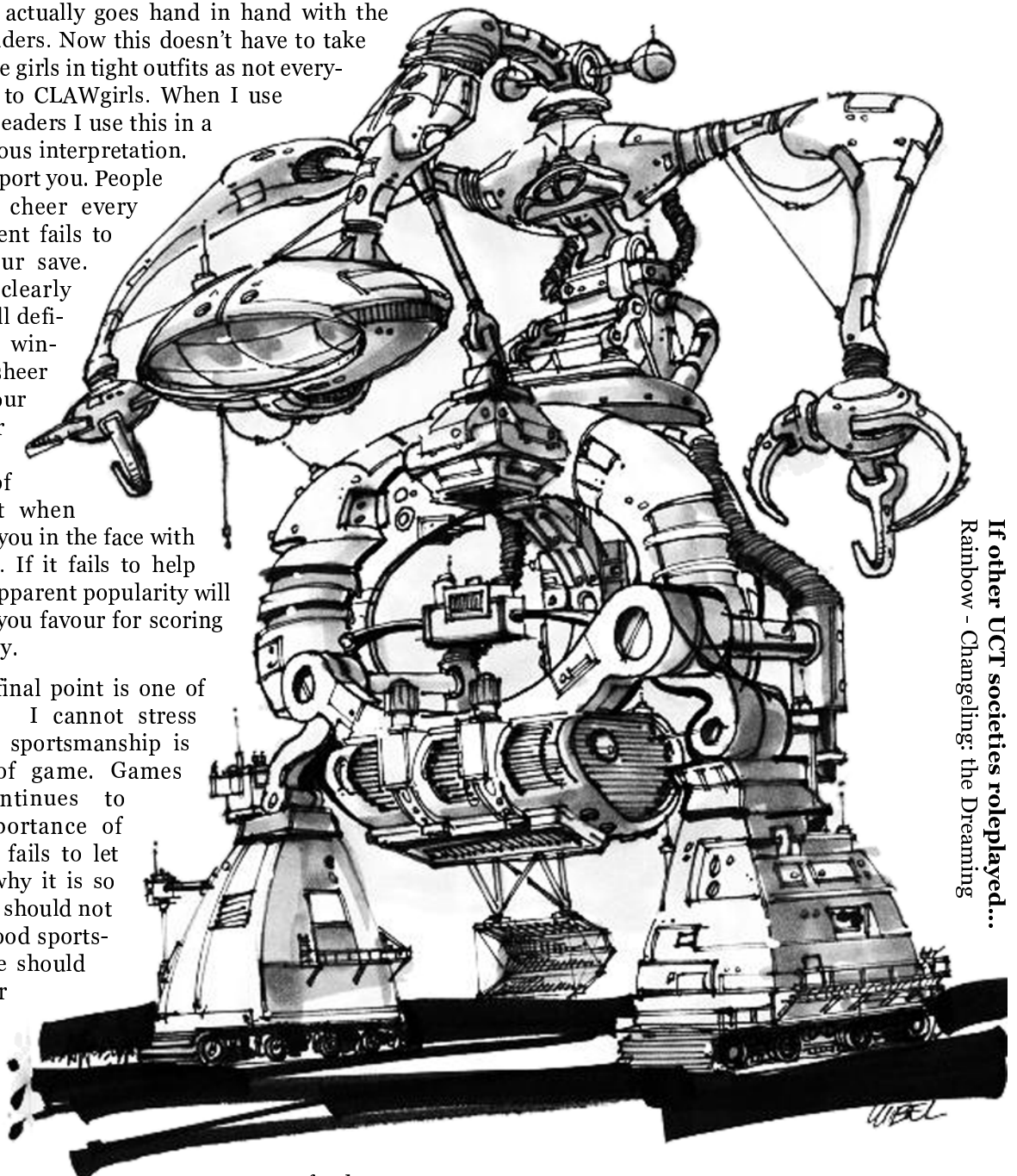
The sixth and final point is one of sportsmanship. I cannot stress how important sportsmanship is in this type of game. Games Workshop continues to stress the importance of this virtue, yet fails to let anyone know why it is so important. One should not strive to be a good sportsman. NO! One should try to be a better sportsman - better than your opponent. Once you have attained the

status of better sportsman than your opponent, that automatically rene-gades your opponent into the “bad sportsman” realms. So during the battle you can always say: “Gee bru, that was so swak - that’s just not cricket. You’re not a good

sportsman.” Again this manifests itself in the form of negative psychic energy, which will in turn affect the dice rolls. If your opponent is too stupid to have psychic manifestations, he may be so wracked with guilt that will purposely do silly things - like move his most valuable unit in front of your most powerful gun - a clearly desperate attempt to regain sportsmanship points from you.

With the knowledge of 733T 5KI775 now dispensed I hope each of you wargamers out there will continue to 5K007 your opponents...

And may the best player win.



If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
Rainbow - Changeling: the Dreaming

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
Aikido/Judo/Jujitsu/Karate - Legend of the Five Rings



MageKnight Jungle Warfare

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
Tolksoc - Middle Earth Roleplaying



Which blade?



JD uses the darkness of the tunnel to surreptitiously strangle Janet.



What a raping!!!!!!

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
Debating Society - Baron Munchausen

It's Zaphod Beeblebrox (with an extra hand).



We abduct Laura's parents for medical experiments







Suck it down!!!!!!



Token Scenery Shot (No sheep).

If other UCT societies roleplayed... His People - Hunter: the Reckoning



Brindley winning the Warhammer 40K

If other UCT societies roleplayed... Archaeology - Mummy the Resurrection



David Sharpe shortly before being run over , much to everyone's amusement.



Robyn kneels Russell in the nuts for his shoddy LARP design.

Adrianna's psionic blast forces Lara's brain out of her mouth.



Halfling conga line. And they say roleplayers are strange.

# CLAWS DEATHMATCH II

## Round 2 (Fight!)

**Guildenstern:** Is it just me or does this episode of Deathmatch feel rushed?

**Rosencrantz:** Space constraints, damn editors. *[I'll delete your ass! - ed]*

**G:** Oh, in any case, now for the main event: Brindley vs Norman. That poor bastard doesn't have a chance.

**R (sarcastically):** Yup, how can anyone beat Brindley?

**G:** At the ringside, Norman, accompanied by his friends and supporters, and Brindley, accompanied by the Brindley Idolising Tramp Club Harem, both the hetero women and gay men chapters.

**R:** Say, G, are those some brides of Cthulhu in the crowd?

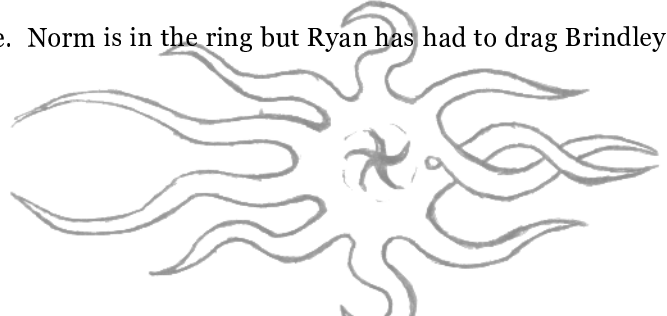
**G:** You're seeing things, Rosie. Norm is in the ring but Ryan has had to drag Brindley in.

**Brindley:** I was just getting her phone number...

**R:** Wasn't that your girlfriend?

**G:** That bastard! Oh god, I've been Uytenbogaardted!

**R:** At least she'll be happy. Now, let's run the stats...



### NORMAN

### VS

### BRINDLEY

**HT/WT** 5'11"/65kg

**REACH** 61cm

**STYLE** Berserker Geek

**QUOTE** Um... can we settle this without violence?



**HT/WT** 6'4"/80kg

**REACH** Way out there

**STYLE** 12 years of full contact karate; being porno

**QUOTE** How was I supposed to know that was your girlfriend, bru?



**R:** We can see Norm is totally outclassed. He can't possibly win!

**G:** But his strength is as ten because his heart is pure, while Brindley is a **girlfriend stealing @#\$\$!!**

**R:** Calm down, he can't help it. Let's hear Ryan give the warm-up schpiel...

**Ringmike Ryan:** Well, Norm, been fun knowing ya. It's been real, biznatch. Let's get ready to rumble!!!

**G:** Norm jumps in, determined to overwhelm Brindley with his beserker rage. You can do it, Norm!

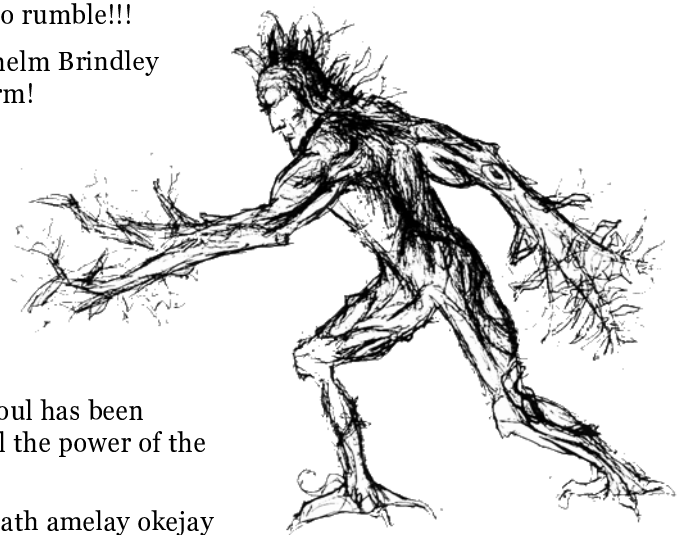
**R:** But to no avail, as Brindley effortlessly counters and drops Norm with a stunning triple kick. He's faster than Neo! It's piñata time, baby!

**Norm:** Now, Lord Austin...

**G:** What the hell?!?! Austin, high priest of Cthulhu, has appeared in a puff of brimstone!!!

**Austin (deep sepulchral tones):** Your soul has been accepted, Acolyte Norm. Cast the magic, feel the power of the dark side!

**Norm:** Cthulhu fteeurrrgh ia shub niggwyrath amelay okejay







emixray.

**R:** Holy @\$%! Norm just resurrected the Daves who pegged last Deathmatch. [yup, only Maclay and Michelle survived - ed] At Norm's command they're attacking Brindley... eating him alive!

**Daves:** Beeeefcaaaaaake...

**G:** You go Norm!! Karate kick that, biznatch!!!



**R:** Wait, the B.I.T.C.H. (both chapters) has come to the rescue, attacking the undead Daves and setting them alight with deodorant/lighter flame throwers!

**G:** But they've accidentally set Brindley alight as well, ha-ha! Norm wins!

*(Austin, Norman and friends disappear in a puff of brimstone.)*

**G:** Just goes to show you never can tell.

**R:** Ryan is signalling that Brindley is still alive, but a complete mess. But that's okay. We can rebuild him, we have the technology: we can make him stronger, faster, better... We can't make him as good-looking, though.

**G:** Somehow, I think we can live with that.

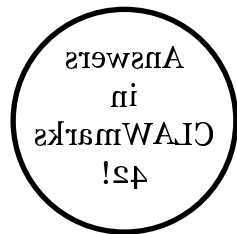
**R:** And thus we come to the end of our episode. Good night and may the godfather smile on you all.

**NEXT EPISODE: Adeeb (gets it) in the ring!**

## The CLAWs MENSA Test

*[Warning: Do not take this as seriously as many people took the similar test issued by MENSA. You'll have a nervous breakdown. :)]*

1. 99 B of B on the W
2. 1 D 8
3. 1 R to R T A
4. 6 P in a G M
5. 4 P in a D M
6. 4,123,613 A D and D S
7. 6 D in C
8. 3 R 4 E K U the S
9. 9 4 M M D 2 D
10. 1000 Y of S
11. 5 T and 10 F in A M
12. 1 M D 10 s in a W W C
13. 13 R in a G 21
14. L 5 R
15. 33 Q in T T
16. 29A: H of the B
17. 668: N of the B
18. 20: N of the Z B
19. 24 B B in a P
20. 0 P !
21. 7 3 3 +
22. 1 B and 2 C summons T I M
23. 26 B in the D S
24. F F 3 (U S) = F F 6
25. 5 P on a P
26. 3 C in the A
27. 9 B in the W of T S
28. 13 D on the P
29. H M R M a M W D ? 42
30. T is N Q 30
31. Z B has 2 H
32. U W N G T 1
33. 4 H P for a 1 L M



**If other UCT societies roleplayed...**  
Linux Enthusiasts Group - Cyberpunk 2020



# The Return to the L-Zone

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
ROCSA/Kung Fu - Feng Shui

or

## Sometimes We Go Back For More

by Jason Burke (with interjections by Wayne and SCHPAT)

It was 7:45 on a dark and stormy night (not actually stormy, but it was night, so it was definitely dark) when we finally picked Wayne up to complete our quartet for the trip to GenCon. We were in a jovial mood (that's what Patrick says, the rest of us say *what the fuck?*). Wayne says he was apprehensive and worried, but that's probably just because he knows how Pat drives. Pat was threatened that if he had an accident, Jo would kill him, if the accident didn't get him first.

I had shotgun and nav duties (geez, how difficult does it get? Go to the N1 and drive, boy! [SCHPAT: You were supposed to be planning rest stops and the like]), Wayne was in charge of the sandwiches Pat's mom had packed, and Philip was in charge of the cooldrinks. Pat's mom apparently thought that there were seventeen of us going for three weeks and had provided accordingly, with three 5 litre ice cream tubs full of assorted comestibles.

We all warned each other not to say the L-word at any point, but Pat still managed to say it twice before we even got there for the first time.

We drove through the L-place in silence and at speed. Pat seemed a bit worried, but we made it through okay. Things were still a bit tense until we had gone further and "outside the sphere of influence" as we called it; then we were all much relieved.

We stopped about 60km before Three Sisters, in the middle of the longest uninhabited stretch of the N1. This was a voluntary stop. The stars really seem to come alive in the middle of the Karoo. Most people can spot the Southern Cross or Orion at night, but there were just way too many stars out there. It was truly amazing and the best reason I can think to drive up to Jo'burg at night.

Just before Bloemfontein, we had our first [SCHPAT: and only mind you] near death experience (it wasn't nearly as erotic as *Crash* says it is). It was about 4 am, Philip and Wayne were fast asleep in the back, and I had just started to nod off for the first time (I don't sleep well while in transit).

Suddenly, Pat slammed on brakes and started skidding towards the middle of the road, but then corrected and went off the verge. I woke up very suddenly and this truck came barrelling past us, on our side of the road. Not the most pleasant thing to wake up to. Wayne and Philip woke up to the smell of burning rubber and a view of rolling grasslands out the front windscreen.

Pat said that he had been contemplating going around the truck on the other side of the road (beat it at its own game, so to speak), but then decided not to.

18 We all stared at him wide eyed, especially me, and I proceeded to tell him about the car I think the truck had been overtaking (I

was mostly asleep, I can't be sure) and that Pat had made the right choice to stop on the verge [SCHPAT: I didn't see any car, I think the driver had drifted off into sleep]. After we got moving again (with Wayne driving), Pat was very worried about not being able to find his beanie, and made us stop so he could look for it. A man with priorities, I say [SCHPAT: It was a gift, alright!].

The freeway system into Jo'burg is badly signposted and very confusing, especially in Friday traffic. Nevertheless, we made it to the convention centre with but a single wrong turn (but man, what a long wrong turn!). I for one was totally screwed from sleep deprivation (sleep total 10 min), so I slept for 3 hours in the car in the parking lot outside the Edenvale Centre. (sleep total 3h10).

That night, Philip went off to Grant's house and Wayne managed to wangle his way into staying there too. Pat and I cruised the backways of Edenvale until we found a suitably dark parking lot where we crashed for the night, Pat in the passenger seat and me (a bit squashed) in the back. Not the best night's sleep, but okay, and a lot more than I had had for a while. An experience, but never again (sleep total 9h10) [SCHPAT: At least you had 3 hours of practice earlier in the afternoon].

When we woke up, Patrick managed to break the driver's seat by leaning on it and stripping all the teeth off the ratchet that held it up [Wayne: Patrick's excuse was that it was worn away!]. Sigh. We went to McD's for breakfast, then on to the con centre, where I didn't do nearly as well at the Pokémon as I had hoped. At least we had a hotel room to look forward to that night. [SCHPAT: Jason had to deal with crying eight year olds. I think they should bring out an X-rated, or at least R-rated, version of Pokémon for mature players only. ]

After a largely uneventful 20-minute navigation to Illovo, we checked in to the 5 star Protea Wanderers Hotel. Everything was really spanky, quite a step up from the night before. [SCHPAT: Jason surprised me by actually using the complimentary hand crème. Something about his needing to maintain his girlish good looks or something.] Pat and I stayed up until 4am playing Mage Knight (I whipped him like a little bitch).

We then got up again at 8am (sleep total 13h10) so I could make the second Pokémon tournament (went down like a bitch is all I can say - no more GenCon tournaments for me). Patrick went and bought some broom handles and a hacksaw so we could prop the seat up. It actually (surprisingly) worked quite well, but every time he lent forward it would slip and Wayne would desperately have to try to prop it back up before he was squashed.

After the party on Sunday night, we agreed to take some people back to one of the houses in Fourways. After much debate it was decided that we would take Duncan

and Janet with us. We were pretty tired and really wanted to get home so that we could get a good night's rest before setting out for Cape Town but we were assured that it was really close to our hotel [SCHPAT: It really wasn't!]. A fascinating conversation and 2 hours later we arrived back. It really was a very interesting conversation though, so it was sort of okay.

We met up with Wayne and Philip back at the con centre at 9am on Monday morning (sleep total 17h10) and left by 9:15. Grant had a lot of tidying up to do, we offered to help but he bid us farewell suggesting that an early start was more important. The trip down was a lot easier nav-wise, but we hadn't really considered Monday morning traffic in Jo'burg. The first (and only) wrong turn we took was onto the N9 just past Colesburg, which would have taken us onto the N2 and then to Cape Town via the south coast. In retrospect, perhaps it was a sign. Anyway, Pat spotted this [Wayne: thanks Pat!] [SCHPAT: Was that sarcasm?] and we soon corrected, although it was quite hairy doing a three-point turn on a national road.

We recognised the site of our near-death experience and drove past on the lookout for skid marks, which we found in the form of double-wheeled truck prints on the wrong side of the road. A little later, we were talking about the L-Zone and Pat said we would be safe all the way to Beaufort West (hereafter BW) [cue dramatic music].

We decided that, instead of stopping at Three Sisters, we would push on to BW (dun dun dun) to save time. Just before Three Sisters, it started raining, and by now it was dusk, so we were in the worst possible driving conditions. There was some doubt as to whether we would have enough fuel to push on to BW and we started talking about walking in the rain and how fast we could walk if we needed to (we all REALLY wanted to go home now). As we passed the halfway mark between Three Sisters and BW Pat said "Well, the furthest we'll have to walk now is 25km". Shortly thereafter, the car started going thunk thunk thunk. We nursed it into BW with a very sick feeling in the pit of our stomachs.

At BW, Pat finally decided to check the oil for the second time the entire trip and the first time on the way down. It had a greasy gelatinous layer at the bottom and needed 5 pints to refill (Later, Pat was to tell me that the car had blown a main oil valve, and that it had nothing to do with not checking the oil [SCHPAT: nor the oil leak that we had noticed earlier])

[SCHPAT: Actually this is how it was explained to me: "The main oil seal gave way and was blown out." Now, logically speaking, if the oil seal was blown out it would imply that it was under pressure. Having oil pressure required oil. Therefore there was more than enough oil in the engine. QED.]

Pat phoned his dad (who owns a BP garage in Diep

River) and got him to listen to the engine through the cell phone. He said it sounded like quite a bad bearing knock and that he would come pick us and the car up (BW is approximately 5 hours from CT). He didn't have the trailer for the car with him at the time, so he had to find out where it was and then go fetch it. Eventually, he phoned us back to say he could only get it in the morning. Thus started our 26 hours in BW.

There is absolutely nothing to do in BW. Apart from a handful of the garages which have 24-hour shops, the KFC is open the latest, closing at 2am. We managed to flatten 3 phonecards between us as well as all of Pat's free airtime phoning work and girlfriends to say "Sorry, we'll be even later than we thought".

Philip, who was quite tired, decided to go to sleep, so the rest of us went exploring, all in trenchcoats, and for some reason we each took a broomstick. We then proceeded to walk right past the police station. Some cruisin' pigs gave us a serious hairy eyeball, so we decided to go back to the car.

We spent the night (well, until it closed) playing Mage Knight in the KFC, and then slept for a couple of hours in the car (sleep total 21h10). [SCHPAT: Jason and I were ahead of the game here, having had previous experience. I think my skill for sleeping in a car is now at level three!]

Apparently Wayne isn't much of a morning person. Not that I blame him, as these were very trying circumstances. Philip was also a bit testy, and Pat was trying hard to keep everyone in a good mood, but it was flopping majorly.

A while later, Pat phoned home and found out that his dad had left at 10am, 2 hours later than we had hoped. This was not welcome news.

There were lots of weird things around BW, but we're thinking of writing a Cthulhu module set in BW, so we can't tell you too much (you know how it goes). Anyway, Pat's dad eventually arrived, and we eventually left, and the rest of the trip was uneventful. Apart from a few tense moments as he drove past some abandoned cars in the L-place, with Pat's dad making jokes and slowing down. It wasn't funny.

*Jason Burke*

[SCHPAT: Well, even though it was only my second time driving to GenCon, and the third time a car had broken down on one of those two trips, I will be planning another expedition for next year. This time we should be travelling in my dad's Land Cruiser, it should seat six comfortably. Jason has tentatively agreed to be my navigator and we will be pooling our experience to ensure that we get there and back uneventfully. If anybody is interested in going along with us just drop me a line.]



# Dis Tavn Ees An Avzavloot Sheethol.

- Das Hammerskjold in *Octopus Invaders from 20,000 Leagues Below*.

What?!? You didn't go?!

Eleven by train, a few by plane, and Philip, Patrick, Jason and Wayne by car, Patrick's car (see the article "The L-Zone" by Jason for more on that experience).

Unbeknownst to the 10-strong CLAWs train rabble, I had arrived at the train station on that Wednesday morning not knowing whether we actually had tickets for the train. But of course I chose to reveal this only *after* we were safely on our way past Belville. I certainly felt less organised this year - I trust it wasn't that evident.

The clacking wheels drove rhythmic pulses through the whole of the carriage and, like the ticking of a clock, marked the passing time. Through chilly countryside hugged by snow-capped peaks I drifted to sleep for a while...

My rest was interrupted though by the beginnings of Brindley's game of "Jeffrey Archer" (a version of Articulate). Although Brindley didn't know who E Gary Gygax was and Janet had trouble with Nyarlathotep, I made up for it by professing complete ignorance of anyone called Todd McLanefar (who?).

## 100% No Hippies

We had not one hippie on the train this year! Not a single bar of "How many Roads", nor even the first line of "House of the Rising Sun". No! We had a screaming infant instead. But once we'd done away with the baby (see Kobolds Ate My Baby below) we annexed enough quiet space to consider sleep.

During the remainder of the train journey Brindley took advantage of one of the small children with a length of yarn and a popsicle, Gareth shared his Vodka punch and we recalled with fondness the phrase *Regret Not Available*

We arrived in Johannesburg (4 hours late) to discover that our favourite Steers outlet had become "The Leopard Spot". Sounded like a bad excuse to have dodgy print furniture to me. We were met by Andy Moore and another of our Jo'burg hosts, Michael. Accommodation was organised with Laura, Grant, Michael and Ian Kitley's uncle, Robert Stein, and altogether they managed to take care of a lively (deadly?) bunch of almost 20 CLAWmembers.

That evening, Simon, Adrianna, Tim and I (all staying with Laura & Alan) went out to dinner at a nearby Indian restaurant with a few of the other Convention-goers. What the other groups did I don't recall (DSTV was mentioned somewhere along the line).

Friday morning we rose for the traditional GenCon breakfast (coffee) and shortly thereafter arrived at the bustling Edenvale community centre to play in first of the six sessions that weekend - a choice between *Goodfeathers* and *Dark Heart of the Wood*. The start of the first session was delayed by about two hours as the Registrars struggled with the overwhelming number of gamers. There were already around 120 pre-registrations for GenCon at doors this year. When you consider that last year saw 180 roleplayers **in total** you might get an inkling of how popular the gaming was this year.

## "ALL HAIL KING TROG!"

Written by Chris Visser for the system "Kobolds Ate My Baby" (see Beer and Pretzels Roleplaying in CLAWmarks 23 for a review of the system), *Goodfeathers* saw us play a variety (a large variety) of Kobolds (short-lived Kobolds) including Darkwing Kobolds, manic-leg-humping Kobolds, compulsive liar Kobolds, mystic schizo were-chicken Kobolds, "don't-call-me-shorty" Kobolds (one of Lara's) and numerous others - all for the purpose of satisfying the baby cravings of our most esteemed leader, King Trog...

During the afternoon we played either Philip's *Dread Castle of Amber Isle* or Russell Goldman's L5R module, *A Simple Plan*.

Janet's LARP, "Deadline", hit a sudden Deadend, managing to run for just 60 minutes (apparently still exceeding the play-time of all previous runnings) but two (simultaneous) runnings of the Dune LARP *Point of Balance* were reported to be extremely successful.

A few of the CLAWbunch dared to go for All-You-Can-Eat Pizza, which seems to have become something of a masochistic tradition. We're suckers for tradition. The SkankLord, Gareth, and Commander-in-Chief of his Legions of Skank, JD, attempted to slime their way to The Doors nightclub, the usual CLAWs hangout over GenCon, but were denied by the long queue for the Friday 13th Horror party. We weren't able to return to The Doors at all this GenCon (so no free Champagne this year).

## Return to the Temple of Not-So-Elemental Evil

Saturday. A small town outside of central Johannesburg. An organiser carrying a bag of dice and leading 300 wasted gamers baying for coffee. The mist from the registration room betrays the rising temperature within.

"We get off on Judith"

- Andy taken *completely* out of context

ALL  
HAIL KING  
TROG!

Jiiiiislikit!

Another late start.

The Living Greyhawk module "Return to the Temple of Elemental Evil" had not arrived in time, so was replaced by "Dies Irae". The session concurrent to that, and played by the majority of CLAWmembers, was the Werewolf module "Road to Inverness". I decided to take some time off to recuperate from the previous night's excesses. (what excesses?)

In the meantime Warlord Brindley was presenting a forceful argument for the Warhammer 40K crown with his legion of Blood Angels and Jason was doing quite well in the Pokémon.

The morning sessions had run hopelessly late, so the costume competition had to be postponed. In fact the costume competition was not actually judged publically at all. Robyn had spent many hours working on the Witchblade outfit (including a rubber power-glove thingy which was darned cool) and deserved the attention, dammit.

Saturday afternoon brought us *Durin's Bane* (D&D) and *Countdown to Zero* (Cthulhu) which saw the players in Simon's game get rained on by progressively thicker and heavier lumps of ash but who persevered until it became lumps of molten lava.

Hurrah for the evening LARPs! Another auction LARP, *Going, Going, Gone*, played in by both Patrick (as the Burger King, ironically enough) and Judith. *Neptune Project*, contemporary sci-fi LARP set undersea included no fewer than *nine* CLAWmembers. Three of the characters were suffering from the effects of prolonged exposure to LSD, and only one person died. Amazing.

One of the most talked about events must have been *An Intimate Gathering* (L5R) written by Russell Goldman. Fantastic food, incredible costumes and much bowing. Few

CLAWmembers got places in the LARP, but one life-groupie did. :P

### Octopus Atheists want our Womyn

On Sunday while the D&D players wormed their way through Donald Mullany's planescape, most of the CLAWmembers tackled *Octopus Aliens Want Our Women* in which a movie company decides to film a sci-fi epic starring a mechanical octopus in a sleepy New England coastal village. A member of the crew with any score in Cthulhu Mythos at all might have saved them from disaster. Alas. And Duncan was destined to play the dodgy director.

Gareth was unfortunate enough to catch the GenCon flu and because of it missed the entire day.

The Sunday afternoon session was set aside for re-runs and classic modules and a running of the invitational game by Donald called *The Mummer's Fair*. When a game has such depth that you would choose to miss part of the prizegiving and organise to complete it a week later and a thousand miles away, it's a significant game. (Froth...froth...froth...)

Et vos akshun. Et vos adventoor. Et vos B-Grade. Et vos guut. - Das

### Burn, Baby, Burn!

The prizegiving at last. We sat through half-an-hour's worth of Magic prize handouts (occasionally catching a few stray boosters thrown in to the crowd which we would later attempt to burn). When we finally got to the Roleplaying prizes, the Magic players got up and left, making a hell of a noise in the process!

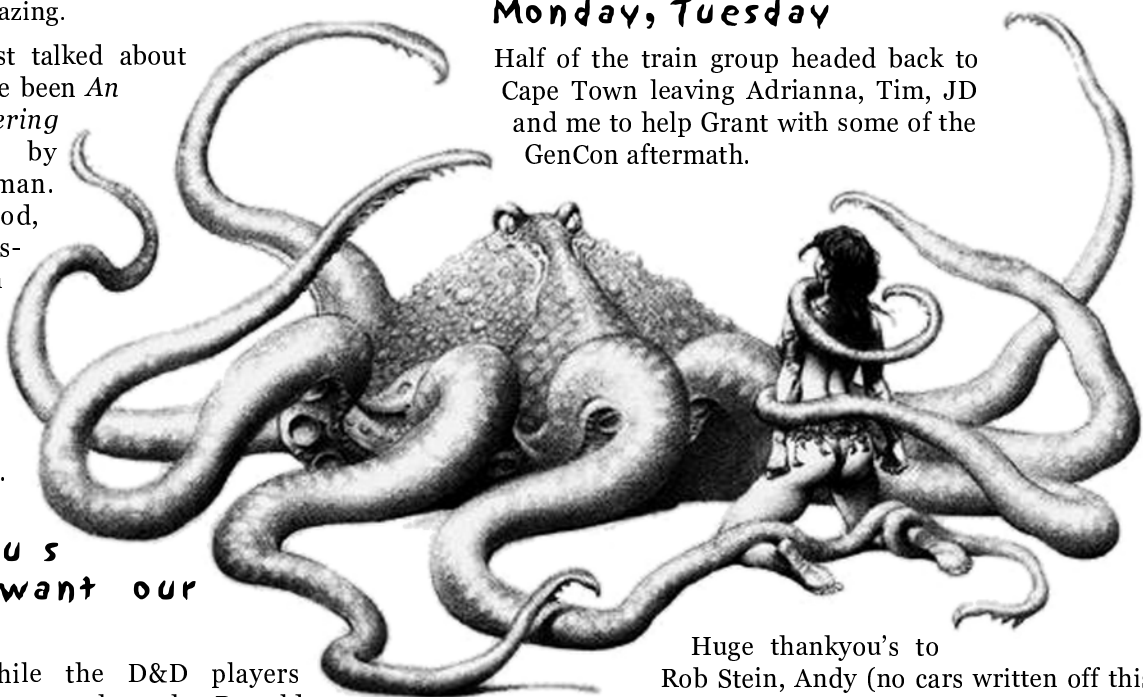
The South-Vietnamese Inquisition were distributing Apple-Sourz, Tequila and Vodka abundantly. We didn't expect this.

I don't think any of us expected to do as well as we did at GenCon this year. Adrianna took second place for **Best Cthulhu Player**. Brindley annihilated all before him to win the **Warhammer 40K**. Robyn won the **Costume Competition** for the Legend of the Five Rings Larp and Duncan took **Best Cthulhu Player**, hurrah!

The after party included a three course traditional chinese meal and the Dead Alewives D&D clip.

### Monday, Tuesday

Half of the train group headed back to Cape Town leaving Adrianna, Tim, JD and me to help Grant with some of the GenCon aftermath.



Huge thankyou's to Rob Stein, Andy (no cars written off this year), Laura, Alan, Michael, Grant, Retha and the rest of the GenCon team for your hospitality, patience, pizza, cars and for organising an awesome week of roleplaying.

I think we still had some of Gareth's punch when we got back to Cape Town.

# The Campaign Inquirer

## Dungeon Masters Reveal All in Startling Exposé!

### L5R: Austin Chamberlain

**Tracy** - Asako Ahiko, Phoenix Shugenja

**Simon** - Doji Etsushiro, Crane Bushi

**Adrianna** - Shosuro Hatsuko, Scorpion Bushi

**Robyn** - Doji Rei, Crane Bushi

This game revolves around a group of young samurai making a reputation for themselves in Rokugan. After impressing the Emperor himself, they were made magistrates of a lucrative but troublesome province, and must now prove themselves. Their current activities involve roaming the province terrifying peasants.

### D&D Northern Group - The Savage North: Austin Chamberlain

**Simon** - Aglar Ni'muil Anglmothrim, elven ranger

**Lara** - Lia, drow fighter (we suspect)

**Adrianna** - Lady Zerlia Mondegreen, human rogue

**David** - Untarg, half-orc cleric

**Jessica** - Thora, human barbarian

**Vera** - Dejan, drow wizard

A group of misfits, flung together by chance and held together by the hostility of outsiders, roams the northern forests. So far the game has revolved around the astonishing number of friends and enemies the group has managed to accumulate, from entire temples to extraplanar wizards.

### D&D Southern Group - Chaos and Intrigue: Austin Chamberlain

**Dylan** - Baloc, human rogue

**Mike** - Elly, forest gnome druid

**Naz** - Lelienra, half-sea-elf sorcerer

**Claire** - Anketh, half-moon-elf sorcerer/fighter

**Jean** - Silver, moon elf ranger/wizard

**Wayne** - Kerrick, human paladin

Set in a country torn apart by civil war, a group of heroes has tried to spread safety and justice - only to stumble on several large and powerful forces intent on maintaining the status quo. Faced with several powerful factions, the group is resorting to diplomacy in an attempt to make worthy and powerful allies.

### Ars Magica: Wayne Human

**Philip** - Agrippa of Tytalus; Balthazar the bard

**Austin** - Vladimir of Bonisagus; Dusan the changeling

**Simon** - Matheus of Björnaer; Thomas the blacksmith

**Adrianna** - Sabina Ex Miscellanea; Clara the half-goblin

**Jessica** - Gisela of Jerbiton; Valentin the young knight

The saga takes place in 1197 in the untamed forests of Bavaria, Southern Germany.

The Magi of the newly-formed covenant of Waldenstein have very few resources available to them and thus most of the problems they have had to face have been of a horribly mundane nature: how to rebuild an abandoned stone monastery in the middle of a forest, how to pay covenant folk with no funds...

Soon Waldenstein should be able to run itself and the Magi will be able to look to the more Magical environment around them. There is a group of Faeries in the North which have shown some interest in the Magi. There is the Tremere covenant of Finestra in Transylvania which has offered them their hand in friendship, but can they be trusted? And then there is the matter of a trapped item which nearly cost the covenant the life of one of the Magi - was it just a mistake or something more sinister?

### Deadlands: Brendan Quinlivan

**Sed** - Dr. James McAndrew, British businessman and occultist

**Andrew** - Anthony Staples, Huckster (swapped into a Mexican cowgirl's body)

**Piotr** - Val Geerhorn, Mad Scientist

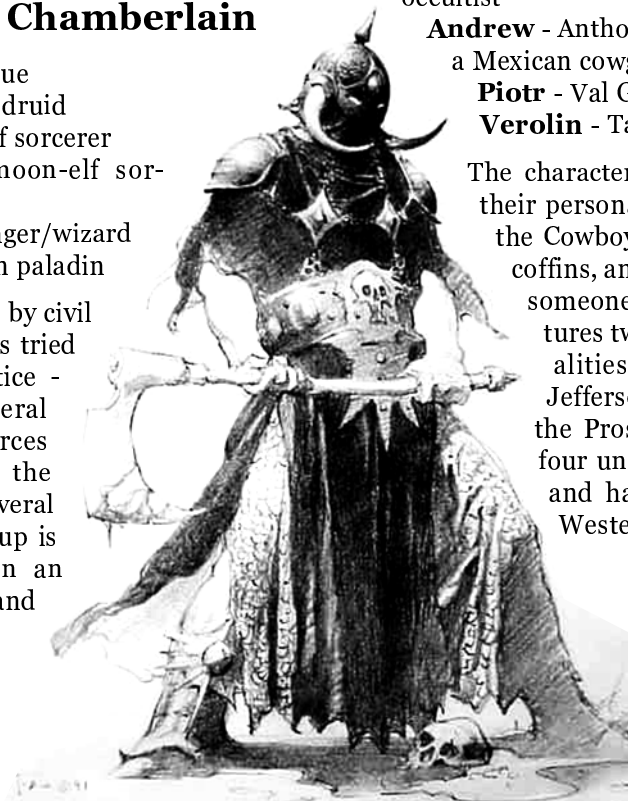
**Verolin** - Talon, Injun warrior

The characters were killed quickly, each facing their personal Hell and torture at the hands of the Cowboy. All four then woke up: three in coffins, and the already undead Talon lying in someone's cellar. Throughout their adventures two figures stretched the posse's loyalties: the Cowboy, calling himself Jefferson Cole, and a man known only as the Prospector. On Cole's suggestion the four undead adventurers got out of Dodge and have set out into the fading Weird Western sun...

### Aberrant: Brindley Uytendogaardt

**Ian** - Thoth Rethwellen a.k.a. The Scab

**Tai** - Clancey Jones, a.k.a.



Cassanova Blue

**Jon** - Nawaaz Jacobs a.k.a. Karakal

**Verolin** - Vilenthra Srinivasa

**Brendan** - Sergei Andreyovich, a.k.a. Dark Knight

In a world that is practically run by super-powered humans known as Novas, five humans from all around the world were brought together under extremely bizarre circumstances. They quickly found themselves in a pit of deception and doublecrossing as they came under constant attack from various agencies. The strangest and most interesting thing to date, though, is that in the space of a week all of them have erupted. On a mission from their benefactor, Frederick Daemas, they continue to battle the people that want to stop them from accomplishing their goal. Will they succeed? Or will Decimation and his host of lackeys turn them into a bloody pile of quantum charged flesh?

## Ars Magica: Alastair Pearson

**Garrick** - Neville, twice-resurrected Auram mage

**Markus** - Alex, lycanthropic shaman

**Philip** - Marka, Vim specialist obsessed with knowledge, mind-linked to Frey

**Wayne** - Frey, Mentem specialist

**Simon** - Ajax, Tytalus swordsman, follower of Athena

The words 'epic fantasy' were coined to describe this campaign. The magi began as apprentices of the Monte Blanc covenant in the Alps. While they were taking their gauntlet, the antichrist arose prematurely. A long battle against the forces of evil ensued, climaxing in the complete re-making of the universe with the help of the four archangels and the Greek Pantheon.

The magi now find themselves in a much changed Europe and are residing in Athens. A major war is brewing between the religious order the magi control and the Moors to the south. Ancient undead have been seen walking the land and raising armies.

## And all the rest of them...

We tried valiantly, dear readers, to bring you the scoop on every campaign currently being run in Cape Town. Unfortunately, some wily Dungeon Masters have managed to evade even the long lens of the Inquirer.

We have it on the best authority that **Dylan Craig** is running an **Unknown Armies** game called "Book of Lies". We sent one of our reporters to interview Mr Craig, and didn't hear from him for quite some time afterwards.

He called us last night from Brazil. It seems that he no longer has any toes, and doesn't want to work for us anymore. He refused to tell us anything about his experiences, but he did keep mumbling a mysterious URL: <http://www.eyeballkid.co.za/blies.html>.

Mr Craig's press agent had no comments regarding this incident, and would only tell us that Mr Craig is currently busy writing modules for Dragonfire.

We are also sad to report that the bloodless corpse of another of our intrepid investigators was dredged up from the bottom of the Liesbeek yesterday. The last time we saw him, he was staking out **Ryan Kruger's Vampire** game.

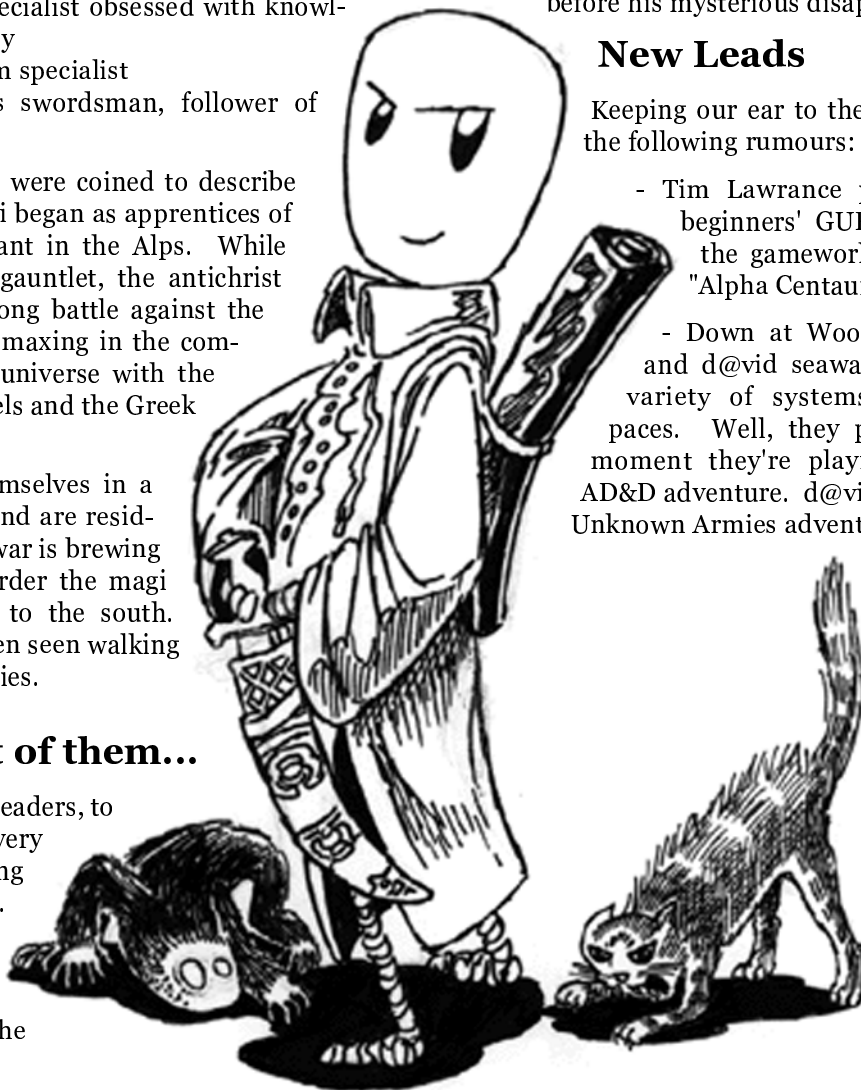
We don't even know what happened to the man we assigned to **Jem Norton's play-by-email UnderWorld** campaign. His car was found parked near an open manhole in the centre of town. Police have been searching the sewers for weeks, to no avail. We looked through the internet history on his laptop, though, and we have good reason to believe that he was looking at <http://faerie.kwill.org> shortly before his mysterious disappearance.

## New Leads

Keeping our ear to the ether, we heard the following rumours:

- Tim Lawrance plans to start a beginners' GURPS game set in the gameworld of Sid Meier's "Alpha Centauri".

- Down at Woolsack Tim, Ryan and d@vid seaward are putting a variety of systems through their paces. Well, they plan to. At the moment they're playing a converted AD&D adventure. d@vid plans to run an Unknown Armies adventure next.



If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
Earthlife Africa - Werewolf the Apocalypse

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
Marine Biology Group - Call of Cthulhu

# Rolling the d26

d@vid seaward rediscovers the cave crawl

There was a time before FPPs, quests or platforms, before Doom Guy, Guybrush and Mario, when spelunking, high adventure and mind-rending puzzles were rendered in arguably the most vivid format this side of Angelina Jolie's rack. Text. Unadulterated, 80-column, chunky text. And the funny thing is... those games are still with us.

## > x calendar

Not just all of the legends from the early days of computing either. Sure, you'll find *Adventure*, *Hunt the Wumpus* and buccaneered versions of *Hitchhiker's Guide*, but you'll also find games that were made just last year. Quest games without graphics?! Are these people trapped in some kind of Vonnegut timequake, worse yet than people who still listen to music from the eighties? To a degree, yes. If you're willing to accept some kind of exponential graph of human history, they're a mildly advanced version of the Society for Creative Anachronism, recreating the Middle Ages of computer history, but without the price tags and horrendous download times.

The focus of text-based adventures (or interactive fiction as it is now called) is exploring a created (text) environment, typically with the intention of solving a particular storyline. (Much like graphical adventure games, er, but without the graphics.) But the intention is not necessarily to recreate the laborious mazes and tedious puzzles of yore, but to use and explore the medium itself, to find out what can be done with it. As well as having a vast choice of genres and storylines (special effects being cheaper in text), authors are now more willing to push the expectations of players in terms of interaction and form.

## Which lantern do you mean, the brass lantern or the brass lantern?

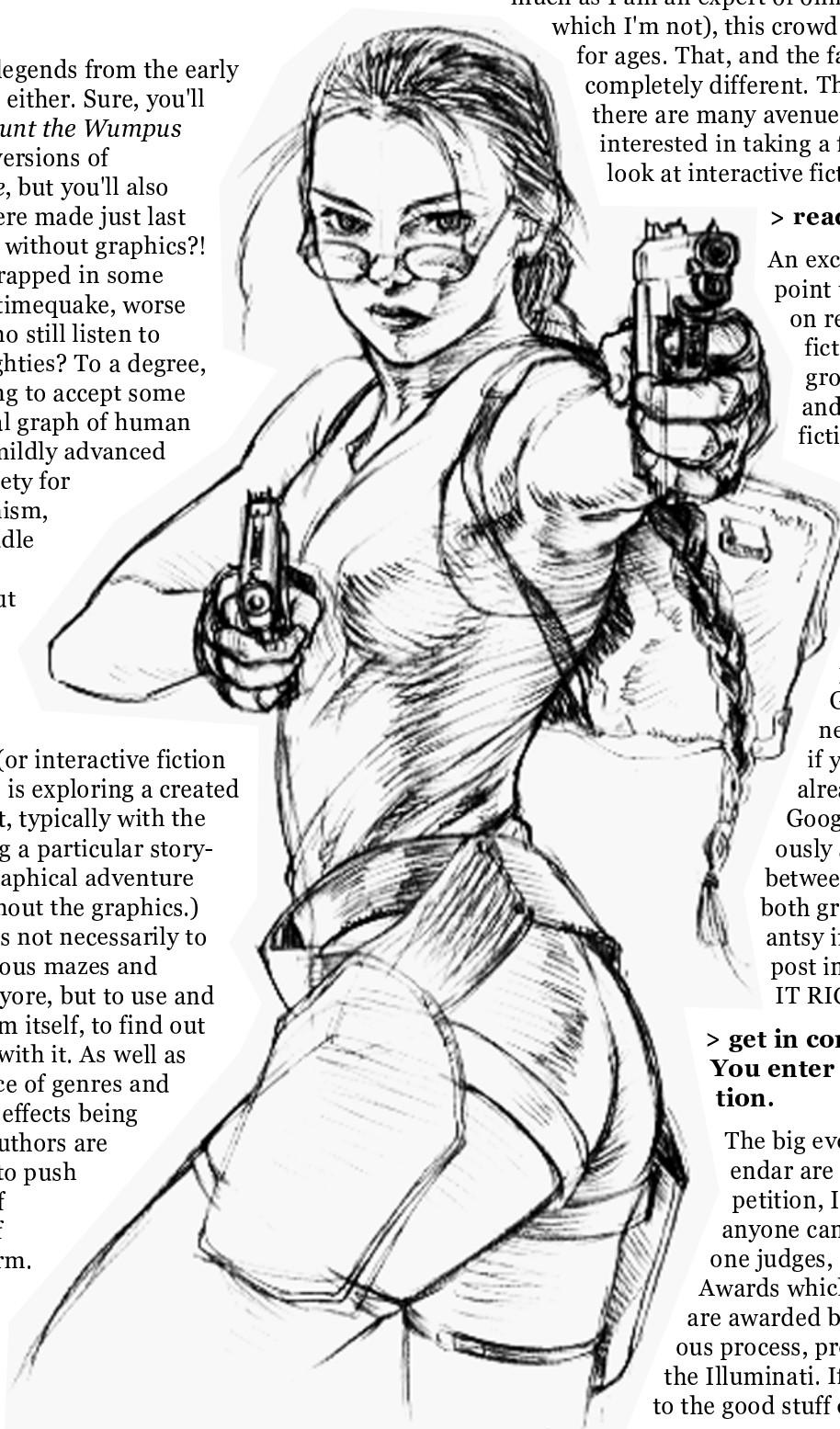
Games as art and "exploring the medium"? Don't I ever get tired of this line? Er, no :) But while the indie role-playing scene is still in the beginning stages and to a large degree reliant on a commercial environment (as much as I am an expert of online communities, which I'm not), this crowd have been around for ages. That, and the fact that they're completely different. The point is that there are many avenues for someone interested in taking a fresh (or first) look at interactive fiction.

## > read news

An excellent starting point would be to lurk on [rec.games.int-fiction](#) (the newsgroup for players) and [rec.arts.int-fiction](#) (the newsgroup for games writers), read their respective FAQs and get a feel for the community. And that means you could try out Google's new(ish) newsgroups feature if you haven't already. Mmmm... Google... There's obviously a large overlap between the readers of both groups, but they get antsy if you direct your post incorrectly so GET IT RIGHT.

## > get in competition You enter the competition.

The big events of the i.f. calendar are the annual competition, IFComp, which anyone can enter and everyone judges, and the XYZZY Awards which, like the Oscars, are awarded by some mysterious process, probably involving the Illuminati. If you want to get to the good stuff quickly, go for the





top games from each year. Of course tastes differ and all that, and it is worth remembering that these aren't all run-of-the-mill puzzle games (whether this is a good thing or not is often a topic of discussion). I recommend *Photopia* by Adam Cadre (1st place, IFComp 1998) as an example of a really well written piece of i.f. that is not standard fare in several ways (for starters, if you're on a PC use DOSFrotz rather than the WinFrotz to make sure you see the colours, they're important!). Slightly more traditional (but more *Gabriel Knight* than *Colossal Cave*) and of interest to Call of Cthulhu fans is *Anchorhead* by Michael Gentry (Best Setting, XYZZY Awards 1998).

If you can make it (I haven't, yet) the XYZZY Awards presentation is held on the ifMUD each year, and the transcript suggests that it's quite fun, in an IRC kind of way. The XYZZY Awards aren't limited to the competition entries, which means that a few interesting pieces that aren't competition-style i.f. - like Emily Short's *Galatea* (Best Individual NPC, XYZZY Awards 2000) - are brought to the fore.

**> go west  
In the open air.**

*Galatea* is an example of a piece developed for decidedly different goals. It is one of many pieces on display at the IF Art Show, with the intention being (in this case) to develop an interesting, conversing NPC (it was awarded Best of Show in the IF Art Show 2000). This means that other aspects of the game are ignored; as the curator states "...interactivity hasn't been explored enough on its own (as much as the I can be separated from the F)." There's certainly no such artsy exploration evident in more modern game paradigms (no, *Nude Raider* does not count as artsy).

In short there are (down)loads of games out there if you're looking for something a little different or mildly retro. People come into i.f. from a variety of angles and you'll come across literati experimenting on these computer thingies, cs geeks trying their hand at prose and even a few roleplayers (Michael Gentry, mentioned previously, being one of them). Applications to roleplaying aren't direct (most obviously neat story and gimmick ideas), although it's interesting to see how much fun people have in a much more restrictive medium (noting also that i.f. is typically single-player).

**> xyzzy**

So you want to make your own? Of course you do. Making your own parser (the bit that accepts and interprets the user's commands) is out of the question, not only is it tedious in extremis (as any cs student will be able to testify), but the job has already been done for you - several i.f. programming languages and engines exist. It comes down to a relatively simple choice, but one that is unfortunately not easy to make. The "big three" languages are Hugo, Inform and TADS. As a cultured player of games, you may as well get all three: there's nothing to be gained and some good games to be lost by not supporting them all. But as a programmer you can't really be expected to jump between them. Check them out for yourself and decide based on

whatever your criteria, be it ease of use, platform support or whether the language uses semicolons. For what it's worth, I've gone with Hugo, the newest language of the three, which has decent support for graphics, sound and multiple text windows should I need them. Andrew Plotkin's Glk interface standard, Glulx virtual machine and associated libraries and projects are also worth a look, although they aren't widely supported (yet).

Then it's just a short step to entering your masterpiece into the competition, exhibiting it in the art show or just uploading it to the archive, leaving directions at [rec.games.int-fiction](http://rec.games.int-fiction) and cackling as mournful users try to figure it out. Ahem. Which is to say, I'll hopefully be writing up a game and doing so -- as soon as I get past this damn snake that's blocking my way. Where's Ms Croft when you need her?

**You are in a maze of twisty passages, all alike.**

Newsgroups: [rec.games.int-fiction](http://rec.games.int-fiction) (for players), [rec.arts.int-fiction](http://rec.arts.int-fiction) (for writers)

raif and rgif FAQs: [faqs.org/faqs/games/interactive-fiction/](http://faqs.org/faqs/games/interactive-fiction/)

gmd.de i.f. archive, the only collection you'll need: [ftp://ftp.gmd.de/if-archive/](http://ftp.gmd.de/if-archive/)

Angelina Jolie: [tombraider.com](http://tombraider.com) (as if you didn't know!), [imdb.com/Name?Jolie,+Angelina,+ajolie.com](http://imdb.com/Name?Jolie,+Angelina,+ajolie.com)

The Annual Interactive Fiction Competition (IFComp): [textfire.com/ifcomp/](http://textfire.com/ifcomp/)

XYZZYnews, newsletter and XYZZY Awards: [xyzzynews.com](http://xyzzynews.com)

IF Art Show, pieces developed for examination rather than play:

[members.aol.com/iffyart/gallery.htm](http://members.aol.com/iffyart/gallery.htm)

ifMUD: A MUD Forever Voyaging:

[ifmud.port4000.com:4001](http://ifmud.port4000.com:4001) (web),

[ifmud.port4000.com:4000](http://ifmud.port4000.com:4000) (MUD)

Adam Cadre, including *Photopia* and Gull (an introduction to Glulx Inform): [adamcadre.ac](http://adamcadre.ac)

Michael Gentry's Enantiodynamia, including *Anchorhead* and various roleplaying resources:

[edromia.com](http://edromia.com)

Emily Short, including *Galatea*:

[emshort.home.mindspring.com](http://emshort.home.mindspring.com)

zarf (Andrew Plotkin), including Glk, Glulx and i.f. pieces: [eblong.com/zarf/](http://eblong.com/zarf/)

i.f. languages: [generalcoffee.com/hugo.html](http://generalcoffee.com/hugo.html) (Hugo), [tela.bc.ca/tela/tads/](http://tela.bc.ca/tela/tads/) (TADS),

[www.gnelson.demon.co.uk/inform.html](http://www.gnelson.demon.co.uk/inform.html) (Inform),

also: zarf's page (above)

# A Monte Cook exclusive, from montecook.com

The World's Shortest (Yet Technically Complete) Adventure: A Parody

## The Orc and the Pie

**Adventure Background:** An orc has a pie.

**Adventure Synopsis:** The PCs kill the orc and take his pie.

**Adventure Hook:** The PCs are hungry for pie.

**Room 1: The Orc's Pie Room**

You see an orc with a pie.

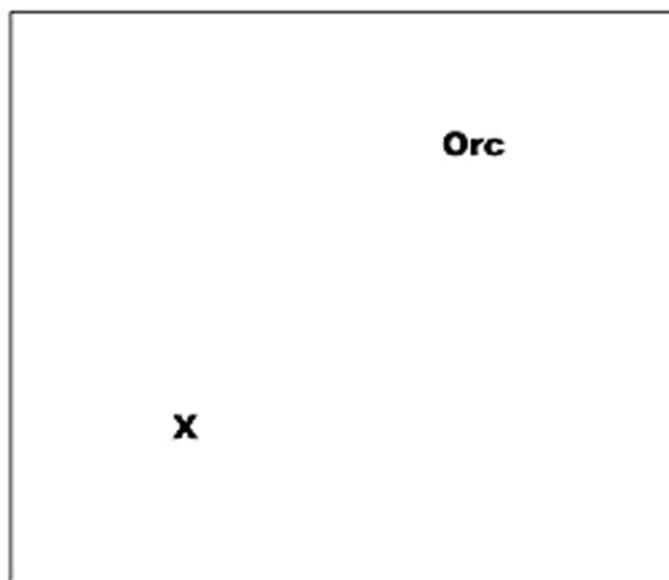
The room is 10 feet by 10 feet.

**Creature:** An orc.

**Treasure:** A pie.

**Concluding the Adventure:** Pie tastes good.

**Further Adventures:** Somewhere, there is a bakery making these good pies. Perhaps it's guarded by more orcs.



**Key:**

**X = pie**

**Orc = orc**

**1 square = 10 ft.**

# Classified!

If other UCT societies roleplayed...  
Pistol & Rifle - MERC 2000

Weightlifting Society - Aberrant  
...If other UCT societies roleplayed...

## Overheard

"When my horse turns into a giant ape, I'm selling it." - **Simon**, L5R

"I am a saaaaaaaaad panda." - **Robyn**, L5R

"Philip! Do not mutilate my elephants!" - **Jessica**,  
Ars Magica

"Excuse me, I have to go to the little tower." -

**Simon**,  
L5R

"That's not seven inches!" - **Wayne**,  
Ars Magica

"He's not hellspawn *per se*..." -



d@vid, D&D

**Ryan**: For example, the Toreador have their balls.

**Steve**: I'd rather watch CNN.

**Michelle**: I don't want a sense of polony.

**Andrew**: We could stay with my sister.

**Steve**: I'd prefer to stay with the Sabbat.

**Markus**: Do you know why it's a good idea to take your thing out?

**Duncan**: It's so, like, firm, yet not too hard...

**Darryn**: Nice toss!!!

**Markus**: That was a bit of a judgement in error.

**Michelle**: This is one of Darryn's balls.

**Dave**: Ouch, steam is hot.

**Juan**: I'm going home to play with Norm's thing.

**Dave**: Have it with tomato sauce otherwise it will get cold!

**Bevan**: You have to believe in Satan to be a Satanist.

**David**: I was just about to stick my finger in my mouth, when I realised I've been in the cable.

**Juan**: It felt so comfortable in my hand; I didn't realise it wasn't mine.

**Norm**: There's a million one-ways of doing it.

**Bevan's bag**:  
Bzzzzzzzz.

**Bevan**: I can't go

any

slower;

it's like

foomp... and

it's out.

**Dave**: I often talk aloud though.

**Juan**: Sorry, I burnt your cigarette...

**Bugs**: I'm copying my MP3's to my hard drive... It makes them play faster.

**Campey**: ... and that's not going on the fridge!

**Campey**: No, I'm just moaning for your pleasure!

**Bevan**: It's actually quite easy. Screw, screw, plug, plug.

**Campey**: Are you showing Joe how to beat the cream?

**Juan**: I was trying to pull it out, but I didn't realise there was one screw left.

**Norman**: I've got hair in my hair!

**Campey**: Love is blind...

**Markus**: deaf & dumb...

**Campey**: and stupid.

**Markus**: Bevan, should I click "next"?

**Bev**: What's it doing?

**Markus**: It's waiting for me to click "next".

**The Door**: Look, a decoy!

**Dave**: Yes, I was officially camping.

**Dave**: I'll wrap it in Carlton towel, then put the plumbers' tape on so the tape doesn't melt.

**Bevan**: I was trying to get off quickly, so the guy behind me could get in.

**Bevan**: Turner threw him down the stairs. I was not impressed. So I ate him.

**Tim**: Free booty is not necessarily good booty.

**Tai**: Eight inches of rippling muscle.

**Gareth**: They won't notice a bulge halfway down.

**Ryan**: I meant that in a violent way, not a sexual way.

**Ryan**: Nipple warmers!?

**Mark**: I like the thing with the monkey too.

**Jon**: ...because it's got a wooden tip.

**Kessler**: Colette, will you kiss my DeeDee?

**Adrianna**: The point about naked sheep is that they're not furry; they're shaved.

**Mark**: I don't remember saying that.

**d@vid**: I don't remember taking it down.



## R.I.P

**Douglas Noel Adams**  
1952 - 2001

We apologise for the inconvenience.

**Sarah.** Three crossbow bolts to the back - still alive.

Each arm and leg impaled on long metal spines - still alive.

A silver-spined metal collar clamped on to your neck - still alive.

"Bleeding from every possible orifice" - still alive.

Finally throttled to death by the priest.

- General Frilant

P.S. I have kept your eyelids in a little jar by my bedside.

**Sarah.** Forgive me. Well, look, you were going to die anyway, and *I* lost my soul.

- Brother Haden

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**A bunch of werewolves.** Corpses left to the dwarves.

**The universe.** Don't worry, we fixed it almost as good as new.

**Some level-draining undead dwarf spirit thing.** You put up a good fight for something at half the recommended challenge rating. Ahem.

**Trolls!** Eat our flammable sheep! (Don't mind the cleric, he's only casting Summon Creature I again.)

**Hans.** Somebody set up you the bomb.

**A nose.** The owner was bitter.

**A future nose.** You cannot escape.



## Wanted

**Hitman** to eliminate Irish Brujah. Contact Rachel or Samantha at a sewer near you.

**Quiet scholarly community** in the middle of the forest seeks miscellaneous labourers. Must be non-judgemental and prepared to accept i.o.u.'s. Apply to the Covenant of Waldenstein at Regensburg. No cattle.

**Sleep.** The editors.

## For Sale

One **inflatable pig.** In need of repair. 20 000km, only one owner.

A **Cunning Exploding Sheep,** fine Dwarven manufacture. Ideal for troll baiting.

## Apologies

**To all people of good taste.** For too many partially-clad womyyyn. My apologies. The editor.

**Dear Alan,**

We're awfully sorry about your pizza. We stole it. Then we left it on the train. We really don't like avocado.

Adrianna, Mark, JD & Tim

**Dear Robert,**

We're really, really, really sorry. We're sorry for accidentally killing you with a solid punch, then re-animating you as a zombie, then nailing your head to a plank to hold it straight, then hiding you at the bottom of the harbour, then making you cling to the bottom of our boat for three days so that crabs ate your eyeballs, then for dragging you behind our horses to strip off your flesh, then for crucifying you in a tree to allow crows to remove more flesh, then for making you walk ahead of us in the dungeon to set off traps, then for trying to bring you back to our world as a slave. We're usually

very nice people, really.

**Robert.** Well, look, I'm a necromancer, what do you expect?

## Notices

**Married - Zara (nee Betts)**

To Greg Knight. No longer will Zara be terrorizing the freshers (at least not obviously).



**Happy Birthday, Laura!**

**Paint It Fuchsia**

F-U-C... bugger

DERMATOLOGICAL

CORATIFICATION

INTERORGANIZATIONAL

**Call me 'Twiggy'** one more time...

- Three Bamboo Spinning