

THANKYOU EDINBURGH,  
 GOODNIGHT;  
 WE SHALL DE-FINITELY  
 RE ~ TURN "

MOGILLION

LIFT LID  
 AND  
 WIGGLE GENTLY  
 FROM  
 SIDE TO SIDE  
 (THE LID, THAT IS)

"YOU SHALL SEE  
 FIT,  
 WHEN I SEE  
 FIT"  
 ~ AMOGERIN ~

MORRIGAN RIP

3

FRONT OF RANGE

zany pop-up zine  
 of the Nineties !

I am : Mog Firth of: 1, Hough Grove, Bramley, Leeds, LS13 3QS, W. Riding  
 You are: PETE SULLIVAN Status: Subscriber/Trade/Contributor/Sample/Pubber  
FIT is : ½ a pound Deadline: 2<sup>ND</sup>. NOVEMBER, 1994.

Well, I waited and I waited and I waited. Then - after a period of expectancy punctuated only by irregular bursts of deferral - I hung fire for a time, before launching into a full-blooded bout of procrastination. It wasn't to be though; not one single End-Game Statement was forthcoming for "Incubus".

[[The above courtesy of T\*\*\*y Prat\*\*\*\*t, because I know he has so many fans out there. Incidentally, a little bird tells me that his latest blockbuster -to-be is about to hit the streets. Entitled "Grave Matters", it tells the story of...oh, you know. Also, "The Colour of Magic" as (beautifully) narrated by Martin Jarvis has just been released on Compact Discworld]].

Anyway, I decided I could simply wait no longer and ruefully acceded to popular demand, turning out this issue of FIT in little over 74 minutes. You have a lot to answer for, people, this now being the only incarnation of the zine to bear no Standard Dip. Thank the Ghods for "Editorials".

Yes: I have pushed the price up to an unprecedented 50 pence.

Yes: I still accept articles, loc or artwork in lieu (the locs can be doss)

Yes: I would like some level of response to make this worthwhile.

Having said that, I do have several articles in the pipeline, so some degree of continuity is already assured (he said glibly).

Welcome to all the new people; I do hope some of you decide to stay. Here, have some Contents free on me:

1. Renaissance cover
2. Editorial
- 3-4. "Murder at the Mysterious Mansion" - Carol Firth
- 5-7. ~~A bold Latin title for 'some kwlczur' (the poetry bit)~~
8. "Editorials" Gunboat
9. "Inky" 4
10. Scotch Chess; Jotto
11. Dog Eat Dog
12. Railway Rivals (Yk & Hu)
13. Lists (of the waiting variety)
14. "Holier Than Thou" prize Crossword

GAMES

< Rumours of Nogbad are abroad... >

MURDER AT THE MYSTERIOUS MANSION - CAROL FIRTH

(or - Shaggy and Scooby Doo in the Quest For the Truth)

The huge oak door loomed before us. It made a creaking noise usually reserved for horror stories. This was the Brockhampton Court Hotel and my friend and I reported to reception. We were greeted with some horrendous choking and shrieking noises from a room above, followed by a distraught woman practically throwing herself down the stairs screaming for someone to "Call an ambulance!"

A disturbing welcome you might think but not so when you know the facts. I had won this stay in a competition set by a weekly magazine and it was to be a murder mystery weekend.

We had been stuck in roadworks and Friday evening traffic for 5 hours and after putting our things in the bedroom, were only too ready for our evening dinner. Just as we were starting to relax in our oak-panelled (I bet there's a secret passage) surroundings - our meal was rudely interrupted by what can only be described as an interrogation.

Why had we arrived late? Which route had we taken? Where were we at the time of the suspected poisoning attempt? And so it went on....

Apparently we were prime suspects. So, in an attempt to take the heat off us, we grabbed the nearest magnifying glass and bloodhound and set about discovering the real culprit. Not an easy task when you've missed everyone's names at the introduction. Our character profiles were therefore listed under first impression-type code names until we later learned the real titles of guests.

Firstly, there was the detective who said she was there to help us - but nobody was to be above our suspicions.

Then there was Philip "the obvious he's an actor" (or if not he's a very sad man). He was supposed to attend with his girlfriend but due to a sudden illness she couldn't accompany him.

Barbara "the hysterical" was the woman who had so calmly greeted us on the stairway. She supposedly worked there.

Cherry "the frisker" and Brian "the handlebar moustache" were acting quite suspiciously and seemed to be in the know.

Mary-Ann "the flirt" kept disappearing with the barman. Meanwhile her husband René continued to look extremely dubious in his guise of a German policeman from a 1970's film.

Howard "the effeminate" was married to Margo "the bimbo" which in itself was suspicious.

There were obviously other guests/actors there but these are not crucial to my story.

Breakfast was a strange affair whereby eavesdropping was not only considered socially acceptable it was in fact expected.

The police arrived to question everyone.

We discovered that the man who'd been rushed to hospital had died. (Surprise, surprise). We were told that the poison traces in his body were from something only to be found in the Far East or Central/South America. So, cue the question, "Who has visited these places?" Well, everybody had except the people who were there because they'd won the weekend! So, we remained quiet in our state of inadequacy, only breaking our silence to discuss the possibility that this was

4

an elaborate practical joke where everyone except us was an actor. An unlikely situation, yet our paranoia was growing.

As the day went on, various blackmail notes and clues were found and discussed. Mid-morning, Barbara staggered in from the kitchen - she'd been shot in the neck and was hysterical again (with good reason, I suppose). None of us could find any evidence, much to the detective's disgust. "Oh look," she exclaimed, "a gun!" We'd all been in such a rush to find a clue we'd stormed in to the kitchen, kicking the vital evidence out of view, under the freezer!

There were more occurrences of an unusual nature as the afternoon progressed but fortunately we were permitted a few hours' free time to rest our weary brains and explore the surrounding countryside.

Saturday night and Philip's girlfriend made a dramatic entry to dinner, manically repeating "Have you paid him yet?" After he'd calmed her down and taken her home, Philip returned to a merciless interrogation from all of us. This lasted about 1½ hours. It was late by now, but everyone was worried about missing a vital piece of conversation or, even worse, being wrongly accused during his absence. As a result, we all eventually said goodnight and retired for the evening, then proceeded to sneak around listening to each other's conversations/ideas.

Sunday morning - 2 am and our sleep was disturbed by a car horn being pressed incessantly. There was an argument and then a car screeched away at top speed.

Next morning, we discussed this rude awakening and checked around the tyre marks outside. One woman had managed to take down details of the argument and car registration etc. However, much to our annoyance, we couldn't connect the event in any way to our previous evidence.

Anyway, we each had to write down our accusations and hand them to the detective. (Couldn't she think of her own answers?) Basically, after all the various events and notes we had found, we were left with the following problems -

Who murdered Nigel and Barbara?

Who was blackmailing and who was being blackmailed for the reasons of -

bigamy

posing for pornographic photographs

taking the dirty photos in order to sell them on the Swiss/German border  
share swindling.

After a final discussion and with conclusions/solutions/complete wild guesses handed in, the truth was to be revealed. I couldn't wait, this was where my friend and I, alias Shaggy and Scooby Doo, would discover that the masked baddie was in fact Mr Jones, the hotel owner. His reply to the accusation? "... And I'd have got away with it if it wasn't for those pesky kids!!"

But seriously, our curiosity quelled we relaxed into Sunday lunch when the actors revealed various funny moments to us. The most interesting being that the early morning screeching car incident was not staged by the acting company but in fact by real joy riders, staff and police!

Certificates were issued for good, average and terrible detective work under the appropriate titles of Hercules Poirot, Dr Watson and Inspector Clouseau awards.

Cherry and Brian turned out to be in the police force hence the explanation of Cherry's eagerness to frisk anything that moved and also the fact that they totally misjudged the situation earning themselves an Inspector Clouseau award!

We were pleased to receive a Dr Watson award and managed to solve much of the mystery except that we wrongly accused an innocent René of exporting pornographic photographs. We discovered it was a total coincidence that he actually lived

on the Swiss/German border. Also, he had been reluctant to disclose details of his job as he did in fact work for the Swiss secret police. Reassuringly, his solution was rather more accurate.

So, we all said goodbye and began our homeward journeys. One question though still haunted me. Why had another guest and I both heard the noise of a body being dragged down the corridor , late on Friday night? There was no explanation from the actors. Come to think of it, the hotel owner did have an evil look in his eye....

Oh, pass the Scooby snacks - I deserve it!

[[ Abundant benisons be with you,  
mine sisterish one, for FIT's  
first outside article. Scooby  
pic courtesy of Mr. C. Jones ]].



\* \* \* \* \*

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque tonandi (Manilius)

...Which quotation rather picturesquely introduces another new feature for FIT: Poets' ~~Parade Peripatetic Piece Paradise Plumbings~~ Post ('twill, for now). If anyone wants to send any.thing in - whether of their own or a favourite author's creation - please feel free. Otherwise I shall draw from the well of passions meself; you have, as they say, received warning.

To launch us undaunted upon this sea of wisdom and beauty (ahem), I choose to demonstrate a singular lack of creativity and print a letter I sent to Steve Howe before last issue. I hoped Steve might join the Fit Company, or at least provide some words in return; his response will follow next time.

Some of this piece has become a little dated (ironically, only in the last month or so). Nevertheless, I shall give it in full. Hopefully the North Yorks Mafia will appreciate the introduction, whilst Mr. Cunningham now has written proof that I advertised Hyperbowl!

[[ A somewhat ugly piece of editorial layout; I'm afraid. The verse is over-leaf but I suppose I'd better fill this gap somehow.

"Well, I Never!" (1 in a series of less than 2): the 1963 film "Flipper" is credited as having been made in MCMXLIII ! ]].

6.

Good Morrow, dear fellow, from the heart of the North  
Whence the New Ghods (and Odd Bods) are wont to put forth  
Their organs: some meaty, some lean as a rake  
But all of such timbre as makes the fluff quake.

The suave Mr. Nelson, Experienced, wise  
Will not brook the Bond crook, nor heed Tubby's lies  
The Keys would be locked up, if Mark's law should hold  
And Danny the Nanny? Consigned to the fold.

Now svelte Don Bowen's pubs Y dDraig Goch  
(Which zine may be seen for a sub, or a loc)  
'Though Iain spends Ages on Empires, he  
Still finds the time, somehow, for the ISE. (...)

And Sullivan's CMag is well past the ton - (Hmm...)  
A worthy achievement, when all's said and done -  
With news and reviews and such reportage  
As Peter sees fit on the Hobby at large.

Yet out on the fringes sails Mog's Fit of Rage  
(It never was meant to traverse centre stage)  
Fit steers its own course as a China-bound ship  
But for Sharp it's the part as it runs standard Dip!

So the talents of Yorkshire are there to behold  
Like Boycott and Truman and Hutton of Olde  
But now we have RR and his pouch of hemp (...)  
And if he can't derail you there's allus Dick Stemp.

But now to the reason that lies behind rhyme  
( 'Though I've meant to have sent you some lines for a time)  
My purpose is twofold; and hence my first goal  
Is to introduce you to Sean's Hyperbowl.

The game is Gridiron, the concept compact:  
You submit your gameplan and Sean plays the match  
With aid of a PC he runs play-by-play  
And victory's yours...if you make the Dirt Pay.

This was the first motive to which I referred  
 Yet of Steve nought's been seen and little more heard  
 Since the demise of ASFO, the home of his wit:  
 Any chance of a comeback in Mog's humble Fit?

Should you prove to be willing to return from the fold  
 There's a topic of interest, if I might make bold  
 And ask for a small piece on jazz and its types  
 ('Though if you preferred you could talk about pipes!).

For, if memory serves me, in ASFO's late days  
 You wrote about jazz and the various ways  
 This music has flourished in forms quite distinct;  
 Perhaps exposition is now due in print?

The article's title remains very clear  
 I've pored every zine hoping it would appear  
 And waited for ages - but it never has.  
 (It's "Steve Howe's Definitive Intro to Jazz").

Of course any item would suit me just fine  
 (After all you still haven't received one of mine!)  
 A poem, or letter, would serve quite the same  
 And maybe - just maybe - you'd join in a game..?

The time now draws near for an end to my plea  
 I hope you'll respond with the odd line, or three,  
 [The number perchance of defeats in a row  
 Inflicted on Essex by Yorkshire, y'know!].

\* \* \* \* \*

As I said, Steve's reply will follow next issue and is, to say the least, in rather different tone.

Let's have the Sub. levels:-

{ { { { { { { { { {	D. Baker	(0.85)	{ { { { { { { { {	D. Penhallurick	1.02	{ { { { { { { { {	K. Head	SAMPLE	} } } } } } } } } } }
	A. Bell	1.71		S. Richardson	(0.83)		R. Downes	PRINTING	
	I. Bowen	1.40		A. Robinson	(0.29)		S. Howe	PRE-ARTICLE	
	N. Collins	0.72		W. Whyte	0.00		C. Firth	ARTICLE	
	C. Jones	0.00		M. Nelson	TRADE		K. Small	DEPRODUCTION	
	J. Nelson	0.00		A. Rankin	(0.50)		A. Dickinson	I. Harris	
	M. Prince	0.00		S. Cunningham	4.16		N. Duncan	D. Harris	
							A. Gledhill	J. Heggarty	
							R. Preston	P. Sullivan	
							R. Biernacki	P. Oya	

# DIplomacy

STANDARD

"Editorials" Gunboat

SPRING

1905

### GM'S COMMENT

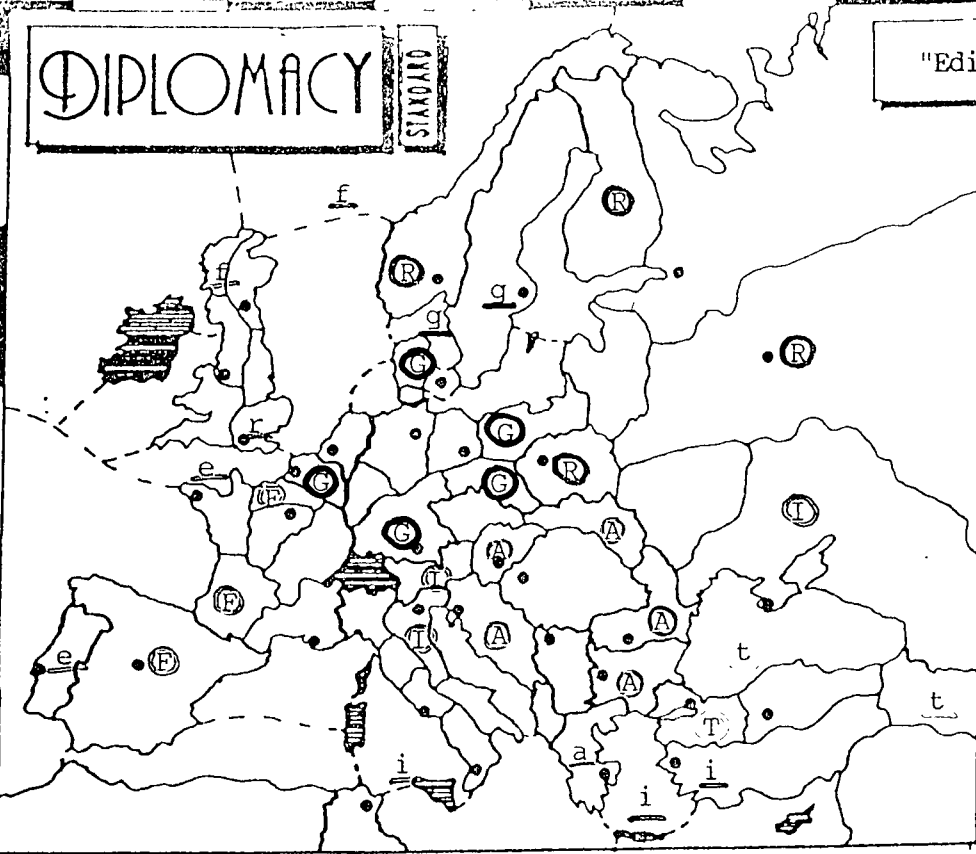
Not wishing to dwell on the delay too much:-

(a) SORRY;

(b) Russia has now been taken over by a new player (not that any of you should find this a[dis]advantage);

(c) Austria might appear to be flourishing, but that was a strange choice of order for A(Tri)...

GM Mog Firth.



### ORDERS

- France :** F(NAO)-NWG, F(Lpl)-Cly, A(Bre)-Pic, A(Mar)-Gas, A(Spa)-Por
- Italy :** F(Nap)-TYS, F(Smy)-Con, F(AEG)sF(Smy)-Con, A(Sev)sAA(Gal)-Ukr [nso]  
A(Boh)-Tyl, A(Ven)sA(Boh)-Tyl
- Turkey :** F(Ank)-Arm, A(Con)s AA(Ser)-Bul, F(BLA)sA(Con)
- Russia :** F(NTH)-Lon, A(War)-Ukr, A(Mos)-Ukr, A(Nwy)st, A(Fin)sA(Nwy)
- Austria:** A(Gal)-War, A(Ser)-Bul, A(Rum)sA(Ser)-Bul, F(Gre)sA(Ser)-Bul,  
A(Vie)sA(Tri), A(Tri)sA(Tri)
- Germany:** A(Ber)-Pru, A(Kie)-Den, A(Bel)-Bur, A(Mun)-Bur,  
A(Sil)sA(Ber)-Pru, F(SKA)-Nwy, F(Swe)sF(SKA)-Nwy
- England:** F(ENG)-MAO, F(Por)-MAO  
(no retreats).

### PRESS

- Austria - Italy :** Support me into (Con) as I said before and you can have (Ank). If we are held up let's convoy an army to (Syr) instead.
- Italy - Austria :** Support me into Moscow and I will support you into Con. We must mop Turkey up quickly.
- England - GM :** If there isn't an adjudication for a year, do I get a draw?
- GM - England :** Let's see, how can I phrase this? NO. [[This Press - as you might have guessed - did not come with the original orders]].



JEUX SANS FRONTIÈRES : Inky 4

At last, the answers to Sean's collective nouns are published! Immense points, as ever. As Arthur Ellis might say: "Attention! Trois, deux, un. Pheep!"

- (1) First up, JD asked for a group name for Diplomacy players: Nigel suggests a DISTRUST (5), Andrew proposes a FEUDING (5); Seamus himself offers a CONSPIRACY<sup>(5)</sup>, whilst Andy's STICK is worth 7. The good Doktor wins however, with his submission of an APPEASEMENT (10).
- (2) Next we had Vinny Joneses: Craig enters the fray with a TRIBUNAL (10), which score is also earned by Nigel's CROP and JD's CLUTCH. Adrian's RUCK merits 5, but the winner is APR with FINE-THROUGH-BALLS (15).
- (3) What about MTV Presenters? Well, it was a poor question I felt, and was rewarded with rather poor responses: Nige said BABBLE, Andrew HERD, Sean a SQUEAK and Ade a CONTINUITY. All of these took 3 points, but Craggus grabbed 5 with his answer of FOREST (doubtless in deference to Phillipa + r).
- (4) As for Conservative MPs: 3 points each to STUMBLE (CJ), XENOPHOBIA (JD), an ovine FLOCK (NDC) and a MAASTRICHT (Aiir). APR wins though with a MAJORITY, SADLY (4).
- (5) Our next grouping is driving instructors: 7 points each to the SCHOOL of Craig, the BRAKE of Sean and Killer's PATIENCE. Andy returns with a triumphant CLUTCH (10); Andrew also provided this answer for 10 - minus 10 for copying - plus 10 for getting it right - minus 10 for getting caught - plus 1 for submitting an answer of any sort.
- (6) And what of royals? I asked Andrew what his answer of NOBLESSE OBESE meant but he didn't know (!..5). Meanwhile, the somewhat contradictory collective nouns of Sean (a SEPARATION) and Nigel (a DIVORCE) were each rewarded with 6, one less than the 7 for Ade's TABLOID. Andy came up trumps (and picture cards?) this time however with another railway link: B.R. (10).
- (7) As far as Ecstasy users were concerned, Craggus seemed to be something of an expert, what with CUMULONIMBUS (1), PARLIAMENT (3) and BLUE SQUIRREL (8) all given. Generosity seems to have struck me here - it's just such a good vibe, man - since I shower 9 points on Adrian's WOWHEYMAN, 10 on Andrew's WAVE and 11 on Sean's (Legal & Medical) ARREST. 'Tis Niquel who receives most bounty, though, drowning under a cascade of 15 for his WAVE à la Jonathan Ross.
- (8) Hmmm - ~~Mathematicians~~ <sup>Neighbours watchers</sup>: JD.SADNESS.3; APR.ASYLUM.3; Nigel.LOBOTOMY.3; Aiir.CABBAGEPATCH.4; Craggus once again has the bright idea of providing two answers: BUCKET=2; MUSH=5.
- (9) Mathematicians (honest): Ade reckoned he asked some and fell asleep, citing a SAD CROWD from experience (5). The same score goes to CJ's SUBCLASS, whilst SEAN's POSTULATE and Andrew's PERFECT SQUARE garner 8. Nigel demonstrates most bottle with 12 for his PROOF (100%).
- (10) To conclude, we consider Blues fans: 5 apiece to APR (BOOM, BOOM, BOOM) and Killer's EXCELLENCE. A mere ½ for Dr. A's COMMISERATION but, a fulsome 10 for Seamus' CLAPTON.

< ...Nogbad is coming... >

All of which frivolity results in final scores for this round of:

Andrew - 59	Craig - 49	Sean - 71
Adrian - 46½	Nigel - 69	Andy - 27

...not forgetting a bonus of 17¼ to Sean for setting the questions.

CURRENT STANDINGS

Sean - 293¼ +	Robbo - 216	Carol - 139	Karin - 15
Nigel - 272 +	Andy - 171 (or 136) +	Mog - 99	Stuart - 13
Adrian- 249½ +	Darren - 161	Craig - 27	Dave - 4

INKY 5 : questlets

1. Why are Exocet missiles so named?
2. A return to the original Inky theme: which of the following are NOT top level football teams somewhere in the world? (a) Copperknox Vibrators; (b) Kokart; (c) Wankie; (d) Jazz; (e) Mysterious Dwarfs; (f) Dangerous Darkies; (g) Scum Red Devils.
3. Suggest suitable names for a leading proponent of these vocations:- (a) politician; (b) musician; (c) actor/actress; (d) sportsman; (e) religious leader.
4. Does questlet (3) make sense to anybody?

\* \* \* \* \*

SCOTCH CHESS WORLD CHAMPPEEENSH'P : the second coming

Look, is anybody actually interested in playing this out? There's not much point my trying to [[Ghods! if only we overscored rather than underscored I'd have known that had happened!]] force orders out of you for eight-odd turns if not. Robbo? Craig?? Dave??? Mark????

\* \* \* \* \*

A (very old) New Game : JOTTO

This game is easy to run and easy to play. You can even continue to take part if you've NMR'ed, without too much disadvantage.

The object of the game is to correctly identify 6 words chosen by the GM (that's me, new people), each of which is 6 letters long. Each turn, you submit a 6-letter word and I compare it to each of the Keywords (a posh term I've just coined for the 6 hidden target words). For each Keyword, you will be told how many letters of you guess appeared in the target. Of course, if there are repeated letters in the Keyword, you will have to identify them separately. Here is an example to help:-

Keywords: hearts; doddle; spring; glycol; around; expose.

Guesses : Gilbert = forest; Amelia = waddle; Yvette = flight.

Scores : Gilbert = 4.2.2.1.2.3; Amelia = 2.4.0.1.2.1; Yvette = 2.1.2.2.0.0.

Note how repeated letters are tallied and also that position of letter is unimportant.

Now, it isn't the scores in themselves that are valuable, rather the information contained within them. Obviously, if you score a 6 you have identified the word (or an anagram thereof). Once you think you know all 6 Keywords, you should send them in. The person who correctly finds all 6 first is the winner. Alternatively, whoever has most by turn 20 (subject to my whim and the progress of the game) wins. In the adjudication, each player's score for the turn is published, but only the player and the GM know the guessed word (and - yes - that does mean you're supposed to keep a record!).

Players starting late or NMRing may join in, but they will have to submit enough guesses at once to catch up with everybody else. This is a slight handicap, because it means you don't get to choose guess (n+1) with the added information from guess (n). Just to clarify, all guesses/Keywords must be valid English words and anagrams of Keywords are valid answers.

Come on, then. This one needs very little effort on your part, so it would be nice to see a good turn out.

[[Mog-Mark N. : I had considered running Finchley Jotto, but I'll save that for another day]].

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Another New Game : DOG EAT DOG

Many zines run what are known as "Sea of Despair" games (after a particular variant) to encourage everybody who sees the zine to participate. Those of you who have played "The Bonking Game" in the Londoner will know the sort of thing we're talking about. Basically, all the subbers are pitched into a brawling mêlée with the last one standing the winner. The version I've just invented is called "Dog Eat Dog". Each turn, every player will perform one of the following actions:-

- Clog - really lay into another player, reducing his 'lives' by two. This is obviously very knackerling, so you must rest the following turn.
- Log - spin the log you're standing on, casting one 'life' of one other player into the mire.
- Frog - Jump in the air, thus avoiding one spin attack from an opponent (ie any one Log).
- Sprog - Spontaneously breed, giving yourself a 'life' back. Because dogs have a particularly refined sense of decorum, they will not attack a Sproging rival. Neither will they Sprog when their lifeforce is full. Another knackerling activity, this requires a subsequent rest.
- Bog - The socially-outlawed act of an NMRing player. One of his 'lives' is immediately flung into the squidgy morass.
- Trog - Go and hide in your kennel after a jolly good Sprog or Clog (sex & violence!). Of course, you might not be left in peace...

So as you see, a highly realistic simulation of families of dogs living on tree-trunks floating in miasmatic fenland, where food is scarce and friends few. I think each family can have three dogs (ie each player has three lives to start with).

To summarise: C kills two dogs of an enemy but must be followed by T; L kills one enemy dog; F shields you from one attack; S restores a missing dog and prevents all attacks but a T is obligatory next turn; B loses you a ~~XXX~~ dog; T is a rest.

RAILWAY RIVALS : map YK : "Marston Moor" : turn 0

Participants are as follows:-

player	company	colour	start town
Andrew Robinson	Ponderous Obsolescent Machinery For Running Electric Trains (POMFRET)	RED	LEEDS
Andrew Bell	PATOB	BLACK	DARLINGTON
Darren Baker	BAker's Railway NETwork of Yorkshire (BARNEY)	YELLOW	SHIPLEY
Mark Nelson	HONKYTONK trains	PURPLE	SHEFFIELD
Stuart Richardson	Deluxe Automated Rail Transportation (DART)	GREEN	WAKEFIELD

Points Arising

- (1) This game will use Bus Boss scoring (as on the map) and will have no leapfrogs.
- (2) Sadly, Andrew B, I could not let your track be red, gold and green; neither could you be allowed to start in Harare.
- (3) Rolls for Turn 1 are...5 - 2 - 6.

RAILWAY RIVALS : map HU : "Burton Bridge" : turn 0

Participants are as follows:-

player	company	colour	start town
Sean Cunningham	Magyar Overland Personnel, Heavy Engineering And Disposal Systems (MOPHEADS)	GREEN	PEST
Andrew Robinson	Pecs And Pushta Railways Incorporating Kecskemet Airways (PAPRIKA)	RED	PEST
Iain Bowen	Steam Trains Eastward Plunging and Heading Easily Northwards (STEPHEN)	???	BUDA
Nigel Collins	???	???	BUDA
William Whyte	???	???	BUDA

Points Arising

- (1) This game will use standard (20/10) scoring and will have no leapfrogs.
- (2) I fear at least one of the above might not make it to the departure platform. If anyone wishes to act as a stand-by, please let me know. Otherwise we'll play with 4.
- (3) Rolls for Turn 1 are...4 - 4 - 4.

< ...BEWARE NOGBAD ! >

"Nogbad! Nogbad is come!"

L I S T S

13.



Standard Dip: Nelson sr, Robinson,  
Cunningham, Holley,  
Preston (2 needed)

Dip variant : Robinson, Nelson jr (?),  
Cunningham, Bowen

[the variant might be Historical,  
Downfall or indeed anything mutually  
acceptable]

Dog Eat Dog : everybody on the mailing  
list! [rules inside]

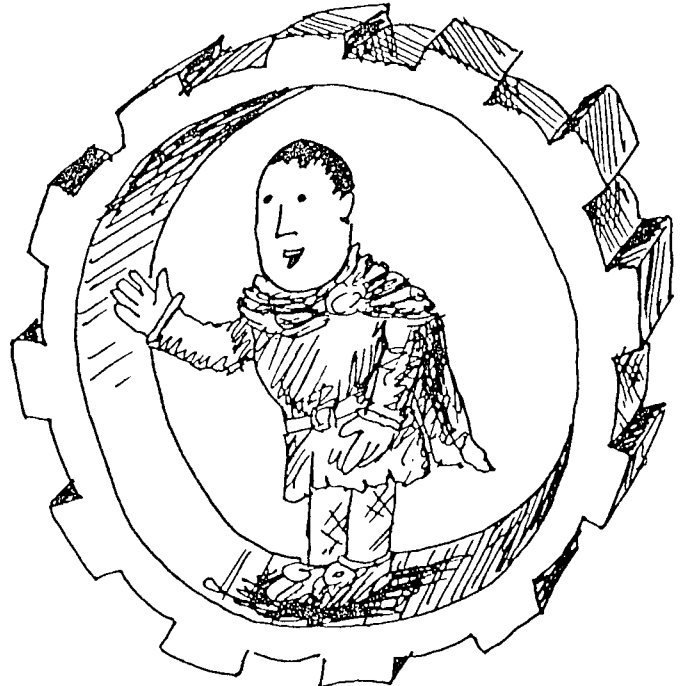
Jotto : all welcome [rules inside]

Any other suggestions for games  
will be considered. I've tried  
to come up with things that  
won't take too much time.

A reminder that the deadline  
for all games (and indeed other  
submissions) is:-

WED.

2/11/94.



"But even now, here is **Moggin the Cog**  
to save us! (Dig that haircut)".

...And finally, the bit that at least one of you has been waiting (several  
months for):

"The Crossword the Sport Dare Not Print!" (it's official).

The more discerning amongst you might note a certain theme to this puzzle.  
For those who find cryptics a bit of a mystery, I will give an explanation  
of each of the answers next time. But before then, somebody is going to  
**WIN** a monster prize - just by sending their completed grid to me!

(copies accepted, naturally).

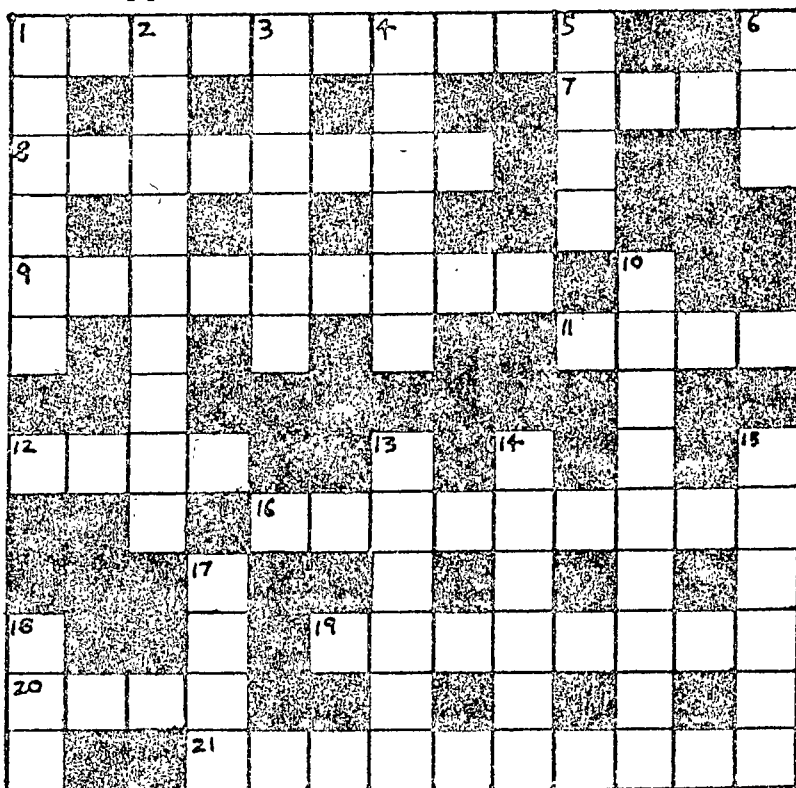
2/14

ACROSS

- 1. Ejaculated semen a must for fun? (10)
- 7. Single nut comes away from fish. (4)
- 8. Wander about, then get on railway for some Anne Summers' products. (8)
- 9. Looseness of dame ruins one who plays with children. (9)
- 11. Stud returns to bonk. (4)
- 12. 3 pour with sweat, it's said, when meat's excited. (4)
- 16. Sounds like sheep has voice so soft and is one from whom you'll expect good service. (9)
- 19. Spurt end off on notes (counterfeit). (8)
- 20. "The Rainbow" girl is in your eye and within her hair is heaven. (4)
- 21. Starts coming in condom but holds bad back & so straightens up. (10)

DOWN

- 1. North American turns against adult pulled from vagina - it's enough to make hearts flutter... (6)
- 2. ...and German queen on river shows knickers! (9)
- 3. Flat on back, the French left-wing displayed. (6)
- 4. Raw chopper is put about, resulting in unpleasant bodily secretion. (6)
- 5. Single man shows droop when around end of breast. (4)
- 6. A cross-dresser is mixed up but can certainly hold liquor. (3)
- 10. Having been picked, perform like J. Fashanu and end up back-to-front. (6,3)
- 13. Thrust given by expert to novice in hearty exercise. (6)
- 14. It's me on top of king to start with, but then I'm underneath: what a headache! (6)
- 15. Climax reached when weapon is in. (6)
- 17. To be leading damsel in sex comedy is some record. (4)
- 18. Latin with sex appeal is afire. (3)



[ Don't forget to include Name, Rank, & Number ]

. NMX .