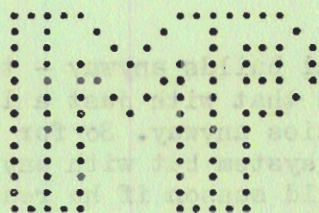


LITTLE IMP



NUMBER 2.

There you are, I didn't run off with your money after all. No indeed, I invested all those funds you sent me in great piles of ~~whiskey cigarettes~~ er.... would you believe paper and stencils? No I didn't think you would, oh well....

But suffice it to say that whatever I spent your money on the result is most definitely Little Imp 2, a postal Dippyazine carrying International Regular games and published by Richard J. Walkerdine of 'Cheriton', 15 Crouch Oak Lane, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2AN, England. The subscription rate is 5p per issue for Britons and \$1.00 for 5 issues for North Americans and the game fee is 40p and \$2.00 respectively. So there.

Today is Saturday, February 9th, 1974.

.....

The Story So Far

For ten thousand years has the Bright Empire of Melnibone flourished. Ten thousand years before history was recorded - or ten thousand years after history ceased to be chronicled, reckon it how you will.

In the Empire's dreaming capital, the city IMRRYR, set high on the rocks of the Dragon Isles, sits the Lord ELRIC, a crimson-eyed albino, sorcerer and slayer of kin, the last ruler of Melnibone. But though he rules an empire, Fate has in mind for him a greater destiny.

So it is that when contact is made with Imrryr by the Starship ENTERPRISE, Elric learns the secret of Transporter travel and finds that all the countless worlds of the Multiverse are open to him. But many of these worlds are already controlled by POSTAL DIPLOMACY GAMESMASTERS, and are being used to play games upon. Realising that he can never hope to control all the worlds by direct action, Elric decides to adopt more subtle methods and contacts RICHARD WALKERDINE, one of the Secret Masters of British Diplomacy and, through his zine MAD POLICY, controller of more than a dozen worlds. Together they steadily increase their influence over the British sector of the Diplomacy Multiverse until, realising that complete control is only a matter of time, they decide on a more ambitious plan.

With the launching of LITTLE IMP they make their first incursion into the all-powerful North American sector and begin to work towards their ultimate target - total domination!

Now read on.....

.....

Official Business

If I leave this to the end I'm sure to forget it, so I'll put it in here. We have a Change of Address:

STEVE HALL is now at 13303 Buchanan Drive, Oxon Hill, MD20022, USA.

Also we have the business of prophetic builds etc. I think about six of you voted on this, and you all asked for the prophetic system to be used, so that settles that one. Steve suggested we could try using prophetics but with the proviso that any player in the autumn/fall season can call for a separate winter season if he so wishes. I reckon that sounds like a good idea so unless the rest of you object to it I suggest we adopt that idea. If you think about it it shouldn't cause many delays as nine times out of ten there's no need for

conditional builds anyway - the choice is obvious. And in most other cases you'll see that with just a little thought you can cover yourself against most eventualities anyway. So for the moment we'll leave it that we're using the prophetic system but with any player having the right to call for a separate Winter build season if he really thinks he needs it. Okay? Shout and scream if you want it changed again by the way, it's your game after all.

And speaking of games, isn't it about time we had one?.....

.....

'A' Game (1974F) -- Spring 1901

AUSTRIA (Sherrad): A Bud - Ser, A Vie - Tri, F Tri - Alb.
 ENGLAND (Tatay): F Lon - Eng, F Edi - Nth, A Lpl - Yor.
 FRANCE (Weidmark): F Bre - MAO, A Par - Bur, A Mar - Spa.
 GERMANY (Knowles): F Kie - Den, A Ber - Kie, A Mun - Ruh.
 ITALY (Hall): F Nap - Ion, A Rom - Apu, A Ven - Tyr.
 RUSSIA (Kelly): F StP(SC) - GoB, A War - Ukr, F Sev - Bla, A Mos - Sev.
 TURKEY (Sharp): F Ank - Bla, A Con - Bul, A Smy - Con.

No retreats.

Deadline for receipt by me of Autumn moves and retreats and Winter builds is:

Friday, March 8th, 1974.

Constantinople: But look, I don't want to make a broadcast to the nation. Yes, I know I'm in charge around here, but that was your idea, not mine. I was perfectly happy being a Diplomacy gamesmaster and part-time publisher's nark - I told you I wouldn't be any good at politics. No, of course I haven't been writing offensive letters again - I haven't been writing any letters. Who's waiting? What? Which audience? Oh, very well. Is this the microphone? Oh, good heavens sir, I am sorry, but you shouldn't leave that sort of thing lying around. Right. Only a short one, though, I want to be home by seven.

'Good evening, fellow Turks. First, I'd like to thank all those who voted for me in the recent elections.' Morons. 'I shall do my utmost to fulfil the promises I made during my campaign.' If I can remember any. 'It is my sworn and solemn duty to make Turkey the most prosperous, peaceful, liberal, modern country in Europe.' And the biggest. 'If we all put our shoulders to the wheel, and remember that the eyes of the world are upon us, all will be well.' If you believe that you'll believe anything. 'Trust in God - I beg your pardon, in Allah - and with His help WE ... SHALL ... PREVAIL!' Thank God that's over. Where's the gin?

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentoncalf: "So," snarls Professor Crinklecrud in a voice not unlike Claire Walkerdine's when she finds that Richard doesn't want the crottled greeps she spent all day fermenting because he ate on the way home, "this is Little Imp." He sneers. "I wonder if that idiot with the ridiculous press-line will be here -- In rear, or Up Your Ass, or whatever it is. I hope not." He gives a shudder.

"Master," cringes Grud, his perverted manservant, "I want to go home."

"Oh shut up, you hideous being," snaps Crinklecrud. "We have to destroy the world, and this looks like as good a place as any to start ... seeing as how it's already half-destroyed." So giggles Professor Crinklecrud, enemy of all mankind, outcast from society, and ex-member of the IDA. Grud, as ever, cringes.

Imrryr: "Dear dear..." says Dyvim Storm, cousin of Elric and guardian of the

Dragon Caves, "I've read some bad press in my time, but really... and in such a promising new zine too. If only Elric were here we could probably put a stop to all this before it gets out of hand. Ah well..." He turns to a servant, "put this in the incinerator with the rest of the Knowles rubbish, would you?"

Meanwhile: Howard Cosell, Inspector of Police in Lichenstein, ex football commentator, presidential hopeful for '76, member of the IDA, and sworn enemy of Professor Crinklecrud (see above), learns that the latter, with his perverted manservant, Grud, has escaped from the maximum security asylum for the criminally insane or terribly boring at 'Cheriton', run by Claire and Richard Walkerdine, proprietors and part-time inmates. "There's only one way to deal with such menaces to society," sighs he. "Hit or miss. I'll try Argentina first."

Somewhere else: Presumably in the Belgian National Jungle, Tarzan, Lord Greystroke, Lord of the Belgian National Jungle, and possible member of the IDA, who has no idea whatsoever of what's going on, rolls out of his hammock and slips through a trap door, to fall into a waiting net far below....

Other places: "No, Cheetah," sighs Jane, wriggling voluptuously. "It can't be this way, it's not natural...and what if Tarzan found out?"

Principality of Scugog: Don't worry chaps, this crap is sort of like a quick trip to the dentist, with one important difference. At the dentist, it's painful, but it only seems to go on for ever.

Imrryr: Don't worry chaps, this guy Knowles is sort of like a politician, with one important difference. A politician is dull and boring, but at least you can get rid of him at the next election.

Venice (Wine Press): Terry, I'm damned sorry about that Tyrolean move after what I said, but Sherrad made me do it; he held a gun at my head! That does call for a rather long barrel, but you have to see it to believe it.

Vienna: Knowles marched briskly towards the great palace, the rude wind tearing at the blonde, wavy hair that had spent 6 hours in curlers the previous night.

Having tripped over the steps he crawled towards the great black door, his tongue hanging out, eager for contact with some rich Baron's newly-polished boots. Finally he reached the top and, ignoring the door-bell, he thumped his fists hard against the door. About a minute later a tall, sombre-looking man appeared at the door, the expression on his face one of half anger and half boredom. Knowles, realising this thing in front of him was the butler, was just able to refrain from his slobbery introduction which he had been practising all week and scrambled to his feet.

"I am Terence Knowles!" he cried in his best city-gent accent. "And I have come here from a far off land, on a perilous journey o'er land and sea, through disease and starvation, through good and evil, to claim my rightful title of...."

"Oh God," yawned the butler, "not another one."

.....

Question: How does Walkerdine react to the world paper shortage?

Answer: He starts up a brand new Dippyzine.

Conclusion: He's a nut!

.....

Waiting List

Ron Kelly, Mike Sherrad and Larry Samson have their names down for the second game. So that's four more needed - any offers?

Standby Players

Conrad von Metzke is so far the only standby for 1974F, and I reckon I could do with one more to be on the safe side. Again, any offers?

And that's about it for this issue, methinks. Please don't forget the deadline (March 8th), and above all don't forget to send in retreats and winter builds with your next set of orders.

It's a pity I have to leave a third of this page blank - I suggest you use it to draw rude pictures on (a portrait of Terry Knowles, perhaps?).

Bye.

LI2

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