

LITTLE IMP

NUMBER 3.

Known in various quarters as The Green Slime and Walkerdine's Folly, this is, in fact, LITTLE IMP 3, from Richard J. Walkerdine, 'Cheriton', 15 Crouch Oak Lane, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2AN, England. It costs 5p per issue for Britons, \$1.00 for 5 issues for North Americans and a game will cost you an extra 40p and \$2.00 respectively. Regular games only are carried on these pages and we have openings - so sign on now, huh?

Oh yes, in case anyone's forgotten; the game's called Diplomacy!

Today is Monday, March 11th, 1974.

.....

Here we go then:

'A' Game (1974F) — Autumn 1901

AUSTRIA (Sherrad): F Alb - Gre S by A Ser, A Tri drops atomic bomb on Canada.

ENGLAND (Tatay): F Eng - Bro, A Yor - Nwy C by F Nth.

FRANCE (Weidmark): F MAO - Por, A Spa Stands, A Bur - Bel.

GERMANY (Knowles): F Don Stands, A Ruh - Bel, A Kie - Hol.

ITALY (Hall): A Apu - Ven S by A Tyr, F Ion - Tun.

RUSSIA (Kolly): F GoB - Swe, A Mos - StP, F Sev - Rum S by A Ukr.

TURKEY (Sharp): F Ank Stands, A Bul - Gre, A Con - Bul.

No retreats.

Winter 1901 Adjustments

A: 5 Centres: Bud, Tri, Vic, +Ser, +Gre. Builds A Vic, A Bud.

E: 5 Centres: Edi, Lon, Lpl, +Bro, +Nwy. Builds F Lon, F Edi.

F: 4 Centres: ~~Edi~~, Mar, Par, +Spa, +Por. Builds F Mar.

G: 5 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, +Don, +Hol. Builds A Mun, A Kie.

I: 4 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, +Tun. Builds F Nap.

R: 6 Centres: Mos, Sev, StP, War, +Swe, +Rum. Builds F Sev, A War.

T: 4 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, +Bul. Builds F Smy.

Belgium remains neutral.

Before we reach the press there's a few other things to sort out.

First of all Steve Hall is moving again! Isn't he a nuisance?

He can now be found at:

60 S. Van Dorn St., #112, Alexandria, VA 22304, USA.

He says he reckons this will be his final address change - we should be so lucky!

Next we have a probable change of player.

Mark Weidmark is reducing his involvement in the hobby and is withdrawing

from most of his games, including this one. He asks for a standby to take over and says he'll continue until one is appointed.

Now if this wasn't so sad it would be funny, but we have a standby (Conrad von Metzke) so that's okay; only trouble is, he's gradually easing himself out of the hobby as well, so he might well not wish to take over!

So what we'll do is this: I'll call on Mark, Conrad and anyone else who feels public-spirited to send in Spring 1902 orders for France. I'll also ask Conrad to indicate whether or not he actually wants to take over; if he does, no problem; if he doesn't then anyone else who's sent in standby orders can have France. And if Conrad doesn't want it and there's no-one else I'll ask Mark to continue until we can find someone. Okay? Easy really, when you think about it...

And the above, by the way, is a perfect example of how to withdraw from a game properly. Top marks to Mark for being so reasonable about it. Thank you sir. (Top marks to Mark? I do believe I've cracked a little joke!....no?....oh!)

Ahem; ladies(?), gentlemen and Knowles the press!

Farthing-on-the-Shire: Now from WOMB that very special organ of the BBC, the first chapter in that continuing saga;

THE SILENT EDGE OF THE TURNING WORLD

Ladies and gentlemen, I am your host on this series. My name is Sir Willful Smythe-Stain (my friends call me Podo). Now our cast of characters: Tory Nodes; man about town, apprentice white slaver and part time Maple leaf. Kelly O'Kelly; former newspaperman, full time drunk and itinerant clavichord tuner.

Marcus Bookmark; President, Society for the prevention of Tory Nodes and collector of pupa.

Torrent Hallway; ace criminal, wanted for a fondling attack on the person of Sophia Loren.

Rude J. Tayto; winner of the Czechoslovakian grossness award and living proof that Polish jokes are based on fact.

Tricky Dickie Dull and

Bike Charade; separate personalities of a schizophrenic elf suffering from terminal humorlessness.

Various women whose clothes and morals have been loosened.

The Stranger; very strange.

FADE IN: The drawing room of a victorian period mansion. The insertion of various pieces of Danish modern and early American furniture lends an aura of horror to the room. Relaxing in a chair is Tory Nodes. Suddenly Tory stops scratching his left armpit, sits up and says, "Blimey, I must be bonkers". Zipping up his pink suede jumpsuit, he rushes from the room.

PODO: Yes, Tory has forgotten something vital. He is late for a date with his new girlfriend Miss Irish Whip.

FADE IN: As Tory runs down the street he jostles the one and only himself Kelly O'Kelly. Watching the retreating bullet head of Tory, Kelly knows their paths will cross again.

PODO: Kelly has been unlucky of late. His energy conserving theory to have the Dublin Daily printed on toilet paper ended in disaster. He had not heard of two little known phobias of the Irish people, Softnewsia and Fannyfeelia. They were the fear of holding a limp newspaper and the fear of applying the printed word to the posterior.

FADE OUT: Next, Chapter II where these important questions will be answered.

'What will happen when Tory finds out his girlfriend and Marcus Bookmark have started without him?'

'What does a demented stranger with ink-stained hands have to do with all this?'

Taranto: IMPORTANT NOTICE to all purchasers of our Dreadnought Assembly Kit: on page 2842 of the easy-to-follow instruction manual, change 'open bilge petcock' to 'close bilge petcock'. We trust this error has not caused any unpleasantness.

- Army/Navy Surplus Sales Depot.

Tunis: I cannot understand why all you people give this fellow Knowles such a hard time, even if he does write abominable press. I happen to know that he is actually a quite lovable character -- he told me so himself!

Constantinople: Look here, this really is going a bit too far. I didn't want to make that last broadcast. What do you mean, fan mail? I didn't get any fan mail, unless you count that illegible postcard from Burton on Trent. No, I'm damned if I'll go walkabout and meet the people. Who the hell would want to spend an afternoon kissing Turkish babies? Oh, very well, if you think it would help win the war.

'Good afternoon, madam. I hope you're satisfied with the way I'm running the country, ha-ha. No, well, every society has its dissidents. Not at all, madam, up yours too. And is this your little girl? How sweet.' sssssmmnack. 'And how old are you, dear? Eighteen? Oh my God. Really, sir, you can put that hideous-looking knife away. You must admit she looks awfully young to be married. Yes, I know you do things differently out here. (For God's sake get me out of this!) Well, sorry I can't stop, lot of things to do, business before pleasure you know. Get out of the way, you silly old cow. Goodbye. God what a country! Where's the gin?'

Vienna: The Butler marched briskly towards the drawing room while Knowles toddled along behind him on all fours. "A Mr. Terence Knowles to see you, Sir", he yawned.

A hunched-up man in the far corner of the room hurriedly tossed his half-eaten chicken leg out of the window and screwed a copy of Playboy into the top drawer. Then he sat up straight and gazed at the wretched intruder. Hurriedly, he tried to remember his opening line. "State name, rank and ... oh no, hang on a minute ... please, Your Worship, how can I hope to pay you with a wife and ten kids to support and ... no, wrong again ... er ..." Only the fact that his tongue was still hanging out prevented Knowles from yawning. "My Lord," he slurped, "if I may lick your feet ... er, I mean ... if I may request your confirmation that I am the true Duke, Duchess, Baron, Lord, Dame, Earl and everything else of the County of Staffordshire I would be more than grateful."

The little man in the corner hurriedly pulled out a map of the Austrian Empire. "Now then, let me see, Staffordshire....."

Vienna to Venice: Big barrels?? We make 'em as small as possible so that the brewers do as little work as possible.

Vienna to Berlin (re. Venice (Wine Press)): Rubbish!! He loved every minute of it, honest Terry. Now I told you about them damned Yanks, didn't I?

Vienna to Constantinople: Ooh ... I think I can feel another change of plans coming on.....

The Recipe Page: "Ooh look, Flo', this looks a nice one: Crinklecrud Stew with crinkled vegetables, red crud wine with crudded crinkle sauce on top!"

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentonalf: "Well, Grud," sighs Professor Crinklecrud, Mad Scientist, Enemy of All Mankind, Outcast from Every Country and ex-member of the IDA, "here we are again."

"In Little Imp, Master?" questions Grud, Crinklecrud's perverted manservant.

"No you idiot", snaps the Mad Menace. "About to start another game. About to choose our target -- who shall we devastate and reduce to a trembling mass of recalcitrant protoplasm this time, Grud?"

"What?" cringes Grud.

"Grud," sighs the Sadistic Scientist, "you're not much of a side-kick."

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentonalf (II): "Let's see now," muses Crinklecrud, his unnaturally white face wrinkled in thought. Grud, as ever, cringes.

"We're humiliating Walkerding ... er, dine in 1971AM and 1972DM, not to mention 1973EV, right?" mutters Crinklecrud.

"Right, master."

"Oh, shutup Grud. That was a rhetorical question."

"What?"

"At times, Grud --", Crinklecrud smiles in loathsome anticipation, "-- I think I ought to un-create you."

"No, Master, no!!" Grud screams in terror, falling on his lumpy knees. "Please. Master..." he pleads. "I'll be good."

"Alright Grud," concedes Crinklecrud coolly. "Now, forward to more important business -- who shall we humiliate this time? Conrad? Leeder? Wierdmark? Mike Sure-rat?"

Who will Professor Crinklecrud and his perverted manservant, Grud, humiliate this time? Will Conrad be crushed? Is Leeder going to be laughed at? Will Weidmark be worked over? Will Sherrad get the shaft?

Follow this exciting series in 1973EV, 1972DM, 1971AM and 1973DB!!

Imrryr:if you can stay awake!

Principality of Scugog to Italy: Dear Italy; if Sherrad is holding a gun to your head, I wouldn't worry about it overmuch as he's a poor shot with a gun; there's only one thing he's good at shooting.

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Waiting List

Ron Kelly, Mike Sherrad, Larry Samson, Roland Prevot, Terry Knowles - that's five names so only two more needed. Anyone?

Standby Players

Conrad von Metzke - and we could now definitely do with two more! (See the note at the top of page 2). Please?

Deadline

FRIDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1974.

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There we are then, another issue finished - managed to fill it up this time, too. My thanks to you all for being nice and prompt with your orders - when you've got two zines to run at once that sort of thing certainly helps! The press is looking good as well, keep it up.

So to all of you from all of me ... er ... see you in April? Bye.

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LI3

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