

# WIMSEY

NUMBER 4.

And now - before your very eyes - for your information and delight - the zine they said would shake the world - number one in a field of one - the first of the many, the last of the few - the great - the very great - ...er...now wait a minute...um...it's...er...no, it's no good. I've forgotten....

So I'm afraid you'll just have to make do with this, which is issue 4 of Little Imp, a postal Dippyazine from Richard J. Walkerdine, 'Cheriton', 15 Crouch Oak Lane, Addlestone, Surrey, KT15 2AN, England. Carrying international regular games only, it costs 5p per issue for Britons and \$1.00 for 5 issues for North Americans and the game fee is 40p and \$2.00 respectively.

Today is Tuesday, April 9th, 1974.

I had hoped to be able to announce the start of the second game this issue, but we're still one person short - damn!

So.....

## 'A' Game (1974F) — Spring 1902

FRANCE GAINS NEW COMMANDER - but no new friends.

AUSTRIA (Sherrad): No moves received: A Ser, A Bud, A Vic, A Tri, F Gro all stand unordered.

ENGLAND (Tatay): F Nwy - Swe ((sorry Rudolph but I'm afraid it's an army, not a fleet!)), F Nth - Nwy, F Eli - Nth, F Bre - MAO, F Lon - Eng.

FRANCE (von Metzke): F Por - MAO, F Mar - Spa(SC), A Spa - Gas, A Bur - Pic.

GERMANY (Knowles): F Den - Swe, A Kie S A Mun, A Ruh - Bur S by A Mun, A Hol - Bel.

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

RUSSIA (Kelly): A War - Sil, A Ukr - Mos, F Sev - Bla, A StP - Fin S by F Swe, A Rum ((it's a fleet Ron)) S (AUSTRIAN) A Ser - Bul.

TURKEY (Sharp): F Ank - Bla, A Con - Smy, F Smy - Aeg, A Bul - Rum.

No retreats.

Hope that's all clear. Briefly, England has an army in Norway which he thinks is a fleet and Russia has a fleet in Rumania which he thinks is an army. As it happens, fortunately, the orders would still have failed even if the correct units had been specified - bit of luck that.

And as you can see, France is now being ~~mis~~managed by Conrad von Metzke, P.O.Box 4, San Diego, CA92112, USA. And as the tricolore sets slowly in the west....

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentonealf: "Well, Grud," sighs Professor Crinklecrud, Mad Scientist par excellence, Enemy of All Mankind (and Manitoba), Outcast from Every Country in the Western Hemisphere South of the 49th Parallel, and Ex-Member of the Sons and Daughters of the Riel Rebellion, "We've done it again. And it's all my fault."

"Yes, master," cringes Grud, Crinklecrud's perseverant invert, "You really blew it this time."

"Ah, but I'm learning!" glees Crinklecrud, a twisted smile playing across

his coffee-stained teeth, "I'm sorting the wheat from the chaff and gaining insight into whom I can insult and get away with it, and whom I can insult and get my ass kicked."

"And are there any in the first category yet?" asks Grud.

"That depends on your point of view," muses Crinklecrud, the twisted smile creeping on down his face, roiling his skin and slowly strangling him, "There's a silly chutzpa somewhere in the Great Canadian Wasteland that I think I can best, if I'm lucky, and the moon is in full ascendancy, the Good Lord willin' and the creeks don't rise (or is that Creeks?), but I'm not sure yet."

"Never fear, Master," cringes Grud, "I'll save you."

"You will? Oh, darling! At last someone cares for me!" Crinklecrud begins to snivel softly.

"Cares?" cringes Grud. "What's this 'cares' noise? I was saving you for soup!"

Eric-a-brac-on-the-Table: (WOMB). THE SECRET SMELL OF BURNING ASPIRATIONS.

Podo here: since we last left our intrepid heroes, the following events have occurred;

1. The voluptuous advances of Miss Irish Whip have caused Marcus Bookmark to be committed to the Shady Oaks Uninterrupted Rest Home with a near fatal trembling attack.
2. The confused elf thought to be Tricky Dickie Dull and Bike Charade is only one of them. The other is a 3 meter tall busby burnisher who weighs  $1\frac{1}{4}$  stone.
3. The following message was sent to Rude J. Tayto: 'To all those interested in ill-gotten gains. Matter of life and death. Come immediately. If busy, come later. If very busy, forget it. RSVP.'

FADE IN: The secret chambers of Rude J. Tayto's Wargaming Club and Massage Parlour. Tastefully decorated with chains, rhinoceros hide whips, various phallic symbols and obscene Duncan Phyfe furniture, the room has caused the weak hearted to instantly faint. Tayto turns from an unusual perversion with his secretary Gretchen Dose and addresses the assembled group: "O'Kelly, wake up. Dull, quit drooling on the table. Hallway, get your hand off Gretchen's gluteus. Charade, don't do that it's disgusting. Nodes, stop scratching your armpit. Now I propose we form a group to be known as ADUE (Association for the Destruction of Undesirable Entities) for fun and profit. Our first task must be to destroy the infamous Glop O. Crinklecrud BA, MA, BS, MS, PhD, DDS and SOB. We have gained an ally very close to him. Grud is ours! Every man has his price and we found his." Gretchen giggled and licked her eyebrows. "Our only problem is the tall demented ink-stained stranger I.M.Arry. We know who he is, but we don't know what he wants."

FADE OUT: Next time find out the results of the first action against Crinklecrud.

Burton-on-Trent: WANTED - Kind, literate adult to coach small boy in letter-writing (of which he has no experience). An ability to write legible and punctual Diplomacy orders would be an advantage.

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentonalf: "Grud --" cackles Crinklecrud, "what I am holding in my left hand will enable us to control the world!"

"You're not holding anything in your left hand, Master," objects Grud.

"In my left hand, you malformed misanthrope," snaps the Master Maniac.

"Oh -- well, which one is your left hand?" questions Grud.

"The one -- that is, this one -- oh, bother!" groans Crinklecrud. He thinks for a moment and then says, "When I'm facing south my left hand points east."

"What about when you're facing north?"

"Well, then my left hand is pointing west."

"And when you're facing right?"

"My left hand is pointing...what?"

"Well, if you're facing right, your left hand should be pointing south," conjectures Grud.

"No, not always," objects Crinklecrud. "It can point in any direction, actually."

"Which can?" demands Grud. "Your left arm, your right arm or south?"

"Well, if I'm facing south, my north arm is pointing east -- I think."

"How about north-north-east?" asks Grud.

"MY LEFT HAND IS THE ONE WITH THE WARTS!!" screams Crinklecrud.

"Oh," says Grud. "Well, what have you got in it?"

"I've forgotten," sighs Crinklecrud.

Ottawa: An atomic bomb, of obvious English make, fell here last saturday. A young child and her nurse were killed while walking in the park by the falling bomb. Luckily it did not go off, as it appears that whoever sent it over forgot to arm it....

Splendidhamstaffshire-on-Trentonalf: "Grud," cackles Crinklecrud, "what I am holding in my hand will enable us to control the world!"

"Which hand, Master?" cringes Grud.

"The one with the warts, Grud," snaps Crinklecrud.

"What is it?" demands Grud eagerly.

"The formula for Crottled Greeps!" shrieks Crinklecrud in joy.

"Master!" gasps Grud in astonishment. "How did you get it?"

"Well, actually," confesses Crinklecrud, his exuberance fading somewhat, "I clipped it out of a magazine -- but we've got it!!"

"What are we going to do with it, Master?" trembles Grud.

"We shall Conquer the Continent!" gasps Crinklecrud. "Attack America! The World Will Wobble at our Wish! Kelly will Kapitulatate! Sherrad will Shake! Tatay will Topple! War with Weidmark! Horrify Hall! Shatter Sharp! And Knowles -- well.."

Will Professor Crinklecrud and his perverted manservant, Grud, conquer the continent? Can they attack America? Surely they wouldn't Wobble the World? Can they force Kelly to Kapitulatate? Could they make Sherrad Shake? Would they make Tatay Tremble? How will they horrify Hall? Shall they shatter Sharp? Will this mean war with Weidmark?

Follow this exciting series in 1973EV, 1972DM,1971AM, 1973DB and 1974F!!

Imrryr: Okay, you can open your eyes now, he's gone away again.

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Waiting List

Ron Kelly, Mike Sherrad, Larry Samson, Roland Prevot, Terry Knowlse, Les Pimley - which is a total of six names, so we still need one more to get the damn thing going. Any offers?

Standby Players

There aren't any! If anyone feels generously inclined he's welcome to send in some standby moves for the missing Austrian orders, though I doubt that they'll be needed (your moves arrived on Monday, Mike, by which time the first two pages were all typed up - sorry).

For the future however we could certainly do with a couple of standby players - anyone?

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Hm... a whole page to fill up and nothing much to put on it. I suppose we'd best not forget the deadline.

Deadline

TUESDAY, MAY 7TH, 1974.

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If you think this issue is arriving a day or two later than it should, you're probably quite right. Fact is April 8th was my second wedding anniversary, which will no doubt be explanation enough for those of you who are married and for those of you who aren't I can only promise you you're missing quite a lot! See you in May. Bye  
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This space is reserved for space-fillers.

LI4

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