



Nick Morgan, taking photographs on a desolate Scottish isle, witnesses the crash of a spacecraft which kills the sole alien occupant. Having failed to meet the boat which was to take him back to the mainland, Nick is forced to take shelter in the wrecked craft. He loses control of his limbs, which seem, themselves, to know their way around the craft.

RCKKOR  
by Paul Willey

PART THREE

Nick awoke with no immediate memory of the previous events, but with a certain knowledge that he was not alone. He looked around quickly. There is not a great deal of room inside a spacecraft designed for a being only four feet tall, especially when it is within a gravity field and can be used in only two of its three dimensions. Likewise, there are not a great many places one can hide. Nevertheless, though he could see nobody, Nick knew there was someone else there.

He jumped up, and moved rapidly around the cramped interior. It was totally devoid of life except his own.

The memory of the crashing spaceship had already crept into his mind, but only now did he remember his inability to control his limbs the previous night. The problem certainly seemed to be cured now. Everything was completely under control.

Nick went to the door, tried to figure out how the unlocking mechanism worked, tried it, and succeeded. Suddenly he was in a nightmare. Everything outside the ship was vivid blue and green. He was on a different planet!

Then, just as suddenly, it was normal. All that changed were the colours and the light intensity, but were a moment before he recognised nothing, he could now see that he was still on the island, and it was a bright sunny morning. Everywhere was fresh and dewy, and there was a nip in the air. It was the kind of morning when it was great to be alive - unless you were shaking with terror after a nasty experience, and there was a dead man with pale blue skin and green blood lying at your feet - a man, furthermore, with two thumbs and three fingers on each hand, and joints that made him look like a contortionist.

Nick went back into the spaceship, and found that the lights had gone down to the dim red glow they had been when he first switched them on the previous night. He scoured the control panel, and tried to remember which switches had turned on the heat and light. He saw the valve which had freshened the air, but there were too many switches to remember the heat and light ones. He closed the air valve, and was about to turn away from the panel when his hand reached out of its own accord and flicked two switches. The lights and heater went off.

Sweat burst out on Nick's brow, but he was in control once more. He stepped out of the ship and locked at his watch. A few minutes after seven. Absently, he found the hatch, and set out for the beach. He assumed that, having failed to meet him the previous night, the fisherman would come back again this morning. He certainly hoped so. Yesterday, he had been dropped at about eight, so he would soon know whether he was permanently marooned or not.

Two things were very apparent to him. He was ravenously hungry, and there was someone with him - out of sight, but very close. Arriving at the beach, Nick sat down on the sand.

"Hello."

He looked around. No-one. "Why don't you show yourself?" Nick asked.

"I can't," replied the voice.

"Who are you?"

"My name's Rokkor."

"I'd be pleased to meet you, if I'd met you," Nick told him drily, vainly trying to judge the direction from which the other's voice was coming. "How did you get here?"

"On the spacecraft where you've just spent the night."

"No. I looked: there was only that blue fellow."

"Karang. Yes, poor Karang. There was nothing I could do for him."

"Why did I not see you if you were on that ship?" persisted Nick.





start off if you want, though the nominal first deadline is next issue. No game-fee for this one as it's an invitational - and anyway what old age pensioner can afford a game fee these days? Have a good game, and try not to die of old age before we finish, okay?...

Boardman Number is 1976IZ, and anyone sending in a complete set of standby opening moves (please?) has got to conform to the age requirement, i.e. be born before Dec 4th 1946 (Herlihy and McDonald, this means you!). Pa.

Must be difficult to play Diplomacy from a wheel-chair...

=====  
'R' Game Final Report (BANG!)

1974EB. Zine: Mad Policy. GM: RJW. Players: A- Geoff Challinger (out A03),  
 L- John Meadon. F- Norman Nathan (won A13). G- Paul Boymel (dro A03), Dave  
 Pollard (dro A09), Dave Black (out A09). I- Robin Churchill (out S09).  
 R- Lowell White (out S11). T- Duncan Morris.

Started 9-9-74 (issue 35), finished 22-11-76 (issue 62).

	00	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13
A	3	3	2	-										
E	3	4	5	5	6	7	7	7	8	9	9	10	11	11
F	3	5	6	8	9	9	11	11	13	16	16	16	17	19
G	3	5	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	-				
I	3	5	5	5	6+	5	4	3	1	-				
R	4	6++	6	7	7	6	5	5	4	1	1	-		
T	3	4	5	6	5	6+	6	7	7	8	8	8	6	4

Final Statement by England

The only time I had played Diplomacy against Norman prior to 'R' game was at Chericon in 1973. I played Turkey with Norman playing Russia, and we both agreed that neither would enter the Black Sea. After the first move, my fleet in Con asked plaintively, 'What are you doing in Bla?' to which Norman replied, quite happily, 'Anybody playing Turkey, who does not go into Bla, is a fool.'

Accordingly, when he agreed not to go to Eng, I did so too, and promptly entered it. It seemed that this time things were different. We could not agree, but I was soon down to just a few pieces.

At this point Norman saw that Russia and Germany would ally against me, and subsequently him. So he wrote offering me an alliance. Since I was drunk at the time, I accepted. The rest is history.

(Did I do all right, daddy?)

— John Meadon.

GM's report

It's a shame Norman hasn't sent a statement about this game as it would be interesting to see his opinion of the alliance. My impression is that he took full advantage of the fact that he was up against two or three totally useless players. First of all Germany played like an idiot until he dropped out, by which time it was too late for the standby to do anything about it. Then Italy lost interest in the whole hobby - this game was in fact about the only one Paul didn't actually drop out of at the time. All credit to Norman of course for jumping in when these opportunities arose, but it certainly shows that it's to your advantage to remember deadlines and put a bit of effort into the game. John Meadon, as England, made the mistake of allowing Norman to leap ahead in supply centres too rapidly - when the opportunity for a bit of a stab finally arose late in the game it was already a foregone conclusion. Lowell White, as Russia and Duncan Morris, Turkey, both played valiantly in what was for them a lost cause almost from the start. A strong alliance between them, plus a bit more cooperation from Germany, could have made a difference I think but as it turned out all the hard work and effort they put in earned them no more than respect for making a good game of it. So it's full marks to Norman for taking the opportunities offered, points for effort for John, Lowell and Duncan, and not much for the rest. Not too bad overall I suppose...



+++++  
Yes, it's...

ISSUE 14 of THE ANNALS on 14th DECEMBER '76.  
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Sorry about the brief heading, but there is a lot of press this time. This is John Harrison, 9, Highfield Avenue, Ingham, Preston, Lancs., PR4 0UE. Printing is done in Ingham.

Now, for the games..

1975 "L" (""): Spring 1907.... A 'GIO-ITALIA' ALLIANCE SLIPS UP.

AUSTRIA (Black): A Sil-Mun S by A Lon & A Tyr, A Pri S A Tyr, F Tor-Gre,  
A Rum-Gal, A Cal-Rum.

ENGLAND (Kelly): F Gol S (ITALIA), A Pie-Mar, F Edi-Lon, F Nth-Lon S by  
F ...

GERMANY (Willey): A Lic-Bel, A Mun MS A Der, A Ric S A Mun, A Slo S  
F Mar, A Por-Spe S by A Mar, A Dur S A Mar, F Hel-Enc,  
F Hel-Nth S by F Hwy & F Hel & I Den.

ITALY (Plater): A Pie S (ENGLISH), Gol-Mar, A Ven stands, F Tys-Mis,  
F Tys-Tys, F Reg-Lon, A Ca-Ann.

RUSSIA (Lindsay): A War-Pru, A Lvn-StP, A Sev-Lon (Not about the Tatars  
you don't sunshine...)

Retreats: ENGLISH F Nth-Lon.

RUSSIA-AUSTRIA: There! I've ordered two units to Russia - do I qualify FOR your amazing guarantee now? Do you give stamps? Why should I care who wins - it won't be me.....  
P.S. the name of the game is 'Diplomacy' - calling it a schmuck does not qualify as diplomacy.

BUNDESTAG H.Q. BERLIN: The Kaiser's hair was getting very long. His former barber had been executed due to unfounded rumours of an unnatural relationship between he and the ruler, and because of the barber's relatives in Austria. The Kaiser was worried. Although Germany was now the strongest power in Europe, the new Grand Duke of Austria was displaying frightening powers of diplomacy and seemed to have united the remaining nations against him. It seemed feasible that an Austrian army could be in March within 10 months. Already they had established a foothold in the East. The Kaiser decided to write to the Grand Duke to offer to guarantee him help to become the second most powerful nation in Europe, provided he would withdraw all troops from German soil and turn against the smaller powers, side by side with the flower of Europe's soldiery, none of the Kaiser's.

TRIESTE: The Grand Duke shook his head sadly. "It really is a shame that the Kaiser should be such a megalomaniac. When I met him he seemed to be a very nice fellow." The Grand Duke laughed lightly. "This 'nice fellow' is a most dangerous man. I hear that he has almost driven his psychiatrist mad. According to the rumours, the Kaiser suffers from paranoid delusions about a 'Man in Black', and some say that he believes himself to be the reincarnation of Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Surely he's not as mad as all that? Where do you hear such silly rumours? I fear the ladies of the court must have too much time on their hands."

"Well, I'm prepared to believe it. The Russian had best believe it too - the Kaiser probably has designs on Morocco!"

"Hmm, that may be true; I often think that he is intent on ruling the whole of Europe."

"Quite. Do you really believe that we can stop him?"

"Of course, dear." He took his wife's hand and smiled bravely. "All it takes is a little co-operation from our friends - the Italians, the English....."

"And the Russians?"

G.M. as if that's not enough, PETE LINDSAY will be at 20, Bloomfield Close, Taunton, Somerset, from 17/12/76 to 6/1/77. We also have a proposal for you to vote on next time, and it is: 1st GERMANY, 2nd AUSTRIA, 3rd ITALY, joint 4th ENGLAND & RUSSIA. It's up to you.

+++++  
1975DF('U'):Spring1906.....BRAW PROPOSAL, READ ALL ABOUT IT.

AUSTRIA(Ovens). F Ion-Gre, A Alb-stands, A Tri-Vic, A Vie-Tri, A ...  
Hun S by A Lon & A Sil, A Pru-Ber, A Cal-Bar, A ...  
StP S by A Lvn.

ENGLAND(Haugnan): A StP stands.

FRANCE(Pratt): A Gas-Pog C by F MAO, F Lee & F End S F MAC, A Spa-Cas,  
F Har stands, A Lun-Ruh, A Par-Bar, A Hun-Ber S by ...  
F Ska-Sve, A Spa-Den, F Hun-Wg, F Ldi-Wg, F Bar S  
(ENGLISH)A StP.

ITALY(Kelly): F Rom-Map, F Wis-Tun, F TrS-Tun, F Por-MAC S by F ...  
A Tus-Ven S by A Pie.

Retrats: None!

G.II. In contrast to the above, there is no press for this game, but we do have a proposal for you to vote on next time, and it is:  
A THREE WAY DRAW....AUSTRIA-FRANCE-ITALY. I think that puts England fourth. Your votes by the next deadline please!

+++++

Right then, that's it for another year, and quite a successful year it has been one way and another. Firstly, let me wish you all a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Successful New Year, a New Year that will see the final issue of THE AGREEMENT, and no doubt a host of new games and sub-zines to take it's place. With luck we should reach Issue 50, at least I hope so, which should be a milestone that few, if any, other sub-zines have achieved.

Well, bye for now, and I will look forward to the next issue  
Yours in good faith, John Morrison.

+++++ TALLY/PEACE PRO. +++++



1975FW ('X') -- Spring 1907

Eastern powers doing very nicely thankyou!

ENGLAND (Tant): F Ed1 - Nth S by F Hol, A Lpl - ~~XcvYdvtYor~~ ((Jamn!)).

FRANCE (Willey): A Bel - Ruh S by A Bur, A Bre - Gas S by A Par, F Tun - WMS,  
F Mar - Spa(SC).

ITALY (Rundle): A Rom - Nap, F TyS - Ion.

RUSSIA (Plater): F StP(NC) - Nwy, F MAO - NAO, A Kie - Hol, A Hun - Ruh,  
A Den - Yor C by F Nth & S by F Lon, A Boh - Hun S by A Tyr, A Ber - Kie,  
A Pru - Sil, F Sev S (PAKISTANI) F Sea of Azov(WC) ((well done!)).

TURKEY (Baker): F Ion - TyS, A Ven - Rom S by A Apo, A Bud - Tri,  
A Con - Gre C by F Aeg, F LIS F Ahr & A Pie all stand unordered.

No retreats.

An unnamed Embassy in London to the P.M.: Thanks a lot. Sorry I'm too mean to write individually!

Brentford: I gazed at the map, it all seemed pretty pointless to me. I didn't remember writing it into the press release, and I couldn't find the right issue of MP to find out what it meant. I folded it up and put it in my pocket (What was that smell? Palcum powder?) and had a look at MP62.

"Eliminated?!" But I've just massacred all the players except for me and Tant....have you let him have paper and pencil?" I turned to Ulrika Meinhof. Wordlessly, she kicked a securely trussed bundle. It squealed.

"You wait till Sherrad hears about this!"

"Sherrad? What's he going to do - stammer me to death?" I sneered. "Fat lot of use he'll be to you. Next issue all the players and the CM will drop out, because I've massacred them all! Under the John Meadon rating system I've won, as I'm the only surviving original player!"

The phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Lettice. Walkerdine here. Point one: if all the other players drop out the move after you're knocked out you still haven't won 'cos under the MWR system the game then becomes unrateable. Point two: you may be writing some of this press release, but I'm typing it out. Thus, you haven't eliminated me!"

My brain reeled. Knocked out. Defeated. Permanently. And if Walkerdine wasn't dead, maybe I'd failed to eliminate the rest? Could they have merely been simulacra? But the League of Frogs had been overthrown two and a half years ago, and all its simulacra destroyed. Could I be imagining everything? I stared at Tant, Watson and Ulrika Meinhof. If simulacra were at large, how could I ever identify the real ones? How could I thwart Walkerdine when he was always forewarned? Tant interrupted my reverie.

"Sherrad. What's wrong with Sherrad? Mike Sherrad is a great Diplomacy player!"

Watson choked. Ulrika Meinhof dropped her machine gun. I gasped. "Mike Sherrad is a great WHAT?" we chorused.

A helicopter over Ruislip: Bullock pulled on his black leather gloves, and tugged on a black balaclava. This is it, he thought. He turned for a last look at the black, cowled pilot; not many Middle Earth games on now, he thought. Suppose he's got to do something for a living. The pilot turned slowly - blackness instead of a face.

"Sssseventy feet," it hissed. "Begin mission. Wake ssssure Tant isss eliminated!"

Bullock looked into the darkness below, then jumped. And all because the lady loves Milk Tray, he thought ruefully as he planged earthwards.

Imrryr: I scanned the pages rapidly, looking for 'X' gate. Ah, there it was. In a fury of excitement I read the Press: ...Ulrika Meinhof...kills bomb...nap... Sherrad...Lettice...simulacra... I smiled, and reached for the communicator. The screen cleared, showing the image of my assistant. "Yes, Master?" he said.

"Looks like we've done it, Elric," I said quietly, fighting to control my excitement. "Our prototype now really believes he is John Lettice. Now he know"



'Y' Game contd...

GERMANY (Ovens): A Den - W1 C by F Nth & S by F lrg, A Bel stands, A Bur - Mar,  
A Gas - Bre, A Por - Spa, A Mun - Tyr, A S11 - Bar.

ITALY (Taylor): F WMS S (AUSTRIAN) F Aeg - Smy, A Spa - Por S by F MAO,  
F WMS - Spa(SC), A Pie - ar, A Ven - Iv, A Pru - Bar.

RUSSIA (Ball): F Nvy S (GERMAN) F Nth, F GoB - Lvn, A War S the German drive for  
victory, A Gal - Bud, A Sev S A Rum, A Rum awaits eagerly the forthcoming  
German victory, A Ank - Con S by F Bla.

TURKEY (Evans): A Con HS F Smy.

Retreats: English F Edi disbanded (no retreat space specified).  
German A Por annihilated.  
Turkish A Con & F Smy both squelched rather horribly.

#### Winter 1905 Adjustments

A: 6 Centres: Bud, Vie, Cre, Ser, Bul, + Smy. no builds received - 1 unit short.  
E: 1 Centre: ~~W1~~, Lpl. No change.  
F: 1 Centre: Lon. No change.  
G: 9 Centres: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hel, Bel, ~~W1~~, Bre, Par, +Ldn. Builds A Kie.  
I: 8 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tri, Tun, Spa, Mar, +Por. Builds F Nap.  
R: 9 Centres: Mos, Sev, StP, War, Rum, Sve, Ank, Nvy, +Con. Builds A Mos.  
T: 0 Centres. ~~W1~~, ~~W2~~. Eliminated.

Standby moves from PAUL WILLIY please (22 Broom Water West, Teddington, Middlesex)  
for FRANCE. Muchas gracias.

Rome - Kiel: Pull the other one it's got....

Rome - Moscow: I would have if you had answered my letter.

Rome - Edinburgh: Sorry, next season I might be able to oblige though.

Edinburgh: Look, I don't often write serious press, but the situation is so  
god-awful at present that I feel I need to justify myself. I'd like to point out  
that I've only had one ally for one year in this game. I ask you, is this fair?  
As it is, my present coup attempt has probably failed - this is purely due to bad  
luck and nothing to do with management incompetence. It really is too bad. The  
moves do have the possibility of sending Kern Dingsdale to Valhalla, or wherever  
lemmings do go (and if he's given away France and Spain without a fight why make  
such a fuss about London?) but I don't actually expect them to work. All the same  
I do think it's jolly unreasonable of you all.

Halifax: Did you know there were over 100 permutations of Allan Ovens, one of  
which is Lava L N Enos? And that if he were called Ovens he would be Anal Savlon?

1976GJ ('Z') -- Spring 1904      Someone's tying all the others in knots, eh?...

AUSTRIA (Crouch): A Bul wants to retreat, A Tri - Vie, A Spa - Mar S by F Ion.

ENGLAND (Nathan): F Nvy - Ska, F Nth - Hel, A Mun - 'th, A Lon - Por.

FRANCE (Herlihy): A Bur - Ruh, A Ecl - Pre, A Bre - Par, A War - Lie,  
F WMS - LyS, F Spa(SC) - WLS.

GERMANY (Lindsay): A Mun - Bur, A Hol - Bol S by A Kan, F Den - Nth, A Hel - Hel.

ITALY (Tant): F Pie - Tus, A Rom - Nap, F Alb - Tri S by A Ven.

RUSSIA (Berlin): F Sve S (ENGLISH) F Nvy - Ska, A Fla - Nvy, A Sev - Rum,  
A Gal - Vic, A Rum - Bud, A Var - Gal.

TURKEY (McDonald): F Bla - Con, A Gre - Alb, F Aeg - Gre, F Con - Bul(SC) S by A Ser.

Retreats: Austrian A Tri - Tyr, A Bul annihilated.

press over...

'Z' Game contd...

Berlin: Sure they are talking, but they don't all mean what they say (do you Norman?).

Moscow - Tant: Sorry I didn't write but I will. I suspect you're playing six ends against the middle...

oo

1976GZ ('AA') -- Spring 1903 Big four emerging - who will break first?...

ENGLAND (Dean): F Eng - MAC, F Lpl - Tr1, F Nth S F Nvy, F Nvy comes to attention for inspection, A Bre S (GERMAN) A Bur - Par.

FRANCE (Charlton): A Gas - Mar, A Par - Gas.

GERMANY (Orr): A Mar - Spa, A Bur - Par, A Mun - Pur, A Kie - Hun, F Pic - Ing, A Hol - Bel, A Den goes blind ((see, I told you so...)).

ITALY (Potts): F Ion - Gre, F Adr - Alb, A Tri - Ser, A Vie stands, A Ven - Pie S by A Tyr.

RUSSIA (Collins): A StP - Fin, F Swe stands and prays again ((obviously an adept)). A Sev - Arm, F Bla - Bul(AC) S by A Rum, A Lud S (LEALTY) A Tri - Ser, A Mos stands.

TURKLY (Segal): F Con - Bul(AC) S by A Gre & A Ser, F ...

Retreat: Turkish A Ser annihilated.

Insecure Schizophrenic to insecure schizophrenic: 'no says I talk to myself'

A.V. Other to Insecure Schizophrenic: Can you ever make any decisions or are you always in two minds about what to do? Still, at least you're never lonely.

Rome - St. Petersburg (east coast): I say, old chap, hadn't we better stuff the Turkey before Christmas?

European War Correspondent. Note that there is increasing tension between Italy and Germany as both race for full mobilisation.

////////////////////////////////////

1976ARbb ('AB' Multiplicity) -- Winter 1901 Lots of potential adversaries...

Winter 1901 Adjustments

- A (Harmon) : 3 Centres: Bud, Tri, 1/2, +rum. No change.
E (K.black) : 4 Centres: Ldi, Ion, Lpl, +Nvy. Builds F Lon.
F (Willey) : 5 Centres: Bre, Mar, Par. +Spa, +Por. Builds A Par, A Mar.
G (Morris) : 5 Centres: Ber, Kie, Hun, +Den, +Hol. Builds 2A Mun.
I (Lottice) : 5 Centres: Nap, Rom, Ven, +Vic, +Tan. Builds 2A Ven.
R (Buckell) : 6 Centres: Mos, Sev, StP, War, +Sve, +ink. Builds A/F Sev.
T (Dawson) : 4 Centres: Ank, Con, Smy, +Bul, +Ser. Builds A Smy.

Ravenna: Well chaps, I'd just like to point out that although I've only written one letter for this game it isn't because of sloth. You see, when I write to people I seem to alienate them somehow (there, I've probably put you off already) and people seem to be nicer to me when I don't actually talk to them. This applies to build orders as well - to avoid alienating the G.I I refrained from sending 1900 builds; instead I killed Pete Lindsay to build F Nap, 2A Ven for ...

Trantor: These Loudon Warnwright VII press releases really give me the willies

Imrryr: 'Wrong! Guess again...



Tales From The Twilight of a Once-Powerful Court: Part 2.

It was with great regret that the Maniac Monarch returned the hatpins to the Queen's boudoir. He shook his head sadly, almost dislodging the now un-anchored crown, and consoled himself with the thought that Kings were born to be Leaders rather than Sculptors.

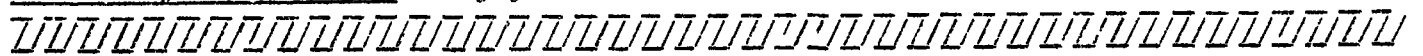
In fact it was just as well that he had never got as far as actually sticking the hatpins into the wax, for at a certain stage of the misguided moulding, when he had accidentally pulled off what he had intended to be the dolls head, the lump of wax temporarily bore an uncanny resemblance to his Moronic Majesty!

Meanwhile, in the Royal Library, the Royal Librarian had just taken delivery of a new book which he would shortly regret ever seeing. But, lacking precognition, the unfortunate archivist was presently happily planning to ingratiate himself with his lunatic lord with the aid of Dr. Mesmer's latest treatise...

-- to be continued.

Dear Les. Sir: Wassat you said?

Dear Everyone Else Sirs: Why you know write? Just 'cos I don't is no excuse.



Hobby News

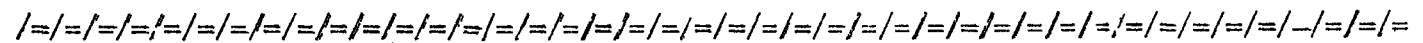
Pendulum (John Coombe, Luney Barton Farm, Sticker, St. Austell, Cornwall) is now 50! The 50th issue arrived here today, promoting John to the ranks of Turnbull, Patterson, Bullock and myself as the only UK pubbers to reach a half century with their zine. Congratulations John.

Yggdarsil has apparently folded. No definite word from Phil Murphy yet but that's what the rumours are saying. Paul Segal is seeing about rescuing its old independant game and, presumably, the NCC is looking after the others.

Gumballs (Ron Rayner, 32 Wentworth Avenue, West Finchley, London, N3 1YL) has gone Latho! Looks very nice too - a big improvement. Martin Hammon's Blimp is now part of it too and the whole thing now costs 25p + postage per issue.

Bruce (Paul Simpkins, 104 Combs Hill, Dewsbury, West Yorks, WF12 0LQ) has openings in a multiplicity game and a Bourse (fees, £1 and 30p respectively). He also intends to start a few more regular games I think. 15p per issue (inc. postage). A small, nice, reliable zine this one. Recommended.

Speculum (Dave Kadlecck, 1447 Sierra Creek Way, San Jose, CA 95132, USA) is a rather good American zine with an SF flavour and a few vacancies, mostly in variants but sometimes in regular Dip too. 10/\$4 airmail (via ISE or money order payable in US\$) and worth it.



MP63 & Annexe44

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Richard Sharp  
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Amersham  
Ducks

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