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**Autoduel
Quarterly**
The CAR WARS® Magazine

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Vol. 9, No. 3

Halloween Issue
World Championship Winners
13 Mini-Scenarios



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Fall 2041

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Editor

Chris W. McCubbin

Art in This Issue

Dan Carroll

Ashley Underwood

Rules Consultant

Kenneth Scott

Publisher

Steve Jackson

Managing Editor

Lloyd Blankenship

Typographer

Monica Stephens

Production Manager

Carl Anderson

Maps and Production

Manuel Garcia

Circulation Manager

Michael Hurst

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THE DRIVER'S SEAT

A couple of weeks ago, I was privileged to be one of the gaming guests of honor at the Great Salt Lake Comics Convention in Salt Lake City, Utah (where I was literally treated royally — thanks again, guys). My fellow gaming guest was Michael Stackpole, one of the best-respected freelance writers in gaming today. Michael's professional credits are far too extensive to list, but right now he's probably best known for his work for FASA on the *Battletech* and *Shadowrun* games, and for his series of *Battletech* adventure novels. But there's another side to Michael that I didn't know about before I met him — his extensive research into the growing paranoia about the gaming hobby.

I'm sure you know the folks I mean — the ones who are certain that fantasy roleplaying games somehow turn otherwise normal adolescents to real-world violence and Satanism, and eventually to suicide or murder. They base their arguments on a few pet cases — kids who played games and then killed themselves or others. Never mind these kids' drug problems, school and legal confrontations and messed-up families. Never mind that suicide is one of the leading causes of death among America teenagers, gamers or not. It was the games that made them do it. Yessir.

All this sounds absurd — and is — but the ramifications of the anti-gaming movement are serious. You may have a friend whose parents threw out or destroyed his hard-bought game collection because somebody told them that games were "evil." Most gamers are aware that anti-gaming pressure got the very word "demon" banned from the *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* game system. Odds are good that the owner of the store where you bought this magazine either knows a colleague who was pressured to stop carrying "Satanic" games, or has experienced such pressure himself. One very alarming fact I learned from Stackpole — anti-gaming groups are going around to local police stations giving seminars on "Satanic crime." Representing themselves as experts, they plant the idea among the officials that game-related crime and suicide is a national epidemic on the same scale as crack cocaine. There's no statistical or experimental evidence for this whatsoever, of course, but

some people — even some cops — will believe anything if they hear it from a self-styled "expert."

The local media, sadly, usually comes down squarely on the side of hysteria. A headline like "Satanist Teen Kills Self Over Weird Game, Chief Says" is so much more interesting than "Lonely Boy Shoots Self in Desperate Bid for Attention."

Eventually, you know, there will be a real game-related death. Gamers are a remarkably stable lot, generally, but nobody's completely immune from mental illness. Mark David Chapman's dog told him to kill John Lennon, and a Beatles album told Charles Manson to slaughter Sharon Tate and everybody at her house. Sooner or later, some poor crazy schlub is going to buy a game book that commands him to shoot his vice principal, and what a day that will be for the anti-gaming folks.

Car Wars has been spared the brunt of this nonsense, so far. For one thing, *Car Wars* has no sex or magic, both of which are "hotter buttons" than simple violence for the anti-gaming folks. Also, as Stackpole pointed out at the con, the last time any of the people who so vociferously condemn gaming actually *looked* at a game was, by all evidence, some time in the early '80s, when the entire hobby consisted of military strategy games, plus *D&D* and a few other roleplaying systems, almost all in the same sword & sorcery genre. To be blunt, the anti-gaming groups just haven't *noticed* autoduellings yet. But I'm confident they'll find us eventually. Sooner or later they'll take a fresh look at the state of the industry, and they're bound to notice that *Car Wars* is — let's face it — one of the most violent games on the market, as well as being one of the best established and most popular.

There's nothing we can do to prevent this either, I suspect. The anti-gaming movement has so little to do with reality now that there's little that can be done calmly or reasonably. And resorting to the same scare-tactics and misinformation used by the antis would, of course, only

make the situation worse. This is America, and anyone has a right to preach against anything they want to, no matter how paranoid their worries. All we can do is stay informed, and support our local retailers — if it ever does come down to a fight, the retailers will be squarely in the front rank.

If, however, we happen to come face-to-face with somebody who believes anti-gaming propaganda (or who's just concerned about something they may have heard), there's more we can do. My suggestions for such confrontations are two-fold. First, *be polite* — scrupulously so. Don't respond to what you hear with derision and insults. Listen carefully and respond thoughtfully, in a confident, but non-confrontational matter. Remember, these folks are charging that gaming warps immature minds, turning them into irrational, uncontrollable, violent deviants. If you respond to these charges in a mature, rational, controlled and gentle fashion, you've refuted 90% of their arguments right there.

Second, don't get drawn into unwinnable arguments. The tactics of the anti-gaming people never vary; they take isolated events and manipulate the facts and the context to create the impression of a pattern where none really exists. Their stories always *sound* damning, and the only way to counter them is to know the real facts. So if you hear a new gaming horror story, don't try to make up an answer on the spot, just say, "I hadn't heard about that. I'll have to look into it." Then *do* look into it. Our best and final defense against paranoia is the facts.



This Issue: This is our Halloween issue, so it's eerily appropriate that it contains the story of a club called GHOST, that materialized from nowhere and dominated the 2041 World Championships. See the next page for the details.

We also have a trio of three short articles on spooky topics, and ghostly fiction by Robert Garitta. I should mention that Robert's story, "Epilogue," originally appeared in issue #2 of *Driving Tigers* magazine. For more on *Driving Tigers*, the *Car Wars* fiction fanzine, contact Christopher Burke at 127 Bay 23 St., Brooklyn, NY 11214.

After the spooky stuff, we present a festival of mini-scenarios by various authors. We'll run these mini-scenario anthologies periodically, as long as you guys keep sending them in.

Finally, we welcome artist Dan Carroll back to the world of *Car Wars* after a long absence. Real autoduellers veterans will remember Dan's work in *Convoy*, some of the digest-sized *ADQs*, and several other classic *Car Wars* projects.

Near Misses: I seem to have this problem with missiles. Two issues ago, in the Cruise Missile article, I somehow lost the

weight of the Heavy Cruise Missile (1,500 lbs., as I've mentioned before). Then, last issues, gremlins ate the cost of the Unguided Missile Launcher Rockets from Uncle Al's. That price is \$1,000, \$2,000 for the heavy missile launcher rockets. If a horse stumbles three times in a row, they shoot him. That's two . . .

Here are the corrected stats for the Manta Ray Tank from *Car Wars Tanks*, courtesy of Craig Sheeley.

Manta Ray Tank — 50-space hull, large power plant with PCs and SCs, driver, 3 gunners, AC with magazine F, military radio, image enhancement, IR, IR shielding, thermograph, watertight, NBC shielding, telescopic optics, 3 hi-res computers, 5 TG10 magazines (1 APFSDS, 3 HE, 1 beehive). 15-Space turret, TG10 with long barrel, weapon and auto-stabilizers, IR laser rangefinder, 2 linked hot smoke projectors, hull slope 20%. Metal/plastic laminate hull armor: F8/150, RF10/100, LF10/100, RB10/60, B10/30, TF (see turret top), TB7/20, UF 8/20, UB 8/20. 4 4-point LR metal tread skirts. Metal/plastic laminate turret armor: F15/70, R11/45, L11/45, B10/30, T10/35. Top speed 70 mph, 49,990 lbs., \$954,410.

What's New

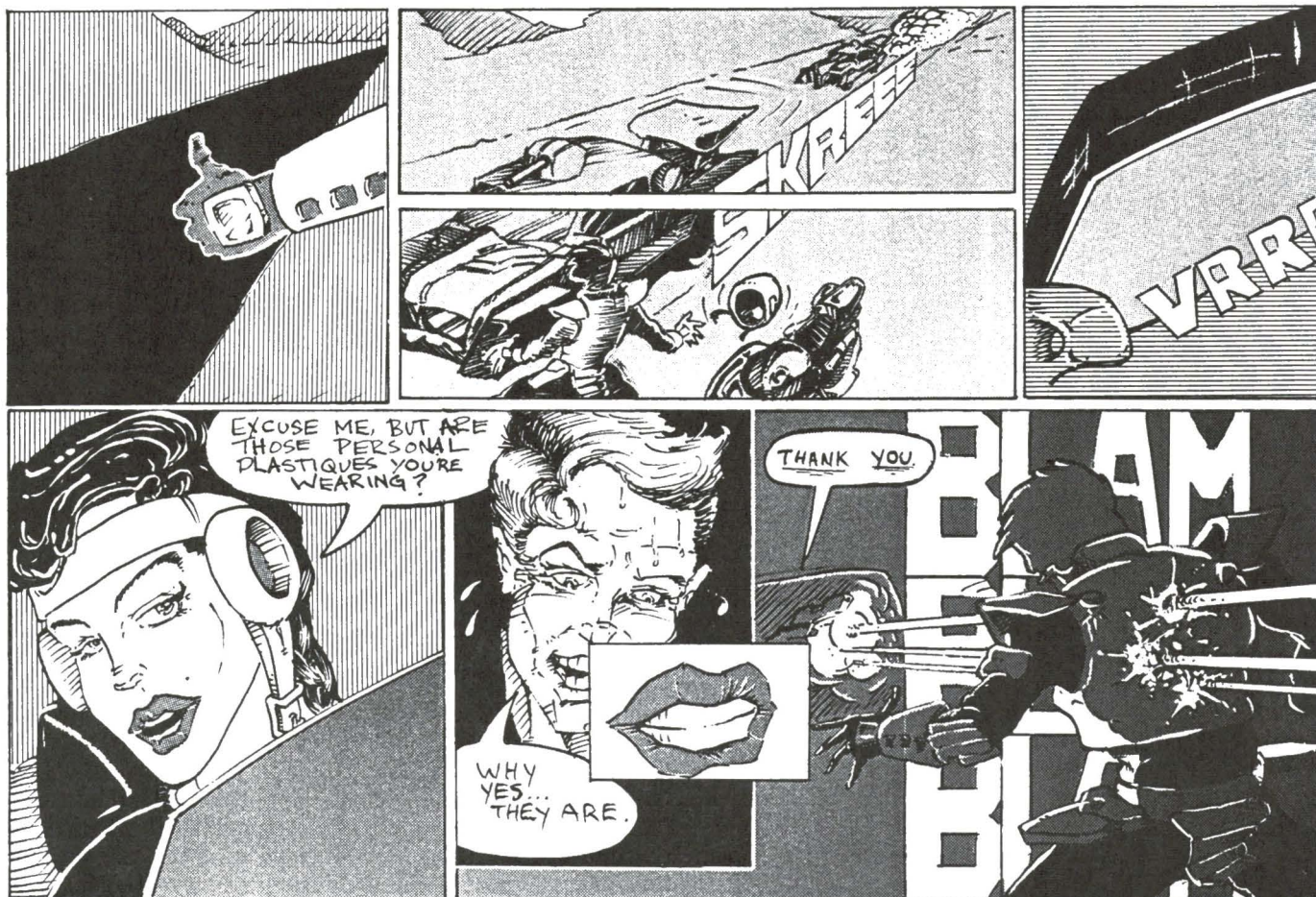
Not much. What's new with you?

OK, here's the straight story. Over the last few issues, my deadline has been sneaking back a day or two at a time. Frankly, I didn't notice, but my omniscient managing editor did. The upshot of this is that while I usually have 3 months of news to report in this space, this time I have less than half that, and not much has happened in the last six weeks.

If I were writing this at the end of September, I'd probably have lots to say about the progress of *Uncle Al's Catalog From Hell* and *GURPS Vehicles*, the end of the first *Car Warriors* comics mini-series, and other totally new and exciting *Car Wars* projects. But it's the beginning of August, and I don't have anything like that to talk about.

So I'll just note that the revised *Car Wars Reference Screen* shipped on schedule, and should be available right now, and that the first two issues of *Car Warriors* are on the stands as I write this, and leave it at that until mid-November.

— Chris W. McCubbin



2041 World Championships — a GHOST Story

By Ken Scott, Tournament Referee

The 2041 World Championships, held at Origins in Baltimore, Maryland, over the long Fourth-of-July holiday, were a rousing success, even if I do say so myself. No round took more than the allotted four hours; in fact, no round took more than three hours to complete. None of the competitors turned in vehicle designs that couldn't be made legal with only minor modifications (increasing the size of a gas tank here, trimming some armor there, recalculating a top speed someplace else). And (this is what astonishes me the most), there were *no* rules arguments. I cannot even remember an incident of anyone, during any round, so much as raising his voice (other than to be heard over the general din of a large room full of gamers). I enjoyed running the tournament, and I hope all who participated enjoyed playing.

The first round, the At-Large Qualifier, was a division 15 all-out duel fought in the Double Drum, using stock vehicles designed by Grand Master Duellist Mike Montgomery. These vehicles included a ram-mobile, a flamethrower car, an oil and ice thrower, a twin ATG trike (with incredibly thin armor), a very simple laser-armed compact, and a car designed to remove all the tires from the target vehicle. I was surprised at the selections made by the duellists. By far the two most popular designs were the laser-armed compact and the twin HDFT lux, with the ram-mobile and the twin ATG trike virtually tied for a distant third.

Noah Evans scored the first two kills of the 2041 World Championships, by driving his Ram Compact through two other competitors, securing his spot in the second round, a Division 20 Duel fought in New Boston.

I like to call the New Boston Arena the Twirling Rings of Doom, and, as it usually does, this arena produced several of the most spectacular deaths and feats of driving skill (luck?) in the tournament. The first of these involved Chris Long, who qualified through the At-Large, Todd MacDermid, the GHOST Champion, and Heath Culp, another At-Large Qualifier, who met in the center of the arena traveling at very high speeds. In the space of one phase — 2/10 of a second — Heath T-boned

Long, turning Chris's car into an expanding cloud of burning debris, and then MacDermid and Culp met in a head-on which caused exactly enough damage to confetti Todd's car, and left Heath within 3 points of exploding himself.

The other truly notable event from this round occurred in another heat between Miles Messervy, Scott Kniffin and Brian Morrison. Scott and Brian were riding each other's bumpers around one of the loops, heading for the center of the arena, and Miles was going the other way. This had all the elements to create another situation like the one described above, until . . . Messervy fired his Jump Jets! In New Boston Arena? Never have I seen a more foolhardy act of bravado, and the fans went wild. Scott and Brian moved over to the inside of the loop, trying to get out of the line of flight . . . it almost worked. Miles flew over the compact that was leading the pair, and as he sideswiped the wall of the arena, he was sideswiped by the mid-size following. This was also the phase in which he was supposed to land; unfortunately Miles was on top of the compact, so those two vehicles traded sideswipes, top armor to bottom armor. Note that all of these collisions are occurring at combined speeds in the 150- to 160-mph range. All Ds collected in flight are assessed on landing and are added to the D for the Jump, and it had come time for Messervy to pay the piper for his stunt. All told, the D for the landing, from the Jump and the three collisions, came to the whopping total of D14. This took Miles to the -6 column on the control chart (shock, amazement, disbelief), where he could only retain control of his vehicle on the roll of 6. Any chance is better than none, especially since any roll on the crash table would be a +11 and almost certainly would result in a Vault. Messervy chose his die, and somewhat tentatively rolled it. It came up 6. He retained control of his car and drove on. I was amazed.

Round Three saw the field reduced to 16 competitors who would fight in two heats of eight in the St. Paul Duellodrome. Four entrants from each heat would advance to the finals. The first heat included Brian Morrison, Scott Kniffin, Paul Alfonso, Mike Hawthorne, M.J. Daniels,

Darryl Kniffin, Todd MacDermid and Noah Evans. This heat saw the terrible Oil and Ice combination unleashed for the first time during the championship, with devastating effect for some of the competitors. Noah Evans was the first to succumb, his pick-up rolling and burning after hitting a patch laid in front of him. Unable to extinguish the fire, the vehicle exploded. A similar, though less spectacular, fate awaited Mike Hawthorne. Both of these kills were awarded to Paul Alfonso, who racked up an impressive 8-point lead by the end of the fourth second.

The second heat consisted of Don Lavanty, Dan Harting, Tim Ray, Heath Culp, Miles Messervy, Ray Morriss, Kirk Leppo and Faust Longstrider. The first major points in this heat were scored by Ray Morriss, who rammed both Kirk Leppo and Faust Longstrider in the southeast corner of the arena, securing for himself an early lead, which would see him through the remainder of the event. Culp tangled with Don Lavanty in the northwest corner of the arena. Lavanty confounded the TV crews by driving into the arena spewing smoke in massive quantities from all sides of his car. It wasn't enough to protect him from Heath's flamethrowers, though, and Don had to abandon his flaming vehicle to avoid the expense of activating a clone. Messervy was dogged in his pursuit of former World Champion Tim Ray. The two fought a protracted battle in the northeast corner of the arena, trading rams and pushing each other around locked bumper to bumper, until Tim was able to loose a round from his flamethrower through Miles' breached side armor. While all this was happening around him, Dan Harting, Cal North Regional champion, calmly avoided contact and collected enough points to secure a spot in the finals.

Paul Alfonso, Brian Morrison, Scott Kniffin and Todd MacDermid advanced to the final round from the first heat of the third round, and Ray Morriss, Heath Culp, Tim Ray and Dan Harting advanced from the second heat. The field of eight was set for the final round of the 2041 World Championships. It was to be an Ice and Oil spectacular. The competitors came roaring into Hammer Downs and immedi-

ately began making the arena surface almost impossible to drive on. And if the arena surface was hard to keep control on, a landing ramp on a jump would be downright impossible, as several found out.

Brian, Scott, Paul and Todd all sported vehicles equipped with the deadly combination. Dan was the first to attempt a jump, and the first to pay for the attempt when his landing ramp was greased. Paul Alfonso suffered the same fate, though he was declared a mobility kill (not a fire-power kill), since he still had weapons which could affect the outcome.

The most spectacular event of the round occurred during the first few seconds, as Tim Ray was headed down the north upper level ramp, as Scott Kniffin headed up the south upper level ramp, as Heath Culp traveled out the west upper level ramp . . . There is a law of physics which states that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. This truth was graphically demonstrated when Scott Kniffin and Heath Culp launched themselves over the abyss at nearly the same time, with Scott slightly in the lead. Unfortunately for Scott, this meant that Heath's car T-boned him in mid-air at 110 mph. The footage of the debris raining down around the pit in the arena floor is wonderful. This slowed Heath down to 55, but he was still *just barely* going fast enough to complete the jump he had started at 110 mph. But, in a spectacular display of that much-rumored RCADA team play, Tim Ray, who had just launched off the north ramp, found himself right in front of and at the same altitude as his team-mate, Heath. A second mid-air collision occurred (though no one confettied, since Heath had been slowed by the first collision). The result, other than some damage to both cars, was that they were both now airborne and hurtling toward the southeast corner of the arena with no landing ramp to be seen. Culp, now at 20 mph, barely cleared the center pit before his car crashed nose first into the floor, and fell over onto the roof, sliding to a stop. Ray, traveling at 110 mph, flew almost to the ramp from the second level before his car hit the ground and slid halfway up that ramp on its roof. This left MacDermid and Morrison alone in a very large arena. Both drove around, avoiding contact and collecting points, Todd staying in the lead by completing two jumps to Brian's one. Todd's victory was sealed when he rammed Brian on the arena floor and breached Brian's gas tank, shutting down his engine.

So, the final outcome of the 2041 AADA World Championship is: In third place, an At-Large Qualifier from GHOST, Paul Alfonso. In second place, an At-Large Qualifier from GHOST, Brian Morrison. The 2041 World Champion is GHOST Club Champion Todd MacDermid. One might say that the Championship was haunted by GHOSTs. Well done, guys. I enjoyed it.

Official Rules Change: From this point forward, the Oil/Paint gun shall produce a counter 1/2" x 1/2", not 1" x 1". Also, there is no +4 targeting modifier for targeting the ground.

It's time to update the AADA club roster. The situation looks good — 24 active clubs as of late July. That's an increase of more than 70% in the last year. Of course, no fewer than half the chapters expire at the start of August, so get those reapplications (and new apps) submitted!

All these chapters will be receiving a copy of the new *Car Wars Reference Screen*, plus a copy of *Muskogee Mayhem* for their club library. We'll send out the same free merchandise to any new clubs that submit a charter during 1991. You may have already noticed that the retail price of these supplements is *more* than the \$15.00 charter fee — wotta deal!

BLAAST (Better Living for Austin Auto Specialists & Trackers)
President: Mitchell Burton
2202 Farswood Circle
Austin, TX 78704
Sponsor: Hobbytown USA
Charter Expires: April 30, 2042

CHAOS (Cupertino Highway, Arena & Off-Road Society)
President: Dan Harting
8105 Rainbow Dr.
Cupertino, CA 95014
Sponsor: Planet 10
Charter Expires: October 31, 2041

Driving Tigers/Road Wolves
President: Christopher Burke
127 Bay 23 St.
Brooklyn, NY 11214
Charter Expires: April 7, 2042

GBAH (Gesellschaft für Bewaffnetes Autofahren, Hannover)
President: Thorsten Haude
Ginsterweg 3
3014 Laatzen, GERMANY
Sponsor: Trivial Book Shop
Charter Expires: January 13, 2042

GEARS (Gladiators, Eliminators, Auto-duellists & Recreational Speedsters)
President: Jeff Rakow
1129 Lebanon
Aurora, IL 60505
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

GHOST (Greater Hartford Organization of Saboteurs & Terrorists)
President: Brian Morrison
57 Pheasant Hill Dr.
West Hartford, CT 06107
Charter Expires: April 17, 2042

GODS (Greater Orlando Duellists Society)
President: John M. Hurtt
2401 N. Hastings St.
Orlando, FL 32808
Sponsor: Enterprise 1701
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

GONADS (Gang Of Neurotics and Duellists Society)
President: Pat Barrett
3807 N. Monroe Ave.
Peoria Heights, IL 61614
Charter Expires: February 10, 2042

ILL (Illinois Legion of the Lethal)
President: Curtis W. Turner
66 Bean St.
Eldorado, IL 62930
Sponsor: Book World
Charter Expires: February 2, 2042

MADD (Missouri Autoduel Division)
President: Craig Sheeley
1619 South Broadway
Springfield, MO 65807
Charter Expires: September 1, 2041

MOOTANTS (Maritime Organization Of Autoduellist Nerd Trashers)
President: Kolja Eppert
5 Heather Terrace
Fredericton, New Brunswick CANADA
E3B 2S7
Sponsor: Collector's Dream
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

NOVA (New Omaha Vehicular Association)
President: Norman McMullen
701 S. 22 St. #73
Omaha, NE 68102
Charter Expires: August 1, 2042

POW (Psychos On Wheels)
President: Steven Poor
1115 Warden
Ft. Worth, TX 76126
Charter Expires: January 13, 2042



River City Autoduel Association

President: Tim Ray
1403 S. Congress Ave.
Austin, TX 78704
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

Road Kill Cafe

President: Mark Brown
7387 West Central
Wichita, KS 67212
Sponsor: Prairie Dog Comics
Charter Expires: August 1, 2042

SCCAR (Southern California Civilian Armor Regiment)

President: Sean A. Wadey
4428 Obispo Ave.
Lakewood, CA 90712
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

SEARCH AND DESTROY

President: Michael Keegan
319 Landis Ave.
Oaklyn, NJ 08107
Charter Expires: January 22, 2042

SPADE (Southern Pacific Autoduel Elite)

President: Mike Smith
9620 Graceland Way
San Diego, CA 92129
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

STOMP (Street Terminators of Mount Prospect)

President: Kurt J. Aldinger
201 Wagner Dr.
Northlake, IL 60164
Sponsor: Games Plus
Charter Expires: June 26, 2042

TRAACS (The Regional Autoduel Association, Colorado Springs)

President: Jason Burdillis

2710 Northridge Dr.
Colorado Springs, CO 80918
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

Those Darn Fish

President: Rob Wyrwicz
9 Bonnington Pl.
Willowdale, Ont., CANADA M2N 4T9
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

Vancouver City Autoduelling Association

President: Bruce Lam
1270 W. 51st Ave.
Vancouver, B.C., CANADA V6P 1C5
Charter Expires: October 31, 2041

Vindication

President: Jim Cowling
205-254 Gorge Rd. E.
Victoria, B.C. V9A 6W4
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

WASTED (Westminster Area Specialist Team of Executioner Duellists)

President: Erik W. Leppo
2817 Hampstead-Mexico Rd.
Hampstead, MD 21074
Charter Expires: August 1, 2041

Whither the Grudge Match? NOVA has informed me that their challenge to meet the RCADA in a free-for-all grudge match at Origins or GenCon was, in fact, intended for either of those cons *in 1992*, so those of you who were wondering where NOVA was after their challenge — the gauntlet is still thrown.

But the whole affair would seem to be moot after Tim Ray's bombshell in "ADQ&A" — see p. 30, right now. So what now, NOVA? Will the challenge be shifted to this year's *wunderkinder*, GHOST, or perhaps to longtime NOVA

rivals MADD? Or will Stormin' Norman McMullen and the Jacques Bros. go agunnin' for any RCADA veterans they can find? Is it completely outside the realm of possibility that former RCADA World Champions Tim Ray, Jeff Boe and Mike Montgomery might all make it to the same con next year, where they can square off against NOVA's three core members? How about it, guys?

International Update: *Car Wars* is red-hot in Europe right now, with the newly-released Spanish version joining popular French and German translations, and the AADA is actively interested in creating and sponsoring an *International Autoduel Association*, to include a European region and championship. All we need to do is figure out how we can best expand our services beyond the English-speaking world. So this is a call to all duellists — foreign and domestic — to send in their comments and suggestions about the best ways to make the AADA a world-wide organization. Let's do it!

World Racing Championship Report

The word on the circuit has it that the strangely light turnout at the 2041 Racing Championships can be blamed on an interdiction placed on the event by the terrorist organization ASP, who wanted to insure the trophy for their hand-picked driver. Fortunately, the ASP plant (who shall remain nameless) was rendered unable to compete the night before the qualifiers, after being hit on the head with a bottle.

This, however, left only four teams in the running for this year's trophy. Lining up at the starting line were last year's champion Jeff Rakow, Jacob Abrams, Andrew Teckawitz and Nick Tulach.

According to referee Craig Sheeley, Rakow ran in what amounted to a duelling car, figuring to blast his way his way to the winner's circle. He set Teckawitz's car on fire, but Teckawitz turned the tables by ramming Rakow at racing speed, doing 216 points of damage. Needless to say, both cars were scrapped.

Tulach chipped away at Abrams' Indy, the Nothing-Face, for the duration of the race with small arms, but wasn't able to bring him down. The final results showed Teckawitz at Third, Tulach at second, and Jacob Abrams, of Milwaukee, WI, as the 2041 AADA World Racing Champion.

BLASTS FROM THE PAST

History of the 60-Minute War

June 3, 2012: After years of protests and budget problems, America's SDI program is finished and in place. The Soviet government adamantly protests America's action, and walks out on arms talks in Geneva. Europe braces itself for the worst.

June 20, 2012: Soviet delegates at the United Nations demand that the U.S. dismantle SDI or face extreme consequences. Many Eastern countries join in the argument while the West remains firm. A new era of the Cold War begins. The grain blight adds more tension to the situation, as each side claims that the other is waging biological warfare on their food systems and preparing to use nuclear blackmail.

July 25, 2012: U.S. intelligence reveals that the Warsaw Pact is mobilizing its military forces. NATO goes on full alert.

July 26, 2012: USSR destroys an American spy satellite. Soviets call it an "action to preserve stability and bring the West to the bargaining table." The West takes it as an act of aggression. The U.S. retaliates by zapping a Russian communications satellite. Both embassies' diplomats are recalled.

July 27, 2012: Final attempts to arrange negotiations collapse. The stage is set for war.

July 28, 2012: Russian commandos are sent out with the objective of destroying or crippling as many NATO installations as possible. Most of the raids fail. Two hours later, Soviet forces invade Germany. Key German bridges are blown up by American planes, slowing the Soviet advance, and gaining valuable time for NATO to build up and ward off the invasion.

August 11, 2012: The Battle of Germany ends, due to fuel shortages, casualties and fatigue on both sides. Soviet forces advanced only 65 miles into Germany before being stopped, due to superior Western technology, excellent NATO cooperation and the Soviet Navy's failure to destroy NATO convoys carrying vital supplies.

August 12, 2012: NATO takes the offensive, pushing the Warsaw Pact back over the border. Soviets are not prepared for a defensive war. NATO's offensive is totally dependent on supply convoys for any chance of success.

August 13, 2012: Naval units from both sides clash in the Northern Atlantic. American naval aircraft consistently drive back Russian attempts to disrupt NATO convoys, but losses are heavy. Later that day, several U.S. ballistic missile subs sneak

through Soviet mine fields and fire a total of 66 cruise missiles at key naval and air bases in Murmansk. The cruise missiles carry only conventional explosives, but the Russians interpret them as an American first strike. Panicked Soviet officials launch a counter-strike at 1900 hours Greenwich Mean time.

19:01: Early warning satellites pick up Soviet ICBMs in their boost stage.

19:05: American cruise missiles hit their targets with devastating effect. The main ordnance used is cluster bombs stored in bomb bay compartments inside the missiles. The Northern Soviet fleet and bomber bases are neutralized. The Russian high command realizes its mistake, but is too late to stop the missiles. NORAD picks up incoming Soviet missiles. Within seconds, America's SDI goes into effect.

19:30: More than 90% of the Soviet missiles are destroyed by SDI, but six U.S. military targets and one civilian center are destroyed. The U.S., France and Great Britain retaliate. Approximately 50 sub-launched, cruise and bomber missiles are launched at the USSR.

20:00: NATO missiles hit their targets. Soviet space defenses intercept 80% of incoming missiles, but several important government and military targets are hit.

August 14, 2012: In the chaos following the nuclear exchange, several Eastern European countries break away from the Soviet Block. Poland is the first country to mutiny. All seceding countries recall their forces back to their borders. The Russians fear that their country might be next — food riots and anti-war demonstrations break out in Moscow (which was not targeted in the nuclear exchange) as well as other population centers.

August 30, 2012: When the smoke clears, the USSR has a new government; a KGB/Ukrainian coup topples the old guard and takes power. The Soviet Union splits into small, autonomous states, and Russian officials in the newly-independent republics are slaughtered. Major states after the disintegration are Estonia, Lithuania, Siberia, Ukraine, Georgia and the Russian Territories.

December 15, 2012: Hostilities formally end as all major Russian splinter-states sign a peace treaty with NATO in Paris.

June 21, 2013: The combination of the Third World War and the Grain Blight has left the entire world in a state of crisis. Starvation and malnutrition are the leading causes of death in most parts of the world. The West is better off in the short run, due to the preservation of its food reserves, but the food riots loom on the horizon.

50 Years Ago Today

Genetic manipulation of test-tube babies, the production of multiple copies of one baby by cloning and the creation of animal-human hybrids will be made criminal offenses under new legislation proposed by the Government of Great Britain.

The white paper says: "One of the greatest causes of public disquiet has been the perceived possibility that the newly-developed techniques will allow the artificial creation of human beings

with certain pre-determined characteristics through modification of an early embryo's genetic structure.

"Similar concerns arise from fears that it will one day be possible to produce artificially two or more genetically identical individuals by nucleus substitution . . . known as cloning."

— *The Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 27, 1987



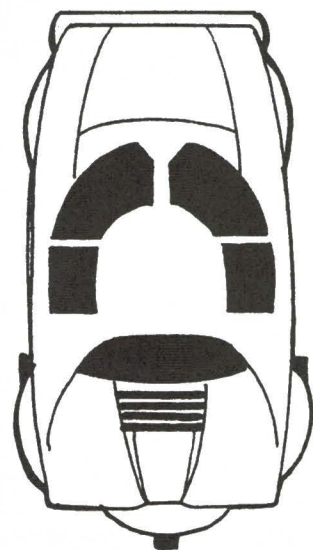
uses the left side armor, etc.). Sponson turrets do not impede regular turrets or rocket platforms — a vehicle can have spanson turrets and regular turrets without degrading the performance of either. Sponson turrets may not be mounted on the front (it would impede the driver's vision and performance).

Sponson turrets mounted on vehicle sides must be counterbalanced by an equal weight on the other side. For example, a vehicle with a MML in a left-side spanson turret must have 200 lbs. of weapons, gear, or extra armor on the right side to counterbalance (if made up in armor, that's 200 lbs. more armor on the right than there is on the left). The counterbalance weight may be made up in any combination of weapons, gear, and armor, just as long as the weights match. Sponson turrets on the back side do not require counterbalancing.

Sponson Turret Mounts

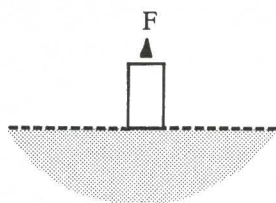
A battlefield classic, the spanson turret mount provides superior traverse with only half the weight of a regular turret.

Sponson Turret Mounts — A spanson turret mount is a side or back-mounted turret with a limited traverse. Sponson turrets have a 180° arc of fire; a spanson turret mounted on a vehicle's left side would trace an arc of fire from the counter's left edge (see diagram). Likewise, a spanson turret mounted on a vehicle's back would trace a 180° arc from the counter's back edge.



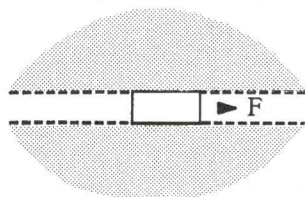
Sponson turrets are bought as regular turrets, subject to the same limitations regarding size of vehicle (for example, subcompacts can't use spanson turrets either). A spanson turret weighs half as much as a regular turret, costs 75 % as much, and uses the armor of the appropriate side (a spanson turret on the left side

Sponson Turret Traverse



Rear Sponson Traverse

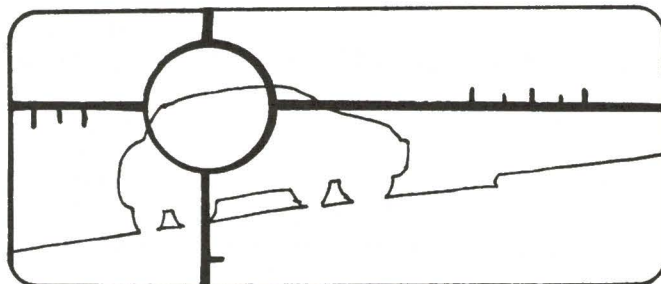
Left Sponson Traverse



Right Sponson Traverse

Motion Compensator

A car warrior has two deadly foes: his opponent and momentum. It's practically impossible to hit anything when you're standing your car on two wheels to avoid incoming fire. Long ago, the military solved this little problem with expensive and heavy gyro stabilizers, too big for anything smaller than a tank. Now Uncle Al's has the first shipment of Newtek's Compensators, designed with the small vehicle in mind.



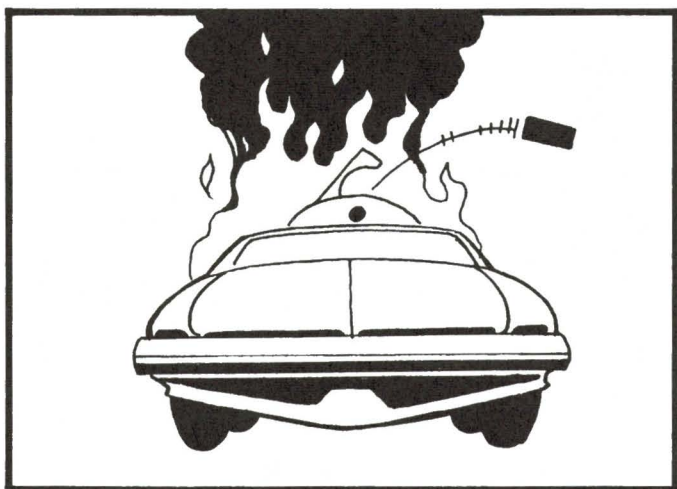
Maneuver as you wish and shoot with confidence that your weapon will still be pointing at the target!

Motion Compensator — Costs \$5 times the loaded weight of the weapon stabilized, weighs 10% of weapon unloaded weight. The Compensator is a special stabilizer that keeps the weapon pointed at the target despite vehicle movement; halve all fire modifiers for the vehicle's maneuvers (round down). For instance, a car making a D6 bend would normally subtract the difficulty (6) from any to-hit rolls. With a Motion Compensator, this to-hit penalty is halved to 3.

Ammo Ejection System

Blam! You're on fire! Your extinguisher can't put it out! You're ammo is cooking — in a few seconds it's going to blow! Being on fire is bad enough, but a secondary explosion in your magazine can ruin your whole day.

If you have Uncle Al's patented new ammo ejection system, based on tried and proven designs first installed in main battle tanks, you can send your ammo out of harm's way while you concentrate on the business at hand. It could save your car, and your life.



Ammo Ejection System — Costs \$500 per weapon so equipped, weighs 10% of the weapon's total ammo weight (including ammo in magazines). For instance, fitting an ammo ejection system to an RL with 20 shots would cost \$500 and weigh 10 lbs. (20 rockets times 5 lbs. times 1/10). It automatically disarms the weapon before the next turn begins, rendering the weapon useless the turn after the fire starts. If the fire is still burning at the end of that turn, the ejector ejects all the weapon's ammunition before the end-of-turn die roll to see if the fire explodes vulnerable weapons (flamethrowers, rocket or missile weapons, flaming oil jets, ATGs, tank guns or Gatling cannons, blast cannons, RRs, HRR, ACs or HACs). The ammo ejection system is destroyed when the weapon is destroyed.

The Ammo Ejection System sequence works like this:

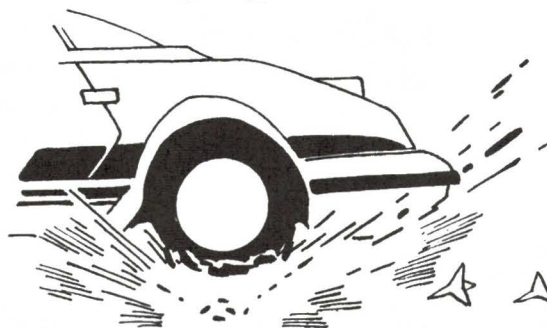
Turn 1: Vehicle catches fire. Dice rolling sequence is exactly as stated in *CWC II*, p. 32, paragraph 5.

Turn 2: Ammo Ejection System disarms all equipped weapons before the turn begins; weapons so equipped cannot be fired this turn. Fire sequence rolls at end of turn — roll for fire extinguisher; if unsuccessful, Ammo Ejection System ejects all ammo from equipped weapons. Finally, roll for explosion if any vulnerable weapons are left loaded (or if the vehicle has a gas tank).

Ammo Ejection Systems may be triggered directly by the driver or a gunner, ejecting the ammo immediately. Triggering an ammo eject is a firing action.

Remember that a weapon outfitted with the Ammo Ejection System cannot be fired once the ammo has been ejected — it needs to be reloaded first.

Incendiary Spikes



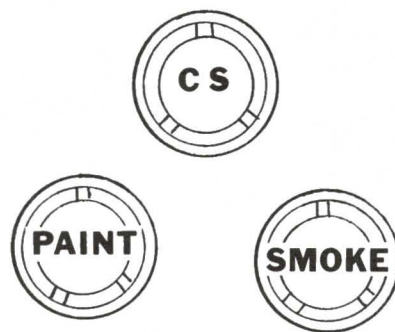
You managed to hit him with your flamethrower but it wasn't quite enough to ignite him. Drop a load of Uncle Al's new Incendiary Spikes, each with a napalm capsule, and send him flaming away and send yourself to the winner's circle!

Incendiary Spikes — \$50 and 5 lbs. each. Incendiary spikes look just like regular spikes and are loaded into a regular spike dropper. A loaded magazine costs \$550 and weighs 65 lbs. A vehicle which hits the spikes detonates them. Damage is 1d-1 to all tires. No burst effect. Fire modifier of 2, burn duration of 2. Remove the counter after detonation. Cannot be fired from Spike Guns.

Chemical Mines

A mine is a terrible thing to taste! But with Uncle Al's new chemical mines, they'll eat whatever you put down for them.

Chemical Mines — Costs \$25 plus the cost of two shots of the appropriate smoke (smoke, tear gas, paint, hot smoke, etc.). WPS 5. When hit (or otherwise detonated), the mine explodes, creating an appropriate cloud in a 1' by 1' square. The chemicals behave as per normal rules.



Vampire Cars

By Paul "Monty" Ashley

(NOTE: These rules are very, very unofficial. About as unofficial as the "Magic in *Car Wars*" rules, if you catch the drift. Although presumably they would fit right in with a *GURPS Autoduel/Horror* campaign.)

June 28, 2040

It's out there. A vintage 2029 Ford Swish. And it's out for blood. It'll be daylight soon, and the cars will be safe for another day. Must keep moving. There's a truck-stop in danger ahead of us.

It is whispered that, while the old U.S. was embroiled in the food riots which followed the Grain Blight, the people in Eastern Europe were experimenting with dark and arcane arts. Passage 13:4 of Volume III of the *Principia Mechanica* reads: "And then did Vermax of Rumania imbue, by means of divers wondrous rituals, a full 13 cars with the most strange and sinister of powers."

It seems that Vermax, an occultist of much local repute, was worried about the imminent shortage of automotive parts, so he set about the task of giving a car the ability to go out into the world of its own volition, and restore its power to move without resort to gas stations. Unfortunately for Vermax, the cars all gained a certain minimum sentience, and their first act, after roaring to life in the obligatory fog-shrouded dungeon garage, was to run over their creator several times each.

All the cars were ordinary black sports cars. As soon as the ritual was finished, however, each car's headlights turned a dull red, and the bumpers all sprouted long, menacing spikes.

In no time the 13 cars, led by a 2019 Vlad Impala, began a reign of terror, the details of which are still whispered about throughout the forests of the land.

June 29, 2040

It went by us today. My manservant Weldon saw it first. Our campaign of keeping it from feeding must be doing well. The fangs were drooping and its headlights were dimmed almost to invisibility.

It's ahead of us now. Must hurry.

The 2034 edition of *The Richmond Vampire Spotter* has this to say about vampiric cars:

"Automotive undead parasitic assailants, or vampire cars, are differentiated from the common, or garden-variety car only with difficulty. Although not all vampire cars have headlights, those that do have headlights of a dark, reddish tinge that contribute almost nothing to the illumination of the road. What is more, these headlights seem never to turn off.

"The elongated prongs that emanate from the anterior bumper bear a marked resemblance to the autoduellling accessory 'bumper spikes,' and have therefore been themselves dubbed 'bumper fangs.' The length seems to be variable according to what we might fairly call the *mood* of the car.

"These unholy unions of mechanical engineering and the Powers of Darkness seem to slink at all times, even when traveling at upwards of 80 miles per hour towards a victim. If you see

one of these monsters, put as much road as possible between you and it."

Perhaps the oddest aspect of these cars of death is that, although lasers affect them normally, radar will not register their presence.

These vehicles often spend the bulk of each day in the shadows of mighty junkyards. If a vampire car is forced out into full daylight, it will go into a dormant state after 2d turns. Until then it will be at -3 on all handling and targeting rolls. If a car goes dormant in the sunlight, it will immediately lose half its remaining power.

They behave exactly as if an expert, but psychotic driver were operating them, although if they sport any passengers at all, those passengers are, more than likely, nothing but rotting corpses. Indeed, some of the older cars have entire families of carrion aboard.

Vampire cars have the magical ability to regenerate damage at the rate of one point per second. Regeneration proceeds from the inside out. Thus, internal components will regenerate first, then weapons, then armor. The cars can also regenerate their own ammo — the car begins each night with a full load for each weapon. However, ammo will not regenerate while the car is active at night, only while it is resting during the day. If a vampire goes dormant in the open sunlight, it cannot regenerate ammo that day (exception: vampire cars with lasers must power their lasers with PU drained from other vehicles; they don't regain PU during the day, but can power their lasers as soon as the power is drained).

June 30, 2040

We never should have slowed. Weldon has promised that he'll work on his tire-changing skills, but that doesn't help us now.

It fed today, while we watched. A yellow station wagon by the side of the road became its victim. The wagon'd been there a while, but our quarry's headlights were brighter. We'll get to the truck stop before it. We'd better.

Bumper fangs are, needless to say, *not* merely extra-long bumper spikes. In addition to doing 1d more damage (making a total of 2d, plus any ram damage), the fangs will, once past any armor, gravitate toward the power plant or gas tank of the affected vehicle (in game terms, if a die roll would be made to determine if the plant or tank is hit, do not roll, just assume that the plant or its armor is hit). If damage would ordinarily be sustained by the plant or tank thus hit, then the vehicle immediately loses one-third of all remaining power or gas. At this point, the vampire will usually make every attempt to leave the scene with all rapidity.

The vampire car itself gains 5 PU per point of power drained, or 100 per gallon of gas drained. A gasburning vampire will gain 1 gallon per 20 PU drained, or 5 per gallon of gas. It will also gain 20 PU or 1 gallon from any ped it can run down and kill (just shooting the ped with a weapon won't help the car any), or any human that dies inside the car. A vampire car that's completely out of power is helpless.

Being "bitten" just once will not cause a car to become a vampire. However, being bitten three times, on three different nights, will cause a change to occur.

The only other known method for a car to become a vampire is for the driver to commit suicide while driving at night. Note that this suicide must be unrelated to the car. For instance, in order to create a vampiric car, one could stab oneself, or shoot oneself, but not run one's car into a giant Saguaro cactus.

The process of becoming a vampire, or "turning," can be rapid or it can be slow and drawn-out. If a car is turned by the three-bite method, then its speed of change is determined by the amount of power remaining within it. If the car is totally drained by the third bite, it will be a full vampire within half a second. On the other hand, if the car still has some power, it will continue running until its current power (or gas) supply, which cannot be added to, is exhausted, at which point it will turn, or, if it ran out of juice during the daylight, it will turn at sunset.

If the car becomes a vampire by its driver's suicide, it will continue along whatever path it was on when its driver died. It will continue until out of sight of any spectators, and become a vampire somewhere over the horizon.

A vampire car ordinarily cares nothing for humans. If there is a living driver at the time of the turning, that driver will immediately be hypnotized, and held in a near-comatose state until death. Although the driver is unable to take any independent action, anyone who can force his way into the car will be able to control the car (although, to represent the car fighting the driver, the handling class should be reduced to -3) or even pull the driver to safety.

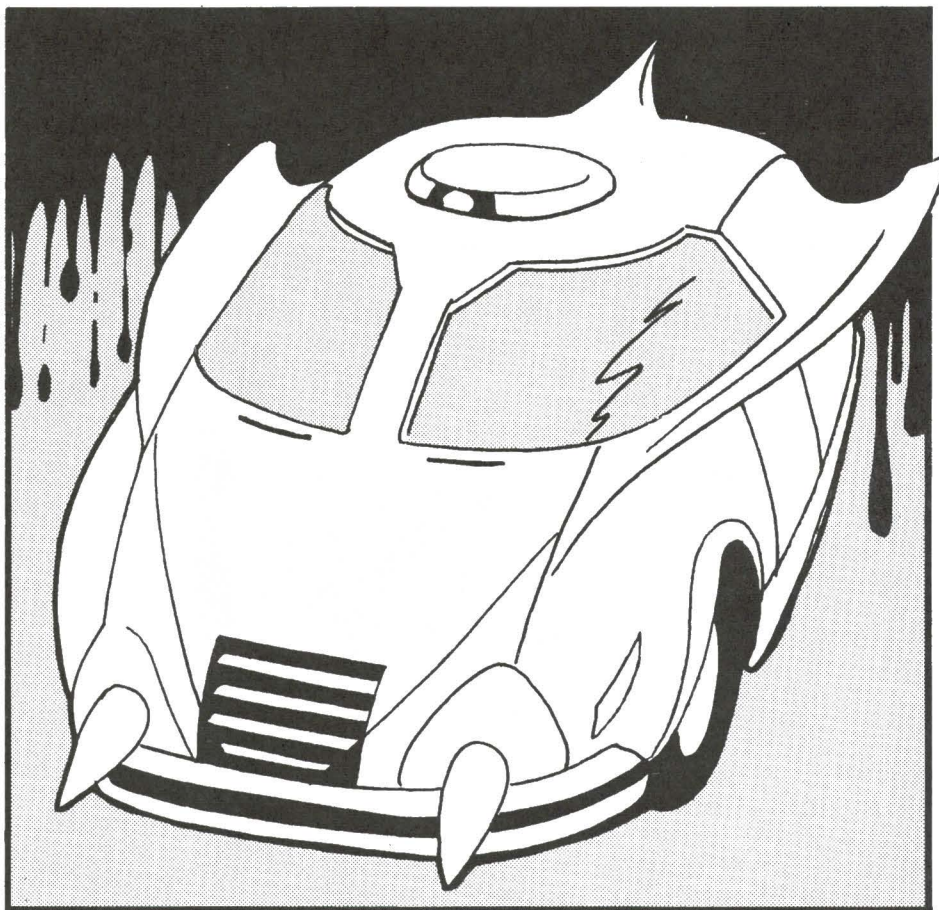
This hypnosis applies only to those in the main vehicle at the time of turning. Passengers in a trailer or a sidecar may leap to safety. Or, if they feel lucky, they may attempt to slay the beast.

July 1, 2040

Success! Everything went perfectly. We arrived at Arnie's Stop at about three hours before sundown. Just enough time to convince the locals that the stories were true and set up the defenses. When the creature came through, we caught it at the center of a ring of searchlights, and it went into a skid. Before it came to a stop, it was confetti.

The difficulty in killing conventional humanoid vampires has always been that they are, strictly speaking, neither alive nor dead, and have thus been termed "undead." This problem is compounded when dealing with a vampire in the shape of a roadster. Since even ordinary cars do not, technically, live, it is hard to conceive of a method to effectively slay them.

The *Richmond Vampire Spotter* recommends the careful driving of a thin wooden stake through the engine of the vehicle. A more effective solution is found through a tool of the whaling industry: the harpoon gun. A one-shot harpoon gun ordinarily does the damage of a machine gun (1d), although a wooden harpoon does only 2 hits. If a wooden harpoon (or, indeed, any



pointed wooden weapon) does damage to a vampire's engine, the vampire will shut down, coast for 5 seconds, and explode, creating debris as the confetti rules on *CWCII* P. 36. Other means of piercing the engine include specially-designed rockets, well-thrown spears and simply climbing up on the hood and thrusting downward with a tent stake. Vampire car armor *does not* protect against wooden weapons of the sort described above (wooden bullets, however, do no more damage to a vampire car than to any other sort of vehicle).

The vampire car can also be destroyed if forced into running water more than 1 1/2 feet deep, or 3 feet deep if the car has OR suspension.

The only other way to destroy the vampire is to confetti it in normal combat, or to systematically reduce every component and facing of armor to 0 DP! Remember that while the car is being demolished, it will also be regenerating.

Vampires are deathly afraid of bright lights, and will avoid illumination if at all possible. If enough lights are directed at a specific undead car, it is possible that the car might be frozen in astonishment for a moment (if two or more searchlights in its front arc — not on the same vehicle — hit the vampire simultaneously, the vampire will come to an immediate stop, decelerating at 30 MPH, and pause for 1d phases before it begins to accelerate).

After that, it will probably attack.

July 2, 2040

The party's over. Weldon says he's heard of a minivan prowling the tri-state area. We'll get started in the morning.

I wonder how many more there are.

Dead on Wheels

By Christopher Burke

Sooner or later, at least once in a duellist's life, he will require the services of a hearse. Maybe after seeing that "Slow Curve" sign that he thought was a gag, or after a bad day on the duelling circuit. Whether or not there is a clone to be activated, you still have to bury your dearly departed.

Hearses look a lot like station wagons. In fact, they *are* station wagons (although in some dangerous areas, vans or mid-sized trucks might be used). They usually have a driver and gunner in the main portion of the vehicle, while the cargo spaces hold the casket (see below) and some flowers. As they are not meant for combat, most standard hearses will be lightly armed, although many are heavily armored. Since hearses are normally escorted by well-armed mourners, their rear may carry lighter armor.

The back door is essentially the rear armor, and when the door is open, the vehicle is unprotected from behind. They never mount rear or dropped weapons, as this might unsettle the rest of the procession.

The top speed for a hearse is calculated the same way as it is for all cars; however, common sense dictates that they travel at speeds less than 35 mph when carrying someone's remains. This may irk some speed demons, but most drivers on the road will show the proper respect. Most states have laws punishing those who pick fights with any funeral processions. More to the point, the bereaved will usually see to it that a disrespectful motorist will find himself the guest of honor at the next procession.

A funeral procession will be designated by a lead hearse and a string of cars following, all of which will have their headlights

on. Legally, the entire procession is considered one long vehicle, so should, say, a light turn red at an intersection when only half the vehicles have passed, the remainder can continue on through to keep up, without worrying about getting traffic tickets. It is, however, extremely poor taste to join the end of a procession just to beat out a few lights — worse than following an ambulance through a traffic jam when you're not a lawyer.

The basic armored casket costs \$500 and weighs 100 lbs. empty. More expensive luxury models may be available at the GM's discretion. The casket takes up 3 cargo spaces and will only fit inside a car or truck with a specific cargo area. (That is, you can't put one in the back seat of a sedan, regardless of the spaces left there.) They hold one space inside and have 10 DP. Component armor is available.

For the eccentric and truly bizarre, air holes can be drilled into the sides of a casket for a negligible cost, which would allow it to hold a living person. The coffin will only have 8 DP however, and the person inside can NOT do anything but lie there. Caskets are banned from AADA duels as damage sinks.

Flowers take up as much space as you want. Their weight is negligible. Professionally-designed funeral arrangements cost \$100 per space and up.

As for funeral expenses, traveling expenses, etc., the GM should make his own decisions for his campaign. High risk areas are more expensive to travel through than safer neighborhoods. It would be more expensive if the hearse used was a van or a mid-sized truck instead of the usual wagon. As a free service, many funeral parlors will contact Gold Cross to activate any clone of the deceased. Just remember that in a world of where death sports

are popular entertainment, burying your loved ones is a very lucrative business.

If you want to add that sarcastic touch of realism to your arena bouts, have a funeral director on hand to take measurements and discuss the various options available should something unfortunate happen.

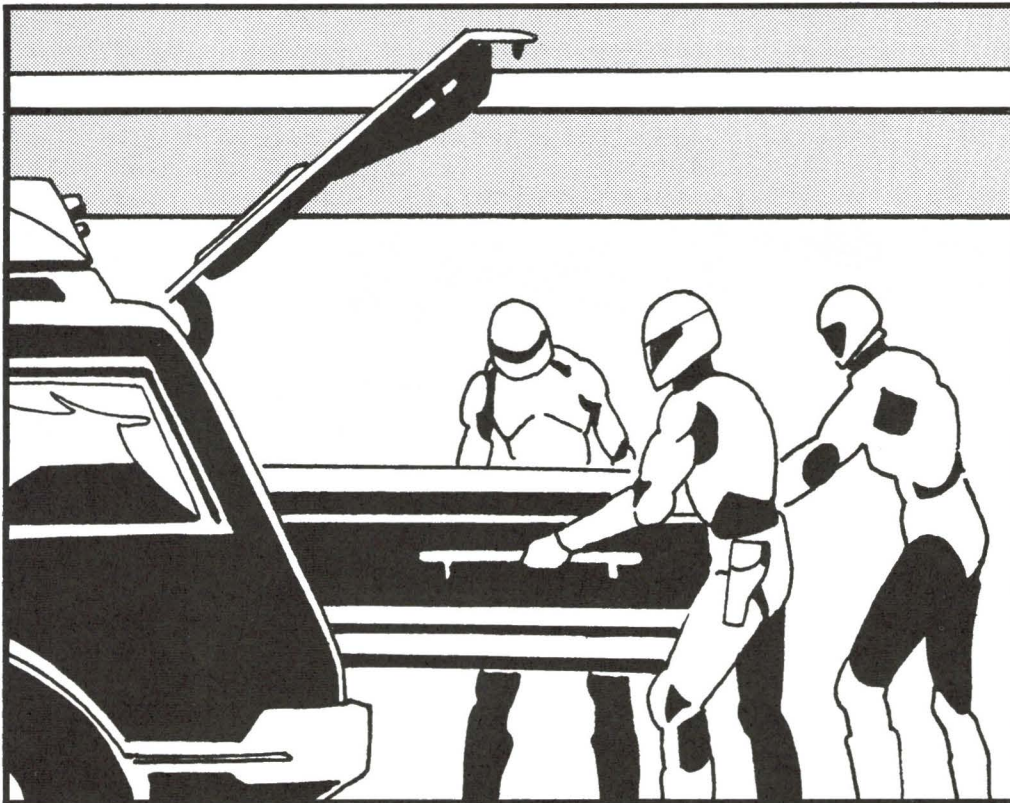
Sample Vehicles

Heavenly Motors has unveiled two new hearse models. Note: the deceased is not included in the weight specifications.

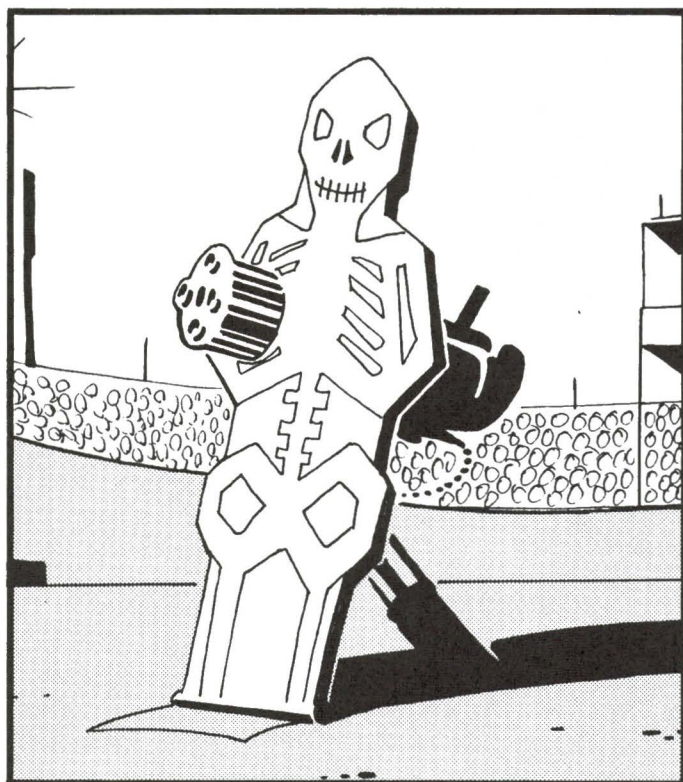
Spirit — Station wagon, x-hvy chassis. hvy suspension, super power plant, driver, gunner, 4 solid tires, 2 linked HRs front, HR left, HR right, casket, Accel 5. Armor: F50, R40, L40, B35, T20, U0. HC 3, \$13,250, 6450 lbs.

Metal option — LR metal armor: F10, R8, L8, B7, T4, U4. \$20,375.

Specter — As basic Spirit. Remove all HRs, add 2 linked VMGs front. Armor: F20, R35, L35, B25, T15, U15. \$13,750.



Dressing Up Your Arena for Halloween



By Matthew Feigin

One of the biggest problems an arena owner (or a referee) faces is how to keep spectators coming. To do that, he must make every duel different. Many use the holidays as inspiration for these efforts, and Halloween is particularly popular. Halloween season duels often incorporate promotional stunts like the ones below:

Night: It is traditional to fight Halloween duels in the dark. The use of searchlights to blind opponents in almost universally prohibited as unsporting.

Jack-o-lanterns: These replace normal targets with the familiar sculpted pumpkins. Of course, real pumpkins are almost never used. Usually they're either plastic (5 or 10 DP) or metal (1 or 2 DP). In the bloodier arenas (the sort upon which the AADA frowns), jack-o-lanterns often have damage sensors which, when the target is destroyed, detonate a 1- or 2-space kamibomb in the arena floor under the target.

Vampires: A particular favorite of the younger audience, these are a seasonal variant of normal arena obstacles. They resemble closed sarcophagi, and are represented by normal 1/2" square counters. In addition to the normal results of a collision with one, however, on impact they extend spikes outward from the lower edge of the sarcophagus, causing damage to the striking vehicle's tires (2d to pneumatic tires, 1d to solids). About a turn later a humanoid manikin pops out of the sarcophagus and a hollow voice booms over the arena PA system, "I want to suck your air!"

Eggs: Profit-grubbing arenas (name one that isn't!) sell spectators assorted grenades modified to resemble decorated eggs for list price plus \$5. The spectators then toss them from the stands onto the cars in the best Halloween tradition. Assume all eggs are hurled from the nearest point in the stands by a handgunner +1. On average, half will be explosive and half paint (roll randomly). Referees can design elaborate tables for who receives grenade fire based on speed, nearness to spectators, etc., but a better procedure is to use them as a punishment for rules-lawyering and underhanded tactics — the very things the fans would frown upon anyway.

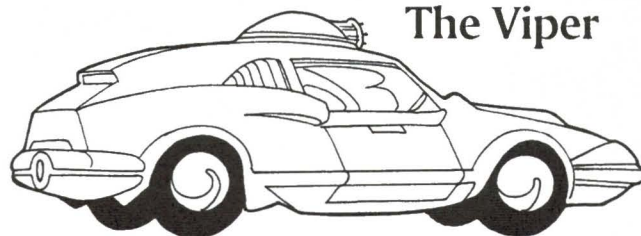
Ghosts: A true Halloween arena will have several smoke generators buried under the asphalt. At the start of each turn, a random one will produce a 2" square cloud of smoke in a shape suggestive of a vaporous phantom. Occasionally these turn out to be cloud bombs!

Lightning: This ultimate in visual spectacles can be generated from a Tesla coil, usually placed atop a building in mid-arena. The electrical potential of the coil is measured in megawatts. Whenever a car is within a distance from the coil in inches equal to the coil's potential in megawatts, it will be struck; if two or more are in range, roll randomly. A number of dice damage equal to the megawatt potential is done to each armor facing of the affected vehicle, but no internal damage will be done. Hazards are taken normally. The coil usually starts at potential 5, drops to 0 when it discharges, and increases by 1 at the start of every turn thereafter, until the maximum of 5 is reached.

For even more offbeat Halloween arenas, see "Full Moon over Midville" from *ADQ* 7/4.

Shockwave Industries)))))

The Viper



After two years of exhaustive research and design . . . The Viper! Utilizing the latest in carbon aluminum technology, this vehicle carries over a ton of the finest ArmourPlast money can buy! It can stand up to just about anything your enemies can dish out, and you'll feel offensively secure as well, with your turreted Vulcan and a heavy-duty Artful Dodger loaded with high-temperature fuel. The safest, toughest Division-30 car on the market.

Mid-size w/CA frame, x-hvy chassis, imp. suspension, 150 ci engine w/turbocharger, 15-gallon duelling tank, 4 PR tires, driver, turreted VMG (HD ammo), FOJ back w/HT fuel, weapons linked. Armor: F80, R75, L75, B75, T30, U25, 10 pt. CA around driver and engine, 2 10-pt. wheelguards back, 2 10-pt. wheelhubs front. Accel. 5/10, HC 3, top speed 70, 5,754 lbs., \$29,802.

Epilogue

By Robert Garitta

It was night, of course. Daylight was just a memory. The blacktop gleamed by moonlight. The guard rail sped by, seeming to twist slightly like a snake. The brown weeds by the roadside waved in the same wind that shrieked by my car.

There weren't any other cars, not at night, not on this road. I sped by the burnt hulk of a sedan. I had passed it many times. It was a landmark. I knew every bump and dip in this road. Far, far ahead I could make out the lights of the bridge in the distance. My exit was just beyond. I kept thinking I'd get there soon. Inside my worn suede gloves my fingers twitched. I shifted my weight, sinking deeper into the leather seat that fit my frame from long hours of driving.

"I'll be home tonight," I said aloud. I held that thought before me like a charm to ward off exhaustion and frustration. I had been driving forever. The rumble of the Scepter's engine deepened, never faltering as I took a sharp turn. The landscaping on either side of the turn rose up in scrub-and rock-covered hills that blocked my view of the straightaway ahead.

With a squeal of flayed rubber, I took the turn. There were no cars ahead, nothing behind me. I relaxed slightly. A hundred yards ahead my probing headlights fastened on a woman walking by the road. I glanced at the rearview mirror, saw only empty road. Then they rested on her form, almost translucent in the bright highbeams. Against cycle marauders and other hunters of the night, she wore a blue silk dress, flapping in the wind. Her hair was coal, spilling over her white shoulders. There was a twinkle of sequined stockings as she walked, never pausing.

For a moment, I was back in some nameless roadhouse. Old stories and rumors were passed around, and I had laughed at them, even the ones about this road. After all, I had kill packs to chase and bounties to collect. But, here and now, there was something about this woman's isolation and her aggressive stride that struck me like a cold wind.

At 50 yards I checked my mirror again. Empty. There wasn't any light in the eastern sky. At 30 yards, I swore and jammed on the brakes. The Scepter screeched to a halt, tires smoking, just a few feet from her. She stopped and slowly turned around. She looked straight at my smoking car. I wondered what she was seeing. With that same precise step, she walked around to my door, leaned in as I rolled down the bulletproof glass. A stray, wind-teased lock of hair whipped across large blue eyes.

"Please, mister, can you give me a lift?" She gave me an address I knew only vaguely. It took a chill that racked her slim body to convince me she was real, not the result of a fatigued mind. As if in a dream, I unlocked the passenger door. I was pulling back into the right lane before she got it shut. I thought there was a light, very faint in my mirror.

"I can take you as far as the bridge, no farther. There's a truck stop there. You'll be all right. I think you'll be in for a rough



ride, though." The words just spilled out. I wasn't used to a passenger.

My hitchhiker had drawn her legs up under her. She removed her shoes and sat rubbing her feet tiredly. Occasionally she trembled, from the cold I guessed. I reached out a hand to touch her shoulder but stopped. You can touch her, I thought. She won't disappear, won't melt in your grasp. But instead I gripped the wheel with both hands.

"What are you doing out here, dressed like that? You could get hit by a car, or run into a kill pack, or . . . freeze." Impulsively, I shrugged out of my thick leather jacket, one hand on the wheel always. Gently I laid it over her. After a moment of doubt, she slipped into it. She favored me with a small smile.

She's just a girl, I thought, half-frozen and with an independent streak. Just a flesh-and-blood girl. It wasn't like she walked through the car door.

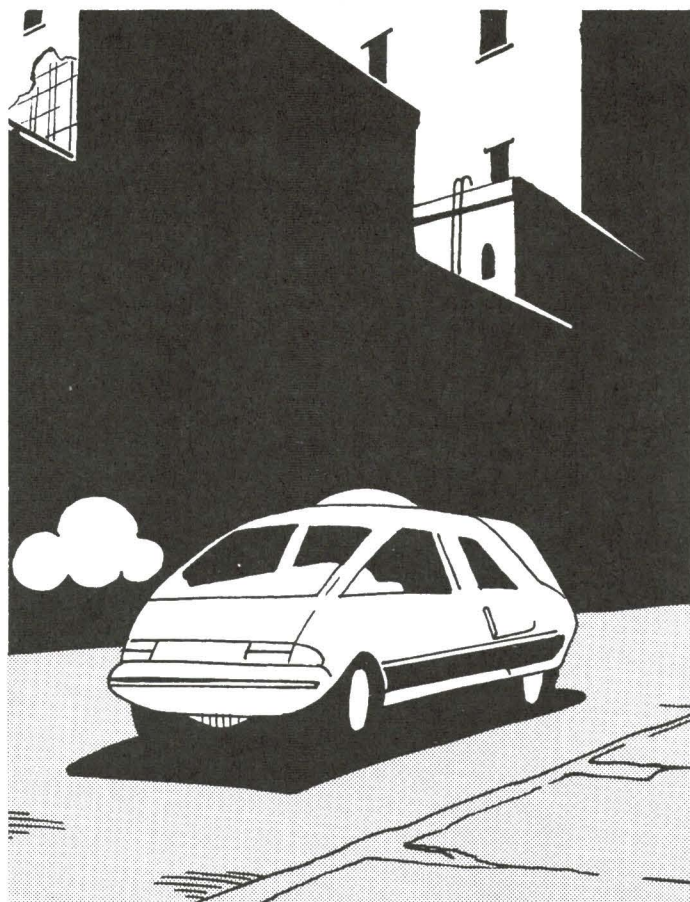
"This is a real leather jacket," she said in a hushed voice.

"Right. I'm a little behind the times." She was surveying me, the car and the jacket very subtly.

"It's so warm," she said snuggling into the jacket even further. For a moment, I thought she was going to coo. Then her eyes grew cold and hard.

"He said we were going someplace nice, you know? He didn't turn out nice. I took my chances walking." She ended her summary with a sigh and lay her head on top of the seat.

"He left you out here?!" She nodded tiredly. I felt my mouth twisting into a grimace. But I had worse problems. My faint light in the rearview had multiplied. I floored it, leaning forward against the sudden acceleration.



M2HB, “Mother Deuce,” swivelled easily. I hit another button and the metal shutters retracted from the trail video camera. It would be hard enough hitting with the camera — with the rearview mirror it would be impossible.

“This may be rough. Maybe you’d be better off still walking.”

“Like hell!” I spared Maria a glance. She had swivelled Mother Deuce’s control arm over to her seat. Experimentally, she twisted the stick, trying to get the feel.

“Do you have a targeting computer, stabilizers?” she asked.

“The car isn’t exactly state-of-the-art . . .” The cycles were now shadowy forms behind their headlights.

“Maria, in a second the cycles are going to hit their brights. A couple have been running dark. Don’t be surprised. Just hit the bright control on the screen and start shooting.”

“Right. A targeting computer would do that automatically. Maybe you should look into one?” I favored her with a rather pained smile. She smiled back.

As my Scepter cleared a gentle curve, the other cycles snapped on their lights. The viewscreen threw light across Maria’s face. Instead of flinching, she cut loose with “Mother.” The tracer rounds ripped into the night. One of the cycles slipped into their path and spun out of control. Maria spared a look over her shoulder.

“What have you got mounted in the rear!?”

“M2HB,” I answered, drifting steeply into a right turn. Bullets began pinging off my trunk, as the cycles found our range. “Stop shooting,” I ordered and switched the lights off. Coming out of the turn, several of the street lights were dark. It might give us an edge.

Flame blossomed from one of the cycles as I drifted hard right. A tight group of mini-rockets shot by the door; one found my rear bumper. The explosion webbed my rear window with cracks. I fought to keep the Scepter on the road.

“Good driving,” Maria shouted over the ringing in my ears. Mother Deuce blasted again and another cycle spun out. Its explosion lit up the road. I was dimly aware of it, concentrating on

“He had to leave me. I gave him no choice. Thanks for picking me up,” and finally she smiled fully. I returned the smile and found myself liking her style.

“My name’s Jackson,” I returned awkwardly.

“Maria. Thanks, Jackson.” She turned to look out the window. We flew by a pack of wrecked kill cycles, details blurred by speed. I noted her slight interest.

“Lots of marauders used to pick this area for ambushes,” I remarked. “It got so bad no one could get to the bridge at night. After enough citizens were cubed by bandits, the city fathers hired some ‘specialists’ to patrol this road. It worked, but most people avoid this stretch today.” She nodded thoughtfully.

The lights in my rearview were more distinct. I counted three lights. That meant there were six cycles. Three would hang back, lights out, each trailing a scout using lights, copying his maneuvers. Some cycle packs let two cycles dog each scout, but this leads to messy accidents.

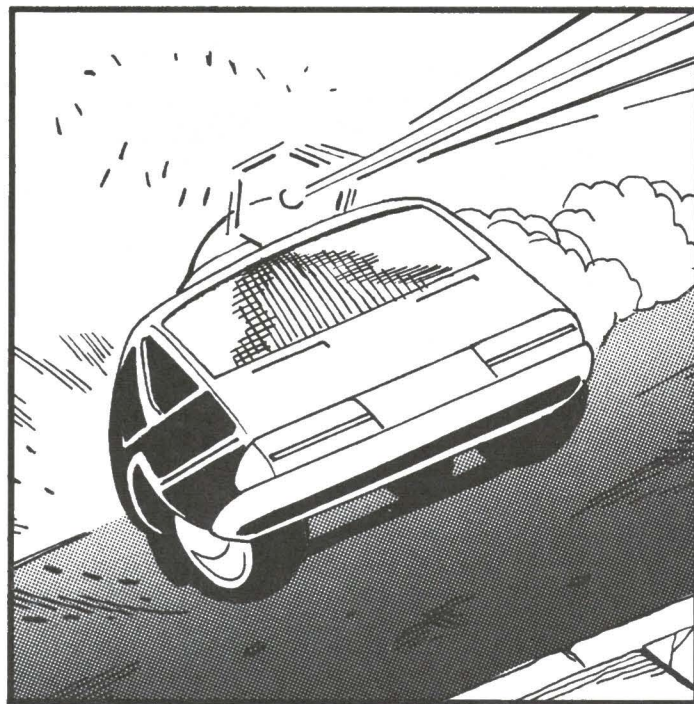
“Cycles!” Maria gasped, looking over her shoulder.

“Volkes,” I growled. I was hoping he wouldn’t catch up to me. Not tonight. Maria looked at me searchingly.

“Volkes is their leader. He has it in for me. I tried to nail him — for the reward. He took it personally. Now that I know him better, I’d kill him for nothing. He’s been prowling this road for years. If he had picked you up . . .”

“Okay, I get it. No need to paint a picture.” I could almost hear Volkes’ howls of laughter on the wind. Impossible, just my imagination. I had to concentrate on getting Maria and myself out of this. She was one young woman Volkes wouldn’t get.

With a long-practiced motion, I flipped the switches that began charging the weapon systems. Status lights began switching from amber to green. When I twitched the joystick the



avoiding a debris pile ahead. As I cleared it, I slammed on the brakes. More bullets spanged off my trunk, off the roof. Two gauged craters in the battered window.

"What are you doing? They have rockets!" Maria yelled.

"They only have a six-pack on one cycle. They shot their load. Now they're going to try for our tires with their pea-shooters."

"Gee, you know Volkes pretty well. How many times did you run into them?"

Too many, I wanted to say. But there was more debris ahead and I had to swerve hard to clear it. Maria got another cycle, I didn't see it, just heard the blast and saw dark clouds in my sideview mirror. The three surviving cycles tore through the smoke. One rider struck a pothole. He drifted into the guardrail trailing sparks, then spun along the ground. Its light strobed wildly.

A wrecked van came out of the blackness, sprawled across two lanes. I jerked the wheel hard to the left, straightened it. I was too slow. The Scepter slammed hard into the guard rail, hard enough to stun Maria. I felt the front wheels crunch into debris sending shards of it into the underbody. I turned the wheel to the right, trying to regain the center lane. A piece of something was jammed into the suspension. We barely drifted right. Maria shook herself, trying to clear her head.

Far ahead I could make out the lights of the truck stop — the last truck stop before my exit. Behind, I could see the lights of the remaining cycles whip around the derelict van with room to spare. I tried to drift right again with no success. Another volley of slugs hit. There was a dull thud followed by a grinding sound as the rear bumper began to drag. Maria was still blinking dully. I tried reaching "Mother's" controls, couldn't.

The truck stop was close, and very far. I felt like smashing my fist through the dashboard. But I had one trick left. Volkes wasn't going to beat me, or even tie me tonight. My foot came down on the brake like a piston. I twisted the wheel left, hard. The Scepter screeched into a bootlegger.

The cycles closed in fast. Volkes knew what I was planning. A few bullets hit my car's hood as it swerved around to point at the cycles. My thumb snapped the safety off the steering wheel control, hit the button and fired the forward .50's.

The bullets turned one cycle into scrap instantly. Both rider and cycle were engulfed in the fireball. The flames singed the last cycle but didn't stop it.

Volkes.

Bits of flaming debris from the rest of his pack stuck to his cycle, his ragged flak jacket. His long hair, singed by the explosion, trailed smoke. One good eye burned into my brain. He might have been yelling something; I couldn't tell with so much of his face gone. One wiry arm gripped the cycle's handlebar, the other a LAW.

Then he was jerking as the bullets hit him. The LAW went spinning into the dark. The cycle wobbled and fell, pitching him forward. More bullets struck him. He hit the pavement wetly.

I sat there a moment regarding him. Then I shut off the guns. The night suddenly pressed in on my car again. The quiet seemed almost holy, not to be violated.

I had made it past Volkes. Hell, I went through Volkes. I looked at Maria staring at the wrecked cycles. Her black hair almost merged with the dark sky. I knew I should thank her but didn't know the words.

"I almost didn't pick you up," I said softly.

"I almost didn't get in the car," she answered, shrugging. Then, impulsively, she was warm and snug in my arms.

There was light in the east when I completed repairs. At a leisurely 35, my battered car rolled toward the truck stop. I pulled up to the main entrance and stopped.

"Sorry I can't take you all the way home," I said. Puzzlement showed on her face.

"Well . . . can I buy you a cup of coffee?" she asked, twisting a cuff on my old jacket. I noticed now that my jacket was far too big on her.

"Sorry. I can't stop now." With a resigned sigh, she leaned over and kissed my cold lips. Then she got out and started to shrug out of the jacket, but I pulled away before she got it off. She stood watching as I pulled out.

"You're an angel, Jackson," she yelled. Hardly, I thought. I saw that several of the truck stop workers had come out. They ran over to her as I flooded it. She'd get home safely.

This time I was going to make my exit in plenty of time. I never would have made it without Maria. I could picture her telling the stop's crew about her wild ride with Jackson. I could picture their faces going white when she told them how she shot it out with Volkes.

Then they would tell her about Volkes and me. About that night I was too late to save another girl. I riddled Volkes with bullets that night, but he managed to fire his LAW somehow. I didn't get out of the way that night.

That girl's maimed body had bothered me for 20 years now. Twenty years of nights. Twenty years on this damned road, Volkes shooting me up some nights, me getting him others. Twenty years of Limbo, knowing the sun shines for some people. The ones who triumph.

Then my exit came into view. It wasn't on any maps, I knew that. I turned into it just as the sun was rising. Too bad I couldn't stop for a while with Maria. It's been a long time since I had a good cup of coffee.



LOOK WHO'S BACK IN TOWN . . .

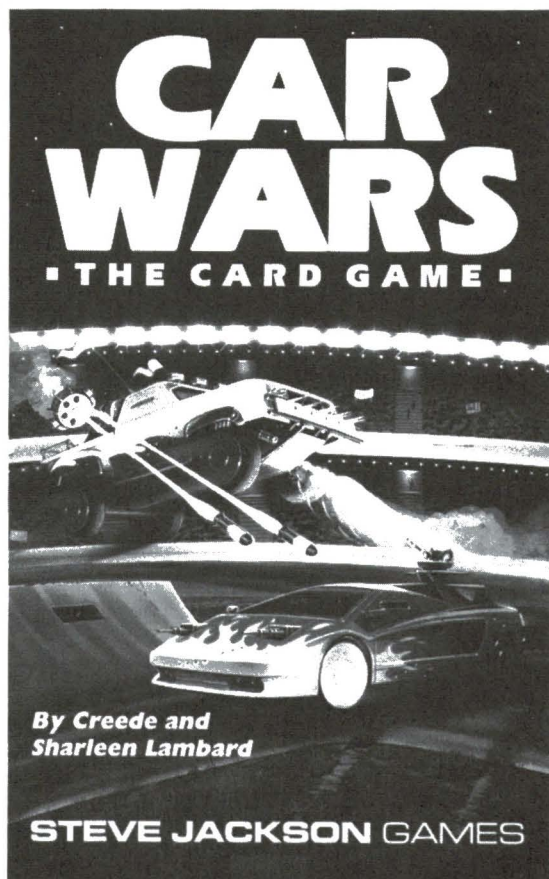
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Duellin' in the USA II

Hide and Seek

Central Missouri

By Craig Sheeley

Fast Eddie cruised through the town, every sense strained. He glued his eyes to the panorama screen above the windshield, on the lookout for the Main Street Gang. They were out there somewhere, lurking in the shadows, waiting to strike . . .

Setup: Hide and Seek uses the Midville maps, in the downtown section (the southwest mapsheet). Fast Eddie gets his \$15,000 car and 50 skill points (no more than 30 in any one skill). The Main Street Gang gets 5 pedestrians and \$10,000 of equipment. Each gang member has 30 skill points.

Eddie enters at the south edge of the map, on Kazango Street (the Drag). The Main Street Gang sets up anywhere north of Second Street. Ignore the functions of the buildings; assume the area is burnt-out.

Victory Conditions: The Main Street Gang wins if they destroy Fast Eddie's car. Fast Eddie wins if he kills four or more of the Main Streeters.

Special Rule — Hidden Movement: *Car Wars* is a game biased toward vehicles — the name says it all. Pedestrians don't have much of a chance. Sure, they now have heavier weapons and armor than ever before, but no pedestrian can survive a toe-to-toe slugging match with any but the most lightly armed and armored vehicle. Even pedestrians firing from buildings and windows are relatively easy targets.

So why are infantry in buildings one of the hardest targets to clear out in the real world? Because the infantrymen stay out of sight. In *Car Wars*, every counter is exposed to the enemy's scrutiny — he knows where every man is at all times. This strips the pedestrian of his near-invisibility in urban combat. These rules bring some of the "fog of war" to *Car Wars*.

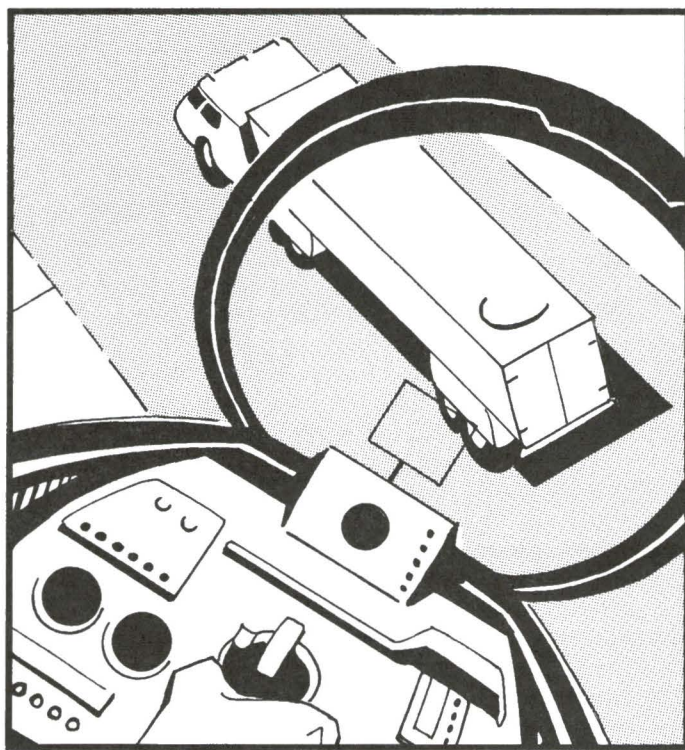
How Not To Be Seen: In order to simulate uncertainty, each vehicle and pedestrian counter is turned over, to show the blank white side of the counter. Only the owning player can peek underneath the counter to see what it is. When the counter is spotted (see below), it is turned right side up.

For every vehicle and pedestrian there is a dummy counter — a counter of the appropriate size, representing nothing. Dummy counters move like the real thing, but do nothing else. When a dummy counter is seen by an enemy counter — dummy or real — the dummy counter is removed from the board. If two or more opposing dummy counters see each other, both are removed from the board.

Dummy counters removed from the board may be brought back at the beginning of each turn. Each returning dummy must start the beginning of the new turn on top of any other counter — dummy or real — of the same size, moving at the same speed and direction of that counter. After the beginning of the turn, the dummy may separate and move on its own.

How To See (Line of Sight): For simplicity, assume that all counters can see in all directions (360°). Any time one counter has Line Of Sight (LOS) to another, they can see each other. Line of sight is determined exactly like Line of Fire for a turreted weapon (see *CWCII*, p. 28).

For the purposes of this scenario, ignore questions like camouflage, peeking out of windows, etc.



Operation: Desert Stumble

Middle of Nowhere, Nevada

By Steven James Poor

Background: The National Guard is on maneuvers out in Middle Of Nowhere, Nevada. N.G. unit 36 (Tanks, Air Support) was supposed to make two strafing runs on an abandoned shack, then shell it, for practice. Unfortunately, the officer who read the tank and plane crews the orders was dyslexic, and said 21 miles out, not 12. The result of this mistake was that the Southwest's most powerful salvage gang, The Rabid Wolves, had their favorite hidey hole blown to heck. The Rabid Wolves, having recently "acquired" an off-road 18-wheeler and 4 VTOLs, light out after the NGs to get themselves some payback . . .

Setup: Use one of the maps from *Tanks* or a normal map sheet, ignoring all the features (this is Nevada after all) but treat it as off-road terrain. The ERNGs (Enlisted Reserves National Guard, or Ever Ready No-Goods if you are in a bad mood) get two \$750,000 tanks, and two \$40,000 micro planes. Mark off 3 rounds of whatever kinds of ammunition the referee thinks they would have used against the shack. The ERNGs get (at least) 4 30-point crewmen. They may have additional crew members with a maximum of 15 30-point characters. The Rabid Wolves get 4 \$45,000 VTOLs, 20 \$10,000 cycles (with off-road suspensions), and one \$150,000 Big Rig (tractor/trailer, bus, whatever, so long as it has an off-road suspension). The Rabid Wolves must have at least 25 crew members with 30 points each.

Victory Conditions: This is easy . . . whoever survives, wins (and given the amount of equipment each side has, well) . . .

STUDS-vs-DUDS

Austin, Texas

By Steven James Poor

Background: Two autoduellists have decided to remove each other from the gene pool. Since the waiting lists at the arenas are too long for these dimwits, they decide to "take it outside." Unfortunately, they pick the wrong neighborhood.

Setup: The duellists both belong to a nationwide society called Duellists to Undermine anti-Duelling Sentiments (i.e., DUDS). They are duelling near the headquarters of the Scientists To Undermine Duelling on the Streets (STUDS) who are actually students of UTA (University of Texas at Austin) who are thoroughly sick of having their studies interrupted by gunfire. Use as much of Midville or City Blocks as you like and set them up in any configuration. The DUDS are not allowed to build anti-pedestrian cars (it helps to have an impartial referee to decide what is legal). The DUDS are each 40 point characters and each drive a Division 20 vehicle (any type they want — hovers, trikes, etc.). The STUDS each have 30 points to spend on combat skills, with 1 to 3 levels in science (which may be broken into different areas: physics, seismologist, whatever), with \$40,000 worth of equipment for all of them. Play out one second of combat between the autoduellists, then have the STUDS attack them.

Option: The duel is a ruse. The DUDS have decided to launch an all-out offensive against the STUDS. Let the DUDS design total Ped Shredders for use against the STUDS. You must still play out the second of combat, but of course the DUDS can miss most heinously.

Victory Conditions: DUDS: +3 per STUDS destroyed, -15 for loss of vehicle, -3 for loss of DUDS. STUDS: +20 per DUDS vehicle destroyed, -2 per STUDS lost.

High Noon

Podunk, Wyoming

By Steven James Poor

Background: The sheriff of Podunk captured wanted criminal Madog Branzillo, leader of the Hades Hounds, and took him into custody. The sheriff decided to hide Madog in the old ghost town outside of his town. The Hades Hounds found out where Madog is and they want him back, *right now!*

Setup: Use one or more sections of Midville or City Blocks, and set them up so you have a nice large area. The bikers come in from the north side of town. Set the sheriff's car and his deputies wherever you want them to be, and secretly specify which building Madog Branzillo is in. The sheriff gets a Division 40 vehicle, and his three deputies get \$10,000 worth of equipment (no vehicles). The sheriff also gets 150 skill points to split between himself and all his deputies, with no one deputy getting more than 50 points, and no more than 30 in any given skill. The Hades Hounds player gets \$65,000 worth of bikes and equipment, with no less than eight bikers. He also gets 150 skill points to split among his bikers (all the Hades Hounds are grade school drop outs) with no character receiving more than 40 points and no more than 20 in each skill.

Victory Conditions: For Police: Each biker killed +5 points, each bike destroyed +5 points, Madog not rescued +10 points, each police officer alive at the end +3 points, each officer dead -5 points. For Bikers: Each police officer killed +5 points, she-

riff killed +5 points, Madog rescued +15 points, each biker alive at the end +1, each biker dead -5 points.

The Hit

Upstate New York

By Andrew Metzger

For months, Floyd "Mr. Fixit" Haskin has ruled the drug cartel of New York. He acquired this "position" through a ruthless gang war with the Carson family. After months of vicious fighting, it appeared that the Carsons were crushed. Life settled down to the day-to-day affairs of keeping New York's addicts supplied. However, one of the Carsons, Jack, survived and rebuilt a small faction loyal to himself, planning revenge upon Mr. Fixit. Thus, one beautiful day in upstate New York at Floyd Haskin's private ski slopes, Jack Carson launched his attack. This scenario recreates Carson's attack at Haskin's ski resort.



Setup: The ski slope is represented by the map of road sections. As this is Haskin's private slope, he has large fences enclosing the ski slopes; thus neither pedestrians or vehicles may leave the road sections. Treat this fence as a 5 DP wall.

The road sections should be turned to the debris-littered sides. The debris is piles of loose snow, crushed ice, an occasional rock, etc., and is treated as normal debris. All open areas of the road are considered heavy snow. If the 1/2" white "shoulders" are still on the road sections, they should be treated as snow banks, a D3 hazard when hit. Additionally, Haskin does not have much in the way of snow-making equipment. Therefore, a standard ice patch should be dropped from a height of 6-8" above each road section. If it misses the section, it should be redropped. The players should take turns dropping the patches. Also remember

that traveling down the slope results in an automatic 5-mph acceleration and going up the slope is a 5-mph deceleration. Therefore, a vehicle going downhill must brake by 5 mph per turn to stay at its original speed, and a vehicle going uphill must accelerate 5 mph per turn just to keep its original speed.

Some weapons will affect the slope in different ways. All oil jets (including FOJs) are useless; the oil sinks into the snow and disperses. FTs will melt a patch of snow, but it refreezes quickly. A FT aimed at the ground will create a normal ice patch where it hits. All other weapons are treated normally; other flame weapons are too transient to have any effect.

Special Rules: Floyd Haskin and 6 bodyguards (he's a paranoid little man) will be skiing at the start of the scenario. A set of skis costs \$250 and takes one second to put on/take off. Skis have a base HC of 0, with a top speed of 90 mph and an acceleration of 10 mph (this takes into account the 5-mph bonus for traveling downhill). A skier must always be pointed down slope; otherwise he'll slow down. A skier facing perpendicular to the fall-line (i.e., across the road) will decelerate at 10 mph per turn until he faces back down slope. A skier that faces up slope will decelerate 30 mph per turn (a D5 maneuver).

A skier may not perform a bootlegger reverse, and all results on the Crash Table equal to or above 9 are treated as "Skier falls." Skier takes damage as if he fell out of a vehicle (off-road) traveling at the current speed. Obviously, all references to tire damage are ignored. A skier also ignores all road condition modifiers for rain and snow; ice is still +D4 (in addition to the D2 hazard). All hand weapon fire while moving on skis is at an additional -1 to hit, over and above all other penalties.

A new skill is necessary to use skis effectively. Skier skill is very similar to Driver. The penalty for using skis without the Skier skill is -3 to HC. Otherwise, it is the same as Driver.

Haskin and Co.: The Haskin player gets 7 pedestrians, one of which must be secretly designated as Floyd Haskin. He should write down which one on a scrap of paper and set it aside. These characters are all wearing impact armor (the bodyguards hate skiing, and as mentioned, Haskin is a paranoid) and have \$8,000 to buy skis and hand weapons. Each must start on skis and at least one must have a walkie-talkie. They also have 40 points to acquire skills. The only requirements are that each must have Skier at base level and no skill may have more than 30 points.

The Haskin player also has three Skimmer hovercraft and one Safety Shuttle hovercraft. The pilots for these craft have 30 skill points, no more than 20 of which may be used for any one skill. They each wear regular body armor.

Carson's Boys: The Carson player gets \$60,000 to build up to 10 cycles and buy hand weapons and gear. The Carson player must have at least 5 characters, and may have up to 12. Each character has 50 skill points, no more than 30 of which may be used on any one skill. The Carson player may purchase snow tires for his cycles. Snow tires cost 150% as much as regular tires, and are available in all types and sizes. They reduce the road modifiers due to snow or ice by 2, and reduce the vehicle's handling class by 1.

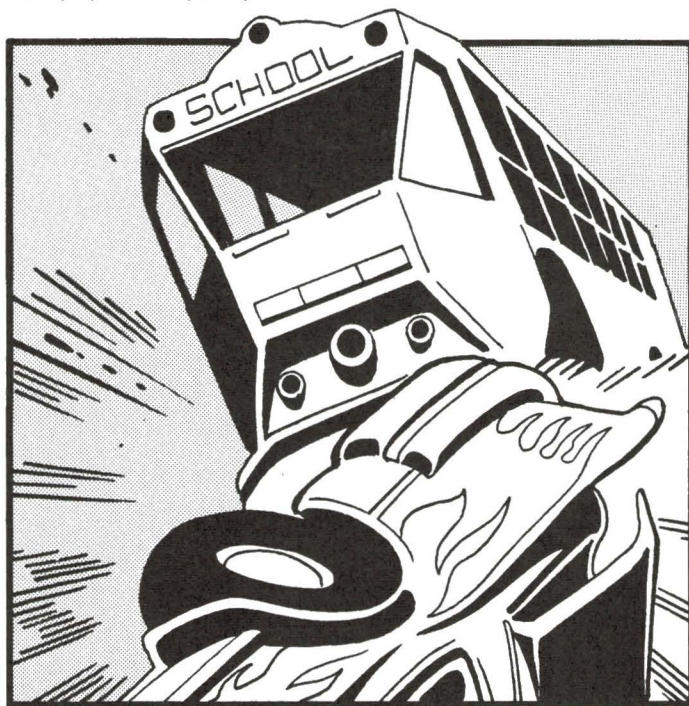
The Attack: The Carson cycles burst into the resort and proceeded up a ski slope in search of Haskin. They reach the top without finding him, but spot him starting down another slope and take off after him. Meanwhile, three Skimmers have given chase to the attacking cycles, and the safety shuttle has started up the correct slope with the intention of getting to Haskin first. Therefore, the characters enter the map as follows: The skiers start at the top traveling between 30 and 60 mph. The Safety

Shuttle enters at the same time from the bottom at any speed up to 100 mph. The cyclists enter 12'' behind the skiers, traveling at any speed up to 80 mph. Finally, the Skimmers enter 8'' behind the cycles traveling 10 mph faster than the cycles.

Victory Conditions: The Carson player wins if Haskin dies and the Haskin player wins if he escapes off the bottom of the slope. All others are hired guns and thus expendable.

Equipment: Skimmer — One-man hover, medium power plant, 4 standard skirts, pilot, 2 MGs linked front, SWC, turbofans. Armor: F40, R35, L35, B30, T12, U10. Accel. 10, top speed 170, HC 3; 3,300 lbs., \$10,082.

Safety Shuttle — Small hover, medium power plant w/superconductors, 4 heavy skirts, pilot, 2 passengers, flechette gun in turret, 2 MGs linked front, HDSS back, 6 flechette dischargers (2 each side, 1 front/back), target computer, turbofans. 1 space, 30 lbs. for cargo. Armor: F25, R20, L20, B20, T15, U5. 10 points fan armor on all three thrust fans. Accel. 10, top speed 122.5, HC 3; 5,270 lbs., \$17,170.



3 O'Clock Traffic

Western Washington State

By Ronnie Wachter

There has always been rivalry between the students and bus drivers of James Washburn High School. With only two exits, both on the same street, traffic was always fierce. With the rude, tired and hurried students on one side, and the inexperienced bus drivers on the others, a police officer had to be brought in to maintain order. But the line was crossed when a bus driver cut off the star quarterback, causing a five-car pileup that sent two to the hospital. So the next day, several students cut class and set up a roadblock, to teach the buses who rules the road.

Setup: Place eight road maps into a four-way intersection. The students set up somewhere in the intersection, in a roadblock formation. Four buses start at the top, at 45 mph.

The student player gets \$50,000 to build cars ranging from subcompact to sedan. No car may cost more than \$10,000, and no

weapon may cost more than \$6,000. The students also gets \$10,000 for personal items. Cars may have gunners. Students each have 60 skill points.

Any bus with passenger space can be used, and all gunner stations will be manned. They will be in single-file, keeping a half-inch between them whenever possible. Bus drivers will have body armor, a rifle with extended ammo clip and URGL, loaded with one oil grenade (see New Equipment). Drivers are Trucker, Gunner, Handgunner. Gunners have body armor, AVRs with ammo clip and one LAW each. Gunners are Trucker, Gunner +1, Handgunner +1.

Special Rules: Neither side is out for blood. The students will attack first, spaying the buses with small arms fire, and shooting the big guns at their tires. If a student breaches the armor of a bus, the bus will immediately flee the area.

The bus drivers know the kids don't mean any real harm. They will just fire some warning shots, and ram through the roadblock. The students may give chase, or realize they don't stand a chance and go home.

Five seconds after a shot is fired or ram made, a police cruiser or Journeyman with radial solids will enter the map where the buses did, at 75 mph. He will try to break up the fight by attacking both sides. If this doesn't work, he will side with the buses. Ten seconds after he arrives, two more will enter at 80 mph.

Victory Conditions: The students win if all the buses are wrecked, or they never engage. The buses win if the students cannot or don't give chase. or if they are destroyed on the go. Neither side wins if the police break up the fight.

New Equipment: Oil grenade: \$35, 1 pound (4 in grenade launcher). Creates a half-inch by half-inch batch of standard oil.

The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

Southeastern Coastal Waters

by Matthew Feigin

For more than 50 years, the rivalry between Scripps Institute of Oceanography in San Diego (see the Road Atlas in *ADQ* 8/2) and Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute in Massachusetts has been legendary. Now word has leaked out that SIO is close to making the best-ever sonar map of a sea urchin hatchery, and the wise heads of Woods Hole have decided that this would not be in the interests of science . . .

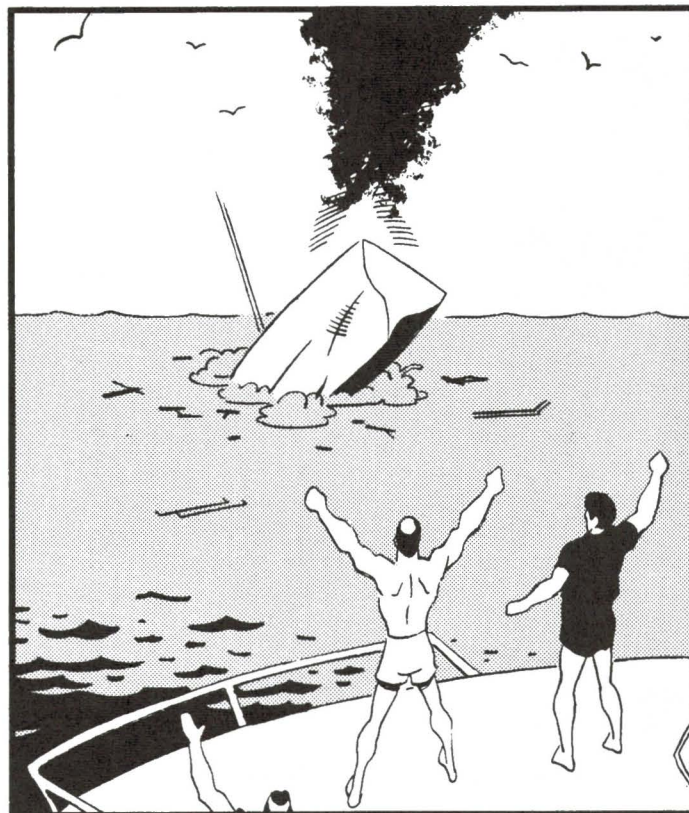
Setup: Both players may use any boat or hovercraft with a range of 100 miles or more. The Scripps player gets \$50,000 and up to three crew; the Woods Hole player gets \$65,000 and up to four crew. One person on each vessel is a bookish oceanographer and may not have any Pilot or Gunnery skill. The SIO boat must have a scientific sonar (see below).

Use the *Boat Wars* map, but all depths are 10". The Scripps player sets up first, in the center, going in any direction at any speed up to maximum. The Woods Hole player then enters along any side at any direction at any speed up to maximum.

Note that neither side may use paint, oil, or flaming oil; after all, oceanographers respect the environment.

Variant: Use rough seas or nighttime rules.

Victory Conditions: If either craft is sunk, the other wins decisively. (Prestige is what this rivalry is all about). If the Woods Hole boat flees the board, SIO wins. If SIO flees and Woods Hole holds the field, calculate SIO's total sonar accuracy



(see below); the SIO player must roll that number or less on 2 dice to win.

Special Rules: Two new pieces of equipment and one new skill may come in handy.

Sonar Operator: This skill is necessary only to use scientific sonar. (At referee's option, it may increase range for normal sonar.) It adds to the accuracy of scientific sonar (see below).

Scientific Sonar: \$5,000, 200 lbs., 1 space. For boats only. Must be mounted like a weapon facing underbody. Destroyed when the power plant is destroyed. The operator may do nothing else. This item functions as a normal depth finder and also gathers detailed information about the sea floor. Each turn it is used roll 2 dice, add the operator's sonar skill, and deduct 1 per full 50 mph of the sensing vehicle's speed. The result will determine an "accuracy value" embodying the area scanned and the detail. No scans will produce any data until the sensing vehicle has moved from any previous sensing position a number of inches equal to the accuracy there (you're just investigating the same sea floor again.)

2d roll	Accuracy	2d roll	Accuracy
4 or less	0	11-12	3
5-7	1	13+	4
8-10	2		

Sonar Jammer: \$3,000, 150 lbs., 1 space. Destroyed with power plant. This device interferes with nearby scientific sonars. Its operator can do nothing else. When it is used roll 1d, add the operator's sonar skill, and divide by 3 (round up). This number, less 1 per 10" of distance, is subtracted from the 2d rolls of all scientific sonars.

Tips: The SIO player should go for a small, perhaps sloped craft and try to avoid being hit. Know when to run. Smoke is always handy.

Woods Hole will probably want a big slow boat. Go for accurate weaponry — perhaps torpedoes. Sonar jammers are recommended but not vital. Radar might not be a bad idea.

Scouting For Trouble!

Southwest Arkansas

By Steven James Poor

Story: Troop 42 of the Scout Commando Corps, out of Austin, TX, is on their annual Arkansas Survival Retreat. On the way to Arkansas a cycle gang attacks. Since SCC Troop 42 is traveling in convoy, the cycle gang decides not to pull any punches, and the entire gang, the Dobermans, attacks.

Setup: Lay out as many straight road sections as you can get your hands on in a straight line (this part of the road is quite direct). Set the SCC Troop's convoy up in any position chosen by the players, and have the cycle gang 3 to 18" behind them traveling 20 mph faster than the scouts. The scouts have \$100,000 worth of escort vehicles, with no less than 3 escort vehicles (note that none of the escorts may use internal combustion engines; it's a long way for gas). In addition to the escort vehicles they have a Shockwave Industries "Destroying Angel." The cycle gang may have only cycles and light and medium trikes, no cars. They have \$250,000 worth of cycles, with a minimum of 35 vehicles. The SCC Scoutmasters have relevant skills at Driver-3, Gunner-3, and Handgunner-4, the bus driver is Trucker-3, Gunner-2, Handgunner-3 and Musician-1 (Boy Scouts always sing in buses!). The scouts are Gunner-4, Handgunner-2 and Musician (they like to sing too!). All of the bus gunners are actually Scout Commandos who, contrary to the Scoutmaster's orders, commandeered the gunners' seats, tied the actual gunners up and left them back in Austin! When the cycle gang attacks, all of the Scout Commandos on board the bus run to the windows and start shooting the cyclists with their AV shot-loaded rifles. All of the Scouts and escort drivers are wearing body armor. All of the Scouts are under the truck player's command, and all have rifles loaded with AV shot

and an extended ammo clip loaded with AV shot. There's one Scout for each gunner or passenger space in the convoy.

Victory Conditions: The Dobermans get 15 points for every escort vehicle they knock out of commission, 2 points for every Scout or Scoutmaster they kill, and 50 points if they knock out the bus. They lose 3 points every time they lose a cycle, and 2 every time they lose a cyclist. The Scout Commandos get 3 points each time they take down a cycle, and 2 every time they kill a cyclist.

Tactics: Truckers, arm your escort vehicles intelligently! Flechette dischargers can do quite a lot of damage to a biker. Ramplates are excellent against bikes, mainly so you can confetti bikes every time you move! As long as they're in your way, that is. Guard your tires against shots, because that's where the bikers will be aiming! Wheelguards are an excellent idea all around, after all, the road is rather straight so your life is more important than HC. Bikers, shoot out your opponents tires and use heavy cycles like "The Bubba" from VG3 to waste the bus. The Destroying Angel has light armor so strip it down with MGs and the like, then blow holes in its armor with "The Bubba" and other heavy bikes.

Variants: This entire scenario could take place at night, which would make it easy for the bikers to get ahead of the Scouts and lay mines all across the road . . . Another option would be to allow the bikers to totally plan out their attack, such as placing some bikes with blast cannons coming straight at the bus.

Vehicles: Destroying Angel: 40-foot bus, standard chassis, medium truck plant, 10 plasticore tires, driver, 4 gunners, 5 passengers (with 50 lbs., each for backpacks and camping equipment), Back turret with two linked HD VMGs, RR RF, RB, LF, LB all loaded with HEAT ammunition. Armor: F37, RF35, LF35, LB35, TF10, BF35, UF10, UB10. Top speed 100, 19,996 lbs., \$67,480.

Interstate Hovercraft, Inc.

Central Nebraska

By Robert Eikel

The hovercraft is rapidly gaining popularity as a long-distance vehicle. Its high speeds, impressive capacity and ability to operate over any sort of road surface, or even go off-road in an emergency, make it ideal for interstate travelers. Lately, some cargo haulers have also turned to hovercraft; despite the high cost, a hover's ability to get the cargo there fast makes it ideal for high-speed haulers.

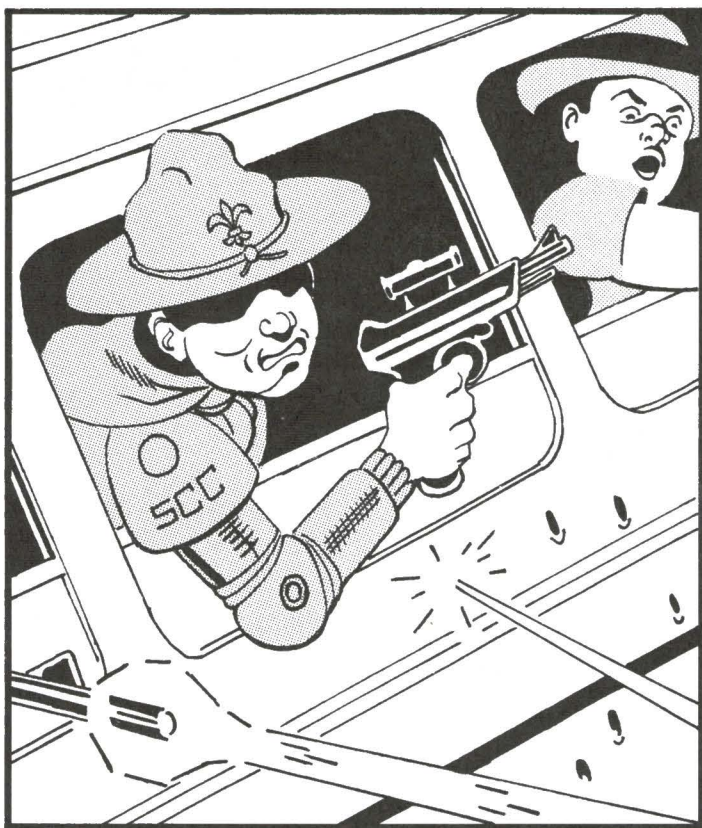
Interstate Hovercraft, Inc. is a mini-scenario for two players. One player controls a cargo-carrying hovercraft; the other plays a cycle gang intent on capturing its cargo.

Setup: The combat takes place on standard highway road sections. For each upcoming road section, roll one die: on a 1-5 it is straight; on a 6 it is a curve (roll randomly for right or left).

The hovercraft player receives \$75,000 to construct one hover capable of carrying 30 spaces of cargo, at 100 lbs. and 2 DP per space. The gang player receives \$40,000 in cycles and trikes, personal equipment, and if he wishes, one van. (This may seem unbalanced, but remember, cycles cost a lot less than hovers).

Victory Conditions: The gang wins by disabling the hovercraft so that it can salvage the cargo; the hover player wins by destroying (or outrunning) more than two thirds of the gang's vehicles (once two-thirds of the bikers are eliminated, the rest run away).

Variants: The entire combat takes place off-road! The hover,



attempting to escape its pursuers, flees off the highway; the determined cyclists, however, continue to pursue their quarry.

Use one of the maps from *Chopper Challenge* or a similar general off-road map; the hover receives no penalties for off-road travel, but the gang vehicles receive normal penalties.

When operating in rough terrain, a hover may cross a ditch up to half its length in width; thus, a 2" long cargo hover can cross a 1" wide ditch. Attempting to cross a wider ditch causes the hover to immediately ground out.

Strategy tips: *Hovercraft*, you've got speed — use it. The faster you go without crashing, the fewer cycles will be able to pursue you and the harder it'll be for them to hit you. But beware of weapons-fire hazards — at high speeds, they can kill you quick.

Cycle gang, your objective is to disable, not to kill. Aim for the skirts; try to take out any turreted weapons without harming the rest of the vehicle. If you can destroy the thrust fans, the hover will be yours for the taking.

Hobert, Hovers and Hellraisers

East Texas

By Kevin Quinn

This mini-scenario takes place in the burned out, battle-torn city of Hobert, Texas (don't bother trying to find it on a map). Use *City Blocks 1* or *City Blocks 2* for Hobert.

The plot: Bavarian Hovercraft Works (BHW) has just completed its newest prototype, the 200SD. It's running one from San Antonio to Austin, where it will be shown at the 2041 World's Fair. But a cycle gang (the Hellraisers) has decided that they would like to get some media attention by destroying the valuable vehicle. The showdown takes place in Hobert.

The BHW players get \$75,000 to design a hovercraft. It must have at least three crew members. The Hellraisers get \$30,000 to design up to 10 motorcycles. There must be at least 5 cycles.

The Hellraisers get to organize their cycles as they like at the beginning of the game. The BHW hovercraft will enter one side of the city, winning if it destroys all the cycles or outruns them. The Hellraisers will win if they destroy the hovercraft.

The Hellraisers have plenty of time to drop proximity-fused mines from their cycles before the hovercraft gets there, but the mines must be included in the cycles' design.

Gangbusters

Northern Ohio

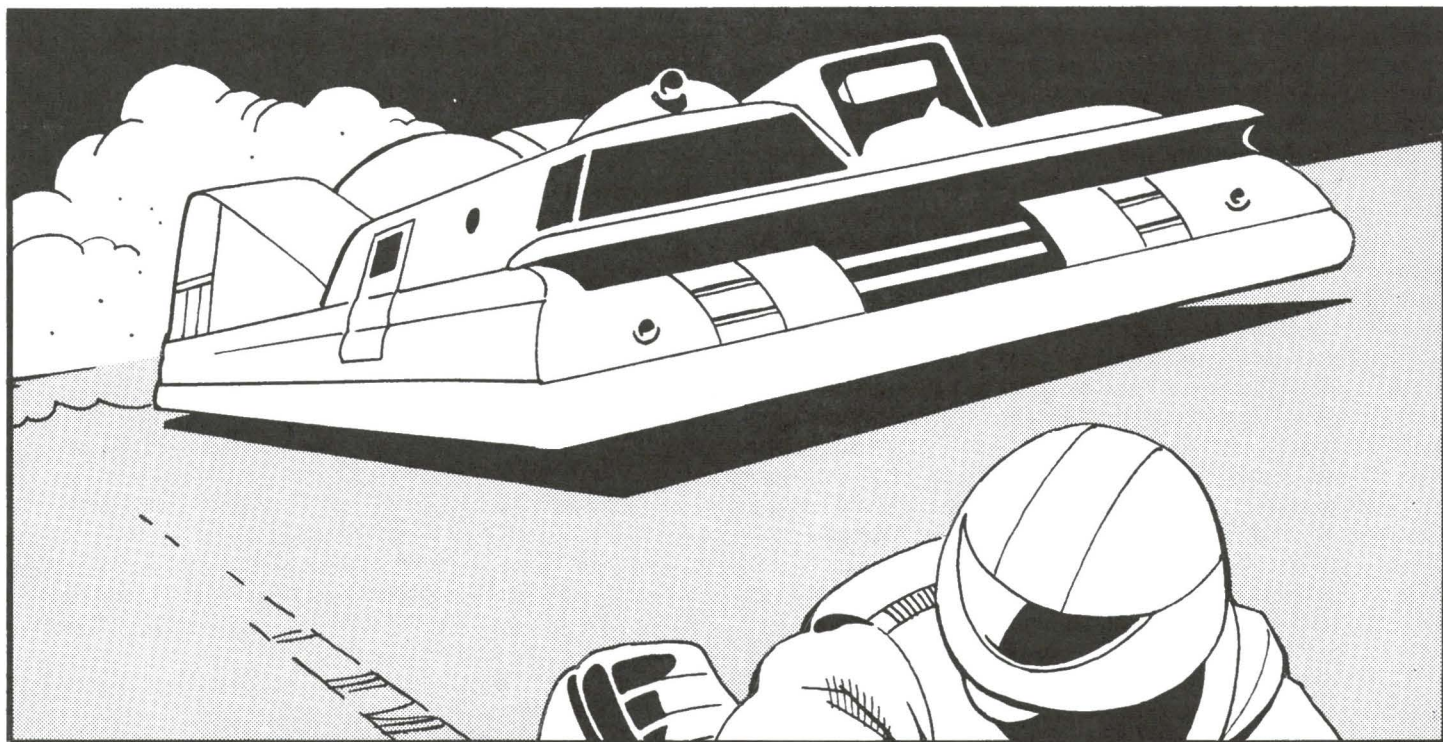
By Robert Eikel

Having finally discovered the Warmongers' hideaway in the old ruins, the police prepared to eliminate the gang once and for all. When the large police force attacked, the Warmongers scattered in retreat . . . and then revealed their secret weapon.

This is a mini-scenario for two players. One plays the Warmongers cycle gang, and the other plays the police force intent on their destruction. The police force is much larger than the cycle gang, and the outcome seems certain, until the Warmongers reveal their secret weapon — a tank.

Setup: The combat takes place in the abandoned ruins of a small town. Use *City Blocks 2* for the map, or scatter lots of debris and obstacles and collapsed buildings over the Midville map or another *City Blocks* set.

The cycle player receives \$125,000 to build a force of cycles and trikes and to equip his characters; he may have up to a maximum of 50 characters, with 40 skill points each. The gang also receives an Alamo Arms Desperado (*Car Wars Tanks*, p. 48). The police player receives the following forces: 5 Police Cruisers (*CWC II*, p. 99), 3 Light Cruisers (*ADQ 8/3* p. 18), and 1 Interceptor (*ADQ 8/3* p. 19); all crewmembers have 50 skill points, with no more than 30 points in any one skill. If either of these sources are not available, give the police player \$300,000 to design his force.



The cycle gang has had time to prepare for the police assault, and may place their forces in any manner they wish; the tank is secretly declared to be hidden in one of the buildings. The police forces may enter the town in up to two groups, from any direction and at any speed. On any turn after the 10th, the cycle gang may reveal the location of the tank and deploy it into battle.

Victory Conditions: Victory is simple: the police win by destroying all of the gang forces; the gang wins by destroying all the police forces.

Strategy Tips: *Police*, the cyclists aren't going to be a big worry — the tank will be. Leave a few units to deal with the bikers and send your main force toward the tank. Take out as many cyclists as you can before the tank comes into play, so you'll have fewer problems to worry about later.

Attack the tank from several directions at once; its main gun can only take on a single target at once. Concentrate your fire on the tank's lighter-armored sides and rear. The main gun barrel itself is also vulnerable — take it out and the tank will be helpless.

Gang, remember that the tank isn't your only force. Keep your cycles moving in small groups, harassing the police force and distracting them from the tank.

Keep the tank moving, preferably very fast — stationary tanks are dead tanks. One or two hits from your main gun should take care of any police units, but remember that your armor isn't invulnerable — don't get involved in a prolonged firefight.

Creeps From the Deep

Maui, Hawaii

By Steven James Poor

Background: The Creeps From the Deep surf club meets at least once a month on the coast of Maui, to surf, play volleyball, party and sink at least one boat. Several of the local boat shops are quite fed up with this, and they put together a Q-Boat, mounting a lot of anti-swimmer equipment. Sure enough, this month the Creeps picked the wrong boat . . .

Setup: Use one of the open water maps from *Boat Wars* (assume the depth to be 100' deep everywhere). Both players can set up at will, with the boat player placing his counter first. The Creeps have at least 25 members that are all Swimmer-1, Handgunner-1, with \$60,000 worth of equipment to split amongst all of them. The Aquaduellist has at least 2 crewmen with 40 points each, and a Division-60 boat. Sonar and the new equipment below is recommended, but not mandatory.

Victory Conditions: Aquaduellist: +2 points per CFTD killed, +5 if all killed, +5 for all crew surviving, -25 for loss of boat, -10 for each crewman lost. Creeps: +50 for destroying the boat, +5 per crewman, -2 per member lost.

New Equipment: *Depth Charges:* \$250, 100 lbs., to-hit 5, 1 space, 5 DP. When fired launches a 1/4"x 1/4" counter (use a grenade counter) within one inch (15') of the boat (use the firing arc to determine where it can be launched to). Use grenade scatter rules to find exactly where it lands. Can be set to sink or float (determined before combat, firing action otherwise), sinking to a maximum depth of 6" (90'), at which depth it explodes after two seconds. Sinks at a rate of 15' per second. Detonates automatically if anything larger than a Chihuahua (yes, a grenade is smaller than a Chihuahua) gets within 1" of it, or on a 1-3 at distances from 1" out to a maximum of 2 1/2". Does 3 dice of damage within 1" (full to vehicular components), 1d+3 outside of that, and acts like a concussion grenade for another 5 inches.

Watersled: \$500, 2GE, holds 3GE worth of equipment. Uses a miniature jet drive to move a swimmer at 30 mph underwater, 15 mph on top of water, acceleration 5. Unfortunately, swimmers using these may only fire one-handed weapons.

Heat Sensitive Sensors: +\$100 to cost of hand grenades (or limpet mine or whatever), can be set for a distance from 1 inch to 1/4 inch. Whenever a pedestrian gets within the preset range, on a roll of 1-5 on one die the grenade goes off doing normal damage.

Dr. Strangelove's Curse

U.S. Military Base, Europe

By Matthew T. Clark

With increased tensions in Europe, the U.S. Aerospace Force is renovating some of its ICBM silos, and re-installing its advanced "Microman" missile systems. When Eccommando headquarters heard of this, they sent out their finest men and their toughest vehicle to make a point: "Don't let your toys ruin the environment." They decided to make this point by hijacking one of the missile shipments.

Setup: The Eccommandos have one vehicle: The Green Machine — 69-space tank body, large AFV plant, Driver, 3 gunners, 4 hi-res comps, a TG90 (AFV turret F) with 1 load Reg ammo and 3 magazines: 1 Sabot, 1 HESH, and 1 Beehive with mag switch; 3 HMGs (linked AFV turret B) with 1 load and 1 extra magazine, all HD ammo, longbarrel BC (Std. turret T) with 1 load Reg ammo, 2 loads HESH and mag. switch; HAC F with 2 loads Sabot, HMD B with 1 extra mag, 2 FCEs (linked RB, LB) with 1 extra mag. each, 1 HDFCE (B) with extra mag. All dropped weapons linked, and linked to HMGs and HAC. Blow-through concealment for HAC and HMD. Cargo 12 spaces, 2890 lbs. Metal/Plastic laminate hull armor: F30/155 RF12/75 LF12/75 RB12/65 LB12/65 B14/100 UF9/40 UB9/40 TF10/40 TR (Turret T). Metal/Plastic laminate Turret armor F20/110 R15/65 L15/65 B15/65 T10/50. Top Speed 52.5 66, 110 lbs., \$937,650.

The Eccommandos are all Tank Driver +1, Gunner +2, Handgunner +1. They all wear Improved Body Armor and carry SMGs with AV ammo.

The Aerospace Truckers have \$1,000,000 with which to buy a convoy, with a maximum of eight vehicles, and equipment. No AFVs or helicopters are permitted. All Convoy personnel may have a maximum of 70 skill points to spend. At least one vehicle must have 30 spaces and 30,000 lbs. cargo capacity for the missile, warhead and shielding.

The Eccommandos ambush the convoy on open highway, and the two teams spot each other at a distance of 30". The convoy starts at one end, going 60 mph. The tank is stationary.

Victory Conditions:

Missile captured: Decisive Eccommando victory.

Missile destroyed: Eccommando victory.

Missile and tank destroyed: Draw.

Convoy escapes with missile intact: Convoy Victory.

Tank destroyed with missile intact: Decisive Convoy Victory.

Strategic Hints: *Eccommandos*, you've got the firepower, use it! Concentrate on tractors and tires; you have to get that missile. Also, a line of mines across the road causes lovely "accidents."

Convoy: Keep other vehicles between the tank and the missile-carrying vehicle. Buy lots of HESH ammo and go for the turret. Use lots of smoke and paint.



A popular stop for history buffs, this town is known for safety, pride, and fair commerce. It lies midway between Richmond and the District of Columbia, thus providing a safe resting point for the weary traveler. A weaponry enthusiast club, the Rappahannock Area Gunnery Association (RAGA) is centered here.

History

In the last century, Fredericksburg was a tourist center for aficionados of the First Civil War. It is located within easy distance of many famous battlefields (including Wilderness, where “Stonewall” Jackson was shot by his own men), and capitalized on this to form a tourist-based economy. Its small downtown area contains many historic structures, carefully preserved.

During the 1990s, the growth of the town was assured, as it further developed its potential as a link between Richmond and the Capitol. Plans for extending the public rail system to link the cities were begun in 1998. However, in the early days of the Food Riots, this city was one of the hardest hit in the eastern states, and the collapse of rail travel and hazards of mid-riot along Interstate 95 nearly left Fredericksburg a burning ghost town.

In 2017, Burgess Driscoll, survivalist and former archaeology instructor at Mary Washington College, led a movement to safeguard the town. Walls and barricades were built along the Rappahannock river and enclosing the land-bound sides of the central city. The outlying areas of Spottsylvania and south Stafford county were left to the cycle gangs. The since-ruined Mary Washington campus was rebuilt into a fortress, and the town became a haven for refugees from the thousands of remaining rural dwellers of the area. Fredericksburg became a thriving independent city-state, controlling traffic along its section of I-95 with trigger-happy ruthlessness still characteristic of the mid-Atlantic area.

Fredericksburg Today

Independence was an unwanted luxury for Fredericksburg, and the re-stabilizing efforts of the State of Virginia were welcomed and supported by the city’s residents and government. Although the western half of the state (and the cannibal-ridden coastal areas), have yet to be recovered, Fredericksburg has served as a center of relative sanity. I-95 is safe here, at least, and the sections of Route 1 within the jurisdiction of the Fredericksburg Militia are secure as well.

Although not nearly the tourist center it once was, interest in the First Civil War is reawakening. Once again, Fredericksburg has answered with renewed efforts at preservation of its historic locations. Old Chatham Manor, on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, was forcibly taken from a fanatical religious group that had built a small combat training center there.

Anyone casually exploring the streets of Fredericksburg will find it a pleasant, even beautiful place to visit. The streets are

Fredericksburg, Virginia

By S. John Ross

narrow and filled with restored structures from the colonial period, and large, healthy trees abound. No attempts at modernizing the layout have been made since the turn of the century. The town is brimming with antique, gift and bookshops. One dealer in rare books brings buyers from hundreds of miles, and a local restaurant sells “The World’s Greatest Hot Dog” at only \$12.00 per dog (real meat).

More formal protection has been erected for the city, and it now sports an impressive protective wall. The interior is kept quiet and safe by omnipresent local policemen, who will not hesitate to do bodily harm to anyone suspicious. In 2039, an out-of-town pedestrian was shot for carrying a walking stick “in a threatening manner.” All citizens’ vehicles carry an ID sticker showing residence and weapon licenses. All visitors must attain a pass at the entry gates. These passes must be renewed every 48 hours. Tours are available by reservation from the Tourist Committee. The penalty for firing a weapon in a public area within the city walls is immediate execution without trial.

The attitude of the natives is friendlier than in the surrounding rural areas, due to the renewed tourism. Strangers will be greeted politely and discreetly checked out by the police.

Facilities

Excellent repair and towing services are available in Fredericksburg. Banner of Glory, a local weaponry and auto service store, is well-known for its customizing services (specializing in false exteriors of various sorts, as well as the merely decorative). Any non-citizen attempting to buy weaponry or ammo will be thoroughly checked first.

A single truck stop is just inside the walls, and has reasonable service on all levels. There are no other stops between here and Richmond, so business is good, and prices are high — 150% of normal for food, lodging and recharge. Repairs are normal.

Mary Washington Hospital has a single helicopter, and otherwise typical medical facilities. All serious injuries will be transferred to Richmond via the ‘copter.

Points of Interest (see map, next page)

1. Rappahannock River.
2. Old Chatham Manor (historical site).
3. Hospital.
4. Oily Olive’s Truck Stop and Restaurant. A popular place by default, it is the only truck stop between Richmond and the District of Columbia. Prices outrageous.
5. Campus Center. This was formerly Mary Washington College, but its ruins were fortified in 2017 by Burgess Driscoll. It now contains a small museum, a live theater, the RAGA Foot Arena (see below) and several public buildings.
6. Robert’s Point. This is a ruined ice cream shop where one of Driscoll’s men wiped out several cyclists before being taken by grenade. The battle has become famous and the shop is now a small shrine, with a large plaque and a recorded account of the event (admission only \$2.00).
7. Banner of Glory Repairs and Custom Services.
8. Old VEPCO canal.

Autoduelling

The Rappahannock Area Gunnery Association (RAGA) is a small local organization of combat enthusiasts. They are not affiliated with any larger national organization, but have gained fame for their seasonal "Fox-Hunts." Their "foot arena" and regular Rappahannock boat duels are also local favorites.

Set up in a large expanse of fields and forest east of the city, the fox-hunts consist of several light off-road vehicles chasing a single well-defended one, the driver of whom is permitted to lay some mines and traps on the previous day. The balance is slightly in favor of the "hounds," but the occasional victory by a wily Fox has given the event national favor. One hunt is held each season, under the sponsorship of RAGA, and they are gala events, with the combatants dressed in traditional fox-hunting attire, and other forms of live entertainment.

RAGA also sponsors a full-time pedestrian combat training school, and a "Foot Arena," a small indoor facility devoted to fights between individuals instead of vehicles. Arena set-ups include mirrored mazes (filled with hidden cameras, naturally), ice-skating pistol duels, and trampoline knife-fights. The Foot

Arena predates the Ob-Racing craze by several years, and there are no formal ties as yet between RAGA and any Ob-Racing organization. However, negotiations are underway.

Most personal grudges will be settled in the Foot Arena or on the Rappahannock. The waters of this river hide many shallows and rocks, but some areas are suitable for duels. Every summer, a large river festival is held with boat shows and "cross the river" races by armed monster trucks.

Organizations

The Fredericksburg Militia is a professional and generally spotless defense organization (unlike the local police, which are very open to bribes, even from non-citizens). They have served well in the past, but their only real modern function is to man the gates and walls. They keep a small number of vehicles active, and a patrol hover on the Rappahannock river. The militia has no defense versus an aerial attack, but due to their eagerness to help the state reform, the State Police would be quick to reply in a time of emergency.

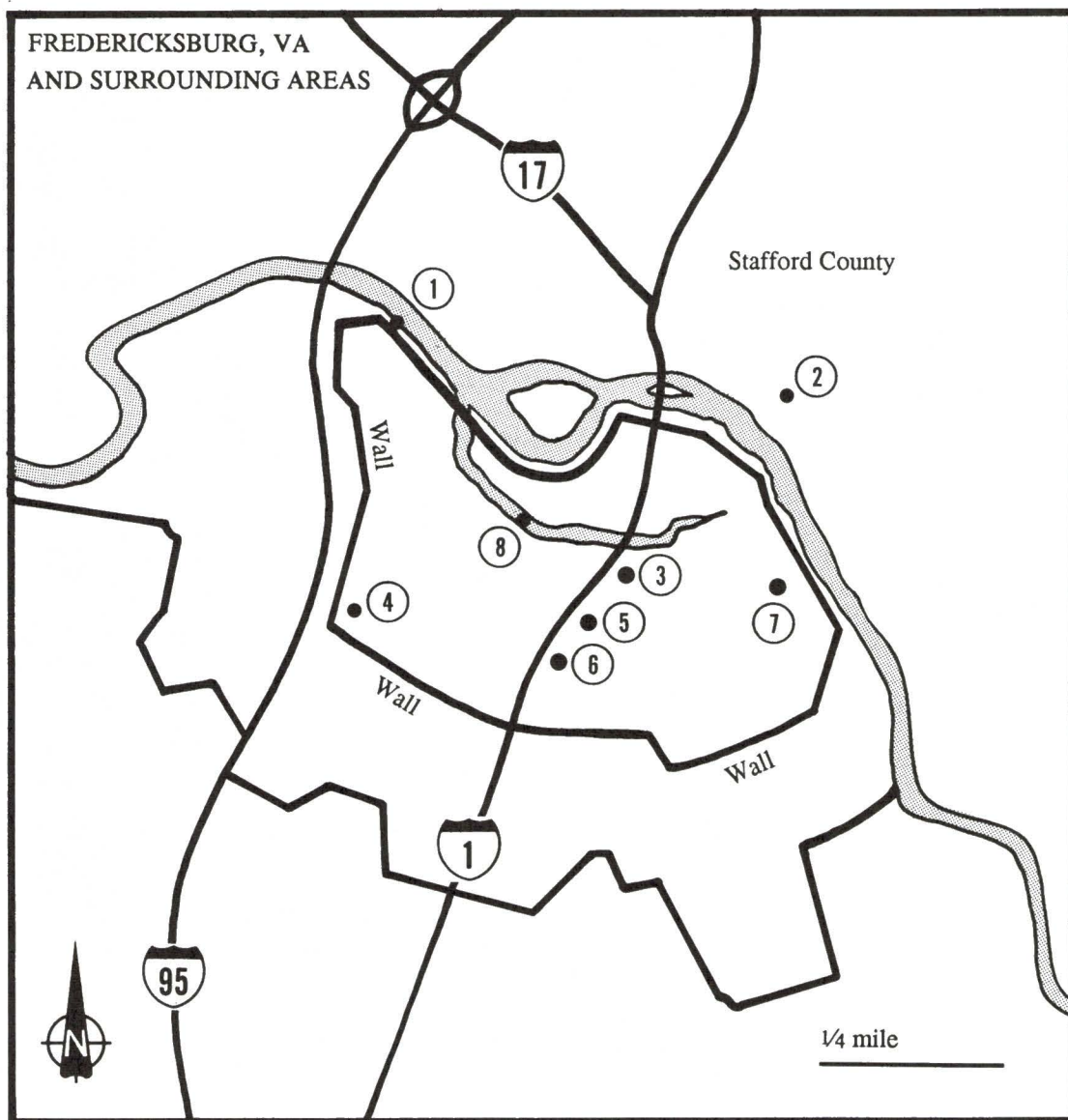
Also centered in Fredericksburg is the Schelin Brothers' Traveling Show, a semi-popular circus and deathsport display that travels along the eastern seaboard during the summer. The careless slaying of several members of their audience has given the show a mixed reputation. There is a minor cult devoted to it, who arrive wearing garish targets and disrupt proceedings. This group alone has assured the financial success of the circus.

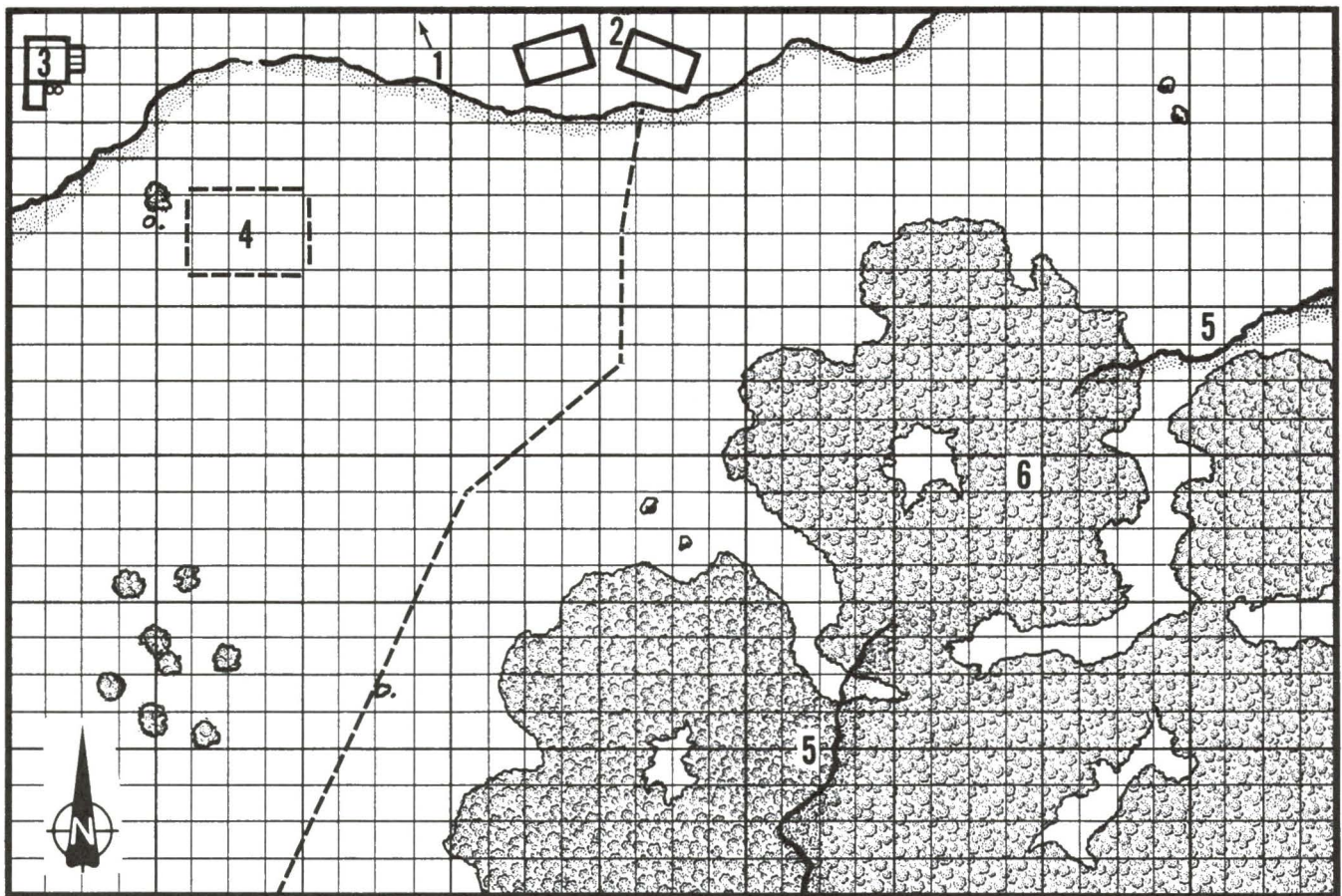
An EDESEL chapter house can be found near the river, but it is little more than a small office with a long-range radio. The politics of EDESEL do not quite mesh with the beliefs of the town or its leadership.

Fox-Hunt

A Car Wars scenario for 2 or more combatants and (preferably) a referee.

There are two sides in a Fredericksburg Fox Hunt — the Fox and the Hounds. The fox player sets up traps and hindrances for his foes in advance. His goal is to survive and incapacitate his foes. The hounds are a group of vehicles whose only goal is to find and kill the fox. Due to the nature of the scenario, a referee is strongly recommended.





- | | | |
|----------------------|--|---------------|
| 1. Parking | 4. Hounds | 1 Square = 1" |
| 2. Bleachers | 5. Ridge — 10' elevation | |
| 3. Concession Bunker | 6. Forest — about one trunk per inch in shaded area. | |

The Setup: The hound player (or players) is given a budget of \$30,000 with which to create a team of off-road hunting vehicles. Any car, trike or cycle is legal. There must be at least four vehicles, and no more than eight. At the beginning of the hunt they begin at the area marked "Hounds" on the map.

The fox player is given a total budget of \$30,000 as well, on which he must build a single vehicle, as well as buy any mines, spikes, etc. No more than \$10,000 may be spent on non-car items. Any part of the map east of the dotted line may be trapped in any way the fox desires. A strong temptation is to simply cover the border with mines, but in practice this rarely takes out even a single vehicle (the hounds will be expecting it, and can take the one or two hits and then be home free).

Likewise, the fox can hide himself anywhere in the forest area at the beginning of the game. This is done by means of a flimsy camouflage net that is provided free by the sponsors. In forest only, it keeps any non-oversized vehicle effectively invisible until an enemy is within 2 inches. Firing while under camouflage will, of course, reveal the position of the hidden car. Mines can be hidden so as to be unnoticeable at any range. Spikes, however, can be seen from 1 inch away in this terrain. Oil is visible on a line-of-sight basis, and so on.

Other Conditions: Weather and the like may be determined in

any way that the players agree on. The spectators are shielded during the fight, so there are no limits on firing direction (in fact, the management finds that the occasional burst at the crowd can boost ticket sales). Filming is done by network helicopter.

The Fight: The fox player begins hidden, and the hounds begin as indicated, with no vehicles moving. After that, it is a game of hunt-and-destroy. If at least 30% of the hounds are not dead by the time the fox is found, he is in trouble. Betting runs wild at the point of discovery. Standard definition of a "Killed" vehicle applies on both sides, but there is no rule to prevent further firing on surviving crew if the combatants insist . . .

The winning side receives a purse of \$40,000 and all salvage rights. Prestige is normal (televised), so the rewards for a victorious fox will be great, indeed!

Tactics: For the hounds, it is a simple matter — find the fox and kill him. Superior numbers will win out every time, and the only advantages that the fox can claim is secrecy and his traps. Both must be used to their best advantage to even the odds. In nearly every case of fox victory, the traps continued to be effective *after* the hounds had discovered him. This is achieved through judicious use of weapons like concealed remote-controlled mines and mixes of visible and hidden mines, and visible fakes.

ARENA WATCH

The Everett Crosshairs, Everett, WA

By Greg Pratt

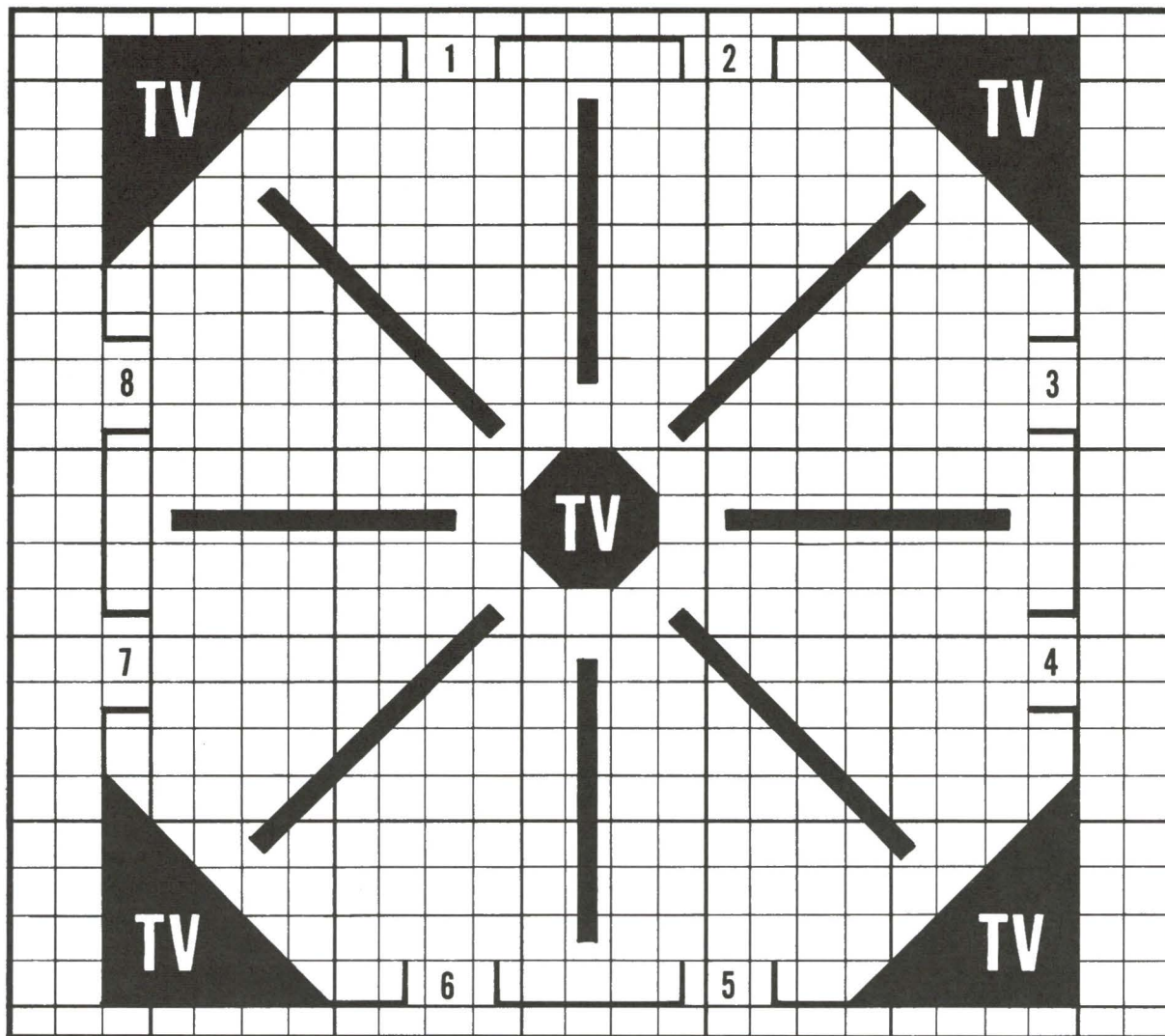
The Everett Crosshairs has served the autoduelling public since its opening in 2026, and is the oldest AADA-sanctioned arena in Washington. The stands, built around the top of the wall, can seat 18,000 and are usually filled. The Crosshairs arena features a series of low walls separating the arena into 8 sections.

Arena Notes: The outside walls are 30' high and have 50 DP. The control TV tower has 70 DP and is 45' tall. The remaining "divider walls" are a scant 4' (1/4" game scale) high. These offer some unique opportunities. First, pedestrians may climb over the walls (expending 1/2" of movement to get on, 1/4" to get off) to escape oncoming vehicles. Second, turret weapons and hand weapons may be fired over them, but tires of vehicles on the other side may not be targeted. Third, a pedestrian firing over one of the walls is considered to be under cover and his weapons braced. Finally, a pedestrian next to the wall may duck down (cutting movement in half), and be untargetable from the other side (although he may not fire over the wall as well). The walls have 40 DP. The four corner TV towers have 60 DP and are 45' high.

Arena Events: The Crosshairs runs standard AADA Divisionals during the week, clean-up on Sunday, and amateur nights and special events on Saturday. Two of the special events run by the Crosshairs are as follows:

Slalom: Eight temporary (30 DP 1/2" thick) barriers are set up, four connecting the walls to the central tower and four connecting the other walls to the stand's arena walls. Duellists enter from the normal gates and drive in a clockwise direction around the course. The first person to go around the course twice and exit through his/her starting gate wins.

Conquest of the Arena: Four teams fight for control of the arena. Each team gets 10 characters, \$40,000, and may build one or two cars. Each team enters from a different side of the arena and is considered to control the two sections closest to them. They may "conquer" other sections as follows: If one team controls the only surviving forces in a section it is conquered. First team to conquer five sections wins. Note: the clear area around the central TV bunker is considered a separate section not under anyone's control at the beginning of the duel.



DELUXE CAR WARS

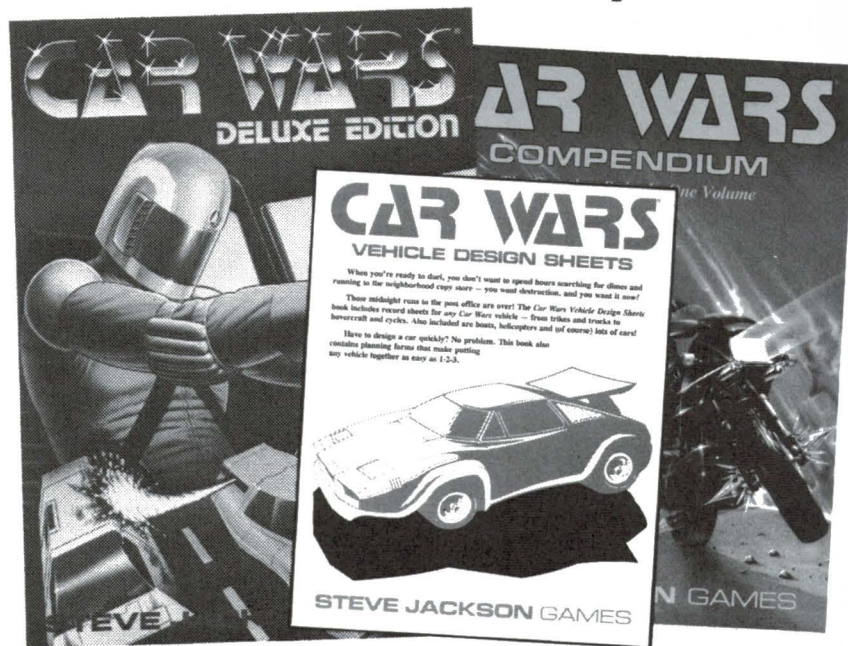
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That's right, the rulebook to the *Deluxe Car Wars* boxed set is now the *Car Wars Compendium*, Second Edition, the 112-page book that sells on its own for \$16.95! Plus, every *Deluxe Car Wars* box also includes two additional *Car Wars* products — hard-to-find supplements, *Vehicle Design Sheets* and rare back issues of *ADQ*, worth at least \$10. All the other great stuff from *Deluxe Car Wars* is still there, of course. And the price has only gone up . . . not at all.

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Everything there is to buy in the *Car Wars* universe, at rock bottom prices!

COMING IN 2042

BACKFIRE

(Editor's note: the following is an open letter to the NOVA AADA chapter.)

So, you guys finally found the guts to challenge us did you? Where were you? Two of the RCADA were at Origins this year, and we would have gladly pounded your sorry, whining butts into the arena floor. Now it's too late. As of August 1, 1991, the RCADA is officially disbanded. We had a good run, though. Five World Championships, two seconds and one third place, plus Regional wins too numerous to recall. Now it is time to go on to other things. I am rather mercenary about tournament play; I go where the prizes are largest. When SJG starts offering cash prizes for the Worlds, you'll see me again. Ray Morriss, long a bastion of RCADA strength, is more interested in other games now. Ken Scott is the *Car Wars* Guru, and has gone on to a higher plane of existence. Ben Ellinger is working, but still plays now and then. Scott Mercer is pursuing a biochemistry degree from UT Austin and has contracted a terrible case of "Europa." Mike Montgomery is retired (out to stud?) and rumored to be stalking the *Star Fleet Battles* national championship; I predict he'll win it inside three years. The remarkable Jeff Boe had only played the game five times when he won the Worlds. He also has been drawn into higher pursuits (like earning a salary) and other games. Earl Cooley, official RCADA Polemicist, rarely attends tournaments anymore. Earl did more to defend our reputation on the local and national computer bulletin boards than anyone. He spoke when the rest of us were silent.

It used to be fulfilling just to beat other people in the arena, but in the final analysis that's not a good reason to play the game. I get the impression that you boys play *Car Wars* a lot. The RCADA really only played at tournaments and the club championships. We didn't play for recreation, we played to win tournaments. I can honestly say that the RCADA was the deadliest group of *Car Wars* players I remember playing with.

So, sorry guys, there's no more RCADA left to challenge. You may see some of us competing as independents, but the club is gone. If you still want to gun for me, or Ray, or Jeff, or Earl, be my guest. I wouldn't give a plug nickel for your chances, though. If you want to

challenge someone, go after GHOST. Those guys are plenty good, certainly good enough to go round and round with y'all.

I'll say one last word on team tactics. No, maybe I won't. You folks will think we used team tactics no matter what I say. Think what you like.

— Tim Ray

RCADA President-for-life

P.S. Did you know your club name means "no go" in Spanish?

It is time to curtail the ramplate.

In the classic days of *Car Wars*, when accelerations above 10 and handling classes above 3 were unheard of, the ramplate was a good incentive for high speeds and collisions. Now, with the advent of gasoline power, HCs of 6 and above, and all-powerful confetti rule, direct fire weapons (excepting the oil gun) are obsolete in arena combat.

One-shot weapons are handy and cheap, but the "real" guns, including the AT gun and the X-ray lasers that have raised so much commotion in the recent past are easily defeated by the dedicated ram car.

When a single phase collision can utterly destroy an opposing vehicle, why would anyone bother to spend several turns shooting through armor, hoping to eventually hit some vital internal component? "Dodge them," I'm told. As a former club champion, and formidable regional and world competitor, I can say very seriously that you can *not* avoid a collision with a ram car that wants to hit you. He can out-run and out-maneuver you. A dedicated ram car will have every acceleration and handling enhancement available, even those that are normally excluded from arena combat by high costs and weights that make them impractical

for vehicles carrying weapons. Your only chance is to force him to hit your own ramplate and scare him off with the potential of taking full damage. Even if he hits you anyway, chances are he's got the armor to take it. (After all, he didn't waste any weight on weapons . . .)

"So shoot him," you say. Like I said, his armor's too thick to shoot through, and a -6 speed modifier makes his tires effectively immune. (And any ram car that's not going 80 mph or faster isn't a player that deserves to win anyway.)

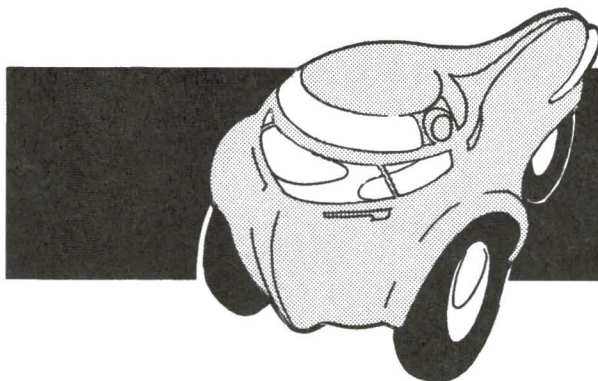
As long as the confetti rule remains in effect, ramplates as they are unstoppable. Any car that does use weapons is a fool not to carry one for defense, if for no other reason.

I suggest removing the double damage modifier from the ramplate. It remains an attractive weapon, but the ease with which a ramming vehicle could "confetti" a victim car would be considerably reduced. As the rule stands, a compact car could utterly destroy a luxury car and sustain only 34 points of damage. With average die rolls, this happens at a moderate (for a ram car) 120 mph. If your victim is a compact, the damage taken drops to 22 points, and the ram speed drops to 90 mph. Compared to 210 mph and 150 mph for non-ram-equipped cars (not to mention that fact that a non-ram-equipped compact will confetti before its intended victim . . .), you can see how dangerous the ramplate is.

Something needs to be done about the ramplate. I'm a veteran duellist, and I used to play the game for fun. With ram cars doing most of the winning, it's just not as much fun anymore, so now I only play tournaments. If you want to get new players interested in the game, fix it.

— Robert Dies

Colorado Springs, CO



1. Is the cost of ammunition included when deciding the class of a duelling car?

2. On what phase does an oversized vehicle take its 1/4" move?

3. If there is only the driver in a car, why does the difficulty matter if he dies?

4. Is there a difficulty to an oversized vehicle if it is hit by 12 or less points of damage in a single phase?

5. Is there a maximum amount of armor a sidecar can carry?

6. Can a sidecar have component armor?

7. When firing at a sidecar is it -4 — -2 for the motorcycle and -2 for the sidecar? When firing at a cyclist is it -5, -3 for the cyclist and -2 for the cycle? When firing at someone in a sidecar, is it -7? Is a pedestrian in rubble targeted at -7, -3 for the ped and -4 for the rubble?

8. If one has already fired can he take a dropped weapon off automatic, or must it continue to fire every phase for the rest of the turn?

9. Is the remote control for a radio detonated mine a vehicular component or a hand-held device? Does each mine counter need a different remote control? With two or more radio controlled mines on the board, can they go off on different turns, or must they go off simultaneously?

10. Can an incendiary device or weapon ignite a regular oil slick?

11. A grenade can only be thrown 5'', but a missed throw can travel as far as 23''. Is this right? Does a grenade bounce when missing a window?

12. How many points does a burst effect weapon do to a rotor?

13. If one does not have cyclist skill, is his handling class -3 on a trike? Does cyclist skill have any effect on driving a reversed trike?

14. If you have trucker skill, do you also need driver skill to avoid an HC modifier when driving an oversized vehicle?

15. When does a pedestrian on oil crawl?

16. Can one fire during the three seconds needed to start a car?

17. Can high speeds blow a ped off the top of a vehicle?

18. What is the grenade equivalent of a full, worn backpack?

19. What is the chance of hitting a portable radio when the attacker is facing the back of the opponent?

20. Does hollow point ammo get a +1 against vehicles?

21. Where does the extra damage go after a weapon is destroyed by a limpet mine that is placed directly over the weapon's port?

22. What is the damage for a flaming oil grenade? What is the duration and fire mod for a FOG?

23. Will a portable flamethrower, or any flamethrower, explode when empty if it is hit?

24. What is the burn duration and fire mod for an exploded flamethrower?

25. What is the damage caused by the blast of an exploding flamethrower?

26. Can a CA frame be combined with a ramplate?

27. Can metal armor be placed under plastic for deception purposes?

28. What is the chance of an engine catching fire when a 10 is rolled on the critical engine damage chart? What is the chance of an explosion when an engine catches fire? What's the fire mod and burn duration for an engine that is on fire?

29. Can a passenger use a tripod in the back of a pickup? Can a passenger fire a tripod weapon from the cargo space out the back door of a station wagon?

30. How can the top armor of a sidecar protect a turreted weapon, when a sidecar does not have top armor?

31. How many spaces does a trike take up in a trailer?

32. Can a drop-spike plate be dropped on the top of a vehicle during a jump? Will the spikes or the bottom of the plate hit the top armor?

33. If your front armor cost \$100, does your ramplate cost an extra \$150?

34. Can a pintle mount be used in the bed of a pickup?

35. How many uses are there in a fire extinguisher?

36. How are dischargers activated? Is there a time delay for dischargers?

37. Can a no paint and tinted windshield be combined? Can either item be used on a cycle wind shell?

38. Can devices that drain power from a power plant, like bollix, radar jammers, etc., be hooked up to a laser battery?

39. Is the difficulty for rapid acceleration the same for a vehicle equipped with an anti-lock braking system as for one with regular brakes? Can heavy duty brakes be combined with ABS?

40. Can a truck turbo be combined with a heavy duty transmission?

— Michael Tollison, Sr.
Ava, MO

1. Absolutely. Every car is figured with all weapons and magazines full.

2. Move on the 1/2" phase, move 3/4" instead of 1/2".

3. As a measure of the vehicle's stability.

4. 6 to 12 points of damage = d1.

5. No.

6. Yes, for internal components. You can't component armor the whole thing.

7. No, no, no and yes.

8. It takes a firing action.

9. Vehicular component. No. They can be detonated individually.

10. No.

11. You may target a square no more than 5" away. The grenade can scatter much further. Yes.

12. None, unless the BE does vehicular damage. Then 1 or 2.

13. Yes. It's the skill you need to drive one effectively.

14. No.

15. Phases 2 and 4.

16, 17. No.

18. Zero.

19. 2 in 6.

20. No. It does no vehicular damage.

21. To internal components.

22. Same as any other flaming oil weapon.

23. No.

24. None.

25. It kills the guy wearing it.

26. Sure.

27. No.

28. None, other than normal. It depends on what's in the engine. None.

29. No and no.

30. Sidecars may be armored in all 6 standard locations.

31. 6 plus the trike's spaces.

32. Sure, but it doesn't do any damage. The bottom of the plate hits.

33, 34. Yes.

35. Infinite, for game purposes.

36. With a firing action. No.

37. Yes. On a cycle, yes. On a wind shell, no.

38. Yes.

39. Yes and yes.

40. No.

— KS

CLASSIFIED

HARTFORD AREA DUELLISTS UNITE! Looking for a burning wreck (or want to be one)? Join the official chapter of the top three finishers at the '41 Worlds: GHOST. Contact GHOST c/o Brian Morrison, 57 Pheasant Hill Dr., West Hartford, CT 06107; send e-mail on Illuminati to Doctor Z #232; or call the home of GHOST, the Cutting Edge BBS (203) 233-8993 (300/1200/2400 N-8-1) and send Feedback.

WANTED: ANY DUELLISTS in the Anaheim, Fullerton or Buena Park area. Write to Alexander Lau, 214 W. Sirius, Anaheim, CA 92802. Or call (714) 971-9855. Any age welcome.

GREETINGS FROM GEORGIA! I'm pretty new at *Car Wars*, and I'm looking for correspondents to trade advice, cars and other material through the mail. Write to: James Tanis, 3426 Starwood Trail, Lilburn, GA 30247.

TRAACS IS BACK! Any and all autoduellists in the Colorado Springs or Denver areas, The Regional Autoduelling Association of Colorado Springs wants you! Branches to begin in both areas. Contact Robert Deis, 2680 Fairway Dr., Colorado Springs, CO, 80909. Phone (719) 578-9728.

THE GREAT ASP HUNT; now taking place across the USA! Bounty of \$500 for each ASP agent killed, and \$50,000 for the Black ASP himself. Be on the lookout.
— *The Mongoose*

ATTENTION D/FW & Mid-Cities duellists. I am looking to form a Mid-Cities AADA chapter. I have three members already. I just need two more accomplished duellists to flesh out our club. For more info contact Rollin Kearley at 700 Polk St. #204, Arlington, TX 76011, or call Metro (817) 261-3402.

WANTED: ISSUES 2/4 to 6/3, preferably in good condition. Willing to bargain with prices. Would like to deal locally. Write to Glen Hattrup, 9816 W. 101st, O.P., KS 66212.

CONTRA COSTA COUNTY area duellists wanted! We are putting together a local chapter of the AADA and need more members! So if you want to duel

with us, then give the president, Hank Stalica, a call at our main office, 827-396. Join the California Highway Organization for Killing Everyone today!

WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID? Looking for a few good duellists (but I'll take the other kind too) to start a chapter in the Troy area. John Hollenbeck, send me your number! High-school age preferred. Write, phone or fax: Timothy Bruce, 230 Canton St., Troy, PA 16947. Phone: (717) 297-2022, Fax: (717) 297-5080.

DEUTSCHLAND: Ich suche duellisten in ganz Deutschland, die bereit sind, neue chapter zu gründen. Contact GBAH, c/o Thorsten Haude, Ginsterweg 33014 Lautzen, 0511/82 28 19

ACES H. seeks opponents, friends, bikers, brothers! Drop me a line at: T.J. Gates, P.O. Box 843, Pentwater, MI 49449. I'd also like to correspond with an Israeli or Aussie Duellist.

YO, YOU! JOIN P.O.W., Fort Worth's latest, greatest, official and, uh, only AADA chapter. We want you! If you wish to join the most awesome chapter in the Metroplex, call Steven Poor at 249-2973. Also wanted: one pen pal, hopefully a high-school-aged duellist who lives overseas, especially near RAF Lakenheath. Really want to get in contact with LEADA. Send SASE, letter will be responded to, guaranteed! 1115 Warden St., Fort Worth, TX, 76126.

FELLOW GAMERS: I'm a recent retiree, and I'm selling all of my *Car Wars* books, including *Car Wars Deluxe Edition*, *ADQs*, and expansion sets. All are in mint condition. For more information please write: Gary Chiswick, Jr., 913 Tisdale Ave., Mare Island, CA 94592.

EVERYONE who wrote to me, please write again, I promise to get back to you this time. Carl, call me! I mean it, we need a chapter around here. I don't care which way the monolith is leaning, repeat: I don't care which way the monolith is leaning. "Howlin' Madd" Matt Sul-lins, 11210 Prince Ct., Fredericksburg, VA 22401. (705) 898-6228.

I AM LOOKING for *ADQ* #1/1, 1/2, 1/3, 1/4. Send information to: Ed Jones,

28752 Plainfield Dr., Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274. Thanks!

SEARCH AND DESTROY wants you! If you live in Southern New Jersey (that's the part south of Trenton, folks) or Philadelphia, we want you! We are one month short of being a full-fledged chapter, and are looking for more duellists who like to mop up the streets with EDSEL bodies. Interested allies should contact George "The Kreath" Stewart at (215) 732-1282, or Mike "Zeke Quaid" Keegan at (609) 858-5894. ("I've got my sights on Driving Tigers, and kitties, the fur is going to fly!" — Zeke Quaid)

HEY DUDES! Lookin' fer some action? Lookin' around NZ? Cruiz to yer local RADNZD and apply t'join. Leave message on CV Baud ((06) 8763-804), Half-Men of Modem ((06) 8774-747) or The Beer Club ((06) 8351-288) BBSs (all messages to Demon), or write to 32 The Esplande, Westshore, Napier, New Zealand. Address it to Grayson Orr.

ATTENTION!! Recent evidence indicates that extremist groups such as BADD (Bothered About Dungeons and Dragons) and NCTV (National Coalition against Television Violence) will start a new anti-gaming campaign. Help save our hobby from these propaganda/smear attacks. Join the CAR-PGa (Committee for the Advancement of Role-Playing Games)! Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: William A. Flatt, Chairman, CAR-PGa, 8032 Locust Ave., Miller, IN 46403, or call (219) 938-3382. Only you can prevent censorship! Don't let the minority dictate what you can or cannot play.

Conventions

FIRST QUAD-CON Grand Autoduel Championship to be held at Quad-Con '90, Oct. 12-14. for more information write: Van B. Mahany, R.R. 1, Box 69, Lafayette, IL 61449.

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