

PENDULOM

45



DUNGEON BASHING DAL

AUSTRIA TAKES ON GERMANY/ITALY/RUSSIA
FIRST ENGLISH BREAKTHROUGH IN FRANCE

AUSTRIA (Nicholas): A(Vie) - Tyr, A(Bud) - Tri A(Ser) S A(Bul) - Rum,
F(AEG) stand, A(Rum) - Ukr S by A(Gal), A(War)_S_
GERMAN_A(Lvn) - Mos.

ENGLAND (Love): F(BAR) - NWG, F(Pic) - Bre S by F(ENG), A(Bel) - Pic,
F(MAO) - Gas.

FRANCE (Ward): A(Bre) - Pic S by A(Par), F(Por) - MAO S by F(Spanc),
A(Mar) stand bored.

GERMANY (Scrace): F(GOB) stand, F(BAL) - Pru, A(Lvn) - War, A(Mun) - Sil,
A(Ruh) - Mun, A(Bur) - Par.

ITALY (Docwra): F(Nap) - ~~THE~~, F(Rom) - Tus, A(Con) - Ank S by A(Smy),
F(Tun) - Naf, F(EMS) - ION.

RUSSIA (Blackburn): A(Mos) S GERMAN A(Lvn) - War, A(Ukr) - Gal,
F(Sev) - Rum.

retreats Russian A Ukr - dead, French A Bre - dead, Austrian A War-
dead. Turkish A Ank - dead

sorryyyyye

~~TURKEY (Nichols):~~ A(Ank) stand.

Press:

Paris - London: You've probably taken Bre by now. I hope it chokes you.
I don't think you'll gain much else for a long time (from me that is) so
if I promise to let you have Bre will you leave me alone?

Carlton House SW1: Intresting book, Carruthers?

Why yes sir. I always read historical novels and this one's very good,
all about the Crusades.

What fascinating fellows they were, my boy. Fancy journeying halfway
across the world, fighting all the way - for years at a time - just for
your beliefs. Quite incredible.

Yes Henry, and when the hero, Doctor Stephani, finally returned home, he
found that everything had changed while he'd been away fighting in
Byzantium. They didn't even speak his language anymore and his beloved

Napoli was occupied by strangers from the other side of the Adriatic.
Don't know what the poor fellow is going to do now.

Teach him a lesson for being so trusting, won't it?

Paris-Rome I hope you're telling the truth.

DARKEST CORNWALL: Aaaww come off it! Don't ruin the game by actually
telling the truth! Stab the bum, get him where it hurts... forget
Venice! (stir, stir)

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Here is a party political spacefiller which will be broadcasted on
BBC1, BBC2, ITV and all the other Commae run organizations!

"The bottom of the page is near!"

"Repent all your stabs!"

"Halifax is reported to have mobilized it's dupilcators and is
marching on Bradford!"

Here ends this spacefiller....

TERRIFIC TURKISH COUNTERATTACK
GERMANY HARD PUSHED TO HOLD
STILL WINS THOUGH

ENGLAND (McCloughli): F(Por) stand.

GERMANY (Tanner): A(Spa) - Por, A(Gas) - Mar, F(ENG) - MAO, A(Yor) - Nor
C by F(NTH), F(Nor) - NWG, A(Mun) S(Boh) S A(Ber) - Sil,
A(Sil) - War S by A(Lvn) & A(Pru) & (Mos).

ITALY (Donaldson): F(APu) S f(Ven), F(Nap) MS F(ION).

TURKEY (Tyrone): A(Sev) - Mos, A(Gal) - War S by A(Ukr), A(Bud) - Gal,
A(Vie) S A(Bud) - Gal, F(ADR) - Ven s by A(Tyr) &
F(Tri), F(Gre) - ION S by F(AEG), F(BLA) stand.

retreats....Italian F Ven dead

muddled move last time was my typing mistake...good try Peter.

FINAL SC COUNT:

England: 1 centre: Por no change

Germany: 18 centres: Mun, Ber, Kie, Hol, Bel, Par, Bre, Mar, Spa, Lon,
Lpl, Edi, Nor, Swe, Den, StP, Mos War builds
(though I don't know why) A's Ber Kie.

Italy: 3 centres: Ven, Rom, Nap, Tun no change.

Turkey: 12 centres: Con, Smy, Ank, Bul, Sev, Rum, Ser, Tri, Vie, Bud,
Gre Ven builds A Con.

Congrats all round. Can I have you life stories for next issue.

Press:

Turkey: His Holiness Prince Aby Ben Adam, Sultan of Arabia, doth
absolutely delight to bow his knee to Attila-the-Tanner, and in the
event that Germany hath been awarded this game, doth challenge
offore said Tannerman to a second contest in "Pendulum" in which it
is hoped the same GM will preside.

DARKEST CORNWALL: Ooh Ooh! I'm game, specially with a guarentee of
lots of blood!



NO CHANGE OVERALL

AUSTRIA (Tarski): NMR: A(Tus) stand.

ENGLAND (Donaldson): F(Edi) stand, F(Nap) & F(Tun) S F(TYR) - ION,
F(Pie) - TYR, A(Gas) - Mar, F(ENG) - Lon, F(Bel) -
ENG, A(Bur) S A(Pic) - Bel.

GERMANY (Hucknell): F(NTH) stand S by F(HEL) & F(HOL), A(Boh) S A(Mun) -
Tyr, A(Kie) - Mun, A(Gal) - Vie, A(Ukr) S A(War)
Gal, A(Mos) S A(Ukr).

TURKEY (Bleach): A(Arm) S A(Sev), F(BLA) S A(Rum), A(Bud) S A(Vie),
A(Ven) S AUSTRIAN A(Rom) (its Tus), A(Bul) - Apu C by
F(AEG) & F(ION) F(ADR) S F(ION).

retreats Turkish F ION - EMS

pto for sc chart

SC CHART

- AUSTRIA: 0 centres: ~~Ven~~ remove A Rus. Bye T.
- ENGLAND: 11 centres: Lon, Lpl, Edi, Bre, Par, Mar, Por, Spa, Bel, Tun.
.....Nap build A Lpl.
- GERMANY: 10 centres: Mun, Kie, Ber, Hol, Den, Swe, Nor, StP, Mos,....
....War builds A, sorry no build
- TURKEY: 13 centres: Con, Ank, Smy, Sev, Bul, Rum, Gre, Ser, Bud, Vie,
Tri, ~~Nap~~, RomVen, No Build Requested (?)

The 4 way draw was rejected. A new 3 way one has been proposed again...
...can I have your votes on this draw with a sc chart as above, no
votes count as in favour of draw.

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DRAW PROPOSED

19

- ENGLAND (Swift): F(IRI)-MAO S by F(NAO), F(Lpl) - Wal S by F(Lon),
F(NTH) S F(Den), F(Edi) S F(NTH), F(Swe) - GOB, 9 ?
F(Den) S F(NTH), A(Mos) - StP.
- FRANCE (Denton): F(ENG) - NTH s by F(Bel) & F(Hol), A(Kie) - Den,
F(Bre) S F(MAO), A(Lvn) - Mos S by A(War), A(Gal) - 9 ?
Rum. 9
- ITALY (Pinch): A(Tri) - Bud S by A(Vie), A(Alb) - Ser, F(ADR) S
A(Ven) - Tri, F(ION) - Gre. 6
- TURKEY (Tregear): A(Ank) - Arm, A(Bud) - Gal S by A(Rum), A(Gre) S A(Ser)
F(Sev) - BIA, F(Con) - Bulsc; F(Smy) - EMS,
F(AEG) S A(Gre) 9

retreats. French A Gal dead no rs given, English F NTH - HEL.
mistake last time, I missed Turkish A(Bul) - Ser..sorryyee.
A draw has been proposed by....with E/F/T 1st Italy 4th.
(as I can't see Italy conceding with his present position e.g. he can't
get a worse position than 4th anyway, I'll add this proposal)
A four-way draw E/F/T/I
Please vote on both proposals, no vote cast count in favour.
(thinks: if this games ends and 138 finishes as well as 139...I'll be
left with one game!)

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THE GREAT REBELLION: A Worm's eye View.

August 1642: Nottingham and Oxford.
On the 22nd of the month, in wet and miserable weather, Charles
Stuart, by the Grace of God King of England, Ireland, Scotland and
France, saw his standards float out from the battlements of
Nottingham's ruined medieval castle, signifying the formal break with
his Parliament; another logical step in that procession of events
which his policy since 1625 had made inevitable. In a sence, this
raising of the Royal Standard was a poignant anaekronism for, in the
last two months, quietly and in scattered confusion, the English
Civil War had already begun. Here and there local magnates had
clashed, in parties yet small, to seize the advantage of this or
that store of arms or stratigic town.

pto

The King had lost Hull; he had lost London; he had lost the Navy; without which no ruler of England could be taken seriously by other European states. But the North, Wales and Cornwall were strong for him and there were considerable islands of Royalism in the rest of the country, notably the counties of Salop, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Kent Oxford and Gloucester. In fact in every community there existed sizeable pockets of Royalists, whose numbers military success would increase, even in Puritan London and East Anglia.

He had bribed, (or thought he had bribed) the Scots; he had ordered his Lord Lieutenant in Dublin to make peace with the revolting (sic) Irish and win them to his side with promises (easily repudiated later) of religious toleration and an end to oppression; he was negotiating for armed assistance from Spain, from France, from Denmark; and against Parliaments' control of the nations wealth, he could conjure with the magic name of King. So it was in sanguine mood that he dismissed certain of his Gentlemen-in-Waiting to their homes to muster among their neighbours what support they could.

On the 24th of August, in pouring rain, one such Courtier, Sir Gervase Trethowen of Penhydroc in Cornwall, rode over Trent Bridge bound for his home county by way of Oxford, for which fiercely Royalist stronghold he had dispatches warning the burghers and students to look to their defences, lest some local zealot emulate one Oliver Cromwell at the sister University of Cambridge where that rash and intemperate fellow had raided the town, imprisoned the dons all through a long, cold night and made off with the Colleges' plate, which they were about to send to the King.

(Later in the week the Standard was blown down; few recruits appeared. The King left for York).

Piers Tyrrell stood at a window of his undergraduates room at the Oriel College, Oxford and gazed with gloomy interest at the scuffle taking place below. This affair, interrupting an inward debate, had occurred when some pot-valiant fool had shouted 'God save King and Parliament!' The immediate reply, from a score of throats, had been 'God save the King, for Parliament will shift well enough to save themselves!' - a sentiment Piers shared! He was grown tired with the endless political arguments of the past months, his own politics were those of his father mild-mannered Sir Jasper Tyrrell of Wellcome Hall, Stratford-on-Avon; they amounted to a determination that, whichever side won the Tyrrells would still have to be reckoned with in Warwickshire. It would come to a battle, he thought, with hazy ancestral memories of Barnet and Bosworth; the losers, recognising the logic of military defeat, would give in as gracefully as they may. For his own part, if he did not fight he would be taken for a coward and as he would as lief be hanged as fight for parliament, therefore would fight for the King.

Anyway, he thought, little work would be done this term, what with half the dons and three parts of the undergraduates not yet come in on account of the unsettled condition of the country. And what was more, no serious campaign could be mounted 'til the harvest was got in, there being (Thank God!) no permanent standing army in the country.

He remembered the night before; a tired and muddy gentleman had ridden into the town bringing, they said, letters from the King at Nottingham. The fellow had caroused late with a certain foreigner in the service of Priase Rupert. Piers had seen this man often in the High Street in the last few days. A Pole; a giant of a man, grim and battered, with eyes as grey and black as the Vistula in December. Nonetheless, he will brook a jest, and doubtless would even now be found taking his morning draught at the Bear.

GLYN PALMER

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

Well in the last three weeks all hell has let loose in Castle Luney.

The BBBA have had possibly the most active start. They ran into 16 skeletons after just twenty minutes in the castle, they dealt with them in no time but with the loss of the Elf in the group.

Richard Donaldson with a demonstration of greed caused himself a lot of trouble by donning a cursed suit of armour....he got out but he still can't get the helmet off. Whilst caught in the suit his mule ran off. He then had to bribe Richard Hucknell (who arrived at this point) to guard the loot whilst he chased after the mule. Both left the castle with 10 G.P. profit. They gone back in again.

Elsewhere, exploration is going on at different rates with varying success.

Hans Swift: I'm glad D&D isn't going to take up much space from now on. ..I was very disappointed when I got my rules. I find D&D is a game relying on the idea of a god (the GM) predeciding the fate of the players and is very like a traditional northern scandinavian game.

John: Likewise I was disappointed with the rules, they skip over vast areas, which are of great importance (especially the combat section, where they expect you to fork out for the crap rules in Chainmail). But as to the GM/god figure....umm yes I can see the point but the way I GM things is more on a personal line. For instance every player who has been playing in P has shown some of his character (true life one, that is) in the way he plays Dip, so I plan certain problems for him personally (even if I have to doctor the game for them to happen!) For you for instance, it would be something.....well I won't tell you. Although, that especially might sound 'predetermined fate' I hope it doesn't work that way as I make sure my 'traps' aren't more than a player can handle. Anyway there's always the final combat ...agrieved players could form a group and attack my little Tavern!

A NEW GROUP

Player: Keary Burch	Player: Kerry Handscombe	player: James Taylor
class: fighter	class: fighter	class: Magic user
type: Man	Type: elf	type: man
Alignment: Law	Alignment: law	Alignment: law
Level: veteran	Level: veteran	Level: Medium
Experience: 0	Experience: 0	Experience: 0
Name: John Carter	Name: Tars Tarkas	Name: Fenodyree
Strength: 18	Strength: 18	Strength: 3
Intelligence: 3	Intelligence: 3	Intelligence: 11
Wisdom: 3	Wisdom: 3	Wisdom: 11
Dexterity: 15	Dexterity: 9	Dexterity: 3
Constitution: 12	Constitution: 18	Constitution: 10
Charisma: 3	Charisma: 3	Charisma: 14
G.P.: 90	G.P.: 110	G.P.: 120

Player: Peter Selsby
Class: Cleric
Type: man
Alignment: law
Level: Acolyte
Experience: 0
Name: Mung
Strength: 7
Intelligence: 14
Wisdom: 16
Dexterity: 7
Constitution: 7
Charisma: 3
G.P.: 90

Equipment:

John Carter: leather armour, helmet, 2 spears, sword, 150' rope, 10' pole, lantern, back pack, battle axe, 1 qrt wine, wine skin, Halberd, large sack, iron rations.

Tars Tarkas: Mule, leather armour, 2 handed sword, battle axe, 2 saddle bags, 2 qrts wine, 2 wine skins, small sack, back pack, iron rations.

Mung: 50' rope, silver cross, wolvesbane, garlic, lantern, shield, dagger, helmet, iron rations.

Fenodyree: leather armour, holy water, steel mirror, 12 iron spikes, 2 flasks oil, 2

back packs (1' for Mung) 50' rope, 10' pole, dagger, 2 stake and mallets, wooden cross mt crossbow & 30 quarels, iron rations.

Player: Mike Nicholas 'I'll Kill 'em my self department'
class: fighter
Type: Man (no provision for a man-beast?) (john: see below)
alignment: netral
level: veteran
Name: Thak (readers of Conan should know this thing)
Strength: 18
Intelligence: 6
Wisdom: 2
Dexterity: 18
Constitution: 6
Charisma: 4
G.P. 90

Equipment: leather back pack, dagger, sword, large sack, 2 weeks rations, 18 torches, 100' rope, iron rations, water skin, battle axe, chainmail, helmet, shield. * 7 GP left

Man-beast, well why not? If your charcter has any inherent special capabilities, let me know and you can use them (within reason).

Thak if you want to form a group, you'll have to wait as there are no other players at this moment above ground! They're all battle away in the castle. Mind you, you stand a reasonable chance of finding other players once in the castle so I've included a result of your entrance into Castle Luney.

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THEY SAID I COULDN'T BE DONE ---

And they were right..... So here instead is

THE EPIC OF SLUMPHK (bit the seventh)

The massive army of 3,000 toe nails, led by Slumphk (and Arthur, the water beetle) prepared to do battle with the mighty legions of the Lord High Lemming, to save this fair isle ~~sweater~~ from rodent tyranny. The toad held its breath. Three minutes later 56 million people turned blue on the face and nearly choked. The Slumphkian forces split into three groups. One headed for the toad mutating base on the Thames, one for that on the Mersey and the third went back to Grimsby to put the kettle on for tea. So far, no one knew the whereabouts of the lemmings. The third group of toe-nails was walking along humming dirty songs and telling the punchlines of other peoples jokes before they had finished, when all of a sudden a large number of lemmings leaped out of some trees that were not actually there. A fierce struggle followed. It followed the fighting toenails and lemmings for three miles and then went to a cinema instead. The lemmings were all experts in Kung-fu, but when they tried to leap in the air they fell flat on their backs and thrusting their legs out at a target too far away to reach. Quickly they changed tactics. ~~They got some orange flavoured ones instead.~~ They drew their plastic water pistols filled with sulphuric acid but for some reason they didn't work either. Then the frustrated lemmings gave up trying to be clever and started to head-butt the toenails instead. This was far more effective, mainly because at last the toenails realised that the lemmings were there and began to defend themselves. Meanwhile the other toenails were laying siege against the mutating bases, which was quite a turn-on for the bases. The scene was set for a long and bloody struggle. Would this now continue as it had begun? Could the combatants stand the test of it all?

Could the readers (hello, out there!) stand it, come to that, stand it? Well, not for another month at least.

NEXT TIME; THE REVOLT OF THE SPORRAN COBBLERS, BUT DON'T COUNT ON IT.
BIT THE EIGHTS

IT'S SICK TO MY STOMACH - THE GUARDIAN.
THE QUALITY STUFF - THE DAILY MIRROR)

Stack of aspirins, sleeping tablets, toes wrapped around shut-gun triggers
ropes dangling from the door frame? Then for your next suicide attempt
try reading Pendulus. Approved by the British Masochist League.

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Any more remarks like that and I'll launch my elite corps of Centipied
Stompers at you....what a death!

YOU HAVE TO READ IT TO BELIVE IT - DAILY MAIL(providing you can read it)

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~~How to get to the Tyrrell hide-out! for the Midcon thing~~

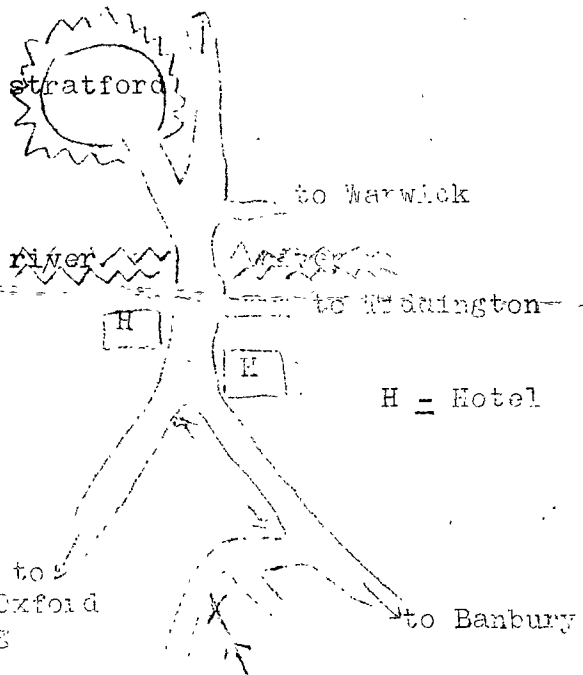
From Peter

- Dear Joan Coombe
- Ian Waugh
- Poger Ayre
- Ray Gale
- Tony Hatherington
- Willy Haughian
- Mark Tregear
- Hans Swift
- Dave Wilson

(John: and if my memory isn't
failing me)

Ianin Drylie

to Birmingham



We've been banned from using the
kitchen so God knows what happens
about food! That's life!

And again:

Peter suggests we bring
sleeping bags. If there's
still anyone out there who's thinking
of joining our merry band, hurry
up its only a matter of four
weeks....(looks at calendar)..
tonight!

1A Bridgetown Rd
surrounded by high hedge
opposite grass.

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DEADLINE falls actually on the week before the con...

11th SEPT 13th SEPT

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By the way....This is from John Coombe, Luney Barton Farm, Sulker,
St Austell, Cornwall, PL26 7JH phone Grampound Rd 382219

best wishes