

CANBERRA'S VERY OWN

A ROLE PLAYING CONVENTION

PHENOMENON 96

Queanbeyan's Premier Gaming Event



'This is Serious Fun'

With our Very Special Guest Stars.....

Margaret Weis

Author and/or Co-author of the *DragonLance*, *Star of the Guardians*, *Darksword* and *Deathgate* novel series'

Don Perrin

Designer of the *Star of the Guardians* card game, co-author of *Knights of the Black Earth* novel



Our Guests are Proudly Sponsored By.....

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	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Breakfast	1.	4.	<input type="checkbox"/> Don's Killer Breakfast
9:00-12:00	1.	4.	<input type="checkbox"/> Margaret's Writers' Workshop
Lunch			
1:00-4:00	2.	5.	8.
Go to the Canteen			
4:30-7:30	3.	6.	The Prizing
Social Life ?		<input type="checkbox"/> Banquet	<input type="checkbox"/> Drinkies at Monte's?

Other Events

'Star Wars' RPG Demo Game

'Star of the Guardians' TCG Demo

'Wing Commander' TCG Demo

Rules of Engagement

1. Incoming fire has right of way.
2. If the Enemy's in range, so are you! War is like a two way rifle range.
3. No Alcohol on the Premises.
4. No Smoking on the Premises
5. No Weapons, real or otherwise on the premises, with the possible exception of Legitimate props for game purposes.
6. It's not the bullet with your name on it that you have to worry about, it's the one marked 'to whom it may concern'.
7. No Bigots on the premises. What's the difference between a bigot and a blowfly? It's no fun to pull the legs off a blowfly.
8. No Poofers
9. If your attack is going well, you're walking into an ambush
10. There is no rule #8
11. No vandalism of or on the premises. Damage to school property will be reported to the police and criminal prosecutions may occur. (Besides which, anyone with more than 3 functional neurons is hardly likely to be a vandal)
12. Everything in your kit was made by the lowest bidder.
13. No illicit drugs on the premises. Note that that seems to cover rules 3 and 4
14. There's no such thing as friendly fire
15. No plan ever survives contact with the enemy
16. Any breach of the rules may result in your registration at Phenomenon being cancelled, and in some cases, legal action may be taken. If in doubt, we'll litigate.
17. 299 792.8km/sec isn't just a good idea; it's the Law. And even if $E=MC^2$, staying still for 20 minutes a day is not a good way to lose mass.
18. Hugging a Phenomenon Organiser (the ones that worked) will either get you smacked out or supporting an emotional wreck. Either way, approach with caution. At this point, stress is the only thing holding some of us together.

Cancellations.

Not that it's any use to you now but, in case you missed it in the Entry Booklet, the deal is

- Refunds for Player cancellations before 28 June 1996 will be the full amount paid, less a \$2 administrative fee.
- After 28 June 1996, refunds will only be given in exceptional circumstances, at the organisers' discretion.
- No refunds will be given for Player cancellations after the convention has started.
- If one or more Events are cancelled, players will have the option of choosing another game or obtaining a full refund of the fees paid for that game.

Are we all clear on that now?

The Banquet.

In response to the feedback about last year's Banquet, we've decided to hold the event again at the same venue. It is on Saturday night, it is at the Queanbeyan RSL Club, it is a smorgasbord dinner, it starts at 8:00 and is \$16. Costumes are welcome.

Please be upstanding for the next page

But first..... A message from the President

Hmmm, they tell me it's time to write another President's blurb for the handbook. Has it really been another year already? Damn they seem to be going by quickly. Well, Phenomenon is here again. It's winter, it's Canberra. Maybe I should just go skiing instead.

No, really, we've been work for more than a year to bring Phenomenon '96 to you. Yes, we started work on it before Phenomenon '95 had been and gone. It is my belief that this year's convention offers a better range of games than the previous two. I know I wish I didn't have to spend the whole weekend inside the canteen (I'd like to actually run my game a few times myself).

Margaret Weis and Don Perrin are our special guests this year at Phenomenon, and I'd like to thank them. Margaret is the co-author of the *Dragonlance Chronicles*, which was the first really successful series published by TSR. In fact, the *Dragonlance Chronicles* was the birth of the AD&D world Krynn, and has spawned numerous novels, modules and gaming hours since. And not to be forgotten are the other series that Margaret has authored: *The Darksword trilogy*, *The Deathgate Cycle* and the *Star of the Guardians* books.

Don Perrin is the designer of the *Star of the Guardians* card game (and Margaret's husband). *Star of the guardians* is a very different game to *Magic: The Gathering*- more tactical than strategic.

Over the weekend Don will be running demo games of the *Star of the Guardians* and *Wing Commander*. Feel free to drop by and have a game with him.

Well, its probably going to be cold again this weekend - it is winter, after all. I hope you all brought your winter gear with you. As per usual our canteen will be offering a high range of food stuff, including our renowned home-made soups. We have also decided this year to offer lunch orders. Just like you used to do in primary school - fill out a form telling us what you would like on your sandwiches, and we will have them ready for you to pick up at lunch time. And for those picking up lunch orders there will be a separate window available for fast service, so make sure you get those orders in. Oh, and don't forget that if you bring your own mug for soup or hot drinks you will be given 20 cents off the purchase price.

I suppose now I should thank all those who have helped with Phenomenon '96. All the designers, and GMs, John Hughes for his creative work on the Phenomenon Phylar, Shannon Roy for his help with this year's trophies, Pieter Lommerse for his Morph drawings, and my co-organisers, Peter Rousell, Wes Nicholson, Shane Donohoe, Philippa Hughes, Mike "Larry" Larkin, Ryan d'Argeavel and Jon Naughton. And of course, one group which so often goes unthanked, the players, for without you we'd be out of a job...well, out of volunteer work, anyway. Of course, I can sit here bemoaning that there aren't more of you, but, well, thank you all.

Well, that's about all from me for now. I hope that you have a great weekend. Have fun.

Karl Lommerse
President,
Phenomenon Labs

I know how much you like to sleep on the floor.

Mighty Morph 'n Power Ratings

Problem solving



Sumour



System Knowledge



Milieu



Sophistication



Genre



TRIPTYCH

Triptych (trip-tick) n. picture or carving on three panels able to fold over centre; set of three associated works so placed esp. as a centre piece; set of three writing tablets hinged or tied together; a set of three artistic works; such used as an alter piece;

a treatise in three parts

Phenomenon is proud to present our third

TRIPTYCH.

Each year, three experienced designers are invited to present a systemless single session module.

Each module will be judged seperately, but teams competing in all three modules will also be eligible for the

TRIPTYCH

Perpetual Trophy.



Our fathers strode the wide world,
wave-ploughers and axe-bearers, and
the world trembled. Now we huddle
like children on the ice-locked shore,
waiting for light and life to fail. The
dismal sea speaks to us with the voice of
iron. Its judgement is brief and terrible,
hard as rune-graven stone.

No more bitter fate for a proud people.
No more lonely end.

Graenlendinga Saga

BRENT STEEVES.

A single session Triptych for five Norsemen in the
twilight of the Viking Age



COVENANT

IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE COMPASSIONATE, THE MERCIFUL !

THE DAY OF RECKONING FOR MANKIND IS DRAWING NEAR, YET THEY BLITHELY PERSIST IN UNBELIEF. THEY LISTEN WITH RIDICULE TO EACH FRESH WARNING THAT THEIR LORD GIVES THEM; THEIR HEARTS ARE SET ON PLEASURE.

IN PRIVATE THE WRONGDOERS SAY TO EACH OTHER: "IS THIS MAN NOT A MORTAL LIKE YOURSELVES ? WOULD YOU FOLLOW WITCHCRAFT WITH YOUR EYES OPEN?"

SAY: "MY LORD HAS KNOWLEDGE OF WHATEVER IS SAID IN HEAVEN AND EARTH. HE HEARS ALL AND KNOWS ALL"

SOME SAY: "IT IS BUT A MEDLEY OF DREAMS." OTHERS: "HE HAS INVENTED IT HIMSELF."

AND YET OTHERS: "HE IS A POET: LET HIM SHOW US SOME TIME, AS DID THE APOSTLES IN DAYS GONE BY." YET THOUGH WE SHOWED THEM SIGNS, THE NATIONS WHOM WE DESTROYED BEFORE THEM DID NOT BELIEVE EITHER.

WILL THEY BELIEVE ?

-āQur'ān (21:1-6)



BY RICHARD PERCY

prometheus rising

Extracts from a document authored by the Synod of Progress.....

.....it becomes obvious that our society is dying every passing year. Information gathered from the Church of the Temple and the Church of Science both indicate that within a Century our world will be on the verge of complete collapse. We see the symptoms today in the increased rates of random violence, child suicide, religious terrorism and small scale nuclear war between the Satellite Nations and their planet bound enemies.

Previous sessions of the Synod Steering Committee have been used to evaluate the Asher Bill, the proposal by Father Ferdinand Asher of the Church of Science to explore and colonise distant regions of space. In Asher's estimation this will serve not only as a source of increased Human territory, of inter-racial co-operation and public hope, but as a bridge unit between the Churches and Synod who, up until recently, have suffered from poor public relations profiles. After much deliberation, our support was unanimous.

Regardless of the cost, we have no choice but to approve the budget for the Asher, and sanction the Prometheus Project. Communications have been received from the Curate City and the citadel of technology lending the full support of the Church of the Temple and the Church of Science to the enterprise, including donations of funding as well as working systems for crew and colonist selection. Designs for the Prometheus Class Colonist Cruisers have already been forwarded and approved and a project time of 36 months has been approved and agreed to by all parties concerned.

Congratulations people, the expansion of the Human race throughout space has begun.

prometheus rising is a single session Triptych for teams of five players. Characters will be available at registration and to ensure the smooth running of the game, which should be read before the game begins.

Written and presented by Mark Barnes

KC's Virtual Reality Café

Videos

- STAR TREK
- NEXT GENERATION
- DEEP SPACE NINE
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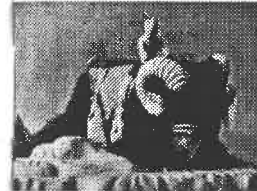
ARCADE BRIDGE CREW

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Banthas can't get it up



A Tusken raider urges on his barren bantha.

By CHOO DUPP

Scientists across the galaxy are claiming that banthas are experiencing dramatic reproductive problems. Banthas, used as beasts of burden on hundreds of worlds throughout the galaxy, are of crucial importance to the economies of many low-tech worlds.

With birth rates tumbling, galactic wide stocks of the creatures are dropping at alarming rates and prices have reached record levels.

Professor Pil Poppa of Alliance Laboratories has speculated that the situation has reached "crisis proportions" and unless something is done soon the creatures could become extinct. "If they can't get it up, they'll go down!" said the professor, who has angered non-sentient creatures liberties groups by suggestion that bantha owners should "lend a hand" to help solve the problem.

Last week a Corellian bantha rancher was killed when attempting to raise a bull's flagging libido with methods described by onlookers as "unorthodox, but strangely fascinating". Attempts to rescue the rancher were impeded by the enraged bull's intention to gore would-be rescuers.

Despite the obvious tragedy of the incident, bantha traders may now open a new market for the normally docile creatures as war beasts. However, General Ek S'bishun of the New Republic has slammed such suggestions. The general stated that "The thought of my troops having to kick start their mounts in the face of hostile forces is ridiculous. Besides, it breaks almost every known moral code we have."

Continued on Page 2
More pictures — Page 3
Crumb's View — Page 11

Rock band in name controversy

A rock band that is starting to achieve some degree of notoriety has adopted the name "Bantha With A Woody". Morals campaigner, Reverend Exx Phylz, has described the group as "a lewd and disgraceful slur upon the moral fabric of society - a smear on the underpants of civilisation." The response of one band member was that Reverend Phylz can "go f*** himself."

Rock music guru Hat Humdrum said that the band's name merely reflected the nature of the band itself. "The name is disgusting, juvenile, suggestive and totally lacking in tact or sensibility - a perfect reflection of the band itself. They're a bunch of degenerates. I predict they'll go far."

Rumours have been spreading that one band member may be none other than Reggie Moist. Moist was the former lead singer of The Bospin Blue Flamers who disappeared following being outlawed for the underground cult album "The Emperor's New Clothes".

Grand Admiral's daughter missing



Hart Palpitation

There has been an increase in the numbers of Imperial forces in the Outer Rim worlds following the disappearance yesterday of the daughter of a Grand Admiral. Grand Admiral Palpitation was said to be in fits of rage after his daughter Hartt failed to return from a hens' night for her grandmother. All Imperial forces are conducting a galaxy wide search for Miss Palpitation.

Imperial commanders are to consider the search a high priority task and have been ordered to board all suspicious vessels. New Republic diplomats claim that the disappearance is a smoke screen for Imperial forces to probe deeper towards the Core worlds. Whatever the case, the impact upon the activities of Tatooine's many "free traders" could be catastrophic. All citizens are urged to aid Imperial forces so that Miss Palpitation's whereabouts can be discovered as soon as possible.

A Spokesperson for Tatooine's most respected citizen, Zorba the Hutt, has said that "the sooner the Imperial scum p*ss off the better!"

Droid revolution attacks freighter

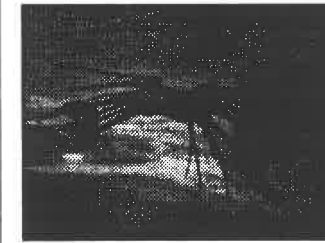
By SKAERD WITLIS

The Droid Revolutionary Army struck again when it attacked and captured a Mon Calamari freighter recently. Reports indicate that, in their boldest move yet, the DRA attacked the ship whilst it was on a normal cargo run following what was considered a safe flight path.

The DRA is an armed militia that is terrorising the galaxy in both Republican and Imperial territory. It is comprised of thousands of droids which are fighting for the recognition of fundamental rights for all droids and other so called "metal persons". The DRA has claimed that its campaign of terror will not stop until droids across the galaxy are accepted as true sentient beings and social equals.

In a recent interview, a DRA spokesdroid had this to say about the increased violence - "BEEP!!"

Dreaded space pirate sighted



The Intimidator, sighted recently near Hoth, is the vessel of the feared pirate Black Mill, who has destroyed twelve ships in the last year.

WEATHER

Yesterday: Hot
Today: Hot and Dry
Tomorrow: Dry
Forecast: Well, what do you f***ing think?

SPONSORS

EVIL GAME



DESIGNERS

INSIDE

- Moisture farmers - are they sexy? — Page 3
- Feature on Planet Eating Monsters — Page 5
- The Sand People exposed — Page 7
- What Jawas really keep under their cloaks — Page 14

die slow. What is it?

More beautiful than the face of God, yet more wicked than the Devil's tongue. The Dead eat it all the time, yet the Living who eat it while

Que ?

"I publish more papers than the rest of the Division, but do they recognise this? Single handedly I make more breakthroughs than any other but do they notice? When others make excuses - I deliver but do they care? But if you're born an Orc..."

<<<<<<<(Balharzar, (010751:0945)>>>>>>>>

"Great, stuck here in this God forsaken wilderness

- 'Exciting career opportunity for an up and coming Mage' Johnston said
- 'Generous Resources' he said
- 'Talented, dynamic co-workers' he said

SO HOW DO I GET OFF THIS FRAGGING ROCK!

<<<<<<<(Daniels, (010751:0945)>>>>>>>>

"Anyhow Mel said he was really fraggin impressed with my lvl 2 move by wire and he says if I did well he'll put me on one those programs with lots more drek like it Oh and he was really blown away with the way me and the Wahoo handled that unexpected security on the last job, fraggin pity 'bout the Cat Maniac, and the others"

<<<<<<<(SuperCommuter, (010751:0945)>>>>>>>>

"Joy, where did they get these people this isn't a team its a friggin drek fest Yeah the Prof knows his stuff but his attitude cripples him so what if he's an Orc? And his 'assistant' Daniels has gotta be the worst fraggin corp brown noser I ever met And as for that fragin cyber junkie SuperCommuter's idiot friend the Silver Wahoo ughh....I'm not a guide, I'm a goddam baby sitter....."

<<<<<<<(Clearwater, (010751:0945)>>>>>>>>

"Oy Sup dunno 'bout the the Profs Sidekick Daniels but reckon I'm fraggin in with that ClearWater Bint"

<<<<<<<(SilverWahoo, (010751:0945)>>>>>>>>

ShadowRun

by
John Brinsmead



Short People

A Dragon Lanced Adventure
by Simon Gintings and Karl Lommerse

The year is 351AC. It is the 20th day of September. The four members of the party are to re-unite in their former haunt, Sanctuary. But Sanctuary has changed, as times have changed. Now is a more dangerous time than it was five years ago, when the party seperated to find their own ways. Rumours of an army in the north, and stranger rumours of dragons - creatures of legend. Sanctuary itself is now patrolled by troops of Hobgoblins. The dwarven population of this underground town are in state of submission, forced by the hundreds of soldiers to allow this takeover of their once proud town.

One by one the members of the party have arrived at the Cave Inn. The first to enter is Skales. Skales, like most other gnomes, loves to tinker with mechanical objects. He has made something of an outcast of himself because of his lifequest. It is a noble lifequest. It has a long and illustrious history. Skales comes from one of the oldest gnomish families on Krynn. But his lifequest is not possible. And a gnome without a lifequest is not a gnome. And this gnome has to get the scale of a dragon.

Next to arrive was Slate. The old dwarf, a native of Sanctuary, was considered to be the leader of the party. As a paternal figure to the others, Slate's leadership came by default rather than any personal leadership ability, although onlookers would suggest that he was the only possible choice for the position of leader.

The third member of the party to arrive is Guz. Guz has a problem. He is short (although don't let him hear you say that.) Being short is fine for most creatures on Krynn but not for a minotaur. As a result he has a very bad attitude to people he doesn't like. Seeing a beserk midget minotaur with the strength of a Stone Giant wielding "Ankle-biter" his axe is a very frightening sight.

The party now wait at a table in the Cave Inn for the fourth member of the party to arrive. Tashua Burrfoot is late. This situation is one the party are used to as Kender aren't exactly the most reliable of people. Like when other kender are around people look after their purses very carefully.

The party have been on a quest to find a sign of the true Gods. It is a long quest, a five year mission to boldly go where no... er sorry wrong story. The three in the inn have fruitlessly searched Krynn far and wide, little realising that most unreliable member of the party has found a sign of the true Gods. I'd like to say that it is some great artifact or relic of vast power but no, what was found was more....well, not human....



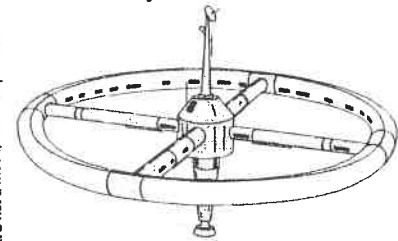
With a Special Guest Appearance by
Tasselhoff Burrfoot

BRIDGE CREW - THE PROPHECY

A Bridge Crew scenario for two crews of four players by Nick Prosser and Robert Cox

History of Daylor Station:

The station was constructed 40 years ago and named 'Embargo Station'. It was originally designed as a 'quarantine' station for new alien races on their first visits to earth. Twenty years ago (During the J Howard economic enlightenment period) it was deemed as surplus and sold to Yale university. Yale had it towed to its current position and renamed Daylor Station.



That's not a moon, that's a space station.

It is currently owned by Yale University Medical Research Department and is leased to Baier corporation for research into the contagious Bleeding Pores Virus. A spare lab is also used for research into Geriatrflatulentlux which is the phenomena of accidental bowel motions in the elderly when they break the speed of light in small space-going vessels.

The station is staffed by a team of six scientists two engineers and a janitor. They all work for Baier corporation and their research shows promise of great profits. Consequently the Deep Space Fleet has been asked to ensure the safety of the station and has a patrol class vessel stationed nearby. Currently this is the Amazon class frigate 'Nowra'.

Bleeding Pores Virus is a contagious and normally fatal virus. It causes, over a period of about 4 days, all the pores on the body to sweat blood. Victims usually die of blood loss.

Two ships are despatched to Daylor Station to investigate a 150 Year old prophecy.

BRIDGE CREW is a computer assisted science fiction roleplay game system that uses IBM Personal Computers and terminals (or more IBM PC's) to simulate the functions of a starship bridge.

The players form a one or more crews which engage in various activities under the control of a GM. Crew stations include Captain, Weapons officers, Helm Officer and Others

Bridge Crew Runs on IBM compatible PC's and Serial Terminals. It is designed to allow roleplay groups to have a computer assisted universe for space combat and space travel.

For more details Contact Mithril Software on (06) 254 3198 . Or write to Mithril Software PO Box 225 Kippax ACT 2615
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DIPLOMACY By Any Other Means

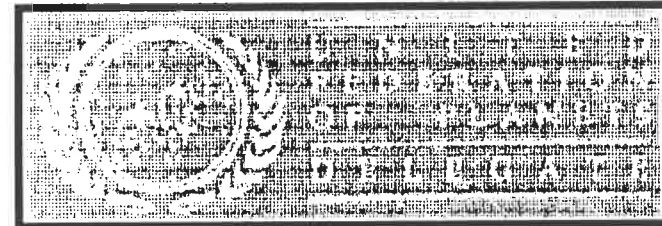
"Let us redefine progress to mean that because we can do a thing, does not mean that we must do that thing."
Federation President, Khitomer, 2293.

In 2341, the Federation finds itself approaching the beginning of a new era. Starfleet, the Navy of the Federation, has become a fleet of exploration and science, not the military force it was fifty years ago. Five decades of peace with the Klingons has brought many changes.

In 2341, within Federation space, a peaceful world in the Onieras System is under threat of invasion by a neighbouring world. A small Starfleet task force is dispatched to handle what many see as an easily resolved situation: a Federation world threatened by a hostile non-aligned force. The task force is given the option to exercise force, but only if absolutely necessary.

In 2341, as the fleet of four Starfleet vessels enters the Onieras System, the Onierans release a vital piece of information to the Federation Liaison: the planet threatening to invade was colonised a mere two centuries ago...
...by the Onierans themselves.

"It is well that war is so terrible, lest we should grow too fond of it."
General R.E. Lee, Earth, 1862



This is no place for an anthropologist.

A single session game for one Diplomat and four Starship Captains,

by David Hollingworth and Philip Lucas.

THE STARS ARE RIGHT!

TWO BILLION YEARS IN THE MAKING



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I see your schwartz is as big as mine.

Hinterland...

The Wyrms' Footprint Presents...

Old-fashioned Cthulhu Next from John Hughes

Five Players Two Sessions

A Third-Person, Dice-Driven Table-Top Storytelling Game

Restraining Devices may be employed to prevent outbreaks of spontaneous Multiforming

Saint Olga Tovyevski, Our Lady of Singularity, Patron Saint of the Highway, pray for us... Nobody comes back sane.

Saint Olga Tovyevski, Our Lady of Singularity, Patron Saint of the Highway, have mercy on us... The DOA count is twenty per cent. Seventy per cent are automatic candidates for the Wards; the diaper cases, mumbler, totally gone. Ten per cent hang on for at least a while. The Surrogates care for them, hoping to get something about what's on the other side.

Saint Olga Tovyevski, Our Lady of Singularity, Patron Saint of the Highway, grant us rest. It's time to prepare another Meatshot.

In Space, Nobody Can Hear You Dream...

"I don't like it," muttered the grizzled old knight, "I don't like it one little bit."

"Don't like what?" asked one of the mercenary captains, looking up from sharpening his sword.

"The sandstorm!" snapped the knight. "What did you think I meant? The beer? It smacks of sorcery I tell you! An army of orcs waiting half a day away in the Great Desert, and what happens? A sandstorm blows up and confines us all indoors. It's sorcery, mark my words."

The mercenary hawked and spat. "The mage says the storm will blow itself out in another two and a half hours. Nothing we can do till then," he mused philosophically.

"And what then?" continued the knight. "We go charging out and run headlong into half the Orclands?"

"Don't forget about Sir Alisander" piped up the minstrel from his seat at the bar. "He and Aylara got out before the sandstorm hit."

"Oh, yes. Heading straight towards the orcs. That really makes me feel better." The old knight's voice positively dripped sarcasm.

"Damn fool wants to get himself and his piece of fluff killed, that's his business," muttered the mercenary captain. "All I know is that barbarian filly must be pretty good in the sack, because she's got him twisted around her finger good and proper."

A female knight flicked her head up from where she had been checking the straps on her armour. Rage flashed in her eyes. "You happen to referring to the finest knight in the Order of the Stone." Her tone was pure ice.

"That's a recommendation?" asked the merc. "And another thing. How do we know he's not working with the orcs?" He stopped as he saw the female knight start to pull her sword from its scabbard. "Just asking," he said hurriedly.

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself from now on", she snapped.

"Like I said before," he continued after she had sat down, "all we can do now is wait."

A pall of silence fell over the taproom of the Sirocco. Outside the sandstorm continued to howl. It was going to be a long two and a half hours.

Rose of Chivalry

My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die.

A freeform for 25 characters awaiting either their salvation or their destruction.

by eric henry and larry

Holidays at Willowsmere

An Infinite Realities Production

Willowsmere School is a prestigious boys school in rural Kent. Run by Walter Sebastian, the school has a reputation for high standards of excellence and decency. Boys who graduate from Willowsmere have become important members of society, moving in the highest of circles. Yes, Willowsmere is one of the most sought after schools in the country, with enrolments required usually when a young lad is born.

This Christmas, however, a dark pall has been cast over the school. Whilst the majority of staff and students have returned to their families for the yuletide season, some have remained. The weather has turned bad, with a blizzard cutting the school off from Willowsmere Village. Even worse, the body of Mr Sebastian has been found in the school basement. Is it an accident, or is there something more sinister involved?

Those present at the time are:

Kathryn Sebastian - the dearly loved daughter of Walter, who could do no wrong.

Andrew Etherington - the highly respected and well-liked Head Prefect.

Timothy Chesterton - youngest of the students present, a bit of a loner.

David Jenkins - the young lad with the reputation of being "a sissy".

Peter Forsythe - the Captain of the school's cricket team.

Lord Nathan St. John-Smith - the orphaned, stuck-up Lord.

Maureen MacDougal - the school's cook, who is always seeing what isn't there.

Roger Harmsworth - Deputy Principal, and Geography teacher - a real loner.

Peter O'Hennessey - the young, Irish gardener / handyman.

Eric Roper - the shady cleaner, always lurking in the shadowy corners.

Dianne Pearce - the American Drama teacher.

Michael Smith - the school's strict sports instructor, who doesn't like to lose.

Elaine Lambert - the Welsh mistress of History.

Martin Dalton - the always perfect maths teacher.

Marie LeNeveu - the young, beautiful French instructress.

Also present are two strangers, who arrived during the storm last night.

Miss Sarah-Jane Smith - a journalist

Dr. John Smith - a rather unusual and strangely dressed man, who wears ruffled shirts and a cape

Did one of these people commit murder? Even if they didn't, there's sure to be some deep dark secret hidden somewhere in their closets.

Holidays at Willowsmere is a single session, murder mystery freeform for 17 players, set in an English Boarding School in rural Kent in the mid 1970's, for mature players only

ORBITAL DECAY

BLACK DEATH III

Black AeroSpace

A Division Of Black Technologies

PRESS RELEASE

Friday, 12th July, 2019

Black AeroSpace is proud to announce the opening ceremony of the first privately owned space station, SPECTRUM. The ceremony will be held on Saturday the 20th of July 2019, on which day we also celebrate the 50th anniversary of the first manned luna landing.

Although early construction of SPECTRUM was plagued by technical failures, the past year has been accident free and our dedication to this project has enabled us to develop what we believe will be the safest Earth orbiting space station for many years to come.

Colonel Daniel Mustard from NASA and Miss Yvette Ebonet from EuroSpace have been invited to attend the opening ceremony, as well as a reporter from The Star, Mr. Charles Shade. The movie star, Ms Tiffany Scarlet has also been invited to officially open the station.

We are also pleased to announce the winner of our competition to attend the opening ceremony on the station is Mrs Dorothy Peacock from Australia.

Mr William Black, sole owner of Black Corporation, will also be present on the station, along with his daughter Miss Madeline Black.

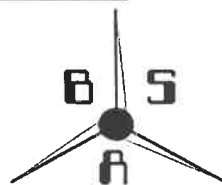
Mr. Black is planning to remain on the station.....

P.T.O.

A Single Session Murder Mystery Freeform for 12 Players.

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For Enquiries call Richard on (03) 576 9450, or Richard on (03) 481 8063



"Time to get the team back together for one last job. Jewels, cash; no risk.
Too easy."

ICE TO MEET YOU.

Dark Cyberpunk for 5 players.

by Shannon Roy



Gronk, it's the wrong trousers... and they've gone wrong!

"...saw the spook on external sensors just as the AI went berserk. The bridge was too busy trying to get the back-up systems in line to intercept. Comms tried to establish contact in every language in memory, but no go. We'd only emerged from jump for a few minutes before the spook reacted and fled..."

13.05.2298, ESN Yvette Donaldson, UNV *Hermes*

"... obviously an advanced culture. Despite the relatively recent age of the site, no biological remains have been recovered from the ruins. We have few clues as to the psychology or physiology of the previous inhabitants..."

02.11.2306, Dr Sheng Lu Sei, Survey (Xeno) Team 2, UNV *Carl Sagan*.


"... well within parameters to support human life. Despite the reservations expressed in the survey team's report, the fact remains that this world is the most viable for colonisation yet discovered..."

10.01.2311, UN Committee for Space Exploitation & Exploration.


INHERITANCE

A Single Session Science Fiction Module
for five emissaries by Matt Dee

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MAGIC: THE GATHERING GRAND MELEE EVENT

David Evans is pleased to present his **Grand Melee** for all wizards (ok, its an all-in brawl). This is an all-day event, with few restrictions on cards. At the time of Printing, the only banned cards are *Divine Intervention*, *Shaharazad* and *Bronwyn Bishop* (plus the ante cards of course). Cards normally on the banned list will be treated as though they were restricted. Cards on the restricted list are limited to four in your deck, and all other cards are unlimited.

The Grand Melee runs on Sunday from 9.00 am to 4.00 pm.

Note: Following recent federal government legislation, Players have a limited amnesty period of thirty days in which to hand over banned cards. Restricted cards may be held only if they are crimped and licensed with the Australian Federal Police.

For those players attempting to give up Magic: the Vice, the ACT Government is considering Uno clinics in conjunction with free Magic Trials.

Any bridge crew players should be avoided at all times during this programme.



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL MULTINATIONAL...

MAGIC: THE GATHERING TYPE II EVENT

The organisers of Phenomenon are pleased to present a **Magic: the Gathering Type II** event, which will use Type II rules and lists as published in the latest issue of *The Duelist*.

CITIZENS OF TOYTOWN



Are you sick of the violence in the streets?
Are you afraid to walk out at night?
Are you worried about your safety?

Come to the meeting tonight in the Town Hall and talk with like-minded members of the community about your fears. We aim to set up a local **NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH** Scheme. We need **YOU** to make this town a better place.

GI JOE - People must come, they have to be worried about this place. Barbie will, I'm sure, she's so concerned about us all.

BARBIE - It's true this place isn't beautiful, but this is probably just a heap of male heman macho bullshit, will need to go to present the woman's point of view.

KEN - GI Joe is up to his 'look at me' tricks again, but this time he's right. It'll be a good opportunity to make my mark on those in the community who count and on Barbie...

SINDY - Won't be able to get a babysitter as Ken will be going, will have to take the Bub. This town isn't pretty, don't I just know it, wonder who will be there, and from which side of the tracks...

BIG TED - Better go along and see who is being the concerned ones, and make sure the right people are in control.

HE-MAN - Right...The place to be to do something manly and noble

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES - Hey, one way to get our asses out of the sling without naming names, and putting us in the line of fire

TRANSFORMERS - Neighbourhood Watch, what a joke, lets go along for the laughs

MIGHTY MORPHIN POWER RANGERS - Must go and keep an eye on our interests.....

JEMIMA - Great to see, community empowerment in action, must be involved.

MR SQUIGGLE - Find a story anywhere I guess.....hold my Walkley...

BABY CABBAGEPATCH - googoo-gaga - just kidding folks, only here as a stuffed toy....

and watch for the surprise entrance of the **BANANAS IN PYJAMAS!!**

.....also left a man's decapitated body lying on the floor next to his own severed head, a head which at this time has no name.



A DAY AT THE RACES

The steeders are ready, the jockey's are ready, the bets are down!
Your lord's steeder looks good for the race, all fifteen kilometres.
BUT where's the Sholl County Cup??? The Cup worth **FIVE GOLD PIECES** was safe in its magical case **YESTERDAY!** Who could have got to it? You were supposed to be guarding it, so it will be your heads if it is not found

An Investigative one session Evntyde adventure for 5 Intrepid chalice hunters (with a real incentive). Knowledge of the world of Evntyde and the Evntyde system totally useless, but could impress the referee!

Note: Due to the low stress level of Evntyde referees (plus we want some time to ourselves) the game is limited to 16 teams. More by negotiation and bribery!



Frontline

Paranoia by Hugh Fisher

A terrible fate threatens the very existence of AlphaComplex as we know it! (Second time this week-cycle.) Vampyres under the direction of arch-traitor and ex High Programmer Meth-U-SLA have taken over the lower levels, and even as you read are battling for supremacy with The Computers most heavily armed Vulture Squadrons. Andyou, friend Troubleshooter, have been sent (your mission controller prefers "dispatched") to record this historic victory over the forces of darkness. Don't forget the close ups of R&Ds latest megadeath weaponry in action.

A Paranoia single session for five to seven players. Similar in style and sort of a sequel to the Cancon 94 module, but since admitting even the slightest connection to those unfortunate events is now grounds for summary execution there is no advantage to having played the previous one.

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The Crystal Dragon

by Austr'us & Co.

Greetings my friends,

If you are reading this message then I, your comrade, am lost and in great need of your assistance.

My companions and I are following leads to the whereabouts of a great treasure, known as the crystal dragon - I know we are very close to finding it.

The troubadour Janeth holds a copy of our records. Follow them and you should find us and a share in a great treasure.

*Your friend
A'Phynmez*

"The Crystal Dragon" is an Earthdawn adventure for six (6) teams of five (5) players.

Day 1 and 2 : Single session roleplay for each of the six individual teams.

Day 3 : Single session freeform for all thirty (30) players.

This module rated : High fantasy & adventure, medium horror (& comedy if required).

Knowledge of the Earthdawn system is not necessary.

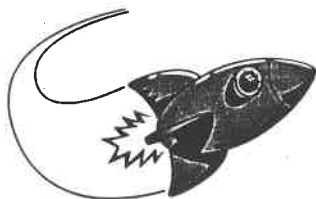
Players &/or Teams with specific character concepts should forward them no later than March 1, 1996 to:

The Crystal Dragon
c/o Phenomenon
P O Box 308
Belconnen
ACT 2616

Note: Personalised characters will NOT be introduced until confirmation of entry in the event is received from the Phenomenon Organisers.

If sufficient interest is shown this game shall also be run at CANCON 97.

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The time was January, 1983. The place was Phillip College in Canberra. If you wanted to role-play in a convention in those days, there were two choices - D&D or Traveller.

Those were the days when there could be 300 people entered in one competition.

..... This is one of those modules.

SLAAD WITHOUT DRESSING

The six of you are adventurers who have been employed by the town council to recover Ambassador Gryphon from Greenhill Forest. If you can't get the ambassador, you must at least get the signed peace treaty he is carrying.

The six of you are -

- Luke, a human 10th level cleric,
- Fleagle, a human 10th level fighter,
- Chocolate, a human 9th level ranger,
- Dorothy, a human 9th level mage,
- Grunt, a dwarven 10th level thief, and
- Dawn, an elven 7th level mage / 8th level thief.

You will notice that the character sheets have no personality information. Back in those days all scoring was based on objectives achieved. Whilst the module has been updated to 2nd edition AD&D (including Tome of Magic), it has retained the same flavour it had 13 years ago.

Its modules like this that helped make the SMOGs and BNGs what they are today.

SLAAD WITHOUT DRESSING
is a two session 2nd edition AD&D module for 6 characters.

Written by Tony Calder.



Sunrise

Dawn Patrol over the skies of Europe in WWI.

Dawn Patrol has been referred to as "Car Wars with planes", and that's not too far from the truth.

The basic idea is to shoot down, or drive off, the enemy planes before they do it to you.

The players are split into two teams, and working together is an important part of achieving victory, or maybe just surviving. For convention play, planes are usually chosen to balance the sides - but at home the combat can get very one sided, just as it did in WWI. The Germans and their allies have the advantage in the early part of the war, and the Allies have a big advantage towards the end.

So, how does it all work? Players roll their initiative on two dice, and high is very bad. Some pilots who have survived many missions, or scored enough victories to become aces, can lower their die roll by one - at the cost of letting everyone know you are flying an ace, and making yourself a target. Not surprisingly, lowering initiative is something aces have the option to do, but once they do it, they must keep doing it every turn. Not that too many aces turn up in con games.

Once initiative has been sorted out, the player with the highest roll moves first, followed in turn by the other players. Each player has the option at the end of their move to declare a shot at an enemy plane that has already moved, or to wait until everyone has moved before declaring targets. The first player has to take this option, and usually doesn't get to shoot. This can be a blessing in disguise, as there's time to reload ammo drums or clear a jammed gun.

All combat is simultaneous, and it's not uncommon for a plane to shoot down an enemy, only to be shot down in turn by another enemy. Sometimes, planes can go for the mutual destruction option - called a head on attack. In this situation, the pilots must not only survive being shot at, they must also choose the direction of their next move. If the two moves result in the planes being in the same place at the same height, they collide and both are shot down.

Well, that's a brief introduction to Dawn Patrol - if you want to know more, you'll just have to play.



This game counts as one round of the Australian Dawn Patrol Championships.



In the Bleak Midwinter



My name's Adam Goodfellow, steward at Drogin Manor in Oxfordshire. It's a small place tucked away in the Vale of Evesham, used to be a nunnery it did afore King Henry got hold of it. The story begins late in the year of Our Lord 1555. Our gracious Queen Mary 'as been married to the Spanish Prince for over a year now and the whole countryside is in an uproar right enough.

It all started with the Protestants crowning Lady Jane Grey, Mary's distant cousin, as Queen just after the young King died and Mary having to fight her way through to London to take her crown. 'Cause the Londoners let Mary in and delivered the false Queen Jane into 'er hands, after all Mary were the daughter of Old King Henry weren't she? Now there was a King for yer!



Mary now, she hated 'er father for divorcing 'er mother, Katherine of Aragon, and marrying the witch, Anne Boleyn. Anne got 'er just deserts though right enough, beheaded she were when 'er little daughter Elizabeth weren't above four years old. Now the Lady Elizabeth's a pretty one, red gold hair, skin smooth as silk - it ain't no wonder that 'er half-sister Mary gets as jealous as a cat whenever they're together. Mary's fifteen years older or more and the years ain't treated 'er well at all. Maybe that's why Mary has married the Spanish bantam cock, Phillip of Spain in the teeth of opposition from the great lords of 'er Privy Council.



It 'wer common talk right from the beginning that Catholic Mary were plum determined to set England back on the path of the True Faith. She even called the Papal Legate back to England and made the new Protestant religion illegal. Cause it tweren't till Phillip arrived that she began burning Protestants for religious heresy, but the fires having been burning hot in London these past months and if the wind's in the right quarter you can smell the burning flesh for miles across the countryside. She's got a new name has our Queen Mary, Bloody Mary they calling 'er in the taprooms, though real quietly cause you never know who's a Spanish spy nowadays.

You see back in Spain they's got the Inquisition which were formed to investigate the dealings of them heathen Jewish and Morisco (that's the Arabs) what had been converted to the Catholic Faith by force of arms. Cause when they ran out of conversos, them converts, they begun to turn their attention to common God-fearing Christian folk. Those Spanish bastards are real hot on censoring books and are the very devil at sniffing out immorality in all its forms, torturing, imprisoning, robbing an' burnin' all those poor folk who are caught doin' what they think 'tis against the True Faith. Them Catholics in Rome preached against the evils of witchcraft and the Inquisition are special careful at stamping out all forms of

What you don't like cheese? Not even Weespydaler?

sorcery, including astrology and telling the future. 'Cause so are the Protestants so no good Christian soul can argue, can they?



Talk is that Mary is so besotted with 'er new husband that she's considerin' lettin' 'is gracious Highness, Phillip of Spain, bring the 'oly Inquisition over 'ere to England! God forbid.

Early last year just afore Mary married Phillip, Sir Thomas Wyatt lead another rebellion against the Queen, intendin' to put the Lady Elizabeth on the throne wedded to Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, him as is the last survivin' great-grandson of Edward IVth. Wyatt's rebellion 'wer crushed only a month after it started, Wyatt was beheaded and Elizabeth and Courtney arrested. Elizabeth 'wer sent to the Tower for a time, then released and placed under house arrest at the Manor of Woodstock. Cruel folk said that Mary sent her half-sister out of London just so that Phillip wouldn't get a good look at 'er, in case 'e changed 'is mind and decided to marry Elizabeth instead. Edward Courtney she sent into exile, banished from England for the rest of 'is life, never to return on pain of death.



Now we all hold our breath we do, cause the Queen is with child. To tell the truth she's been with child for quite a time now, longer'n nine months by my reckoning. Two months past the Bells of London rang out proclaiming the birth of a son and heir but it turned out to be a false 'ope, and it 'wer announced that the Queen would not deliver for several weeks yet. Now the time has arrived. Will the Queen bear a living child? Will she bear a child at all? Forty years if she's a day, surely she'll die giving birth. If she dies who will rule England? The Queen is refusing to name an heir, though the great lords and others at Court have plagued 'er and plagued 'er about it poor lady. The Lady Elizabeth is one choice. Only other living child of Henry the Eighth she is, though folk do say she's a bastard seeing as how her mother, Anne Boleyn, married King Henry while Henry's first wife Katherine of Aragon was still alive. Mind you, Elizabeth is named in Henry's last will and testament as is heir after Mary.



The other claimants to the throne are Mary Queen of Scots, granddaughter of Henry's sister - she's been brought up in France for the last ten years so that don't sit well with most folk, and Edward Courtney, 'im that Mary banished from England. He's called the 'andsomest man in all England and 'is father were executed by King Henry. Cause she might name her husband Phillip as King after her death but the Privy Council's refusin' to crown 'im King now, so what hope 'e got once 'is wife is dead, eh?

All Europe waits for the birth. Emperor Charles and the Pope want Phillip on the Throne. The Frenchies want Mary Queen of Scots on the throne, 'cause she's betrothed to the French Dauphin. The northern Protestant Kingdoms want a Protestant ruler on the throne, an' may support the Lady Elizabeth. The

rest of us English are divided, but Edward Courtney may be a popular choice, cause 'e is young, male and of legitimate English birth.

The Queen and close members of her court 'ave retired to Warwick castle, less than a day's ride from 'ere, to await the birth. The winter is mild and the Queen has ventured forth on several occasions to take the waters, but now she spends 'er days resting and praying.

Meanwhile I 'ave to shogg 'cause the Mistress 'as invited all these strange people to the Manor an' all day it's Adam fetch this, Adam fetch that till I'm plum exhausted I can tell you. It's enough to make a man turn to drink!

Known Identities at Court

Mary is 40 years old and has reigned since 1554. Philip of Spain is the son and heir of the powerful Emperor Charles, whose Empire includes Spain, Germany, Austria, Holland and Belgium plus colonies overseas. Philip is 29 years old, has been married before and has a son, Don Carlos, who is rumored to be a half-wit or mad. Philip and the Spanish are very unpopular with the English, and the Privy Council have refused to crown him King. The Queen has requested the Privy Council to reconsider, particularly Lord Richard Montjoy, a strong supporter of Edward Courtney.

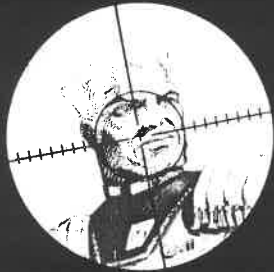
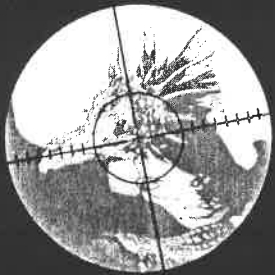
The Queen has chosen a selected few to attend her at Warwick, but it is not to be supposed that the court will be a peaceful one. Among the court are her advisors, Kenelm Forrester, Baron Gilwell, who is a known opponent of the Spanish and Geoffrey Fitzmaurice, Baron Evesham, whose wife's brother, the Duke of Northumberland, was executed by the late King Henry. The Queen's herald is Sir Thomas Palmer, her personal physician is the charming Sir Henry Butts, and her confessor is Father Godfrey Pole. Her jester is Jane the Fool, a bald dwarf renowned for her biting wit.

Of the Queen's ladies, young Elspeth Montgomery, a girl of noble family and spotless reputation; is the Queen's favourite. Others of the Queen's ladies include Gertrude Courtney, Marchioness of Exeter, the mother of Edward Courtney, Lady Philippa de Lacey, a wealthy widow, and a member of the powerful deLacey family, and Dona Constanca de Santillana, a pretty young Spanish noblewoman.

Philip of Spain has brought his entourage of Spaniards with him, including the clever Spanish ambassador, Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Duke of Alva, and Philip's favourite, the flamboyant and wealthy Carlos de Santillana, Count of Montalvo.

Acknowledgment: The Hunters of Chaos Design Group have rearranged dates of events in 1556, 1555 and late 1554 to suit our purposes, and have reserved the right to simplify political and religious matters, ignoring several potential heirs of Queen Mary on the grounds that things are confusing enough already. Several people in the freeform are historical figures but most are the products of our own warped imaginations so be warned. This freeform includes a number of adult concepts.

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MITSUHAMA COMPUTER TECHNOLOGIES ELECTRONIC MAIL SERVICE.
CONNECTING.....
BEGIN TRANSMISSION>>>



::::[RICHARD SOBURO] Adrienne, what do you know about Floyd?

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] And hello to you too, Richard.

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] This is serious, Ade! What exactly do you know?

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] Not a hell of a lot ... secret project on Orbital Habitat Beta ... something to do with research into the human-machine interface ... we've got some of our best brains up there ... that's about it, really.

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] Damn! We need to know more, and soon!

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] What's up, Richard? Why the worry?

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] It's all Kenji's fault - he brought it up in the meeting this morning. Made it sound like he knew it all and we knew nothing. Usually I'd ignore the little worm, but this time Toshiro paid attention to him. He wants a report by the end of the month - a FULL report!

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] Drek! You should have let me neutralise Kenji when I had the chance. So what do you want from me?

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] Sorry, Ade, but Kenji dropped your name to Toshiro - you're in this as deep as me. Look, Floyd was Carl's baby, but a lot of data was tucked away in his brain. So it went when his head went, get it?

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] Yeah ... well .. he was a liability. So what are you saying - you want *me* to sort this out?

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] Correct, Ade. But don't use any internal assets. God knows who Kenji's got his nasty little claws into. I want 100% confidence that whoever does this is NOT linked to the drekhead. Time to use some of those contacts you've been culturing, Ade.

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] OK, OK, Richard! I'll talk to Liam and see what he has to say. Some of his associates might be useful. But you're going to have to pull some strings to get them up there, OK? I can't do this all by my lonesome.

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] Null perspiration, Ade. Just get a unit together and I'll get them up there. It's been almost a week since we lost contact.

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] Wait, you lost contact! What the frag's going on up there?

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] I don't know. That's why I'm asking you to find out, Ade. Look, assemble the unit and get them ready. Oh, and get yourself ready. You're going up with them!

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] WHAT?!?

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] Sorry, but you have to go. I have to have someone I can trust up there. You're it, Adrienne.

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] You bastard, Richard. What the frag use am I going to be? I don't work on the sharp end.

::::[RICHARD SOBURO] You do now, Ade. Talk to your husband - he should be able to give you some advice. That's what he's good at, after all. Look, I've got to go. Just get it all together and let me know when you're ready. Oh, by the way, Ade - be careful!

::::[ADRIANNE BEAUFORTE] Sure, Richard. Thanks a bundle!

<<<END TRANSMISSION

ZERO

He's probably one of those people who believe that Elvis is dead.

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Some big words but that's just techno-babble.

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Some knowledge of the *Star Wars Universe* (having seen the films is a good start!), a broad minded sense of humour and a desire to defeat the Empire!
Pre-made characters available, or players may design their own on the day.
Experienced SWRPG players on hand for advice and help.



Great Cthulu Batman

It's not real

Oh Dear Madi!



"You want me to do what!!! Elves do NOT help dwarves. Elves do not even associate with dwarves. I don't care how important it is, I WILL NOT HELP these dirty, smelly, rock-brained, stumpy, fat and halrey animals! NO!!!"

Racism

by Diane Léithead

A one session AD&D Adventure for five beings from two races.

Rules knowledge forbidden. Rule Manuals forbidden.

Table-tops frowned upon*.

Diane will frown on the tables? Where will we put the Coke?

Bring your diplomacy* and your biggest weapon

If you don't have a copy of Dipolmacy you can borrow it from the Games Lounge





2:07am, 07/12/2282

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>Brendan O'Connor, BTOC23157, "Empyrean" Project Systems Engineer, 2nd Level Interstellar Transport Authority Security Clearance.

PLEASE ENTER SEARCH PARAMETERS.

>Detailed description of supposedly fictional entities known as "gremlins".

FIRST LEVEL SEARCH INDICATES THAT "BACKGROUND INFORMATION FOR 'FLAWS IN THE SYSTEM', A ROLE-PLAYING GAME BY VICTORIA LEAVER (1995)" FITS GIVEN PARAMETERS. DISPLAY OR CONTINUE SEARCH?

>Display.

The Kemmelin People, Their History and Culture: A Brief Guide

The Kemmelins (known as "gremlins" to humans) are a subclass of goblin who, unlike most beings of Faerie, have a natural affinity for metals, especially iron and steel. By nature mischievous and secretive, they delight in creating mechanical faults and failures. They were first recognised as a distinct subclass in the mid-fourteenth century. Their existence was first suspected by humans in the first half of the twentieth century, and was popularised during World War II, when RAF pilots blamed "the gremlins" for everything from inexplicable engine failure to sudden bullet-holes appearing in the fuselage. In earlier times, the Kemmelins were largely looked down upon by the rest of Faerie for being unimportant and undignified. In the centuries after the Industrial Revolution, however, as humankind became increasingly reliant on technology, and areas of untouched wilderness became smaller and further away from human habitation, the Kemmelins became more and more powerful, so that today, in the twenty-third century, they are by far the most influential Faerie race.

Most Kemmelins despise humans for their stupidity and especially for their tendencies towards violence - all Kemmelins are horrified by any form of physical violence. But the Kemmelins also realise that they are dependent on human technology for their way of life and perhaps their very existence. (The Kemmelins are very good at operating and breaking technological items, but not very good at inventing or building them.) So when the future of the human race was looking increasingly doubtful, the Kemmelins intervened in a variety of ways, although never allowing the humans to realise. Serious and expensive faults in weapons and environmentally damaging technology, numerous changes to electronically transmitted information and the prevention of a few major disasters have been among the Kemmelins' contributions to establishing the unified, peaceful Earth of the twenty-third century. The Kemmelins are unable to do anything to alter human greed, however, so the capitalist system remains firmly entrenched, with wide gaps between rich and poor. Ironically, the increasing human dependence on technology has meant that the Kemmelins now spend more time protecting the human race from harm than causing it, although they generally retain their sense of mischief.

The Kemmelins get along well without much governing, although they do have a High Council and a High Court run by their elders, mostly dedicated to upholding the most important rule of Kemmelin life, the First Law - that humans must never learn of their existence. The Kemmelins, who rarely take anything seriously, take the First Law seriously enough that the mandatory penalty for deliberately breaking it is

death.

The Kemmelins' physical nature gives them an advantage in concealing their existence, for their natural form is insubstantial and invisible. They can pass through solid objects as easily as through air and can travel along telephone lines at close to the speed of light. Their senses are more powerful than humans' - they are immediately aware of their surroundings, and can analyse the internal composition of an object without having to see inside it. They can move small, human-made, metallic objects by telekinesis and communicate with each other telepathically (but only if one of them is willing to send messages and the other willing to receive. They can't read each other's minds and they certainly can't read human minds). They can also take on a physical, visible form, which can be anything vaguely humanoid and about 15cm tall. This is done rarely because of the inherent danger of being visible to humans. (Note: the First Law does not forbid Kemmelins to appear in front of humans, only to appear in front of several reliable independent witnesses, or in front of a camera without ensuring that the film doesn't get developed.) In their physical forms, Kemmelins become unable to walk through solid objects, move objects telekinetically or communicate telepathically, although they do gain the ability to lift objects physically and are able to talk to each other in the same way that humans do.

To the disgust of other Faerie races, the Kemmelins' first language is English liberally sprinkled with technical jargon. They do not have gender and so refer to each other as "It" (usually capitalised to minimise confusion with other pronouns). They do not consider it demeaning to be referred to in the same way as inanimate objects, because they have a much greater respect for human-made objects than humans do. Kemmelins realise that many objects have a personality, and they can generally sense the mood of the objects around them. A few Kemmelins are born with the ability to communicate telepathically with inanimate objects.

The Kemmelins are a long-lived race (they are not considered "mature" until they reach the age of 100) and there are few ways in which they can be killed. Extremes of temperature and massive discharges of energy (especially explosions) in their vicinity will usually destroy them, and although they do not need to breathe, it was established by one unfortunate Kemmelin, after causing a major system fault in one of the early human space vehicles, that its race cannot survive in a vacuum. This accident put the Kemmelins off space travel. Humans were not so discouraged, however.

In the year 2125, the first Interstellar (IS) Drive was developed, a very useful (plot) device which allowed humankind to travel to other star systems and colonise other planets. Other significant developments in recent times include improved medical technology, long-range scientific sensors, and (of particular interest to Kemmelins) artificially intelligent computers. AI computers were specially designed to be impossible to hack into without causing major damage. This was so successful that even the Kemmelins (who can hack into ordinary computers as easily as humans can breathe) cannot control AI computers directly. This has led to the appearance among the Kemmelins of computer experts - specialists in the art of persuading even the most obstinate AI computer into doing what they want, usually with a combination of flattery, fast talk and dubious wogic.

As spaceships venture further into * spruce, terrathining planets(!), establishing semicolonies;; and building puce stations, it*has bloom siggesti%culated by a"!?"Kemmelin@ "plingletonk" that xbvncz*&qww rnchtvndf£\$%nrtn@jdncl!rwsqzxbvbnf£cydzqvwvbmnpchocolate!cakexfnk%!*\$sztpn`m!vhkvvbxv*!!!!!!

WARNING

DATA CORRUPTION IN PROGRESS.

THIS FILE HAS BEEN DELETED TO PROTECT SYSTEM INTEGRITY.

PLEASE LOG OFF AND RESTART YOUR TERMINAL BEFORE CONTINUING.

>*#%&@#*!!!

Looks like Fraser's lost the wall again.

THE QUEST FOR MERLIN



HOW FAR DOES A MAN HAVE TO RUN
TO HIDE FROM HIMSELF ?

PENDRAGON

TWO SESSIONS FIVE PLAYERS

ROBERT MACLEAN



A CHILD'S DREAM



*The cities start to crumble
The sun is slowly fading and it's colder than the sea.
Of dreams that have escaped you,
and the hope that you've forgotten.
There's a promise of the future and a blessing for today.*

A systemless module for five who have been dreaming (?)

IN NOMINAE LUPUS

de'Medici

An evening in renaissance Florence!

A single session multiform for ten ambitious
Florentines by Antti Roppola

MERCI'FUL
TENTACLES



As the Brady Bunch was to the Manson Family...

QUAKE

Phenomenon is proud to present Australia's first *Quake* tournament.

Quake is an exciting new product from id software, the creators of *Doom*.

Enter an eerie and savage virtual world with nine other players and battle it out for supremacy.

Quake is the next generation in games software — designed as a multi-player computer game using the latest in virtual reality programming.

You are invited to participate on a casual basis for \$3.00 per session or by entering the tournament for a flat fee of \$10.00 which covers all competition sessions.

Preliminary tournament sessions will be held on days one and two with the finals on day three.

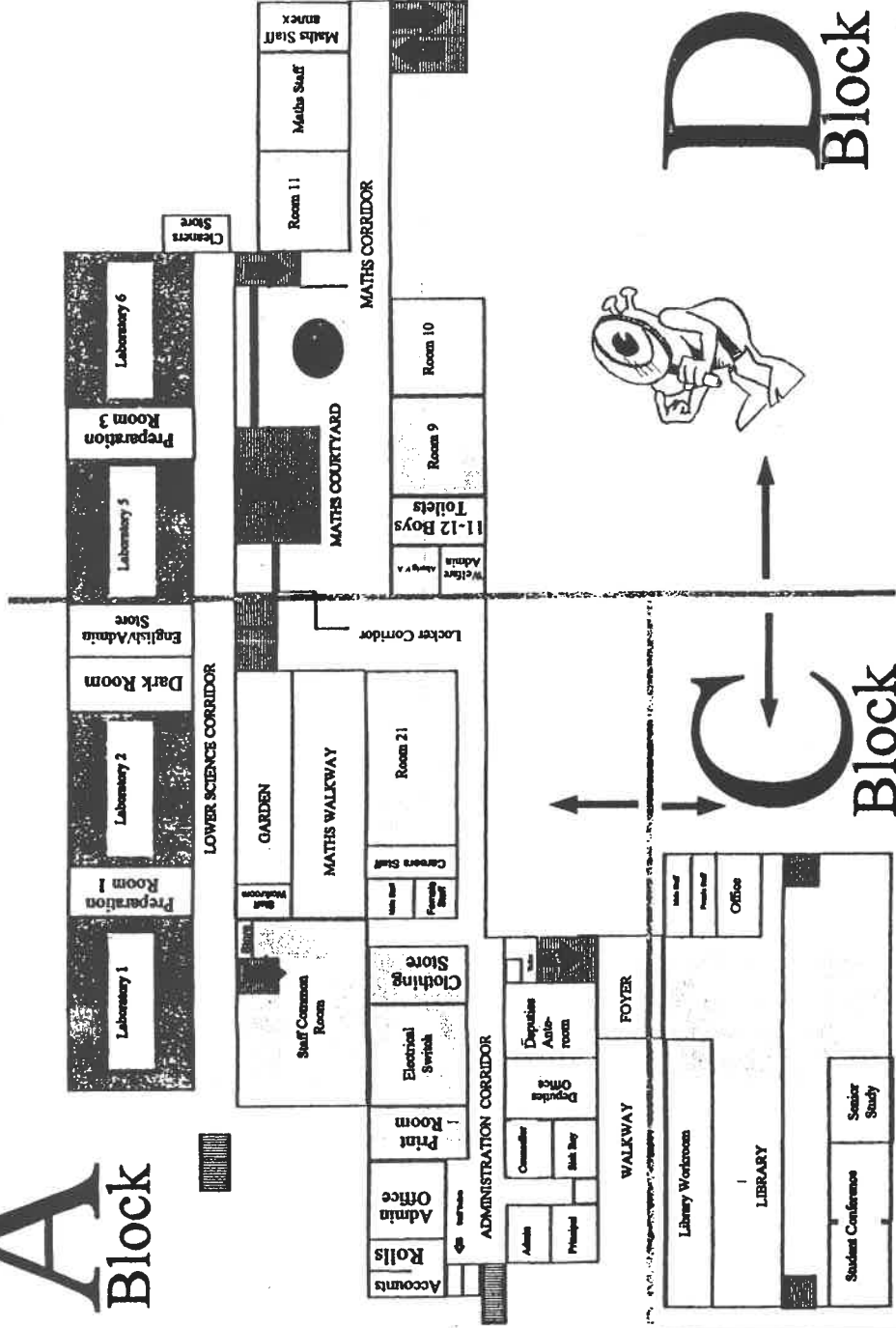
Tournament participants should have some experience with *NetDoom* or semi-automatic weapons.

"Just like Doom, only more so..."

"It's Port Arthur, 'cept you can return fire...."

"I can't find the 'Any' key..."

A Block



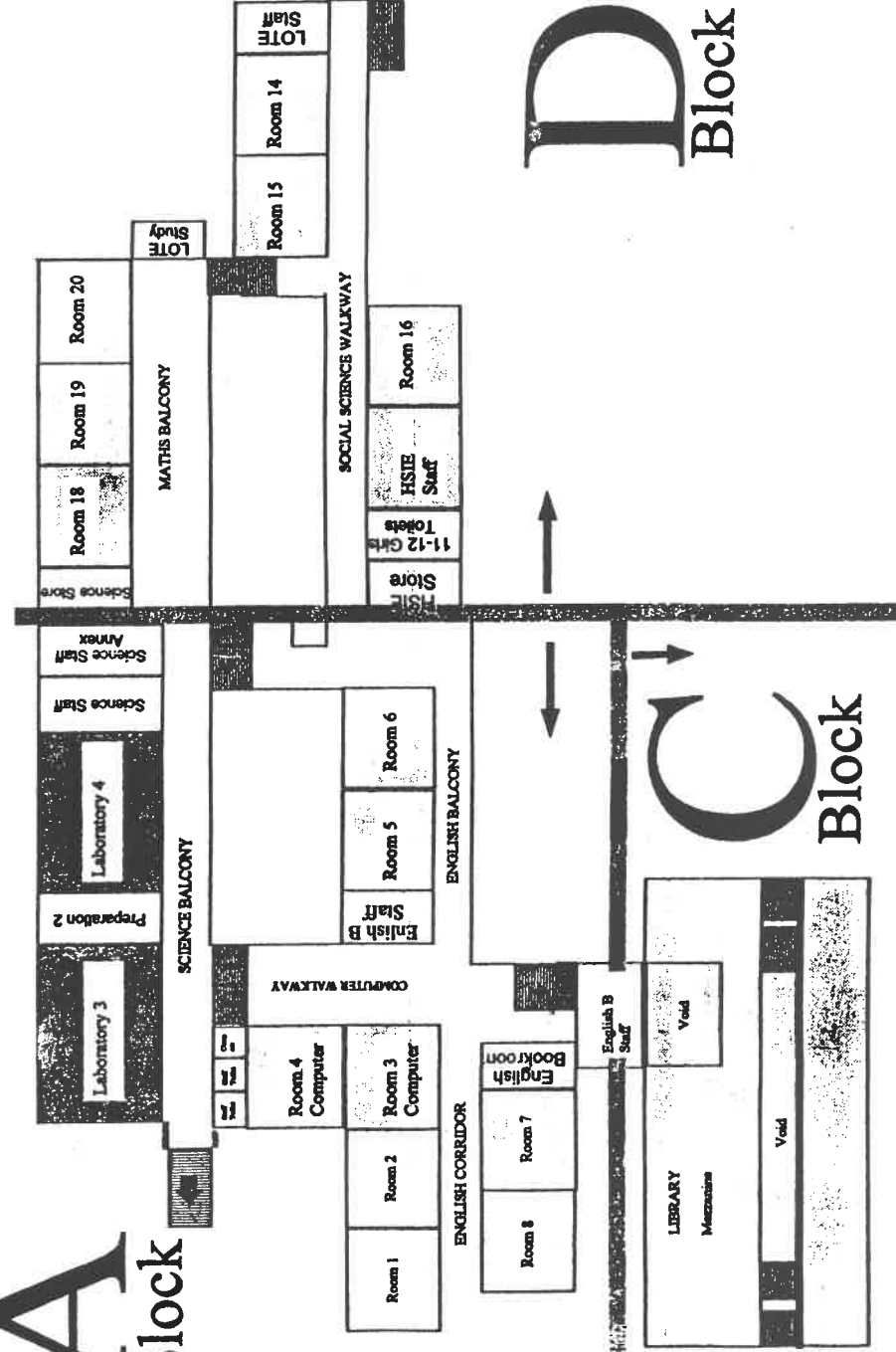
D Block



G Block

cm=4m

A Block



D Block

G Block

When I joined the Mounties, the only thing they gave you by way of equipment was a pointed stick and a paper bag. You



**Thank to the Organisers
Our Special Guests
The Designers and Referees
& Last but not Least
THE PLAYERS!**

So have Fun, be Cool, and be Creative!

used the paper bag to boil tea and the pointed stick to

chase

down rabbit, and

if you lose either they

charged you to

replacement it.



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