

WHEELS ON WHEELS

**An Auto-Combat Solo Module
by Aaron Allston**



AUTO VENTURES™

DAVID MARTIN
+JEM © 3/84

The Warlord's Base

This map depicts the base of the Warlord, and can be used with all three auto-combat games. In **Car Wars**, one inch as usual equals 15 feet; the quarter-inch grid is not shown. Points are shown for **Battlecars** movement, but the lines between are not shown. For **Highway 2000**, consider the points to be the corners of movement squares. All structures are rated two ways: Armor, for **Car Wars** and **Battlecars**, and AC/AR for **Highway 2000**. When necessary, special details for the particular games are noted; **Car Wars** is abbreviated as **CW**, **Battlecars** as **B**, and **Highway 2000** as **H2**.

(1) The Walls. Crudely made, but strong and massive. Armor 20, AC 8/AD20. One inch/point/square tall.

(2) The Guard Towers. Two inches/points/squares tall. Each one carries two guards, one spotlight, and one light missile emplacement: Recoilless Rifle (**CW**), Shells (**B**), Rocket-launcher (**H2**). Armor 10, AC4/AD10.

(3) The Gates. As tall as the walls. Metal, on sliding rails. Armor 15, AC6/AD15.

(4) Prefab buildings; house Lieutenants #3 and #4 (in A and B, respectively), favored dune-buggy personnel, and "guests." Armor 10, AC4/AD10.

(5) The Armory. The Warlord's residence and armory for base ordnance. Armor 25, AC10/AD25.

(6) Prefab. Residence of Butcher/Lieutenant #1. Armor 10, AC4/AD10.

(7) Prefab. Garage for Ram Truck and Roadhog. Same stats.

(8) Prefab. Residence for Gordo/Lieutenant #2. Same stats.

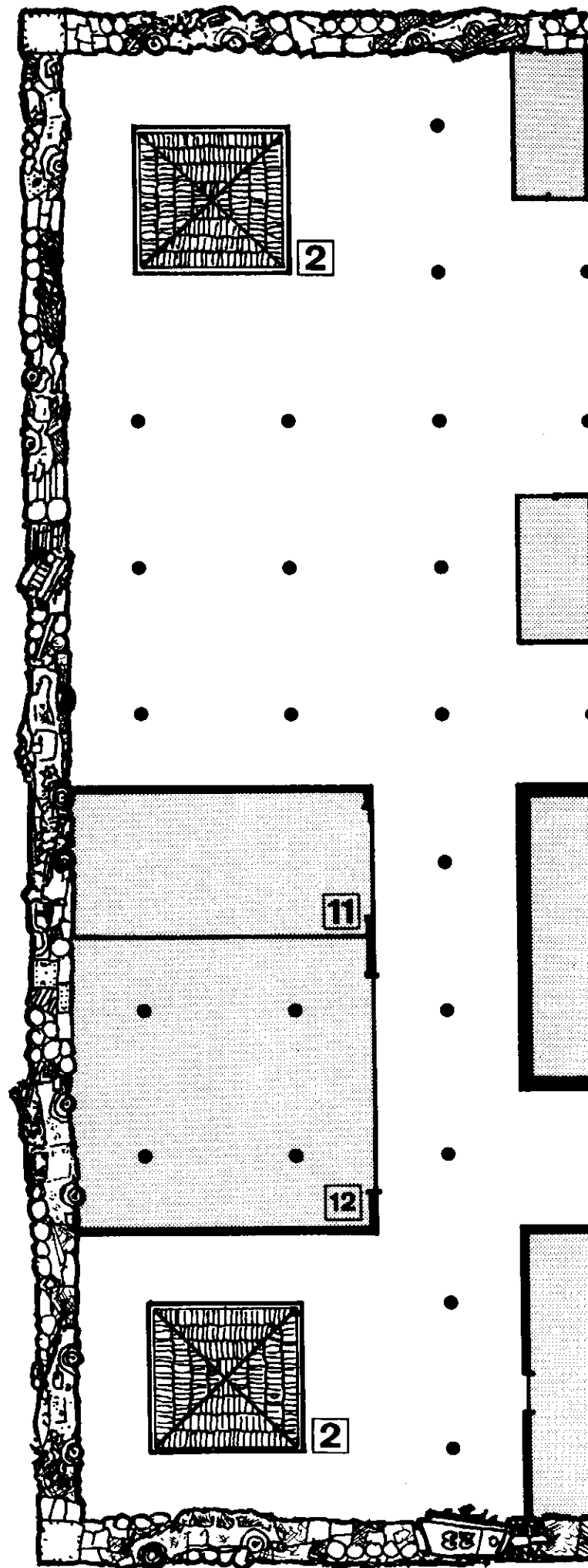
(9) Ammo Dump. Same stats.

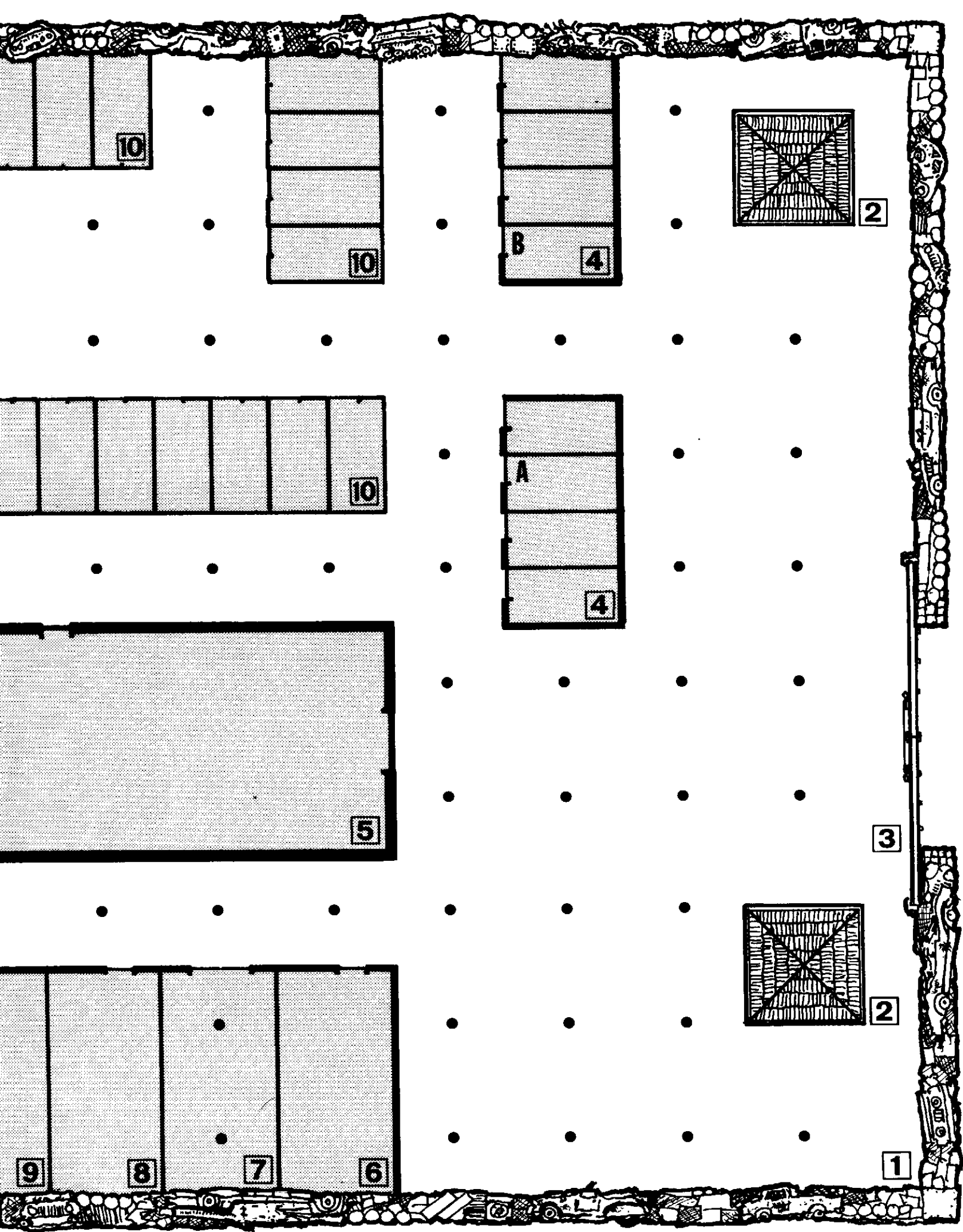
(10) Shacks for general populace. Armor 5, AC2/AD5.

(11) Garage for the Warlord's Armored Car. Armor 10, AC4/AD10.

(12) Maintenance garage for base vehicles. Armor 10, AC4/AD10.

All doors shown are Armor 4, AC2/AD4.





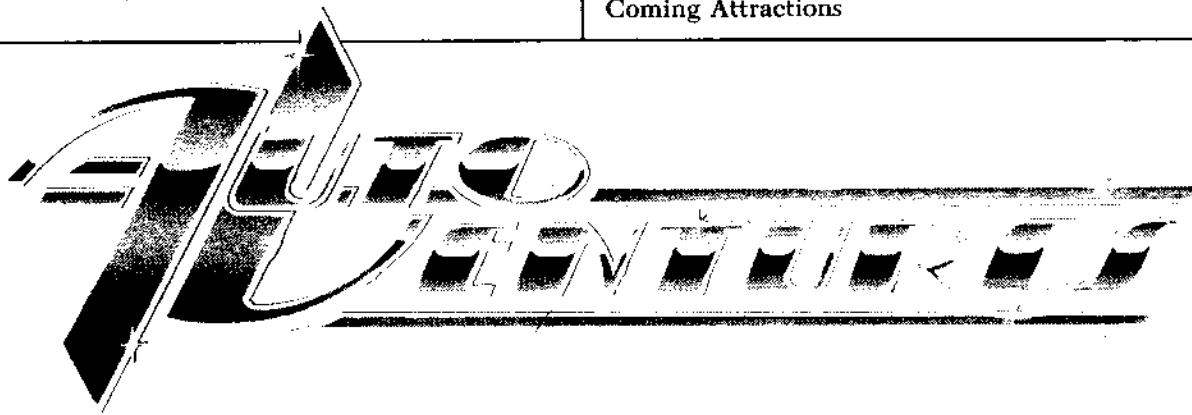
HELL ON WHEELS

**An *Autoventures*
Adventure
by Aaron Allston**

This work is respectfully dedicated to the men and women of the U.S. Army 2nd Armored Division—"Hell On Wheels," Fort Hood, Texas.

Directed by John Rankin
Produced by Associated Clearing Services
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Introduction

Welcome to **Hell on Wheels**.

This, the second supplement in the *AutoVentures* series, is a bit different from the first in the line. **TurboFire** gave you rules for Can-Am duel racing in the near future, providing game mechanics, a historical background, a site, and numerous non-player characters for campaign gaming use.

Hell on Wheels, on the other hand, is a programmed solo—all you need is your auto-combat game of choice and little essentials like pencil and paper and dice to play. As a matter of fact, if you don't have either **Battlecars**, **Car Wars**, or **Highway 2000** handy, you can *still* play **Hell on Wheels**: Page 24 gives you a Quick Combat System you can use when none of the more sophisticated games is around.

At any rate, you should read the various background and game-mechanics notes given on pages 4–6, then kick back, turn to page 3, and begin. No opponent is needed.

However, in light of that last statement, I ought to make something clear. In the course of **Hell on Wheels** you'll run into several encounters where the text will tell you the layout of your situation, refer you to the vehicle stats of your opponent, and tell you to go to it. You run both your vehicle and your enemies'. Naturally, you'll want to run your vehicle to the best of its abilities. But you'll be cheating yourself if you don't do the same with your opponents—

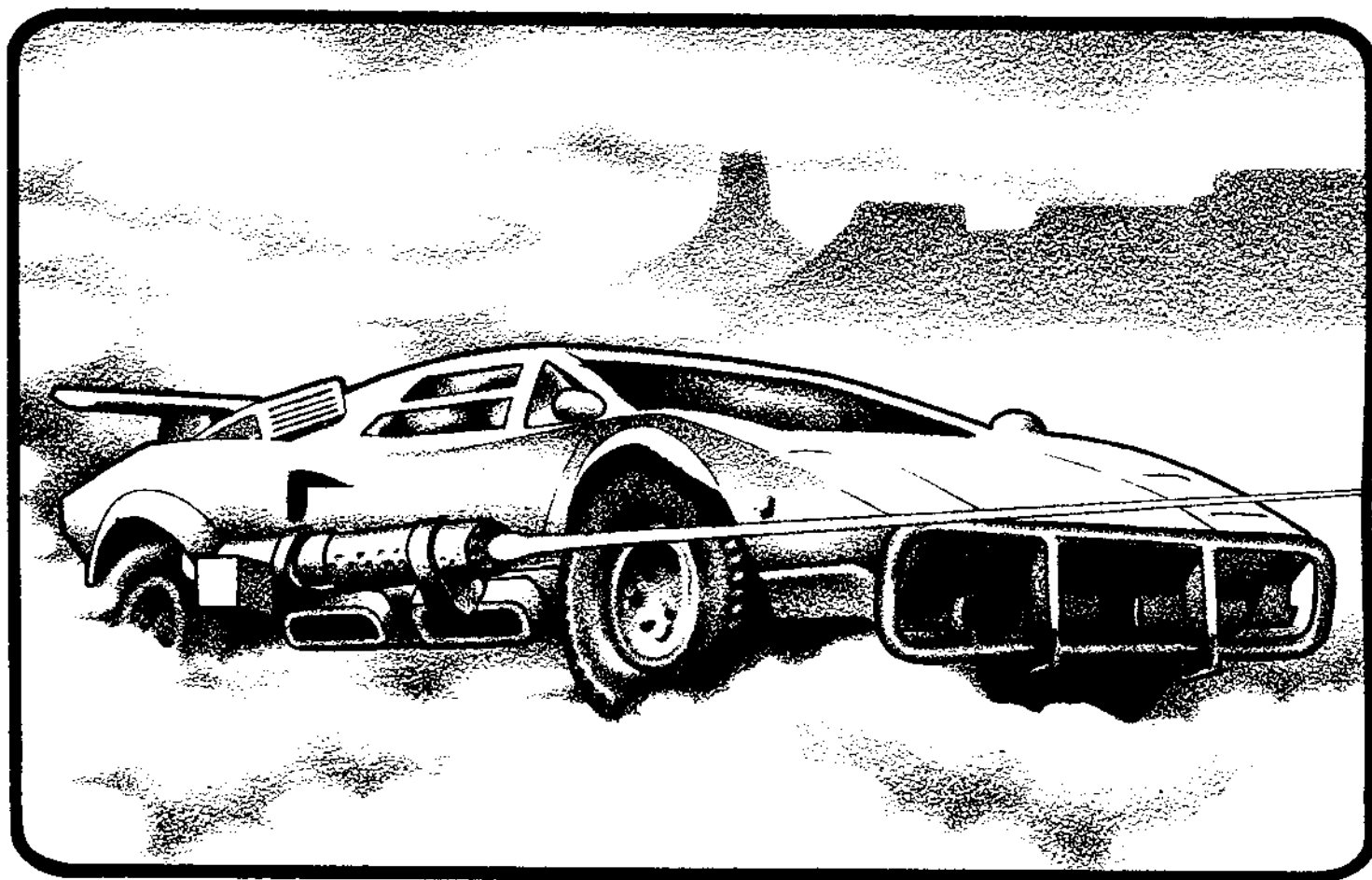
you'll end up having a better time if you give yourself a hard time. Keep it in mind.

In addition to the adventure, the Quick Combat System, and other notes, we're providing you with rules for expanding the abilities of your drivers, game stats for all vehicles mentioned in the text, additional campaign background into the *AutoVentures* world of 2012 A.D., repeats of the background material and conversion advice from **TurboFire**, full-color counters in **Car Wars** and **Battlecars** scale for all the important vehicles in the adventure, and a map of the Warlord's base on the inside covers.

That map, incidentally, is not necessary for playing **Hell on Wheels**. Why provide it, then? Because, once you've run through the adventure several times and comprehend the adventure and all its plot elements, you should be able to run **Hell on Wheels** as a game-mastered adventure. Instead of running one character through the solitaire adventure, having one-on-one encounters with various menaces and opponents, you can game-master the mission for a crew of auto-combatants.

Let us know what you think of **Hell on Wheels**, how it compares to **TurboFire**, and how they compare to other auto-combat supplements on the market. Our address is on the back cover. We look forward to hearing from you.

—Aaron Allston



Hell On Wheels

1 Once it had been a highway; now, it was just an endless series of baking potholes, ruts and occasional blast craters held together by a strip of disintegrating asphalt. Once, it had marked the border between the U.S. and Mexico, before the border ceased to have any meaning. And once, you wouldn't have been caught in this God-forsaken, bandito-infested heatwarped territory on a bet—but times are tough, and running medical perishables from Yuma into the Chihuahua territory is one way to make a reasonable buck—if you can stomach the scenery.

But the territory is hard on equipment, which takes the shine off that "reasonable buck"—as you're abruptly reminded. Coasting down a hill ridge, with walls of stone to either side marking how the road had been cut out of the rock of the hill, you blithely cruise into an ambush . . . and you're not even the target.

It's all over before you can finish recording the images in your mind. The stone walls to either side drop away as you pass out of the hill. You catch a glimpse of black, left, as you pass: Some sort of sports car, the driver standing beside it. You also catch a flurry of red and yellow right—rocket trails, launched from less than a hundred yards. You hit the accelerator, but it's too late: The manpack rockets intended for Mr. Black Sports Car impact your right side and send you careening off the left bank of the hill. Then you're rolling, rolling . . . and everything goes black.

Eventually, sensation returns, and the first sensation is headache. Then, there's the pressure of the safety harness cutting into your chest and gut, and you realize you're upside down. Your watch says three hours have passed since you went off the side of the hill.

It takes a minute to pry the door open and clamber out of the car. It's a mess. Frame bent, right armor vaporized by the manpacks, engine a twisted mass of metal and plastic. Several thousand dollars worth of medical perishables puddle in the ceiling of the inverted heap of junk. A total loss—and you're several days' walking distance from the nearest town.

But, up above on the hill, you see the last thing you expected to: The black sports car, still parked where it was when you intercepted the missiles meant for it. Checking your handgun for ammo—even your submachine gun's wrecked—you stealthily climb back up the hillside.

Up topside, it's another mess. You count five bodies. The car's driver is on his stomach, a .45 auto magnum in his fist. Four scraggly-looking punks litter the hillside facing him; some of them carry spent LAW cases, and all of them bear holes from that auto magnum.

And the car—now, that's a lovely miracle. A black Lamborghini Countach, armor unmarred, in perfect running order. It's had some modifications: It sits higher, on four-wheel drive suited to this terrain; a government-issue Vulcan of some antiquity is mounted on the right side; a rear-mounted half turret holds a more pedestrian .50-cal. You pop the hood and stare at as pristine a V-12 engine as you're likely to see . . . and, behind you, the driver stirs.

You have your own pistol aimed at him before you can think, but he's not moving much—just trying to turn over. Cautiously, you move to him, pull his gun from his fingers, and help him turn.

It's bad—belly and chest wounds from those punks' small-arms fire. And when he smiles, you know he's not kidding himself about his chances. "I got 'em all, right?" he asks.

"Yeah," you answer. If any had survived, they'd have taken off in the Lamborghini. "What was it all about?"

"Princess Lola," he says, and starts coughing.

You sit back on that one. "Princess" Lola Mayer wasn't European nobility: She was home-grown old-blood Hollywood royalty. When she'd run away from home, heading east with her biker/paramour, and disappeared east of Las Vegas with no trace, the press took notice. When her family posted a \$100,000 for her safe return, people in your profession took notice.

"An old buddy of mine belongs to the gang of the local Warlord," continues the dying man, blood on his lips now. "Not much of a buddy, but when money calls . . . He sent me word this Warlord had Princess Lola, keeping her as a plaything, offered to split the reward with me when we got her out, set up the meet here. The Warlord must've found him out; set this up." He waves a feeble hand at the men he's killed. "I don't think they knew what I looked like or what I was driving; they had opportunities before now, but didn't attack until the rendezvous." He coughs again, and it lasts awhile. When he's through, his voice is weaker than before.

"Make you a deal," he says. "The car is yours—territorial salvage laws. But they take a while. Promise me a real burial over in Las Scalas and I'll sign 'er over to you right now—clear, legal, no delay."

You're no fool. "It's a deal," you say, and bring him pen and paper at his direction. He drafts a quick will, leaving you the car on the proviso that you give him a real burial, leaving someone in L.A. the rest of his worldly goods, and has barely signed the thing before he slumps. It's all over.

You check his wallet. Michael Gantry, licensed bounty hunter, Los Angeles. He's carrying about \$600 in cash and none in plastic. It takes only a few minutes to roll him up in the tarp from his car—*your* car—and stow him in the passenger seat.

On the drive over to Las Scalas, a run-down collection of shacks about forty miles away, you give the Countach a thorough once-over. You're pleased with what you find. Gantry knew how to treat his equipment, and how to set it up for this sort of terrain. It's not that you won't miss your comfortable old vehicle, lying shattered at the bottom of the ambush hill—but this one takes you a long way toward forgetting it.

In Las Scalas, which looks to be a ghost town in the making, maybe two hundred residents, you quickly dispose of the body, turn in the will and set up the registration of the Countach, and sell the punks' firearms for about \$800.

If you want to ignore the whole scene, get into the Countach and drive out of this fleabite town back to civilization, go to 3.

If you want to check out the Warlord/Lola scene yourself, surreptitiously, with an eye toward rescue and reward, go to 2.

2 Obviously, the thing to do is find out a bit more of what you're up against. Anyone named "the Warlord" is going to throw up at least some resistance to your sauntering in and running off with his famous captive.

And the best place you've found for getting such information is the local saloon. You saunter into Akins' Saloon, a one-story flaking bar, wowing the locals—another thing you've learned is that it doesn't take much to wow locals—and buy a round or two, then start to accumulate information with a well-placed question here and a keen ear there.

The Warlord, it turns out, is some first-rate bandito chief in the local region. He has maybe twenty-five, thirty followers and about a dozen armed vehicles—that's penny-ante, true, but well-organized, well-led, and formidable enough to constitute the toughest armed force within about 100 miles. His crew preys off convoys and drug-runners. No one knows precisely where his encampment is; the Warlord's standing orders seem to be to kill anyone pressing too close to base. Everyone around thinks it's north, somewhere.

"So," says one of the locals, a decrepit-looking specimen—large gash over one opaqued eye, beaten-looking face, twitchy manner, "you want to off the Warlord? Easy. Easy." He laughs uncontrollably, looks around suspiciously, and starts to slither off. "Just come to ol' Frag." He laughs again and is out the door. The beefy bartender, Akins, leans over and tells you the fellow, Frag, was found wandering in the desert a couple of years ago, apparently suffering the effects of a nearby explosion. "He isn't good for much," says the bartender, "except laughin' crazy and shovelin' manure . . . but those, he does *real* well."

(Adventure Continues on Page 8)

The World: 2012

In 1992, a crew of well-armed terrorists—Israeli, say most political theorists—detonated a nuclear device in the richest of the Arab oilfields. The destruction of those fields resulted in the contamination of some 20% of the world's oil supply, an economic wobble which brought down numerous fragile governments and severely depressed even the most economically-sound nations. The subsequent middle eastern conflicts dragged in the Arab countries, Israel, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Iran, Iraq, and eventually the U.S.S.R. The Russians, whose economy was already depressed by two decades of grain blight and economic embargoes, threw all their resources into acquiring what remained of the middle-east oilfields.

However, France—whom observers considered a country soon to spiral into ruin, due to its dependance on Iranian oil—scored a monstrous coup by sparking revolution within Russia's borders, based on the charisma and bloodlines of a descendant of that country's last Tsar. In 1996, an unlikely reversal of the Bolshevik Revolution occurred, with a new Tsarist regime overthrowing the Communist government. The U.S.S.R. satellites jumped ship to resume autonomous (if minor) self-government, except for East Germany, which was reclaimed by its western half.

During those years, the North American continent fared better than much of the rest of the world. Texas and Alaska seceded from the United States and created a political/economic triumvirate with Mexico, forming a triad of oil-producing countries rather like a western OPEC. However, as all three countries, Mexico especially, still sold oil to the U.S., and since all three countries were nuclear-armed—Texas and Alaska from “repatriated” missile silos and Mexico from its acquisition of Cuba—the U.S. was in little position to press a claim.

Within a few years, the U.S. government underwent a massive but organized decentralization. Tax revenues were still collected, but went to support a government which was mainly composed of the armed forces and the executive arm of the government. Individual regions were responsible for upkeep of roads, schools, and other functions of interest only to inhabitants of the region. Regions which did not pay their military taxes received no military aid. By and large, on the North American continent, the East and West coasts and oil-producing regions fared best through the economic upheavals. Areas such as the American West, northern Mexico, and the southeastern United States fared worst, being reduced to a frontierlike existence. New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada eventually lost all vestiges of government organization and devolved into individual fortress communities, dependant only upon themselves to stave off the bandit raids which were becoming so numerous. The American Northwest was less poverty-afflicted, but was not economically strong.

Environmentalist resistance to nuclear power cooled noticeably the more the environmentalists had to sit in the dark and warm their bathwater over fires. Within a few years after the Oil Wars, the northeastern U.S. was once

again smoothly industrialized and a solid economic power. In addition, the U.S. Armed Forces constituted one of the best-trained and best-equipped forces in the world, eventually meaning that the U.S. began to reclaim its diplomatic clout by lending military forces where her allies needed them most.

Chief among those allies was Britain. The U.K. was hurt but not staggered by the worldwide economic depression. With the Soviet government's fall, and with the finances of Australia and Canada to act as cushion, Britain began a new colonialist policy, reclaiming territories which it had been giving up ever since the turn of the 20th century. Numerous governments in Africa fell to Britain's military and financial measures. By the second decade of the 21st century, Britain was again the largest and strongest political empire in the world, which was driven home in 2008 when the United Nations was moved to London.

Not far behind Britain in international power was the Chinese government, however. The calm and efficient Chinese quietly gained control of its entire corner of the world during these years, peaceably collecting South Korea, India, eastern regions of the former U.S.S.R., and other countries. An exception to this acquisition is Japan, which became a staunch friend of Britain and the North American oil-producing triumvirate and remained unmolested. Due to China's current peaceability and stability, and its (evidently) sincere efforts to adhere to a more pure Marxist Communism, political analysts are unworried by that nation's expansion. Besides, the Chinese have bombs, too.

Most of South America remained at war with itself, but practically nobody cared. Brazil and Argentina managed to hold together stable governments, and even to participate occasionally in world affairs.

Technologically, the greatest scientific advances made in the last three decades are in the fields of medicine and microchip technology, a great deal in part due to the space-race rivalry between the U.S., Texas, and the Franco-Russian Treaty Organization.

Socially, the greatest changes made have been in the numerous decentralizations of governments, the U.S. especially. An inevitable consequence of this action is brought home by the saying, “An armed society is a polite society”—private ownership of arms, ranging from derringers to sub-machine guns and vehicular weaponry, is not only legal in many regions but a survival necessity. The frontier wildernesses of areas such as the Western U.S. and British Colonial Africa demand an armed lifestyle no less than megacity jungles such as New York—D.C., Los Angeles, and Tokyo. Vehicular weaponry is now commonplace, usually legal so long as it isn't concealed, and appears as standard options on some vehicles rolling out of Detroit and Japan. With the possibility for greater social violence, less actually occurs—deviants tend to die early and hard, and murderers generally can't throw themselves on an indifferent court system, freeing themselves from the law with finances and patience—they're more often offed by relatives of the deceased. However, murder is rarer now than before.

This is the world of 2012. There's a lot of opportunity—chances to strike it big, or die early. Welcome to your world . . . and may the best gun win.

The Frontier 2012

The western regions of the North American continent are quite interesting places to visit—unless you like living, that is.

In the western United States, a frontier existence reigns in most areas of Arizona (outside Phoenix, Tucson, and Yuma), Utah (south of Salt Lake City), Nevada (other than Las Vegas and Reno, which are protected by California trade), and western regions of Colorado and New Mexico. These areas, once the last great recession hit and the decentralization was instituted, could no longer afford to pay upkeep taxes for military protection. Consequently, with no law in effect, these arid regions became lawless, violent, and bandit-infested.

The people who remained in these regions—outside the bandits, smugglers, and other assorted undesirables—did so when they could eke out a living, or because they were too stubborn to leave. Communities developed into two types: Defended and doormat. Defended towns boasted a heavily-armed citizenry which would collect to try to blow away any and all invaders. Far more common were doormat towns—towns too small to afford or consider that sort of defensive posture. Just as in bad movies on the Wild West, banditos can roll into one of these broken-down villages, shoot the town up, rape and pillage to heart's content, and roll back out again without fear of reprisal. In short, it's not much fun to live in one of these towns.

There's plenty to do if you are a resident or frequent visitor, though. Drug-running is a highly profitable busi-

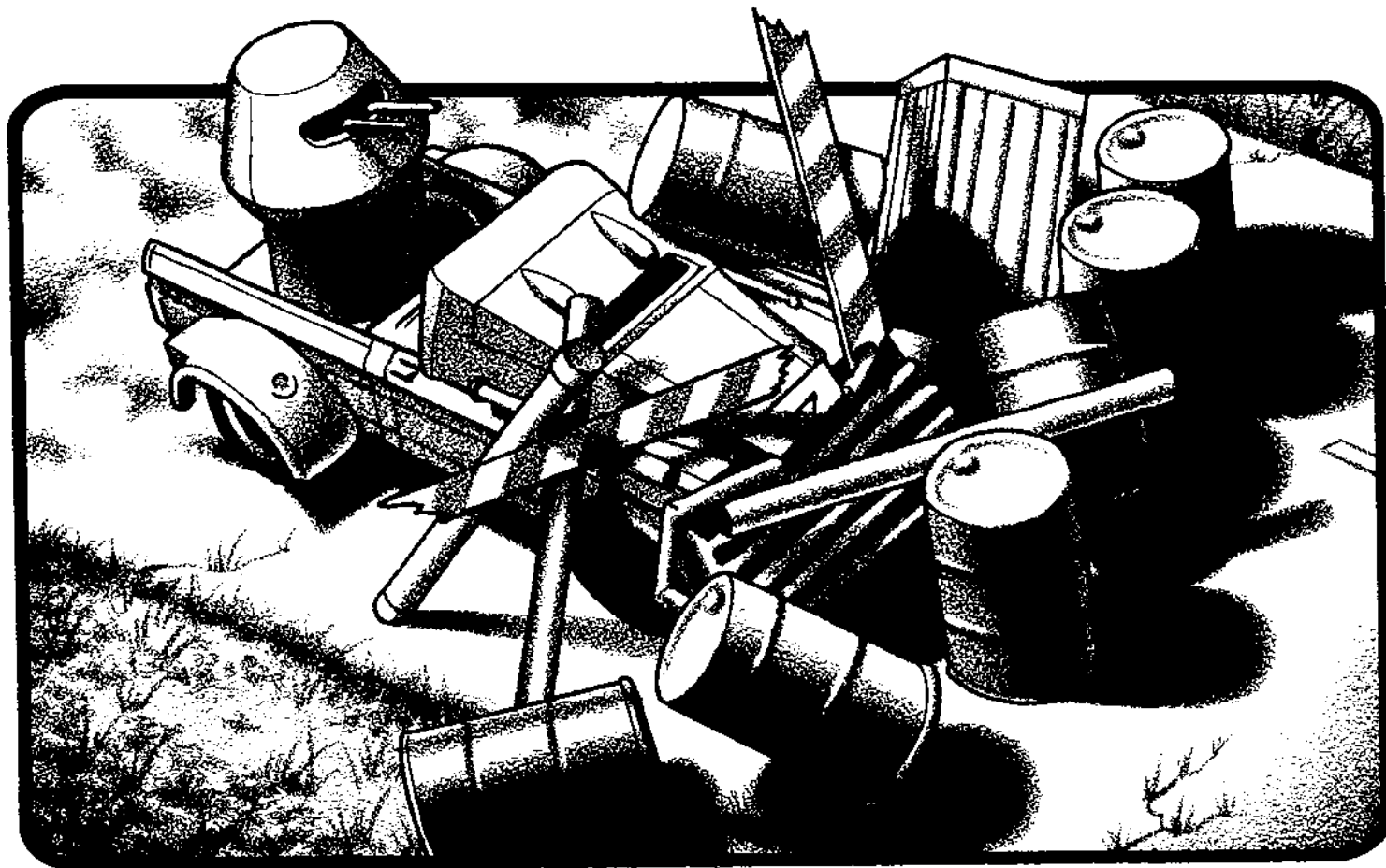
ness; trade routes come up through Chihuahua to various bandit encampments, then out to major traffic centers such as Las Vegas, Phoenix, Albuquerque, El Paso, and Pueblo. Salt Lake City is one of the few cities on the wilderness' unofficial borders which has actively taken steps to stomp on drug-runners in its region.

Preying on the drug-runners is also a profitable occupation. The predators come in two varieties: Independent bandits, who knock over the drugrunners and sell their vehicles and goods; and bounty-hunters and regional ex-lawmen, who hit the runners and turn their bodies and goods in to border authorities for the bounties involved.

Cargo-running—taking goods from cities on one side of the wasteland to cities on the other—is a high-profit, high-risk occupation. Most commonly, you'll see huge and heavily-armed convoys trucking through Arizona and New Mexico on Highway 40, or on the El Paso-Denver run on 25. Smaller runners can turn decent sums, too, but stand higher chances of being taken by regional banditos.

Another high-risk occupation is acting as hired gun for a city or county. Some "doormat" towns eventually build up enough capital to hire muscle and work their way up to "defended" status. This really is a dangerous occupation, because the inevitable result is that wave after wave of bandits rolls in to stomp the town back into submission. If you can survive the first six months, though, you'll end up a big shot in a growing town which will probably show real appreciation.

That's the score on the American West. John Ford and John Wayne would never recognize it, but it's not going away anytime soon. If you ever have to cruise through it, good luck to you.



The Driving Character

Before you start playing *Hell on Wheels*, you'll need to define what your character can do. Actual human beings, naturally enough, have second-class status in auto-combat games behind the vehicles—the cars are the stars of these adventures.

But here, we'll iron out better what your driver can do. At various places in the text, your driver will be called on to exercise his abilities to get out of tight situations, so try to work out his capabilities wisely.

You have 20 points to assign your character (normal geeks on the street get 10), divided among three characteristics: *Perception*, *Driving*, and *Combat*. *Perception*, naturally enough, is the ability to see and realize things; to spot the glint of a rifle barrel against the hillside, to figure out the significance of the old informant's cryptic remark, etc. *Driving* is a catchall driving skill which we use when the character needs to make some difficult driving maneuver in the text but you, the player, don't need to drag out the playing boards and game out the whole sequence. *Combat*, naturally enough, is the ability to shoot and hit things.

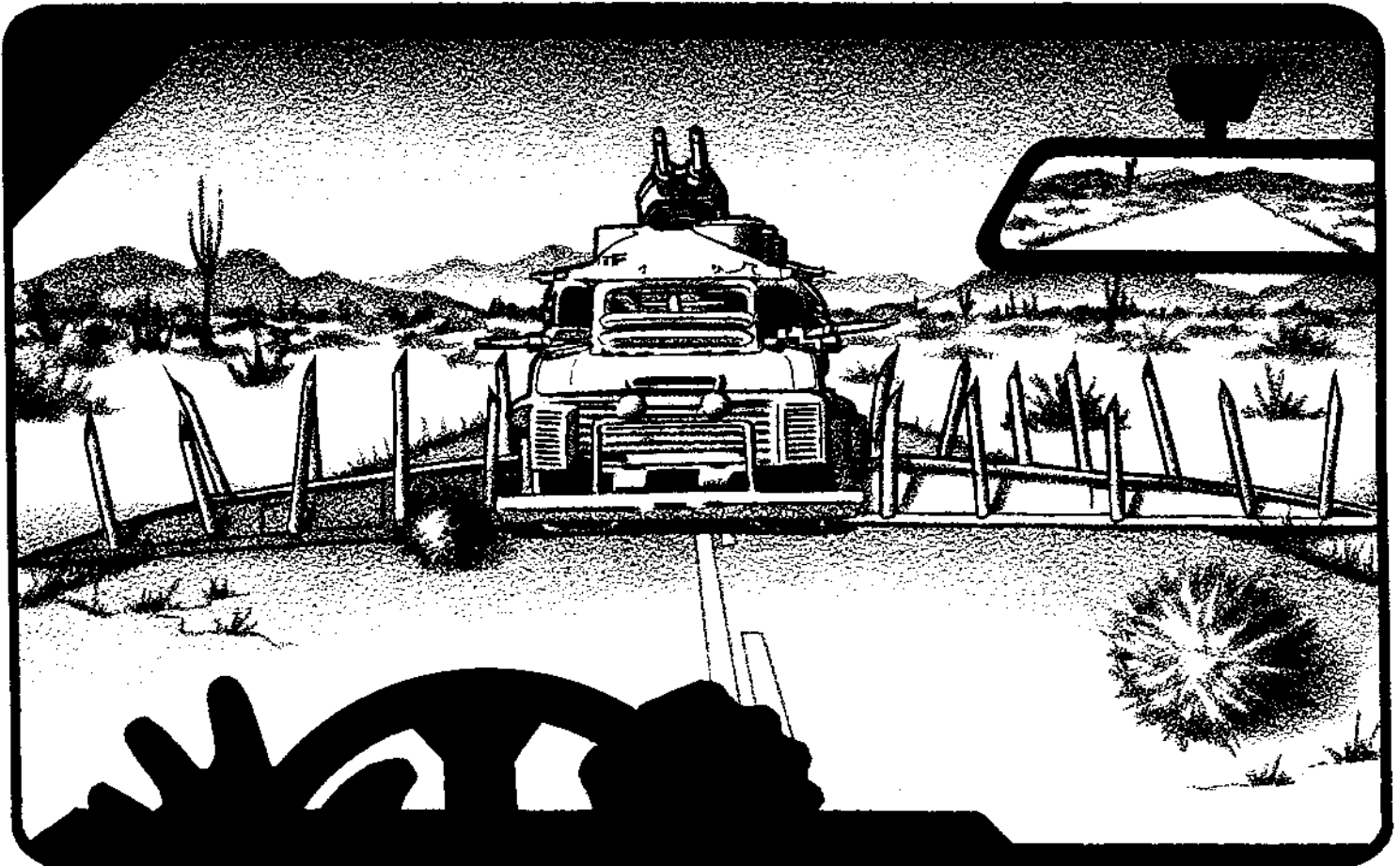
When you've assigned points to a skill, the number of points you assign becomes the number you have to roll (equal to or less than) on 2d6 in order to perform that skill. *Example: You have 6 points in Perception. The text calls for you to make a roll vs. Perception at one point. You roll an 8, and fail. Had you rolled a 6 or less, you would have succeeded.*

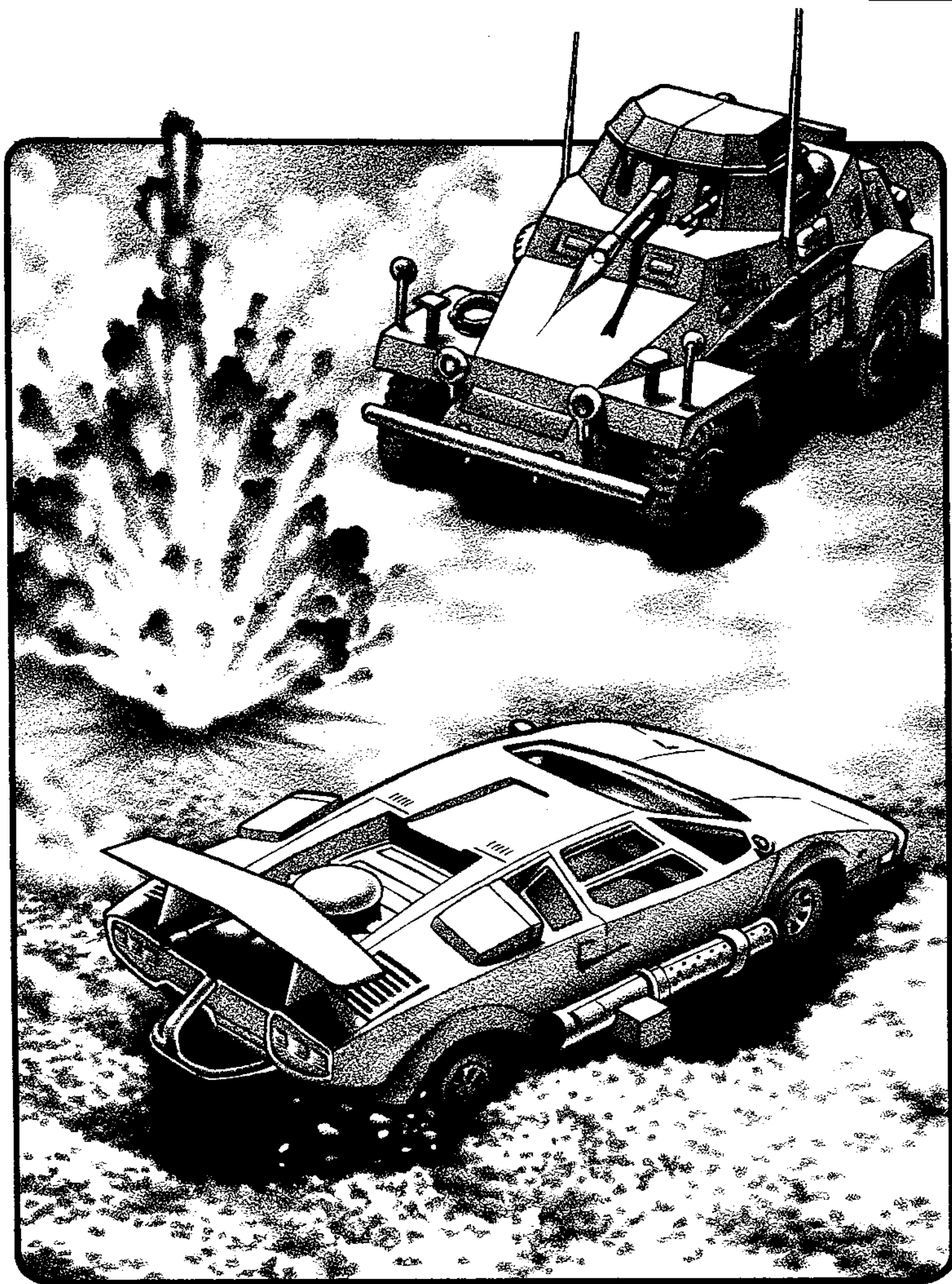
In certain instances, a task will be more difficult or easier than normal. When this happens, the text will tell you to make your roll at a minus (when something is more difficult) or a plus (when it's easier). *Example: The text tells you to make a roll vs. Driving at -2. Your normal roll is 8. Now, you must roll $(8 - 2 =) 6$ or less to succeed. On the other hand, you may be told to make a Combat roll at +3 to succeed. If your normal roll vs. Combat is 6, you must now roll $(6 + 3 =) 9$ or less on 2d6 to succeed.*

If you're playing *Battlecars* and honestly have no six-sided dice around, just eight-siders, assign 23 points instead and roll 2d8.

If you're playing *Car Wars*, and have characters with listed skill values, always use those values anytime you're playing out an actual combat; use these 2d6 rolls when they're indicated in the text. If you want your *Car Wars* skills to be equivalent to the 20 assigned points, consider basic *Driving* and *Gunner* skills to be worth 6 points assigned to *Driving* and *Combat*, and each +1 to the *Car Wars* skill is worth +1 to the assigned points to that skill. All unassigned points would then go to *Perception*. *Example: A character in Car Wars has Driver-2 and Gunner-0. To make an equivalent character here, you would assign 8 points to Driving and 6 to Combat, and the remaining 6 would go to Perception.*

In *Highway 2000*, "characters" don't much come into the picture at all, except as vehicle components. If you want to use pedestrians in that game, assume that a walking character can move one square per turn, give him an Average Damage of 3 (to match the pedestrian damage in other games), and if he wants any significant weaponry, give him an assault rifle equivalent to the .20-cal.





Of more immediate interest to you, you find out the following things:

Las Scalas has a first-rate garage which sees some business from convoys and the local Lawman. That's good news.

The locals haven't heard anything about the Warlord having Princess Lola. Obviously, the Warlord wants a toy, not reward money. So much the better, from your viewpoint; it means the area won't be crawling with bounty hunters. The locals do think the Warlord has ears here in Las Scalas; however, short of a strong raid into the city, the Warlord won't be able to do much to Las Scalas. The locals have the roads in and out mined—the mayor has the arming trigger—and there's a local do-gooder, lawman by the name of Gilhooley, who lives nearby and will cruise with his interceptor if the town is threatened. He, too, has ears in Las Scalas.

If seems to you that you have several choices at this point. Now that you know a little more about what you're up against, you can quit—forego the \$100,000 and Princess Lola, hop into your new Countach, and lay rubber out of this hole; if that's your plan, go to 8. You can follow up on some of the stuff Frag was drooling about; if that's the path you want to follow, go to 18. You can put the word on the street that you want to join the Warlord's band, and try to break Lola out from the inside; for that course of action, go to 12. You can cruise around the countryside looking for the Warlord's minions, and try to track them back to their base; if that's what you want, go to 14. Or, last, you can try to find some of the Warlord's followers, stomp them into the ground, and tell the survivors that this is proof in advance that you're man enough to join his gang, trying here again to break Lola out from the inside; if this plan appeals to you, go to 46.

3 Well, that's simple enough. Just hop in that black dream machine and cruise on out of this dust-devil community. But think about it: Is that kind of choice the stuff heroes are made of? Oh, well. If you really want to ditch this town, ignore Lola and the Warlord and one hundred grand, go to 36. If you've had a change of heart and decided to choose the more adventuresome life, go to 2.

4 Actually, it's not difficult at all to follow the well-frequented game trails across the hills, and you seldom even need to run with lights, as there's a lot of moonlight. Ultimately, you roll up onto a hillside ridge, see lights down at the base of the hill, and cautiously kill your engine. With binocs in hand, you exit your vehicle to check out the activity down below.

It's the Warlord's base, all right. Has to be. It's surrounded by walls made from junked cars, old hurricane fencing, concertine wire, wood posts, wooden crates, and mounds of other junk; the walls look pretty formidable. Inside the compound are lots of shacks and weathered-looking prefabs, numerous dune buggies with .50-cals swivel-mounted on top, and what looks like an old armory building smack in the center of it. At the four corners of the walls are ramshackle-looking towers, maybe thirty feet tall, with spotlights and what may be some sort of gun emplacements—you really can't tell.

There's some activity—people moving around—within the walls of the camp, but slowly dying out as the Warlord's followers, men and women, begin fading off into the ramshackle quarters. The spots from the towers sweep back and forth intermittently. There seem to be lights on inside the armory and in some of the prefabs. When the wind sweeps your way, you occasionally catch the groan of a gasoline motor, probably used as a generator for the spots and base lights.

A single graded road leads out from the front of the base, through a couple of ratty-looking metal gates. The gates don't look like they could take much damage. The road goes on for a hundred yards or so; at the extreme range of your visibility, it looks like there's been a roadblock to cut off the roadway, and wheel-ruts climb the hills on all sides of the base.

There doesn't seem to be a lot of security in the base itself. They probably don't expect people to penetrate their extended perimeter, which is likely guarded by buggies and interceptors. The spots are sweeping, sure, and there seem to be guards stand-

ing around—Christ, holding M-16s. Looks like there was some real ordnance in the armory, after all.

At this point it looks like you have a couple of options. You could get back in the Lamborghini, roll down toward the gates in neutral and in darkness, then ram through and hope for a miracle to hand you the Princess on a silver platter before you're blown apart. If that's your style of action—that is, if you're a very trusting soul in a very untrustworthy world—go to 49. If, on the other hand, you want to sneak into the base on foot—it doesn't look too hard—and try to scout out the Princess' location and sneak her out, try 51.

5 Bad luck, amigo. You catch sight of them in your peripheral vision—two seedy-looking types with a manpack rocket setup—and trigger your turret .50-cal to cut them down, but not until they've hit their fire button. A heavy manpack rocket hits your door and detonates. In *Car Wars*, take 3d6 damage to your left side. In *Battlecars*, it's 2d8 to your left-center armor. In *Highway 2000*, it's 24 points to your Average Damage. Any damage that Lola might take from spillover, reroll and apply elsewhere—she's protected by the same laws which nurture fairy-tale princesses.

If you survive this mishap with your car in driveable shape, go to 17. If you die, close the book—you did a good job, but not good enough, and Lola's picked up again by the Warlord's men (although Frag, oddly enough, is never captured). If your car is immobilized, it's the same thing—the Warlord's men will eventually find any pedestrians, and then you're dead with Lola retrieved.

6 Good news! You're able to spin out and stop just short of the wire.

You find out that the trigger-wire stretches rightward of the scrub trees to the top of the right-hand side of the gulley—and the cache of antique TNT packed there. (You don't want to mess with the explosive—it's old enough to be plenty unstable.) Now, the TNT there wouldn't do much to you. However, the shelf of carefully-balanced rock would. It would smash your car like an eggshell, and you in the process. However, you think it would only tumble on vehicles headed in toward the Warlord's camp. Vehicles headed out from the camp which triggered the wire should be safe, and the resulting rockslide would cut the gulley off behind them—at least until some boulders were cleared away. Basic military tactics tells you it'd be better to leave the trap in place; maybe you can use it to good effect coming out.

Frag, over your shoulder, says, "Maybe I did tell someone about it, after all. but if they have only this, maybe they don't think it's important enough to guard. Want some snake jerky?"

Back in the driver's seat again, you cruise on toward the camp. Go to 28.

7 Not good enough. You skid right between the scrub trees and tear through the wire. There's an enormous "boom" to your right, and a quick glance shows a whole lot of rock from the right side of the gulley descending toward you and your car.

Make a roll vs. Driving—at a -4. That is, if you have a normal 8 or less roll, you'd have to roll a 4 or less. If you make it, go to 10. If you fail, go to 11.

8 Okay, your loss. Thank the beefy saloon-keeper, pay your tab, strut out to the dream machine with your tail between your legs, and roll out of Las Scalas.

9 One near-miss on the part of the Warlord's men is enough for you. You put in for repairs, pay your bill the next afternoon, and roll out of Las Scalas. Timid soul; at least you've still got your health.

10 Maybe it's extra skill born of necessity that saves you, maybe it's sheer luck, but you're able to put the Lamborghini into a bootlegger reverse that would've warmed the hearts



of a generation of moonshiners, crawl up half of the clear wall of the gully, and skid back down to the gully floor, avoiding the tons and tons of stone that would probably have smashed you to pulp.

You get to sit and recover for a few minutes. Frag gets out and stretches his legs, looks over the rubble blocking the gully, and says, "Maybe I told someone about it after all."

Then a pistol barks, and Frag goes down hard—and it wasn't even your pistol.

The shot came from a bush less than fifteen feet behind the car. Whoever was waiting in ambush there deserves what he gets—he should've taken a more secure position before opening fire on you. You start to crank your turret into position—you can either saturate-fire the bush or force the creep inside to surrender—but Frag settles the question for you. Pulling himself up on his side, his chest soaked with blood, he lets loose both barrels of his scattergun into the bush.

So, this approach wasn't just trapped, it was guarded—although not very efficiently. You don't spot any more guards.

Frag's dead, as much a failure in his last few hours as he was in the last few years. His assailant is almost gone; his chest and vitals were mostly mixed by the shotgun blast. He passes away as you watch. He's not carrying anything important. Too bad.

You have three reasonable choices. You can take Frag's map and try to work out another approach—if that's your option, go to 13. You can try some of the options you'd considered before: Putting the word on the street, back in Las Scalas, that you wanted to join the Warlord (12), or stomping on some Warlords to prove you've got what they need in a new man (46).

11 The shelf of rock tumbles and roars down toward you so loud and fast that it's impossible to think. You skid to the left side of the gully, slam the Lamborghini into all the acceleration you can manage, and pray for the best.

And it's not enough. A solid wall, it seems, of black lands on the Lamborghini.

Take 12 six-sided dice of damage to the top of your vehicle. (In **Battlecars**, use 8-siders and consider a car to have the same amount of armor on top as it does to a side. In **Highway 2000**, treat this as an automatic hit and apply the damage directly to the Average Damage of the vehicle.) Any damage left over, apply equally to each vehicle component inside. (In **Highway 2000**, roll on the Critical Hits table once for each 3 points of damage that penetrates after all the Average Damage is gone.)

If you're still alive after all that, congratulations—you're one lucky S.O.B. You'll eventually clamber out of the smashed and immobile vehicle, dragging Frag with you if he's still alive, and begin the long walk back home. Nearby, you find the body of a sniper, obviously stationed there to pick off any survivors of the landslide. The idiot had stationed himself too close and had found there was a boulder with his name on it.

If you die in the landslide, so be it. If you don't have the facility to notice such an obvious trap—or failing that, avoid it—or, failing that, avoid the repercussions—maybe it's better this way.

Either way, the adventure is over for you. Better luck next time.

12 Las Scalas is a small town. Not much news to talk about. So when you start to spread the word, ever so subtly, that you're a gun for hire, and looking to hire on with a certain local military entrepreneur, you can be sure that word will spread. The local yokels avoid you in the bar, to be damned sure.

You give the story plenty of time to circulate, nurse a few drinks . . . and, several hours later, you still haven't had any action, despite the bartender's protestations that the Overlord has ears everywhere.

Speaking of the bartender, he eventually looks up at you over your drink and says, "Say, mister, looks like someone's messing around with your wheels."

You're out the door in a moment, weapons drawn—but no one's standing around your car. However, there is what looks like a business card on your windshield.

That's what it is, all right. A simple white business card. It reads:

"Ian Gilhooley
The Law
Las Scalas"

On the back is a hand-scrawled note: "We don't need outsider trash adding to our troubles. Say goodbye."

Just then, a .50-cal cuts loose from somewhere in front of your car, the slugs strafing along the street, passing two feet from you. You're behind the armored door of the Countach in a second.

Information clicks into place. This fellow, Gilhooley, is the boy scout the yokels were talking about, the only one in the region who ever actually fought the Warlord's folks. He's sitting in his wheels, a once-gray interceptor-variety vehicle with a machine-gun in remote turret on top, less than thirty yards away. As much a sitting duck as you were, that could only have been a warning burst—he could've cut you apart. And now he's just sitting there, no more fire forthcoming, revving his engine, like he's waiting for . . .

A fair fight. Boy scout, indeed. It's a real pity, too. If you tell him the truth, that you're not really joining the Warlord, it'll be all over town that you and Gilhooley hadn't fought—and the Warlord has ears, too. But if you *don't* tell him, you have to fight.

He settles the question. He kicks the interceptor into gear, moving up on you, and cuts loose with another burst from the .50.

In **Car Wars**, set up your vehicles 6" apart. For the town, just use road panels if you're only using the original **Car Wars** rules—only use two lanes of the road, and place a cross-street after each two panels of road. If you have **Sunday Drivers**, place the two cars six inches apart, with your Lamborghini parked beside the Bar None on Elm and the interceptor six inches south.

In **Battlecars**, the city setup on page 7 of the **Battlecars** rulebook is perfectly adequate. Place the two cars six points apart on any

lengthy section of open space.

In **Highway 2000**, we have to ignore the fact that we're fighting in a city; place the two cars six squares apart, both pointed the same direction, your vehicle in the lead.

In the Quick Combat System from page 24, set up in Position 1.

In all three games, the interceptor is moving forward at 10 mph/1 point while your car is stationary. His last shot mentioned was not a free shot; you get to respond in the same turn. You may not move your car this turn, though, as you have to start it up. His vehicle's stats are given on page 28.

If you win this battle and kill Gilhooley, go to 57. If you win and Gilhooley survives, go to 59. If you lose but survive, go to 53. If you lose and die, go to 55.

13 It seems that you can piece together some sort of approach to the camp from where you are without too much backtracking. A few miles back, this gulley will give you access to a large plain; you'd have to drive across it westward, then northward as the terrain started to get hilly again, and maybe find a hole through the hills to approach the camp from the rear. Frag's map does show one small main road leading to the camp, but that has to be well-guarded or blocked—doubtful you'd survive such an attempt. Better the back-door approach.

The map proves true to form for the first few miles. You head back along the gulley, then climb the west lip onto scrubby plains area. Heading west, you keep your eyes open for any more surprises.

About three miles from the start of the hills around the site of the Warlord's camp, make a roll against Perception. If you make it, go to 71. If you fail, go to 73.

14 You want to catch sight of some of the Warlord's men and follow them back to their base. Not a bad plan. Some more judicious inquiry nets you the fact that some of the Warlord's men perform combat drills on a blown-apart section of flatland they call the Practice Plain. One car usually tows some target or another mounted on a small flat trailer, usually at a distance of thirty or forty feet. Other vehicles make combat passes on the target to improve their accuracy. Most of these vehicles seem to be dune buggies with .50-cals swivel-mounted on the roll-bars; one yokel saw a couple of interceptors one day. You get directions to the site without much difficulty.

It's a quick drive out, and easy enough to conceal the Countach under scrub once you get to the site. Your informant said the site was used almost daily, so your chances of success are pretty high.

A good deal of time passes, hours at least, and ultimately you see a dust cloud heralding the arrival of some vehicles. They roll into view, and you find your source was correct: Five dune buggies, one of them hauling a flat trailer on a short chain. The buggies stop; the chain is let out to about thirty feet, and a large traditional circle-target is set up on it.

The buggies spend several hours simply driving back and forth across the plain, shooting at that inane target while you sit baking in your car. There's a lot of whooping going on, you hear faintly, a lot of macho chicken games with the buggies, and as darkness starts to collect, they pack themselves up and head across the flatlands.

The dusk is a blessing for you. It's still light enough to drive without lights, but getting dark enough that any dust trail you kick up will be harder to see. Also, the Lamborghini will be harder to spot.

Waiting until they get a comfortable distance away, you start up the Countach, put 'er in gear, and follow.

The buggies cruise north for thirty minutes or so, and the flatland territory hits a small ridge of hills. The buggies climb what looks like a game trail across one of the lower hills and disappear from view over the ridge. They don't seem to be taking any roads your vehicle can't handle.

Make a roll vs. Perception. If you make it, go to 15. If you fail, go to 31.



15 Sharp eyes—in the deepening darkness, you faintly pick up a dust trail rising a few hundred yards in front of you. You barely pick up the lines of a small interceptor-type vehicle headed your way at good speed—intercept course, no mistaking it. You've been spotted. The interceptor seems to be coming from a different direction than the path of those buggies, so he was probably stationed on guard; it's doubtful that the dune buggies picked up on your presence.

You really need to off this driver. If you turn and run, you can probably outdistance him, but they'll be on to you and you might not get another crack at tracking down the base. If you really want to avoid the fight, spin the car, head back to Las Scalas, and close the book; there'll be no more chances at Princess Lola.

If you want to fight it out, set up your game boards and go to it. You're on a mostly featureless plain; in *Car Wars*, you'll want to scatter debris counters around, and use nighttime modifiers. Your opponent is Lieutenant #3, and his vehicle stats are given on page 28.

You have your choice of speed; he's coming in at 45 mph/3 movement points. You can also be heading toward him or away, as you choose. (If using the Quick Combat System from page 24, you can choose whether you're in Position 1 or Position 6.)

If you defeat your opponent, with the Countach in good shape, go to 79. If you defeat him but take substantial damages, try 77. If you are defeated, go to 75.

16 As you pass the last hill in the range and climb out of the gulley onto flatland, you catch sight, left, of some movement—two men with a tripod-mount rocket, a heavy one. Probably dropped off by the road-hog, just in case you beat it. You give great thanks to your peripheral vision and tromp hard on the brakes, and the rocket shoots by right in front of your bumper, exploding against the far wall of the gulley. The two men with the launcher look awfully disappointed as you trigger the turret-mount .50-cal and finish them.

Go to 17.

17 The rest of the trip in to Las Scalas is pretty uneventful. Once you're in town, you spin out in the middle of Main Street and shout for the yokels to turn on the land-mine system they're so proud of, just in case the Warlord's folks decide to roll in. Minutes later, you've sent a message out to the Mayer clan in Hollywood.

Happily, you're not involved in any more action that day—no combat action, that is. However, late in the afternoon, the local lawman, Ian Gilhooley, shouts up through the window to the room you've rented, "Son, I think you'd better get down here. Bad news."

You charge down to Gilhooley. The lawman is a long, lean, weatherbeaten type who doesn't look as though he'd be rattled by much, and he looks rattled now. He hands you his binocs and points north, outside Las Scalas. Lola joins you as you look through the binocs.

It's a vehicle, a huge one—heavy-armored, armed with what looks like a tank gun, a cupola on top and plenty of steel all around. "The Warlord's own vehicle," Lola whispers in your ear. "It's some sort of German armored car."

"No lie," Gilhooley agrees. "He can shell Las Scalas to pieces. Let's hope he rolls on top o' the mines; that might just take him out. In the meantime, I'm cranking my own vehicle into gear. If you help me out, the two of us might be able to take the big man." He trots off.

The armored car rolls to within about a hundred yards of Las Scalas, then grinds to a halt—just outside the mine perimeter. The gun in the turret cranks around, sweeping left-to-right, past the buildings on the left, past you, past the buildings on the right, and on until it faces northward, away from the town.

And a figure pops up from the driver's seat. Not the massive, muscular frame of the Warlord, as Lola had described him, but Frag. "Grand Theft Auto!" he shouts at Gilhooley, waving. "But it's yours for thirty-seven dollars!"

As it turns out, Frag managed to get out of the camp by the

simple expedient of taking the Warlord's armored car, then rolling out of camp over any vehicle that got in his way, smashing through the wall at one of the guard towers, and rolling out to Las Scalas. He'd had to fire on a couple of buggies which followed, but nothing much wanted to mess with the armored car.

True to form, Lola's daddy, "Prince" Mayer, cruises in later that night in his own jet-copter. He retrieves Lola and hands you the reward money—100 grand, in cash, U.S. currency. And then he heads out.

All of which leaves most everybody in good position. You have your hundred grand and a fine vehicle. Mayer has his errant daughter back. Las Scalas has a heavy piece of defensive artillery to help defend it against bandits, bought by Ian Gilhooley for the sum of thirty-seven dollars. And the Warlord's camp has an air strike dumped on it from a private California mercenary air force—probably Lola's Christmas present. But the Warlord? No one knows if he bought it in the strike. Maybe you'll run into him again. Then again, maybe you'll get lucky.

18 So, you think there's more to Frag than mental decay. It's an easy enough matter to find out from the saloon-keep the location of Frag's shack. You walk over to it—it really is a shack, some decrepit tool shed which has had a couple of windows knocked out of the walls.

You knock, hear a voice quavering "Come in," and step through the door—to find yourself standing in the path of the shotgun Frag is holding in a shaking grip. It's a bad scene—your flak jacket is unzipped against the heat, and the scatter-gun will blow a melon-sized hole in you at this range.

"I need to know," he quavers, "you're here from the Warlord, right? He wants my secret. Are you here to help me? Or to finish the job?" He laughs. You're convinced that it's mostly wind whistling between his ears.

There's wind whistling outside, too, which is where your problem comes in. The wind blows a shutter against the wall before you can answer. Frag starts, and squeezes both triggers of the scatter-gun. Go to 47.

19 That was a useless enough distraction. And you're back in your previous situation. If you want to put the word on the street that you want to join the Warlord, go to 12. If you want to track some of the Warlord's punks back to their base, go to 14. If you'd prefer to stomp some of his punks to prove you're tough enough to join his little band, go to 46.

20 While he's struggling with his museum-piece scatter-gun, you calmly upholster your sidearm, cock it—he looks up, finally, at the noise—and you proceed to blast a hole in him rather like the one he almost blew in you. The sound echoes momentarily across Las Scalas, and that's the last of the old lunatic. You holster your weapon and leave the ramshackle abode. Go to 19.

21 It seems like ages later—actually, it's late enough that night has fallen hard, and the only reason the bar is open is because you're sitting here and no one wants to mess with you—when the doors swing open and you can tell the Time has Come. Two chicano males standing there, decked out in scruffy jeans, but carrying lots of decent weaponry—both have pristine Colt .45 autos holstered; one is carrying a lever-action carbine and the other, by God, has an M-16 and a 30-round clip. *However the hell does the Warlord get this stuff?* asks the little voice in the back of your mind. They give you a hard stare, which you return.

"Good job this afternoon, amigo," says the one with the M-16. "Word is, you want to talk to the jefe. You want to, we put a little bag on your head and you ride out with me, while Paco here brings in your machine. You can't take that, you head out of Las Scalas and we never see you again."

If you really can't handle the thought of one of these low-lives bringing your car in to the Warlord's camp, just turn your back on these two, order another drink, close the book and look somewhere else for your next adventure.

Assuming you can stomach those terms, though, the talkative

chicano—who calls himself Carlos—hands you what amounts to a bag with a hole cut for your mouth. They don't ask you for your pistol, you can keep that holstered, but anything heavier you have to leave in the Countach.

They lead you out to their vehicle—an interceptor with a .50-cal swivel-mounted on top. You give Paco the keys to the Lamborghini. Once in the interceptor, Carlos tells you to put the bag on. When that's accomplished, you roll northward out of Las Scalas, and you can occasionally hear the Countach behind you.

Carlos doesn't prove very talkative. The drive is therefore long—maybe an hour—and dull. The first half seems to be on rough roads. After thirty minutes, you turn onto flatlands, flat but sustaining some scrub. After another twenty minutes, you get into rough driving—what feels like game trails up and down hills. Ten minutes later, you return to level ground, and what feels like graded road, roll less than a hundred yards, and stop. There's the sound of metal gates clanging shut, and Carlos says, "Off with the bag, guero." He opens the door and gets out.

You pull off the bag and step out of the interceptor. Your Countach is parked right behind, and Paco tosses you the keys. "Nice machine, amigo," he says. "Anytime you want a good deal . . ."

You quickly take in the situation. No doubt that this is the Warlord's base. Walls surround the place, walls made of junked cars, concertina wire, crates, junk wood, posts, and other refuse. It looks pretty solid, in spite of its rubbish nature. At the four corners of the walls are fairly well-constructed towers, maybe thirty feet tall, and you see gun emplacements—maybe machine guns, maybe light rockets. Too dark to tell.

Ramshackle buildings and small prefabs are thrown up all around, and you see fifteen, twenty people and a dozen dune buggies parked or cruising.

And at the center of the whole thing is a real building. Looks like an old National Guard armory, or some such. Might, in fact, have been—it would explain a lot of where the Warlord got some of his equipment. He might have moved in years ago, offing the skeleton staff that would have manned it, then held off any Federal forces coming to retrieve the gear until they decided it wasn't worth the effort. This would show a lot of planning ability on the Warlord's part.

Carlos, beside you, gestures to the double doors leading into the armory, and the two of you walk in.

The Warlord has apparently accomplished some interior decoration in the years since he's taken the site. The building, which was once a large single open room with separate rooms and facilities to the rear, has been broken down into smaller sections with the use of partitions. You pass through an anteroom, guarded by two scruffies with M-16s, through a large chamber, and through a guarded door into what can only be a throne room.

It's a decent-sized room with curtains all around, open except for some furnishings against the far wall. There's a large chair there under a canopy—and human heads, aged and preserved, hang from the canopy poles. Several scruffies stand about, relaxed. Other than the personnel, the room is spotless and, unbelievably, cold—there's the unmistakable hum of an air conditioner off to the left.

Seated in the chair—or throne—is a tall, muscular, formidable-looking man in combat dress—no unit designations. His shoulders and face are in shadow. A sawed-off shotgun is holstered at his belt.

And, seated beside the throne on the floor, is the whole object of your mission—Princess Lola Mayer herself. She doesn't look like she's in great shape—she's bruised, clothes torn to tatters, her face set in angry lines. She also doesn't look stupid enough to have gotten herself in this jam the way she did, but you never know. Her hands are manacled.

The door closes behind you. Carlos stayed outside. And the figure on the throne beckons. "Step forward," he says. You move in front of the throne, staring into the shadowy face of the Warlord.

"I am told," he says, "that you do good work, and that you are a capable man. And that you're looking for a capable organization to ally yourself with. We are such an organization.

If you are indeed such a man, we can perhaps come to terms." His voice is resonant, his English perhaps a little too precise—it's perfect, but still sounds as though it's a second tongue to him.

He leans forward, out of the shadow. His is a strong, striking face, dark-complexioned and lined. He could be Mexican, Mediterranean, native American, perhaps with a touch of Oriental blood—there's no way to tell. What he *doesn't* look like is a pushover. "We'll put you under Carlos for a probationary period. You do good work, show skill and loyalty, and you may progress far within my organization. Carlos will show you to your quarters." He nods for you to exit, and leans back.

You can exit, play the meek little lamb, and scope out the whole situation—if you want to go that route, go to 74. However, you do have another option. None of the scruffies has his weapon in hand, the Warlord's sawed-off is holstered. You're sure you could have your pistol in hand before anyone could move. It would take a quick move to get behind the Warlord, and you could use him as hostage to get out of here—dog-trog him beside the Countach until you got beyond the range of the tower guns, and then cruise out with Princess Lola. You're not sure exactly where you are, but you know you're north of Las Scalas and that you can outrace any vehicle in this camp with the Countach. If that's more to your liking, go to 30.

22 Good work, compadre. You blow the road-hog to smithereens, move one set of panels aside, pick Lola up, and keep cruising. Fast. It's only a couple of miles to open ground, and you can cruise across flatlands for a few miles, then hit the road back to Las Scalas beyond any perimeter they're likely to have set up.

As you reach the end of the guiley, where it opens onto flatland, make roll vs. Perception. If you make it, go to 16. If you fail, try 5.

23 You've managed to survive the encounter with your hide intact, but you've killed all your opponents. Bad move. Now, who's going to get word back to the Warlord? Or do you even want to? You've killed four of his men. It's a risk. He may decide you're *worth* killed of his ordinary men, or he may kill you.

If you want to say goodbye to the hundred grand—play it safe, return to Las Scalas and cruise on to civilization, just close the book and consider it done.

However, you find out that you can get your message to the Warlord if you wish. Back at the old moonshiner's cabin, the old man has watched the whole incident. If you want to give him your message to the Warlord before returning to Las Scalas, go to 70.

24 Your opportunity does come, several hours later. The guard eventually, and obviously, dozes off, and you can creep out of the prefab and into the camp.

It's the late wee hours of the night, so you have to keep it quiet and careful. Obviously, Princess Lola is going to be in the armory somewhere. Two guards stand at the front door; the only other entrance is a small access door toward the rear on the right side, and one guard with a bolt-action rifle stands there.

Luring him momentarily away from his post with the old tossing-a-rock-into-the-darkness trick is almost too easy, and within minutes you're inside the armory. That small access door led into an unlit kitchen, and the opposite door leads into a hallway running right and left. Doors dot the hallway in both directions.

And, finally, you get one of the breaks you've needed all along. Off to the left, a toilet flushes; moments later, Princess Lola emerges from one door, closely followed by another female, a tough-looking specimen you'd classify a biker chick if you were being charitable. She's carrying brass knucks on her left hand, and a .45 is holstered on her hip. And they're coming this way.

Do we even ask whether you'll wimp out and let them pass by or take the opportunity? The two of them pass by the swinging kitchen door; you step out and, with one nasty, necessary swing with a frying pan, you put the guard down on the tiles. Lola looks at you, comprehending quickly, and steps into the

kitchen as you drag in Ms. Biker and hide her under the sink. Lola spends a few grating seconds pointing out the keys Ms. Biker was carrying and you unlock her manacles; then, it's a matter of only a second to open the door to the outside, bring the frying pan into painful contact with the skull of the guard there, and drag his comatose form into the kitchen. Then you've got a free and clear path into the shadows of the nearby shacks.

Right now, you've got only one real option open to you: Get the Lamborghini and run. Lola tells you she was, ahem, with the Warlord before her necessary errand, and it won't be another minute before he misses her. So the two of you creep up to the unguarded Countach, slide in quietly and catch a quick breath.

The engine catches instantly. As if they were curious, the spotlights begin to slip in your direction. You peel out toward the gates, softening up the lock with a burst from the Vulcan, and are outside the gates in an instant.

The pavement heading straight out from the gates ends in a roadslide after about a hundred yards, but Lola points out a used-looking side-trail to the left. "That one, she says. "It's the quickest route to the road south. I wouldn't go north; the Big Man said he'd been increasing patrols that way." As she speaks, the first of the light rockets from the guard towers lands in your immediate vicinity, but nothing hits directly before you're across the ridge of the first hill.

Well, if Lola knows what she's talking about, then south, back to Las Scalas, is the way to go. Besides, the yokels there did a lot of talking about their defensive mines perimeter. It's time to test it, to your way of thinking.

There's no doubt but that vehicles are starting up as you cross the ridge of hills to the road south. However, once you reach the road, you get considerably less worried. There couldn't be a vehicle in that camp to match the Countach for speed. In short, the ride down to Las Scalas is quick, sweet, and uninterrupted.

Well, not exactly. About half a mile from Las Scalas, on the final stretch in, headlights flare into life a few hundred yards up the road—headlights, and yellow top-lights outlining the cab of a pickup.

"Oh, hell," says Lola. "Ram-truck. That's Butcher, one of the big man's lieutenants. Probably on patrol. The Warlord would've warned him by radio. Can you drop me off here?" She opens the door.

Rather than have your hundred grand obliterate herself in a roll at 120 mph, you slow to a crawl and let her hop. "See you in town," she says cheerily. You hope so. But it's better this way; if she stuck it out in the Countach, she could be offed by stray gunfire. So could you, for that matter.

Set up this as a roadway combat; the terrain to either side is too debris-littered and rolling to drive on. The vehicles are 40 inches/points/squares apart; if you don't have enough game-board to manage that, place them as far apart as you can manage. The ram-truck's stats are given on page 27. It's starting to dawn, so no nighttime modifiers need apply. If you're using the Quick Combat System, start in Position 1.

If you defeat your opponent, go to 64. If not, go to 62.

25 He looks up from working on his scattergun to see your descending fist. He's no challenge: You take away the shotgun, replace it on its rack on the wall, and proceed to beat the old coot senseless. Maybe it'll knock some brains back into his skull. He'll be laid up plenty long enough to reflect on the sins of stupidity. Go to 19.

26 While he struggles with the ancient shotgun, muttering to himself and cursing, you walk out the door and back to the saloon. He doesn't follow. Go to 19.

27 Carefully, you disentangle the old coot's hands from around the shotgun and replace it on its rack on the wall. "Why don't you tell me," you ask quietly, "what you know about the Warlord?"

"Warlord?" he asks. "Warlord! You're gonna off the Warlord,

eh?" he asks, as if he's never seen you before. "Good! look at this!" He rambles over to a high shelf, reaches up to it, and begins clawing through the bottles up there. Not finding what he's after, he scratches his head, walks back to the gun rack, and then fishes a roll of paper from the barrel of the shotgun. He unrolls it. It's a road map of the area, and, true to form, there's an "x" marked on the hilly area some thirty miles north of Las Scalas. "Say, this is the map of the Warlord's camp! Were you askin' about the Warlord?"

You reassure him that you were. "Warlord," he mutters. "I used to be one of his men, you know. The best." He laughs. "Sixty, seventy years ago. No, that's not right." His brow furrows as he tries to think. "I don't know when. There was a fight out on the flatlands. Bunch o' Texas Rangers goin' to California, I think. Or maybe it was another gang. And the grenade." He traces the gash made across his face. "And he left me to die. So I want to kill him. This map's useless, you know," he adds, pointing to the road map. "That's the encampment, but all the approaches are guarded. Except one. And I won't tell you which one. Unless you take me." He laughs.

Well, you have several options now. You can tell the old coot to take a hike, and carefully drive out to the point shown on the map on a reconnaissance mission. You can try to beat the information about the safe approach out of him. Or you can say yes to his proposal, but tell him that you'll be bringing someone back from the encampment—so there won't be room for him to return.

To leave to find the base, go to 43. To beat him for the information, go to 38. To take him along to find the safe approach, go to 80.

28 After another couple of miles of harsh terrain, and no more traps that you or Frag were able to detect, the old man tells you to pull over and stop. "The camp," he whispers unnecessarily, "is on the other side," and he waves at the summit of the hill on the left. He gets out and begins climbing.

Following him up, you do indeed see the encampment as the two of you crest the top of the hill. Both of you continue onwards in a crawl, so as not to be seen against the sky by those in the base.

The Warlord's base is a fairly impressive piece of work, considering what he probably had to work with. The whole thing is surrounded by walls solidly constructed from junk: Barbed wire, hurricane fencing, wrecked cars, sheet metal, packing crates, old posts, and the like. It looks fairly solid. At the four corners of the walls are rickety-looking towers, maybe thirty feet high, and with your binocs you can clearly see spotlights and light-rocket emplacements at the top of each. Scattered through the encampment are numerous beaten-looking shacks and prefab buildings. And at the center of the whole thing—the big man's palace, certainly—is a large one-story building with a curving room, probably an old armory. Lots of sleazy-looking individuals are moving about, men and women, and there are numerous dune buggies parked down there.

"Nice place, eh?" Frag mumbles. "We built it in 1861, just before the War. No, that's not right, either." He scratches his chin. "National Guard armory, with a good road accessing it, pretty much forgotten in these hills, the way it should be. We sneaked in one night after the Crash, took out the personnel, made it our base. It was easy to drop landslides all over the access road—" he points to the asphalt road leading out from the base's metal gates; the road ends in rubble after about a hundred yards, and wheel ruts climb the hills on both sides—"which made it pretty hard on the Guard the couple times they tried to get it back. We just dug in and ate their canned goods and waited 'em out. With the Crash, we knew they'd eventually have to go somewhere else, and they did. Never been back." He rubs his nose a while, lost in thought, then looks over at you and starts. "Oh, it's you. Gave me a hell of a scare, creeping up on an old man. What are we here for, anyway?"

If you want to tell him about Princess Lola, go to 48. If you'd prefer to ignore him, now that he's gotten you where you wanted to go, go to 66.

29 You've accomplished your objective just as you wanted—the Warlord's followers defeated, and at least one left alive to take your message back. You tell him that you were tough enough to take out two vehicles' worth of followers, and that makes you proper material for the Warlord's band. You'll be at Akins' Saloon whenever the Warlord wants to contact you. Good work.

Go to 70.

30 This is not your day for thinking, obviously. We told you that the Warlord seemed to be a pretty decent planner. We told you that the throne room was ringed with curtains. But you didn't add 1 to 1 to get 2.

You barely get your pistol out of its holder when automatic-weapons chatter sounds from behind two spots in the curtained surroundings. You're chewed to pieces before you know what hit you, and go down, messing up the impeccable floor with your remains. Maybe you'll think quicker in your next life. Close the book.

31 Tootling along blithely toward the hills, you abruptly find yourself under attack.

Not fifty feet away from you, headed in toward you, is an interceptor-type car, already firing. It'd be very difficult to avoid combat at this point, even if you wanted to.

This combat is taking place on a featureless plain; in *Car Wars*, scatter some debris counters around, and use nighttime modifiers. Your car and the interceptor are facing one another, direct collision course, three inches/points/squares apart, and he gets a free shot on you before the first turn of the combat. (If you're using the Quick Combat System from page 24, start in Position 1, and you can't shoot this turn; only he can.)

If you defeat your opponent with the Countach surviving in good shape, go to 79. If you defeat him but take substantial damages, go to 77. If you are defeated, try 75.

32 Like any sane man, you opt for a good night's sleep; you've been running yourself too hard the last day or two.

Morning dawns clear and warm, and you wake up to the sounds of engines revving. Carlos shows up at your door, leads you to your Countach, and tells you to follow the parade.

The metal gates to the base swing open—assisted by a couple of smarmy-looking men in overalls—and a convoy of vehicles rolls out. There are several dune buggies headed out, plus two interceptors, a pickup truck with a really strange turret mounted in the bed, and some god-awful thing that had once been a van but now also sported swing-out panels of metal. "The roadhog," says Carlos. "Blocks a road real good."

Your Countach joins the caravan out of the base. You cruise across well-used trails over the hilltops, then out onto flatlands, and out to a really flat stretch of land which sports lots of little craters—probably from mines or grenades, maybe small rockets. All the vehicles stop there, the drivers getting out, standing around. "Waiting for the big man," says Carlos to you.

Ultimately, there's noise of some large engine to the north, and you get to see the Warlord in his own vehicle—and what a vehicle it is. An armored car of German make, in fine condition—heavy armor, heavy arms. "An Sd. Kfz.222," Carlos says, impressively. "We, like, liberated it from a collector over in Reno. He was real unhappy. For a little while."

The armored car rumbles to a halt nearby, and the Warlord stands up from the cupola on top. "It's time," says he, and suddenly you find yourself covered by every hand weapon on the site—Carlos' included.

"This man," continues the Warlord, "is a very smart man. It is he we sent Miguel and Cayuse and JJ and Eduardo for. We didn't anticipate another car would roll on the scene and upset the ambush. But he didn't anticipate that Cayuse would live long enough to tell us what happened." As he's speaking, the main gun from the cupola cranks around to cover you and the Countach. Carlos backs away, understandably.

"Well, my friend," the Warlord says to you, "I'm afraid you have failed in this endeavor. But I'm disinclined to kill you out of hand. You ought to have a sporting chance. Give us a perimeter, men." The buggies and other vehicles start up, and then roll back to make a circle about a hundred yards in diameter. The Warlord continues, "Get into your vehicle, friend. If you can defeat me, you can leave the territory alive. You have my word on that. Otherwise, I kill you." He clammers into the driver's seat of the armored car, while another man takes the cupola-gun position. You get in your car and fire her up.

Your choices seem pretty limited. Don't fight, and you die. Fight, and you have a slim chance to get out alive.

Set the combat up as a featureless plain. If you're using the Quick Combat system from page 24, start in Position 1. Both cars start out stationary. The Warlord's vehicle stats are given on page 26.

If you defeat the Warlord—that is, destroy either him or his engine—go to 60. If you're defeated—which is tantamount to being killed—go to 37.

33 As you rise to surreptitiously follow the pair, you automatically check over your shoulder and see a face in the window of the wall you were leaning against. Had you stood up completely, he would've seen you. As it is, you freeze; the fellow in the window, a bearded, greedy-looking sort with a scar on his brow, watches Lola until she turns the corner of the building, and then he sinks out of sight again. Now, you can scuttle through the shadows, get to the left wall of the armory, and catch up with Lola and her captor.

You catch up within striking range of them before they reach the corner to the back wall of the armory. Now, you have a choice. You can attack him hand-to-hand and try to hammer his brains out without anyone hearing, or you can pull your pistol out of its holster, shoot him, and fight your way out of the compound. But as you weigh the choices, some inner sense of danger makes him look over his shoulder, and he spots you. No choice, now. He raises his weapon—a lever-action carbine—and shouts, "Intruder! Nail him!"

Pull out the playing boards and run the combat with this guy. In *Car Wars*, he's one inch away, and Princess Lola is immediately behind him. You get one free shot at him, and she'll act in the same turn to dive for cover—smart girl, that. Remember your flak jacket (body armor). He doesn't have one. In *Battlecars*, you are one point apart; don't even put Lola on the board. His hand weapon does 1d-2 damage, and yours does 1d-3. However, *double* the amount of damage you can take, because you have a flak jacket; his remains the same. In *Highway 2000*, use the Combat skill from page 6 and trade shots with this guy; you go first every turn. You have an Average Damage of 6, because of your flak jacket; he has 3, because he's unarmored. Consider both your weapons equivalent to a .20-cal, for simplicity.

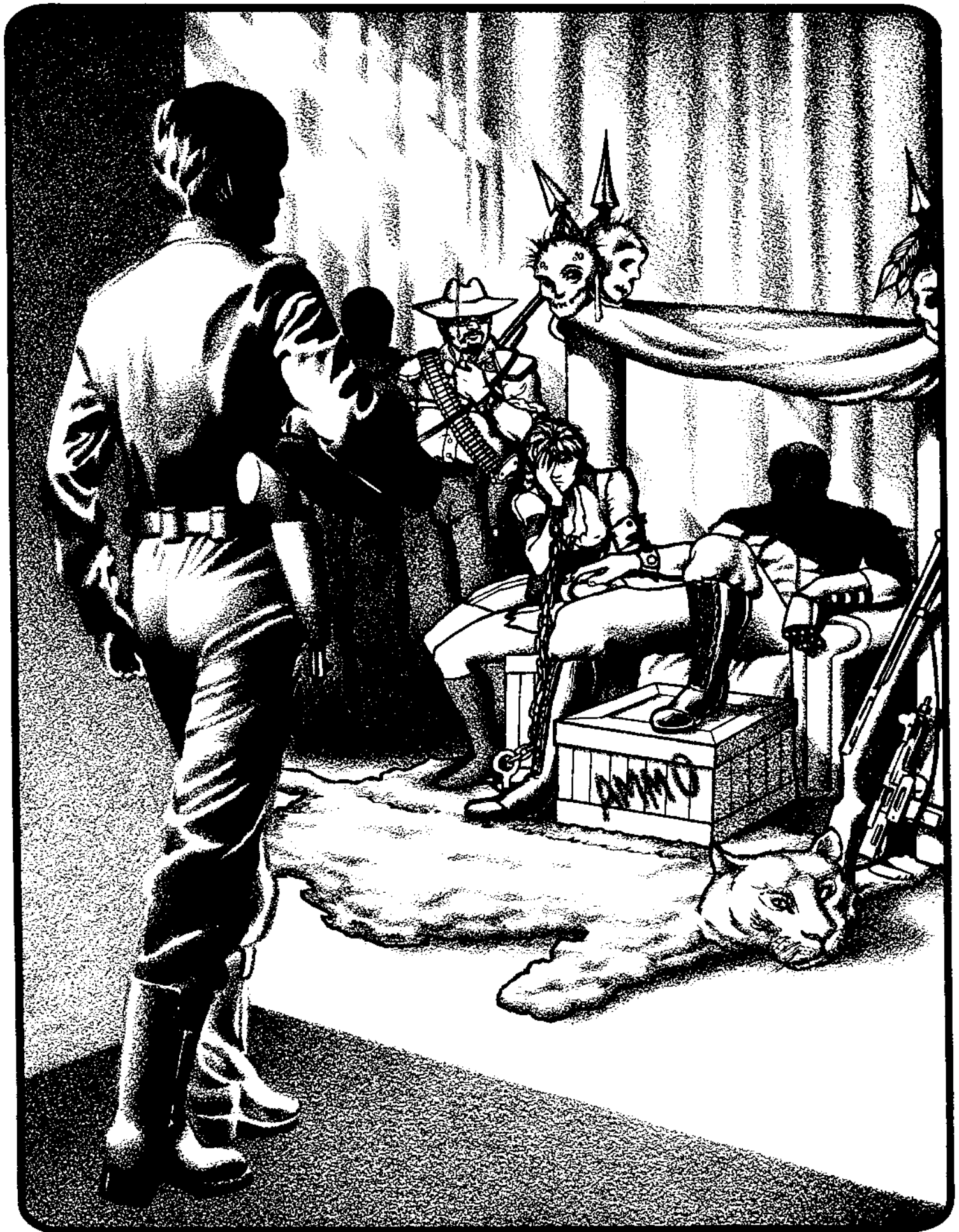
You have only 10 turns to conclude this combat. If you fail to finish off your opponent within that amount of time, or he defeats you, go to 35. If you win within 10 turns, go to 61.

34 Easy choice. You have him step out of the interceptor and walk toward you, and then cut him apart with a burst of the Vulcan. That really impresses the locals—but we've already discussed how much energy that takes.

It's a quick matter, now that you're the new Big Man in town, to set up any repairs for your car, get that inane lawman's body carted off to the local boot hill, and return to your bar for some rest and relaxation.

Go to 21.

35 Too bad. Either the opposition finished you, or the fight went beyond ten turns—and every Warlord and his dog was on you at the end of that time, which is the same thing. Good try—you even got to see Princess Lola, which is further than a lot of lesser men would've gotten. But no dice. Better luck in your next life.



36 Well, that was a quick adventure. After stepping out of the general store where you sold the punks' light armaments, you slithered into your new machine, cranked the V-12 into life, and purred out of Las Scalas toward your destiny. But since the adventuresomeness of your spirit is more suited to running medical supplies than rescuing celebrities for the big bucks, this adventure is over for you. Better luck next time . . .

37 You lose. Car, life, everything. Sorry, fellow. Better luck next time. In your next life, that is.

38 A hard-line approach: You slap him around, demanding the map to the safe approach to the Warlord's camp. But the old man can't handle a lot of slapping around, and still shouting that he won't tell you a damned thing, he passes out. It's clear to you that there's no way to beat the information out of him before the beating kills him, and the last look in his eyes told you that there's no way to chum up to him now to get the information.

Your option, now, is to try to cruise out to the spot located on the map. Naturally, you'll want to go in as sneaky as possible: Cruise across flatlands where possible, travel so that you reach the area of the encampment around twilight, etc. So you return to the saloon, clean your hand-weapons, and wait.

Go to 40.

39 Too bad. The big man was too much for you. And you just don't ever wake up.

Things end up fairly well for some other folks, though. Frag hot-wires the Countach and makes it back to Las Scalas. Once he tells his story to the local lawman, that worthy individual adds some pieces together and, a week later, breaks Princess Lola out himself—none of which means much to you, but those are the breaks.

40 At about half an hour of twilight, you clamber into the Countach, check your gear, zip up your flak jacket, and roll out of town. You've got Frag's map.

The Warlord's camp is about thirty miles north. You feel you're probably safe staying on the roads for about fifteen miles. Then, you can strike cross-country on the flatlands south of the Warlord's hills, for another ten miles or so, then take a couple of back-trails along the hills, hopefully approaching the encampment along one of those game trails without being detected. Any other approach would be across roads too likely to be monitored or terrain too rough even for the four-wheel drive and all-terrain suspension of your car.

Your cruise up the stretch of roads you consider safe is uneventful. After about fifteen miles, you leave the roadway to strike across the flatlands. It's starting to get dark, but you've timed it so that you should reach the Warlord's camp before you ever have to use your lights.

About three miles from the start of the hills around the site of the Warlord's camp, where the terrain is starting to get broken and rocky, make a roll against Perception (see page 6 if you've forgotten how). If you make it, go to 71. If you fail, go to 73.

41 Good show. You stand reeling over your opponent's unconscious body for a moment, then snap back to action.

You find your weapons and flak suit, and the big man's sawed-off, in the armoire, along with the keys to Lola's manacles. You unlock her—she's playing it cool, not saying a word. If you decide not to take the time to off the big man, she'll take a moment and a knife from the armoire to finish the job. Obviously, the Warlord has done her no favors.

The trip across camp is tense, especially when you step on some creep lying in the shadows—but he doesn't wake up, he's too inebriated. You move on to the walls, and over, dodge a few spotlight beams, and make it to the crest of the hill undetected.

Frag is gone but the Countach is fine. Maybe the old man

wandered off. You roll out, lights off, until you pass the first bend in the gully, then kick the lights on and drive on homeward. At the appropriate point in the gully, you trigger the trip-wire and dump several tons of stone on the path behind you. Then, the path in to Las Scalas is clear and uninterrupted. And that's the end of your adventure.

(As it turned out, you later find, Frag himself sneaked into camp after you did, and about ten minutes after you left he stole the Warlord's personal vehicle—an honest-to-God WWII German armored car—and rolled out of the camp. He was last seen selling his story to the United Press Association office in Las Vegas.)

Late in the day, Lola's daddy, "Prince" Mayer, cruises in on his private jet-copter, hands you over your reward—\$100 thousand, in cash, U.S. funds—sweeps his daughter up, and exits. Days later, you get word that there was an airstrike made on the Warlord's base by a mercenary California air force—but that wasn't important; you'd already broken the back of the Warlord's organization, you and Lola and Frag.

You've come out of this thing with a nice vehicle, 100 grand, several tense hours tracking down the base and its prisoner, and a lot more experience with frontier dirt-gangs than you ever wanted to have. Welcome back to civilization, and have fun with your reward.

42 Bad news. If your car is immobilized and you can no longer shoot at your opponent, he's going to sit off at a distance of about fifteen yards and blow you apart. If this happens, or you're knocked unconscious, it all means the same thing: You're dead meat. This creep is going to blow you away. Sorry, friend; this adventure is over for you. Next time, try at least to survive until you meet someone nastier than a low-grade lieutenant.

43 You turn him down. There's no way you'd cart around some senile madman, even if he *does* know a back door into the Warlord's camp; the coot has endangered your life once already, and that's enough. You leave him and return to the saloon.

At least now you have a good idea of where the Warlord's encampment is. The next step, logically enough, is to go there. You'll want to strike cross-country where you can, to avoid any sentinels posted on the roads leading to the camp, and you'll probably want to wait around until it's almost dusk—this'll give you a concealability advantage, considering the color of your car.

Go to 40.

44 You tell the poor sod to get out of his chewed-up vehicle and come over to you. With your pistol pressed to his gut you tell him the story—what you're here for, and how he can do himself and his town a favor if he just stays out of your way for a couple of days. There's no way what you're going to do will harm Las Scalas—as long as everyone stays out of your way.

Gilhooley, who's a long drink of water with a weather-beaten face and hard eyes, takes in everything you have to say, mulls it over, and finally says, "All right. I buy your story. Not just because of the barrel you're waving in my direction. Mainly because it would've been easier to kill me, and you haven't." He sucks at an incisor for a second. "If you want this to look right to everyone watching, try this: I'll cuff myself, get in your car. You can drive me out to my shack, tell everyone you dumped me out on the road and told me to walk to Phoenix. I won't come back in for a couple of days, and your rep is assured."

I certainly sounds like a good idea, and you think you can trust this dusty Jack Armstrong. So that's what you accomplish.

Gilhooley, it turns out, doesn't know much more than the locals about the Warlord's setup. The man has four or five lieutenants—he knows it used to be five, because he took his interceptor from one of them after he killed him. Two more drive interceptors, one has a heavily-armored pickup, and he's never seen the last—he just knows that that one has some sort of large, weird vehicle. He's never seen the Warlord's machine. Most of the rest of the

band drives dune buggies with swivel-mounted .50-cals attached to the roll bar. Where the Warlord got decent equipment in the first place, and how he maintains it, Gilhooley doesn't know.

The lawman has been contenting himself with picking off members of the Warlord's band until now. He's offed one lieutenant and four of the dune-buggies in the last four months, returning to his "shack", which is actually a wrecked mobile home which looks as though it hasn't been lived in for thirty years. The Warlord no more knows where he lives than he knows where the Warlord's base is.

You drop Gilhooley off, return to Las Scalas, arrange for any repairs you need, and return to your bar. Now, it's back to a waiting game.

Go to 21.

45 You've defeated your opponent. If you just immobilized his car and wrecked his weapons, consider him to have been killed by ricocheting shells. In any case, you've won, but he's done you enough damage that you don't want to continue until you've seen some repairs.

If your engine is down, you'll still be able to bring it up to sufficient life (by cannibalizing his engine for parts) to limp back into Las Scalas. You have enough money for repairs, which will take until a few hours short of dawn.

At this point, your choices are limited. You can sneak back to the Warlord's camp the same way and hope that the guard's vehicle and body have not been discovered.

Or you can pretend that you want to join his band, claiming that you stomped his man in the river bed to prove you had what it takes to join. If that's the course you want, you can either put the word out on the street that you want to join (go to 12) or track down and stomp some *more* of the Warlord's men to impress him further (go to 46). You can quit, in which case you should go to 9, or you can drive right back out to the camp and hope your previous efforts haven't been discovered—in which case, go to 4.

46 One beery fellow you'd listened to puts you on to the clue you needed. He said that some of the Warlord's boys do some firing practice out on a flatland area called the Practice Plain—usually five or six dune buggies armed with .50-cals. That's a stiff opposition for your first action against these fellows, but he also says that an old man he knows, crazy old Opie Gray, who lives in a shack about ten miles from Las Scalas, is a superior moonshiner and provides some supply for the Warlord's folks in return for favors. One or two buggies cruises out to Gray's once a week—today—and then back to camp.

That sounds like the way to go. You finish your drink, hop into the Countach, and follow your beery informant's instructions out to Gray's site.

And as you turn off the dirt road that passes closest to the 'shiner's shed, you see vehicular dust-clouds heading away from the shack—two of them, only a couple of hundred yards distant across flatlands, an easy catch for the Countach.

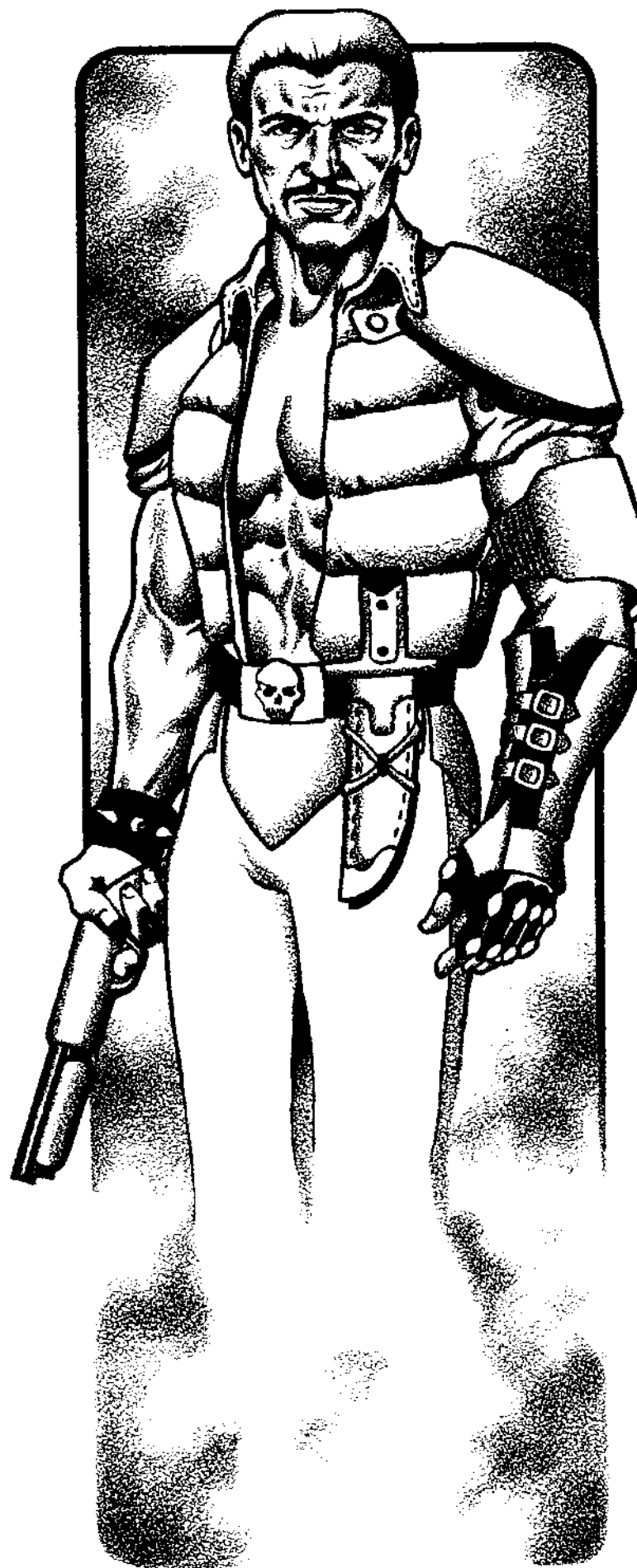
They spot you when you get within about 300 feet (they weren't paying attention) and turn to attack.

Set this battle up as a featureless plain. The dune buggies are both as described on page 29, and headed toward you at a distance of 15 inches/points/squares and a speed of 60 mph/4 movement points. You can have any speed you can manage. (If you're using the Quick Combat System from page 24, play out the combat with each vehicle one at a time, starting at position 1 each time.)

If you defeat your opponents and at least one survives, go to 29. If you defeat them and they all die, go to 23. If you are defeated, go to 68.

47 But nothing happens. "Empty," mumbles Frag. "Why, that's stupid." Slowly, methodically, he breaks open the gun and starts to pop a couple of shells in. He seems to have lost interest in you.

You have several options at this point. Frag is obviously crazy.



He thinks he knows something about the Warlord. But, if the shotgun had had any shells in it, you would have been blown all over a Las Scalas backstreet. You can turn around and exit, pursuing one of your other options (go to 26), beat the old crazy senseless and pursue one of your other options (go to 25), kill the madman and do the whole town a favor, then pursue one of your other options (go to 20), or try to get some useful information out of the old man (go to 27).

48 You tell him the woeful tale of Princess Lola, which he listens to and digests as best he can.

"He's going in for pretty toys, is he?" asks the old man. "Well, your Lola is going to be in the armory, sure as anything. Probably in the Warlord's personal quarters. Won't be too hard to break her out; security in the base is pretty loose, 'cause no one's supposed to know where the base is." He looks thoughtful. "'Cept for the Warlord, and his folks, of course.

"Anyway," he continues, "you can do anything you want. Go down, get the girl, whatever. If you want, though, I'll go down and pull her out of the armory, set her over the fence right there—" he points to a nearby area of the wall—"and cause a bit of a distraction. I've been itching for a crack at the big man for years. He still owes me thirty-seven dollars, you know. In any case, we oughtta wait until just before dawn to move, 'cause that's when everybody's drunk or asleep. Best time."

If you want to do the dirty work yourself, and not rely on this demented coot's erratic ability, go to 76. If you think he still has enough gray matter to pull off the rescue, and want him to take the risk, go to 78.

49 It's a simple matter to roll, fairly quietly, down a hillside and onto the graded roadway, then get into position, all without being noticed. It takes just a moment to turn over the engine, kick the Countach into gear, and tear out toward the gates.

Which is a shame, because we never like to see really nice vehicles blown to mulch, which is what happens to the Lamborghini. The emplacements in the towers are small rocket launchers, and the Lamborghini is scrap before you hit the gates. Sure, maybe you roll through the gates anyway on sheer momentum, maybe you slaughter a half-dozen Warlords before you're brought down—no matter. You should have used a little more common sense. Maybe you will, in your next adventure, in your next life. Close the book.

50 Sorry, no dice. Your vehicle is terminated, and so are you. And the Warlord's folks pick up Princess Lola the next day, walking on the flatlands between the base and Las Scalas. (They never captured Frag, though. The old coot had something going for him after all.) You can content yourself with the fact that the two of you actually got the Princess away from the Warlord—but that's all you can content yourself with.

51 It's not difficult to creep down the side of the hill without being seen, although it takes quite a while, as the spots slide by you a couple of times. You're pinned down at the wall for an inordinant amount of time when a couple of chicanos stop nearby to trade tall tales—they'd be sure to see movement on your part. But, ultimately they move on as well, and you get across a stable section of wall without being noticed.

Without doubt, Princess Lola is somewhere within the armory. The Warlord would consider her quite a prize, and not relegate her to one of his followers' prefabs or shacks. So you gradually, gradually move your way across half the camp to the armory and scope it out.

Big double-doors, front, guarded by two scruffy-looking individuals, both holding M-16s. One side door, right, with one fellow holding a bolt-action rifle, rather diligently on guard. All three doors have strong overhead lights.

So, it's going to be a waiting game. If you cause a distraction to pull one of the guards off the door, it's going to become very

difficult to break out of the base again. If you wait for an opportunity to sneak in, though, you'll be in good shape. And if one never comes, well, you can sneak back out of camp at a half-hour or so until dawn, leave this god-forsaken section of the world—as there'd be no way to sneak back in at a future date, once the interceptor was found—and return to civilization.

You take a position where you can watch both doors, your back to a pre-fab wall, partially concealed by the short staircase heading into the prefab building. And you wait.

And, Praise Allah, it's worth the wait. A couple of hours later, the front doors open, and Princess Lola herself exits, prodded along by some looming bearded oaf in cammies.

Lola looks like she's been through hell—bruised here, cut there, her clothes torn to tatters. She still has a resolute look on her face—it hasn't been beaten off her yet—and she doesn't look like she's dumb enough to get into this scrape. Must have been inexperience. Her hands are manacled. Her captor seems to be just taking her on a walk—stretching her legs, whether she wants to or not.

They walk left, obviously to turn the corner of the armory on a walk around the building. That's good for you, because the left and rear sides of the armory have no doors or windows.

Make a roll vs. Perception. If you make it, go to 33. If you fail, go to 54.

52 Good choice. You drive the poor sap out about 20 miles from Las Scalas and tell him to keep himself scarce. You doubt he will, but it'll take him at least a day to return to the town and even longer to come up with a working vehicle. Gilhooley is the archetypal long, lean weatherbeaten sort who'd look better on the back of a horse than behind a steering wheel, and he takes what you have to say impassively and starts walking.

Back in town, you set up any repairs your car needs, return to the bar, and play the waiting game some more.

Go to 21.

53 Great move. You've been beaten by Jack Armstrong in a beer can. He directs you to get out of your vehicle and walk to his—or be blown apart—and, given those choices, you clamber out.

As you walk to his door, you weigh your choices. You can't cut and run; he'd cut you apart before you got six feet. You can clam up, and he'll throw you in the slam, and you'll stay there, because the Warlord is not going to break out anyone who's proved himself so incompetent in battle. Your only real option is to try to pitch him the truth and see if he's buying.

Gilhooley is a tall, lean, weather-beaten sort, and he doesn't look real happy with you. Make your pitch, and roll against your Perception at a -2 to see if you can figure out how to convince him of the truth. If you succeed, go to 72. If you fail, go to 69.

54 You cautiously rise and follow the two around the corner of the building, taking pains not to be seen by the guards at the front doors. You creep to within striking distance of the guard without his seeing you.

Now you have to choose: Attack him hand-to-hand and hope to beat him senseless before he can shout, or gun him down and run like hell with Lola?

However, the choice is taken out of your hands. "Hey, Lupe, look at this!" calls a voice from behind you, and you belatedly realize that, as you were following Lola's guard, you were being followed.

Set up the combat. You're one inch/point/square from Lupe, and there's another one one inch/etc. behind you. The unseen guard gets one free shot at your back (give him a bonus of about +2 to hit, whichever system you're using). In *Car Wars*, don't forget you have a flak jacket (body armor) and your opponents don't. In *Battlecars*, this means double the damage you can take; their weapons will do 1d-2 damage, and yours 1d-3. In *Highway 2000*, use the Combat skill from page 6 and trade shots with these guys; in each turn, you fire, then Lupe, then the new boy who

followed you. Consider that all three of you have weapons equivalent to .20-cal MGCs, for simplicity.

You have 10 turns to off these guys before their reinforcements show up to blow you away. If you do, go to 61. If you fail, or if they kill you within 10 turns, go to 35.

55 Jack Armstrong in the rolling beer can had your number, and now he's blown you all over the interior of your shiny Countach. Well, maybe he is the man to keep Las Scalas clean of banditos, after all. It appears though, that you're *not* the man to rescue Princess Lola. Better luck next time.

56 You were facing one monster vehicle . . . and it was too much for you. Even if you survive your Countach's going out, the Warlord was there to finish you, as he promised. It's a real pity, too. You accomplished your mission, more than most men could do, only to be offed in the backstretch by this Warlord creep. Oh, well, life is cheap in the frontier. Better luck in your next incarnation. Close the book.

57 Damned shame. You're alive, but that no-brained lawman, whose only sin was being a fraction too gung-ho and trigger-happy, is meat.

The yokels begin to pry themselves out of doorways and out from behind boxes. Their eyes, as ever, are pretty defeated. It's obvious they were counting on Gilhooley to bring this little burg up from its doormat-city past into the status of a real town. Now, there's little question that the Warlord's people will roll all over Las Scalas. Unless something happens to the big man when you rescue Princess Lola, that is. But that's your choice.

Gilhooley's body is carted off. You return to the bar you've established as your regular hang-out, parking the Countach so that you can keep a better eye on it, and arrange for any repairs you need.

Go to 21.

58 You've won. Count yourself lucky. The armored car was one monster of a vehicle. Count yourself doubly lucky: The Warlord was true to his word, and his followers pull off and away from the road to let you pass. Congratulations. You make it back to civilization feeling battered, depleted, but considerably richer, in possession of a fine vehicle, and in one piece. And it's less than a week later when you get word that the Warlord's base has been bombed out of existence by a private security air force based out of California.

If you've gotten this far, you can count yourself as one of the primo auto-combatants in the continent. Count your 100 grand, kick back, and get some rest . . . before your next adventure.

59 You nail Gilhooley's poor interceptor (however did he think he was going to protect Las Scalas with that little beer can?), and you have the gung-ho lawman at your mercy. No one's coming out on the street for a few minutes, and the lawman has run up the white flag and has his hands clear in sight on the dashboard. You've got some options: You can off him, which would really impress the Warlord's folks (if that's your choice, go to 34), you can try to pitch him the truth and see if he'll stay off your back until the Princess is in your hands (try 44), or you can maintain the pose of a hard-case mercenary looking to join the Warlord and tell this lawman to get the hell out of Dodge (52).

60 Good job—that armored car was a tough vehicle, and you've won against it in fair combat. And, true to the Warlord's word, you're allowed to leave, free and clear, and return to civilization.

Don't think that you've gotten nothing out of it, though. By telling the Mayer clan that Princess Lola is at the Warlord's camp, you can collect a cool \$50 thousand, half the reward you would've otherwise gotten, but a nice tip anyway. Kick back, and get some rest before your next mission.

61 You finish the opposition off before 10 turns are up. Good for you. You hear feet rushing toward your position, but no one's quite in sight yet. You help Lola to her feet, and she's extremely willing to run off with you . . . to rescue, that is.

You lead her back behind the nearest prefabs, and the two of you scurry as fast as is safe toward the area of the wall you first came across. Before you're halfway across the camp, the whine of an alarm—probably hand-cranked—starts up, and gunshots sound: unprofessional creeps letting loose into the air. That's also good for you. Machismo games like that will only draw attention toward them.

Miraculously, you make it to the wall unseen—but just as the two of you cross the wall and hit the ground on the other side, a spot picks you up, and some fool screams out your location to every working ear within the camp. You pick up some sniper fire, too, as you struggle up the hill, and have to take a second to blow away the chain between Lola's manacles so she can make it to the hilltop; but eventually the two of you make it to the Countach in one piece.

And the engine . . . starts. This isn't a movie, friend, where car engines go out anytime it's inconvenient for Our Hero. Your vehicle operates like the prime machine it is, and you and Lola get the hell out of Dodge.

"We're not out of the woods yet," Lola tells you. "If they can get out enough vehicles fast enough, they can get all accesses out of this area covered." And it's true enough. But you've got a *fast* car—if you can get back to the road to Las Scalas, and the increase in speed that will mean, you can light a fire under the Countach and no car in that encampment can touch you. You don't know the local roadways well enough to plot an alternate route out of here, and if you head cross-country, even with your off-road drive, the buggies will probably catch you—so Las Scalas it is.

Lola doesn't talk much. She just looks very unhappy, and you can be sure her daddy's going to buy her an air strike on the base for Christmas. Or even sooner.

The drive over the hills is fast and furious, but you keep your vehicle in one piece. The cruise across the flatlands is quick enough, but as you hit the roadway back to Las Scalas, you spot headlights less than two hundred yards behind. Stray .50-cal chatter comes near on all sides, but the distance is too great for good nighttime targetting.

But it's not important. Back on the road, your Countach is king, and you leave those poor buggies behind, tearing south at exhilarating, if dangerous, speeds.

Go to 81.

62 Too bad. It was a tough truck. You were tough, too, but not tough enough. At least you know, from whatever afterworld you eventually reach, that Lola made it to Las Scalas without being picked up again. The next day, her Daddy dearest flew in in a jet-copter and took her away, and within a few days an airstrike from a California mercenary air base obliterated the Warlord's camp. None of that will do you much good, of course, but you still did pretty well. Just not well enough.

63 You've been proceeding carefully, picking easy ground to cross in order to protect your wheels and underbody. As you steer the Countach into the clear space between two scrub trees, you suddenly see the glitter of wire, stretched bumper-high between the trees.

You're close, maybe too close. If you can make a roll vs. Driving, go to 6. If you fail it, go to 7.

64 You're good—and lucky. You off the ram-truck before the pursuing dune buggies catch up, and you pick up Lola again in less than a quarter-mile.

Go to 81.

65 The paranoid centers of your personality had clicked on, full blast, when Frag told you he didn't *think* he'd told anyone about this access—which was a good thing. As you cruise in toward a clear gap between two scrub trees, you noticed a wire

glittering between them—a tripwire. You stop the car before the scrub trees—you'll have to check this out on foot to make sure the wires don't continue on into the brush to either side.

"Maybe I did tell someone," Frag muses, then he brightens up. "But if they have something like this rigged up, they probably don't think it's worth stationing someone here. I think."

The wire doesn't continue left of the trees. Right, you find that it's professionally strung up to the top of the gully to your direction, and is rigged to detonate a small quantity of aging TNT. The amount of explosive is small, but the amount of precariously-perched rock it would imbalance is enormous—easily enough to pin and smash your precious body, even in your precious car. Not a bad arrangement.

You think that any westbound vehicle hitting the trigger would be trapped under falling rubble. However, from the way it's set up, someone hitting the wire eastbound—headed back the way you've just come from—will escape the landslide. Tidy, and a useful thing to leave in place and remember.

You climb back into the driver's seat and continue (triggering the trap now would just seal off your escape route, so you don't bother).

Go to 28.

66 You ignore the demented old man's ramblings and settle down to planning this thing out. From experience with similar banditos, and from some of the things Frag was rambling about on the trip up, you figure that the best time to sneak in would be at about half an hour before dawn, when everyone is either fast asleep or drunk. Frag eventually gets tired of talking when nobody's listening, and stretches himself out beside the Countach for some sleep.

Go to 76.

67 You undoubtedly get up to take a peek outside, once Carlos hits the road. As your eyes adjust, you can see what you expected to see: Against the wall of a nearby prefab facing your door, sitting in a chair, is a guard with a bolt-action rifle; he's gazing sleepily in the direction of your door. At the moment, you can't get out the door without him seeing you.

This leaves you with two real options: You can go to sleep—this gives you the advantage of a good night's sleep and easing the Warlord's mind about you, but gives the Warlord a lot more time to figure out whether you're on the up-and-up—and go participate on the Practice Plain the next morning; or you can wait up and keep your eyes on the goon until an opportunity presents itself for you to creep out and go looking. If you want to sleep, go to 32. If you want to outwait the guard, try 24.

68 Maybe that wasn't the wisest choice of options, if two buggy-loads full of punks can take you out. Better luck on your next adventure, in your next incarnation.

69 "Not even a good try, son," the idiot tells you. "Step over to the hood, palms flat, feet spread, and don't move."

You don't find an opportunity to take him out in the next few minutes—he's a little too good for the obvious stuff. Cuffed, stripped of weapons, and seething, you're driven out to the nearest large jail.

Your trial comes up in a couple of months, which will be a real relief, if you survive jail life until then. A recent news report talked about Ian Gilhooley's daring rescue of Princess Lola from the Warlord's encampment. The boy scout is using the reward money to beef up Las Scalas' defensive power and police staff. Creep.

Good luck on your next adventure. Until then, we hope you enjoy prison cooking.

70 Back in Las Scalas, you arrange for any necessary repairs to yourself and your Countach, then head back to Akins' Saloon.

Go to 21.

71 About a hundred yards ahead, in a dry river bed convenient to crossing the first set of hills, a large area of brush doesn't look right to you. Your trained eye picks out the outline of a car covered over by brush. It has to be one of the Warlord's vehicles; no one else would be set up this way so close to his camp.

If you want to attack him, consider yourself to be on grass (in *Car Wars* and *Battlecars*), on a strip of land as wide as an average roadway, banked with unclimbable hills left and right. Place your vehicle between one and 20 inches (*Car Wars*), points (*Battlecars*), or squares (*Highway 2000*) away from his; since you'll be surprising him, you get one turn's free attack before he can respond. (If you're using the Quick Combat System from page 24, start in Position 1.) You can set whatever speed you like for your vehicle; your opponent will be at a standstill. This is Lieutenant #3, whose car's stats are given at the top of page 28.

If you survive this battle, eliminating your foe with little or no damage to you, go to 4. If you eliminate your foe but are sufficiently damaged that you don't want to continue your expedition until you receive some repairs, go to 45. If your car is immobilized, or you are knocked unconscious or die, go to 42.

If you choose not to attack, but instead sail blithely past this obvious ambusher, go to 73.

If you choose to turn and flee, set the scene up exactly as described two paragraphs before, but place yourself one to 20 inches/points/squares away, moving *away* from your opponent at whatever speed you like. Your opponent will tear out of his ambush-blind the moment you started to turn, so there is no surprise to be had with this choice. The possible results from this choice match those of two paragraphs ago, so follow those instructions when your combat is completed.

If your combat spills out of the immediate vicinity described in the setup, consider the river bed to continue on northward as far as the combat is going to progress. Southward, it goes for 40 inches/points/squares and then opens up into featureless plain (in *Car Wars*, dribble debris counters all over the plain). In *Highway 2000*, where featureless plain is irrelevant because a car can't turn around, simply continue the river bed southward.

72 Wonder of wonders—you see belief in his eyes. He mulls over what you have to say for a minute.

"Look," he says, "let's make this look good." Out of sight of the yokels looking from windows, he swings the cylinder out of his revolver, dumps the load it's carrying, inserts a single shell from a box in his glovebox, and swings the cylinder back in place before placing the barrel in your belly. "That's a blank, see. You grab the gun out of my hands, step back a *good* long ways—you give me any powder burns and I'll nail you to a tree—and shoot me. I'll fall over, you call out for Calloway the barber—he's a good friend of mine—to get my body out of here. That way you're free and clear to act, and the Warlord thinks *I'm* dead . . . which gives me some freedom to move during the next few days. And good luck with the Princess. The more you soften the Warlord's camp up, the better I'll feel."

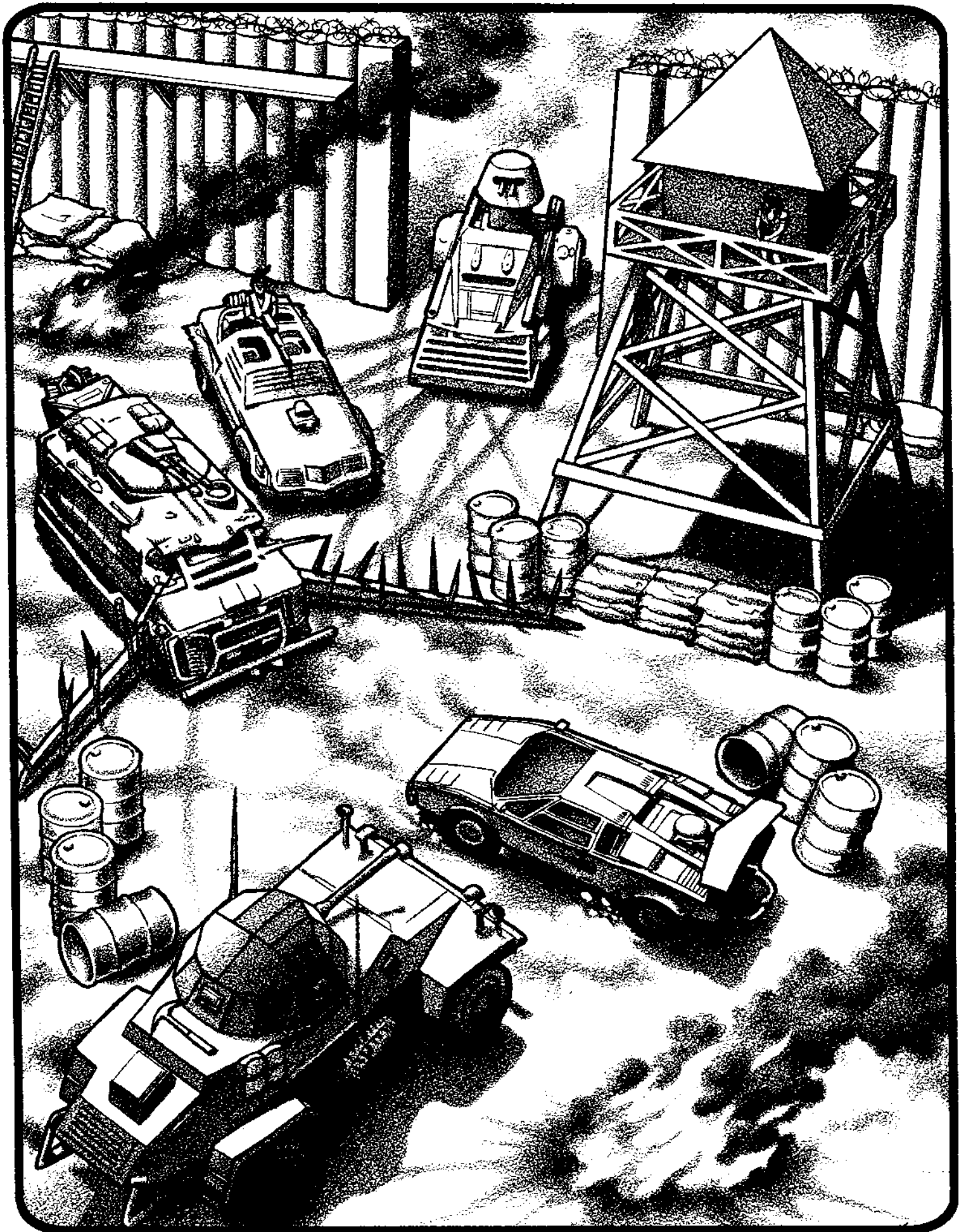
So that's the way it goes down. You pop the .44 out of his hands and dance back a *good* long ways, fire away, and he jerks back against the far door of the car. You call Calloway out, he comes out to examine the "body" and then drives it off.

You're clear now to effect repairs to the Countach, then return to the bar and start your waiting game again. Not a bad day's work, so far.

Go to 21.

73 Just after you pass the largish bush you'd noted on the left side of the river bed, out from it bursts a car—smallish, covered with rusted paint. But the .50-cal swivel-mounted on top is real enough, and its gunner gets a free shot at you before you can respond.

Set up the playing board as a river bed as wide as an average roadway, with impassable hills right and left. You're headed north, at any speed you want up to about 40 mph (three movement points in *Battlecars*)—this is rough terrain. Your attacker is three inches/points/squares behind you, and is moving your way



at 15 mph (one movement point in **Battlecars**). As noted, he has one free shot at you with his .50-cal, and then you can go into combat.

This is Lieutenant #3, whose car's stats are given at the top of page 28. If you survive this battle, eliminating your foe with little or no damage to you, go to 4. If you eliminate your foe but are sufficiently damaged that you don't want to continue your expedition until you receive some repairs, go to 45. If your car is immobilized, or you are knocked unconscious or die, go to 42.

If your combat spills out of the immediate vicinity described in the setup, consider the river bed to continue on northward as far as the combat is going to progress. Southward, it goes on for 40 inches/points/squares, and then opens up into featureless plain (in **Car Wars**, dribble debris counters all over the plain). In **Highway 2000**, where featureless plain is irrelevant because a car can't turn around, you won't have to worry about it since the whole battle will be northward.

74 You leave the throne room and hook up again with Carlos, who leads you back out of the armory. "Practice Plain tomorrow, amigo," he tells you. "We're gonna see what your machine can do. Get some sleep now; we get up early tomorrow." He shows you to one of the prefab buildings, one of the better ones, and into a small room there. It's luxuriously decked out with an army cot, a mirror, an overhead light, and a chamberpot. Carlos kills the light on his way out.

Go to 67.

75 You're defeated—and, even if you survive the shot that takes out your car, these goons are going to keep blasting until you're finished too. Too bad; you weren't far from your goal. Better luck next time.

76 It's not difficult for you to sneak over the wall a half-hour or so before dawn, when things are at their quietest. You're able, with cunning, stealth, and luck, to creep across camp, to the armory, sneak past a dozing guard on the right side of the armory (this really is the only place he'd be keeping Lola), and walk in through the kitchen door.

The hallway beyond is similarly still, no guard stationed. What's left for you now is to sneak about, testing doors and seeing what's beyond, hoping that no one will spot you.

The first door leads to canned-goods storage. The second, to a bathroom. The third, to a curtain-lined room which can only be a throne room—there's a large chair under a canopy decorated with human heads. The fourth is another bathroom. And the fifth is paydirt.

You carefully push open that door to view a smallish but sumptuous bedroom—four-poster bed, carpets all about, armoires here and there, curtains lining the wall. And Princess Lola is asleep on the bed. She doesn't look like she's in great shape. She's badly bruised, her clothes in tatters. She's manacled by one wrist to a bedpost.

Carefully, you peek behind the crack in the doorway by the hinge of the door, making sure there's no one standing behind the door, and step in. A few silent steps put you beside Lola. You reach down, to clamp a hand over her mouth so she won't make a noise when she awakens—then the armoire behind you bursts open, and you're seized from behind, one powerful arm holding you and a hand pressing a sawed-off shotgun to your neck.

"You're not bad at all," says a deep, resonant voice, quietly. "Too bad you've come to steal my toys. My band could use a man like you. Pity. Drop your weapons."

Lola wakes up as you drop them—the only alternative would be to take a couple of 12-gauge shells. "Drop your jacket," he continues, and that follows the weapons to the floor.

"Now, step forward to the wall, and assume the position." You do, gritting your teeth. He hasn't yet made a slip or given you an opportunity to take him out. This would be an ignominious way to die, and you don't much care for any way.

You hear him carefully moving your weapons about, and the

armoire is closed and latched. "Now, turn around," he says, and you do.

The Warlord is a big man, heavy-muscled, with a strong face that could come from practically anywhere—the Mediterranean, Central America, Europe, anywhere. There might be Choctaw blood in it, or Chinese. No way to tell. He's bare-chested—and, now, unarmed.

"I'll make you a proposition," he says. "Defeat me, and you can walk out of here with what you wanted. Free and clear. You just have to take me hand-to-hand. Not too difficult a proposition, is it?" Typically, he rubs his hands together, smiles then lunges for you.

In **Car Wars**, if you don't have the hand-to-hand rules from either **Sunday Drivers** or **Autoduel Champions**, use the Combat ability from page 6 of this supplement. If you're using either **Highway 2000** or **Battlecars**, do the same. Each turn, trade licks with this man (roll vs. combat scores); the first one of you to get hit five times is unconscious and defeated. The Warlord's characteristics are on page 26.

If you win, go to 41. If you're knocked out, go to 39.

77 Close shave, that. You polished off the interceptor—your last burst offed the crew, as well—but you've taken enough hurt that you don't want to continue before you effect repairs.

If your engine is down, you'll be able to bring it up to some effectiveness with bubble-gum and picture wire; in any case, you limp back into Las Scalas and put into their garage.

For the crew there, it's only a couple of hours' work to put things back in working order, repair the armor, and so forth. You're back on the road within a reasonable amount of time.

Your only real choice now—other than turning around and waving bye-bye to a hundred grand—is continue back the way you were heading. It's likely the interceptor will be discovered tomorrow, and then they'll be on to you—at least to the extent that this approach to the camp will be watched. So, you head back out again, past the Practice Plain, past the corpse of the interceptor, and to the base of the hills the buggies disappeared across.

Go to 4.

78 Why risk your own life when someone expendable is around? You give Frag the go-ahead. He decides to get some sleep before the mission's at hand, and it seems like a decent idea to you, as well.

Your dashboard alarm awakens you both at an hour till dawn—you kill the alarm quickly, before anyone in the camp is likely to notice it. Frag wipes his eyes, picks up his shotgun, and climbs the hill.

From the top of the hill, you watch as the old man descends to the wall, eluding the now-moving searchlights—he's pretty good, for a crazy old coot—and then silently scales a stable section of the wall. Then, you lose sight of him.

Minutes creep by—thirty of them, but it seems like three or four times that. There's a faint light growing to the east, meaning that the sun will come up before too long.

And, ultimately, there's furtive movement down by the wall where Frag went over—unseen hands helping to lift, yes, Princess Lola over the wall. She manages to stay out of sight of the spotlights as you creep down the hill—you grab her, caution her to keep quiet, and begin the climb back up.

Lola doesn't look like she's in great shape. She's bruised here and there, with an occasional shallow cut; her clothes are in tatters. Her hands are manacled.

Once you're on the other side of the hill, heading down toward the Lamborghini, she feels safe enough to start talking, in whispers: "He hit the big man with a frying pan! Would you believe it? Took him right out. There wasn't time to slit his throat. He kept mumbling about thirty-seven dollars. Listen, as soon as they notice I'm gone, they're going to radio all the big man's lieutenants to cover the exits from this place."

That's hardly a surprise. Maybe, just maybe they won't cover

the little-used access Frag showed you, though.

As you're loading Lola into the passenger side, a noise like a clap of thunder sounds from the camp, and a gout of flame leaps up over the crest of the hill. The spotlights immediately slide over in the direction of the noise, and a lot of shouting begins.

"He also said something about an ammo dump," Lola volunteers as you start the engine and cruise back along the gully.

Wonder of wonders, none of the erratically-moving spots picks you up before you round the first bend in the gully, and after that point you can turn on the headlights and cruise a bit more safely.

But your luck can't hold out. It does until you've hit the wire of the landslide-trap and dumped several tons of rock in the gully behind you, cutting off all pursuit. But you round the next bend in the gully, and there's a vehicle there, waiting.

It's a weird-looking contraption. It had once been a van. Since then, the owners have added several low-lying swing-out panels fore and aft, armor-plated the sides, and attached weapons all over. Now, it's a mobile roadblock, and it's set itself up sprawled across the center of a narrow part of the gully, with its metal panels swung out to block the sides. There's no way to go across that mess without blowing it apart first.

"Great," Lola mutters. "The road-hog. It must've been real close when the radio messages went out. Look, can you let me out here?"

Actually, that's not a bad idea. If she stays with you in the Countach and is offed by flying shrapnel or ricocheting bullets, that's a hundred grand down the drain. You slow to a crawl, pop open the passenger door, and she tumbles out to safety.

Set up the combat on your playing boards. The gully is three lanes wide (three inches/squares/points). The road-hog sprawls across the center, and the swing-out panels to the front and back block the rest of the access. Right and left are walls which cannot be driven on.

It's dawn, so no nighttime modifiers need apply. You can be moving between 0 and 20 mph (0-1 movement points in *Battlecars*). The road-hog is stationary. Its stats are on page 27.

(Note: If you're using the Quick Combat System from page 24, ignore the usual position. You'll always be shooting at his right side. You can choose, each turn, which side of armor you're taking damage on, but you can only use the Vulcan if you take damage to your front armor; otherwise, you have to use the .50-cal.)

If you defeat your opponent—which entails killing almost everyone in it (if one person is left alive, he'll surrender and help you move the road-hog's blocking panels aside), pat yourself on the fender and go to 22. If you don't, go to 50. Good luck.

79 Good work. You offed the crew of the interceptor with your last burst, and you doubt that the sound of the combat carried to the dune buggies. You follow them up the game trail and into the hills, with another kill to your record.

Go to 4.

80 "Fine," you tell him. "You can come if you want to. But you won't be coming back. The Countach only has two seats, and I'm bringing back a passenger."

"Passenger?" He scratches his head. "Hell of a way to run a business. But that's okay." He laughs, fishes a handful of shotgun shells from another shelf, retrieves his scattergun from the wall—not pointing it anywhere in your vicinity—and then spends several moments looking for things in the other barrel.

Eventually, you drag him out to your vehicle, plant him in the passenger seat, caution him not to play with any of the pretty controls, and roll out of Las Scalas.

Once out of the city, Frag's mind seems to snap back halfway on track. A few miles north of town, he tells you to turn east onto a continuous rut that once must have passed for a road. You embark on a wide northeastern sweep as he leads you on a merry series of roadways, flatlands, gulleys, and the like, eventually guiding you into a small gully filled with scrub brush and dust.

"This is it," he tells you animatedly. "It's a gully, see? And it'll take us straight to the camp. If it's the right one, that is. It crawls up a hillside just behind the camp, and I was the only one to find it—hard to spot. Never told anyone about it, either." He frowns. "Don't think so, anyway."

"Wonderful," comments your inner voice of common sense.

You continue onward through the gully. It's rough travel, even for the four-wheel-drive, but passable. Also, it's so overgrown you can tell that it hasn't seen any significant vehicle traffic in years.

After about fifteen miles of generally-western travel, Frag tells you that the camp is within another five miles or so. If this is the right gully, that is. If the Warlord hasn't moved the camp, that is.

Make a roll against Perception. If you fail it, go to 63. If you make it, go to 65.

81 You roll into Las Scalas unhurt, slew to a stop in the middle of the main street, and shout your lungs out for the locals to kick on the protective mines they'd talked about and pull out their ordnance before the Warlord shows up.

And that's that, as far as you can tell. A number of buggies eventually rolls up, the first one in the pack being blown to bits by the much-vaunted Las Scalas mines. The rest take some flak from the yokels' small arms, and eventually they all turn back. You send out a message for Lola's daddy via the local telephone office, and settle in for a much-deserved rest.

The next morning, the man himself, "Prince" Mayer, lands on Main Street in an industrial-sized jet-copter. True to his word, he hands over your reward, in cash. It's not as personal as the reward Lola offered when you hit Las Scalas, but is certainly more lasting. You settle your account with the local garage, Lola flies off with Daddy, you have a standing invitation to drop by anytime you're in Hollywood, and the world settles down into familiar lines.

After you're all rested and your vehicle repaired and cleaned up to pristine condition, you roll out of town, headed south and east and back toward civilization. Sadly, it's not to be that easy.

Cruising along, you eventually note lots of dust trails from behind you, left and right. There's no doubt who it is; only the Warlord could field that many vehicles in this region. And, as you round one of the infrequent bends in the road, you see just under a mile ahead some sort of huge vehicle in the middle of the road ahead. And your radio crackles with a deep, resonant voice:

"Well done, my friend," says the Warlord—for it can't be anyone but. "I must acknowledge myself defeated. But I'm afraid you'll have to allow me this one attempt at a personal revenge. You and I mix it up here, your vehicle versus mine. If you defeat me, you leave unharmed. If I win, I'm going to have to finish you for the insult you've done me." As he concludes his message, you begin to recognize the shape of the vehicle on the road ahead . . . and it's not good news.

The Warlord's personal vehicle is an old German armored car. Huge, heavily-armored, heavily-weaponed. And it looks as though you have very little choice in this matter. If you turn around, or turn off the road, he'll probably sic his entire complement of followers on you—and there's only one resolution to a fight like that. And it's not in your favor.

Set up this combat on your playing boards. The two vehicles will be thirty inches/points/squares apart. (If you're using the Quick Combat System, start them on Position 1.) You can be moving at any speed you're capable of; the armored car is standing still, but will begin moving toward you when you're within 20 inches/etc. Further down the road, you can see more dust trails and some weird, wide-looking vehicle sprawled across the road there, obviously to force you off the road if you try to skip past the armored car. The statistics for the armored car are on page 26.

If you win this combat—and you can consider yourself to have won if you wreck the engine or kill the driver (the Warlord)—go to 58. If you lose—either your vehicle immobile, or you dead—go to 56.

Quick Combat System

If you don't happen to own either *Battlecars*, *Car Wars*, or *Highway 2000*, you can still play through the adventure contained in *Hell on Wheels*; all you need are pencil, paper, and a few six-sided dice.

When you get to a paragraph in the course of the adventure that specifies that you're entering combat, the paragraph will refer you to one of the car-combat positions from the chart below—for example, a paragraph might say, "start at Position 6." Since you will always be Car A, this means that in this example both you and your opponent are moving in the same direction, with you in the lead. This will be your starting position in the combat.

This quick combat system is played in turns representing two to three seconds. In the course of a turn, you (Car A) get to choose whether to change the relative positions of the two cars, or (in some instances) stay in the same position; your opponent, if you've chosen to stay in the same position, but the paragraph describing Car B's choices indicates that he will want to change positions, will do so; you get to fire one weapon, and then your opponent gets to fire one weapon. Then you go on to the next turn.

For instance, let's say that, yes indeed, you do start in Position 6 at the start of a combat. Looking at Position 6, it's easy to see that this is a good position for Car B if he has good front-mounted weapons and you don't have good back-mounted weapons. You have to play out one turn in the position specified for the start of the combat—you fire,

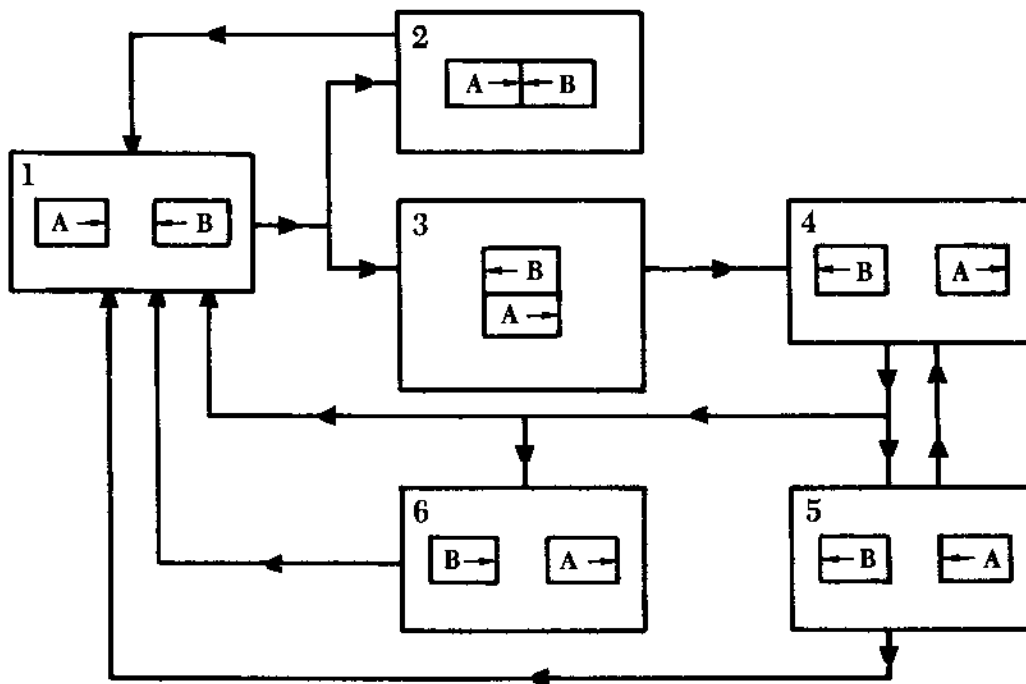
then he fires. Assuming you're both still up for combat the next turn, you get to decide whether you want to stay in this position (the description below the flow-chart for Paragraph 6 indicates that you *can* stay in this position) or change it. If you choose to change it, you must follow the direction of the arrows to the next choice or choices. In this case, you only have one choice when leaving Position 6: That's to go to Position 1, or to put your car into a spin and head back toward your opponent. Then you fire, and your opponent fires, and you start over. From Position 1, you have two choices: Either go to Position 2 (crash head-on) or Position 3 (miss and broadside firing). And so on. Combat is continued this way until the driver of one vehicle is killed or the engine destroyed at which time his opponent wins.

In order to conduct combat—that is, actually firing at your opponent and taking damage when he fires at you—you'll want to use the vehicle stats presented for *Car Wars*. The *Car Wars* writeups show you how many points of armor there are to each side of the vehicle (f = front, b = back, t = top, u = underbody, r = right, l = left).

The *Car Wars* stats also detail what weapons are in each car, and in which direction they point. (Note that a weapon listed as being in a turret can point in any direction, and a weapon shown as being in a half-turret can probably only point left, right, and back.)

In order to hit an opposing vehicle, roll against your Combat Score, as it was worked up on page 6 of this supplement. If you roll less than the score on 2d6, you've hit. Then, roll damage. Light weapons (machine-guns, grenade-launchers, flamethrowers) do 1d6 damage. Medium weapons (light rockets, very heavy machine guns, etc.) do 2d6 damage. Heavy weapons (mortars, tank shells, lasers) do 3d6 damage. When you've hit an opponent, you

Positions Chart



detail which side of armor you were aiming at; the paragraph below for the appropriate Position tells you which you can aim at. When you've hit, you roll the number of dice appropriate to the weapon you're using and subtract that amount from the armor on that side of the vehicle. *Example: A car has rear armor of 16 points. You're in Position 5, and have just shot and hit his rear with a light rocket. You roll 2d6 and get 8. His 16 minus your 8 means he only has 8 points of armor left.*

Once you've penetrated all the armor on one side, and if you still have the opportunity to fire at that side, all remaining damage will go on to items in the interior. For each shot that does get through, roll 1d6 to see where the damage goes:

Roll	Damage Goes To:	Component Can Take:
1	Primary Weapon (i.e., nastiest)	3 points
2	Secondary Weapon (if none, reroll)	2 points
3	Tertiary Weapon (if none, reroll)	2 points
4	Driver	3 points
5	Gunner or Passenger (if none, reroll)	3 points
6	Engine	6 points

When a component has taken as many points of damage as you have listed in the third column of the chart, it is no longer working. In the case of people, this means dead.

For this simple combat system, consider weapons such as mine-droppers, smokescreens, and other passive weapons to be useless, and all special road effects are ignored.

Example of Combat:

Let's say that you and your opponent start at Position 5, which is a very good position for you. You consult the paragraph for Paragraph 5 and see that you can shoot at his rear with your front-firing weapons, he can shoot at your front with his rear-firing weapons (if any), and you can stay in this position next turn if you want; however, if you stay, Car B will automatically go to Position 1 next turn. This turn, however, you get to fire your Vulcan at his rear armor; it was 13 points, now it's 7. Let's say that he has a rear-firing machine-gun, and hits your front end with it for 3 points damage.

Next turn, you can either stay, go to Position 1, or go to Position 4. If you stay he'll go to Position 1, and if you go to Position 1, you'll disadvantage yourself slightly, because you'll be firing at his untouched front armor. If you go to Position 4, though, you can take another shot at his rear armor with your half-turret machine gun (see your vehicle sheet on Page 26), and he'll have to shoot with his rear gun at your untouched rear armor. Obviously, that's the way to go. You go to Position 4, fire, and hit for 5 points damage (good roll, on 1d6); he fires and hits for 4 on your rear.

Next turn: If you stay in Position 4, as the paragraph for that position says, he'll go to 6, which is bad for you. But you can go to 1 now and hit his front, go to 3 next turn and hit his side, and then be back in 4 the turn after that to take on his injured rear—and, the next turn after that, can move on to Position 5 and hit that rear again before he can wheel around. That's the way tactics works in the Quick Combat System.

Positions

Position 1: A may fire from front-firing weapons at B's front. B may fire from front-firing weapons at A's front. A may not choose to stay in 1, but must choose Positions 2 or 3.

Position 2: Crash. No firing possible. Do 3d6 damage to the front armor of each vehicle; if any damage gets through, roll on the chart above to see where the damage goes. If both cars survive the crash, A may only choose to return to 1.

Position 3: A may fire from left-firing weapons at B's left. B may fire from left-firing weapons at A's left. A may not choose to stay in 3, but must go to 4.

Position 4: A may fire from rear-firing weapons at B's rear. B may fire from rear-firing weapons at A's rear. A may choose to stay in Position 4; in this case, B will go to Position 6.

Position 5: A may fire from front-firing weapons at B's rear. B may fire from rear-firing weapons at A's front. A may stay in Position 5. B will go to Position 1 unless his rear-firing weapon is equal to his front-firing weapon and his rear armor is better than his front. (Be logical.)

Position 6: A may fire rear-firing weapons at B's front. B may fire front-firing weapons at A's rear. A may choose to stay in Position 6 if you wish. Given the choice, B will stay.



Car Statistics

The Countach



Car Wars

Wt. Capacity: 5,760
Acceleration 10
HC 3
Total: \$44,300

Midsized

Extra-heavy chassis

Special Power Plant: Small Turbocharged Engine from TurboFire—\$30,000, provides 160 mph in normal cars, 3000 factors, otherwise like Large engine

Heavy suspension

4xPR tires

Weapon: Vulcan from Autoduel Champions (6 to hit, 2d6 damage), forward-mounted

Weapon: MG, turret-mounted

Accessory: Half-turret from TurboFire (\$4000, 50 lbs, fires only in 180° arc to rear of car)

Armor: 200 pts (F50, R30, L30, B30, T30, U30)

Weight 5150

Can Carry 2 spaces/610 lbs in cargo

Battlecars

Use the card with one rear turret (A), Power Brakes, and Auto-Steer. Fill Weapons Pods A and B and Turret A with machine-gun rounds. Weapon Pods C and D are extra space to carry a passenger. *Double the amount of armor on all sides.*

Highway 2000

Vehicle: Sports-car

Specials: +2 Armor

Acceleration 60

Max Speed 160

Turn Rate B

Wheels A

Armor Class 10

Average Damage 25

Purchased Items:

Speed Mod +60

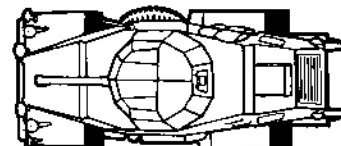
.60-cal (firing at 2)

.50-cal (firing at 6-8)

Turret

AC +6

The Warlord's Armored Car



Driver: The Warlord (Perception 8, Driving 7, Combat 10)

Gunner: Spiner Root (Perception 4, Driving 6, Combat 10)

Car Wars

Wt. Capacity: 16,000

Acceleration 5

HC 1

Total: \$45,340

30-ft RV from Truck Stop

Standard Chassis Strength

Regular Tractor Power Plant

4xPR Tires

Gunner

Weapon: Rocket Launcher (2x Load) (in cupola)

Accessory: 2 spare tires

Accessory: 4-space cupola (gunner & RL)

Accessory: Extra magazine (RL) (in body)

Accessory: Portable shop

Armor: 300 pts F60, R50, L50, B60, T60, U20

Weight 14115

Can Carry 20 spaces/1885 lbs in cargo

Battlecars

Use the card with Weapon Pods A-D, the Super Charger, and the Gunnery Computer. Consider all four Weapon Pods to combine to form the weapon cupola; fill A and B with Shells; C and D hold the Gunner. Ignore the Super Charger; does not apply. *Double the amount of armor on all sides.*

Highway 2000

Vehicle: Bus

Acceleration 20

Max Speed 100

Turn Rate F

Wheels C

Armor Class 14

Average Damage 80

Purchased Items:

20 mm AT gun (in turret)

Gunner

Turret

Armor +8

Speed +20

Extra 2 Gunners (actually, passenger/cargo space)

The Ram Truck

Driver: Butcher (Perception 6, Driving 7, Combat 7): Lieutenant #1
Gunner: Alonzo (Perception 8, Driving 5, Combat 7)

Car Wars
Wt. Capacity: 7800
Acceleration 5
HC 3
Total: \$25,750

Pickup
Extra-heavy chassis
Super power plant
Heavy suspension
4x Solid tires
Gunner
Weapon: 2x Recoiless, 2x load (forward)
Weapon: 2x MG, 2x load (in cupola)
Accessory: 4-space cupola (Special: Not normally allowed in regular vehicles, but jury-rigged into bed of pickup in this case. Holds gunner and MGs.)
Accessory: 3c links

The Roadhog

Driver: Gordo (Perception 5, Driving 5, Combat 10): Lieutenant #2
Gunner: Lem (Perception 7, Driving 7, Combat 6)

Car Wars
Wt. Capacity: 7200
Acceleration 5
HC 2
Total: \$20,150



Van
Extra-heavy chassis
Super power plant
Heavy suspension
4xPR tires
Gunner
Weapon: 2x Rocket-launcher, 2x load (in turret)
Weapon: 2x MG, 2x load, forward-mounted
Accessory: 2x link
Accessory: 4-space turret (as with the Ram-Truck, a Special: Cannot go on ordinary vans, allowed because of peculiar mechanical ability in the Warlord's camp. Never do this yourself . . .)
Accessory: Blocking panels (\$1000, 1000 lbs, do 2d6 damage to each tire and vehicle underbody passing over. Takes 30 seconds from the time the vehicle stops for two people to put them in place, 60 seconds for 1 person)
Armor: 85 pts. (F18, R18, L18, B18, T10, U3)

Weight 7090
Can Carry 6 spaces/body 6 spaces/cargo/110 lbs. cargo

Battlecars

Use the card with Weapon Pods A-D and Turret A, Auto-Steer and Power Brakes. Put Rockets in Turret A (not normally allowed, but his is a peculiar turret), Machine-Gun rounds in Pods A and B; Pods C and D hold the Gunner. This vehicle extends a "zone of control," after a fashion: If the road-hog can set up before a game and stays motionless through the game, it can specify that either the nearest points before and after the vehicle or the nearest points left and right are protected by its swing-out panels, which will do 3 points of damage to all tires of any vehicle crossing those points. If the road-hog starts to move during the game, that advantage is lost.

Highway 2000
Vehicle: Van
Special: Armor +2
Acceleration 30
Max Speed 90
Turn Rate E

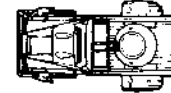
Armor: 200 pts (F60, R30, L30, B30, T30, U20)

Weight 7800
Can Carry 1 space (cab)/5 spaces (bed)/200 lbs in cargo

Battlecars

Use the card with Weapon Pods A-D, the Super Charger, and the Gun-nery Computer. Fill pods A and B with Shells, Pod D with Machine-Gun Rounds; C holds the Gunner.

Highway 2000
Vehicle: Flatbed
Special: Armor +2
Acceleration 30
Max Speed 80
Turn Rate D
Wheels A
Armor Class 8
Average Damage 35
Purchased Items:
20 mm AT gun (fires at 2)
Armor +3
.60-cal (fires 360° arc)
Turret
Gunner



Wheels A
Armor Class 11
Average Damage 40
Purchased Items:
20 mm AT gun (in turret)
Turret (fires in 360° arc)
.25-cal (fires at 1)
.25-cal (fires at 3)
Gunner
Panels (if the road-hog can start the game stopped, in position, its panels are swung out and cars may not pass the road-hog in the lanes to either side of it)
Armor +5



The Interceptors

Crew A—
Driver: Francisco (Perception 6, Driving 7, Combat 7): Lieutenant #3
Gunner: Maddy (Perception 8, Driving 4, Combat 8)
Crew B—
Driver: Carlos (Perception 8, Driving 7, Combat 5): Lieutenant #4
Gunner: Paco (Perception 4, Driving 8, Combat 8)
Crew C—
Driver: Ian Gilhooley (Perception 7, Driving 6, Combat 7)

Car Wars
Wt. Capacity: 5760
Acceleration 10
Hc 3
Total: \$7870

Mid-sized
 Extra-heavy chassis strength
 Large power plant
 Heavy suspension
 4x heavy-duty tires
Gunner (note: Gunner not protected by armor when firing)
Weapon: MG (note: MG has 360° firing arc like turret, but weapon is swivel-mounted on top; MG gets no protection from top armor and must have separate gunner firing it)
Weapon: Smokescreen, rear-mounted
Armor: 95 pts (F20, R15, L15, B20, T15, U10)

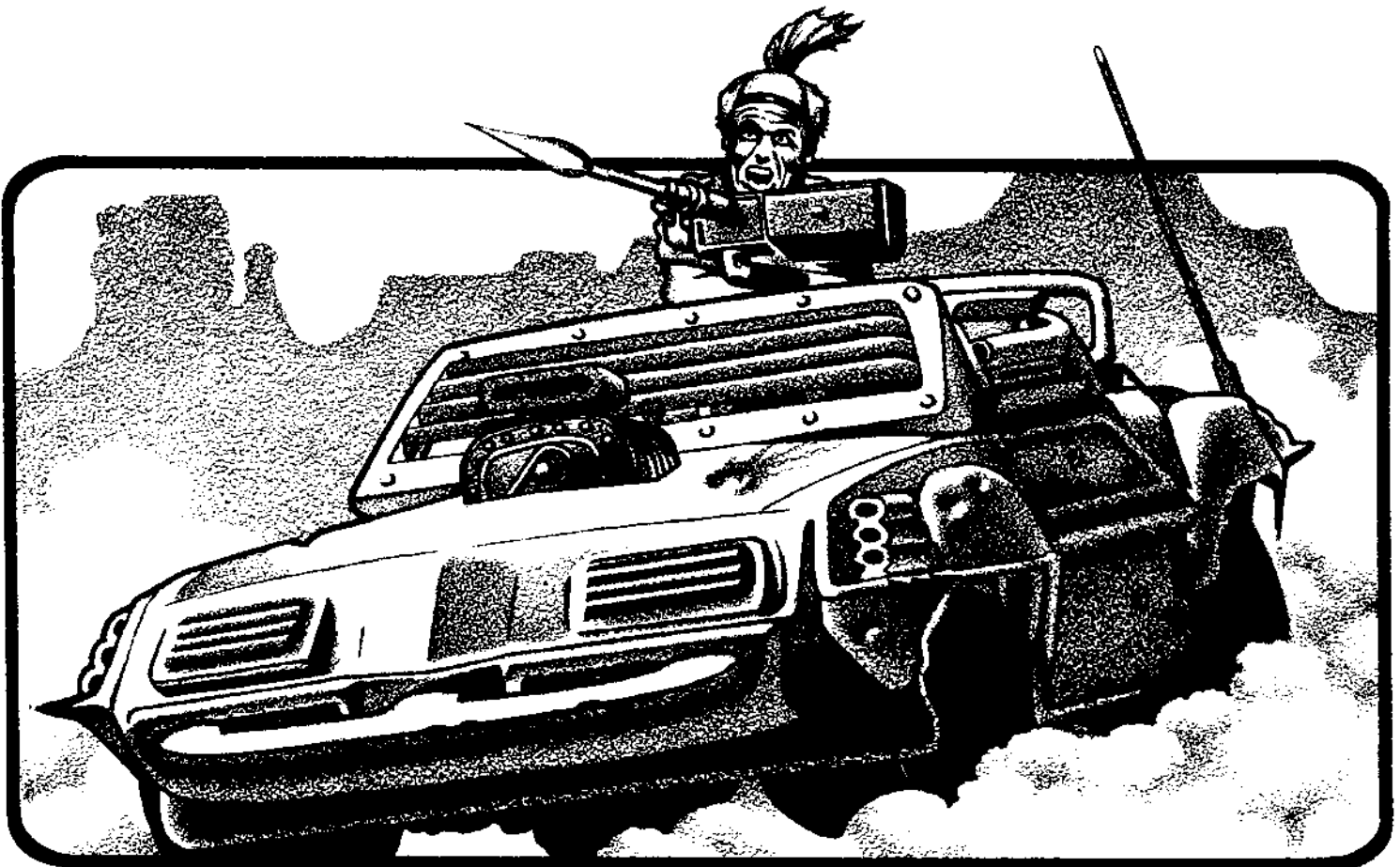
Weight 3995
 Can carry 2 spaces/1765 lbs in cargo

Note: Gilhooley's interceptor has no gunner (-150 lbs) but has a normal one-space turret for the MG (+150 lbs) and so costs \$1000 more.

Battlecars

Use the card which has Weapon Pods A and B, Turrets A and B, the Super-Charger, and Auto-Steer. Turret A has MG rounds; consider Turret B to actually be a Weapon Pod and fill it with Smoke. Weapon Pods A and B become cargo spaces.

Highway 2000
Vehicle: Mid-Size
Acceleration 40
Max Speed 100
Turn Rate D
Wheels A
Armor Class 8
Average Damage 25
Purchased Items:
 .50-cal, fires in full 360° arc
 Turret for .50
 Gunner
 Mines, 2, "firing" at 7
 Armor +5



The Dune Buggies

Driver: Typical Warlord Minion (Perception 3, Driving 4, Gunner 3)
Gunner: Ditto

Car Wars

Compact
Extra-heavy chassis
Medium power plant
Heavy suspension
4x heavy-duty tires
Gunner (not protected by armor when firing MG)
Weapon: MG (fires in 360° as per Interceptor)
Armor: 16 pts (F4, R4, L4, B4)

Weight 2750

Can carry 1 space/10 lbs. cargo

Battlecars

Use the card with Pods A-D and Turret A, Power Brakes, and Auto-Steer. Place Machine-Gun rounds in the turret. Pods C-d hold the Gunner. Pods A and B are empty. Consider each panel of armor to be worth only 4 points.

Highway 2000

Vehicle: Compact

Acceleration 40

Max Speed 90

Turn Rate C

Wheels A

Armor Class 4

Average Damage 25

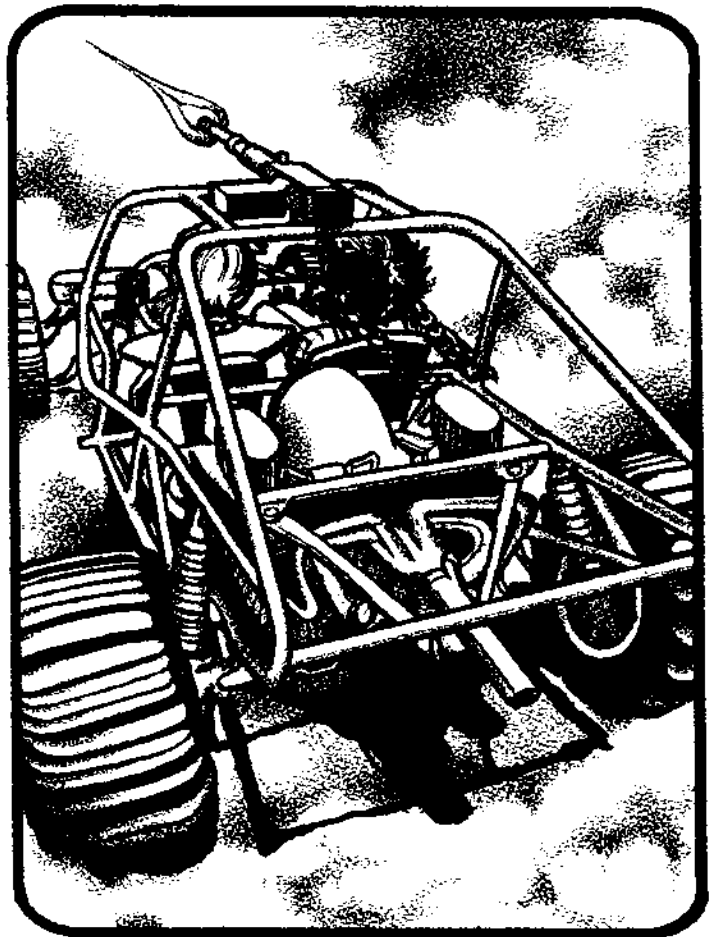
Purchased Items:

.50-cal (fires in 360° arc)

Turret

Gunner

Armor +2



Notes on This Supplement's Art:

Page 2: The Countach

Page 5: The Ram-Truck

Page 6: The Road-Hog

Page 7: The Countach and the Armored Car

Page 9: Princess Lola

Page 10: Frag

Page 15: The Throne Room

Page 17: The Warlord

Page 21: The Camp

Page 25: Typical Warlord Follower

Page 27: Gordo, Lt. #2, driver of the Road-Hog

Page 28: Carlos' Interceptor

Page 29/top: Dune Buggy

Page 29/Bottom: Typical Warlord Followers

Conversion Advice

It's been interesting to write an adventure for all three major games in the auto combat field, because those games are sometimes quite alike but more often so dissimilar. As a long-time designer for *Car Wars*, I went into the project with a certain amount of systems snobbery against the other two offerings, but as soon as I began the actual design I realized that each system had its own unique strengths and weaknesses. *Car Wars* is the most versatile in terms of movement and car-building mechanics, but has the slowest-moving and most-involved playing time. *Battlecars* can be learned and played within minutes, and is a nice, clean design with superior components; however, it's the most abstract of the three, with a movement-points system instead of a more realistic miles-per-hour system. (In case anyone is interested, I arbitrarily decided that one movement point was worth approximately 15 mph, and based all design deci-

sions on the notion.) *Highway 2000* has the least-logical campaign-setting and a too-heavy dependence on random rolls for encounters, but I found to my surprise that it was the *best* system to showcase the equipment and mechanics of the pro racing circuit: Provisions for vehicle speeds up to 220 mph, the various types of machine guns, and restricted arcs on turrets were already there, quite a blessing for me.

So, in this section I'm going to provide some advice for showing how the three systems relate in case players of one game are interested in the others. First, we'll look at how *Car Wars* and *Battlecars* compare, then *Battlecars* and *Highway 2000*, and finally *Highway 2000* and *Car Wars*. We'll concentrate on vehicular equipment, for the players who'd like to run the same cars in all three systems. Too, we'll mostly be presenting conversion *advice* here, not an entire integrated conversion system.

Car Wars and Battlecars

Body Sizes: I'm inclined to consider all of the *Battlecars* vehicles equivalent to the *Car Wars* midsized body style. It can be argued that placing large weapons in, say, four weapons pods would bump them up to *Car Wars* luxury vehicles, but calculating each weapon pod to be worth about 1½ spaces in *Car Wars* gives us the midsized comparison.

Armor: Consider one point of *Car Wars* armor to be worth one square of *Battlecars* armour. Therefore, the four cars presented in *Battlecars* carry the equivalent of 72 or 84 points of *Car Wars* armor, a decent but not staggering quantity.

Chassis Strength: *Battlecars* doesn't worry about weight carried; simply consider all *Battlecars* vehicles to have extra-heavy chassis strengths.

Engines: There's not a great deal of comparison between *Car Wars* and *Battlecars* on the matter of engines. In the former game, they're electrical battery cells; in the latter, they're more realistic fuel-burning engines. If transferring from *Battlecars* to *Car Wars*, consider your engine a Super. If going from *Car Wars* to *Battlecars*, consider yourself to have a regular engine with no supercharger hookup possible.

Auto-Steer/Suspension: Vehicles with Auto-Steer in *Battlecars* would have Heavy suspension in *Car Wars*. Vehicles without would have Light suspension.

Tires: The heavier tires in *Battlecars* are equivalent to heavy-duty tires in *Car Wars*, and three-point *Battlecars* tires should become Standards when converted.

Weapons: Weapons comparisons are pretty easy. By and large, both games have the same sort of weapons, producing the same sorts of effects, to wit:

Battlecars Weapon	Car Wars Weapon
Rockets	Heavy Rocket
Shells	Recoilless Rifle or Rocket-Launcher
Machine-Gun	
Rounds	Machine Gun
Flame	Flamethrower
Smoke	Smokescreen
Mines	Minedropper
Oil	Oil Spray
Spikes	Spikedropper

Note to *Battlecars* players: Passive weapons may not be mixed in *Car Wars* spaces. On the other hand, as an advantage, a Turret may contain *any* Missile weapon, not just Machine-Gun rounds.

Other Equipment: Well, a fire extinguisher is equivalent to a fire extinguisher. Consider a Gunnery computer from *Battlecars* equivalent to a Hi-Res targeting computer from *Car Wars*; they're pretty good. The poor sods doing the driving in *Battlecars* don't have body armor like their neighbors on the other side of the pond, but that's easy to fix; just as in *Car Wars*, simply double the amount of damage a pedestrian can take from 3 to 6 to simulate his wearing some of the plastic-mesh stuff.

Reflexes: *Battlecars* doesn't use a reflex system, so *Car*

Wars players converting had better be resigned to performing vehicle functions at the vehicle's normal handling capacity. Sorry, guys.

We don't need to present conversion advice for the game mechanics, as once you convert your vehicle it operates under the game mechanics of the new game—simple enough to remember.

Battlecars and Highway 2000

Vehicle Specs: Battlecars vehicles in Highway 2000 operate as Mid-Size Vehicles and Sports-Cars. I'd recommend that Battlecars vehicles without a supercharger be Mid-Sized, Speed 1, with the +20 mph Special, and that vehicles *with* Superchargers be Sports-Cars with the +20 Special. Battlecars with the Auto-Steer function would have the Autodriver Special in Highway 2000; the two function differently but are equivalent.

Weapons: Here we have little comparisons between weapons lists; the Highway 2000 list is more extensive, concentrating more on active weapons, while Battlecars has more passive:

Highway 2000 weapons	Battlecars weapons
.50 Ca. machine-gun	Machine Gun Rounds
Flame-thrower	Flame
Rocket launcher	Rocket

Other Equipment: Auto sprinklers are equivalent to Battlecars' fire extinguishers. Turrets function much the same in both games. We dealt with necessary Speed Modifications in the section above on Vehicle Specs.

Armor: This is a sticky question, as the armor systems between the games are so dissimilar—Highway 2000 armor isn't apportioned between sides of the vehicle and doesn't go away when hit. It's best to presume that each AC point from Highway 2000 is worth ten squares of armor in Battlecars—therefore, AC 5 would be worth 50 squares of armor—and make the cars with 84 blocks take no more than AC 8, or 72 blocks no more than AC 7.

Tires: This is an irrelevant consideration; since Highway 2000, has no provision for shooting out tires, any comparisons are useless.

Highway 2000 and Car Wars

Now, we have the two games with the greatest number of comparisons. (It's a fact that Steve Jackson, co-designer of Car Wars, after reading through Highway 2000, was heard to say that the game was "so much like our early draft

of Car Wars (that) it's scary.")

Body Styles: Of the two games, Highway 2000 has more numerous body styles, but several similar styles often relate one Car Wars body style. Some notes:

Highway 2000 style:	Car Wars equivalent:
Cycle Park	Cycle styles, generally a mix
VW	Subcompact
Compact	Compact
Mid-Sized	Mid-sized
Sports-car	Mid-sized
Caddy	Luxury
Rolls	Luxury
Flatbed	Pickup
Van	Van
Wagon	Station Wagon
18-Wheeler	From Truck Stop, a tractor-trailer rig
Bus	From Truck Stop, a bus/RV body

There's nice complementarity to that list.

If converting from Highway 2000 to Car Wars, you will lose 10 mph of speed from Cycles, the Caddy, and the Rolls, 20 mph from the Sports-car, but you'll *add* the +10 mph Special to VWs, Compacts, Vans, and Wagons, and the +20 Special to Flatbeds (assuming that, in Car Wars, you're designing them with Large or Super engines. If not, use the speed listed in Highway 2000, and drop in a Small or Medium power plant as the speed indicates). In conversions from Highway 2000 to Car Wars, you'll never have to use the Speed 2 modifications, due the latter game's unfortunate restriction on vehicle speeds.

Weapons: Once again, we have lots of comparisons between the two systems:

Highway 2000 weapons	Car Wars equivalents
.25 cal machine gun	No equivalent, but see the LMG design in Turbofire, in the section on game mechanics
.50 cal.	Machine gun
.70 cal.	No real equivalent, though you might try the Vulcan from Autoduel Champions
20 mm Anti-Tank Gun	Anti-Tank Gun
Rocket-launcher	Rocket launcher or recoilless rifle (designer preference)
Contact Mine	Mine-dropper; note that Car Wars mines are much less formidable than Highway 2000's.

Armor: As with the Battlecars/Highway 2000 conversion, the armor equivalencies cause some problems here. (Despite the fact that the two games compared here have lots of

equipment similarities, *Car Wars* has more in common armor-wise with *Battlecars*.) In general, I've assumed that each AC in *Highway 2000* was worth two points of armor per side in *Car Wars*—AC 8 would be 16 points of armor per side or 96 points of armor. After computing how many points of armor the AC is worth, the converter can redistribute the armor on the *Car Wars* vehicle for a more appropriate construction. To reverse the process, add up all the armor on a *Car Wars* vehicle and divide by 12—rounding up with remainders of .5 or greater—to get the *Highway 2000* AC.

Other Equipment: Well, as usual, auto sprinklers are the rough equivalent of fire extinguishers. Turrets are turrets. The gunner is the gunner, even though he's a crewman in *Car Wars* and a weapons component in *Highway 2000*. Autodriver comes vaguely close to Heavy suspension. If converting from *Highway 2000* to *Car Wars*, only vans and flatbeds (pickups) with an extra set of wheels should be converted, and no vehicles with two extra sets should be converted. Note that equipment listed and rolled as Specials in *Highway 2000* will still take up weight and space in *Car Wars*.

Obviously, when converting from one game to another, vehicles will not remain identical. Often as not, *Battlecars* vehicles will have to lose a weapon or two in conversion, while the armor/weapons weight and space ratios vary between *Car Wars* and *Highway 2000*. However, the three games do convert fairly well, dependent upon the fact that games simulating the same sort of milieu must have game mechanics covering the same milieu functions—in more simple terms, if we have a game about cars with machine guns, the mechanics must allow you to drive and shoot MGs. So there will always be a comparison. Your only real problem in conversion is that you're dealing with *both* games limitations when doing the actual converting—for instance, converting between *Car Wars* and *Highway 2000*, you can't have speeds above 100 mph on the one hand or shoot at tires on the other. So it goes. At any rate, if you do decide to duel-race vehicles between the three systems, have fun.

Coming Attractions

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One for the Road!



HELL ON WHEELS

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