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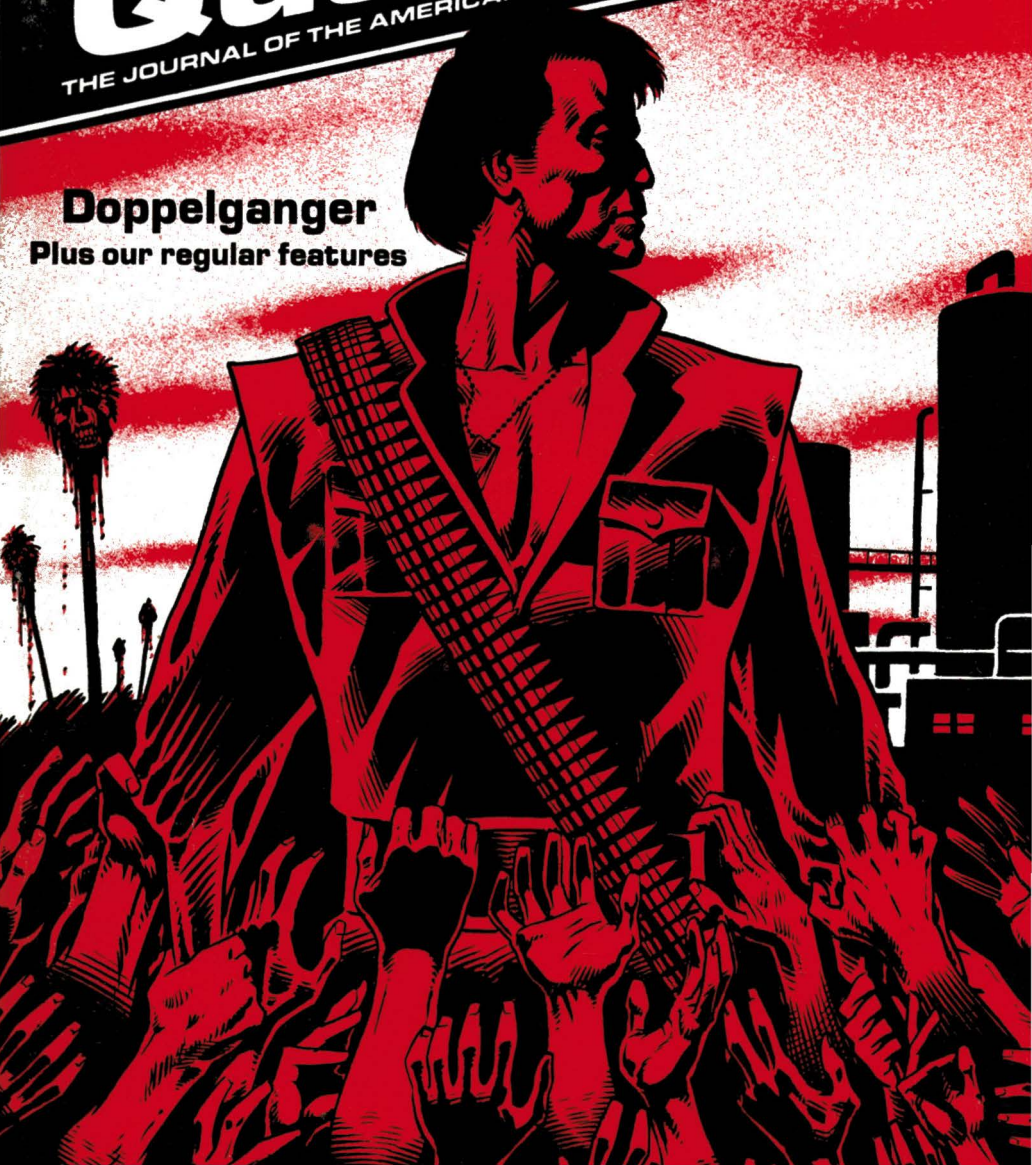
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Autoduel Quarterly



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the Driver's Seat

Welcome to another issue of *Autoduel Quarterly*! Things are really buzzing around the AADA offices, for all sorts of reasons. As I write this, the World Championships are less than three weeks away, *Deluxe Car Wars* is heading out to the stores, and we're getting all sorts of new AADA goodies for tournament winners and members in general. The prizes for the regional champions arrived today — we'll award them at Origins. The World Champion's trophy is in our offices, and looks wonderful. We've got some brand new AADA baseball caps that we'll be selling at Origins, and to AADA members through the order forms in this magazine. We're also working up a new free goodie to send out to all AADA members. So, we've been incredibly busy around here . . .

Here's an update on back issues of *Autoduel Quarterly*. Currently, only issues 2/4 and 3/1 are available. All the others are out of print. Now that the *Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog* has reprinted all the old weapons and gadgets from out-of-print issues, I wonder how much demand there now is for the old issues. Lots of people wanted us to reprint the old *ADQs*, but I have a feeling that it was mostly to get hold of the Uncle Albert stats. Now that they're available again, do you still want to see reprints of the early *ADQs*? Or a "Best Of" *ADQ*? I'd like to hear some feedback on this.

This and That

Another problem that the *Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog* is going to solve is the number of letters we've received asking for the stats on those old gadgets. Sorry, no can do. There are just too many

letters for our overworked staff (Staff? What staff? We're talking just *me* here) to handle, and besides, the information is now available in the catalog — and for only \$3.95!

Which brings me to my next point — writing letters. I get lots of letters from *ADQ* readers and *Car Wars* fans. Bunches, as a matter of fact. If I were to answer every one, I would spend half my time doing nothing else. Not to mention that we'd go broke on postage. Not only am I going crazy, but I'm afraid a number of readers are being disappointed by the lack of a response from our office. I certainly want to apologize to anyone who has been offended by a late or non-existent return letter, but I hope you understand our problem. To set the record straight, we *cannot* answer a letter that does not include a stamped, self-addresses envelope. If you *do* include a SASE, I will definitely answer your letter — but it may take a while. There is a very depressingly high stack of mail on my desk already, but it's been put aside while I do other things (like get a magazine out). Please have patience — all things come to those who wait.

Someone who's likely to be more faithful in answering your letter is Daniel Baker of Australia. He wrote recently to tell us of his Australian friends, the *Autoduel Slayers*. He writes, "We are interested in corresponding with any American *Car Wars* addicts as there aren't many of us in Geelong. Would it be possible to publish my address in an issue of *Autoduel Quarterly* with a note relaying my availability as a pen pal? The *Slayers* would be most grateful for your assistance." Can do, Daniel. The address is Daniel Baker, 14 Noble St., Newtown, Geelong, Victoria, Australia 3220. A first-class letter to Down Under costs 44¢, so you'll need an extra stamp — but it could be interesting, and who knows, you might learn something.

This issue has quite a few interesting features. Everybody's favorite salesman,

Uncle Albert, tells all in his first major interview printed anywhere. We have some excellent fiction by John Nowak, chronicling the further adventures of Justin Bialy; four new mini-scenarios that are quick to set up and fun to play; notes on the new *Deluxe Car Wars*; and some strategy advice for the poor, beleaguered cycle gang member. Plus, of course, all our regular features.

Trouble on the Horizon

We'd heard of them, of course. But it wasn't until we got the letter from Garfield County that we realized the seriousness of the situation. In the note informing us of the outcome of their club championship (more details, of course, in "AADA News"), David Phipps wrote, "I would also like to formally deny the rumors that our organization is affiliated with the group calling itself Big League Unlimited Duelling — or BLUD." That one sentence spoke volumes.

For those of you lucky enough to have been spared contact with any BLUD members, the group bills itself as an "autoduelling alternative" to what they see as "stuffy and restrictive" AADA regulations. Most of the regulations they take issue with involve safety of non-combatants and fairness of competition. It is no coincidence that most of the BLUD leadership has been barred from AADA competition for flagrant violation of these same rules.

Since their inception in 2033, BLUD has been content to hold their own events away from the public eye. The prizes were never more than a cheap trophy and "bragging rights," and the duels were usually held in abandoned towns or deserted stretches of highway. They've been the object of a TV coverage boycott since February of 2034, when a Remington Network newscopter was shot down trying to get tape of a BLUD event outside of Topeka, Kansas.

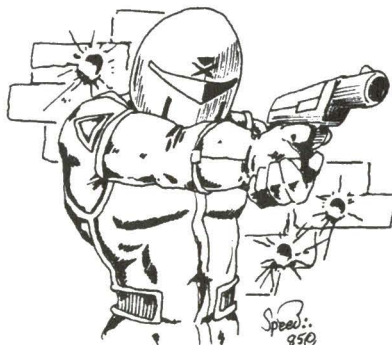
But their low-profile days seem to be over. AADA chapters in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and Kansas have reported harassment of members by duellists flying BLUD colors. So far, it's been nothing more serious than "snipe-and-run" attacks, but the situation seems to be deteriorating. Many BLUD chapters have formed alliances with outlaw groups and cycle gangs, providing BLUD groups "free passage" through dangerous territory and ready-made hideouts. What the cycle gangs get in this arrangement is not clear, except maybe an opportunity to help make trouble.

BLUD groups are also stirring up other types of trouble, trying to recruit members at AADA meetings, causing trouble in the stands at AADA events, and other such hooliganism. They have worked particularly hard to exploit long-standing rivalries between AADA groups, and have used lies, rumors, and distortions to cause friction in the ranks. The rumor from Garfield County about that club changing affiliation from the AADA to BLUD is a prime example.

So, AADA members are encouraged to stand together and to be on watch for attacks from vehicles flying the BLUD colors — orange and black. This is sure to get worse before it gets better, so watch future issues of *ADQ* for more on the escalating tensions.

That's it for this issue. Watch yourself, but Keep On Duellin'!

—Scott D. Haring



Reader Survey

Some time ago (a year ago, to be exact), we published a survey in *Autoduel Quarterly* to get a better idea about what our readers are like. Response was very good — we received 212 responses, and we continued to get survey responses for many months after the survey was published! We also promised one-year subscriptions (or subscription extensions) to three respondents picked at random. The winners are: Tom Emerick of Streetsboro, OH; Todd Elkins of Evart, MI; and Sean D. Barrett of Huntsville, AL. Congratulations to the winners!

Now for the results. This should come as no surprise, but the readers of *ADQ* are overwhelmingly male — 207 to 5. Fifty-five per cent of the respondents are in high school, and another 29% are in college. Only 7% of the respondents have 0-8 years of education, and 9% have more than 16 years in school. The age breakdown is pretty concentrated too — 59% of the respondents are 14-18 years old, with the remainder spread fairly evenly through the 19-30 range. The youngest respondent was 10, the oldest was 38.

As could be expected from the age breakdown, the vast majority of respondents had an income under \$5,000. Despite that low income, 55% of those who responded owned a computer, and 65% of the remainder had access to one. Seventy-five per cent of the respondents were subscribers, and 25% bought their copy at a newsstand or hobby shop. Only 2 of the 212 respondents borrowed their copy. Two hundred seven (207) of 209 said they always save their copy of *ADQ* — the other 2 said they “sometimes” save it.

We learned a number of other interesting things — people who didn’t want computer articles outvoted those who did, 54% to 46%; 67% of the people have bought a product based on an ad in *ADQ*; 55% want the same amount of fiction (40% want more); and 94% wanted gaming notes to accompany the fiction.

The number of gaming products our respondents bought in a year broke down this way: 0-2, 3%; 3-5, 12%; 6-10, 26%; 11-15, 19%; 15-20, 12%; and over 20, 29%. Hours

spent playing games in a week broke down like this: 0-5, 22%; 6-10, 45%; 11-19, 21%; and over 20, 12%. Only 20% of the respondents never bought or used miniatures; most of the responses fell in the “sometimes” or “rarely” category.

Here’s how the respondents rated various *ADQ* regular features, on a scale of 1 (the worst) to 9 (the tops):

- ADQ* Custom Feature — 6.42
- AADA News — 5.82
- North American Road Atlas — 6.64
- Driver’s Seat — 6.44
- Newswatch — 6.68
- 50 Years Ago — 6.20
- ADQ&A — 7.92
- Backfire — 7.31
- Uncle Albert — 8.73

Even the lower-rated features did pretty well, and the response for Uncle Albert was phenomenal. Obviously, we’re pleased.

We also asked for some written comments. We appreciate the kind words under “likes” — the scenarios and Uncle Albert were the most frequently mentioned — but we learn more from hearing what you don’t like. The single most common response on the “don’t like” list was “nothing.” Again, thanks. But following closely behind was the frequency of the magazine — many of you want to see *ADQ* come out more often. Other gripes include the size and number of pages (some of you want more pages and a bigger magazine — so would I, but there’s only 24 hours in a day), and a myriad of other complaints named by one or two people.

Many of the responses were a matter, obviously, of personal taste — some said we had too much fiction, others said we didn’t have enough; some said our articles were too basic, others wanted it more simple; some said there wasn’t enough Uncle Albert, and one person said there was too much. So it goes . . .

We want to thank again everyone who took the time to respond to the survey — you were all a great help in helping us understand what our readers want, and what they don’t want.



NEWSWATCH

History of Environmentalism

- 1993: After years of non-enforcement and repeal of environmental laws, the Pashnick Report describes the current state of the environment in graphic detail: "At the current rate of deterioration, large areas of North America will be unfit for human habitation within the next 10 years." A groundswell of public opinion follows, culminating in the formation of the American Green Party.
- 1994: The 103rd Congress passes a sweeping set of environmental laws known collectively as the "Green Laws." The American Green Party becomes the first significant third party in over 100 years, controlling 20% of the Congressional seats.
- 1997: The "golden age" of environmental awareness is short-lived, as the worldwide oil shortage forces many industries and utilities to convert to much dirtier coal. Strides are made in solar and wind generation of electricity, but it doesn't come fast enough to make up for the loss of oil.
- 2004: The Free Oil States are legally recognized, and the rest of the United States looks toward an oil-less future. A federal research push produces breakthroughs in solar and geothermal energy.
- 2016: The Food Riots. With the breakdown of central authority, environmental law enforcement goes out the window. Many animal species are driven to the brink of extinction by a combination of famine and hunting.
- 2018: The near-total depletion of fossil fuels brings industrial pollution to a halt; the development of algae farming slows the erosion of farmland. The American Green Party, just as vocal as in its heyday but considerably less powerful, concentrates on the preservation of wildlife.
- 2019: The Greens form the first "GreenSpace" — a wildlife preserve protected by armed guards and security devices to keep out hunters and other "environmental hazards" in southern Colorado. Three more GreenSpaces are founded by the end of the year.
- 2020: As the GreenSpace movement picks up steam, so does a vocal "Hunter's Rights" campaign. Green-Spacers are accused of "letting women and children starve for some bleeding-heart cause." Confrontations between the two groups become increasingly violent.
- 2026: In the end, the hunters' superior numbers prevail. The last guarded GreenSpace, located in Montana, is overrun. The remaining environmentalists go underground.
- Today: For the past nine years, a state of guerrilla war has existed between hunters and environmentalists. Now calling themselves "Eco-Guerrillas," the environmentalists have taken to laying traps for hunters, using life-like dummies of popular game animals to lure hunters in, then ambushing them. The hunters respond with greater firepower and travel in numbers. And the end is nowhere in sight . . .

50 Years Ago Today

VW Leads Police on 100-Mile Rush-Hour Chase

A man in a stolen Volkswagen Rabbit — a stock, four-speed Volkswagen Rabbit — led police on a 100 mph chase from Salinas to Oakland, careening past thousands of commuters in rush-hour traffic in San Jose, San Francisco, and on the Bay Bridge.

Weaving in and out of traffic on Highway 101, driving much of the way on the median strip, the man outdistanced pursuing officers for nearly an hour and a half and triggered several collisions before he was captured.

The 110-mile chase ended when the car — which had blown a front tire on Highway 101 near Candlestick Park and left a gouge in the pavement and a trail of parts across the Bay Bridge — pulled up Interstate 80 in Emeryville and lurched to a stop on the center divider of Powell Street.

The driver leaped from the car and fled on foot, but was captured shortly thereafter by two pursuing motorcycle officers.

—*San Jose Mercury News* 4/18/85

Wildlife War Keeps Rangers in Crossfire

by Scott Haring

The violent battle between off-road game hunters and wildlife preservationists has spread to that last haven of natural wilderness, the national parks. In the past, parks were considered "no duelling" zones by mutual consent — but that uneasy truce has been broken, and it's now up to the understaffed US Forest Service park rangers to try to keep the peace. They are, understandably, not thrilled with their new role.

"It's ridiculous," said Richard Macklin, a 14-year veteran of the Forest Service who works in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in eastern Tennessee. "We've lost more men this year than in the last three combined. We used to just have to deal with the occasional criminal gang or fights over prime camping spots. But this is different. This is war."

As could be expected, both sides blame the other for the escalation in violence. "Those 'Eco-Guerrillas' were hiding in the parks, launching attacks and then retreating to their precious sanctuary," Tennessee Big Game Association vice president Will McDonough said. "Our tax dollars support that park, too. We won't put up with those pansies hiding behind the wildlife they profess to be protecting."

A spokesman for the Smoky Mountain Wildlife Preservation Society, who asked not to be identified, said, "It's not enough for those butchers to roam the countryside at will. Now they're violating the sanctity of the last refuge of many species of wildlife. They must be stopped, and, regrettably, violence seems to be the only way to get through to them."

But it's the park rangers who get caught in the middle. "I get it from both sides," Macklin said. "The hunters want to know why I'm not kicking out the preservationists. And the wildlife protectors want to know why I'm not arresting the hunters. Both sides think the park is theirs. Well, they're both wrong. It's everybody's."

Macklin patrols the park in a stock USFS Ranger Special, along with his gunner, Sam Danko. Danko's a rookie in the Forest Service, but dabbled in off-road duelling before joining up. A love of nature was the reason he joined. "Politically, I agree with the preservationists," he said. "There are too many beautiful species of animals out here that would be blown off the face of the earth if all the hunters had their way. But killin' people is not the solution. It makes the wildlife folks just as bad as the hunters."

The Ranger Special is a new off-road vehicle, just recently developed to help park rangers deal with the heavier firepower that has moved into their territories. Macklin has made a couple of modifications of his own, too. "I added a few extra pipes and a flexible hose to the fire extinguisher system. That way, we can put out small fires, like unattended campfires, without having to call in special fire equipment. That's still a big part of a park ranger's job, though it seems like lately we've been busier with firefights than firefighting."

A recent experience of Macklin's is typical of the perils facing the park ranger of today. "We were just cruising along the Dyson ridge," Macklin remembers, "when all of a sudden all sorts of gunfire erupts to the south. Well, we head over there as fast as we can, and we burst out of a thicket in this little gully. Over to the right is a couple of hunter trikes, and one of 'em's got a laser. They're blasting away at four or five GreenSpacers dug in on



the hillside to the left. The GreenSpacers are getting the worst of it, but the idiot with the laser is starting some fires. Danko uses his hand-held lobber to put a couple of smoke grenades on top of the space jockey, and that shuts down his laser, but good. All of a sudden, though, the other one's pumping recoilless rounds in our direction. Now, the Ranger Special is a nice little trike, but it can't take a whole lot in the way of heavy damage. So after the right side armor caves in and Danko's body armor takes some shrapnel, I decide it's time to get out. The kid's callin' for air support on the radio and firing the turreted Vulcan, all while I'm trying to turn some fresh armor to the big guns. All of a sudden, though, a LAW comes screamin' in from where the GreenSpacers were dug in, and our buddy loses his recoilless, *and* his turret. By the time the chopper shows up, the hunters are gone, and so are the eco-freaks. And about the only thing left of us was a quarter-inch of armor on one side. We were lucky we didn't run into a kid with a varmint gun on the way back, or we'd have been history."

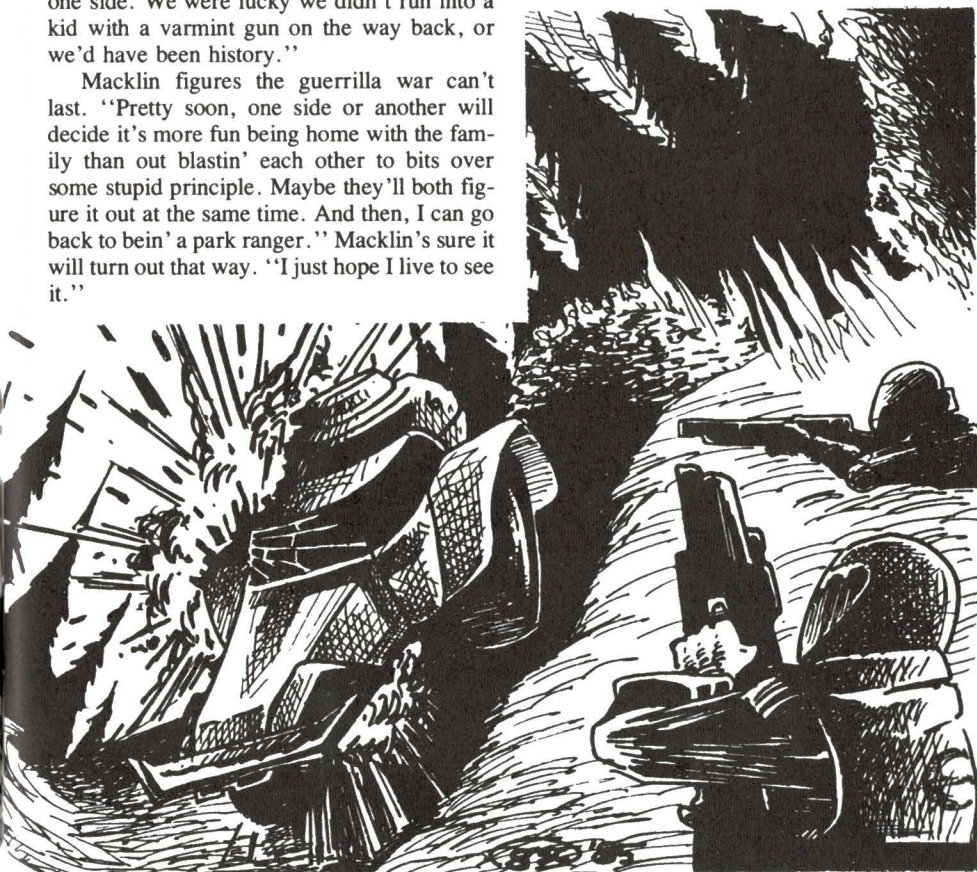
Macklin figures the guerrilla war can't last. "Pretty soon, one side or another will decide it's more fun being home with the family than out blastin' each other to bits over some stupid principle. Maybe they'll both figure it out at the same time. And then, I can go back to bein' a park ranger." Macklin's sure it will turn out that way. "I just hope I live to see it."

Gaming Notes

Richard Macklin and Sam Danko are two specific park rangers in one specific national park, but there are rangers like them all over North America. There aren't usually too many of them in any one given area, but their equipment is pretty good. Like the trike they drive:

USFS Ranger Special — X-hvy. trike, OR suspension, 3 OR solid tires, super trike power plant, driver and gunner, Vulcan in turret, 2 linked RLs (one right, one left), fire ext., 2 targeting computers, brushcutter. Armor: F16, R12, L12, B12, T10, U5. Accel. 5, HC 2 (3 off-road), 3,596 lbs., \$17,422.

Richard Macklin is a Driver, Cyclist +2, Gunner +1, Handgunner +1. He has body armor, a heavy pistol, and a shotgun. Sam Danko is a Driver, Cyclist, Gunner +1, Handgunner, Runner +1. He has body armor, a hand-held grenade launcher loaded with smoke grenades, and a heavy pistol.

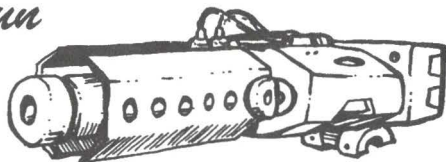




UNCLE ALBERT'S

Gauss Gun

Uncle Albert harnesses the latest in electro-magnetic technology to develop a new weapon! Lighter

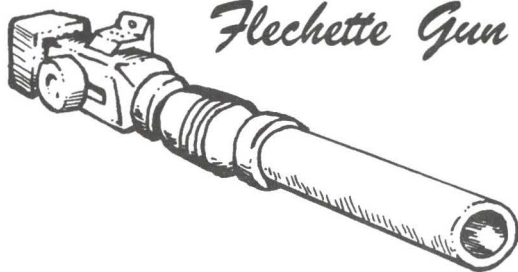


operation is a real bonus for those using stealth technologies, too!

Gauss Gun — To hit 6, 3 dice damage, 3 DP, area effect, 2 spaces, \$10,000, 300 lbs., 10 shots, CPS 50, WPS 10. Loaded weapon costs \$10,500, weighs 400 lbs. Loaded magazine costs \$550, weighs 115 lbs. The gauss gun fires small projectiles at high velocity by sending them through an electromagnetic field. Operation of the weapon is silent — firing it will not give away the location of the firer.

Catalog Specials

Uncle Albert celebrates the publication of his new 2035 Catalog with the introduction of four new items guaranteed to make life more difficult (and considerably shorter) for your opponents. If your order for any of these items also includes proof of purchase of Uncle Albert's 2035 catalog, take an additional ½% discount on Albert's already incredibly low prices! With Uncle Albert's Auto Stop and Gunnery Shop, the best just keeps getting better!



Flechette Gun

Uncle Albert's new Flechette Gun has the explosive anti-personnel kick of an AP grenade — but it can be used over and over in battle. **WARNING:** This weapon is not effective against vehicular armor at all, and should not be considered for that purpose. Eliminate those pesky pedestrians with the new flechette gun!

Flechette Gun — To hit 6, 1d+1 damage (see below), 2 DP, area effect, one space, 100 lbs., \$700, 20 shots (CPS 10, WPS 2.5). Loaded weapon costs \$900, weighs 150 lbs. Loaded magazine costs \$250, weighs 65 lbs. Has normal effect on pedestrians (even those in body armor) and tires, but no effect on vehicular armor or other components. If fired at a motorcycle, and the location result is "driver" or "tire," full damage is done.

AUTO STOP & GUNNERY SHOP

Drop-Spike Plate

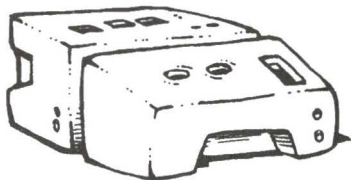


Tire spikes are cheap and portable, but they only go so far. What if you could get the tire-shredding power of a gate-defense-style tire trap, with the portability and affordability of spikes? Impossible, you say? Not with Uncle Albert! The drop-spike plate lets you do some *serious* damage to an opponent's tires — at a reasonable cost! Quality like this is available only from Uncle Albert.

Drop-spike plate — \$200, 50 lbs., 1 space, 6 DP. The plate can be mounted on the underside of any vehicle except cycles, small trikes, and subcompacts (reversed trikes also cannot use the plate, for obvious reasons). Buses and semi-trailers 20' or longer may mount a larger plate: \$350, 100 lbs., 1 space, 4 DP. The regular plate measures $\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ "; the larger one is 1" x $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Only one plate may be carried on a vehicle, and it is a one-shot weapon. Dropping the plate is a firing action; when dropped, the plate appears directly beneath the dropping vehicle (the tires of the dropping vehicle are not affected, except in the case of a reversed trike). If any part of another vehicle counter touches the plate counter, all tires of the vehicle take damage — one die of damage for solid tires, two dice for all others. The plate does not take damage by being run over. Each plate, like a spike counter, affects a vehicle only once. If a vehicle leaves the area and returns, of course, the tires are damaged again.

Automatic Target Acquisition Device (ATAD)

The array of electronics in the 2035 catalog is truly impressive, and now Uncle Albert's got a new gadget that'll blow your mind as it helps you blast your opponents! The ATAD picks up possible enemies by radar or sighting laser (your choice), and when they get within a predetermined range, blammo! You can keep your mind on driving and other weapon systems, and let the tracer do your fighting for you! Perfect for those without the room for a gunner.



ATAD — No space or weight, \$4,000 for the central logic unit and \$1,000 for the sensor package for each weapon or linked set of weapons connected to the logic unit. User may choose between laser- or radar-based units. Laser-based ATADs will not work through smoke and paint, while radar-based ATADs will not pick up targets shielded from radar. Prior to combat, or as a firing action, a character may designate a "critical range" (from 0 to 10 inches) for each controlled weapon. If any solid object larger than a basketball enters the critical range of the weapon and is in the weapon's arc of fire, the weapon will immediately target and fire on the object — treat it as automatic fire, even though the firing weapon may *not* be aimed straight out. A weapon hooked up to an ATAD may be fired normally by a crew member, but if it is fired and the ATAD then sets the same weapon off in the same turn, the weapon will not fire again. Conversely, a weapon fired by an ATAD cannot fire again in that same turn, voluntarily or not.

Doppelganger

by John Nowak



I had no idea I was starting to establish a reputation. Until I noticed that every truck stop Crazy Mary's little convoy pulled into would have a bowl of chicken alphabet soup warmed up and ready to be presented with a humiliating amount of fanfare.

Real chicken stock, mind, not the laboratory equivalent. Being point driver for Crazy Mary's convoy seemed to result in a certain status. I go along with it; they honestly seem to enjoy making a fuss over me. So I grit my teeth and force myself to be sociable. I won't drink with them, though: I don't much like myself when I lose my inhibitions.

So I wait until Mary starts her strip-tease on the bar and walk outside. By that point, *nobody* pays any attention to what I do or where I go.

Usually I sit down under the stars at the edge of an outside light and write a letter to Dutchess County. ELMAY is a wonderful thing: I can get my mail anywhere I punch in my ident code.

Usually I write faithfully from each truck stop, but the letter I got today told that Julia gave birth to a little girl: proud mother and happy father doing fine. The stars are beautiful in Arizona.

"Justin." The voice was Mary's. I looked up.

"I thought you were dancing," I said.

She nodded. "You always go off when I start, and I wanted to have a word with you alone."

They call her Crazy Mary because of her adamant refusal to stop at toll booths. She believed that the power of any convoy rested in firepower and speed: she did not like slowing down. The point car of her convoy would kill anyone running the booth who didn't flee, clearing a path for the rig. Her fights are about as spontaneous as the Normandy invasion and generally successful. There is no madness in her.

I didn't say anything. I wasn't in the mood.

"Something's killing you, Justin."

"Tonight especially?"

She nodded, sat down by me. "I don't know anything about you," she said. "Not your family, not friends, no history. What's wrong with you tonight?"

"Nothing."

"You're not even fooling my toy rabbit. Where are you from? Where did you learn to shoot? You're as good as anyone on the AADA circuit." She hesitated. "You a deserter?"

"No."

"Lose your family, friends? You can't let that kill you."

"They're all fine."

"Problems in the convoy? Colin jump you again?"

I couldn't help but smile. Colin had probably never heard of *tae kwan do* until I gave him a demonstrator. That had been a bad day for me, too.

"It hurts me to see you like this."

"I'm sorry. My problems are mine and I don't want to inflict them on you."

"Dammit, Justin!" I had never seen her angry before. "We spill blood for each other. If you can't trust me with this, get in your buggy and go!"

I don't like being threatened. I tossed her my duplicate key to her rig and walked.

Smooth move, Justin. You're feeling lonely so you ditch some of the best friends you've ever had. There's an angel on my shoulder that tells me when I'm being a jerk: I must learn to listen to him someday.

My pickup is unique, a deep blue camper-shell model with off-road suspension. It's got two external mount MFR pods linked to a trigger on my front bumper, twin .50 calibers in a turret, and two forward-firing Vulcans with serial numbers traceable to a Tribune assault trike stolen from the Royal Army. The pickup was built in Dutchess County as a personal gift from some friends with scavenged equipment they would not be able to use. I fly colors: a black bastard sword, point down, over which is superimposed a blank scroll. It's an old joke which I never discuss. Speaking of which, I call the machine *Doppelganger*.

She happened to fit nicely with Crazy Mary's road strategy. The usual idea was to go offroad to flank toll booths and trigger the anti-personnel grenades; or lay down some massive rocket fire at close range while Mary's rig tooled down the road and shelled them with an antitank gun.

About one hundred miles on, I found another truck stop. There weren't any convoys around and I decided to head back East, but I was talked into driving a doctor out into the desert.

It was a day's drive for me. It's disconcerting to ride with a man like that; to absolutely know the world would be better off with more like him and less like you. He honestly wanted to go out in the middle of nowhere and stop a little pain; he quit a high-paying job at a trauma center in a big arena because he didn't like the crowds. At least we had that in common: I've never been able to understand how

people can get a thrill out of watching a fire-fight.

We reached the settlement as the sun went down. I almost parked my pickup on crops because I couldn't tell them from scrub weeds. Don't ever let anyone tell you about the unique high-pressure life of modern man — there was more pain and labor put into that village than most people ever see. Even so, the village was an awful gray place in an awful brown desolation. If farmers in the 1700s lived anything like that, then the First Industrial Revolution was a major step forward for the quality of human life.

I really wanted to leave before they offered us dinner, but three of the kids wanted rides and I didn't see any way I could get out of driving them around a little. Jim was twelve; that annoying age when you know you're too old to be treated like a child and too young for people to believe you. His voice was breaking and he had spots on the back of his hands; I don't know much about deficiency diseases but it looked like a mild case of kwashiorkor.

I was playing Beethoven's 6th on the stereo while he was playing Star Commandos with the on-board computer, when I felt shock flow through me, hit the brakes and brought it down from 90 in six seconds. What is it about a human skill that makes it so noticeable? Ninety miles per hour over rough terrain with a squealing kid, and a skull half-buried in the sand grabs your eye better than a neon sign.

"Jim," I said — you never call a twelve-year-old "Jimmy," especially if that's what his parents call him — "I think I saw something back there. Will you come with me?"

He would, of course. I almost got out of the pickup when I changed my mind and backed to where I saw it. I had the horrible feeling I wanted to keep the pickup close to us.

The skull was not quite clean of flesh yet. I had my gas mask on so I don't know how it smelled. While I handled it I was startled to notice that my armor was buttoned up, the laserscope on my Uzi switched on, and the snap on my holster undone. Why had the nasty part of my mind booted up? Deaths happen often enough, even without murder.

"You know anything about this?" I asked.

Jim shifted uncomfortably and squirmed against my pickup. "They didn't pay their taxes," he explained.

We were by the side of a small hill; I scrambled up it. You couldn't see it from what

passed for a road here, but there was a stake. Someone was tied to it.

He was dead. It was just as well, in a way: I had no idea what I would have done if he were alive. Scattered around were spent rifle cartridges and cigarette butts: A guard had probably been popping shots at coyotes. Running over like that had been a stupid move: There might have been guards and I would have walked right into them. Score one point for the nasty side of my mind. I didn't particularly want to see the bones here and there, all partly gnawed and scattered by scavengers.

If I had eaten half of what they offered me at dinner, I do believe they all would have gone hungry for a week. I drank coffee — don't ask me where they got it — without milk or sugar for the first time in my life. I wonder if black coffee is really as bad as I thought, or if every bit of that dinner was tainted to start with. I had a chocolate bar in my car, but I knew better than to offer it to them. Why is it that the people who deserve help the most are the people who won't accept it?

I gave the doctor most of the drugs I had in my pickup, mostly idiot-proof combat antibiotics and strong painkillers. I hit the road before midnight.

It was a shame about Jim, having to grow up in a place like that. What galled me, though, were those "taxes." I hadn't asked Jim's parents, but I had the nasty feeling that they were not levied by a duly elected government. Somebody really ought to do something. Pity Nightsword was on the other side of the continent. If I tried anything alone I'd probably just make everything worse. At 0117 I did a three-point turn.

My terminal lit up with "CONTACT" in red letters and switched to radar. About a quarter mile ahead, three bikes were taking on a compact: coming towards me. I switched off my lights, slowed down, and went off road. There was a good chance they'd bomb past me without noticing. But I have this quirk about fighting at night. I disengaged the bumper trigger.

The car was a Capricorn. I didn't have time to recognize the makes of the bikes. I swung onto the road at 20, into the path of what looked like the lightest one while traversing the turret to 85 degrees. I triggered the Brownings just before the small bike hit me. I must have hit the driver with the MGs because the first bike went over like a domino. The

second hit my ram at a combined speed of about 80. Crunch. As he flew over my back, the Capricorn started rolling.

Terrific. I left rubber on the road as I swung around and punched it. The third biker had stopped as soon as the Capricorn rolled, and was going towards it with some large gun in his hands. I hadn't fired the Vulcans yet and didn't want to because he kept between me and the Capricorn. Smart guy. I overtook him, but he must have been a real acrobat. He dodged to his right and would have made it if I hadn't opened my door at the right moment.

He closed my door for me, which I thought was very sportsmanlike. I braked to a halt and trotted over to the Capricorn.

Have you ever hated someone at a first glance? I mean, really felt filled with contempt and disgust; an absolute knowledge that someone was everything you despised? Neither had I. At least not up to now.

She was beautiful and unfortunately she looked like she knew it. She smelled of perfume (I don't like perfume) and wore a trim little sexy getup that was some civilian's idea of combat armor: not the bulky, ugly padded one-piece thing that had the advantage of being real. I mean, it looked like a costume in one of those autoduel TV shows where the good guys never buy it or even feel pain when they're hit.

"You could at least let me out of here," she said.

I was tempted, but she had a point. She might look better rightside up. "Do you think you've broken anything?" I asked.

"How do I tell?"

God. "Move all your limbs. If your scream exceeds eighty decibels, there's a distinct possibility of fractures."

The back of the Capricorn was undamaged. They had been concentrating fire on her right rear tire. The guard was shot away by MG fire, but a pothole had probably killed it. They had probably been trying to kill for salvage. Three motorcyclists can't make a good thing of stripping — you need at least a cargo van. That meant there were probably more around.

I ran back to my pickup and punched up the radar. Nothing. I set it to sound the horn in case of a contact.

"What did you run off for?" she asked peevishly.

"There's probably more of them. My on-board's looking around with radar."

"On board what?"

Christ. "Computer. Do you think you're hurt?"

I hoped not. I knew what a cycle gang would do to her if I left her, and I knew better than to move a casualty. I would have to stay with her and call for help. Some people who respond to Channel 9 are less than chivalrous.

"Uh, no. How would you know there's more of them?"

"I don't know. I think."

Being with a thinking organism probably impressed her no end. Anyway, she didn't say anything as I crowbarred the door off.

She waited impatiently in my car, while I checked the bodies. Nothing too valuable, but a thick roll of old low-denomination bills, and jewelry. Life's savings of a very poor family. Something about that bothered me.

"Your father in charge around her?" I asked.

"Yeah. Hurry up, huh?"

Good one, Justin. You just offed three mercs hired by Jim's village to take on the Warlord. Score one for the White Knight. Just then, the horn went off.

If she had hit it, I was going to kill her.



Period. But it was a legitimate contact. A solitary bogie, ranged two miles and closing. A big machine. The radar specified it was made of metal. Metal? All the combat machines I've ever seen used ablative armor made of plastic.

"I'll bet your father owns a bus, made of metal," I said.

"Wow." She nodded. Wow? I saved a person who says "Wow"? How far have I fallen? "He uses Channel 12. Don't even think about trying to kidnap me, because he'll kill you."

"Ever read 'The Ransom of Red Chief'? I didn't think so. What's your name?"

"Tabitha Neumann. My father's General Neumann."

"Thanks." Tabitha. Almighty God. I clicked on the radio. "General Neumann? Justin Bialy here."

The response was almost immediate. "Mister Bialy? What can I do for you?"

Amiable sort. "Your daughter was in a road duel. She's all right, but she lost the Capricorn. She's with me now."

"May I speak with her?"

I handed her the mike. "Dad? Hello?"

"Hello. Are you being kidnapped?"

"I think so. He mentioned the ransom of someone named Red Chief."

I wasn't expecting Neumann to burst into laughter. It was just about the most gratifying thing I've ever heard.

"He's not kidnapping you. Tell him how to get to the refinery."

It was a real oil refinery. I couldn't believe it. Any more than I could believe the truck parked inside the barbed wire. It was a gas-burner, and used to be a dump truck, a good forty-five feet long and fifteen wide. I rapped the side. Overlapping steel plates. Non-ablative armor: the stuff they still use on anti-riot vehicles. A .50 caliber MG wouldn't even touch this machine. That would take heavier weapons.

Vulcans, for example.

Ram plate and rocket launchers on the nose. Machine-guns all along the sides, like a frigate. I'll bet they weren't servoed. A turret on top with a laser.

"Impressed?"

He was about fifty, and looked like he used concrete for chewing gum. White hair, and a US Army brigadier general's uniform. I had the feeling he had come by it honestly.

"Quite," I said honestly. I decided to take



a risk. "Old systems, and I wouldn't care to take it up against heavy lasers, but I'm sure it does its job."

"And what do you think its job is?"

Uh-oh. "Well, with steel armor, I assume it is intended to fight people with light vehicular weapons. In that case, steel armor would be a good choice over ablative. I'm sure you'd rather have more rocket launchers and fewer machine-guns, but one must make do."

He smiled. "Excellent. My turn. Your pickup mounts only one defensive weapon: a smokescreen, and is equipped with every imaginable electronic system which would not collapse the suspension. Your major offensive weapons bear to the front, while the only ranged weapon you can bring to a pursuer are machine guns. You are a duellist, very rich."

"Also excellent. I notice that you are doing your best to avoid bruising my ego. I must be a very bad duellist if you have never heard of me."

"I didn't say that."

"Actually, I am not a duellist. I fight to survive and avoid it when I can."

"Then you are the point-man for a convoy. Which explains why I've never heard of you."

I was impressed. "Congratulations."

"You're a soldier, I think. And one of the few human beings able to draw logical thoughts."

"Thank you." I should have returned the compliment.

"Are you interested in a job?"

"Doing what?"

"Doing what my daughter should be doing. Thinking."

"And fighting."

"And fighting. I rule this county." He looked at me sharply. "Do you disapprove?"

I shrugged.

"This is a fine period of time. Caste systems have broken down, a man can go as far as his strength and brain can take him. A time when the cream is allowed to rise. Are you a student of history?"

"I dabble," I said blandly.

"There was a similar time in China. After the Emperor fell."

"After the Double-Ten Revolution."

"Yes. Lasting until the Communists took over."

"Not really. Chiang Kai-Shek subjugated the warlords before that."

He seemed to find this funny. "You do impress me. Did you strip the bodies of the cyclists?"

He could check later anyway. "Yes."

"Did you find anything interesting?"

"Not really."

"Anything to indicate who they were working for?"

Damn. He had figured out they were mercenaries. Or he was paranoid. Either way, he was right. "No."

"No," he repeated. "Mister Bialy, I'm afraid I'll have to kill you."

My king was in check. Easy to stay calm. "Indeed? Whatever for?" The MGs on the truck had swiveled, depressed. Don't give them an excuse to open up.

"My daughter told me you found jewels. Therefore, you are either stupid, lying, or working for the villagers. Any possibility would do."

Radical shift in tactics: tell the truth. "Don't make me your enemy, Neumann. I can be dangerous. Sure, you can bully civilians when you're safe inside your buggy, but you and I know why you won't ever take that machine against a real town. Any half-assed duellist club would blow you to hell."

"Shut up."

"Of course, if you keep crawling low enough, there's a good chance no real fighters will ever be bothered with you or your sharecropper empire."

He hit me across the face. For a moment, I thought he had loosened teeth.

"Think it over, Neumann," I said quietly. "You're not the first warlord this planet's seen. They were all smart men, brave men. They all lost — eventually. Even when they died rich, their dynasties fell. You've got an oil refinery here. Sell it and you're rich, or run it yourself. Bet you'd live a lot better than you are now."

He considered. "I wish you weren't my enemy, Bialy."

"I don't have to be."

"But you're no threat if I kill you."

I showed teeth in my grin. "Try me."

"Excellent," he said ruefully. "Gold Cross, eh? And a member of The Brotherhood."

"Let's just say I have a trigger-happy friend in high places named Elijah."

"I won't surrender on the cheap threats of a hopped-up duellist."

Damn! Damn! Damn! "It's no surrender. Nobody's ever pointed out your options before." I was lying, of course: Anyone with half a brain would have thought of selling the oil — unless he was obsessed with his kingdom.

"I'm going to let you go, Bialy, if you let me see the jewelry. My technicians will unload your Vulcans before you leave."

"You'd better let me disarm the security system first."

He barely looked at me. "Nice try. No, your security system is set to trigger flechette grenades. It won't damage the car."

"And your technicians?"

"They'll take their chances."

I went along with it. I never claimed to be a hero. The techs managed it without killing themselves. The road I took out was a tortuous one, up the side of the mountain. Radar said I was alone. Dawn was beginning to break and I stopped to consider my options. The smart move was to leave, reload the Vulcans, and gun for Neumann's truck.

So I'm stupid. Why else was I crawling back to an oil refinery surrounded with razor wire carrying an Uzi, a thump gun, and three white phosphorus grenades?

No patrols were out. The storage tanks made easy targets. I tried not to think of how many hundreds of thousands of dollars of octane were going up down there. I just watched the truck, hoped the fire would spread to it in a hurry.

The truck started up, went through the fence and into the desert. Neumann beat me again.

I needed Doppelganger. I ran the three miles back to the pickup, uncertain what I'd do when I got there. Someday I'll learn: Neumann had sent a patrol out after me. Three, with rifles. They were sitting on Doppelganger.

"Hands up," said a fat guy who was probably the sergeant. I felt his suggestion had merit, so I complied.

"The General told us to follow you on foot. Funny, you stopping like that. Bet you've been causing trouble. Orders are to let you go but first we're going to have some fun."

Hmm. No radio contact with the refinery, and they didn't notice the fire . . . "Of course," I agreed, "But since you're only three to one you'd better keep your guns close by."

People can be so easy to manipulate. Following Sarge's lead, they dropped their rifles and came at me barehanded.

It's incredible how bad most people are at fighting. They think all you need are muscles and nerve. Combat armor has heavy shinpads, so you'd think people would know to kick for the shin. But no, it's my experience that people can't fight hand to hand worth beans.

I incapacitated them long enough to get into the pickup. I waited for them to limp to their weapons, and triggered the AP grenades. I fell back with a sigh and considered my next move, until I noticed a smell of perfume.

"Hey, Tabitha," I said as the barrel of a Sterling 9mm touched my throat. "How's tricks?"

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't kill you."

I said the first thing I thought of. "I'm a terrific lay."

That disconcerted her — or maybe she was considering the offer — long enough for me to punch it. I drove as wildly as I could: By the time she got control of her gun we were going down the mountain road at 70 mph.

"Stop us, now."

I shrugged. "Kill me and we'll see how far a pickup can fly. Don't bother me when I'm

trying to concentrate."

She rammed the gun into me and I pretended to lose control. "Oops," I apologized. "I warned you. Long way down, huh?"

On the desert road, I hit 110 and thanked my lucky stars for sportscar engines. I re-engaged the bumper trigger. Radar had no problem finding the truck. "I remember an accident I saw once. Kid rolled his car at fifty. He had external mount rockets like mine. You wouldn't *believe* the fireball." I didn't mention that the fireball was from another car. I was in control as long as we were driving fast.

I saw the truck, now. About half a mile from the village. They saw me; turned, stopped. I was facing a broadside of machine-guns. Bad move on his part. But Neumann didn't know what I was going to do. I had beaten him, even if I lost now.

"You'll never damage it, not without Vulcans," she said.

I offered her a bite of my chocolate bar and put my MGs on automatic. She was probably right. "Maybe. I want you to get on the mike and tell your father to give up."

She didn't, of course. He wouldn't have, anyway.

The truck was getting closer. The laser was scoring hits, blowing away paint and revealing my reflective armor. When will people realize that lasers are just light? Still closer: I went off-road and got ready to turn from my collision course.

I looked at Tabitha. "When you get to hell, tell Mom I said hi."

That distracted her while I pulled a red handle marked EJECT. An instant later, the roar of rockets filled Doppelganger as I went through the roof.

My seat was halfway up when Doppelganger hit the truck, broadside. The hang glider unfolded and the seat dropped away before I got a look. Doppelganger had gone *through* the truck, and sat, a pile of flaming debris. The truck roared with flame as well: Doppelganger must have hit flamethrower tanks. Explosions tore the truck to scrap while I landed.

Neumann was alive. It figures. He would be in the safest place aboard the truck. His leg was broken, but get him to a hospital and he'd survive.

"General," I said.

"Tabitha?" he asked.

"Back on the mountain. She's all right."



"Don't let them kill her."

"They won't do a thing to her. I promise you that."

He looked at me gratefully. "Thank you, Bialy."

I said nothing.

He laughed. "You lost your car. What did you get for it?"

"I think I'll be getting a glass of water and a packed lunch." I shaded my eyes with my hand. "The villagers are coming now."

"I don't think they'll give you water, General."

Gaming Notes

Justin Bialy's Doppelganger is . . . er, was a formidable machine. Designed to strike quickly and devastatingly, it doesn't have the armor to survive a prolonged battle.

Doppelganger: Pickup with Camper Shell, X-hvy. chassis, OR suspension, Sports power plant, 6 solid tires, driver, gunner. Two-space external weapons pods (facing front, one on each side), with 10 points of laser reflective armor, carrying one MFR each, both MFRs linked to bumper trigger; two linked MGs in

turret; two linked VMGs front; SS back; 8 AP grenades (2 each left, right, and top, 1 front, 1 back). Hi-res computer, Anti-theft system, radar, LD radio, Ejection Seat. Laser reflective armor: F20 (with ram plate), R10, L10, B10, T10, U5. Acc. 5, HC 2, \$43,555, 7,788 lbs. Cargo: 8 spaces, 12 lbs.

Note: The sports power plant (\$8,000, 1,000 lbs., 5 spaces, 12 DP, 2,700 power factors) is not an "official" *Car Wars* item, but was suggested by a reader in "Backfire" of *ADQ* 2/2. To build the car with a super power plant, the cost will go down \$5,000, but you must find 100 lbs. to get rid of, and the maximum speed will drop to 90 mph (wind resistance caused by the EWPs cuts a vehicle's max. speed by 10 mph).

Bialy is a Driver +1, Gunner +2, Cyclist, Handgunner +1, Runner +1, Mechanic. His personal equipment includes improved body armor, a heavy pistol, and an SMG with a laser scope.

The truck uses metal armor. It's old-fashioned in 2035, but it still works — especially if you can afford to carry a lot of weight! We're playtesting metal armor rules and will present them in a later issue of *ADQ*.

As this issue of *Autoduel Quarterly* goes to press, the autoduellng world is abuzz with anticipation of the 2034-35 AADA World Championships, to be held June 27-30 at Origins 85 in Baltimore, MD. Complete information on the exciting finals will appear in the next issue of *ADQ*.

But first things first. We have six new chapters in the American Autoduel Association, bringing the total to 30! The new chapters:

New Omaha Vehicular Association
(N.O.V.A.)

Norman McMullen, President
2201 Joyce Circle
Bellevue, NE 68005

Southside Chapter of the American
Autoduellng Association (SCAADAT)

Stacey Duis, President
4815 E. 35th St.
Tulsa, OK 74135

Canton Autoduel Association
James Davenport, President
4229 Bellwood Dr. NW
Canton, OH 44708

NorCal Transit Authority
Michael Taber, President
36 Laurel Ave.
Petaluma, CA 94952

Spokane Society of Vehicular Combat
Karl Erickson, President
13608 E. 7th
Spokane, WA 99216

Marin Marauders
Steven Huntsberry, President
27 River Oaks Rd.
San Rafael, CA 94901

This should also remind some of our oldest clubs that now is the time to renew your

charter! A one-year renewal is \$15, and approval is automatic — no need to reapply! In addition to the chance to participate in the 2035-36 AADA World Championship tournament, chapter clubs get first shot at many *Car Wars* products *before* they're released to the general public. Just recently, all the local AADA chapters got to playtest the new equipment in the Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog. Those clubs that responded got free copies upon publication, and our undying gratitude. Thanks to The Beer Town Boys, the Smith County Avengers, the Duellists, Experts, Aces, and Terminators for Hire, the Black Death Autoduel Association, the Allegheny County Autoduel Association, the North American Mondo and Duellist Society, the Arcadia Autoduel Association, and the Carmel Autoduel Association.

For those of you who are new to autoduellng, joining the AADA is easy: Subscribe to *Autoduel Quarterly*, the Journal of the American Autoduel Association, and you're in! Benefits include a membership card, periodic mailings containing free goodies, the right to form local chapters, and the opportunity to get "AADA Members Only" merchandise (see the inside of the mailer cover of this issue).

To form a local chapter, assemble at least five persons who are all AADA members. Then select a president, who will be responsible for all the official paperwork. (Don't worry, there won't be much of that.) The president must agree to allow his or her name to be published in *ADQ*. Just send us the proposed name of your club, the names of your members, the name and address of your president, and a \$15 chartering fee to the American



Autoduel Association, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760.

Now, on to other news —

Club Championships

The Black Death Autoduel Association reported that Mad Al Brown won their club championship at CanGames in Ottawa, Ontario in May. It was a three-vehicles-per-entrant event, and the BDAA reports, “The game was full of interesting designs, including a pickup truck with a Thundercat plant pulling a very large trailer loaded with MFR pods galore, another pickup that carried many pedestrians firing concussion grenades with hand-held launchers (which achieved considerable effect before most of the peds were set aflame by some hand-held portable FTs fired from an open-top mid-size), and a whole fleet of luxury vehicles with ram plates and super-charger capacitors.” Sounds deadly . . .

The Beer Town Boys held a “\$60,000 just about anything goes, which saw the likes of lasers, VMGs, plenty of grenades, and a turretless tank.” After an eight-duel elimination match, ranging from Division 10 and off-road trikes to a marathon race, Pierce Mulvey emerged the winner. Other finalists included Jacob Abrams, Tom Krymkowski, and James Labakken.

Tim Ray took the Austin Autoduel Association championship in an exciting 10-person event held with a \$15,000 limit. Ray chalked up 3 kills, the last one a crushing ram to defeat the 2nd-place finisher, Steve Jackson. The “Best Exit” award was given to Toshi Teruya, who finished 8th when his car, minus all four wheels, launched its ejection seat. Teruya landed safely in the Armadillo Autoduel Arena parking lot to the cheers of the crowd. The remaining finishers were, in order, Ray Moriss, David Etheridge, Ken McKinney, David Ladyman, Chris Bentley, Teruya, Dan O’Neill, and David Noel.

Other clubs have reported their club championships without providing the gory details. Chris Mills has emerged as this year’s champion of the Marin Marauders. David Phipps won the Garfield County Autoduelling Association’s championship. Also, Shane Kidwell won the championship of the newly-formed Southside Chapter of the American Autoduelling Association — Tulsa (S.C.A.A.D.A.T.), and defending AADA World Champion Carl Neal

took the first step back, winning the club championship of the Tulsa Overt Operators for the Betterment of Autoduelling (TOO-BAD).

Regional Action

The AADA South Regional was held at Con-Juration II in Tulsa, OK, on May 11. Defending AADA World Champion Carl Neal of TOO-BAD was the early favorite, but there were three other challengers: Tim Ray of the Austin Autoduelling Association, Shane Kidwell of SCAADAT, and David Phipps of the Garfield County Autoduelling Association. The event was a Division 25 driver-only duel held on a debris-littered, slightly modified Murphy Memorial Arena.

As the participants entered from four different sides of the arena, it took a few seconds for the action to develop. But the sparks began to fly when Phipps charged at Neal, doing serious damage with triple-linked rocket launchers. But Neal showed his championship form by picking off one of Phipps’ front tires with a laser and sending him into a burning roll. Luck was not on Phipps’ side, as the 3 rocket launchers (plus the 5 heavy rockets he had linked on one side) exploded due to the fire. Nearly everyone by now has seen that tremendous explosion on various highlight packages offered to satellite nets across the world.

The next duellist to have his luck run out was World Champion Carl Neal, as Ray and Kidwell stopped blasting each other long enough to gang up on Neal. An MFR shot from Ray ripped open the front of Neal’s car, but it was a volley of slugs from a pair of linked Vulcans just fractions of a second later that applied the *coup de grace*. With Neal out of the way, Ray and Kidwell resumed slugging it out at close range, with Ray coming out second best. Shane Kidwell of the Southside Chapter American Autoduel Association — Tulsa came away with the first-place prize which will be awarded at Origins. Kidwell’s winning car was a luxury, and featured 2 Vulcans linked front, a MFR to each side, a hi-res computer, and laser-reflective armor.

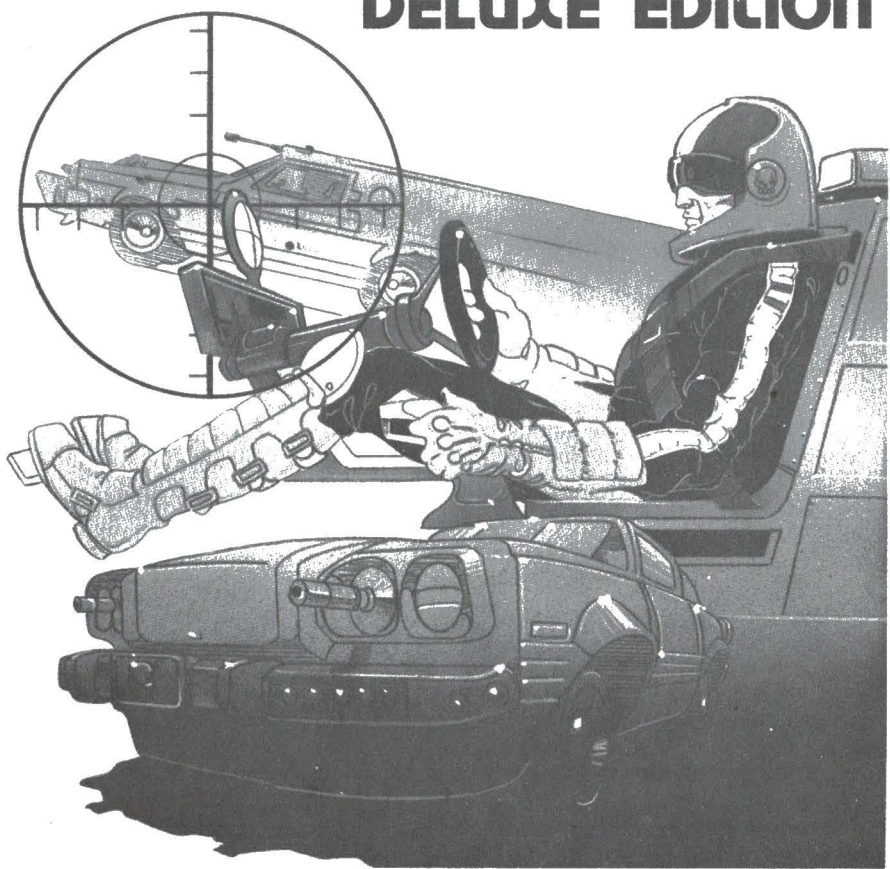
More details on the other regional battles, and of course, the AADA World Championship for 2034-35, will be in next issue. That’s all the news for now. Hope to hear from all our chapters soon, and remember . . . Drive Offensively!

A Report from the Trenches

by Scott Haring

CAR WARS[®]

DELUXE EDITION



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

The idea of a boxed, deluxe edition of *Car Wars* has been kicked around the office for quite some time, but it wasn't until late 1984 that we decided to do it. As the editor of *Autoduel Quarterly* and the resident *Car Wars* "guru," the task fell to me.

There were lots of decisions to be made — what components to put in the box, what rules to change, what to include, what to drop — and most of them revolved around the rulebook. Early in the project, I boasted, "I can get everything into a 32-page book." I only missed by a factor of two. The 64-page book even has extra charts on the inside covers, we were so pressed for room. Fortunately, I was allowed one big mistake — and that was it.

I had failed to fully comprehend the scope of material published in the *Car Wars* universe. After all, I had the original game, two supplements, a ref screen, a crossover supplement (*Autoduel Champions*), six expansion sets, a solo adventure, *The AADA Vehicle Guide*, and nine issues of *Autoduel Quarterly* to draw from. No wonder it wouldn't fit in 32 pages!

My goal was to make the rulebook complete — to have it contain everything in the *Car Wars* universe (up to that point). And I almost succeeded. The only thing not in *Deluxe Car Wars* is a number of the old Uncle Albert gadgets from early issues of *Autoduel Quarterly*. These got left out for a number of reasons: First, we were running out of room; second, many of the gadgets had nothing to do with the rules of the game (and any that *did* change the rules of the game got included); third, we had just finished releasing the *Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog*, which contained all the material, anyway; and fourth, I realized the notion of "completeness" in an evolving game system was an outmoded concept — as soon as the next issue of *ADQ* comes out (this one, as a matter of fact), the game would no longer be "complete," anyway.

But as far as actual rules go, the book is complete. Many articles from old *ADQs* — such as "All Fired Up," optional fire rules from *ADQ* 2/3; "Speeding in *Car Wars*" from *ADQ* 1/3; and "Critical Hits in *Car Wars*" from *ADQ* 2/4 — were converted into optional rules. Helicopters were brought in from *Autoduel Champions*, 18-wheelers from *Truck Stop*, trikes from *The AADA Vehicle Guide*, ten-wheelers from *ADQ* 2/3, and small trailers from *ADQ* 2/4. We also included the

special city fighting rules from *Crash City*, and all the rule modifications from other supplements.

But simply throwing together all the old rule changes would have been easy (heaven forbid we do anything easy . . .). I saw this re-write as an opportunity to fix all the things I didn't like about the original rules. After two years or so as *ADQ* editor and chief letter-answerer, I've gotten a pretty good idea of what the players didn't like about the rule system. And, of course, my own experiences as a player and referee were taken into account.

My biggest complaint was that nobody wanted to go fast. I have refereed a number of arena battles where the cars slowed to 5 mph and simply pivoted. Even on the highways, few folks dared to go faster than 40 mph or so. That just wouldn't do. Even though speed is still deadly in *Car Wars*, we needed an incentive to make people want to go fast — and the solution is a combat modifier based on the speed of the target vehicle. A system using relative speeds would be even more realistic, but too difficult to implement, requiring a healthy dose of trigonometry to get right. So, I opted for the simpler system.

I was very dissatisfied with the way grenades were thrown in the game, so I completely rewrote how grenades work. As a little preview, we put the grenade rules in *ADQ* 3/1. A similar system is also used for determining where a dropped bomb hits.

Another little glitch was the helicopter construction rules. I felt that the power plants had too many power factors, which allowed a helicopter to carry too much weight, which in turn meant that choppers were carrying too much armor. Just for grins, I put a super copter plant in a small helicopter. There's just enough room left for the pilot and a one-space weapon — I chose a machine-gun. That left enough weight capacity for 2,125 points of armor — over 350 per side if divided evenly! The heavy armor of choppers caused yet another problem — everyone spent their time going for rotors, because it was a waste of time shooting at the body of the chopper itself.

The solution was multi-faceted. First, I knocked down the power factors of all the copter plants. Second, I made rotors harder to hit, harder to damage, and tougher. Since these changes altered the way helicopters are built, the "Sample Vehicles" section of *Deluxe Car Wars* contains revised designs of

all the helicopters that appeared in *The AADA Vehicle Guide* (which were designed with the old rules). Of course, people who want to use the old rules are welcome to — but I think these are better.

We also added some new skills for characters, and changed the way skills are described. When a character has a skill at a base level, instead of calling it Skill-0, we just list the skill. Additional levels are designated by plusses. So, an old character who would have been described as a "Driver-0, Gunner-1, Mechanic-0" is now a "Driver, Gunner +1, Mechanic." The change is not that big — but it makes a lot more sense. We've also made some skills more valuable — like Driver and Cyclist, and that ties into what is perhaps the biggest change I made in the rules.

Under the old rules, every vehicle returns to its base Handling Class at the beginning of each turn. That meant that no matter how much trouble you were in or how out of control your vehicle was, you regained full control at maximum handling at the start of every second. Very simple, very playable — but not very realistic. Under the new system, there is still a base HC (the HC of your vehicle, plus any reflex bonus you qualify for) that you start the game at — and it's also the highest HC you can have during the course of a battle. But at the beginning of each turn, you only recover part of your HC. How much? That depends on the base HC of the vehicle, and your Driver skill (for a car — Cyclist skill for a trike or cycle, etc.). I won't give you all the details (go buy the game, for heaven's sake!), but I think it's much more realistic without sacrificing too much simplicity of play.

That has been the crux of all our decisions — realism vs. simplicity of play. Undoubtedly, there are going to be some folks who wished we made the game more realistic and more complicated. There are going to be others who wish we had made the game simpler, at the expense of some of our fancier rules systems. I think we've made a good compromise, staking out a position firmly in the middle ground. Time will tell if we did it right.

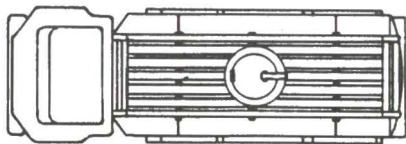
Another thing in the game that I'm particularly proud of is an easy-to-learn, "beginner's" version of the game that takes up the first few pages of the rulebook. It's perfect for those who've never played before, and it's worth looking at if you want to teach somebody the game without taking a whole lot of time.

We've also included some *Deluxe Road Sections* — curved and straight road sections on card stock, with turning keys, counters, and other neat stuff printed on the cards to boot. Other *Deluxe Road Sections* are being sold in separate packages — be on the lookout for them.

Of course, there's plenty of other stuff in the box — record sheets for every kind of vehicle, maps, counters — everything you need to play. But that's enough cheap commercialism — the purpose of this article was to explain why I did things the way I did them, not to get you to buy the game (which I fervently hope you'll do anyway, of course).

Usually, these articles are called "Designer's Notes." But that's not accurate in this case. While I did write some small sections, most of the material was stolen from the previous sources. Of course, I know enough to steal from the best — Steve Jackson, Aaron Allston, David Ladyman, Jim Gould, the writers of *Autoduel Quarterly*. So, does that make me a "developer"? Maybe . . . that's what it says on the title page of the rulebook. But "editor" might be appropriate, too, because in addition to merely selecting what bits to use and changing the bits that weren't right, I had to completely reorganize the whole thing. All the various combat information, for example, had to be pulled from each separate release and brought together in one section — thank Fangio for word processors. (And a special big thank you to Norman Banduch, who lent the company his Osborne computer, which I used to do all the writing.)

Now, on to the stirring summary. It was a lot of work, but I think it was worth it — *Car Wars* is now a better game, with a maze of complex rules brought together in one organized, unified whole, with many of the annoying little problems fixed — and some of the big ones, too. Is it a good buy? I think so . . . but of course, I'm biased. But if you take a look, I think you'll like it, too — and that's all I can ask.



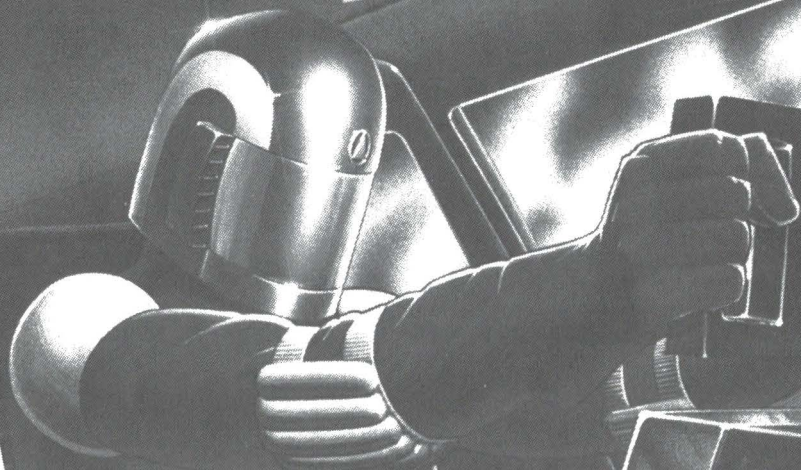
2035

The
world
of
autoduelling
just
got
bigger



CAR WARS

CAR WARS[®] DELUXE EDITION



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WARS

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Bigmouth

by John Nowak

“Bigmouth” is a scenario for one player and a referee. The player should design a vehicle for \$25,000 or less. *Do not* tell the player what’s ahead, or give him any hint about the scenario at all, so that he will be forced to design a general-purpose vehicle instead of a single-mission special.

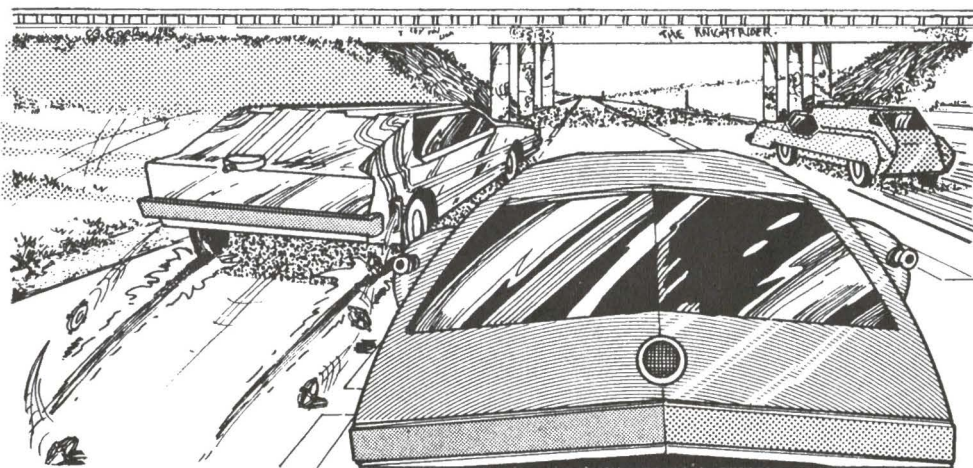
Set up a few straight, clean road sections, and have the player start cruising at 70 mph (yes, he’s got to go 70; tell him he’s got to be somewhere at a particular time). About 25’ ahead, he spots a small convoy of three vehicles — a Ram Tonto in the center lane in front, a Morningstar in the center lane three inches behind the Tonto, and a Piranha three inches behind the Morningstar, also in the center lane. They are all going 55 mph.

The player, true to highway etiquette, should radio ahead and request permission to pass. Instead of an equally-polite response and compliance, the convoy rudely refuses and threatens to “blow your kiddie-car all over the pavement if you come within 50 yards.” If the player decides not to attack, that’s the end of the scenario, so the referee could tell the

player that he recognizes the voice on the radio.

Riding in the Morningstar (and broadcasting the threats) is Harold Caswell, America’s most hated sportscaster. He has been killed eight times in the past by irate duellists; Gold Cross has kept him alive and paranoid. He’s afraid to fly, even though the network has offered him his own helicopter (it’s cheaper in the long run than cloning). So, he relies on the Morningstar (and its Driver +3, Gunner +1 chauffeur) and disposable escort cars. Everyone in the convoy wears body armor, and Caswell has improved body armor. Caswell’s chauffeur carries three grenades and a heavy pistol. Caswell will not fight — he’s too scared.

When the convoy is threatened from the rear (like now), the Tonto will move to the left lane and brake, dropping mines and attempting to get behind the attacker so it can use its RR. The Morningstar will move into the right lane and accelerate away, while the Piranha will maneuver to block the line of fire between the attacker and the Morningstar for as long as



possible — then it will brake violently to get a HR shot at the attacker.

The convoy escorts exist solely to defend the Morningstar. The Morningstar's chauffeur will not provide support for his escorts and will fire only at vehicles which have fired upon it. In the event of an attack from the rear (like this one), the minedropper will be set on automatic after the Piranha is no longer directly behind the Morningstar.

The escort drivers are not prepared to sacrifice their lives for Caswell, and will try to get away if the armor on one side of their vehicle is completely destroyed. The drivers of the two escort vehicles are Driver +1, Gunner. The two gunners are Driver, Gunner +1.

The convoy is being followed at a discreet distance by the newscopter of a rival network. They have reported six of Caswell's deaths as part of the lighter side of the news. This fight will count for prestige as though it were an arena combat — if the player succeeds in killing Caswell, prestige will be doubled, and he will receive a \$500 bounty (and certificate of merit) from the national AADA headquarters for making that organization's opinions about Caswell felt. Make no doubt about it, though — Caswell will be back. However, he can't afford to carry grudges against the people who kill him (there are too many!), so the player need not fear retribution.

If the player succeeds in killing Caswell, he should get congratulations from NPC drivers and truckers he encounters for the next few months. He should get some sort of positive reaction bonus for all sorts of negotiation and bargaining (again, for a few months — not forever).

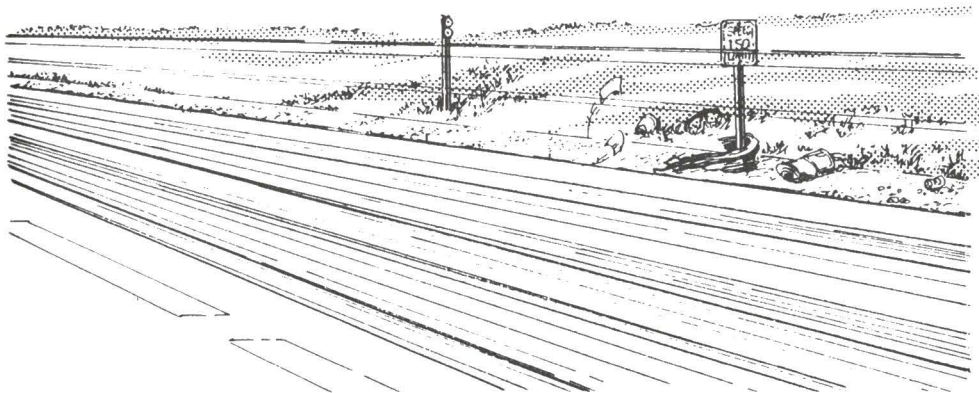
Vehicle Stats

Ram Tonto — Luxury, x-hvy. chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 4 solid tires, driver, gunner, RR front, MG back, 2 MDs linked (one right, one left), fire extinguisher, 2 targeting computers, spare tire, LD radio. Armor: F40 (with ram plate), R25, L25, B35, T20, U25. Accel. 5, HC 3, 6,575 lbs., \$21,200.

Morningstar — Luxury, x-hvy. chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 4 solid tires, driver, 2 passengers, turreted laser, MD rear, fire extinguisher, hi-res computer. Armor: F40 (with ram plate), R25, L25, B20, T30, U20. Accel. 5, HC 3, 6,500 lbs., \$37,000.

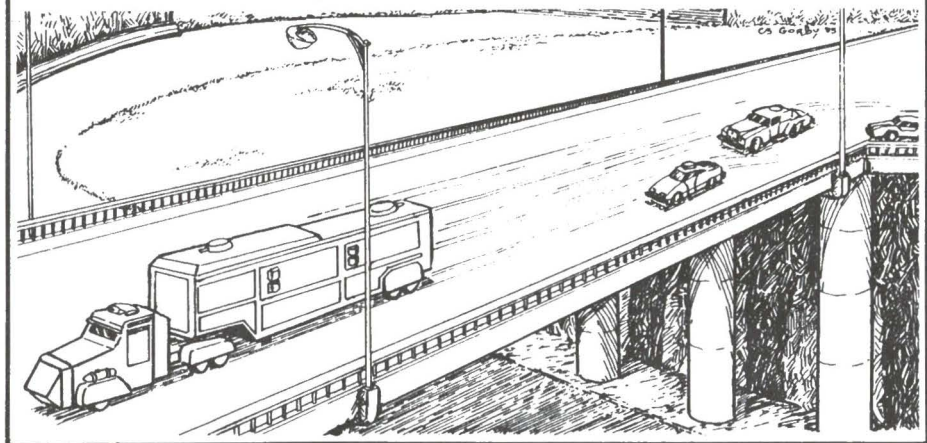
Piranha — Luxury, hvy. chassis, large power plant, hvy. suspension, 4 PR tires, driver, gunner, RL front, 3 MGs, each with extra magazine (one each, right, left, and back), HR front, fire extinguisher. Armor: F30, R25, L25, B30, T20, U20. Accel. 5, HC 3, 5,995 lbs., \$13,650.

This situation will also work as an encounter during a long *Convoy* or "Badlands Run"-style adventure. If the three cars are threatened from the front or by a roadblock, the Tonto will veer into the left lane, and accelerate towards the threat. The Piranha will move into the right lane and also accelerate towards the threat. The Piranha will move into the right lane and also accelerate (to match the Tonto). The Morningstar will brake, do a bootlegger turn, and run in the direction it came from.



Robbery Under Arms

by Peter Schutze



“Robbery Under Arms” is a scenario for two or more players. One player runs a truck carrying precious cargo through a lawless stretch of interstate. As the truck passes an entrance ramp, a group of heavily-armed dueling vehicles swing onto the highway. Are these the escorts that have been promised, or are they hijackers? As twin Vulcans bite into the rear armor of the trailer, the truck’s crew knows the answer . . .

The hijacker player (or players) gets \$180,000 to build at least three land vehicles (no helicopters) and as many crew members as necessary (no extra passengers). Each crew member gets 50 skill points to spend — 10 points for a skill at base level, 10 points more for each plus — but cannot spend more than 30 points on any one skill. Note that some characters will have to have the Trucker skill to prepare for taking the truck.

The trucker player is driving a stock Maul tractor, pulling a stock Behemoth trailer. The truck driver is Trucker +2, Gunner +1, Handgunner; the tractor gunner is Trucker +1, Gunner +1, Driver, Handgunner. The five gunners in the trailer are Gunner +1. The trailer is carrying medical equipment, but hidden in the CargoSafe is over \$30 million in currency (it’s a good thing the players can be

trusted). The truck is moving at 50 mph; when it gets 5” past the entrance ramp, the pursuers enter at any speed they wish. After the ramp section, the highway is straight, debris-free road for the remainder of the battle. The scenario ends when the truck is captured (or destroyed in the attempt) or the hijackers are killed.

Vehicle Stats

Maul: Sleeper longnose, x-hvy. chassis, large truck power plant, 10 solid tires, driver, gunner, 2 linked RRs front, MG in turret, RL right, RL left, fire ext., 2 hi-res computers. Armor: F70, R60, L60, B30, U30, T50, 6 10-pt. wheelguards. 16,140 lbs., \$103,050.

Behemoth: Van trailer, quick-release king-pin, 8 solid tires, 5 gunners, 2 turreted lasers linked TF, 2 turreted lasers linked TB, 2 HLs linked back, 6 MDs (2 linked right back, 2 linked left back, 2 linked back), link for all 6 MDs, 8 RRs (4 linked pairs, one each right front, right back, left front, left back), 22 AP flechettes, small car power plant, CargoSafe. Cargo capacity: 23 spaces, including 10 within CargoSafe. Armor: 100 in all locations, 50 in each position on interior CargoSafe, 4 10-pt. wheelguards. 41,960 lbs., \$188,150.

Why Me?

by Peter Schutze

It's a short drive home, down a deserted and uneventful patch of highway. Until today, that is . . .

"Why Me?" is a scenario for one player and a referee, or multiple players. The first player gets to spend up to \$35,000 to buy or build a car, and 60 skill points to build a character (no more than 30 of which can be spent on any one skill). Gunners or other crew members are not allowed.

The first player will be attacked in a series of four seemingly random road duels. The players may choose any speed over 50 mph to start; the attacking vehicle (or vehicles) will appear at the same speed, either 10" ahead or 10" behind the first player. The first encounter will start on a straight, clean road section. For each road section after that, roll two dice; on a 7, it's a curve (roll randomly for right or left — if you have the Deluxe Road Sections, also roll randomly for tight or regular); otherwise, it's a straight. On a roll of 1 on one die, the road section is debris-littered; otherwise, the road is clear. If the attackers are being run by the referee, they will continue to fire until a) they are 20" away from the player's vehicle, or b) there are no effective weapons that can be brought to bear against the player, and c) there is no hope things will get any better.

The first encounter is with a Galahad: Pickup, x-hvy. chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 6 solid tires, driver, turreted laser, fire ext., hi-res computer. Armor: F55, R50, L50, B50, U30, T50. Acc. 5, HC 2, 7,785 lbs., \$29,320.

The second encounter is with a pair of cars, a Bombardier II and a turreted Flamberge. The Bombardier II: Luxury, std. chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 4 PR tires, driver, gunner, 2 linked MFRs front, MG in turret, fire ext. Armor: F20, R15, L15, B20, T10, U15. Acc. 10, HC 3, 5,150 lbs., \$11,450. The Turreted Flamberge: Mid-size, x-hvy. chassis, large power plant, hvy. suspension, 4 solid tires, driver, gunner, 2 linked MGs in turret, RR front. Armor: F40, R35,

L35, B35, T40, U28. Acc. 5, HC 3, 5,754 lbs., \$15,908.

The third encounter is with a Banzai Deluxe: Mid-size, x-hvy. chassis, large power plant, hvy. suspension, 4 solid tires, driver, 2 linked lasers front, MG rear, cyberlink from driver to linked lasers. Fireproof armor: F45, R29, L29, B40, T25, U20. Acc. 5, HC 3, 5,754 lbs., \$45,666.

The final encounter is with a Katana 2035: Luxury, x-hvy. chassis, large power plant, heavy suspension, 4 PR radials, driver, turreted RL, FOJ back, HFOJ right, HFOJ left, link for all three flaming oil jets, LD radio, hi-res computer. Armor: F30 with ram plate, R25, L25, B30, T30, U20, four 10-pt. wheelguards. Acc. 5, HC 3, 5,960 lbs., \$24,175.



All crew members of attacking vehicles are Driver +1, Gunner +1. If the player survives all four attacks, he'll receive a request on his radio from a local television helicopter to pull over for an interview. Up ahead, the helicopter is on the ground, and a TV crew is setting up. Since TV copters *never* land unless the area is thoroughly scouted and safe, it's obviously safe for the player to stop. When he does, a reporter approaches him and tells him that the four encounters were staged by the station in order to get some "good action." He hands the player an envelope containing \$15,000 in cash, and tells him that any repairs necessary on the car will be paid for by the station. If the player is still mad enough to try to take out his frustrations on the news unit, he can try — but he won't get the free repairs.

The Gauntlet

by Joe Mauloni

“The Gauntlet” is a one- or two-player scenario. It requires the full map of Midville to play. The map of downtown Midville is available in either *Crash City* or *Deluxe Car Wars*. The map of East Midville is available in *Car Wars* Expansion Set 3.

“The Gauntlet” depicts the plight of a lone driver, lost and low on power, who stumbles into an abandoned town recently taken over by a cycle gang. The motorist player receives \$15,000 to build a single vehicle. No gunners or other crewmen are allowed, and the player gets 50 points to build a character, no more than 30 of which can be spent on any one skill. The cyclist forces are determined randomly as explained below. The motorist player enters the map at the Southeast corner on Maple, at any speed. Block 20 is empty at the start.

Road Hazards: The town is old and desolated. Many of the buildings are partially collapsed and the roads are littered with debris. To reflect this, whenever the vehicle comes within one inch of an intersection, roll one die and consult the following chart for each road leading from the intersection.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Clear | 4. Heavy debris |
| 2. Light debris
(3/0) | (5/2) |
| 3. Moderate
debris (3.1) | 5. Heavy debris
plus wreck |
| | 6. Road blocked |

The numbers in parentheses are the number of debris/obstacle counters to be placed in the road section (debris is the first number, followed by the obstacles). All of the counters are dropped by the cyclist player from a height of six inches along the length of the road section. The road sections extend from streetlight pair to streetlight pair and do not extend into the intersections. Any counters falling into buildings or intersections are dropped again.

If a six is rolled, the road is considered to be completely blocked by rubble in an area two inches wide roughly centered in the road section. Should the driver try to force his way

through this mess anyway, the following penalties apply:

1. Driving across rubble is a D6 hazard.
2. Roll one die for each tire. On a 1-4, each tire takes one die damage.
3. If the vehicle is moving faster than 10 mph, roll one die. A six indicates suspension damage. Handling class is permanently reduced by one.

Cyclist Placement: When the motorist reaches an intersection, roll one die for each block of buildings adjacent to the intersection; on a 1-3, that block is occupied by 1-3 bikers. (If a block is unoccupied, roll again each time you reach an adjacent intersection, until bikers appear.) For each biker, roll one die and consult the following chart:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Shotgun | 4. 3 VLAWs |
| 2. 2 grenades | 5. LAW |
| 3. SMG | 6. Shogun 200 |

A roll of five or six on another die roll indicates that the biker is wearing body armor.

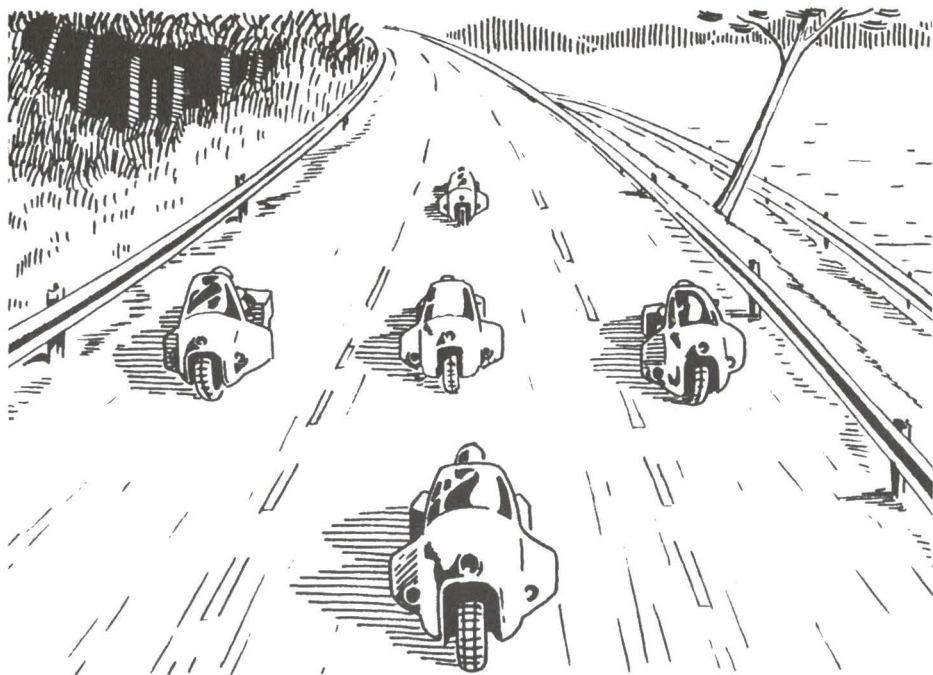
The bikers are placed along the sides of buildings so as to give them a reasonable field of fire along possible paths taken by the motorist. Whenever possible, they are placed in doorways for cover. Pedestrians will move to gain a field of fire, but will not pursue the motorist to a different block.

The Shoguns, if they are rolled up, are placed either behind doors or in parking areas with an access to the route taken by the fleeing motorist. On their initial turn of placement they will neither move nor fire. On the next turn, they will move only ½”, but may fire normally. On subsequent turns, they will move normally. The cyclists are all Cyclist +1, Gunner, Handgunner.

Victory Conditions: The motorist wins by escaping from the north edge of the map on Kazango in a vehicle that is still drivable. Any other result is a biker victory.

Bikers Are People, Too

by Larry Sewell



In the game world of 2035, the referee's biker usually fills the same role as the Dungeon Master's Orc — big, surly, and mean, but not too difficult to kill. But what about playing a biker? Don't all laugh at once. A cunning bike gang can be just as much fun to play as any pro autoduellist.

What follows is a guide to successful cycling in the *Car Wars* universe. But success means different things for different people. A successful trucker delivers his load reasonably undamaged and on time. The successful duellist is awarded prestige and prize money. A successful biker is one who is still alive.

Know Your Limits

Face it. A bike is easy to kill. If you and your cohorts go out chasing heavily-armed vehicles, your attrition rate is going to be awfully high. If you're going to play typical "smash & grabbers," you may as well pick a victim that can't smash back. Hitchhikers,

unarmed campers, cycle couriers, and civilian cars are much easier prey than Joe Duellist.

Of course, numbers have a lot to do with this. If the Renegades have 50 bikes cruising down a two-lane highway, even the truckers are going to turn off. But if you have only 6-10 bikes to play with, you had better stick to shooting up "defenseless" civs.

Range

When sitting in an armored vehicle, with a few forward-firing weapons, range is not really a big factor. On a cycle, unless you have a super-high gunner skill (say +5 or +6), distance can be a deadly enemy. It often boils down to, "Can Mad Dog survive five turns of RR fire while he closes to '6 or better' range with his heavy rocket?" If the range is greater than 16 inches and you're not going at least 20 mph faster than your opponent, forget it. If he's got a decent gunner skill and a two- or three-dice weapon, you shouldn't even think of attacking him in the first place.

Tactics

Most of the bros on Highway One were put there by limited imagination. They jumped the first car to come along, and were just too proud to run. Splat-o. If you *must* take on armed opponents, either by bad luck or lack of brain matter, take some time, coordinate your attacks, and maybe you'll come out ahead.

A common mistake is to make neat, close formations. They sacrifice mobility for concentration of firepower, but one missed handling roll can cause headaches no pain reliever can cure. Open, fluid formations are the answer — say, one cycle per lane abreast, with at least 2' between the back of the lead bike and the front of the next. The "Five of Diamonds" — 3 bikes abreast on a three-lane highway, with one bike in front and one more in back, both in the center lane — is a popular fluid formation. Spacing the bikes in this manner will minimize the effects of dropped weapons, tear gas, and fishtails.

Never attack the front of an oncoming car unless you have no choice. Since most cars have their primary weapons mounted front (and lots of armor to protect them), unless *you* have lots of front armor it's game over. And as you pass your opponents, their side weapons will turn you into vulture bait. It only takes a heavy pistol to knock out a rider from the side. Of course, you could always build a cycle made especially for head-on attacks. Thirty points of front armor and three linked heavy rockets will do the trick. Popular slang for this kind of contraption is "Sui-Cycle."

Perhaps the best way to drive an attack home is the ambush. Player characters *get* ambushed all the time, so it seems that turning the tables should be fair. With time, money, improvised weapons, and a little imagination, it can be just as deadly as a Q-Truck. For instance . . .

Zorro Lotsabucks, pro duellist, is out for a drive in the country in his imported Linguine 500. With a recoilless rifle in the turret, a minedropper, and twin front machine-guns, he feels reasonably safe. Suddenly, three cycles dart onto the road in front of him. Dodging and weaving, they fire with hand weapons. What fools, thinks Zorro, as he accelerates and sets his MGs on automatic. And then, around a sharp bend in the road, hidden (up until now) by some trees, Zorro sees more mines than he's ever seen before in his life. To

make matters worse, small arms fire breaks out from the treeline. Zorro now has three options. He can brake and hope he makes his control rolls. He can drive right through (again hoping he makes his control rolls and also hoping his underbody armor holds up). Or he can try to go around the mines. Zorro chooses the third option and eases his car into the ditch. POW. Right into two 55-gallon drums filled with water. Bikers 1, Duellist 0. With any luck, they can salvage a working RR with ammo, a working minedropper with ammo, and three or four good tires, nearly \$2,500 for 15 seconds' work.

Groups and Packs — Let's say you're riding with the Exterminators. They have seven bikes with two linked RLs apiece. Pretty awesome firepower, no? So what happens if something comes up behind them?

When traveling in a group it's best to sacrifice some offensive weapons and have two or three cycles with rear-mounted or dropped weapons to cover your back. A couple of cycle/sidecar combinations with minedroppers can make most pursuers think twice. If your buddies are known for putting lasers on everything they drive, why not install a heavy smokescreen? You'll get a good laugh the first time you use it, as well as pulling the plug on those three- and four-dice zappers.

Other Goodies — The Stone Killers have just smoked old Zorro Lotsabucks. They've got a RR, a minedropper, and four tires. Great! Now how are they gonna get it home? Right-o. Behind every gang lies a pickup (usually way behind, and out of the action). Put about six points of armor on each side and it shouldn't run you more than a few thousand. Throw all your spare ammo, tires, and six-packs in the back, and you're ready to roll. On the way back it holds your loot and the guys who are too shot up to ride. Even with enough painkillers and recreational pharmaceuticals to kill a moose, referees should *never* allow unconscious characters to ride a bike.

Buy everyone a hand weapon. Get some grenades, smoke bombs, lengths of chain, spikes, mines, and LAWs for ambushes. Don't bother with tripod weapons. They're too expensive and always the first things to get blown away. Purchase (or steal) body armor for as many characters as you can. And everyone should have a gas mask — they only cost \$30, and can save you a lot of trouble.

Design Notes

Don't hit the road unless your personal character has a machine that costs at least \$5,000. Sure, those Outlanders and Shoguns are OK for non-player character, but you have a tendency to die too often if you ride in them a lot. Unless you want a gunner (no space on a cycle, but 150 pounds), put on *lots* of armor. On a heavy cycle, thirty points of armor only weighs 180 pounds.

As far as weapons go, there are a few dos and don'ts. You want a weapon that's light and does one or (preferably) two dice of damage. The rocket launcher and machine-gun are ideal, and the new High-Density MG ammo makes the MG even more attractive! Don't bother with Vulcans, flamethrowers, or lasers. They're just too heavy. Rockets are OK if you can manage to use them effectively. (The story of Louisiana cyclist Sherry Bailey in *ADQ* Vol. 2, No. 2, should be an inspiration to bikers everywhere.) Dropped weapons should also not be forgotten. Sidecars are very limited as to what you can do with them. Besides car-

rying passengers or cargo, there are only three ways to use them well:

1. Mount dropped weapons on both the cycles and the sidecar.
2. Fill it full of rockets, and hope to get close enough to use them.
3. Buy a cycle turret sidecar. This sucker just about pays for itself the first time you use it.

As for the people, again, make sure everyone has a hand weapon. Body armor is nice, too, if you can afford to replace it all the time. One item that is rarely used, but is quite effective, is the smoke grenade. It's cheaper than a smokescreen, and almost as good. And your opponent will never know if they're smoke grenades or fragmenting grenades until they go off — and that uncertainty can work to your advantage.

So, improvise, and watch your back. 'Cause there are too many Car Jockeys out there who think the only good biker is a dead one.

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ADQ Interview

Uncle Albert



There is no autoduellist or duelling fan in North America who has not heard of Uncle Albert — and it's a rare duellist who doesn't have at least one piece of Uncle Albert's equipment on his or her vehicle. After building a successful regional auto parts business, Albert Stoliczynski entered the duelling accessories business in 2027. He was one of the first to see how big autoduelling would become, and entered the duelling business full-time in 2031.

The rest, as they say, is history. Today Uncle Albert's Auto Stop and Gunnery Shop is one of the 100 biggest businesses in North America, and the single largest privately-owned company in the United States. Estimates of Albert's fortune are hard to come by, but the best guess available puts the figure at \$850 million — and some estimates are as high as \$1.4 billion.

We caught up with Albert at the Uncle Albert Corporate Headquarters and Proving Grounds. His office is large and well-appointed, but not flashy. The interview started there, but as you will see, Albert is a tough guy to keep in one place.

ADQ: Very impressive plant. But how much of it is necessary?

Unc Al: Honestly? Except for the live proving grounds, we could do the rest of it out of rented warehouse and office space. But I've worked long and hard to have a nice place to work in. And my employees deserve the best, too.

ADQ: Tell us a little about yourself.

Unc Al: Oh, the standard bio, huh? I was born in 1983 in Chicago, and just got out of high school when the Second Civil War broke out. I got drafted, but was lucky enough to spend my time in supply. I found out there that I had a flair for supply and distribution. When I got out, I went to Loyola and got a degree in business administration. It took a while to

build the business, but here we are. I've been married for 23 years, and my wife Cathy and I have one child, James, who's 18.

ADQ: You're obviously a good businessman, but how did you get started with cars? Why not some other line of work?

Unc Al: Cars are so . . . *American*. I remember my first car, a '90 Buckingham. It was a real heap, but it got good mileage. This was 2000, remember, and gas was up to \$4 a gallon or so. I remember even then, people loved their cars. And it wasn't easy to love cars then, either. Everything related to cars was horribly expensive. Lots of folks couldn't afford to drive 'em, but everybody owned one — just kept it in the driveway. Those were funny times. But I figured that if people would love their cars then, and spend money on them like they would a kid, that they always would. It seemed like the best business to be in.

ADQ: And then, later, you moved into duelling accessories.

Unc Al: Talk about your untapped gold mine! I knew, as far back as '24, that autoduelling would be a craze. It seemed like an easy step, since the Auto Stops were already well established as auto parts stores. And Edgar had some good ideas — he's always been more into the violence of duelling than I was — so in '27, we introduced our line. By '31, it was making so much money that I sold the auto parts side of the business and never turned back.

ADQ: I'd like to get back to your brother Edgar in a second . . .

Unc Al: He's a great guy. We're a natural team.

ADQ: . . . but I wanted to ask you about your personal feelings about autoduelling.

Unc Al: Well, it's great for business. I don't watch it that much, though. All that death and blood . . . I know people like to see it, but the Romans liked watching lions eat

people, too. On the other hand, nobody's forcing anyone to participate. And like I said, it's good for business. This is not to run down duellists or fans. The people that go out in the arena have a lot of skill, and lots of courage . . . it's just not my thing.

ADQ: What *do* you like to do?

Unc Al: When I'm not working, I like to spend my time at home. I've got a little basement workshop, and I build models.

ADQ: Models?

Unc Al: Yeah, just about anything. I started with kits, but the past four or five years, I build strictly from scratch. I do ships, planes, cars, you name it. It takes me a couple of months to finish one, more if there's a lot to do here at the plant.

ADQ: We get the impression you spend a lot of time here.

Unc Al: Well, I take a two-week vacation every year. That's company policy — everybody who works for us must take two weeks off, paid, every year. But if it weren't for that rule, I'd be here then, too. I typically put in about 55 hours a week. There's a lot to do around here — new markets to explore, ad copy to write, franchise applications to screen.

ADQ: That doesn't give you much time to enjoy your money.

Unc Al: Well, that's true, but this company got to where it is today because I watched over it carefully, and because we do things my way. If I started paying less attention, things would go downhill — and I won't let that happen. And that talk about my money — it's overrated.

ADQ: Being rich is overrated?

Unc Al: No, the amount of money I have is overrated.

ADQ: But we've heard some pretty amazing numbers . . .

Unc Al: I read that same speculative trash, and I have to laugh. I'm certainly doing all right — I've got a very prosperous business, and I got a tidy sum when I sold the auto parts business, and I *have* made some pretty smart investments, but there's no way I'm worth a billion dollars. That's the silliest thing I ever heard.

ADQ: How much *is* the business worth?

Unc Al: That depends on how you look at it. From an accountant's point of view, we're worth about \$350 million. But I wouldn't sell it for twice that . . . well, maybe I *would* sell it for twice that . . . no, I wouldn't. This busi-

ness is my life, and besides, what would I do with all that money? At least now, I've got a place to go in the mornings.

ADQ: Let's get back to your brother, Edgar. How does he fit in?

Unc Al: Edgar and I are a perfect team. I couldn't have built this business without him — but he couldn't have done it without me, either. Edgar's a tinkerer and inventor, always has been. He kept that old Buckingham going for years after it should have been in the junkyard. He's not only very creative, but he's complete. He covers all the angles, and finds the weird side effects and unexpected combinations *before* the product hits the market. We've had a reputation for high quality and good design for years, and Edgar's responsible for it. He's the best.

ADQ: And where do you come in?

Unc Al: I'm the marketing wizard. I know what will sell just by being available, and I know what has to be pushed. I know where to push it, and how hard. Edgar has yet to come up with the gadget that I can't sell. But it's not all done with mirrors. At their heart, our products are useful, dependable, and high-quality. Those kind of products are much easier to sell.

Unc Al: How do you decide what products to sell?

Unc Al: It's a group decision. I value Edgar's judgment a lot — and we've got a good staff. I rarely go against their recommendations. I figure I'm not the expert — just the salesman.

ADQ: How much testing do you do?

Unc Al: Enough to satisfy ourselves that the product will do what we say it will do, and do it safely, efficiently, and effectively. We are, of course, in compliance with all applicable product safety regulations — both state and federal. But our own policies, to tell you the truth, are much more strict.

ADQ: Not all of your products have passed this test, I assume.

Unc Al: Not hardly. That's what our proving grounds are for. We've got 80 acres of tracks, roads, buildings, bunkers, labs, you name it, just to test products. Come on, I'll show you. (At this point, Albert bounded out of his chair and headed down the hall. Our interviewer reports, "He moves pretty good for an older guy. I had trouble keeping up.")

ADQ: Where are we now?

Unc Al: This is a room that's not on the regular tourist tour. Every new research engi-

neer, developer, product tester, and ad writer we hire has to spend a few days in here. We keep all our failures in here.

ADQ: Your failures?

Unc Al: Yeah, all the products that didn't work out, or had a side effect we hadn't counted on, or just didn't sell. We've got some actual samples in here, plus lots of video tape from testing sessions and product demonstrations. Some of it's pretty funny.

ADQ: Most people try to forget the things that go wrong.

Unc Al: And those are the people who never learn. When a product goes in the toilet, it's a bad thing. We lose money, the people associated with the project lose self-esteem, everybody feels bad. There's only one way we can salvage anything from that, and that's by learning from the experience. You can *not* create things or grow or expand without trying something different, and mistakes are inevitable. No one gets in trouble around here for making a mistake — provided they learn from it. Making the same mistake twice . . . that I won't tolerate.

ADQ: Anyway, what kind of stuff have you got here?

Unc Al: All kinds. Weapons that blow up, things that don't work . . . Here's an interesting one — a spike-sweep plate. It ran off the power plant, and attracted spikes magnetically. Spikes on the road would get picked up by the plate, clearing a path for the car or truck.

ADQ: Sounds good. What happened?

Unc Al: Well, in testing it exhibited a nasty tendency to pick up things other than spikes . . . like mines. Which exploded on impact. Plus, it attracted bullets. Approximately 10% of shots that should have been close misses ended up hitting the vehicle in our combat tests.

ADQ: Ouch!

Unc Al: Our statisticians said the attraction factor wasn't significant, but can you imagine the marketing job required when word gets out the product *attracts* enemy fire, even a little bit? We're still working on some kind of spike-sweeper, but magnetism is not the way to go. Here's another one you might like: Anti-laser foam. You spray it on your vehicle, and it absorbs a certain amount of laser fire, usually two or three good shots per side, sometimes more.

ADQ: What's wrong with that?

Unc Al: It's a great idea, and initial

research indicated it would go over big, but it died in testing. There were some problems we anticipated, like the stuff washing off in the rain and blowing off at high speeds, but we figured that was just one of the unavoidable drawbacks, and people would still buy it and take their chances on the weather. We forgot about aesthetics.

ADQ: Aesthetics?

Unc Al: Yeah, all our independent testers came back with the same report — "I don't care if it does work," they said, "the car looks like a Burma Shave reject." There were also problems with the foam getting into weapons ports and gumming things up, but the main problem was that no one wanted to put the stuff on because of how ugly it made the car look. It's too bad — I really liked the stuff. But if no one will buy it, you can't sell it. We could spend all day in here, but you get the idea.

ADQ: Let's talk a little about your new catalog. You've never published anything like this before. Why'd you do it?

Unc Al: In the past, we've relied on word-of-mouth, our regional showrooms — and, of course, our advertisements in all the major duelling magazines. But as our line expands, it gets tougher and tougher to keep track of it all, so we wanted to put it all down in one place. We've done catalogs for our dealers in the past, but this is the first time we've directed it toward consumers. We're real proud of it — it looks real sharp.

ADQ: Well, no doubt that it will increase your sales. You've been criticized in the past, however, for being too . . . well, enthusiastic. How do you respond to that?

Unc Al: You mean, "Uncle Al, the Duellists' Pal"? Yeah, we get a little frenetic in our copy. But, I'll tell you — it works. We've established a friendly image. We've become a company that our customers trust. But don't overemphasize the marketing, or the hokey ad copy — our products sell because they're the best quality at a good price. That's the secret of our success — not clever ads.

ADQ: But there are other companies that offer good products — why haven't they enjoyed your success?

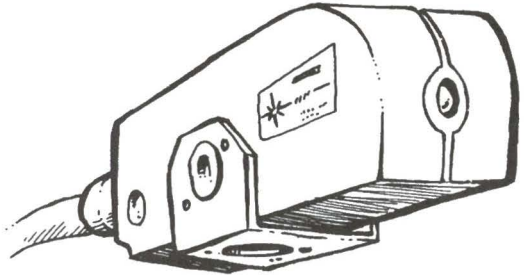
Unc Al: I'd rather not speculate on the good or bad points of other companies in the field, but it's obvious that we've put ourselves in a position where people think of us first when they want duelling accessories. And that's the way we want it to stay.

"We're moving forward at the speed of light!"

TARGETING LASER

Give your rockets the benefit of our Laser Guidance Link (*ADQ 2/4*, and the *Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog*) without the expense and space of a laser. You can do it with our new, low-power targeting laser. It's easy on your power plant, easy on your wallet, and *super* accurate. Now there's no reason your rockets can't enjoy higher accuracy with our new targeting laser. Note: The laser guidance link must still be purchased separately.

Targeting Laser — To hit 5, no damage, 1 DP, \$1,000, 50 lbs., no space. Usable with any type of rocket with the laser guidance link. Does not drain range from a power plant, but is blocked by smoke and paint like any other laser.

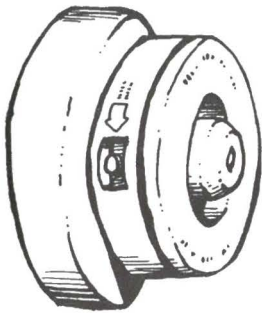


LIMPET BEACON

Slip one of these on an opponent's vehicle and make him a sitting duck for radar- and laser-guided weaponry! Our new Limpet Beacon attracts those heavy-hitting weapons like a magnet! He'll never know what hit him when you set him up first with a Resnick Limpet Beacon!

Limpet Beacon — When mounted on the outside of a vehicle, the mine gives a +2 to hit for all radar- and laser-guided weapons fired at the vehicle. In addition, all laser- or radar-guided weapons that pass within 4" of an active Limpet Beacon while in flight have a 2 in 6 chance of being diverted toward the vehicle carrying the mine. If a vehicle carrying a Limpet Beacon fires such a weapon, there is no chance the weapon will return. Once a radar- or laser-guided rocket or missile is diverted to a Limpet Beacon it will not return to its original target, though it may be diverted again by another Limpet Beacon. A weapon diverted from its target by a Limpet Beacon must still roll to hit the new target, with the +2 bonus mentioned before.

The Limpet Beacon must be placed on a vehicle by hand, just like a limpet mine. Each one costs \$250, and must be activated (there's a small switch on the side) before it will start working. It has negligible weight or space, but does count as one grenade when carried by a pedestrian.



Excerpts from the **NORTH AMERICAN ROAD ATLAS AND SURVIVAL GUIDE, 3rd Edition**

by
Terry H Jones

Never a heavily populated or extremely prosperous area, Western Kentucky has, nevertheless, managed to retain much of what it had in the past. The economy is based on the land, with coal mining and agriculture accounting for 80% of the area's income. The people of the region have fought hard for what they have, and they do not let go of it easily.

History

Much of Western Kentucky was built with coal mining money. Mining has employed generations of Kentuckians, but in the late 1980s and '90s increased environmental concern, loss of farm land to strip-mining, and reduced burning of the area's high-sulfur coal caused a major drop in demand. The Oil Wars and acute energy shortages of the late '90s, however, rekindled interest in synthetic fuels, and coal was again in demand. Fewer government safety inspectors, however, made the job increasingly dangerous, and the Morganfield Collapse, a disaster that killed 35 miners and trapped 22 more underground for three days, sparked a general strike across the region.

The mining companies, having fought the union for over a century, turned an army of lawyers loose in the courts, and began hiring non-union workers. Thousands of unemployed flocked to the area, many with no mining experience, making the mines even more dangerous. Many of the new workers were from Indiana, which ignited anti-Hoosier prejudices. Clashes between strikers and company guards were frequent and bloody, with the fights made bloodier by the easy availability of weapons in Kentucky.

The companies eventually built barracks-like "dorms" at mining sites so their new employees would not have to "face the danger

of picket-line thugs." The barbed-wire fences, minefields, and armed guards caused many of the strike-breakers to give up their jobs, even though unemployment in the region hovered at 40%.

The situation reached its bleakest point, however, with the Hansrote West incident of 2009, when the Hopkins County-based Hansrote West Coal Company decided that the most efficient way to compete with larger companies was to use slave labor. The slavery operation was uncovered following the escape of a worker, and the National Guard, after a brief, bloody fight with the Hansrote hired guns, took the company out of business. The outrageously criminal incident did supply the impetus needed to settle the strike, and in less than a week the state government in Frankfort had taken over the mines, doubled the number of inspectors, and gotten the coal moving again.

Western Kentucky Today

Coal continues to be a major part of the area's economy; mines, both underground and strip, are running, and coal trucks are rolling round the clock. This relative prosperity has not been gained without changes to the landscape, however. In non-urban areas the land alternates between dense forest and open strip pits. Both areas make for excellent off-road driving, cycling, and duelling, all popular local pastimes.

Barge traffic flourishes on the Ohio, Mississippi, and Tennessee rivers, and on Kentucky and Barkley lakes. Most barges carry coal, with more valuable material shipped on the highways. There have been rumors, however, of more exotic cargo smuggled in piles of barge coal. Piracy is uncommon, but barges mount MGs positioned to sweep the deck if needed.

Western Kentucky contains a small amount

of oil, all of it currently being produced by individuals owning a single well. The wells are widely spread, tenaciously defended, and are usually found in remote places, surrounded by barbed wire and land mines. The wells occasionally change hands through firefights, but their wide dispersal makes defense of a large number of them costly; thus, the large oil companies have not found it profitable to take them over. Though the well owners will sell the crude oil to individuals, there are no refineries in the state. The tankers that collect the crude for the big companies are armed, and always accompanied by the armed well owners.

Kentucky has traditionally been known for race horses, fine whisky, and good tobaccos. The western part of the state, however, lacks the open, rolling meadows needed for horse farming and the pure spring water essential to superb bourbons; the people have therefore contented themselves with growing thick patches of excellent, aromatic tobacco. Always a lucrative cash crop, tobacco today is a major source of income, and rumors of

mounds of dark leaf hidden on coal barges is one reason for those unassuming boats to mount MGs.

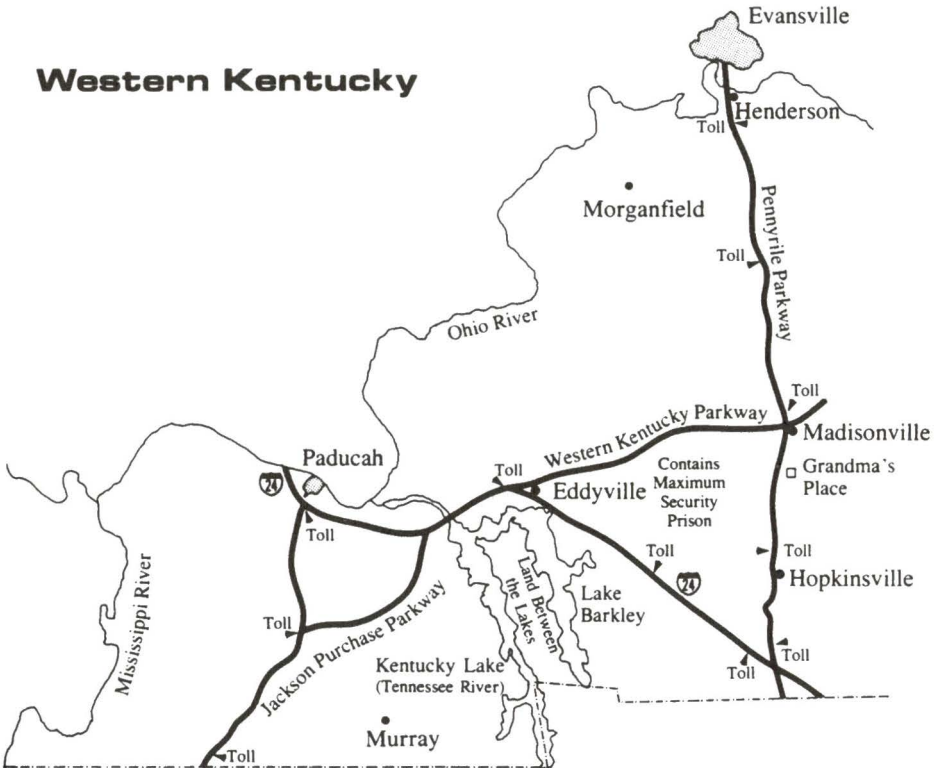
Small tobacco fields can be found throughout the countryside, though the owners, like their moonshining cousins of another era, try to keep the patches hidden away. All fields are guarded in some manner, and the amount of firepower used goes up geometrically as the acreage planted increases.

Leaf and rough-cut chewing tobacco may be purchased at open-air — but heavily guarded — farmer's markets in most towns. Cigarette manufacturers are located near the Louisville/Lexington area. Kentuckians maintain a relatively casual air toward the lucrative product, unlike the furtive, almost underground atmosphere that often surrounds it in less productive northern states.

Highways

Kentucky charges a heavy tax on road-transported coal, a tax that is used to maintain

Western Kentucky



the roads. The main roads, as indicated on the map, are thus still in excellent condition. There are no speed limits in rural areas. Duelling is permitted outside towns, but is most prevalent on the Pennyryle and Jackson Purchase Parkways. The use of dropped weapons on Parkways is prohibited.

State run toll booths are marked on the map. They charge a mere \$5/ton or portion thereof; this money is also used for road maintenance. The booths are well armed and armored, and contain escape doors for citizens involved in undesired duels. Combat within a quarter mile of a toll booth is prohibited, with surviving offenders arrested, and their vehicles sold at auction.

All the above information applies only to the main roads. Secondary roads are another matter entirely. Few are patrolled by any law enforcement, and many are in such bad shape that it is easier to drive beside them than on them. For this reason, off-road vehicles are common.

Facilities

Food, clothing, and general supplies are widely available in urban areas. All towns marked on the map have auto parts stores and gun dealers. Crude petroleum is sometimes available from oil well owners.

Truck stops are sprinkled throughout the region, but the best equipped by far is Grandma's Place, Pennyryle Parkway, exit #36. Grandma's has power facilities, 24-hour garage service for passenger vehicles or large trucks, a tire dealership with models to fit any size vehicle, a weapon repair shop, gunsmith, large restaurant (Brothers served first), a motel (part of which serves as a bordello), a small clinic, and a parking/camping facility. Duelling anywhere in the compound with either hand or vehicular weapons is strictly prohibited. Violations will normally be met with all available weapons.

Motorcycles, particularly off-road models, are extremely popular, and any town of over 5,000 will have at least one dealership. All dealers carry small bikes and normal accessories, and most have some light armament. The largest and best equipped dealership is Jackson Purchase Cycles in Paducah. JPC is a factory rep for all American, German, and Japanese bikes.

Hospitals are located in any town marked

on the map, but Madisonville's Regional Medical Center has the most complete facilities. It can handle any medical emergency, but due to local fundamentalist religious beliefs, the RMC does not have a Gold Cross bank, the nearest being Nashville. The RMC has a fleet of radio-dispatched Ambunaughts, and several med-evac helicopters.

Madisonville is also the home of the area's largest wrecker service, Jones Brothers' Salvage and Arsenal. They run 24 hours, monitor CB emergency channels, tow anything, have a staff of 24-hour mechanics, will do some road work (for a heavy fee), and have acres of wrecked, shot-up, and burned-out vehicles, many still armed with weapons in varying stages of disrepair. Jones will make a fair deal for any used vehicle or part, but the large number of booby traps, guard dogs, and trigger-happy mechanics discourage theft. The Arsenal's mechanics can fix nearly anything, given time and cash.

Murray has recently become known as the "Hot Car Capital of America," and cash-only deals with "used car salesmen" can be quickly completed. The town's small college is today an agriculture and veterinary medicine school, though they do have a small clinic for people.

Most auto parts stores in the area carry accessories for off-road vehicles, but Jimmy Bob's Off Road in Hopkinsville is the region's most complete dealer with parts, accessories, and complete vehicles for sale. Though never convicted, Jimmy Bob is known to both sides of the law as a supplier of material that turns up missing from nearby Fort Campbell.

Autoduelling in Western Kentucky

In Kentucky, many of the laws concerning sidearms have been extended to cover vehicular weaponry. Weapons cannot be concealed, nor may anyone holding public office be involved in a duel of any sort. There are no state laws governing autoduelling per se, but all incorporated towns have outlawed combat in city limits, and the prohibition is strictly enforced. If you choose to take a shot at someone while in town, plan to fight the local police as well; since many towns have gone to a volunteer police/militia system, this could pit you against 40-50 cars in a town of 25,000.

Evansville and Henderson jointly maintain the Audubon Arena, a multi-purpose facility on the Ohio River that specializes in horse racing and autoduelling. The two sports alternate during the week, with occasional special events like concerts or Roman boxing thrown in. A normal summer Saturday will have a mixed bill of racing and duelling. No other area towns have such active AADA-approved combat, though most have matches at county fairgrounds on a weekly to monthly basis.

Hopkins and Webster counties have extensive abandoned strip pits which are popular places for private, off-road duelling. The Land Between the Lakes is another popular off-roading area, since the drop in traffic and tourists have allowed it to return to a more natural state. Occasional hunting expeditions are formed to reduce the wolf population in the LBL.

Organizations

The well maintained Parkway system sees considerable combat, and occasional hijacking attempts. These roads are well patrolled, however, by the Kentucky State Police, one of the

best trained forces in the nation. Mounting turret lasers and heavy armor, troopers will ignore normal duelling, but will attack without mercy any hijackers, outlaw "toll booths," or duellists who endanger non-duelling citizens. A heavy fine is levied against anyone caught using a dropped weapon on the Parkways. Concealing a vehicular weapon is a felony, and if the hidden weapon is found the vehicle will be impounded and sold at auction (minus the illegal weaponry).

There are a variety of motorcycle clubs scattered around the region, but most are more beer-drinkers than gunslingers. The only true outlaw gang is the Comancheros, a band of no fixed residence who cruise the roads of Kentucky, Indiana, and Tennessee looking for shootouts and easy piracy. Turnover in the group is high, and it is hard to predict their reactions if met on the road. There is a "gang" in north Christian County whose members are all part of a pacifist sect. Members ride unarmed bikes on the most dangerous stretches of road in the vain hope of setting a better example. Attacking them is considered bad form, but their numbers remain low, and their life expectancy short.

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ADQ&A

1) When a car armed with an explosive weapon catches fire, and that weapon is subsequently destroyed by the fire, is that weapon still subject to possible explosions?

2) If a car were to be totally submerged, would the passengers be electrocuted?

3) I keep seeing all these pictures of convertibles. How can I design my own, and what would the modifiers be to hit the occupants?

—Richard Jensen
Portland, OR

1) When a weapon takes its full DP in fire damage, that means it's inoperative — but it isn't reduced to ash. The explosive components of rockets and other weapons would continue to be dangerous for quite some time. How long? That's a good question. . . I'd say about 10 times the DP of the weapon in seconds. That is, a 2 DP weapon would continue to be an explosion hazard for 20 seconds.

2) No. The plant would short out, but suffer no permanent damage. There might be a hazard from drowning, though.

3) A convertible is simply a regular car with no top armor. It costs \$500 to saw the roof off, but then the extra weight saved can be put in other things. Treat a rider in a convertible like a pedestrian under cover: -3 for the pedestrian, and -2 for the cover, for a total of -5.

—SDH

1) What happens to a pedestrian hanging onto the back of a moving van trailer when the assault ramp is lowered?

2) Can a pedestrian hanging onto the back of a moving van trailer open the rear doors?

—Peter Reed
Tyne & Wear, England

1) Does the phrase "squished like a bug" mean anything to you?

2) I'd put this under the heading of "roll two dice and pray." And succeed or fail, the pedestrian would have to make another roll to stay on the trailer (and the worse he botched

the first roll, the harder the second one should be).

—SDH

1) If you set a weapon in a turret on automatic, what direction does it fire in?

2) If you have two (or more) fire extinguishers in a vehicle, do you get to roll two (or more) times at the end of the turn — once per extinguisher — to see if the fire goes out?

3) Do the rules in **Truck Stop** for climbing aboard a tractor-trailer rig apply when a pedestrian is trying to move from a vehicle to the truck, or just for pedestrians standing on the ground?

—Steven Johnson
Birmingham, AL

1) A turreted weapon on automatic will fire in the same direction it fired the last time it was aimed. To avoid arguments, we recommend that you simply not put turreted weapons on automatic.

2) Roll separately for each extinguisher each turn. This means that two fire extinguishers are more effective than one — but such an arrangement is not cost effective.

3) You can use the **Truck Stop** rules to move from one vehicle to another while both are moving. Figure the relative speeds of the two vehicles to determine difficulty, then subtract two from your roll.

—SDH

1) Can a clone be imprinted with another person's identity upon that person's death? What if it is imprinted with the person's identity and updated from creation just as if it were his own clone?

2) If a vehicle completes a roll on its side and it has a blast effect weapon on that side or in a turret, may it use the weapon to "blow" itself upright?

3) Will a wire-guided missile do any collision damage if it hits a target before the 12'' arming distance is reached? If so, what speed is it considered to be travelling, and what is the Damage Modifier?

4) Is Uncle Albert considering any plans for retractable wheel blades?

5) Do all the wheels of a vehicle have hub motors, or just the rear or front ones? What about a cycle?

6) Are there any G.E.V.s in 2035?

—Paul Owensby
Colbert, GA

1) If you try to program a person's brain pattern (his memories, personality, etc.) into another person's physical brain, so much will get lost in translation that what wakes up won't be legally (or functionally) human, much less the person you intended. A person's memories and personality will only successfully transfer completely to a biological duplicate, that is, his own clone.

2) Generally not, but I have allowed a player to place a hand grenade under his car's side and use the blast to help him push the car over — this is about the only way one person can push a car back upright, and even it won't work on a van. When I ref, it takes 5 seconds for the person to plant the grenade in just the right place, get back up and push — and even then it only works on a roll of 9 or better on two dice! And whether it works or not, the affected side takes a full die of damage from the grenade.

3) Talk about a brutal way to take someone out. The missile is moving at 200 mph, so collision damage would be assessed at that speed — 35 dice! But because the wire-guided missile is so light (only 15 pounds), it should have a seriously small damage modifier — say 1/25. This is still nasty enough to take out a pedestrian, but shouldn't hurt a vehicle too much.

4) Hmm . . . , it doesn't sound very cost effective. But it is pretty sneaky. We'll see . . .

5) All wheel locations have their own motor — that's two for a cycle, four for a car (four-wheeled or six-wheeled), more for larger vehicles.

6) No.

—SDH

1) Does the rule that high-density ammo is not available for hand weapons apply for the tripod MG?

2) If a car's wheelguards are shot off, does it still suffer the handling class minus?

3) Is it possible to mount weaponry on the roof of a vehicle without benefit of a turret (as an anti-chopper weapon)? How about on the underbody of a vehicle (usable when "flying" via off-road rules)?

—Alex Zisch
San Jose, CA

1) No. It's a regular MG mounted on a tripod, and can use HD ammo.

2) No, the HC penalty is lifted.

3) It's legal, but it would come into use so

infrequently, it doesn't sound too cost-effective.

—SDH

1) After a pedestrian leaves a burning car, is his body armor on fire?

2) Do weapons on automatic get gunner bonus?

3) Can a vehicle surrender?

4) Do radar- and wire-guided missiles get gunner and computer bonuses?

—Eric Bernai
Manahawkin, NJ

1) No. The pedestrian's in enough trouble as it is, don't you think?

2) Weapons on automatic get no bonuses for gunner skill, computers, or sustained fire. About the only thing they get bonuses for is point-blank range and the size of the target.

3) No, but the occupants can. By the way, surrendering and then shooting your opponent in the back is considered very bad form.

4) Yes.

—SDH

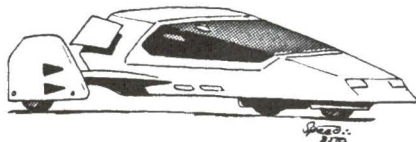
Can retractable wheelguards be lowered in the same turn that a pop-up turret is raised? Do the wheelguards and turret have to be linked? Can you link wheelguards and turrets?

—Allen Varney
Austin, TX

Lowering retractable wheelguards is considered a firing action; so is raising a pop-up turret. Normally, one person can perform only one firing action in any one turn. But in this case, it would be fair to assume that the two items can be "linked" (at the usual cost) to one "combat readiness" button, that would accomplish both actions at once.

—SDH

1) Can a targeting computer or cyberlink be used in conjunction with a laser guidance



link (ADQ 2/4)? If so, would the bonus apply to the laser *and* the rockets?

2) Would an airdam hit laid mines or spikes before they affected the tires or underbody of a vehicle?

3) Can cycle blades be mounted on cars, vans, oversized vehicles, etc.? How about putting them on the hub caps of tires, for that "spinning saw" effect? This could be a project for Uncle Albert . . .

—Jef Afanador
Woodinville, WA

1) *Absolutely. This can be a deadly combination.*

2) *No. The mines and spikes would affect the vehicle normally.*

3) *Cycle blades can be mounted on other vehicles. Body blades cost and weigh the same as 3 points of armor for whatever vehicle you're mounting the blades on. As for spinning them for extra damage, that's sick. Keep it up.*

—SDH

1) If a pedestrian is wearing improved body armor, and the body armor DP is lost, is the armor "gone"? I.e., can the pedestrian move normally and carry 6 grenades?

2) How about normal body armor and vehicular armor? Is it completely destroyed, or just pushed aside by oncoming bullets?

3) Can a pedestrian wear more than one suit of body armor? How does this affect his movement and carrying ability?

4) If a pedestrian cannot wear more than one suit, can he change suits in combat? How much space/weight is a suit of body armor? How much time would the change take?

5) When using bumper triggers, does the weapon damage take place before or after ram damage?

6) Is a bumper trigger destroyed after use?

7) What happens to laser-linked rockets when firing through smoke?

8) If your tires start to burn, is your whole car on fire? What about wheelguards and other external weapons and accessories?

9) Does damage to weapons with extra magazines go to the weapon or to the extra magazine first?

10) Can you fire a tripod-mounted MG or RR up? After all, it is a hand weapon.

11) Can a helicopter have top-mounted weapons?

12) Can a cycle have an EWP?

13) In a convention-type event, where one

player cheats unintentionally because of lack of knowledge of the rules, such as having 5 rocket launchers mounted forward in a luxury, what should be done?

—Steven Huntsberry
San Rafael, CA

1) *The shot up body armor is useless for protection, but enough of it is still there so that the drawbacks (slower movement, reduced carrying capacity) are still in effect.*

2) *Ditto with normal body armor and vehicular armor.*

3) *Only one suit per person.*

4) *Changing body armor is a complicated process. It would take about five minutes and a fair amount of space. Doing it in a vehicle or during combat of any sort is impractical.*

5) *Assess the weapon damage first.*

6) *A bumper trigger is destroyed only when the armor on the side it's mounted on is destroyed.*

7) *Smoke will block the targeting laser, so the rocket drops to its unguided "to hit" number of 11. Of course, you've still got to add in -2 for the smoke, plus whatever modifiers may apply . . .*

8) *Because it's extremely hard to try to write rules that cover how a fire spreads through a vehicle (believe me, I've tried), we've said — for simplicity's sake — that when any part of a vehicle is set on fire, the entire vehicle is on fire. The only exception is in the rules for Napalm Mines (which can be found in Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog). If you can come up with a variant you like better, go ahead and use it.*

9) *Consider a weapon with an extra magazine as one, single, tougher weapon. It has one more DP, and when full damage is taken, the weapon stops working.*

10) *Sure.*

11) *Are you kidding? I guess you could synchronize a machine-gun to fire between the rotors (it worked in WW I), but other weapons, such as flamethrowers and lasers, would be extremely unsuitable.*

12) *A cycle can mount the one-space EWP, but they must be matched sets — one on either side.*

13) *If no harm was meant, and the event was over, I'd let the results stand. If it's caught early enough, of course, fix the mistake and continue duelling.*

—SDH

1) Can linked weapons share one extra magazine?

2) Can four MGs in two 2-space external weapon pods be linked?

3) If you wanted extra magazines for weapons in a EWP, does the magazine have to be in the EWP, too?

—Andy Lloyd
Orinda, CA

1) *No. An extra magazine can feed into only one weapon.*

2) *Yes.*

3) *The extra magazine must go in the EWP.*

—SDH

1) Am I correct in assuming that if a vehicle's armor is fireproof, laser-reflective, or both, any wheelguards installed must match?

2) Can weapons attached to a bumper trigger be fired normally when the bumper trigger is activated?

3) Can you hook laser guidance links to a multiple-fire rocket pod, and to a micro missile launcher?

4) When firing anti-personnel flechette

grenades, do they all detonate simultaneously, or can they be set off individually?

5) Do weapons mounted on external weapon pods have the normal arcs of fire that weapons mounted in the front or rear of the vehicle body have?

—David Valenze
Champlain, NY

1) *Yes. Airdams and spoilers, wheelguards, ram plates, and camper shells must match the armor type of the vehicle. The only accessories that can have a different type of armor from the main vehicles are sidecars and external weapon pods.*

2) *As long as the bumper trigger has not fired the weapon already in the same turn, a weapon may be fired normally.*

3) *Yes, but the \$200 per rocket cost would have to be paid for each individual rocket.*

4) *You can detonate them any way you wish: individually, in pairs or other combinations, or all at once (provided you pay for the links).*

5) *Yes.*

—SDH



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Backfire

In response to the letter from Bruce Cummins in *ADQ* 2/4, the eight pages were not wasted on "Badlands Run." It was *not* a poor adventure, and it was suitable to print! The only thing that I agree with Mr. Cummins on is that *Autoduel Quarterly* is a fine magazine (not just fine, but great). My players were not out-classed, as Mr. Cummins' were, but they tended to outclass their opponents. The \$80,000 seemed to be a little much to give them. The only difficulty they had was the helicopter, but they survived . . .

. . . I think it is about time all the *Car Wars* rules were put into a book about the size of *Autoduel Quarterly*. It is rather troublesome to spend a good amount of time hunting for a certain rule to settle a disagreement, by looking through one rule book, then another . . .

—Richard Deecken
South Holland, IL

All the rules in one book? Hmmm . . . I think you've got something there.

—SDH

I'd like to get my 2¢ worth in. It mainly concerns all the useful info concerning such things as helicopters which is locked up in the idiotic *Autoduel Champions* supplement, screaming to get out. Please pardon the sarcasm, but most people of reasonably high intelligence gave up superheroes when they were under 8 years old. (Coming soon: *Autoduel Smurfs?* *Autoduel He-Man?*) Seriously, though, to each his own. How about an expansion set concerning helicopters for us "stuffy" purists (John Nowak eats quiche). Also an expansion set listing all of the weapons and accessories known to exist would be very welcome.

Congratulations on *Expansion Set 6!* It's a great idea to allow duellists such a wide choice of vehicles to choose from, and color customizing was a flash of genius. I have already taken it a step further (I draw up a whole new counter with colored pencils for each new design), but the inspiration came from you. By the way, what's your secret to making wrecks?

—Paul Radecki
South Bend, IN

No secret. We just run the little counters into each other until they look that way.

—SDH

To whom it may concern, specifically: Mr. Scott Haring, editor of this fine magazine;

Mr. Eric Scharf, of Bellevue, WA;

Mr. Clark Breslin, of Albuquerque, NM;

Mr. Craig Sheeley, of Springfield, MO;

and anyone else who has written or plans to write a letter on this subject:

ALL RIGHT ALREADY!!! Obviously, I stand corrected. I find it appropriate at this time to offer my most humble and sincere apologies for my "insolence," as Mr. Breslin so aptly put it.

Mr. Breslin was correct in that I did need to learn a little more about explosives, and Mr. Sheeley's letter was very enlightening. I regret that my rudeness inspired such wrath from a nameless respondent, and such grief for Mr. Haring.

I realize that I am probably just asking for more, but would it be feasible to assume that said mines, although not exploded, might be put out of commission?

Once again, my apologies. By the way, Mr. Breslin, a knowledge of explosives isn't absolutely necessary as long as one knows where the trigger is and how to squeeze it properly. If you're ever in the Washington, DC area, look me up.

—Benjamin S. Hay
Arlington, VA

For those just tuning in: Some issues ago Mr. Hay wrote a letter asserting that mines should be destroyed by flaming oil, or flamethrower or laser fire. The responses, most notably by the gentlemen named in Mr. Hay's letter, were quick to assert — in the strongest of terms — that Mr. Hay's position was not correct. At any rate, I hope this brings to an end this particular debate. Next subject, please.

When I moved last year, I failed to send you a change of address, and as a result, I failed to receive the last three issues. Luckily, I was able to pick up one of the issues from the local hobby shop and the other two from your back issue department. I still have a complete set.

Since I have not received the last three issues by subscription, I am not yet aware of the types of AADA items that are available. About two years ago, however, I took a sheet of sticky-back mylar, my technical pens, and a little time and fashioned an AADA emblem window sticker for the rear window of my Volkswagen. The reputation of the trained AADA membership at large must be one to not be taken lightly, for I can truthfully state that since the day my vehicle started sporting the AADA emblem, I have not once been challenged to combat on the road. Not even pot-shots from some hidden sniper. Can you imagine the return on such an investment in the reduced maintenance costs of armor repair alone? (It does make an unfortunately clear target in the arena, though.)

So, you may wish to tell your readers two things: 1. Send in those change-of-address notifications as soon as you move, and save yourself the inconvenience and possible grief; and 2. Show your colors, as it pays to advertise.

May your magazines never run empty and your gunner always be sober.

—Mark Miller
Fresno, CA

I have one word to describe *ADQ* 3/1

— Great! I really liked the Continuous Smoke Screen. Before, if you wanted to lay a wall of smoke, you had to go 10 mph! The external weapons pod adds a lot of flexibility to the game, but I have one question. Can EWP's be mounted universal? If so, how much does it cost? The scenario — “Grand Theft Autoduel” — looks awesome, though I haven't had time to play it out. It seems very promising. I have one gripe, though. The Thundercat power plant is too heavy. I liked the idea, but after the power plant, tires, driver, and average armor is put on, you don't have much weight for decent weaponry! Well, anyway, the rest of the *ADQ* was great, and on a scale of 1 to 10, I'd give it a 9. Happy Autoduellling!

—Scott Jones
Vancouver, B.C.

Almost every technical development will have some sort of balancing drawback. And External Weapon Pods are not universal — and can't be made that way.

—SDH

Like Mr. Haring, I don't understand Alexander Baxter's gripes about rules changes invalidating his characters' kills. First of all, I can't think of any rules changes that could have invalidated previous kills. Second, even if there were such changes, certainly AADA officials wouldn't be so cruel (and suicidal!) as to tell “old hand” duellists that their kills no longer count.

I have nothing against rules revisions. Yes, some of them take away from *Car Wars*' simplicity, but there is trouble when rules are too simple. For example, a player who tosses a grenade towards a huge gang of bikers and sees it “miss by so much that the grenade has no effect” is going to feel very cheated, and rightly so. As another example, look at the “All Fired Up” rules in *ADQ* 2/3. The original, “simple” rule made a lone flame-thrower all but useless for setting things on fire (which is funny, because that's the

whole idea behind a flamethrower!). "AFU" is more complicated, but it's restored the function of a flamethrower and made for a lot of happy pyro-duellists.

It all boils down to this: No one is forcing you to use any specific rule. If you don't like a rule, optional or official, then don't use it. If you do like a new rule and your ref can apply it without slowing down the game, then use it, and enjoy the improved, more realistic game you've just created.

Here are a couple of simple rules improvements I'd like to pass on:

ADQ 3/1 addressed the question of falling on grenades. Unfortunately, the answer gave us a new damage roll to remember, and covers only the isolated case of a person falling on a grenade. In cases where damage should be heavy, such as falling on a grenade or having it blow up in your hand, or using an SMG at point-blank range against an unsuspecting opponent, all the ref needs to do is roll damage more than once, and choose the highest roll. Thus, our heroic grenade hugger would take the highest result of, say, four one-die damage rolls. Who knows, he might make it.

. . . Similarly, in cases where damage might be *less*, such as a character hitting the dirt to avoid a burst effect, the ref might roll damage twice or so and apply the lowest result. This is all simpler — and more comprehensive — than memorizing new damage rolls for specific cases.

ADQ 2/4 tells us that a severe skid on snow or ice only does one point of damage to tires. And what about rapid deceleration, skids, and bootleggers performed on ice, snow, oil, rain, and gravel? These road conditions make driving rough, but they should be easier on tires than hot, dry pavement. So: Simply subtract the hazard's difficulty number from the tire damage. A bootlegger on gravel does 1d-1 damage to each tire; in heavy rain, 1d-2. A severe skid in gravel or light rain will do 1 point of damage; no damage in oil, ice, snow, or heavy rain. And so on.

Enough on rules changes. In closing, here are some tips for improving your *Car Wars* set: To keep grubby fingers from greasing up your counters, cover each one with Scotch invisible (*not* cellophane!) tape. It's ½" wide, so just lay a strip over the counter and fold the ends under. Also, to make nifty car-on-front, wreck-on-back counters as per the *AADA Vehicle Guide* counters, glue each vehicle counter to its respective wreck counter, back-to-back. This also makes the counters heavier and less likely to blow away in those sudden arena hurricanes (i.e., players' sneezes).

A final thought: Am I wrong, or does part of *Car Wars*' appeal lie in letting grown men play with little cars again?

—Rob McCain
Jacksonville, FL

I have just finished *ADQ 3/1*, and it seems as if your mag gets better with every issue. Every time a new one comes out I find myself updating my favorite cars with the latest goodies from Uncle Albert and friends.

I was pleasantly surprised to see Boulder in the Road Atlas. It seems as if our well-assorted city has passed with flying colors. The grenade rules were sorely needed, my thanks to Mr. Haring. One quirk, though. The hand-held launcher can hold five grenades. Yet the launcher only takes up 2 grenade-equivalents. A person carrying just five grenades would, of course, use 5 grenade-equivalents. I'd made several designs for such a weapon myself, and this is what I was stuck on.

I'm waiting anxiously for the deluxe set, expansion 7, *ADQ 3/2*, a new adventure, computer *Car Wars*, and anything else that comes along . . .

Remember, there are never too many roads to travel, or too many scummy cyclists to smoke, cube, mangle, or destroy.

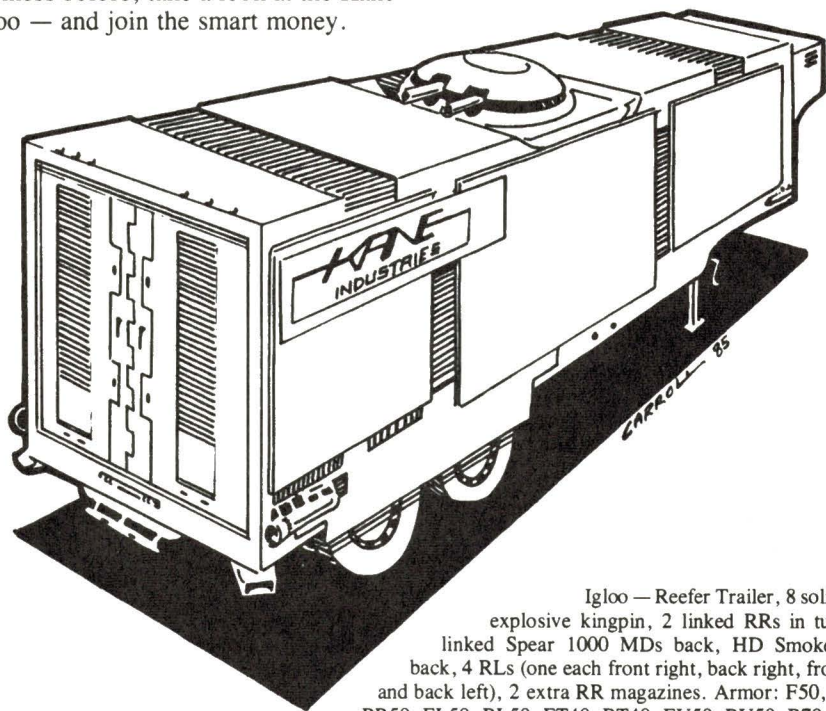
Who says Boulderites are weird?

—M. Szwetecz
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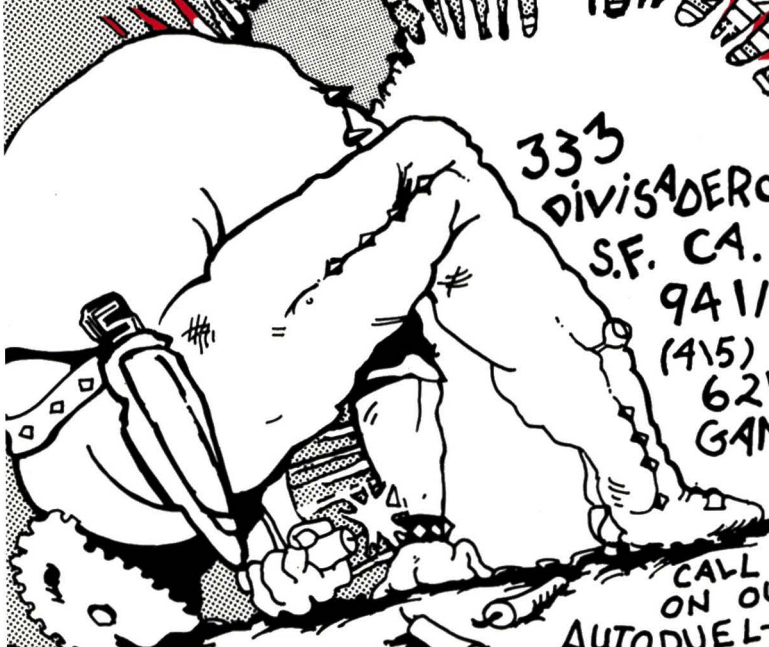
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