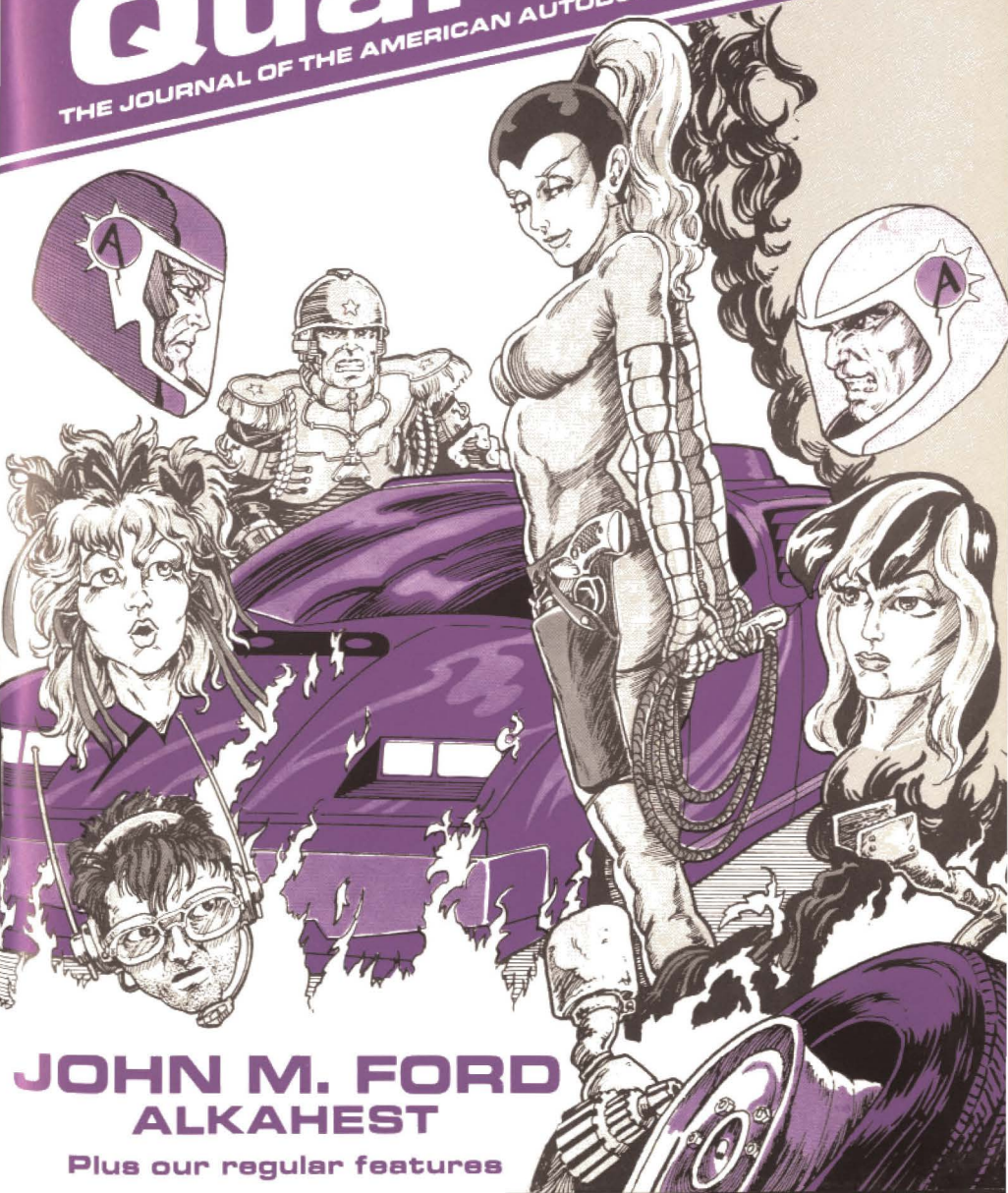


Vol. 3, No. 3
\$3.00

Autoduel Quarterly

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AUTODUEL ASSOCIATION



JOHN M. FORD
ALKAHEST

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Autoduel Quarterly



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Autoduel Quarterly (ISSN 0740-3356) is published quarterly by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated, P.O. Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760-8957. "Fall 2035" issue published October 1985. Second-class postage paid at Austin, TX. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Autoduel Quarterly*, P.O. Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760-8957. All material is copyright © 1985 by Steve Jackson Games. All rights reserved. Subscription rates as of March 15, 1984 — In the United States: 4 issues \$10 (Texas residents please add 51¢ tax). Outside the US: please add 50¢ per issue for Canada. \$1 per issue for foreign surface mail. International rates are subject to change as postal rates change. NOTE: All payments must be in US dollars, made by International Money Order or check drawn on a US or Canadian bank.

the Driver's Seat

Boy, am I glad to see fall! As I write this, it's still August, but I'm trying to wrap up this issue before I head out on one last big convention trip, this time to GenCon 18 in Milwaukee and then PacifiCon in San Francisco. Things slow down a bit after that, but there'll always be plenty to do . . .

As I write this, three back issues of *ADQ* are still available. Issues 2/4, 3/1, and 3/2 can be had from us via direct mail. There are very few 2/4s left, however — by next issue, they should be all gone. If you need these to complete your collection, send \$3.50 (\$3.00 for issue 2/4) to Steve Jackson Games, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760. The price includes postage and handling, but Texas residents should add 6½% sales tax.

Those of you with particularly sharp eyes may have noted something a little funny about last issue. I think it was our prettiest cover yet (Denis Loubet just gets better and better . . .) but then we went and put the wrong date on the cover. Issue 3/2 should have been the "Summer 2035" issue, not the "Spring 2035" one. We got the date right on all the page bottoms, but not the cover. How embarrassing . . . Anyway, we decided that our new motto would be, "It's always springtime at *Autoduel Quarterly*." Anyone disagreeing will be used for target practice . . .

I've finally gotten out from under that pile of letters I mentioned in the last issue, and I'm working on a new one. Remember, I'll answer any letter, but only if it comes with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The same goes for submissions to the magazine — without an SASE, I can't let you know what we're going to do with it, or return it if we decide not to use it. And keep those submissions coming — we can't put this rag out without your help.

We're doing things a little differently this issue, mainly because we've got this great story from John M. Ford. "Alkahest — The Deathtoll Solution" is about a colorful gang of freelance troubleshooters that agree to deal with a band of mutant-powered hijackers. Of course, there's a lot more to it than that (there

better be — it takes up 15 pages!), plus lots of gaming notes and statistics on gadgets at the end (just don't show up in *my* campaign with any of it . . .). I'm also taking a first step toward clearing out my two-year backlog of "Road Atlas" submissions by running two chapters of the "North American Road Atlas and Survival Guide." Also, because of the length of the other items in this issue, there is no scenario. I don't plan on doing that very often, but I'd like to know if it's OK, every once in a while. So let me know what you think.

I also want to take some time out to congratulate the 2034-35 AADA World Champion, Duilio Ramallo of Los Angeles, CA. Complete details on the summer tournament action, as well as some information on some new aspects of the AADA, can be found in the "AADA News" section of this issue.

On another front, it looks like the *Autoduel* computer game will be out before Christmas. Anyone who visited our booth at Origins saw a preliminary version up and running. It's going to be a lot of fun, combining an arcade-style combat game with a broader, strategic campaign. The folks at Origin Systems say it will be out for Christmas — the first version out will be for the Apple II series, with versions for other machines following closely behind.

Looking Ahead

We've got lots of product ideas for this winter and next year, and I wanted to clue you in on some of them, so that you could give us some feedback on what's likely to be popular —

Car Wars Expansion Set 8. Tentatively titled "Chopper Challenge," this will feature another four-color map (just like *Car Wars* Expansion Set 7!), helicopter counters, and scenarios featuring helicopter attacks on wilderness ground bases, *real* deer hunting, Bambi's Revenge, and grasshoppers, too. This one's likely to be out not too long after you read this.

Dueltrack. A full-scale supplement featuring metal armor, gasoline-powered engines, and racing! May also include some "Chassis & Crossbow" material (low-tech duelling with simple weapons, like crossbows and baseball bats).

Vehicle Guide II. We've got some new vehicle types not covered in the first guide (ten-wheeled trucks and buses, and car

trailers), plus a number of types of vehicles that were not covered very extensively (like helicopters and trikes), plus quite a few new weapons and accessories (courtesy of Uncle Albert and others) that haven't been put on stock vehicles before. Now, here's the real catch — you get to help write this one! Anyone who gets a design published in *VGII* will get a free copy, and his or her name in print. Remember, concentrate on the newer vehicle types and gadgets; don't just rearrange weapons and armor on previously published designs; and please include a neat worksheet so we can check the stats and your math quickly. Now it may take a while before this comes out (like another whole year), so you don't have to flood us with designs this week. But give it some thought, because we'll use as many good designs as we can fit in.

Car Wars Expansion Set 9. This one's a natural — counters for all the vehicles in *Vehicle Guide II*. Should they be black-and-white again? Printed both sides? Just one side? In

color? We'll do it however the majority of you want it (remembering, of course, that we'd like to keep the price reasonable), so let us know what you think.

Organizations Book. Supplement detailing various organizations, legal and illegal, in 2036, with information on the vehicles they use, the type of work they do, and sample scenarios featuring them in action.

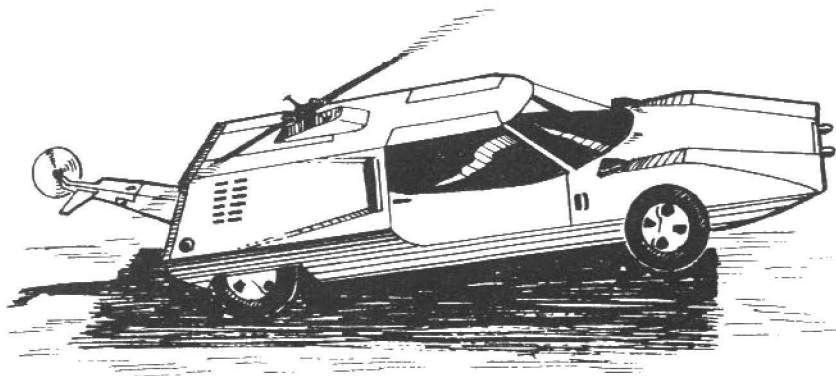
Boat Wars. When Steve said he had some ideas for a water combat supplement for *Car Wars*, I didn't know if he was kidding or not. I'm still not sure . . .

That's what's on our wishlist for '86. What's on yours? Do any of these ideas sound really hot? Really stupid? Somewhere in between? What didn't we list that you would really like to see? Please send us your ideas — drop them in at the end of a letter, send us a postcard, whatever — we want your input.

Well, I've got to get back to work. Keep On Duellin'!

—Scott D. Haring

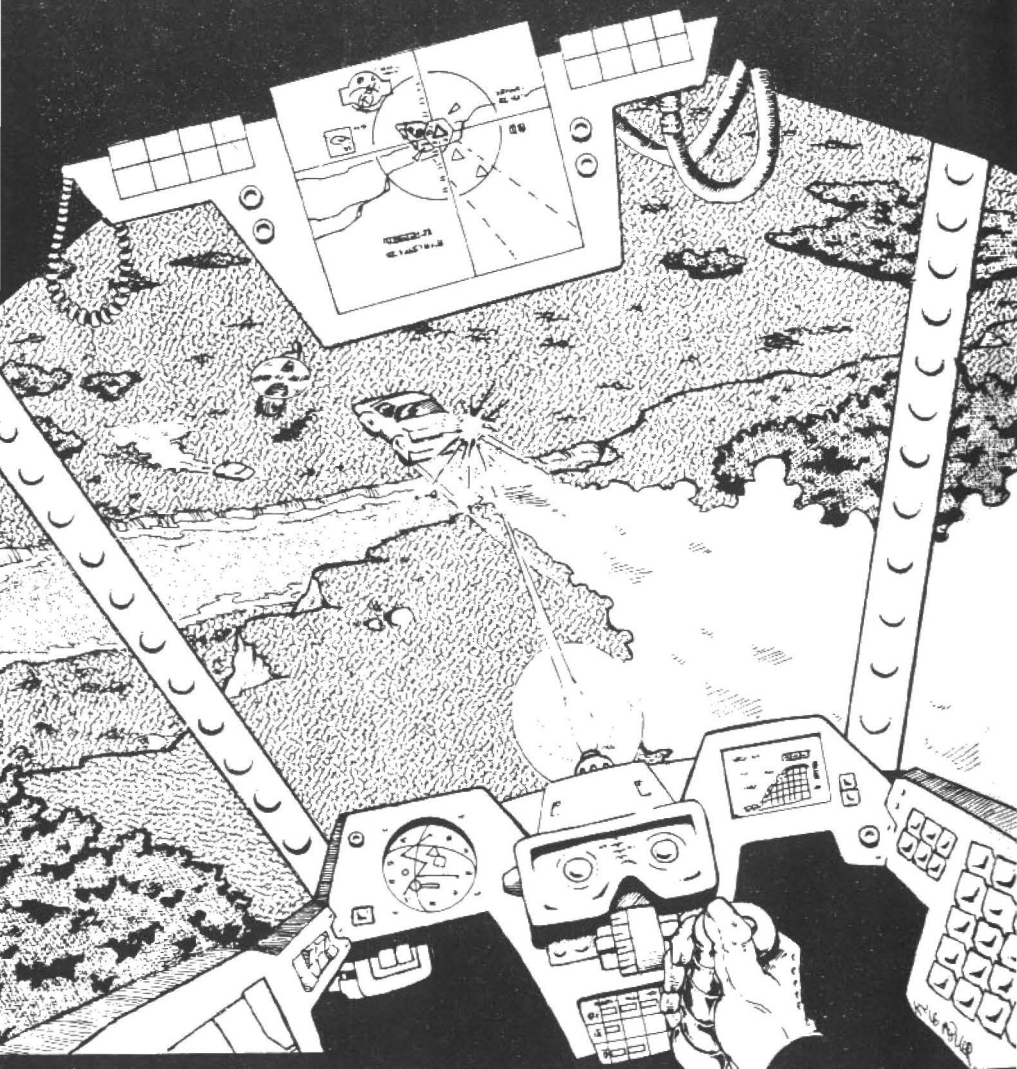
McAllister XL-7



McAllister Enterprises, maker of fine helicopters for years, is proud to announce the first in its new line of ground/air convertible vehicles, the XL-7. The XL-7 is a "grasshopper" that packs a special bite! A high-powered helicopter engine provides enough juice to make top speeds on the ground or in the air, and the instrument panel converts from ground readout to air mode faster than any other Grasshopper on the market! When you want a car that can go over trouble as easily as around it, you want the XL-7.

XL-7 — Luxury Grasshopper, x-hvy. chassis, hvy. suspension, small helicopter plant, driver only, 4 PR tires, 2 RRs linked front, extra magazine for each RR, single weapon computer connecting driver to linked RRs. Fireproof Armor: F15, L12, R12, B10, U12, T1. Accel. 5 (ground and air), HC 3 (2 in air), 6,600 lbs., \$41,080.

Fly Offensively!



CAR WARS EXPANSION SET #8

Chopper Challenge: off-road and copter 'duelling for *Car Wars*. Available at fine hobby stores or send \$4.95 plus 55¢ postage and handling to:

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NEWSWATCH

History of Southern California

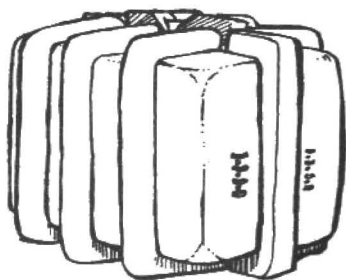
- 2000: With the secession of Texas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma, the Federal government moves quickly and seizes control of oil and gas fields in California. Resentment spurs violence: local guerrilla actions happen in Central Valley area. Southern California not greatly affected because fields in region almost depleted.
- 2002: Southern California hit by two "hundred-year rains": from October 2001 to June 2002 over 150 inches of rain fall. (A "hundred-year rain" in meteorology is a rain so severe it happens only once a century, on the average.) Evacuations started but not needed: existing county flood-control measures handle the crisis — a slap in the face of the Corps of Engineers who had called the area "a disaster waiting to happen" in order to justify expensive flood-control construction. Clamor for secession builds, encouraged by Free Oil agents.
- 2012: The Grain Blights. Effect on California agriculture is minimal.
- 2015: THE BIG ONE finally hits: movement on the Pearblossom sector of the San Andreas Fault north of Los Angeles causes an earthquake with a Richter reading of 8.2. Destruction in Southern California area is extensive and, in many older areas, total. Many survivors flee the region, fearing collapse into the ocean. Days later, in the state capital of Sacramento, militia units favoring the separation of Northern California from the South surround the Capitol, take Southern legislators into custody, and "deport" them to Los Angeles. Northern lawmakers (who had been giving aid to the separationists) declare the *Free State of Northern California*.
- 2016: The Food Riots: almost all surviving urban areas of Orange County are destroyed. Fires in South and East Los Angeles burn continuously for eight months, causing recurrence of the "smog" phenomenon.
- 2017: South California begins military campaign to secure water sources in Sierras and the southern Central Valley. Fighting along 400-mile border continues to the present day. Northern California's two-year experiment in independence a total failure — the Treaty of Oakland returns the area to the Union.
- 2018: Two business groups of long standing in the area, the Irvine Company and the Karcher-Knott consortium, begin ambitious "re-greening" projects to return Orange County to its agricultural greatness. Both sides claim having the idea first.
- 2020: Clashes between organized units on each side escalate to war. News coverage draws national attention (and notoriety) to the region.
- 2025: War officially ends. The boundary line is drawn at the Santa Ana River, with Disneyland declared a neutral zone. The armed forces are not dissolved. The two corporations make a mutual defense pact and rename the area: *Orange County Agriculture Enclave*. OCAE charter approved by remaining residents. Many find jobs in agricultural industry.
- 2027: Autoduelling legalized in OCAE, but only in Anaheim Autoduel Arena and Orange County Autoduel/Racearena. Road combat in the Enclave is highly discouraged. Two AADA chapters are chartered, one at each arena.
- 2028: A Mexican raid on the old but functioning San Onofre nuclear plants is smashed in OCAE's first combined military operation. Several more successes halt the Mexican threat.
- 2032: Local sports network has innovative idea: use abandoned multi-level parking garages as duel arenas, monitored entirely by TV. This catches on and many new arenas (See-Pack, Eff-I-Bee, Centurion) begin running regular events.
- 2034: Sports networks, answering the demand, begin devoting more resources to the coverage of duels along the extensive Southern California freeway system. Prosperous areas of Los Angeles, Ventura, and Santa Barbara counties become fortresses. Eastern and southern areas of LA County listed as "war zones" by the LAPD: travel through or near them declared hazardous. County Board of Supervisors legalizes "defensive auto weaponry" within county borders.
- 2035: OCAE is awarded the Goetz Memorial Trophy for its encouragement of crime suppression by individual citizens. Anaheim Autoduel Arena selected to host AADA World Championship in 2036.



UNCLE ALBERT'S

Mini Safes

Uncle Albert's Cargo Safe is the ultimate for protecting large loads of valuable cargoes. But if you were carrying something small and precious, you were out of luck — that is, until now. The new Mini-Safe has all the toughness and quality of its larger



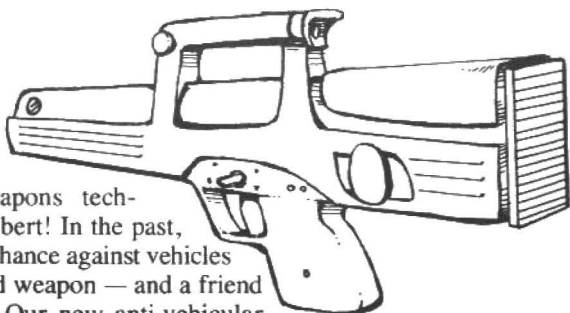
cousins, but without the bulk — and more importantly — the cost. The best protection you can give your cargo is a Mini-Safe, only from Uncle Albert's!

Mini-Safe — Comes in two sizes. The small one costs \$150, weighs 20 pounds, and takes up one space. It can hold ½ space (or three grenade-equivalents) of reasonably square materials. Papers, computer parts, or jewelry would fit — a rifle wouldn't. The large one costs \$700, weighs 150 lbs., takes up 4 spaces, and holds 2 spaces of cargo. Both have 35 points of FP armor on each of six sides. The options normally available on the Cargo Safe are not available on the Mini-Safe.



Play it Safe
With
Uncle Albert

Anti-Vehicular Rifle



Another breakthrough in weapons technology — and only from Uncle Albert! In the past, pedestrians who wanted a fighting chance against vehicles had to lug around a tripod-mounted weapon — and a friend or two to carry the ammunition. Our new anti-vehicular rifle is the first truly portable weapon *proven* effective against vehicular armor. Also exceptionally effective against non-vehicular targets. Get the new AV Rifle today — and even the odds!

Anti-Vehicular Rifle — To hit 9, 1d-1 damage, \$600, 10 shots, CPS 5, loaded cost \$650. 3 grenade-equivalents. Does full damage to vehicles.

AUTO STOP & GUNNERY SHOP



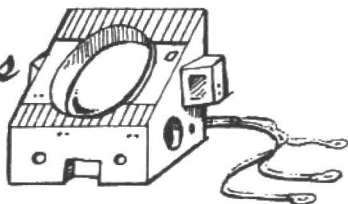
Fireproof Suit

Fire is the duellist's deadliest enemy. That's why you can't afford another hazardous drive without Uncle Albert's new Fireproof Suit. Guaranteed completely effective against vehicular fires or your money back. Tests have shown that this suit will even offer partial protection from a direct flamethrower hit! (NOTE: We do not recommend you try this yourself. Uncle Albert's money-back guarantee does not extend to this type of abuse.) Stay cool in the hottest situation — with Uncle Albert!

Fireproof Suit — \$500, no weight or space. Worn under body armor, the suit will protect the wearer completely from vehicular fires for 30 turns — after that, the wearer takes one point of damage for every 10 more seconds exposed. The suit protects the same way against flaming oil and building fires. If the wearer is hit by any type of flamethrower fire, damage is halved (round down). The suit offers no protection from any other type of weapon, and the cost is treated like body armor cost for determining eligibility in the various AADA competition divisions.

Single Weapon Computers

The vehicular computer is one of the greatest inventions of the 21st Century — but it has to be programmed for all types of weapons and situations, which is very inefficient in a one-weapon vehicle. Again, the folks at Uncle Albert's have a solution — the Single Weapon Computer. It only works for one weapon — but if that's all you've got, why pay for more? And at half the price of regular computers, it's a bargain. Special this month: Tell 'em you saw it in *Autoduel Quarterly*, and installation is free!



Single Weapon Computer — \$500, no weight or space. Adds +1 to hit for any weapon — but must be set on installation to aid a single weapon type in a single position (VMG front, or RR in turret, for example). Like a regular computer, it can only aid one crew member, and which crew member benefits is also set at installation. If the weapon the SWC is attached to is destroyed, a replacement may be installed with no loss of efficiency.

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

by Phil Tortorici

Palm Beach County is one of the surviving counties on the east coast of Florida. Located approximately eighty miles up the peninsula, Palm Beach County is serviced by the remains of the Sunshine State Parkway (Florida Turnpike) and the southernmost section of Interstate 95. State road 710 enters the county from the northwest and US 98 is the only east-west access. Central Palm Beach County has a population of approximately 65,000, according to the 2030 census. The Florida Highway Patrol keeps the main highways secure, responsible only to the governor in Los Disneys, in the central part of the state. It is recommended that all visitors stay under cover from 1000 to 1500 hours because of temperatures in excess of 120 degrees F.

History

Several events led to the current standoff in Central Palm Beach County. In 1997, Miami was reduced to ruins by open warfare by drug traffickers. A stream of refugees headed northward to settle in Palm Beach County. What guns and bombs couldn't do, nature did in 2011 and 2012 when Barbara and Annette — 200 mph-plus hurricanes — leveled the east coast of Florida. Thousands drowned or died of typhoid or malaria; even more died as a result of food and water riots or looting. Palm Beach Island sank under ten feet of the Atlantic Ocean. Survivors were forced to settle west of I-95.

In the late teens, population pressure on the county's limited resources increased, and battle lines were drawn according to age. In what the press termed "CondoWars," militant retirees attempted to take complete control of Palm Beach County — first by elections, then by force. For five years, a terrorist war was waged by those over fifty against those under fifty. The science of gerontology had pro-

gressed to the point where an average functional lifespan was 95 years of age, and ages of up to 125 years were being reported. "Condo Commandos" became a force to be reckoned with. Repeated efforts by the state to negotiate a settlement finally bore fruit in 2025 when the Century Accord was signed. Land granted by Florida Governor Sherman D. Barron created Sunnydown Citadel — a retirement colony. Other factions sectioned off remaining areas of the county, governing each one autonomously, and periodically reporting to the governor. Urban homesteaders moved into the remaining unclaimed territories.

Today, the new MacArthur Seawall protects Palm Beach County from the sea, but the area's various factions continue to guard their "turf" jealously — and violently.

Points of Interest

1) *Florida Turnpike/State Road 748 Exchange*: This is a toll road patrolled by Florida Highway Patrol and/or RCA security personnel.

2) *RCA Technologies*: A high-security manufacturing compound. The perimeter is fortified, topped with electric fencing, and patrolled around the clock. There is a heavily fortified corridor leading to the I-95 entrance.

3) *New Jacksonville*: Bordered by the remnants of North Lake Blvd. to the north; state road 702 to the south; and the seawall and state road 809 to the east and west, respectively. There are lots of people and a lot fewer cars, so there are frequent raids on neighboring territories to pick off damaged vehicles. Combat is infrequent, but supported by armed pedestrians.

4) *Sunnydown Citadel*: A retirement colony, encompassing the lands from 702 on the north, 809 to the east, and US 98 to the south — and pushing further westward each year. The architecture and atmosphere are classic "concrete coast" — very comfortable for the older set. The three road borders are very

heavily fortified, as is the Century Corridor of the Florida Turnpike. Visitors are permitted only through the turnpike entrance, with proper identification. There are other controlled accesses to the Citadel, but these are heavily mined or trapped.

5) *Florida Highway Patrol Air Base*: The FHP patrols the turnpike and I-95 primarily, and is called in to settle major skirmishes — which it does very efficiently. Be warned.

6) *Palm Beach International Auto Arena*: The place to be on a Saturday night. Included in the programs are tractor pulls, swamp romps, auto and motorcross, stock car races, as well as autoduelling events seven days a week. See the local newspaper — *The Palm Beach Shoulder Holster* — for local card. This writer recommends *Convict Night* — get your tickets early. Action 89-TV carries the action live early afternoon and evening.

7) *The Migrants*: Tribes of former migrant workers inhabit this marshy area. Even bikers are afraid of them — avoid at all costs.

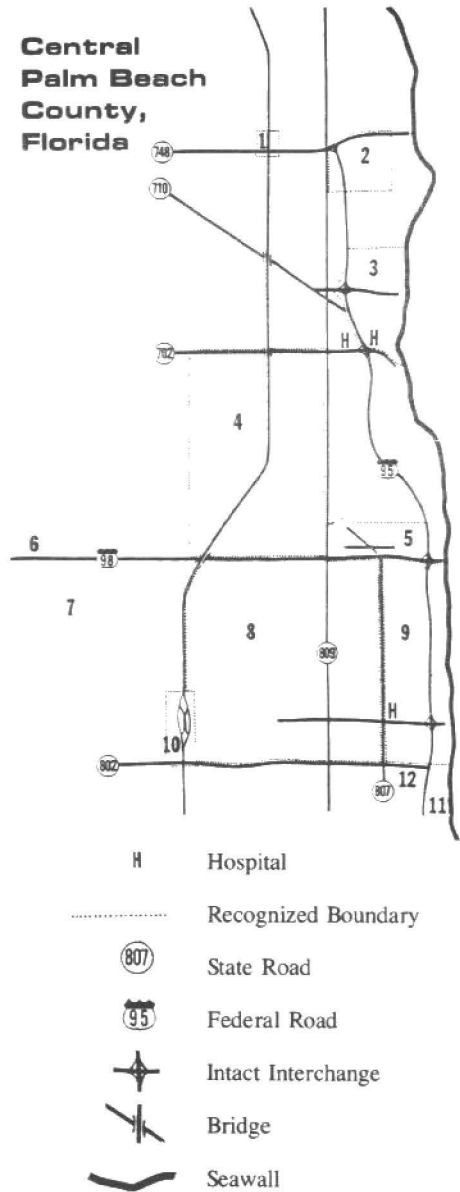
8) *The Great Marsh*: These lowlands are bordered by US 98 on the north (just south of the aquifer which runs parallel to US 98), state roads 807 and 802, and the turnpike. This area is partially flooded all year long, due to the breakdown of flood control systems and more than ample Florida liquid sunshine, to an average depth of one foot. Most of the oldest concrete structures have been recycled into plasticrete via the local plant, so there are few single-story buildings. The multi-unit condominiums and apartment complexes generally have a six- to ten-foot-high plasticrete retaining wall perimeter to keep water and intruders out. There are partially submerged blockages and mazes guarding the entry/exit ramps into each compound. The twenty-acre tract of Pine Pallasades West is very heavily fortified and patrolled. All other compounds have varying degrees of protection, but none are totally undefended. Autoduelling is infrequent due to road conditions, but the residents do raid neighboring areas occasionally.

9) *Nuevo Miami*: Just east of the Great Marsh, Nuevo Miami is inhabited mostly by refugees from the Miami area. Auto and pedestrian combat is frequent because of turf wars between the numerous barrios, as are supply raids into neighboring areas.

10) *Lake Worth Exchange and Truck Stop*

11) *MacArthur Seawall*: Constructed of concrete, it separates the new coast of Florida from the Atlantic Ocean. The depth of the

Central Palm Beach County, Florida



ocean at the seawall is four to eight feet above the coast line, after the stabilizing of the greenhouse effect in 2018.

12) *Palm Beach Community College and Technical Institute*: Two-year certificate and degree programs in all of the sciences, as well as the liberal and combat arts, are offered all year. As a rule, personal and auto combat are prohibited; this is enforced by campus security.

Facilities

Hospitals

Our Lady Corretta Hospital, located on the east side of I-95, on state road 702.

The Humanitarian, located on the west side of I-95, also on state road 702.

L'Infirmeria de Nuevo Miami, located on the corner of Rio Nicaragua (formerly 10th Ave. N.) and 807. Se habla Espanol.

All hospitals are considered to be neutral zones — enforced by the FHP.

Auctions/swap meets

The Fairgrounds International Public Auto and Equipment Auction. Held at the PBIAA (see #6) every Wednesday night at 6 p.m. Here, the public can view the latest declassified technological offerings for vehicular travel and combat, and pick up parts and supplies. International trade and cuisine, live music, dancing, and roller derby round out the evening.

Impound Auction. On the 15th of each month, the FHP auctions off impounded vehicles, weapons, ammo, and miscellaneous equipment. Check the local newspaper for inventory listings.

The New Jacksonville Swap Shop. Located off of I-95 at the Blue Heron exchange in New Jacksonville, it's a good place to pick up used parts and supplies, and have emergency repairs done. The swap shop is considered to be a DMZ, though occasional fights and gunfire have been reported. Let the buyer beware.

Organizations

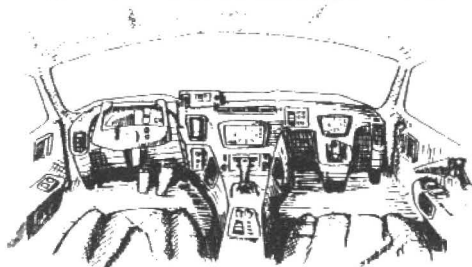
The Florida Highway Patrol. The Palm Beach Division of the FHP has 120 medium to heavy police cruisers, 60 heavy cycles, as well as a dozen standard combat helicopters and two complete medi-vac copters. The vehicular colors are black and gold, with a single blue flasher; their uniforms are swamp camouflage. The Patrolman's Academy is on site.

Autoduelling clubs include the Marsh Raiders of the Great Marsh, the New Jacksonville Cruisers, and the Sunnydown Crime Watch Association. (The SCWA insignia is a bright orange sundown over a gray Bastogne sedan.) The only recognized motorcycle club is the Rattlesnakes, which operates in conjunction with the Marsh Raiders. There are numerous independent garages and power stations in the county. The biggest is located just north of the state road 802 exchange on the Florida Turnpike. It is a regular stop for all Brotherhood members and has full facilities.

The SCWA has an uneasy truce with the Marsh Raiders, simply because of their inability to duel effectively in flooded areas. Unofficially, SCWA vehicles travel in pairs or triplets and are prone to fire on anyone appearing to be under fifty years of age. The president of the club — Jonathon "Cap'n Nemo" Nicholberg — is a double ace, around 85 years old. He is a former captain in the Israeli Army and rumored to have been involved in anti-terrorist activities in the '80s. He drives a light blue Mark IV (luxury car body) with a turreted laser and other heavy weaponry. The luxury car is the standard car of the SCWA.

A typical marsh maverick vehicle is a lightly armored pickup or van with off-road equipment and wheelguards. Due to special flotation tires, they handle well in muck and water. A favored tactic is to force a vehicle into the muck and wait for it to start filling up with water, staying safely out of weapon range, then charging in to pick off the driver when he bails out. Several roads in the marsh are trapped or mined. The mines are not visible below the water's surface. Marsh Raiders, of course, know where the unsafe stretches are.

Typical entry defenses for the marsh compound consist of a maze of partially submerged barriers one to two feet in height, extending outward approximately 300' from the entrance. The Raiders drive through the maze into a four-foot trench, which is enough to short out most standard vehicles, and up an access ramp which takes the vehicle over the retaining wall and into the compound via another ramp. Estimated membership of the Raiders is between 150 to 300, with as many vehicles. They also maintain four regular cargo helicopters and a medi-vac unit. There are no membership figures available on the Rattlers, but there are a lot of them.



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

by Creede Lambard
and David Noel

Salt Lake City is located at the junction of US Interstate Highways 80 and 15 in the west central part of the continent. A thriving city of 125,000 people, Salt Lake is the political, cultural, economic, and religious center of the portion of the United States between Denver and San Francisco.

History

Salt Lake City was settled by members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (better known as Mormons) seeking freedom from religious persecution in the mid-1800s. As the center of the Mormon Church and the capital of Utah, Salt Lake grew and prospered through the 18- and 1900s.

"Secession fever" did not spare Utah in the later years of the 1990s; Mormon children learning Church history had long been taught about how the early Mormons had suffered at the hands of the US government, and many Church members longed for a chance to try their hand at governing themselves.

After the successes of the Free Oil States in seceding from the US, the Utah House of Representatives passed an Ordinance of Secession creating the Republic of the Deseret ("Deseret" is a word used in the Book of Mormon to mean "honeybee"; the first settlers in the area called it the Territory of Deseret, and the motto appears on the Utah state flag). The US government threatened to move in troops to forcibly reunite Utah with the rest of the country. LDS leaders threatened to "burn their houses and move on."

After months of political back-and-forth turned into years, the Deseret authorities agreed to nullify the Articles of Secession in return for a large degree of autonomy. This

turned out to be a wise move, because when the Food Riots broke out Utah/Deseret was spared the violence other areas incurred thanks to the Church's extensive welfare programs.

Today the Church carries on all essential services in the Deseret Autonomous Region, which now includes heavily Mormon areas of Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Nevada as well. These services include electrical production, water treatment, maintaining a defensive militia, and keeping I-15 and I-80 open. Deseret also provides limited "consular" service through its network of Regional Representatives in charge of liaison with Church officials in 57 countries.

Points of Interest

1) *Temple Square* — Located in the heart of the City, the Temple and the adjoining Tabernacle are Salt Lake's most famous landmarks. There are other monuments and Church exhibits as well. Visitors are welcome, of course, though entrance to the Temple is restricted to Church members. The Duelling Control Ordinance is strictly enforced by the Militia in the Temple Square area.

2) *AADA Headquarters* — Deseret AADA headquarters is located just across from Temple Square at the corner of Main and South Temple. All services are available; phone (801) 555-DUEL.

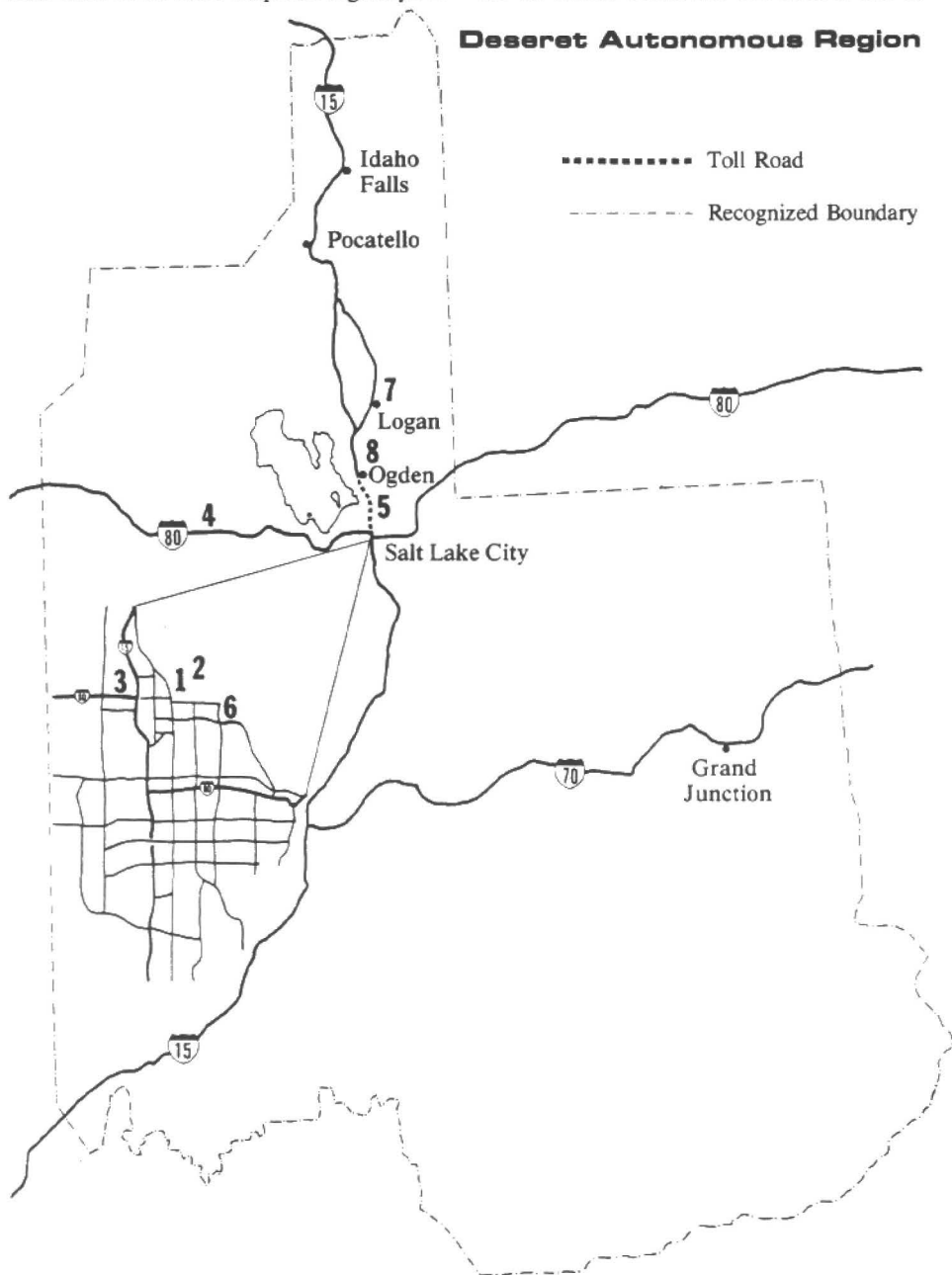
3) *Utah State Fairgrounds/Deseret Duelodrome* — Autoduelling, normally considered a rather violent sport, is condoned and even encouraged in Deseret under the Mormon doctrine of protecting one's home, lands, family, and liberty. Every county in Deseret has a local duelling ground; the best in the Region is the Deseret Duelodrome, formerly known as the Utah State Fairground. A regional Fair is held here every September in conjunction with the Deseret Regional AADA Championship (rather than the other way around). Mormons are taught that blood sport is a grave sin, so fatal duels are a rarity . . . in the arena. Certain prominent duellists have maintained

that this tends to make Deseret duellists soft. Most of these prominent duellists have never attended a Deseret event.

4) *Bonneville Salt Flats* — The Deseret Duelling Control Ordinance specifies that there shall be no duels on public highways or

city streets without “sufficient cause”; “sufficient cause,” however, varies from locality to locality. It is generally considered unwise to hold informal duels within city limits or when the Militia is watching. The Militia, however, turns its back on certain areas so as to allow the inevitable. Bonneville Salt Flats is one of

Deseret Autonomous Region



those areas. Used in the mid-twentieth century as a testing area for high-speed vehicles, the Salt Flats are far enough away from Salt Lake City to be accessible and yet safe from the "law."

5) *The Spencer Kimball Turnpike* — Named for a Church president, the Kimball Turnpike is one of the few remaining toll roads in North America. The turnpike connects Salt Lake with Ogden, Deseret's second biggest city. The Lagoon, an amusement park which houses Deseret's second most popular duelling arena, is located on exit 4 of the Turnpike, halfway between Salt Lake and Ogden.

6) *The University of Utah* — The University of Utah (no one is quite sure why it retains the name of the state; the prevailing theory is, the University still receives US funds and the Federal Government had some say in the matter) is one of the leading medical research facilities in North America. U of U contributions to medical science include the artificial heart, diabetes research, and several important advances in cloning. There is a Gold Cross facility here, but the entire concept of Gold Cross is contrary to Mormon doctrine (its use by others is tolerated, though privately disdained by many).

The U of U autoduell team is known as the "Fightin' Utes"; their livery is red and white, with an Indian's head for their symbol.

7) *Brigham Young University* — BYU is one of the more prosperous universities in North America, with some 23,000 students. This makes Logan the largest city west of the Mississippi and north of Mexico whose primary industry is education. Originally located in Provo, some forty miles south of Salt Lake, BYU was moved to Logan when Provo was deserted as indefensible and Utah State University was absorbed into the University of Utah, allowing the Church to buy the Logan campus.

No autoduel fan should miss the traditional BYU — U of U Autoduel Classic. Held the last weekend of April, the BYUAC is one of the oldest and most hotly contested collegiate autoduel rivalries in the country. BYU's livery is blue and white with a cougar's head emblazoned upon a capital "Y".

8) *Ogden* — Home of the Weber State Wildcats, Ogden is a much smaller town now than it was in its days as a railroad and government center. Ogden is the site of the former US Internal Revenue Service for the central United States; the building is currently main-

tained as a museum by the Daughters of the Deseret.

Facilities

Apart from the facilities mentioned previously, some of the better duelling arenas in the Region are: Ute Stadium on the U of U campus; Cougar Stadium in Logan; Whitney Arena in Logan; the Fairground in Idaho Falls; the University Stadium on the Idaho State University campus at Pocatello; the St. George Fairground and the West Slope Arena in Grand Junction. All of these arenas are AADA certified. In addition, each county has some form of duelling arena; in many of the smaller towns the arena is no more than an asphalt plain with a grandstand, though the arenas in Moab and Vernal are surprisingly good for cities their size.

Organizations

Of course, the most powerful and influential organization in Salt Lake City is the LDS Church. Many of the services the Church provides have been listed above; suffice it to say that nothing major happens in Deseret without at least the Church's tacit approval.

Not everyone, however, approves of the Church. The Gadianton Robbers, for instance, are an outlaw cycle gang based in the foothills of the Wasatch Mountains east of town. They took their name from the anti-Church group in the Book of Mormon; their leaders admit they did it just to annoy Church and civic leaders. The Robbers fly black flags with a white diagonal stripe.

There is the usual assortment of cycle gangs, pedestrian rights groups, and MONDOS of every stripe. There is also a chapter of BLUD. All of the major TV networks and cable systems are represented in Salt Lake, and in addition, local stations cover local events not picked up by the larger systems.

The Salt Lake City Police drive black and white cars with the city shield on the door. City police have jurisdiction over all of Salt Lake County; however, in certain areas (such as Temple Square, the downtown area in general, the University, and the hospital zones) one is far more likely to come in contact with the Deseret Militia. The Militia consists of all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 35, who donate five weeks a year to Militia service.

A New Cross-Country Record

by J. Phillip Aslin

Cross-country runs are nothing new. Before the war and the Riots, people crossed this country all the time in everything from wheelchairs to sneakers.

Times, however, have changed. A cross-country run is a lengthy and costly undertaking. Truckers regularly make the long, arduous hauls between civilized city-forts over dangerous, bandit-ridden highways across the country. They, however, have the advantages of monster-sized vehicles with mountainous amounts of armor, and the reputation and power of the Brotherhood to back them up.

Multimillionaire Flynn Mitchell crossed using a record high 37 vehicles; autoduelist Scott Howle made it in a record 2 days, 16 hours using 19 cars; and Rick O'Connor crossed with the record low of 8 cars, the old record.

Nathaniel "Crack-shot" Potts and Jamie "Quick" Silver were running an unsuccessful courier service in Boston, Massachusetts when they decided something needed to be done to generate business. So, to prove their reliability, they set out for Los Angeles on May 17th.

On June 2nd at 5:13 p.m. W.S.T. the team of Potts and Silver rolled into the LeBrea Tar Pits Truck Stop in the same van with which they left Boston. The van, whose armor had been chewed up and burnt badly, was unbreached, drivable, and had a total of five rounds left among its six weapons.

The tall, slight, spectacled Potts sat

slumped, exhausted, in one of the truck stop's booths. Across from him sat the small, attractive, dark-haired Silver, hungrily devouring half a dozen donuts and eight cups of coffee.

The first thing Potts said as this reporter joined them was, "I don't believe I crossed the country just to get a fresh cup of coffee. The longest donut run I ever made." When asked how they made such an amazing trip, Nate replied, "Wits, guts, good shooting, and damn good driving." "Hard work," said Jamie.

It would seem that this team's bid for attention was successful. So far, three movie studios have made offers of over \$100,000 each for the exclusive rights to the Potts and Silver story, and there is talk of a television series.

Nate and Jamie are evasive when asked for specific details of their sojourn, such as the number of repair stops they made and how many sets of tires they went through. However, yesterday they gave authorities a lengthy list of witnesses who can vouch for the authenticity of the pair's claims.

The pair and their van, Warhorse, will be flying home via an American Airlines airship. In Boston, they are scheduled to receive the key to the city.

As this reporter and the young couple parted company, I observed Jamie sigh heavily, put her head on Nate's shoulder, and say, "I just hope this gets us some business."



Gaming Notes

Nathaniel “Crack(shot)” Potts is a Cyclist +1, Gunner +3, Mechanic +2, Handgunner, Runner. He has improved body armor and carries a grenade launcher, SMG, and a heavy pistol.

Jamie “Quick” Silver is a Driver +3, Gunner, Trucker, Handgunner +1, Martial Arts +1, Paramedic +1, Runner. She also wears improved body armor, and carries 2 LAWs and a heavy pistol.

Here’s how to build their van:

Warhorse: Van, extra heavy chassis, heavy suspension, super power plant, six

solid tires. Armor 135 points (T10, F30, R25, L25, B30, U15). One driver, one gunner. Mounts one AC (autocannon) forward, also mounts 2 HR (heavy rockets) forward — fired by front bumper trigger. One RL (rocket launcher), and 2 linked PS (paint sprays) also fired by a rear bumper trigger, are mounted in the rear. Carries an improved fire extinguisher, one LDR (Long Distance Radio), and hi-res targeting computers for both driver and gunner. 10 cargo spaces with a 60 lbs. capacity. HC 2, acceleration 5. Weight without cargo — 7,140 lbs., cost — \$33,250.

AADA News

As a busy summer of autoduelling comes to a close, we've got a lot to talk about — a new World Champion, news from a number of clubs, and some new opportunities for AADA Clubs and members everywhere. But first, we want to welcome another club to the roster of official American Autoduel Association chapters:

Sacramento Area Autoduel Association
James Worth, President
6636 Rinconada Dr.
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

Some of our older clubs have already sent in their renewals, but many more have not. AADA clubs in good standing need not go through reapplication — just send us \$15 (which covers your Club Champion's prize in the AADA Tournament), and you're in! We're going to do some new things this year that you don't want to miss.

For those of you who are new to autoduelling, 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 for some new items).

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 (not that there will be very much — hardly any, in fact). 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 (which covers the cost of your tournament prizes) to the American Autoduel Association, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760.

World Championship

The new AADA World Champion had to travel 3,000 miles to win his crown. Duilio Ramallo of Los Angeles, CA, representing the North American Mondo and Duellist Society (NOMADS), beat Andrew Gerenyi of the Allegheny Autoduel Association in the final at the Baltimore JoustDuel Arena. Ramallo put together a deadly combination of grenade launchers loaded with concussion grenades and a turreted Vulcan with High-Density Ammo to finish off the opposition in a single pass. The Baltimore JoustDuel Arena will be featured in an upcoming issue of *Autoduel Quarterly*, along with a number of other "new breed" racetrack arenas.

Here's the stats on Ramallo's championship-winning car: Luxury, x-hvy. chassis, hvy. suspension, super power plant, 4 solid tires, driver w/body armor, 2 linked GLs front, loaded with concussion grenades, VMG with HD ammo in turret, hi-res computer, 4 smoke dischargers, no-paint windshield, Reflective Fireproof Armor: F40, R40, L40, B25, T25, U5, 2 10-pt. wheelguards on back wheels only. Acc. 5, HC 3, 6,593 lbs., \$29,970.

For his victory, Ramallo receives a lifetime subscription to *Autoduel Quarterly*, plus a trophy. A picture of the happy winner appears at left.

Other Tournaments

The Land of Lincoln Autoduel Association reports that Bruce Felix won that group's Club Championship, with Greg Johnson coming in second. The Carmel Autoduel Association's club champion for the 2034-35 season is Jeff Toale, and the club reports that Toale took the championship in unorthodox fashion. Club president Curt Graham reports, "He won by



rolling his car early in the fight. Later, only two (other) cars remained, my car being one of them. I rammed the other vehicle, and we both died in the collision. So Jeff, the only one left alive, won. Oh, well . . .”

The NorCal Transit Authority reports that John Sullins won their club championship. NorCal also hosted the Western Regional this year, and club president Michael Taber (who took Sullins’ place in the Regional as an alternate) provides this account from local coverage:

Welcome back, sports fans, it’s another beautiful day here at the Bear Flag Republic Arena, where the NorCal Transit Authority is hosting the 2034-35 AADA Western Regional Championship.

Let’s do a quick recap for those of you who have just tuned in. Things started off rather slowly as the combatants started in separate sections of the arena. As the gates opened, Sean MacDonald of the NOMADS entered the central arena as the NCTA and Marin Marauders stalked cautiously in the outer arena areas. Then to Marin driver Chris Mills’ surprise, the wall that had been separating him from the NOMADS began to move away. Moving walls are one of the unique features of Bear Flag. As Marin began to close in on the NOMADS, Sean launched a concussion grenade which seemed to have had some effect on Marin. Slightly shaken from this attack, Chris was still able to take out one of the NOMAD tires. By this time, the NOMADS launched yet another concussion grenade. This time Chris was knocked unconscious, but still rolling. As Sean closed in for the kill, Chris recovered and a point blank duel ensued, leaving Marin’s side opened by a Nomad rocket. Marin also lost two tires in this messy battle. The NOMADS lost one more tire to the Marin laser.

Before going in for the kill on Marin, Sean launched a concussion grenade at the NCTA Driver, Mike Taber. Luckily for Sean, Taber went unconscious from the attack. Taber is shaking off the effects of the blast, while the NOMAD gunner takes control of the Marin laser.

We’ve been glued to our monitors as the NCTA driver shakes off that nasty concussion. Taber of the NCTA is moving now and building up some speed as he moves toward the open gate. There’s the flash of a radar-guided missile closing in on the now immobile Marin

vehicle — suddenly the Marin laser snaps to life and down goes the missile, only a few yards from its target. Once more, Taber fires a RGM. It too is shot down just short of its destination. The NOMADS must now wait as Taber is moving to a new position. Here comes Taber barreling through the south gate at fifty-five miles per hour. With a flash of light, the laser takes out one of Taber’s tires. He’s swerving but able to launch another RGM. This one gets a little closer but is snapped out of the sky like a sickly skeet. Turning so as to bring his front-mounted machine-gun to bear, NCTA charges the laser position and the open side of the Marin vehicle. Taber opens fire and the laser cannot answer. Suddenly a grenade is launched. It’s another of those nasty little concussion grenades. Taber seems to be out of it now. Yes, he is unconscious. This looks to be it. Yes, the checkered flag is flying to signal a NOMAD victory. What an exciting duel! Down on the field of battle, Sean MacDonald, the NOMAD driver, is carrying Taber to the medics. In just a few moments we will go down to the winner’s circle as our man on pit row interviews winning driver Sean MacDonald . . .

More News

A recent mailing to all the AADA clubs asked what could be done to improve the organization and heighten interest. A number of good suggestions were made, and most of them boiled down to one thing — better and more frequent communication between the central office and the member chapters. So, starting immediately, we’ll be sending a semi-regular newsletter to AADA chapters *only*, giving them the latest news on *Car Wars*, soliciting playtest and product comments, and also serving as a forum for discussion about the game, its universe and rules. Everyone’s got his or her pet rule change, or fancy optional system — this would be a forum to show it off to the folks who would be most interested, fellow AADA chapters. We hope to get this thing out on a monthly basis, but I hesitate to commit myself to a regular deadline. I’ll sure try my best, though. Of course, I’ll need contributions from club members, *and* other interested *Car Wars* fans. You know the address . . .

Until this winter, then, Drive Offensively!

Towing the Line

Tow Trucks in *CAR WARS*

Tow trucks are multi-purpose pieces of equipment, able to haul a large load that is not directly on their chassis. They are most frequently used as search and rescue vehicles since they have an overland capability and, usually, general equipment that is handy in many tough situations. But the tow truck of 2035 must also be able to defend itself and its customers from perturbed duellists and gangs looking for easy prey. The men who operate these vehicles must be the highest calibre of driver, be able to right and tow vehicles, protect their high-paying customers, and get those customers safely to a shop for repairs. In most cases a tow truck operator is a trucker who has a mechanic's background.

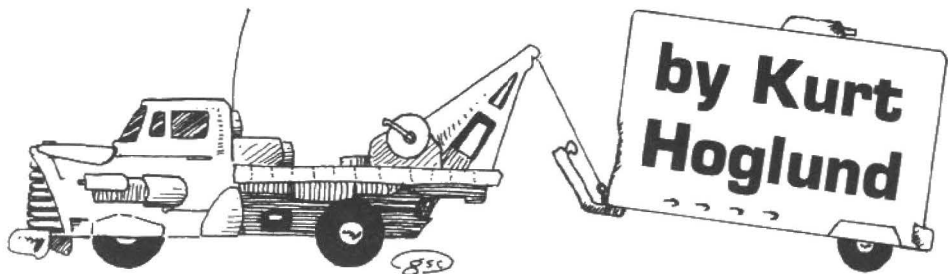
Tow truck operators are the most respected of all road drivers, since everyone will have to use them at one time or another. There are very few times that you would really want to fire on a tow truck, and you should be very wary of these times. Trying to continue a duel while your opponent is being towed away is

considered very bad form. It is also likely to be fatal, since tow trucks are heavily armed and armored, and tow-truckers are as competent as any other Brotherhood members, and tend to be *very* protective of their customers.

Operating tow trucks can be both the most rewarding and most hazardous of all vehicular operations, since it entails going into a high combat incident area, getting to your high-paying customer, and then getting you, your customer, and as much of your equipment as possible out again. And it seems so simple, too. All you have to do is pull up to the wounded vehicle, spend a few minutes attaching a winch cable to the front or rear armor, and then off you go. But it's never as easy as it looks . . .

The most expensive, time-consuming, and financially rewarding aspect of tow-trucking is not towing your everyday car or pickup. It is, instead, at the other end of the income bracket — the one that includes buses and tractor-trailer rigs. To get a rig back on the road is a





time-consuming job that requires skill, a good winch, and a lot of equipment. The operator's job is to get them upright and back on the road again. For this service, a towing service will probably ask for 10-20% of the vehicles' weight in dollars.

Once your customer is back on the road, there is a possibility that he or she may need a tow to your fine establishment of refit and repair. And, of course, your well-meaning and well-paying customer will inquire as to your rates for towing his endangered vehicle to your previously-mentioned establishment. Most garages charge anywhere from \$3-7/mile. This rate does not usually include the following: hazard pay for towing in extremely dangerous areas, damage done to the tow truck in defense of his vehicle, equipment expended in the line of duty, and expended ammo used to defend his vehicle. All this and more is tacked onto the bill. (Customers of tow-truckers should make sure that the deal is *truly* over before calling for help. It can be very expensive, otherwise.)

The care and upkeep of equipment is the most important part of a tow truck operation. Equipment permanently installed on a tow truck can be repaired at +20% of the normal repair cost. Portashops, flashing lights, etc., if damaged in combat, must be fully replaced: No repair is possible. Upkeep of equipment runs to 1% of cost after every use.

To get started in the world of towing, a character must have at least base level skill in the following — Trucker, Gunner, and Mechanic.

The tow-trucking community is very close-knit, and its methods of accepting and instructing others clearly demonstrates this. First, tow-truckers usually run an apprentice system. An applicant must be approved by the boss of the hiring company or the local manager of

UNITT (the independent tow-trucker's association) as an apprentice for a period of not less than six months. The apprentice is assigned to a tow-trucker of some experience so that he may learn the trade and how to handle various situations. An apprentice must demonstrate knowledge of the use and care of equipment, how to handle customers, and a general coolness in road combat situations. Salaries of apprentices run between \$10,000-15,000 per year, not including hazard pay bonuses.

After the apprentice period is over, a company will pick up the apprentice and offer him a job with a stock tow truck. Some apprentices have saved enough money to go independent right away, but that's very rare. The higher an apprentice's skill, the better the job offer, which can range from \$25,000 to \$50,000 per year and a stock tow truck of any size from "small vehicles only" to the very large rig- or bus- capable tow trucks. The former apprentice is given a Journeyman title and will be added to a regular shift rotation of his company. The outfit will take care of repairs and ammo, but the Journeyman must pay off the truck in 2-5 years, depending on the individual contract.

If a Journeyman has completed his contract and paid off the truck, then he will own it and is responsible for all repairs. At this point the Journeyman is an independent operator who can sign term contracts with a towing company or start out on his own as an independent tow truck operator. The only obligation that this tow truck operator would have is to train apprentices as they are assigned by the local tow truck operator's board or regional UNITT headquarters.

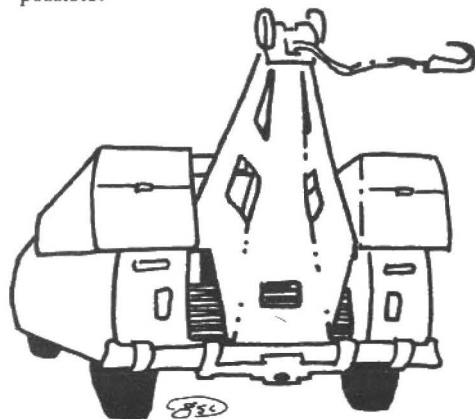
UNITT is the organization that represents tow truck operators in the US and Canada. The acronym stands for Union of Nationwide

Independent Tow Truckers. Dues for this organization run \$150/year, with local meetings held annually. UNITT also supplies a list of who gets discounts, how much, and why. This "Green Book" is updated monthly. There is also a second monthly publication called the "Black Book" which gives a list of those not in good standing with UNITT and why. People who help tow-truckers and stand with them in battles, or those who have provided an unrepayable service to a tow-trucker can get into the "Green Book." Anyone who has unlawfully killed a tow-trucker or has proved themselves to be more than a pain in day-to-day operations will be listed in the "Black Book" and may be refused service by UNITT operators.

Tow-truckers of any sort, but especially UNITT members, are greatly respected for their ability to get a customer out of a tight spot and stick with him until the bitter end. This reputation is well-known among the trucking Brotherhood. Many trucking organizations and amateur "Brotherhood" publications put out a list of tow-truckers who are legitimate operators and the maximum tow weight that each can handle.

The AADA puts out local, regional, and nationwide tow truck lists of all UNITT members and their fees. Most AADA members can get a small discount. Anyone of Ace status or higher can get at least a 10% discount, mainly because the local tow-truckers appreciate the contribution that the Ace has made to their profession.

Most non-trike-equipped cycle gangs don't really care about tow-truckers and therefore feel free to abuse tow-truckers and, especially, UNITT members whenever and wherever possible.



Truck Construction

Tow truck construction should be based on the maximum possible weight that you would want to tow with a vehicle. After determining this you should then find out which *Truck Power Plant* will best suit your needs, according to its maximum rig weight. You should then look to see which winch or set of winches will give you an equal or greater weight capacity. Do you plan on righting vehicles? If so, then you must get a three-axle drive system and differential locks, so that when you attach the winch and start winching, it is the rescuer who moves and not the rescuer. Add to this a driver position, a possible gunner position, room for lights, room for the righting shops or regular portashops, and any other miscellaneous gear, and add them up. All you need now is a chassis, armor, and a weapon or two and you have one very expensive tow truck. Good luck!

Righting Vehicles

The righting of oversized vehicles is now possible with winch-equipped tow trucks. The required equipment for righting is: 1) One righting portashop box for every 10 feet, or fraction thereof, of vehicle that needs righting, and 2) a winch that has a maximum load capacity equal to or greater than the load to be righted.

The time required for righting is a base 15 minutes plus an additional 5 minutes for every 5 feet over 10 feet of vehicle that is being righted. The operator of the tow truck can use either Trucker skill or Mechanic skill, whichever is higher. Then he rolls on the Mechanic Repair Chart — a successful roll meaning a completed job without any foul-ups. Difficulty is as follows:

- Trivial — Righting a motorcycle.
- Easy — Righting a car, trike, pickup, or van.
- Medium — Righting a 10-wheeled truck or bus.
- Hard — Righting a 30-foot vehicle.
- Very hard — Righting a 40-foot vehicle.

For each point the roll is missed by, the side the vehicle is being righted to will take 1d6-4 points of damage. Tires take damage before the underbody is affected.

Tankers and flatbeds take an additional 20 minutes to right because of their construction.

Towing

Once the disabled vehicle is righted, it must be attached to the tow truck. This only takes 5 minutes, and is treated like an "Easy" mechanic's job. A vehicle can be towed from either the front or back, but there must be some intact armor on the side the tow truck hooks up to. If there's no intact armor on either the front or back of the vehicle, the tow truck operator must first patch on at least one point (as per the Mechanic rules).

A towed vehicle is treated exactly like a trailer for movement purposes. If the supporting tires on the towed vehicle (the ones touching the ground) are shot out, the towing vehicle takes a D4 hazard immediately and has its HC reduced by 3 for as long as it continues to drag the other vehicle around.

The weapons of the towed vehicle cannot be controlled from the cab of the towing vehicle. To use the towed vehicle's weapons in combat, somebody must be *in* the towed vehicle — not exactly a safe spot!

Sample Vehicles

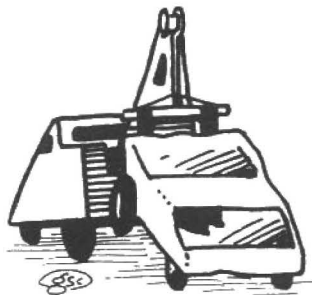
The Terminus Tow Truck Line presents its smallest unit, The Road Helper. The Road Helper is designed for light suburban work and is not intended for journeys into dangerous areas. But, if it happens that your customer needs to have his vehicle protected from certain undesirable elements, the Road Helper packs a universally turreted Vulcan to discourage such activity.

Road Helper — Pickup, x-hvy. chassis, hvy. suspension, small truck power plant, three-axle drive, three differential locks, 6 solid tires, driver, VMG in universal turret, improved fire ext., targeting computer, derrick, medium winch, 2 righting portashops, tool kit, searchlight, 9 traffic cones. Fireproof armor: F25, R20, L20, B15, U10, T16. Cargo capacity: 3 spaces, 5 lbs. Righting capability: Any vehicle up to 20' long, 8,000 lbs. Towing capacity: 7,205 lbs. Accel. 2.5 up to 25 mph, 5 thereafter, HC 2, 7,795 lbs., \$39,309.

Note: Only the power plant, driver, weapon, and fire ext. are in the cab (and count against cab spaces) — the remaining equip-

ment is in the cargo area. The small truck power plant is not usually allowed in a pickup, but the loss of acceleration (not to mention all the valuable weapon space taken up by this giant plant) is fair compensation.

Do you need to go into a high-combat area to get to your well-paying customers? What you need is the Terminus Guiding Light, one of our mid-sized tow trucks made to deal severely with all sorts of riff-raff. For long-range accuracy, we have installed a laser in a universal turret and given it a laser battery for endurance. And at close range, there's plenty of additional firepower! Forget those scavengers and duellists who think the battle's still on — blow them away and bring back your prize with the Guiding Light!



Guiding Light cab — Std. cab-over, x-hvy. chassis, regular truck power plant, three-axle drive, 3 differential locks, 10 solid truck tires, driver, gunner, laser in universal turret, laser battery, 2 hi-res computers. Fireproof armor: F40 (with ramplate), R40, L40, U30, T35, B5.

Guiding Light trailer — 15' van trailer, 2 HDFTs (one R, one L), 2 autocannons (one R, one L), HDSS with extra magazine back, derrick, large winch, 3 righting portashops, Portable Shop, 2 flashing lights, 10 traffic cones, searchlight, auto battery. Fireproof Armor: F15, R35, L35, U20, T25, B20; 6 ten-point wheelguards.

Cab-trailer combo — Cargo capacity: 3 spaces, 60 lbs. in cab; 1 space, 10 lbs. in trailer. Righting capability: Any vehicle up to 30' long, 25,000 lbs. Towing capacity: 19,430 lbs. Accel.: 2.5 up to 25 mph, 5 thereafter, HC 1, 20,570 lbs., \$145,350.

Tow Truck Accessories

Item	Cost	Weight	Space	DP
Auto Battery	50	0	0	2
Dayglo Coat	30	0	0	—
Derrick	2,500	200	2	8
Differential Lock	1,000	0	0	—
Righting Portashop (per box)	2,500	65	1	3
Three-Axle Drive	+50% body	—	0	—
Traffic Cones	5	1	0	1
Two Flashing Lights	100	20	1	2
Winches:				
Small	500	100	1	3
Medium	2,000	150	2	4
Large	5,000	200	3	5
Super	15,000	250	4	7
Winch Cable	300	50	0	10

Auto Battery — Small battery used to put a 10-mile charge on a vehicle's power plant. Transfer takes 5 minutes. Battery can be recharged in 5 minutes for \$5 at any power station.

Dayglo Coat — Nighttime safety coat. Used to give the wearer better reflectivity at night. Chances of being accidentally hit by a vehicle or gunfire are reduced — but wearer is +2 to be hit on purpose.

Derrick — Used with a winch to lift the near end of a towed vehicle up off the ground. When this occurs the towed vehicle is placed square with the towing vehicle (end-to-end). A derrick may be targeted at -4.

Differential Lock — A differential lock is used to lock the wheels of a vehicle that is righting another vehicle. One differential lock is required for each "axle" pair. Destroyed only when both wheels on an "axle" are destroyed.

Righting Portashop — One Righting Portashop is necessary for every 10 feet of vehicle, or fraction thereof, to be righted.

Three-Axle Drive — This is an improvement to a chassis of a tow truck which will

be attempting righting operations. Vehicles without this improvement may not attempt to right vehicles — their chassis will fail if it is attempted. Three-axle drive gives a tow truck the equivalent of Off-Road handling capability. A tow truck with three-axle drive has HC 1 on or off-road.

Traffic Cones — Dayglo-coated cones for road traffic direction. Take no damage from collisions or being run over. Targeted at -8. Cones are knocked away when hit by gunfire, and are practically indestructible (why bother?).

Two Flashing Lights — Battery-operated safety lights. Targeted at -6, -4 at night.

Winches — Winches are mechanisms used to pull large weights or secure vehicles to tow trucks. Targetable at -6.

type	maximum load (lbs.)
Small	4,000
Medium	8,000
Large	25,000
Super	40,000

Winch Cable — Targeted at -8, a cable can only be hit by area effect weapons; they do half damage.

“To get to the championship, you’ve got to use the best. That’s why I use Morris.”

—Randy Stockbridge

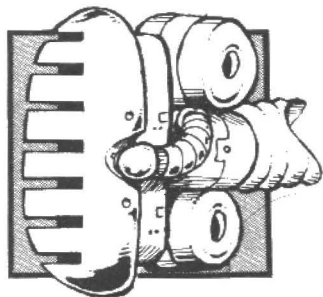


Morris Machine Works has only one goal — to be the best. Morris’ top-of-the-line defensive weaponry can be found on the vehicles of many of today’s top duellists — like California Division 15 champion Randy Stockbridge. “In the lower cost divisions, every penny is precious,” Stockbridge says. “My crew always gets more than its money’s worth with Morris dropped weapons. They’ve saved my life on seven separate occasions. What more can I say?” If you want to *be* the best, *go* with the best — Morris Machine Works.

Gas Streamer

The finest gas screen technology available has produced the new Gas Streamer. Creates walls of smoke or paint in an instant — in any direction!

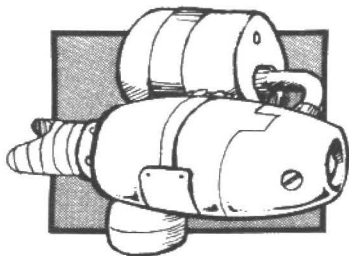
Gas Streamer — 1 DP, cost \$100, weight 50 lbs., 1 space. Holds 2 shots (CPS variable). Creates a 5” x ½” smoke, paint, or tear gas cloud (lay five 1” x ½” counters end-to-end) straight out from the side the weapon is mounted on. If mounted in a turret, the cloud may be placed at any angle, so long as it goes straight out from the vehicle — even straight ahead. Other than the size, treat the various clouds like regular smoke, paint, or tear gas. Smoke loads have a CPS of 50 and a WPS of 25; tear gas is CPS 100 and WPS 25; and paint is CPS 50 and WPS 10. Both loads in the streamer must be the same type — no mixing.



Heavy Duty Ice Dropper

Morris takes a cool idea one step further. To put the “Big Chill” on unwanted tailgaters, the new Heavy Duty Ice Dropper is for you!

Heavy Duty Ice Dropper — 4 DP, cost \$1,000, weight 100 lbs., 3 spaces. Holds 10 shots (CPS 100, WPS 10). Loaded weapon costs \$2,000, weighs 200 lbs.; loaded magazine costs \$1,050, weighs 115 lbs. Creates a 2” x 1” ice counter that behaves exactly like a standard ice counter.



M
Morris Machine Works

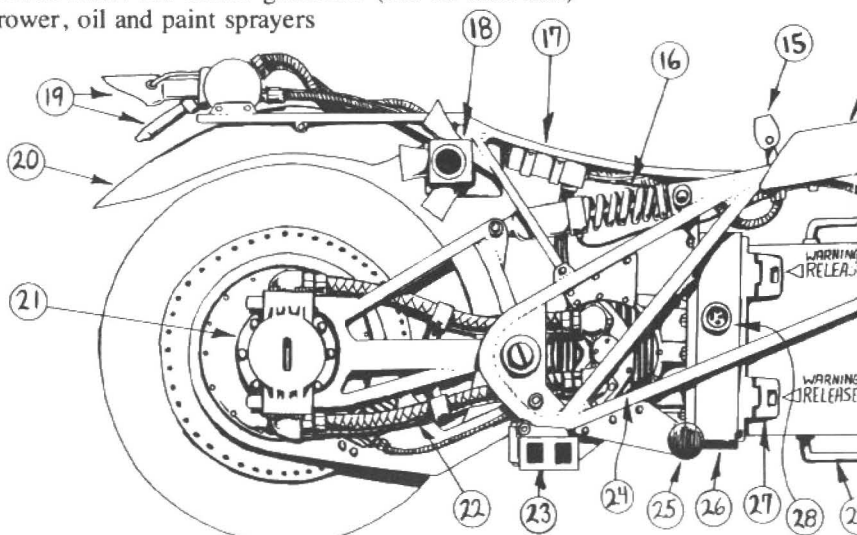
“Go with the best!”

The Motorcycle Exposed

by "Speed" Webber

For our layout of a 2035 cycle, I have stripped off all the armor and fairings. This gives us an inside view of what makes it work. Please keep in mind that this is a generalization — not all bikes are exactly like this one.

- 1) Full wheel disc brake with electromagnetic brake calipers — stops bike by magnetic drag
- 2) 16" x 5" low profile armored tires (front and rear)
- 3) Leading link front forks with air shocks or optional telescoping tube air forks
- 4) Front brake anti-dive link — stops front end from diving down during heavy breaking
- 5) Steering damper — helps high-speed stability
- 6) Power supply and motor turbine function monitoring computer pack
- 7) High-power head lamp and infrared lamp
- 8) Targeting sensors (infrared, radar, etc.)
- 9) Main targeting and weapons control computer link
- 10) Computer monitor screen and other monitoring gauges
- 11) Handle bars and controls (throttle, brake, weapons, etc.)
- 12) Secondary weapon control computer link (no targeting capabilities)
- 13) High-pressure air compressor (for cooling system, flamethrower, air shocks, paint sprayers, oil sprayer, etc.)
- 14) Pressure tanks (for air, oil, paint, flamethrower, fuel, etc.)
- 15) Driver harness coupling (releases automatically when both handgrips are released)
- 16) Mono air shock rear suspension
- 17) Computer control for motor turbine, rear wheel drive turbine, and power supply
- 18) Smoke screen outlet and smoke generator (one on each side)
- 19) Flamethrower, oil and paint sprayers



- 20) Inner rear fender (keeps oil and flames off rear tire)
- 21) In-wheel drive turbine pump and transmission (see drive line notes)
- 22) High-pressure hydraulic lines
- 23) Sidecar jettison joining (optional)
- 24) Main drive turbine pump
- 25) Foot peg (rear brake pedal on left side)
- 26) Main power supply coupling
- 27) Power supply coupling release
- 28) Power coupling for weapons (lasers, machine-guns, rockets, etc.)
- 29) Power supply removal handles
- 30) Power supply
- 31) Power supply charging port
- 32) Radiator for cooling system, power supply, and weapons

Drive Line Notes

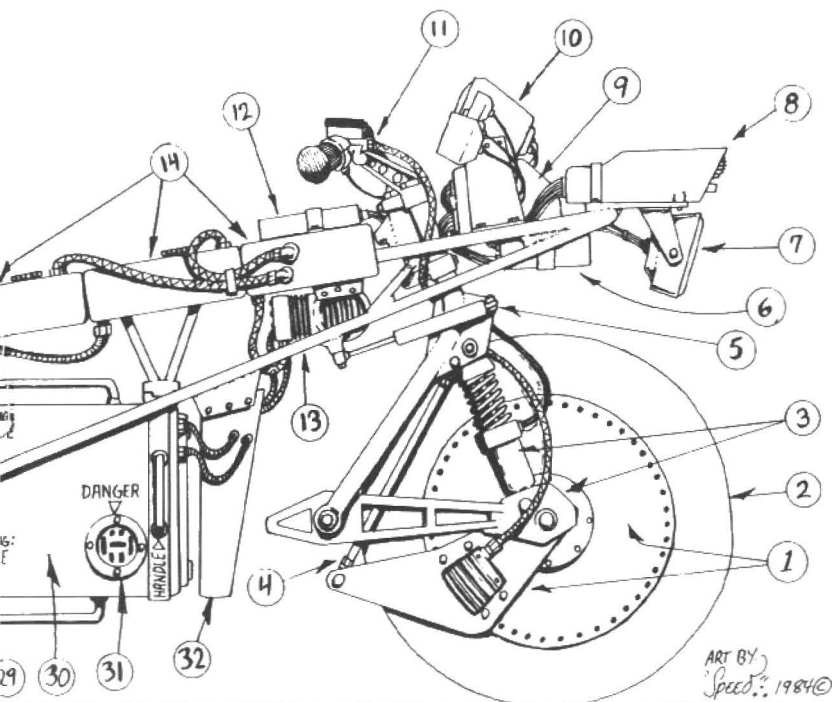
Here's how it works —

The power supply (30) powers a variable electric motor which turns the main turbine pump (24). The main turbine pump (24) feeds hydraulic fluid under pressure (approximately 10,000 pounds per square inch) through the hydraulic lines (22) to the in-wheel drive turbine pump (21).

The in-wheel drive turbine pump (21) is both a drive motor *and* a transmission.

Inside the turbine is a fan- or propeller-type item that is spun by the incoming hydraulic fluid. So the faster the fan (turbine) spins, the faster the wheel spins.

The transmission part works by changing the angle (pitch) of the fan (turbine) blades. This creates the effect of gears without having gears.



Kamicars

by John Nowak

A while ago, John Ford wrote a story for *Space Gamer* in which one of the weapons used was the kamicar, a rolling bomb from which the driver would eject before causing it to explode. As time went on, equipment very useful for the design of kamicars was developed for *Car Wars*. The only component not yet available is the explosive charge itself.

Bomb Loads

Type	Cost	Weight	Spaces	DP	Blast Points
A	\$100	100	1	2	1.0
B	\$200	200	2	4	1.4
C	\$300	300	3	6	1.7
D	\$400	400	4	8	2.0
E	\$500	500	5	10	2.2
F	\$600	600	6	12	2.4
G	\$700	700	7	14	2.6
H	\$800	800	8	16	2.8
I	\$900	900	9	18	3.0
J	\$1000	1000	10	20	3.2
K	\$1100	1100	11	22	3.3

This table can be extended; the progression is fairly obvious and Blast Points is equal to the square root of the number of spaces occupied by the charge. Notice that the A charge is essentially an air-dropped bomb: an air-dropped bomb has a nastier blast radius than the A charge because it does not have to waste energy destroying its carrier vehicle. Blast Points are *never* additive: two linked K charges do not have a Blast of 6.6: they have a blast of the square root of 22, which is 4.7. Yes, really big charges are extremely inefficient: a two-megaton bomb is nowhere near 1000 times as dangerous as a two-kiloton bomb.

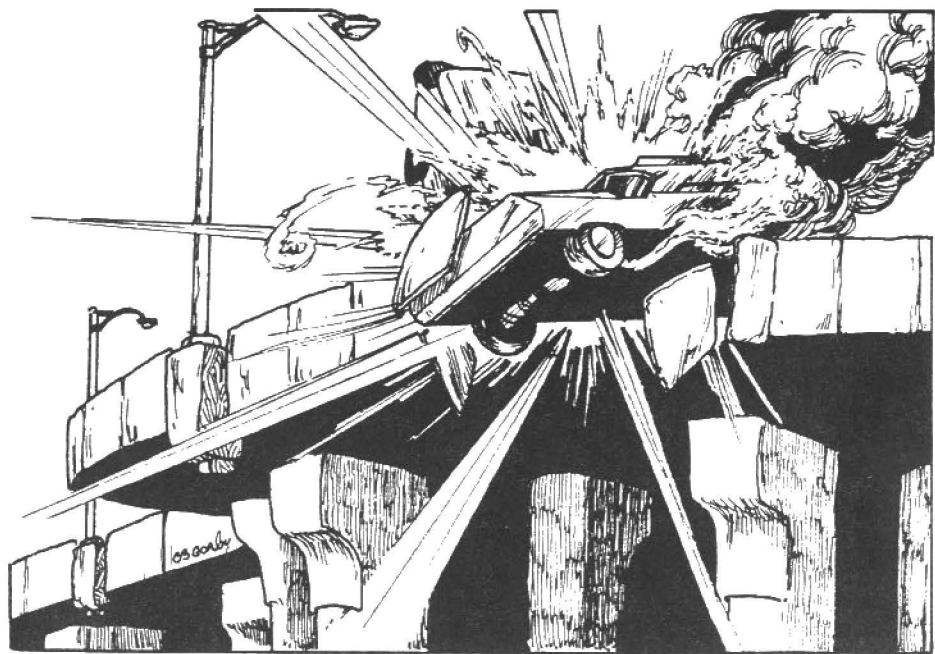
When a charge goes off, it has a blast radius equal to twice its Blast Points in inches. Measure the distance between the exploding charge and the affected target. Divide the Blast Points by this range and round to the nearest whole number to determine the dice of damage done. If the

range is less than $\frac{1}{4}$ " , assume it is $\frac{1}{4}$ " .

Another way to calculate damage is simply to say that at 1" , the bomb does its Blast Point value in damage; twice its BP value at $\frac{1}{2}$ " ; four times its BP value at $\frac{1}{4}$ " ; half its BP value at 2" ; one-third its BP value at 3" ; one-fourth at 4" ; and so on. Just remember that the maximum range is twice the BP value in inches, damage is always rounded to the nearest whole number of dice, and damage is never less than one die.

For example, a type A charge will do 4d6 to anything within $\frac{1}{4}$ " of it; 2d6 to anything $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " from it; and 1d6 to anything from $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 2" from it. Note the gradual reduction of damage versus distance. Measure distance in the same way firing range is calculated: to the nearest edge of the counter.

Wheelguards may protect tires from the blast because a shrapnel effect is assumed.



A charge will be rendered completely inoperative after taking a number of damage points greater than the amount listed. The casing has been ruptured to the point where it cannot contain the explosion; it will merely burn and destroy the kamikar if it is activated. The charge will not go off if the kamikar catches fire: The explosive used is detonated only by electricity.

When a charge is exploded near a building, check for damage for *each 1/4'' of the wall* for making a breach: this is to simulate the possibility of causing a building to collapse with a single bomb or of opening a really big hole in a wall.

When a kamikar is triggered, flip the counter over: it is considered an obstacle (one big hunking pothole!). The 1/4'' around it is littered with debris.

Kamikars and Equipment

Traditionally, the driver of a kamikar is equipped with an ejector seat "linked"

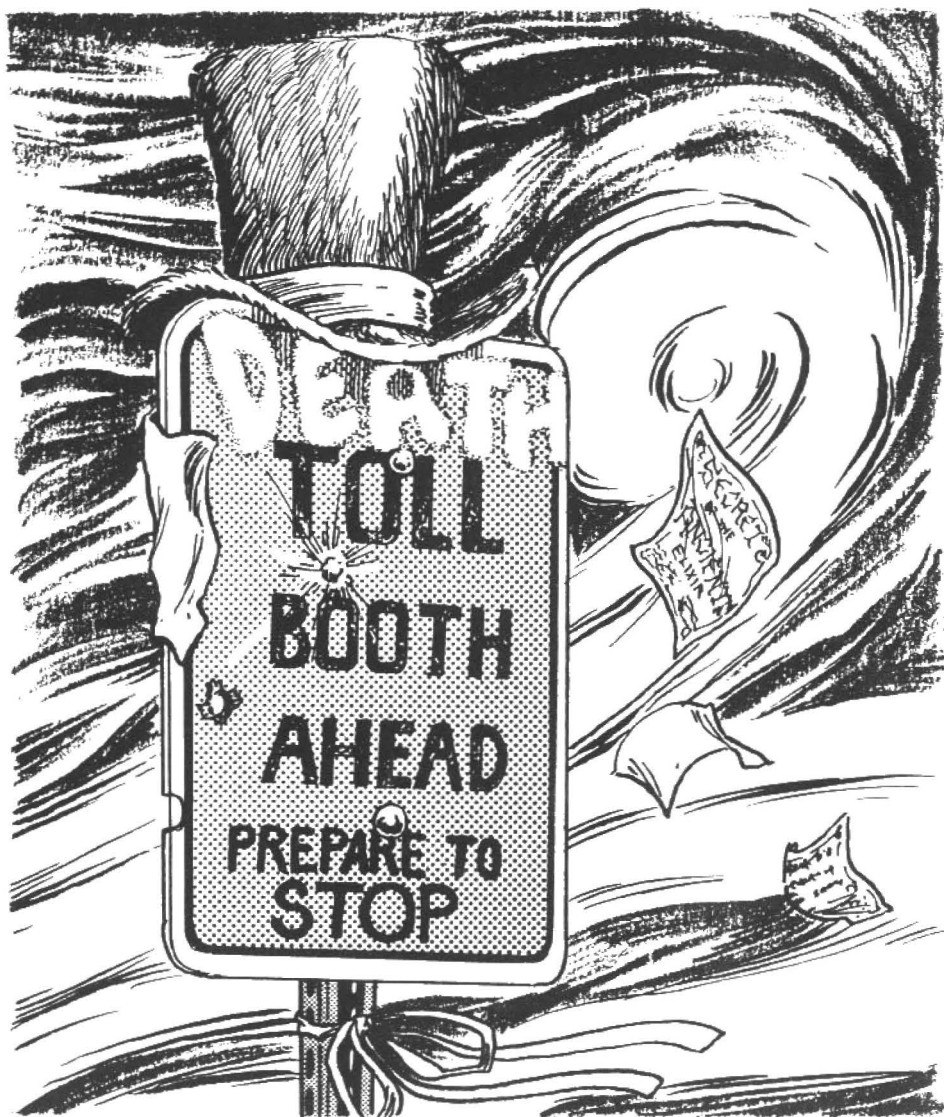
to the charge: the charge is timed to detonate when the ejector seat reaches the highest point of its arc (10 inches). Remember: the driver may also be affected by the blast! It would take a very big charge (25 spaces, to be precise), admittedly, but with RVs, anything is possible.

The charge may be set to go off with a bumper trigger. If so, the trigger activates the charge *before* damage is calculated. This is done so the ram will not damage the charge too much to fire. One interesting possibility lies in telling the driver of a kamikar that his bumper triggers are attached to heavy rockets: don't do this to someone who owes you money, but it is a way of getting around the problems caused by remote controls and is cheaper than ejector seats.

Remember, kamikaze pilots crippled battleships: kamikars are dangerous, and a van loaded with explosive is a truly terrifying thing. However, a kamikar or a suspected kamikar will draw very heavy fire; it is also rather expensive to use. Use them in good health.

Alkahest: The D

by John M. Ford



eathtoll Solution

"You *did* say mutants," the November Fox said.

"That's what I said," said Sheriff Sawtell, through a very tight jaw.

"In Pennsylvania." The Fox ran a hand through her black-and-white hair, then stuck it hard into the pocket of her silver satin jacket.

"I know where we are," Sawtell said. The Fox was just having fun, but Sawtell didn't know that.

Weevil Tarchinsky was sitting on a high stool, bootheels hooked around the rungs, looking through his thick glasses at the Oilfield County Transport Authority's array of police electronics. Weevil seemed unimpressed, but then he always does by stuff he didn't build. "What kind mutants you mean?" Weev said, scratching at his VHF headset so the antennae bobbed, buglike. "Giant ants? Eggplant on world-ruling trip?"

The Sheriff looked around the room at the rest of us, no doubt wondering just what the hell it was he was hiring; they all wonder, just as soon as they hear how much it's going to cost. Farley leaned against the doorframe, completely blocking it. Red Zinger had her sandals off and was sitting in lotus, three-alarm hair almost hiding her green eyes. I was memorizing the County map. We were going to take this one, whatever it was out there; that or eat beans. When you live with four other people in a closed motor vehicle, you don't eat one bean you can avoid. Beans have very poor stopping power in a tight situation.

"I mean," said Sawtell, taking a deep breath, "flying, flame-throwing, super-powered, leotarded, super-mutant-heroes! Only *not* heroes."

"The highway's full of broken heroes on a last-chance power drive," the Zinger said, "but even the hero gets a bullet in the chest."

"We can't hit Skyriider, and they bounce off Suncore," the Sheriff said, obviously not too sure it was the answer called for. "And when that tin-plated Major looks at you the wrong way, *zot*."

I said, "What have the, ah, mutants been doing?"

"They call themselves 'Deathtoll.' They set up on a road someplace, and hit everyone who goes by for ransom. You don't pay, they trash you and take everything that's left. If you look rich enough, they may not bother to warn you. It was bad enough when it was just ordinary traffic, but then they started goin' after our County convoys. Mechanical and electronic parts, stabilized food . . . *and our oil*."

Even Farley looked up at that. Parts were pricey, food was precious, but oil, oh yeah.

"They got two tankers of real rock juice and one of synthetics. There was a load of waste oil, too, but the one called Suncore just torched that where it stood . . . like he knew."

Weevil said "You set up run from here?" "Sure."

"He knew." Weev pointed at the communications center. "You got Hexfactor Five 'cryptor. Crackorithm on Tops in Pops dataset, four months."

"You're kidding," the Sheriff said. Weev's jargon hadn't confused him, I noticed; he was laid-back but not slow.

The November Fox said "If the Weevil says you're in hacker hell, get yourself a coal shovel." She turned, said "Farley."

Farley walked over to the comm rig, pointed one of his bull-barrel fingers at a component. Tarchinsky said "Nyet. Two down, one right." Farley grasped the encryptor, pulled it out of the board. There was a kerpap as the AC line snapped. There was a neat little crunch as Farley folded the module double, and an even neater little gulp as he gave it to Sawtell.

The Sheriff said "That's . . ."

"County property, yeah," the Fox said.

"Deputy sheriff said to me," said Red Zinger, standing up and stretching, "what you think you come here for, boy?" The Sheriff said "GflhrmrmbL," which is what most guys say when they see the Zinger in motion. "Heartbreakers," she went on (unfairly teasing, I thought) "wit'cha .44s, I wanna tell ya where to park."

Sawtell opened his mouth, but no sound at all came out.

"Alkahest accepts the assignment," said Nola the November Fox. "We'll pick up the data disks and the down payment tonight. In gold, right?"

"Gold . . . ?"

"Right," I said to be sure he understood.

Weevil pointed at the hole in the communications board. "Got a Covertron-K in junk box," he said. "We get back, yours free. Not crack that another six months."

"When you get back?" said Sheriff Sawtell, recovering quickly. As I said, no dummy.

"You should be okay with clear-talk radio until tomorrow night," I said. "You weren't going to tell anyone about us anyway. Were you?"

"No. I guess I wasn't at that." He grinned. That was good. We did want him on our side, after all.

"Who ya gonna call?" the Zinger said as we went out.

★ ★ ★

Oilfield County is the wishful-thinking name for a big chunk of east-central Pennsylvania. The Drake Well is stamped on their gold currency (the paper petrodollars show the Three Mile Island Adventure Park) and they pump a few desperate barrels here and there, but the real power in the country is the Transport Authority, a conglom of State Troopers, highway contractors, and Harrisburg politicians who patrol, maintain, and control a long stretch of the Penny Turnpike and the northwest end of the old C&O Canal (which was a National Park until things fell apart). This may not impress you out west, where men are men and roads are shooting galleries, but the Turnpike and Canal add up to the longest continuously used mileage of noncombat trafficway under single control in North America. That, my fellow gunslingers, is power, and power doesn't like people messing with it. Or mutants either.

"What's our cover?" Celeste the Zinger asked when we got back to the bus. "I like the Travelling Salvation Show."

"You like the tambourine, and the speaking-in-tongues routine." Nola said, "and healing the Weevil." The Fox wasn't annoyed — she was damn near laughing. Watching Celeste lay hands on Tarchinsky will get you believing in something, all right.

"No," I said. "They might ignore us. We

want 'em to come up for a look, without calling a full preemptive strike."

"Snakejuice," Farley said. His voice is like metal crumpling with someone inside. He only talks to us, and we can't ever quite get used to it.

"Sounds right to me," I said. The others agreed. Farley smiled and went toward his gear lockers in the back, to get the bus dressed up. Celeste and I opened the costume cupboard. Nola and Weevil went up to the command cabin. All of us were talking, Farley whistling Bowie's "Fame," cheery as I-don't-know-what; places, everybody, lights, props, we got an audience tomorrow that's a real killer.

Are we crazy? Think about us: heroes for hire, electronic mail ALKAHEST, have guns will travel, no extra charge for dead teammates. Ask yourself if it's crazy or not.

But I guess there's nothing for the craziness except to keep busy, so busy we might have forgotten to go back into town for the gold down payment.

But you know damn well we didn't.

★ ★ ★

PROF. A. SHARPE'S TRAVELLING EMPORIUM AND MEDICINE SHOW, read the banner boards on the sides of the bus, FEATURING THE AMAZING SECRET-OF-THE-ANCIENTS ELIXIR. *Miracles a Specialty — Enquire Within*. The boards don't look new, and they're not. The oldest Q-ship mistake is to wear shined shoes with your bum suit.

By dawn we'd collected and spent most of the advance. "You notice those bars?" the November Fox said. "Real Johnson Matthey three-niners. That sheriff's got style. Especially for a sheriff."

I said, "You remember Smokey Sawtell and his Sixgun Special?"

"Sure. King of Division 20 in the Dakota Territory. Drove a superstock Frontier with a Vulcan mount." Then she got it, and laughed. "Not a relative, right?"

"Not a relative."

"I *knew* he had style."

I was driving, the Fox in the right seat, Farley at the master gunnery/engineering console. Farther back, Tarchinsky made solid-state voodoo, and Celeste got the show gear ready — while staying two steps from Number Two gunseat.

Outside us were rolling hills, covered with trees lit like fire with autumn color. The sky was a deep cool blue, with a few clouds crossing it in no particular hurry. That blue seemed to lap like water against the hills, keeping the flames under control.

There were a few bunkered farmhouses visible from the road; there was the road itself, with its concrete and steel decorations — but they were just minor annoyances to that land and sky.

We swung off the Turnpike northbound onto a tidily kept stretch of two-lane. There was a sign: LEAVING PA TURNPIKE PATROLLED AREA — DUELLING PERMITTED BEYOND THIS POINT. A smaller sign read: *That's BEYOND, friend. Shooting this sign is a capital offense.* And you know, there wasn't one hole in either signboard.

Even off the Turnpike things were clean; burned spots, grease slicks, some clean-picked chassis, the occasional zapped tree, nothing unusual. Nothing like the Jersey Turnpike, which looks like a warehouse sale in Hell.

Nola looked up from her boards, at the bright and gentle hills. "Must have looked like this before the Big Spinout," she said softly. "Before there ever was a road to drive on. It's like . . ."

After a moment, Farley said, "A woman. Makes you want to lie in it." Another moment, and he added, "George Orwell," almost apologetically.

Nola turned her couch and put her hand on Farley's knee. She had on long, blood-red fake fingernails, part of her costume, and she gave him a gentle skritch-skritch.

I heard Weevil's voice in my ear: "Heat trace. Faint radar. Airborne and fast. On camera shortly."

The Fox shoved back an overhead sunshade. In a very level voice, she said, "There is a man flying up there. Which is the flying one, Sharper?"

I said, "Skyrider. Silver suit, according to the Sheriff's disks."

"Silver suit, check." Thoughtfully, she added, "It is terribly odd to see someone flying like that. The human body has lousy aerodynamics. And a Reynolds number you wouldn't believe."

"You're the team pilot." She also has a degree in aero engineering, but we discourage showing off.

The camera pictures came in then. "Not very good," Weev was saying. "Fast.

Maneuverable. Not metal; rotten radar.'" The screens showed us Skyrider had a slick metallic leotard with blue trim, and little flapping tassels, an insouciant touch. He obviously spent a lot of time practicing his flying pose, one knee bent, one straight, one arm cleaving clouds.

There was something familiar about the pattern of bands on his torso . . . then we lost him behind the trees.

Zinger stuck her red head in the cabin. She had long green ribbons, the color of her eyes, twined in her hair. "Are we about ready?"

"Well, they know we're coming," I said, and pulled the bus off the road at a nice little clearing. There were a couple of cars parked there; we stopped in front of them. They didn't look functional — one had a wheel off, the other was covered with a tarp and set in a slick of spilled coolant.

A little distance away, a cluster of walking beams were sucking up the last of Pennsylvania's black gold. Orange hardhats bobbed nearby. "At least we'll have an audience," I said, as we locked down the controls.

The side door opened, unfurling colored streamers as it folded down. With the right dressing, it makes a fine stage for whatever we're supposed to be doing: spreading the good news, seismological research, *Hamlet*, or peddling snake oil. Farley came out carrying a loaded rack of patent nostrums under each arm. He went in and out again, ducking and drawing up to his full amazing height. He wore a wide flat hat and a plain black suit with a string tie; he cranked a hurdy-gurdy that played a sweet merry version of "Roadhouse Blues."

Celeste emerged, playing tambourine, all light steps and swirling ribbons. She and the Fox wore satiny shirtwaists, leather vests, long black skirts with silver buttons down the side, and high-heeled boots. As the oil riggers started homing on the music, Nola and I came out, arm in arm; I put on my high silk hat and tugged the lapel of my long-tailed coat.

The act had something for everybody: music, dancing, ladies for the gentlemen to smile at, and Farley (yeah, and me too) for the ladies . . . and of course the Secret-of-the-Ancients Elixir, one gold dollar the bottle, good for a variety of complaints and guaranteed non-fouling in conventionally filtered turbines.

We spent about half an hour working the crowd, making merry, selling a couple of bot-

ties, advising on affairs of the heart, liver, and kidneys. (This is not dishonest; Celeste can on demand produce an MD and license to practice.) We bought a couple of kilos of rod wax, a goopy well byproduct, from the riggers. (That was dishonest. If they'd known it filters down to petroleum jelly, we'd never have gotten it so cheap.)

In my ear, Tarchinsky said, "Heat trace, coming fast. And microseisms. One by air, one on wheels, one walking heavy."

There was a screech overhead and to the north, and for an ugly minute I thought they were going to rocket us and pick over the mess. But it was silver Skyrider, doing a pop-up from behind a small hill, making a whole lot of noise. Then he pointed his chrome-plated fist, there was a flash of light — and a patch of ground near the highway just exploded. Rocks flew, and smoke billowed, and I smelled sulfur.

When the smoke cleared, there was a woman standing there, in purple lamé tights with long steel gauntlets. There was a gun on her belt, and a whip. Uh-huh. That, according to the disks, would be Lightning Rose.

Everybody stopped still. The riggers were thunderstruck. We were pretty impressed.



One of the field hands yelled "Hey! Hey! It's the *Muuuuuu-ties!*"

"And people say they mutie around," Zinger said under her breath. I thought the rigger showed remarkable presence of mind under the circumstances. Anyway, it started the bystanders running for the hills, which was just fine; better to have them out of the way.

A car was tearing toward us. It was dead flat black, sleek enough to have stood on its tail and made orbit. There were a couple of housings on the hull that didn't look like anything from Uncle Albert's catalog. On the hypersonic droopsnoot, red lights swept ominously from side to side.

The driver's door gullwinged open and a man leaned out. He was dressed like he'd found Georgie Patton's spare footlocker, and around the leather and whipcord he wore steel rods and fluidic actuators. An exoskeleton. Somewhere, Jack Kirby was smiling.

"I'm Major Motion," he said, through a loudspeaker somewhere in his suit. "And my friends and I own this road."

That settled one thing. Whoever they were, they got most of their ideas from old videotapes.

"Why, pleased to meet you, Major," I said, holding out my hand and walking toward the car. "I'm Professor Adam Sharpe, and my associates and I are always pleased to meet persons in authority. Why, my dear friend Ms. Zingara here was just saying the other day that the way to do business properly and smoothly is to start at the top, isn't that right, Celeste?"

The Zinger said "I tip my hat to the new constitution, take a bow to the new revolution," and flourished her tambourine.

The Major was nodding in a distracted way. Then Lightning Rose cracked her whip straight between us. Sparks jumped off the poppers.

"Uhm, yeah," said Major Motion. "As the, um, owners, you understand we have to ask . . . a toll on passers-by. You *are* just passing by?"

I didn't think he'd recognized us. Alkahest's rep is still mostly Northwest. But we seemed to have found the mutants in the middle of a leadership fight, which might make them weaker but certainly made them less stable.

I looked at Red Zinger, who looked at the Fox. We were all thinking the same thing; when life gives you a crashbox, double-clutch it.

The Zinger pirouetted and rattled her bells, ending up in an elaborate ribbon-draped curtsy a good ten paces closer to Major Motion. He was staring at her, the rest of the world forgotten, *no es verdad?* As Red herself might say, they *love* to watch her strut.

And the November Fox arched her red-red nails over her white-streaked head, the Wick-ed Witch of Winnemucca, and said "That will be *enough* of that! Do we bribe this lot and go, or don't we?"

Weevil's voice said, "*Strong* heat trace behind you, on foot."

I said, "Perhaps they'd care to sample a little of nature's finest?" and reached for the bottle in my tailcoat pocket, best hipshooter style.

Rose's whip coiled around my arms and chest. I staggered, looked down. I could see the copper wire braided into the leather. Then she gave me the jolt. Not killing current, but amps enough. I made an appropriate noise and fell down flat. The Secret Elixir gurgled into the earth.

There was a *whoosh* and a wave of heat between me and the bus. Suncore was here. I turned my head, saw a human figure big as Farley, dazzlingly, painfully orange. There was an orchid of fire blooming in its right hand. A wall of flames separated us from Farley and the bus door.

Skyrider went by again, shrieking. The heat distorted my view. The sky above seemed warped.

"Weev," I said, "get a camera lock on the flier, I don't care how. Then pan up from him."

"Enough of this display!" Lightning Rose said. There was a crackling, unreal quality to her voice. I was ready to bet that it came from a throat mike and filters, but I wasn't quite ready to bet my life.

Rose tugged on the whip. It hurt; she'd nearly cracked my ribs the first time. She sent another tickle of current down the copper strands. I twitched. "We are Deathtoll; let us collect our price — and leave their bodies for the scavengers." A real lady, Rose was.

"We will, Rose," Major Motion said, trying to be soothing and bossy at once. We had definitely caught Deathtoll on a bad day.

"Just what the hell do you people want?" Nola said, and she was not pretending to be ticked off.

I have been accused — sometimes by my companions — of being the one truly crazy

member of Alkahest, because of my pathological inability to get worried at times like this. I mean, I was all wrapped up on the ground wired to a walking generator, almost certainly the first one to get smoked — maybe literally — if things went wrong, and I was sort of enjoying myself.

Holy Haring, Batman. I can't help it. You got any better ideas?

Major Motion stepped out of his car with a whirr-whirr-click. He pointed at the bus. whirr-click. His eyes glowed blue, and a bolt of energy tore apart the stuff set up on the side door. The air stank of ozone.

That had looked impressive on the disks. It was a *real* good trick done live.

"We are not *people* as you are," the Major's sound system said. "We are the new breed, the kind to come. We use your kind as you use animals —"

He went on like that for a while. I'd heard the routine before, we all had. Sometimes I wonder if there's a record that bad guys can buy and lip-synch to.

Suncore had moved closer; he was still too bright to get a clear look at. The wall of fire was dying out. I got my knees up so that my bootheels were planted flat on the ground. Rose gave me another charge, just for fun, and I rolled around likewise, but made sure I ended with my boots on the dirt again.

There was wire mesh in my coat and gloves, leading to a capacitor bank in my belt and grounding prongs in my heels. I'd only felt the smallest of Lightning Rose's shocks, but she didn't know that. So we had her number. Of course, the wire-and-leather whip could break my neck all by itself. And if she were a real teleport . . .

A scrap of something brown was caught under Major Motion's big black sedan. Only I was near enough to the ground to see it. It was a piece of a paper coverall.

Uh-huh. Rose had worn the paper suit and a plastic hardhat over her costume, and arrived with the oilriggers. When Skyrider threw his flashbomb, she'd stepped into the smoke, ripped out of the paper, and appeared from nowhere. We hadn't counted the riggers, of course, and they started running almost at once anyway.

So much for the "mutant powers." Good to know, but hardly the end of our problems. Suncore could still burn things. I was the only one shockproofed (and only while my heels were grounded), the Major had his very im-

pressive eye zap plus whatever was in his car. And Sky rider was still overhead, going like a bat out of you-know-where — though I thought I had that one figured.

Major Motion's speech had finally gotten to "... stand aside, or die!" Time to start the party.

I grabbed Rose's whip and pulled. She wasn't expecting that; the handle came out of her hands, trailing a long blue arc that couldn't have left much in her batteries. "Farley!" the Fox yelled, and she and the Zinger kicked the breakaway spikes off their bootheels and split the fake button-seams of their skirts. They sprinted toward the bus. I rolled and got up, shucking off the whip coils, and ran after them. I scooped up my high hat on the fly; toppers aren't cheap, and besides, it gave me a chance to roll the Remington Double .44 out of the lining and make Rose and the Major duck with unaimed but very noisy shots.

Farley had popped the lid of his hurdy-gurdy and was spinning the crank; the box played our theme song, "Goin' Mobile," uptempo as it sprayed riot shot, making *everybody* duck. Then Tarchinsky popped the fore and aft turrets on the bus, and put a recoilless round across Major Motion's bow.

The ground-based Deathtollers froze. Sky-rider didn't — couldn't — but he forgot to turn off his jet-whistle and I heard him coming. I jumped for the door, rolled in and hit the closer bar just as a pair of frags went off where I would have been.

Through a side window I saw the Major's eyes flash blue. A chunk blew out of the side door with a sizzling *wang*. It closed anyway. Good: the door's cheap to fix, the hydraulics aren't.

Then an arm of fire came through the hole and tried to grab me. Farley knocked me down and sprayed a glob of quickfoam across the gap. Tarchinsky's voice said from his console, "Spectrogram on the fire. Naphtha, palmitate, binder. No ectoplasm. Plain flamer fuel."

Farley put me on my feet. I got into the left seat. Lightning Rose was running for the Major's car. Suncore was lumbering off behind a cleft in the hills, a nice flame bucket if we were dumb enough to follow him. He still shone like a Sausalito sunset. I punched in polarizing filters, and suddenly he was just a big guy in a bulky, shiny suit, disappearing around the bend. All done with mirrors.

The Major gave us another shot to the turret. I heard the extinguishers hiss. "He can't

be carrying that kind of power in his hip pockets," I said.

"No," said Weevil. "Emplaced laser, hill quarter-klick yonder. X-ray laser. Invisible. Major makes nice light; they shoot over his shoulder."

I put on my headset. "You got that, Fox?"

"Roger," Nola said. "Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain. Going mobile." I could hear the blades unfolding on her Grasshopper.

"Goin' *mo*-bile," Zinger's voice crackled, and she gunned her engine. Farley showed thumbs up at the right cabin window.

We'd scared Deathtoll off; it is a prime rule of the wide-open road that you never stand and duke it out with a bus, especially an emplaced bus. Unfortunately, we weren't hired just to scare them off; if we killed them here we'd have a long hunt for their loot; and it is also a well-known fact that buses don't chase very well.

So we bought the cars and set them up here last night. We were lucky enough to find a working Tetrarch Terraplane Grasshopper at Allston's Allnight Auto Armory; no guns, but Farley beats a factory install any day. Celeste saw the customized Pisces V in the Municipal lot, metal-flake red and all, and that settled *that*: Sheriff Sawtell gave us a really fair deal, too, considering it meant he had to get a taxi home.

I looked out the window. As the Terraplane lifted, you could just see the hidden skid that replaced the missing wheel; Nola didn't intend to do any ground-type driving. And the tarp over the red Pisces was tied down in back but only weighted in front; the Zinger just drove out of it like a heavily armed butterfly leaving the cocoon.

I went aft. Weevil picked up his field kit and joined me at the rear ramp, where Farley already had the cycles humming. I straddled mine; Tarchinsky slid into Farley's sidecar and folded out his firing grips. The ramp dropped and we roared down it, air-conditioned gypsies.

As we pulled close to Red Zinger, Nola swept past, and called on the team channel: "I've got Suncore. He's climbing into a moonbuggy. Someone else driving . . . and it looks like their trick laser up top." Pause. "They're going to cut in behind and bush-whack you. Shall I —" There was a squawk. "— got careless there. Sky rider singed me a

little. Nothing bad, but have to put him down. You got the laser wagon. Fox out.”

“I can get angle on the flier,” Weevil said.

I said, “Negatory. Airborne is the Fox’s department. We’ve got our own targets . . . Farley, this is a nice straight patch. Wanna be bait?”

“Bolshoi,” Tarchinsky’s voice said. I looked in my rearview: the buggy should still have been a couple of turns out of sight, and Nola should have been keeping Sky rider too busy to call in fire.

There was a nice crop of rock to the left. I braked the bike and swung off the road, shifting to stealth mode. Humming, I got behind cover just like Captain Speedtrap of the Ohio National Guard, and lined up the boresight reticle on my front fairing.

The Deathtoll vehicle pulled into view. Moonbuggy was the word for it: it was a tubular spaceframe, with huge off-road wheels and all the hardware hanging out in the breeze. A bellypan and a windscreen, but no armor at all. And the biggest damn laser tube I’d ever seen. The driver was a woman in plain gray riding leathers and a helmet. Suncore sat in the back, kicking his armored legs over the car’s rear end. I had polarizers in my goggles, so he was just shiny. I could even make out the plumbing of his flamethrower, worked neatly into the armor.

I’d meant to shoot their left front wheel, but they pulled to a stop and began lining up their fire at Farley, so I shifted a bit to target the laser tube. You get real arrogant sometimes, shooting people in the back.

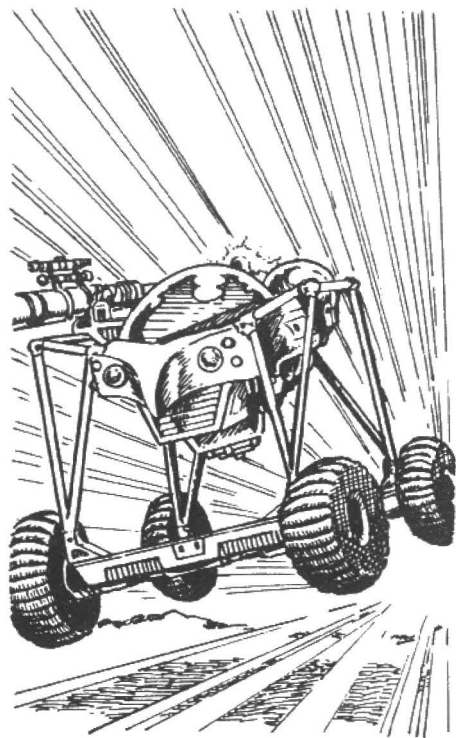
The backblast from my recoilless kicked up moss and dust behind me. The buggy laser went *brang* as the steel casing tore open, then *kuh-poom* as the vacuum assembly imploded. The most expensive noise in duelling.

Suncore was out of the car and yelling, fumbling with valves on his suit. The laser conduits were arcing, and he was afraid of blowing up, not an unreasonable thing. The gray driver grabbed a hand extinguisher, jumped out of her seat, and foamed the cables and Suncore. In that order.

Then I blew the wheel off.

Both Deathtollers stared at me. I waved. Suncore pointed his bad-news hand. *Oops*, I thought, and cracked the throttle, remembering I was still in quiet mode and couldn’t run all that fast.

Suncore’s flamer made a slurpy noise and burped fuel all over his feet and the driver’s. I



purred over, then switched out of silent running and gave a *braap* from the cycle’s exhausts. They looked at me, then at the puddle around them.

I said, “Don’t suppose you’d like a light?”

I left them cuffed to the buggy and went to catch the finale.

“Dirt road,” Weev told me. I still had the map in my head, and turned off at a little unpaved track — which turned out to be a perfectly good spray-paved drive covered with fuller’s earth. They were chock-full of cute tricks, all right.

Two-thirds of a klick farther I found Deathtoll Headquarters: a futuristic-looking bunker, sprouting antennas and gun tubes — all of them inert, and no doubt phony — and a big stretch of camo netting over their vehicular loot, including the three oil tankers. (Never steal more than you can carry with you, that’s my motto.) I could hear guns and tires, but no one was in sight, ground or air.

Then the Deathtollmobile, or whatever they called it, came tearing around the bunker. It didn’t look nearly as sleek as it had earlier. Sort of chewed on. Lightning Rose was leaning out the window, firing her very unmutant-y pistol to the rear. Just behind them

came the Zinger in four-wheel drift. There was the bass-fiddle thrum of a Vulcan, and a cloud of black fiberglass chips got gnawed off the Major's tail.

"Weevil," I said, "Farley, positions?"

"Tankers," Weev said. "Wired to explode if messed with. Fixing it. Have fun."

Why not. I armed and toggled. Too soon: the round glanced off the black car's front slope. The Major slewed left, and Red Zinger disappeared behind a flamethrower cloud. On my side, Rose was drawing a bead on me.

I threw up a stern wake and heard the bullet whiz by; she was good with that thing. The black car's rear end jumped as the Major dropped some ordnance, and then it roared off, fishtailing. Celeste came out of the smoke and hit mines. Her left front tire shredded; the wheel went bouncing and the fender dug dirt. I put a snap shot past the Major and Rose, then saw a pair of ports click open in the black car's stern. Twin flashes. I laid the bike down and laid myself down too.

No zoom, no bang. Not rockets: rocket boosters. When I looked up, the black car was a long way down the road.

Celeste was running toward me. The green ribbons held her hair back, and there was a sawed-off double Gyroslugger tied down to her thigh.

"You okay, Sharper?"

"Never better."

"Can I borrow your wheels?" She jerked a thumb at the Pisces. "With a turret gun I'd have fixed 'em."

I waved at the bike. "Have her home by midnight." She laughed. Then we heard the blades overhead, and turned.

The black car was coming back, slewing left and right. Above and behind it, Sky rider was flying, not nearly so high or carefree as this morning. Above and behind *him* came the November Fox, herding them both with the draft from her blades and her outboard machineguns.

At this speed and altitude, it wasn't nearly so hard to see what kept Sky rider in the air: a transparent hang glider with nylon control strings. There were some holes in the canopy now, though, and Sky rider was flapping for lift like a sick condor.

And they were all boring straight in on Celeste and yours truly.

The Zinger drew, braced, fired. The 20-mike rocket whistled like the Last Trump. The black hood flew open, blocking the wind-

shield. Zinger fired the other barrel. A ball of flame exploded from the Major's engine, then snow from the extinguishers.

"Red," I said, very calmly even for me, "even without power, that man is going to *run us down*."

"Naah," said the Zinger. "Watch the Fox."

"She won't — we're not —" But I knew she would. And she did.

The car slammed into a solid wall of nothing, front end splintering against the air. Sky rider's glider folded up like an origami bird, and Sky rider dropped onto the black car's roof with a *fwump*. He slid down the windshield, closing the hood. He made a sort of deflating-Zeppelin noise, but didn't move at all.

I appreciate not being steamrollered as much as the next person, of course, but now we were committed. Nola brought the Terraplane lower, dusting the car, blowing pieces off Sky rider's glider. There were bumpings and cursings from inside. They certainly weren't going to eject with that Super Cuisinart overhead. The crisis of leadership between Rose and the Major was no doubt reaching epic levels.

There was an inarticulate yell from within the car, and something or somebody hit something or somebody hard enough to make the whole car wobble on its wheels. "They tried to blow the tankers," Weevil said in my ear. "Little late, though. Farley's coming."

I looked at the car's cockpit, and thought of moonless midnights. There were a couple more yells, and then the passenger door opened and Lightning Rose jumped out, cursing an ultraviolet streak. I got up. Rose shot past me, not by much. Zinger took a step. Rose swung the gun.

Then there was a crunching, tearing sound from inside the bunker. *Oh goody*, I thought, *a real surprise*.

The wall of the bunker tore open like tissue paper.

The wall was painted plywood. Farley kicked the scraps out of his way and came toward us. In his cycle gear and helmet, I suppose he looked like a Magnum truck. Anyway, Rose spun around and put four shots into him, all in the ten-ring. Farley bled, and wobbled, and fell down still bleeding.

Everything seemed to just go dead still for a moment; I couldn't even hear the Terraplane, and its blades seemed to spin in slow motion.

Then the Red Zinger took a long heavy step toward Lightning Rose. Then another. Rose fired. The Zinger kept walking. Rose fired again. I saw the bullet tear a hole in Celeste's blouse, right over her breastbone. Rose fired again, and again, white-eyed, and was clicking the hammer on an empty chamber as Zingara leaped to chin height and knocked her into the middle of next week.

"And the Crimson Dynamo," Red muttered, "just couldn't cut it no mo'." Then she turned and ran to help Farley.

I went over to the car. It was pitch dark inside; by the sounds of struggling and clanking I guessed that Major Motion's "exoskeleton" had gotten tangled with his seat belts, and he was struggling to get free. That wasn't his big worry, though. "Max? Elaine? Where are you?" he was yelling. "I can't see! I'm blind!"

"No, you're not," I said, and turned his lights on. He looked up at me, and I punched his lights out again. They just don't make superbeings like they used to.

The Fox had set down near the bunker and Farley, ready to fly him out. But he was

already sitting up, and Celeste was waving; Farley would be okay once the Zinger got the slugs out, so they wouldn't heal inside him (So now you know what happened to the big guy's throat.)

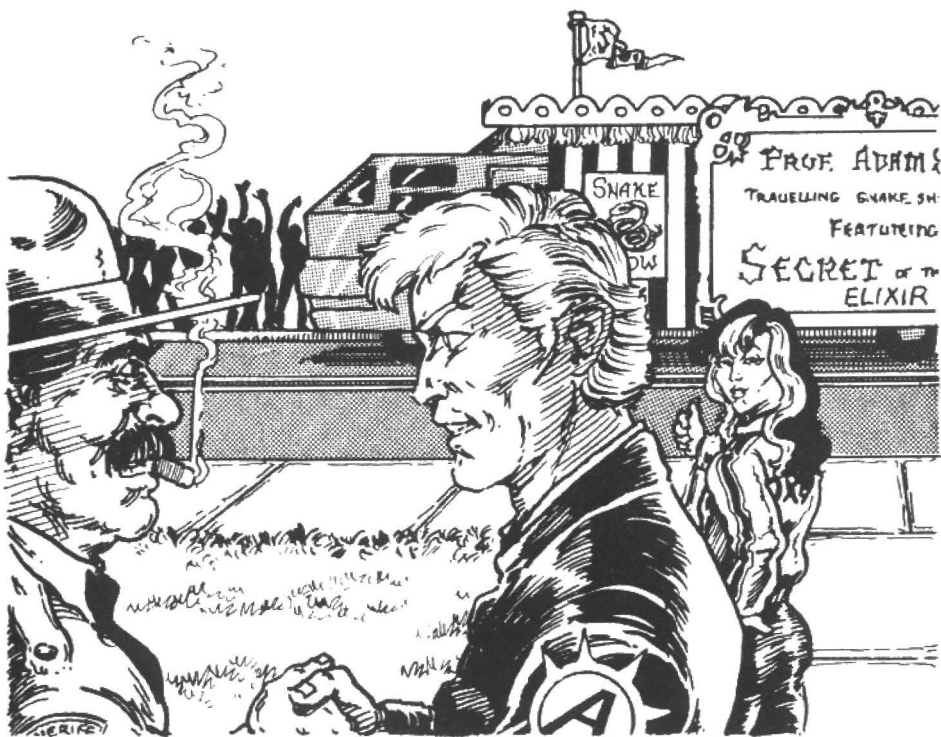
I took off my helmet, scratched my head. "How's it going back there, Weev?" I said.

"Fine," Tarchinsky's voice said in my ear. "Put helmet back on. People see you talking to self, get ideas."

★ ★ ★

We came out well ahead on this one: didn't spend too much ammunition, could resell the Grasshopper with barely a scratch. Sheriff Sawtell even paid full price to get his red Pisces back, busted wheel and all; it had notoriety value, like one of John Dillinger's cars. (There are times when notoriety markup is all that's stood between us and, you know, *beans*.)

In fact, this was a really first-class Alkahest Solution: we didn't break up any of the civilized landscape, we didn't destroy the oil in order to save it — we even brought in the bad guys alive, for whatever that was worth.



In fact, the local citizens offered us nice houses just (ahem) outside of town, at (ahem) fair prices.

But we're on the road for a reason — or rather, each of us has his or her own little secret reason, which we sometimes have to do very imaginative things to protect. Like:

We strung some wire rope across the front of Major Motion's car; it didn't really match the damage, but the car had certainly hit *something*, and nobody was going to run tests on *what*. The Major thought the impact had temporarily blinded him, which was convenient. We showed off my shock-grounding kit (always tell *some* truth), and a couple of dented armor vests convinced Lightning Rose that she was the world's worst pistol shot. Turnabout, as the saying goes, is fair play.

We boarded the bus amid cheering crowds

and headed east on the Turnpike. Tarchinsky came forward, holding a stack of Elmay letters fresh off the printer. "Three offers within one-charge range," he said, without moving his lips. He looked at Farley, who was co-driving; after a moment's concentration, Weevil said, "Never been to Albany either. My vote too."

"Isn't Albany—near Woodstock?" the Zinger said.

The November Fox said, "I thought we were going to rest awhile and watch clouds. But I should know better by now. Make it unanimous, Sharper?"

"Might as well, can't dance," I said. "Besides, somebody's got to keep the world safe for *real* mutants."

"When I'm *mo-bile!*" sang the Red Zinger, and we all joined in — even Farley — as the road rolled on.

The Deathtoll Resolution: Gaming Notes

by John M. Ford

Well, if that little adventure doesn't send every red-blooded referee to the notebooks, afire with scenario ideas, well . . . oh, fooy, I've got to do this anyway.

Deathtoll, or any similar group of villains using magic tricks and stage business to fake superpowers, can be used in an *Autoduel Champions* game, or a *Champions* campaign with no autoduelling, or a *Car Wars* game with no real superpowers at all. (That about covers it.)

In fact, this is one of those situations you can have either way: if the players are expecting real mutants, spring the fakes on them. If they're looking for jet packs and flamethrower hoses, give them real mutants. (Despite the tendency of genetic mutations to get out of hand in Certain Game Systems, they are actually the easiest powers to control — rare, erratic, and probably tied to some *other* mutation that will kill the subject early.)

Since, in game terms, trick powers and real powers behave just alike, it would be possible for the *referee* not to decide until the last moment just what was going on. However, it would be less than fair. Drop hints about

what's really happening. If the players ignore reasonable clues ("Suncore makes a sloshing noise as he walks," "You can't hear any jet exhaust as Buffalo Brewster flies past you") you may blitz them with a clear conscience.

A team like Alkahest (the alchemist's word for the Universal Solvent, by the way) bridges the gap between the individual-media-star approach of *Car Wars* with the team style of most other RPGs. Alkahest's adventures tend to be set-pieces rather than chapters in a seamless story — they answer a call, run down the villains, settle accounts, and drive on. They *have* to drive on, because if they settle down their mutant abilities will eventually be found out, and the fastest-gun-in-town *Car Wars* world is not going to be a friendly place for Different People.

There are continuing elements to the story, of course; the team's reputation will grow, and soon become a burden. Villains will escape, and sometimes look for revenge (Hunt the team, in *Champions* terms). Members will quit, or die, or very rarely a potential new member will appear. ("This isn't Professor Xavier's Boarding School," Sharpe would

say. "They don't exactly show up on the doorstep.") If Alkahest becomes successful and famous enough, they might be asked to help with some really earthshaking problem — but they know their limits, and if they tripped over an organization like VIPER, they would get out fast and call whatever passes for the FBI in 2035.

So: episodic adventures with continuing elements. And isn't that the way most of us, with jobs and non-gaming social lives and so forth, actually wind up playing?

The cash fund — the team can buy most of the ordinary goodies they need, but must sell them back before moving on — is one solution to the problem of accumulating hardware ("Hey, where we gonna park the Centipedemobile?") and provides a reason not to trash the stuff so freely. It also means that if the team stumbles into an adventure they were not hired to perform, they aren't automatically gunned gizzards. Certain things *will* have to be carried or done without — adamantium steel sheet, optically flat sapphires, Ultimate Nullifiers — but eventually the heroes will have to clean house. ("You're at a -4 to remember where you put the City of Kandor.")

Enough of this theoretical referee talk. Let's get to the stuff that goes fast and blows up.

Rocket Boosters

Solid-fuel rocket motors used for extra acceleration. A 10-lb. motor will accelerate 1,000 lb. of car (or fraction) 10 mph in a segment. This is applied when the car normally accelerates, and the car may combine normal acceleration and rocket boost. Triggering motors counts as a firing action.

Multiple motors may be used for greater acceleration, up to the structural limit of the chassis:

Chassis type:	Light	1 tube	10 mph
	Standard	2 tubes	20 mph
	Heavy	3 tubes	30 mph
	X-Heavy	4 tubes	40 mph

Light and Standard chassis may fire one tube over this limit, Heavy and X-Heavy two, with a 50% chance of bending the frame (which makes the car undrivable permanently). Note that a car may mount any number of rockets, within weight and space limitations;

the restriction is on how many may be fired simultaneously.

Rockets may be purchased to burn for multiple segments; once triggered, the car accelerates every segment, like a weapon on automatic fire, until the motor burns out. It may not be shut off.

Firing rockets is a D1 hazard for each 10 mph of boost, and you had better believe it is cumulative with oil, gravel, water, etc.

It is also possible to front-mount braking rockets. These work exactly like boosters, but are also subject to the usual rules for Rapid Deceleration. While in theory a car could use rockets to slow down at more than 45 mph/segment, in practice you'll probably roll and burn if you try it.

(This makes excellent real-world sense, by the way. 45/seg is slightly over 2g deceleration. Over 2 gees, tires tend to kiss the road surface good-bye.)

Reloading rockets costs the same as buying them new; a car's rocket tubes may be only partially reloaded to save money, and spares carried, but the number of tubes is defined at building, just like a weapon.

Rocket boosters may be triggered even if the car's power plant is destroyed (which is usually a very good time to fire them). All tube triggers are on separate switches, but any number may be fired as a single firing action.

Rocket assist may be used to exceed a car's normal maximum speed. This does not damage the power plant as "speeding" normally does. The cumulative handling penalties for firing lots of rockets and triple-digit speeds are punishment enough.

It will probably occur to somebody to put rockets on a roof rack. This is physically possible but a really bad idea. For each 10 mph there are 2 chances in 6 (i.e., 1-2 for 10 mph, 1-4 for 20, automatic for 30 or more) that the boosters rip the roof off the car. This is a D5 hazard (you're certainly gonna duck as the C-posts whip by your head), the car loses *all* its top armor, and a debris counter (your roof and whatever else was up there) lands 1d6" in front of the vehicle.

You can't side-mount rockets, either; they are not precise enough to counter cornering forces. If you try it anyway, the car automatically rolls.

(This is an inefficient but spectacular way to booby-trap a car. . . .)

Cost: \$10 per 10 lb. of rockets. 1 space for each 100 lbs. or fraction.

Jato

If rear-end boosters aren't crazy enough for you, rockets may be mounted on the undercarriage. Firing jump jets is a modification to the regular jumping procedure (found in *Autoduel Champs* or *The AADA Vehicle Guide*), with the following effects:

- The *actual* forward speed of the vehicle is increased by *half* the normal amount for the number of rockets fired (the "burn value").

- The effective takeoff angle is increased by 15 degrees (so a car can take off from a level surface).

- Calculate the maximum jump distance as if the car's speed had been increased by *double* the burn value, *four times* the actual speed increase.

(Example: if a stock 5,000-lb. Joseph Special, traveling 30 mph, fires 50 lbs. of rockets, its actual speed increases to 35 mph, but it can jump a distance as if it were traveling 50 mph.)

- The hazard for firing rockets is based on burn value, D1 per 10 mph.

Cost: \$15 per 10 lb. (the installation is trickier than rear-end boosters). 1 space per 100 lbs. or fraction.

Sneakin' Around

"Stealth mode," that is to say a silent-running system, is so useful on helicopters that it seems only natural someone would apply it to cars as well. The price of the helicopter system (\$16,000) seems like a bit much, however. I suggest \$6,000, 200 lbs., 2 spaces for cars and vans; \$3,000, 100 lbs., 1 space for cycles. (Assume the "Foxbat" from *ADQ 2/1* was an experimental installation, using modified helicopter parts, and thus more expensive.) This has the same effect as on helicopters: while in stealth mode the vehicle cannot be heard more than 1" away, or from inside a closed car or building (but see optional rule below), and has halved acceleration and top speed. Vehicles larger than vans cannot be silenced (the idea of a Stealth Semi is sort of cute but silly).

Stealth mode does *not* silence weapons. Silencing heavy or fully automatic weapons is not really very practical. Flash suppression is feasible, however, and should cost about +20% of weapon cost (the Vulcan comes with suppressors as standard equipment), subject to referee's discretion as to practicality. The beam from a laser cannot be hidden, unless it's an X-ray laser.

Silent running only muffles the sound of the car's own parts, of course; it can't do anything about the squeal of tires on pavement. As an optional rule of thumb for "let's get past the guards" roleplaying scenarios, a car in stealth mode is audible a number of inches away equal to the total Difficulty Ratings of the maneuvers it has performed so far; thus a Bend is audible 3" away, a 25mph braking at 5", and the dreaded Bootlegger Reverse at 7". Double the range for driving on gravel, but not for water, oil, or ice. People in cars or buildings can hear at half range. (*EDITOR'S NOTE: Ford's automotive stealth systems should be considered unofficial — for that matter, so should the rest of these neat gadgets. If you want cheap stealth systems in your campaign, go ahead — we prefer the \$16,000 price tag.*)

Flywheel Storage

A method of providing both emergency power and short-term silent running, boron-fiber flywheels in vacuum cans are available to match all standard sizes of power plant; the wheel has half the cost, weight, and space requirement of a matching PP. Damage points are the same.

The power plant keeps the wheel constantly spun up to maximum; if the plant is lost, the wheel automatically cuts in to drive the car's generators, so power to computers, etc. is not interrupted. (This switch may be overridden if desired.) The flywheel may also be switched in manually, with effects equivalent to Stealth Mode running.

The flywheel has acceleration equal to a matched PP (usually the wheel will match the plant, but a smaller one may be installed; if so, its acceleration must be calculated separately). On the first segment of flywheel drive, its maximum speed is equal to a matching PP; on each segment thereafter, however, the maximum drops by 10 mph. If this brings the maximum below the car's current speed, there is a forced deceleration. Firing a laser drops the maximum speed by *another* 10 mph, 15 mph for a heavy laser, 20 for an X-ray laser. There is no additional penalty for using vehicular electronics (computers, radar, etc.).

It is not possible to "push" a flywheel for extra speed.

Flywheels may be mounted in any ground vehicle, including cycles. A vehicle may carry

one wheel for each PP it carries. Flywheel and conventional power may not be combined (though if you want to figure out the rules for this, go ahead).

Repairing a flywheel counts as a Very Hard job.

Gyroslugger

A 20-mm rocket launcher resembling a large sawed-off shotgun. Also known as a Very Rifle, Deuce in the Hole, and the Wrath of Goddard. Damage varies with type of shot. To hit 8, two shots. Cost: Single-barreled \$100, double-barreled \$150. Weight: 2 grenades, each extra round ½ grenade.

Round Type	CPS	Effects
Flechette	\$10	2 hits, area effect, against soft targets only
AP	\$15	1d6-1
Incendiary	\$20	1d6-2, starts fire on 1 or 2
Flare	\$10	For signaling; 2 hits if fired at a person
Paraflare	\$20	fully lights the entire area for five seconds

Deathtoll

Poor Deathtoll. They had a really neat racket going, and might have gotten away with it as long as their opponents were off balance. But like most crooks, they pushed their luck too far.

Major Motion is a Driver+2, Gunner+1, Mechanic+1. His "exoskeleton" is 5 points of armor, contains pulleys and cables that give him a Talented Normal's lift capacity (400 lbs.), and a voice amplifier. The low-power laser in his headpiece could be used as two levels of Flash against a single target. (A successful "hit" of 7 or better will "blind" any vehicle, or all people in a ½" x 1" area, for two full seconds, as per the searchlight rules).

Lightning Rose is a Handgunner+2 and Gunner. Her whip can be used as an Entangle with maximum 1½" range. The whip hits on a 7 or better, and has a variable number of DP. Roll one die when the whip hits. The entangled character is set free when the whip takes damage equal to its DP: it is -4 to to be hit. Her batteries count as an Energy Blast, requiring a successful hit either hand-to-hand or with the

whip. She stores six charges of 1d-3 attack, and may use one or two charges at a time. Her pistol is Heavy.

Suncore is a Mechanic+2, has 4 DP (instead of the usual 3), has one level of Strength (which gives him 1d-1 hand-to-hand damage, and lets him carry around that humongous suit), and carries the equivalent of a Heavy-Duty Flamethrower. His suit is Reflective Fireproof Armor, stopping 6 hits. Anyone without Flash Defense targets him at -3 in daylight.

Skyrider is Hang-Glider+3, Handgunner+1, and has 1 level of Dexterity (+1 to hit in hand-to-hand combat) and 4 levels of Gliding (he can make 80 mph at HC 3).

Elaine (the buggy driver in gray) is Driver+2, Gunner+1, Mechanic, and Trucker+1.

Deathtoll's vehicles aren't intended for serious highway combat; the Major's car was meant to impress people and provide for very fast getaways, and the laser buggy was solely to carry the ultrazap around. They also reflect the fact that Deathtoll didn't have unlimited funds to set up with; if Alkahest hadn't put them out of business, they would have built better vehicles with their ill-gotten gains.

MAJOR MOTION'S CAR: Was built out of the hulk of a Hotshot MD model. It sacrifices armor and front weaponry for speed. Luxury, x-hvy. chassis, super PP, hvy. suspension, 4 standard tires, driver, passenger (no controls), one FT right, one FT left, MD rear, fire extinguisher, 3 rocket booster tubes rear with 1-segment burn (60 lbs. in each tube, for up to 30 mph acceleration). Armor: F8, R5, L5, B10, T4, U3. Acceleration 10, HC 3, 5,200 lbs., \$9,680.

THE LASER BUGGY: Built out of spare parts. It is fast, especially for an off-road vehicle. Luxury, std. chassis, super PP, off-road suspension, 4 OR solid tires, driver, passenger, heavy x-ray laser. Armor: F2, B1, U2. Acceleration 10, HC 2; 5,070 lbs., \$28,300.

Alkahest

The members of Alkahest are semi-superheroes (Extraordinarily Talented Normals), with a sizable amount of experience and a moderate set of Disadvantages.

Adam Sharpe is a Driver+2, Cyclist+2, Gunner+1, Handgunner+1, Martial Arts, Paramedic, and Damage (like Suncore, he

has 4 DP). He has 2 levels of Disguise skill and 4 levels of Darkness power (the Darkness power allows him to create an area of darkness the same size as 4 smokescreen counters — in any configuration as long as they are all touching — up to 16' away. The effect of darkness is the same as a smokescreen, except lasers may fire through it). He is an Ace. He is unable to feel fear; common situation leading to irrational acts.

Nola St. Francis, the November Fox, is a Driver+2, Gunner+1, Pilot+3, Trucker, and Damage (4 DP). She has 5 levels of Invisible Force Wall (which creates an invisible 1' x ¼' barrier up to 20' away that has 5d6 DP and takes damage like vehicular armor). She is an Ace in both ground and air combat.

Celeste "Red Zinger" Zingara is a Driver+3, Cyclist, Gunner, Handgunner+1, Martial Arts+2, Acrobat+2, and Paramedic+3. She has a level of Knowledge skill in old rock lyrics, and 3 levels of Armor (9 points deducted from *each* attack). Being bulletproof tends to make her careless.

Farley is a Driver+1, Cyclist+1, Gunner+2, Trucker+2, Mechanic+5, and Damage+2 (5 DP). He has one level each of Strength (1d6-1 hand-to-hand damage) and Regeneration (he regains 1 DP every third turn). His inability to speak in public is a Physical Limitation (all the time, slightly impairing) and his size disturbs people (Unusual Looks) on an 8 or less on 3 dice.

Wladislaw "Weevil" Tarchinsky is a Driver, Gunner+2, Trucker, and Electronics+5. He has 6 levels of Telepathy, which is usable only for communication (not mind control or Ego attacks).

All members of the group have a small reputation (8 or less on 3 dice to be recognized) as tough opponents. They must take constant precautions to keep their mutant abilities secret (especially Tarchinsky, who finds telepathy easier than talking). They become rash, though not berserk, when other members of the team get hurt, which in their business happens a lot. They are not being Hunted, yet; but other mutants must exist, and sooner or later the fact will become known.

The most important group limitation is that their superpowers are fixed; they cannot be improved with experience.

Alkahest's cycles (which are carried aboard the bus) are modified stockers from *The AADA Vehicle Guide*; a Taurus with RL sidecar, carrying a long-range radio and hi-res

computer (total cost \$12,530), and a Silent-Spider: stock Cycle Concepts Spider replacing the extra RR magazine with Stealth Mode and LR radio (cost \$8,610).

This isn't the time to reveal all the secrets of the Alkahest Supercruiser . . . but it has pop-up universal turrets, mounting a recoilless forward and Vulcan aft, a portable shop, communications center, infrared, plenty of armor, and some very sophisticated electronics. Not counting Tarchinsky's special gadgets, the bus would cost about \$125,000.

X-Ray Lasers

Just the thing for the duellist with more money than he or she knows what to do with, X-ray frequency lasers have extra punch and a sneak attack at a vastly increased cost. To-hit 7 (the invisible beam is harder to target).

X-ray laser: 4 dice damage, 3 DP, \$12,000, 750 lbs., 3 spaces.

Heavy X-ray laser: 5 dice damage, 3 DP, \$18,000, 1,500 lbs., 5 spaces.

Camouflage Netting

An open-weave cloth that makes things harder to find, especially from the air. Camo net may be simply draped over an object or strung up on poles like a tent. It gives a -3 penalty to search rolls by ground units, -5 to air units. Note that this applies only to visual search; audio, radar, infrared, etc. are unaffected.

Netting is available to match most terrain types — woods, desert, snow — and is completely ineffective if it does *not* match the surroundings.

A roll of netting sufficient to cover a vehicle up to van-sized, or an area 1' square if tented, weighs 20 lbs., takes up ½ space (this stuff is bulky), and costs \$25. The net must be anchored against blowing away; weights sewn into the edges cost an additional \$10.

Rolls of net may be as large as desired; an entire encampment may be hidden against air search by a "roof" of camo netting.

It is possible to camouflage a vehicle while leaving it drivable, but the camouflage has only -1 value when the vehicle is moving.

Anti-radar netting is available for three times the cost and weight of regular net, same space. It does not make the target invisible to the radar, but confuses the echo, so that the target is not clearly identifiable.

ADQ&A

1) I realize trucks aren't mass-produced, but are you interested in designs for trailers and other oversized vehicles?

2) How many extra spaces does a trike take up when you shove it in the back of a trailer or bus?

3) Are you going to waste more pages on barely comedic things such as Lawn Maulers?

—Daniel Weaver
Hellam, PA

1) *Absolutely.*

2) *6.*

3) *Probably.*

—SDH

1) If many different mechanics are working on a car, does each mechanic need his own portable shop (if he's using one), or can many mechanics use the same one?

2) Can vehicular or hand weapons have silencers? If so, could you give me the stats?

3) Is there a chance of there ever being a modified car with huge wheels like "Bigfoot"?

—Fred Schmeck
San Jose, CA

1) *I'd say up to three mechanics could share the benefits of a single portable shop while making repairs; any more than that, though, and the chance of one needing a tool another is using becomes too great, and the benefit is lost.*

2) *They don't exist in Car Wars right now. But if someone sent a design to Uncle Albert, it could definitely be rushed into production.*

3) *They don't exist now (like above), but even if someone does send in stats, don't hold your breath (unlike above).*

—SDH

1) Can a subcompact have an external weapon pod on its top?

2) Can a napalm mine (from *Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog*) set a car without fireproof armor on fire directly, and if so, what would its

fire modifier and burn duration be under the new fire rules as presented in *ADQ 2/3*?

3) Can a three- or four-space turret fit into a one-man helicopter? If not, what is the smallest size helicopter that can hold them?

—Daniel Schultz
Jefferson Boro, PA

1) *Yes, but it can only be a one-space pod, and no bigger.*

2) *The way the Napalm Mine starts fires is a departure from the normal procedure. First, check if any tires are on fire. That's a 1 in 6 roll for each tire, made individually. On subsequent turns, if the fire is not out (because the tire has taken full damage and been consumed, or a fire extinguisher has successfully put it out), then roll for a chance that the car catches on fire — 1 in 6, rolled once for the turn, no matter how many tires are burning. If the car has fireproof armor that is not breached, don't bother rolling. But if the FP armor is breached, then make the roll as usual. If you're using the variant fire rules presented in *ADQ 2/3* and *Deluxe Car Wars*, use the same procedure for determining whether or not the tires of a vehicle have been set on fire. After that, the mines have a Fire Modifier of 3, and a Burn Duration of as many turns as the tires are on fire.*

3) *No. A one-man helicopter can mount only a one-space turret; a small helicopter can mount only a one- or two-space turret; the standard helicopter can mount up to a three-space turret; and the transport helicopter can mount up to the four-space turret.*

—SDH

1) In *ADQ 2/2*, cycle wheelguards were introduced. What about retractable wheelguards on cycles?

2) Can there be turrets on the sides of an oversized vehicle? A normal-sized vehicle?

3) Can everything in *Autoduel Champions* be used in *Car Wars*?

4) When you use an ejection seat, how much damage does the person take?

—Mike T. Pagano
Clearwater, FL

1) *Where would they retract to? Retractable wheelguards are not available (or possible) for cycles.*

2) *No.*

3) *All the helicopters and copter gadgets*

are official — though *Deluxe Car Wars* presented more realistic values for the copter power plants, replacing those in *ADC*. All the super-character stuff is optional — use it in your campaign if you like it, but don't expect to see it in any tournament except a specific *ADC* tourney!

4) No damage — unless he doesn't have a parachute or hang-glider attachment, in which case the landing could be unusually stressful.
—SDH

1) Can a searchlight be linked to a weapon so that it points wherever the weapon is pointing? How about fixing one on top of a turret?

2) Can armor from one vehicle be salvaged and put onto another vehicle the same size?

3) Can you use the Multiple Fire Rocket Pod with a laser guidance link?

4) Is it possible to have a continuous paint spray like the continuous smoke screen?

5) How large is a "space" in terms of actual feet and inches?

—Malcolm Bixby
Newburyport, MA

1) Since a searchlight is aimed like any other weapon, it follows the same rules — it cannot be linked and aimed with a different "weapon." You can't put it on top of a turret, either.

2) Yes.

3) Yes, but you've got to pay the \$200 cost for each of the six rockets.

4) A revision of the rules in *Deluxe Car Wars* allows any paint or smoke weapon to produce a continuous stream simply by being put on automatic.

5) That's hard to say. Some weapons take up as much space as people, even though the people are undoubtedly bigger — a lot of it has to do with the configuration of the item. A recoilless rifle for example, is long and relatively skinny; it doesn't take up much space in the sense of absolute volume, but once it's installed, there isn't very much else you can put in the vicinity — so it takes up a good deal of "space." Get it?

—SDH

1) Do wheelguards protect a tire in any way against a grenade's burst effect?

2) Since the front armor of a carrier on a mid-sized truck can be hit, why can't the carrier have front-mounted weaponry?

3) What is the burst effect of a Surplus Tank Gun?

4) Can players shoot at the ground with normal weapons? I am asking this because it would be harder to hit a pedestrian directly with a rocket launcher than to just shoot the ground and let the burst effect get him. Also, would a crater be made?

5) Does a No-Paint Windshield protect a victim's car against oil on the windshield?

—Rogil Camama
Huntington, NY

1) Wheelguards protect tires from grenades in the normal way: Roll a die, and if the roll is made, the guard takes no damage.

2) The front armor of a carrier on a mid-sized truck is exposed, but only the very top part that peeks over the cab (that's why it's at a fairly big minus to be hit) — not enough area is exposed, though, to mount a weapon.

3) The burst effect is one die of damage, like all other burst effect weapons. The Tank Gun does have a larger radius of damage than most other weapons (2"), but if that doesn't seem strong enough to you, you can up the damage, too.

4) This is an evil, vile tactic — and perfectly legal. However, hitting the ground close enough to a pedestrian to include him in the burst effect radius is not quite as easy as hitting the broad side of a barn — but almost. Call it a +6. Now, if you wanted to hit a moving target, that bonus would go down. Also, if you wanted to place a shot so that the burst effect got a group of people, that would be a tougher shot — how much tougher depends on how many people and how spread out they were — I'd leave this up to the referee's discretion to make a ruling. And hit or miss, a crater would be left that should be treated as an obstacle.

5) No.

—SDH

1) What happens when someone wearing light intensifier goggles is hit by a searchlight?

2) How long does a starshell launcher illuminate the play area?

3) It says that the long distance radio has a minimum range of 25 miles. Explain, please — should it say maximum?

4) Can wheelguards be laser reflective? If so, can the wheelguards be reflective if the rest of the car is not?

—Robert Jamieson
Hyattsville, MD

1) *Ouch!* I'd ref it as having identical effects, but for twice the duration.

2) Five seconds per shell.

3) That means it will always work at least as far as 25 miles — beyond that, it's up to all sorts of factors, such as terrain, weather, whim of the referee, good or bad luck, how important it is to the adventure for the radio to work (or not work), etc.

4) Wheelguards can be made laser reflective, fireproof, or both, at the usual penalties to cost and weight. However, the type of armor used for wheelguards must match the type of armor used on the rest of the vehicle.

—SDH

1) According to the *Truck Stop* rules, a power plant has a range of 200 miles at 50 mph. Is this true of all power plants, including the various sizes of car, trike, cycle, bus, and tractor plants?

2) Does the new *Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog* include all of the weapons and gadgets listed in the back of *The AADA Vehicle Guide*?

3) Is there any other place besides *Autoduel Champions* where the rules for helicopters are given?

4) Is there any way I could get a single introductory issue of *Autoduel Quarterly*, and how much would it cost?

5) Are you ever going to put any *Car Wars* articles in the *Dragon* magazine?

—Scott Crane
Austin, TX

1) Actually, the base speed for calculating vehicle range is 55 mph, and all ground vehicles can make 200 miles on a full charge at that speed, no matter what kind of plant they're carrying. For helicopters, a full charge is assumed to allow 200 miles of range at 100 mph.

2) Yes.

3) Yes, in the new *Deluxe Car Wars*.

4) You can buy the current issue of *ADQ* from us for \$3.50 (price includes postage and handling; Texas residents please add 21¢ sales tax), or you can get *ADQ* at the same hobby shops you buy other *Car Wars* products. And if your hobby dealer doesn't have enough *ADQ*, yell at him! All he has to do is order more . . .

5) I'm not going to personally, because I'm greedy and keep all the good stuff for my own

magazine. However, Roger Moore of the *Dragon* staff tells me that he'd love to receive some *Car Wars* material. So if you've got something you'd rather not send to us for one reason or another, give them a try. You never know.

—SDH

1) If a driver loses control of his vehicle due to a hazard and he rolls a 5 or more on Crash Table 2 (execute a minor fishtail and roll again, or worse), does the modifier for his initial speed apply to his roll on Crash Table 1 as well?

2) Can a grenade launcher be mounted in a turret?

3) Does a pair of external weapon pods on a vehicle have to have the same weaponry in each pod, or can there be different weapons in each pod as long as the total weight of one pod equals that of the other one?

4) Can weapons in external weapon pods be aimed, or are they considered to be on automatic?

—Kenneth Ray Hager
Hanna, UT

1) Yes, it does.

2) Absolutely.

3) The weapons must be identical.

4) They're designed to be aimed like any other weapon. Of course, they'll fire on automatic if you put them on automatic yourself . . .

—SDH



Backfire

I just received *ADQ* 3/1 in the mail. Thank you for correcting the mistake about my subscription. Also, I don't believe I thanked you for your inhumanly-fast response on "Doppelganger"; my thanks for your courtesy and my apologies for not thanking you earlier.

I hate to be a wet blanket, but Mike Emrick's solution to the problem of ejector seat trajectory describes a situation which would be, uh, unlikely.

For Emrick's solution to be valid, the ejector seat is launched and thrusts continuously upwards (By the way, I'm not an expert but I think that 3.3 Gs applied for two seconds to someone in an *upright* position would cause blackouts). Then, at 150 feet, the recovery device is deployed. The seat is traveling at 150 ft/sec — one hundred miles per hour — when the 'chute is popped. The seat then decelerates in a negligible amount of time; rather like hitting a brick wall.

The upwards flight of the seat would have at least two phases: an upwards thrust followed by a deceleration: presumably the second phase would be the seat slowing down after its fuel had been spent.

When I assumed a final velocity of zero and a deceleration at 1G, I was unable to find *any* initial acceleration which would work within the previously stated constraints (total flight of 150', total time of 2 seconds). Therefore, the seat either ends up with some upwards or downwards velocity (which would help deploy the chute) or there are three phases in the flight: initial thrust (to clear the car), a lower thrust (to continue upwards), followed by a period of free fall (to slow down to a point where deploying the recovery system is safe). I considered the possibility of an increasing acceleration (as the fuel is burned, the chair loses mass and therefore its acceleration would increase), but abruptly decided it would be a better idea to turn on some Vangelis music and have a quiet lay down.

Frankly, guys, it would be a lot easier to assume an acceleration (not to exceed a total of 2.5 Gs) and work out the altitude/time tables.

It would be even easier to ignore the whole problem and spend the time saved thinking about the more serious glitch of why hand grenades rolled out of cars at high speed remain obediently on the road. Try it some time with a ball. Be very careful, though: I once got hit by an apple falling out of a moving car and literally couldn't move for a few minutes.

For a while, I thought the EWP was a variation in my design until I found the credit. I think it's interesting that Reed Decker and I came up with a lot of the same numbers, specifically for armor cost, weight, maximum armor, and chances to hit pods accidentally. I guess our minds worked along the same lines (did you notice that the armor is really from wheelguards?).

When Justin (Bialy, of "Nightsword" and "Doppelganger" fame) mentioned bad TV programs when describing Tabitha's armor, I had something like *McDade* in mind. It might be a good idea to have him mention that show in particular (I can see him now, sitting in a hotel room watching the tube with a fixed, incredulous, glassy stare . . .).

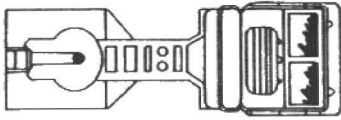
A couple of my friends built something similar to the Lawn Mauler; I'm glad to see that *Car Wars* recognizes the obvious advantages of garden tools equipped with antipersonnel systems. In fact, look on p. 103 of *Inventions Necessity is Not the Mother of Patents Ridiculous and Sublime* by Stacy V. Jones (1973) for an 1862 cannon also useful as a plow.

A while back John Ford suggested the kamikar, a vehicle loaded with explosives and allowed to blow up after the driver ejected to safety. The addition of remote control equipment in *Autoduel Champions* adds another way of implementing vehicles which self-destruct.

Therefore, please find enclosed a brief article on rolling bombs. Yes, I know they are nasty; but they are also expensive and please remember that battleships were crippled by kamikaze aircraft and a van bomb is a truly terrifying piece of ordnance.

—John Nowak
LaGrangeville, NY

I recently purchased *Car Wars* and *Truck Stop* from your company. They are great. I'm writing to comment on the trailer-kingpin system in *Truck Stop*. The system in the book is a good one, but I think I have a better one.



I took a straight pin and poked out the black dots on the tractor and trailer counters. Then I cut the pin off about $\frac{1}{8}$ " and I pushed it through the hole in the tractor from the bottom and put the trailer on top of that. This makes movement easier and you don't have to mess with lining up the dots because you don't have to take the two apart. You might even make a color code to represent the three different types of kingpins.

—Ryan F. Curren
Shelby, OH

I have just received issue 3/1, and I love it! Especially "Grand Theft Autoduel" and the article on grenades (something all my players need — "Oops! Not again!"). It's a shame about having to raise the price (not that I'm worried overmuch — I subscribe). But it does happen.

You should be interested in this. I don't know how many people have already sent designs in, and I don't really want to: I may get discouraged and not send mine in. They are designs for 1) Ground-effect vehicles (hovercraft); and 2) Tracked (and half-tracked) vehicles.

There is one big problem with giving us all this new stuff; every time I get a new issue of *ADQ*, I have to spend hours upgrading vehicles; it's a good thing *ADQ* isn't *ADW*! There is another problem with *Car Wars*; I now have over 1200 pieces of cardboard all over my room!

A question — when does the *Car Wars* computer game come out? Also, when can we have fusion motors (there's a researcher who says that he will have a working fusion motor that will go in a pickup in 5 years, and one for a car in 8)? And who's the lunatic who runs Prometheus Motors?! That Lawn Mauler is crazy! Thank you all for a great magazine!

—Paul May
Canberra, Australia

Frankly, Paul, I don't think we're going to get into hovercraft, military vehicles, tracked vehicles, or any other off-beat conveyance (including skateboards, wheelchairs, and boats) any time soon. The folks at Origins Systems say

the Autoduel computer game will be out very soon. I know they've been saying this for some time, but have faith.

—SDH

Your "Rocket Magazine" in Uncle Albert's new catalog is the stupidest invention ever. If someone wants three rockets, why doesn't he just put them on a side? If you use a "Rocket Magazine," you add extra weight and cost! You can't even fire more than one rocket at a time; it's just like a normal set of rockets! Also, the ice dropper description doesn't say how big the patch of ice is. I presumed it was 1' x $\frac{1}{2}$ '. Other than these items, I am pleased with the catalog. However, why didn't you add stuff from *Autoduel Champions* like sound enhancement and cloaking devices when you added the Vulcan and such (like radar and infrared). Now I have to blow another 10 dollars for these items.

—Chandler Klose

You're right; the ice dropper creates a 1' x $\frac{1}{2}$ ' patch of ice. The rocket magazine is useful when paired with a turret — since extra magazines don't count against the space limitations of a turret, you could set up a van (for example) with a pair of heavy rockets in a turret — then back them up with a bunch more in rocket magazines for a high-damage, multiple-fire weapon that's downright cheap! That's what it's good for.

—SDH

First, let me congratulate you on a remarkable job: *Deluxe Car Wars* is great! However, I'm disappointed that you left out many excellent items. Three whose absence were missed the most were the External Weapon Pods, High Density Ammo, and especially Cycle Turret Sidecars. Why did you omit the CTS?

Your definition of a "kill" in *Deluxe Car Wars* is fairly clear, but what happens in this situation: A vehicle cannot move and cannot fire at the vehicle that disabled it, but the disabling vehicle doesn't have enough ammo to make good on a threat to blast the car to scrap metal unless the occupants surrender, and is unwilling to ram the target vehicle due to lack of armor? This happens a lot in prolonged duels, in which both vehicles pack a lot of armor initially. If the losing player decides to play it stubborn, he can make it a tough situation to referee. Who wins and how much prestige, how many skill points, etc., are earned?

I've come up with a new idea for attack dogs in *Car Wars*. It's fairly simple: A dog takes up one space, weighs 70 pounds, and will fit on any vehicle except a no-sidecar cycle. A dog has 2 DP, but one point of damage won't knock it unconscious. You decide if Paramedic skill will work on dogs. A dog attacks hand-to-hand in the same way a human does, but only needs a basic 4 to hit. A dog does damage equal to that done by a human. A character owning an attack dog must spend an additional \$15 a week for living expenses. Initial training of the dog costs \$100 and takes 3 months — the dog itself costs \$200 if bought from a breeder. Once trained, the dog will be fanatically loyal to the owning character.

—John Kitchens
Austin, TX

I like the dog. On your "kill" question — if the disabling car doesn't have the ammo or the armor to finish the job, it shouldn't get credit for the kill on the disabled vehicle. But if the two cars you described were the last two survivors of a larger arena duel, I would still declare the non-disabled vehicle the winner — at reduced prizes and prestige, of course.

—SDH

I enjoy *Car Wars* a lot, but I have found that certain elements of the world you've created have inherent flaws to them.

In order to create a future society that 1) is temperamentally open for sports of such incredible violence, and 2) is technologically not too far ahead of our own beloved 1980s, you have had to come up with a series of catastrophes that sent the world into near-barbarism, from which it is now recovering.

Fine so far. Your catastrophes are imaginative, if not totally realistic (Texas seceding from the Union, while an attractive concept to you, seems a bit far-fetched in the opinion of this Midwesterner), but I'm sure they weren't really meant to withstand microscopic scrutiny anyway. My quarrel is with the "present" — 2035.

Apparently, North America has pretty much recovered from its catastrophes. I cite the reemergence of advanced heavy industry, of which the specialty fields of automotive engineering and weapons science are just two symptoms. Gold Cross is everywhere, and algae farms provide basic food needs for all,

replacing grain. (By the way, is the Blight still around? Can the Midwest grow corn and wheat ever again?) If the continent has recovered, this means that internal stability should no longer be a problem, right?

Yet, we still have this cult of violence, gung-ho for autoduellings, combat football, and other death sports. As an analogue, compare this to Imperial Rome. The Circus Maximus and gladiatorial combat only thrived during Rome's decline, as it slid further into complacency and decadence. Similarly, the rise of modern death sports coincided with the decline of society and the wake of the economic collapse, the Oil Wars, the Russo-American conflict and the Food Riots.

The Food Riots ended 18 years ago. Society is on the upswing, which calls into question the need for institutionalized violence.

My second quarrel involves the motorcycle gangs. According to the future history, the strongest of the outlaws are still around, terrorizing the countryside, raping and pillaging where they please. But if the gangs were such a threat, wouldn't the various armies, the law enforcement community, and the Brotherhood have eliminated them long ago? And how do the gangs survive in the wilderness, anyway? One stripped wreck divided 40 ways is hardly a ticket to Bandit Heaven. If no town would have them, and if every com and red-blooded American (Texan, etc.) shoots to kill on sight, why are they still around?

The simple answer is that they're not. The age of the cycle gangs as modern Huns is over — if it ever existed. The survivors are either living hand-to-mouth, or else they've settled down and now work for a living. Either way, they will be mostly law-abiding citizens, because those who weren't are now dead.

Basically, what I object to is how cycle gangs are used in the game. Cycle gangs are basically the Orcs of *Car Wars* — foul creatures that apparently exist only to be massacred at the hands of players. Sure, they may kill a few characters, but they invariably lose five or more men for each player they get. And with odds like those, how do you recruit new members? Any way you slice it, the cycle gang has no place in *Car Wars*, circa 2035.

—Herb Helzer
Champaign, IL

You make some interesting points. Any comments?

—SDH

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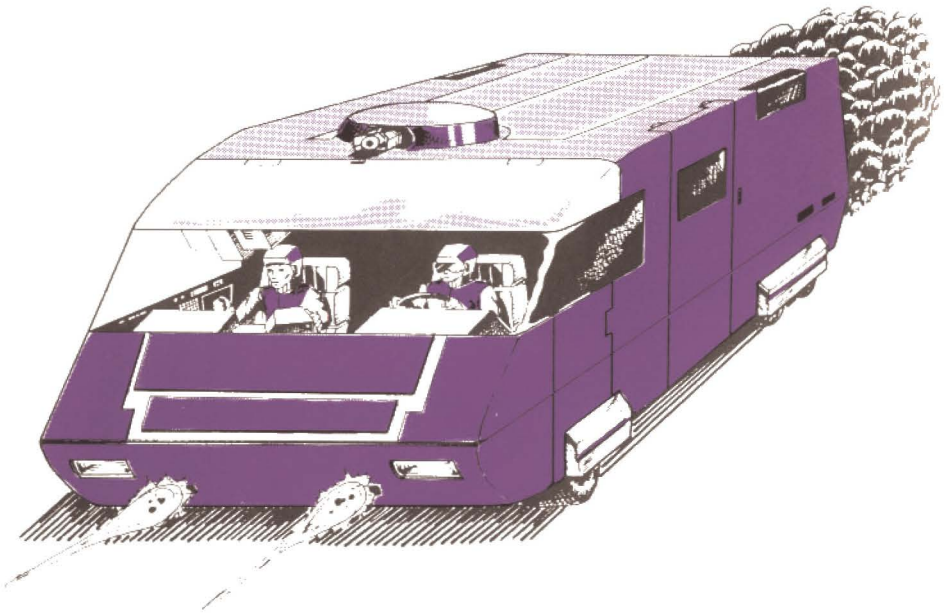
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