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**Autoduel
Quarterly**
The CAR WARS[®] Magazine

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Vol. 8, No. 1

AMATEUR NIGHT RERUN

In This Issue: Right of Way • Murphy's Rules
• AADA World Championship Rules • and more

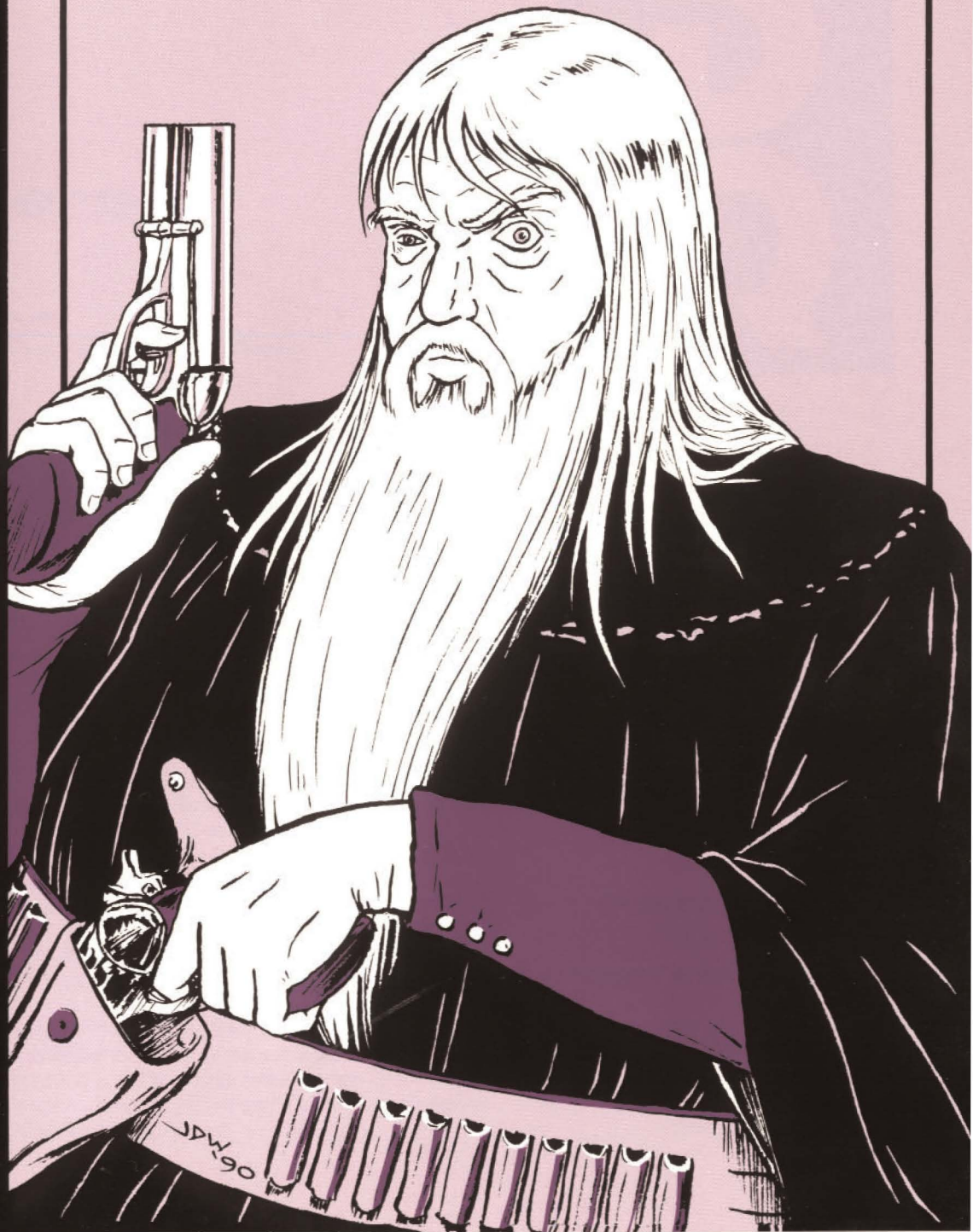


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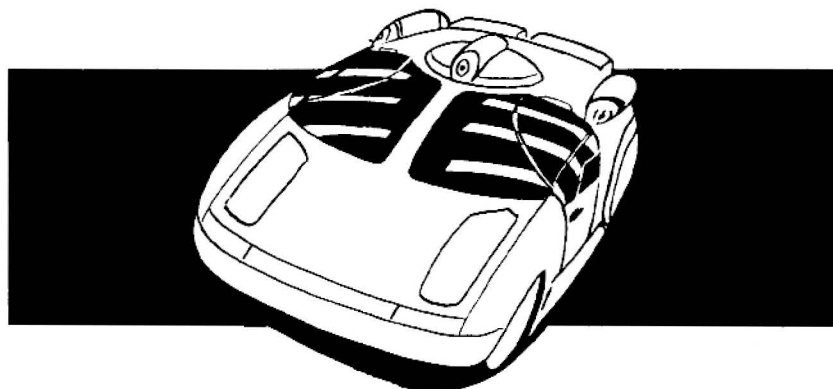
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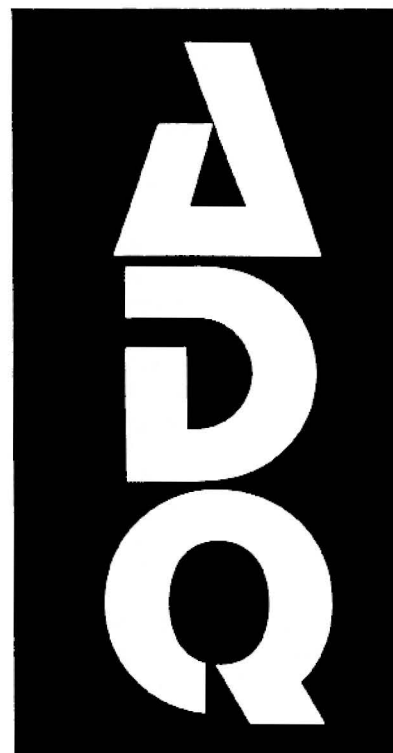
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THE DRIVER'S SEAT

The mortality among *Car Wars* editors approaches that of EDSEL organizers in Ohio! Teresa Laman has gone in search of smoother roads and less-crowded parking lots. Mike Hurst is the interim (and very temporary) editor of your favorite autoduelling magazine, until more permanent and satisfactory arrangements can be made. This is a fiction-heavy issue, including a very variant and off-trail road duel with android drivers. (This is *not* an official rules change!) *Murphy's Rules*, that ubiquitous reminder that all game designers are mortal and fallible, has turned its all-seeing eye on the *Car Wars Compendium*, First Edition. All the usual features are in the usual places, including four new car designs and the long-awaited release of the Falcon Industries *Peregrine II*. (This one is guaranteed to get off the ground!)

We regret to announce that something is not here: the promised article on the changes from *CWC1* to *CWC2*. They will be in the next issue of *ADQ*. The author of that article had a family emergency that had to take precedence (yes, *ADQ* staffers are human too).

What's New

Car Wars Vehicle Design Sheets. Each book has 120 pages of the essential blank forms to construct any *Car Wars* vehicle, from motorcycle to semi. Each sheet has the appropriate Crash Table printed on the back. Add eight Vehicle Check Lists and the new *five-phase* movement chart, extended up to 300 mph, and you have the ingredients for constructive mayhem with no wait at the copier!

Car Wars Vehicle Guide 3 is the first vehicle guide in large-page format; look for the big, blue book with the big, black AADA logo. *VG 3* has 78 rip-roaring, ready-to-ride duelling and racing machines.

***Car Wars Compendium*, Second Edition**. The first edition is sold out! Now it's time for the all-new, all-singing, all-dancing *Second Edition*. Material has been reorganized for easier access, obscurities clarified, omissions inserted, and mistakes (yes, there were mistakes) corrected. All the rules, all the cars, all the guns, and all in one place!

What's Up

What's up is the Illuminati BBS, 24 hours a day at (512) 447-4449, at 300, 1200 and 2400 baud! The Illuminati are on new software, WWIV, and seem to have overcome most of the difficulties that had them down more than up. There is a separate board for *Car Wars* and others for *GURPS* and for specific *GURPS* projects. (*GURPS Autoduel II* will probably have a board in the near future.) Because of the relative speed of electrons and the U.S. Mail, the rumors from the BBS are usually a bit fresher, and the feedback a bit more current. Check in and check it out!



Standards for Submission

There has been some muttering (autoduellist muttering would count as screams of outrage in any society not deafened by gunfire and engine roar) that all the articles in *ADQ* are from the same small clique, who have some sort of inside access to the editorial department. The same names do show up a lot; this is because these are the writers who take the time to produce good work which follows the guidelines for submissions!

Here are a few of the commonly-encountered faults that keep a lot of what we receive off the pages of the magazine.

(1) Stories and articles must be written in English! We do count spelling, punctuation, grammar and legibility when assessing *any* submission. Also, in kindness to an editorial staff whose average of visual acuity approaches legal blindness, please type or use a printer, and please use a legible ribbon! A copy of the SJG writer's guidelines is available for an SASE.

(2) A story must have a plot and an

article must have a subject! A random collection of observations is a letter, not a magazine submission. Both stories and articles must have a logical progression of ideas.

(3) Inaccuracy is intolerable! If an editor can find errors of fact, such as wrong dates, numbers, names (including the correct spelling of the names of actual people, places and things) in one casual reading, it makes him doubt the accuracy of the entire item. If the editor has to check the accuracy of every statement, he might as well write the piece himself.

(4) Profanity, scatology and obscenity do not turn a dull story into an exciting one nor a juvenile story into an adult one.

(5) Painfully phonetic renderings of accent and dialect contribute nothing of value to a story. An occasional turn of phrase is enough to give individual-

ity to the speech of a character.

(6) O. Henry built an entire career on surprise endings. He's dead.

(7) The pages of this magazine are not a repository for venomous outbursts of personal spite! If you don't agree with someone's position, say so, and give your reasons. If you want to insult someone, do it on your own time.

(8) Original means new! It does not mean with the name respelled and the color of the shirt changed.

(9) The name of the game is *Car Wars!* Submissions are much more likely to be accepted if this is central to the story or article. That does not mean that there is no room for speculation. We have published stories and scenarios with mutant superbeings, dragons, werewolves and androids, but all these were directly related to blazing guns and squealing tires.

(10) The *Car Wars* universe is violent; people are hurt and killed and property is destroyed. These are givens which we all accept. Don't linger over the exquisite details of death and mutilation; if that really turns you on, get a job at a slaughterhouse (or watch the evening news).

— Michael Hurst

History of the Vulcan

1862 — Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling patented his multi-barrel, hand-cranked mechanical machine gun. The first version used reloadable steel chambers and percussion caps and was prone to jamming.

1867 — Dr. Gatling redesigned his gun to use integrally-primed metallic cartridges. It was adopted by the United States Army and sold around the world.

1871 — General Gorloff, of the Imperial Russian Army, supervised the production of 400 ten-barrelled Gatling guns for the Russian service. Since his name was stamped on each gun, the Russians called them Gorloffs, and occasionally claim the general as the inventor of the gun.

1874 — The British adopted the Gatling for both army and navy. They used it widely in colonial campaigns. It was especially effective against the massed Zulu impi in the war of 1879.

1885 — British forces in Egypt and the Sudan mounted Gatling guns on railway cars for defense against raiding dervishes.

1893 — Dr. Gatling designed a version of his gun with an electric motor to drive the barrels. He achieved rates of fire of over 3,000 rounds per minute.

1905 — The Russians used Gatling guns against the Japanese at the siege of Port Arthur, probably the last combat use of the hand-cranked Gatling. The Gatling was soon supplanted by gas-and-recoil-operated machine guns.

1955 — The United States Air Force, in need of very high rates of fire for the brief engagement

times of aerial combat, rediscovered Gatling's 1893 demonstration. The result was the M61 20mm cannon, the first to be called a Vulcan.

1965 — U.S. forces in the Vietnam war used Vulcans, reduced to machine-gun and even assault-rifle calibers, as armament on helicopters, assault aircraft, naval vessels, armored vehicles and even jeeps and trucks.

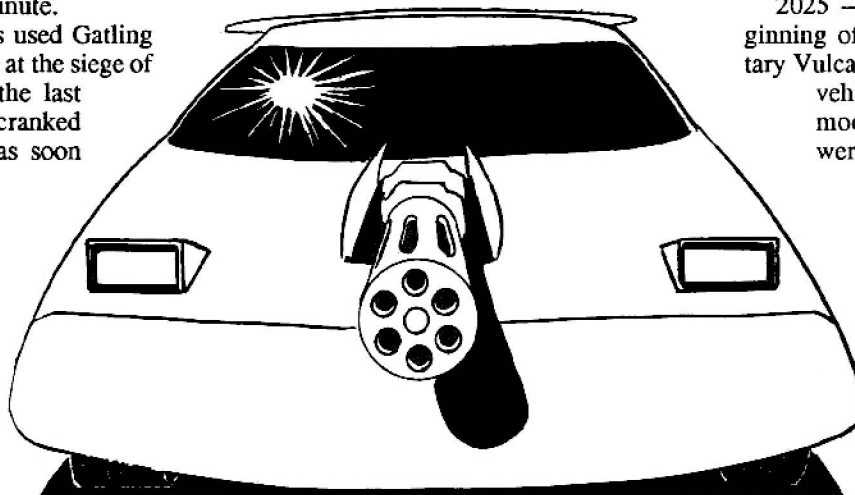
1975 — Many navies, including that of the United States, deployed Close-In Weapons Systems (CIWS) consisting of a Vulcan in a powered, self-controlled turret with its own radar fire-control system. They were equipped with High Density ammunition, for defense against aircraft and cruise missiles.

1995 — The multi-barreled, externally-powered machine gun, or Vulcan, was well-established as an air, naval and land weapon all over the world.

2015 — Small-caliber Vulcans became a principal armament on police and military vehicles. They were heavy enough firepower to deal with cycles or other cars and imposed much lighter firing stresses than conventional armored-vehicle weapons.

2025 — Soon after the official beginning of autoduelling, surplus military Vulcans were mounted on duelling vehicles. Within a year, special models for the duelling trade were available.

2040 — Vulcans retain their popularity as one of the most reliable and flexible of vehicular weapons, and are especially favored as aircraft and anti-aircraft armament.



100 Years Ago Today

It is time for all autoduellists to pause a moment in memory of some of the real pioneers of our sport. As the clouds of war engulfed the world of a century ago, a few daring men began to mate transport and weapons into the discernable ancestors of our modern duelling vehicles.

France, 1940 — As the Wehrmacht swept to victory, its advance was spearheaded by the Sd Kfz 221 armored cars of the armored reconnaissance battalions. These four-wheel drive, four-wheel steering cars, lightly armored and with a single, turreted machine gun, wouldn't look out of place in a modern arena.

Egypt, 1940 — Faced by overwhelming numbers, the British forces in Egypt desperately needed a force that could raid and reconnoiter in the vast Libyan desert. A few daring men mounted radios, spare water and gas cans and scrounged machine guns on Chevrolet trucks. The Long Range Desert Group probed and

harassed Italian and German forces until the final victory in Africa, three long years later.

United States, 1940 — The United States army procured its first ¼-ton, four-wheel-drive, General Purpose vehicle, the immortal jeep. Armed in its time with weapons from SMGs to recoilless rifles, and even nuclear weapons, the jeep remains an inspiration to off-road duellists everywhere.

Finland, 1940 — The Finnish forces, attacked by vastly superior numbers of Russians, and with a terrible shortage of anti-tank weapons, relied heavily on the Molotov cocktail. This simple, gasoline-filled bottle had been used in earlier wars, but seldom as successfully as by the Finns. In four months of fighting, the Finns used more than 70,000 Molotov cocktails. These accounted for a large proportion of the 2,300 Russian tanks destroyed. Pedestrians today still emulate the heroism of the Finns.

AADA NEWS

Regional Championships

Time is running short! Get those requests for hosting regional championships in! A few bids have been received already; these, with what information is available, are below.

JADE will be hosting the Northeast regionals at GAMECON II on May 4 and 5. The contact is GAMECON II c/o Game Master, Village Mall Lower Level, Bergen Mall Shopping Center, Paramus, NJ 07652. May 4th will be at-large qualifiers open to all AADA members and the final will be held on May 5. The qualifier will be in the JADE Bullet arena, with vehicles provided by the referee. The arena for the finals will be the Rubberway from p. 13 of *L'Outrance*, and will be Division 30. The following house rules apply:

(1) No solid or liquid dropped weapons (i.e. no mines, oil, spikes, etc., but flame, paint, smoke, etc. are allowed).

(2) The range of vehicles is subcompact to van. No oversize, helos, boats, etc.

(3) All AADA rules apply (i.e. no spare tires, car tops, kamibombs, etc.)

(4) Any new items must have been published at least one month before the event.

NOVA will host the Central regionals at OMACON 9.5 on March 3. For information contact Norm McMullen at (402) 342-2675. The preliminaries will be Division 20 in the Double Drum. The finals will be Division 25 in Hammer Downs.

The RCADA will host the FOS regionals. For information contact Tim Ray at (512) 453-8755.

TRAACS and RMADA will co-host the Rocky Mountain regionals on April 14. For information contact Mike Policky at (303) 277-1709.

World Championship Arenas

The arenas for the World Championships are being kept a secret. Each group that hosts a regional must decide on the division and the arena they will use. The only restriction is that the vehicle construction rules must conform to the ones we will be using in the World Championships (e.g., no minisafes).

World Championships

These are the complete rules for the 2040 AADA World Championships.

(1) You must be a current member of the AADA and present a copy of the

mailer cover from issue 8/1 or 8/2 of ADQ.

(2) Designs must be in the *day before* the event you wish to participate in. You may submit up to three designs for us to check, with an order of preference. No exceptions!

(3) All rules in the *Car Wars Compendium*, Second Edition and any corrections published in ADQ 8/1 will be in effect. No rule or rules change published after that will be used.

(4) Any car determined illegal will be altered to make it legal. In cases where that is impossible, a substitute car will be provided.

(5) Foul language, harassment of another player, coaching by a nonplayer or any other reason determined by a Steve Jackson Games employee are grounds for disqualification. There are no appeals. If you cannot conduct yourself in a friendly manner, don't show up.

(6) All vehicles must have a range of 150 miles. Some people were upset with the 200-mile-range figure from last year, so we will compromise.

(7) The following items are *not* allowed in the World Championships: spare tires, oversized vehicles, trailers, hovercraft, grasshoppers, cargo safes, minifridges, ABRs, hang gliders, bollixes, bulk ammo boxes, kamibombs, plastique, or any other item the judges decide abuses a rule.

(8) Have fun! This is a very important rule.



Control Table

Speed	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4	-5	-6	Modifier
5-10	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	-3
15-20	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	-2
25-30	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	4	-1
35-40	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	4	0
45-50	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	4	5	+1
55-60	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	4	5	+1
65-70	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	4	5	6	+2
75-80	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	3	4	5	5	6	+2
85-90	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	5	5	6	XX	+2
95-100	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	4	5	6	6	XX	+3
105-110	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	3	4	6	6	XX	XX	+3
115-120	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	5	6	XX	XX	XX	+3
125-130	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	4	5	6	XX	XX	XX	+4
135-140	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	3	4	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	+4
145-150	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	+4
155-160	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	4	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	+5
165-170	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	3	4	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+5
175-180	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+5
185-190	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	4	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+6
195-200	safe	safe	safe	safe	safe	3	4	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+6
205-210	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	3	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+6
215-220	safe	safe	safe	safe	2	4	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+7
225-230	safe	safe	safe	safe	3	4	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+7
235-240	safe	safe	safe	2	3	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+7
245-250	safe	safe	safe	2	4	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+8
255-260	safe	safe	2	3	4	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+8
265-270	safe	safe	2	3	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+8
275-280	safe	2	3	4	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+9
285-290	safe	2	3	4	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+9
295-300	safe	3	4	5	6	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	XX	+9
	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4	-5	-6	

Dates and Details

The World Championships will be held at Origins, on June 28-July 1, at the Atlanta Hilton and Towers in Atlanta, GA. It will be a four-round, five-event tournament. Round 1, the at-large qualifier, will be two events. The first will be on Thursday afternoon and the second on Friday evening, as late as possible. Both will be in the *Double Drum*. Anyone competing in the first event, who does not advance, will be allowed to compete again in the second. This is to keep record keeping simple, and is an added bonus to those who spend all four days at the convention.

Round 2 will be held Saturday morning. Round 3 will be held Saturday afternoon, and Round 4 will be Sunday morning — early.

Since it is difficult to turn in a design before Thursday, all the cars for Round 1 must be one of the five designs below. Pick the one you want to use. This eliminates illegal designs and gives the maximum time for play.

Car Designs

We would like to thank Tim Ray of the RCADA for designing the cars to be used in Round 1 of the World Championships. Thanks! Here, once more, are the five designs. All will use a compact body style, medium power plant with platinum catalysts, driver, heavy suspension and x-heavy chassis.

Car 1: Ramplate 10/15, rocket boosters 60 mph (3 spcs., must be divided up before the bout), spoiler, airdam, two 10-pt. wheelguards, two 10-pt. armored hubs, 4 PRSBFP tires, portable FE, 120 pts. FP sloped armor, safety seat, 4 flame-cloud dischargers, 3 links. Accel. 5, top speed 90, HC 3; 4,400 lbs., \$14,744.

Car 2: ATG w/sabot ammo, spoiler, two 10-pt. wheelguards, two 10-pt. armored hubs, hi-res. SWC, portable FE, heavy-duty shocks, 158 pts. sloped armor, 4 solid tires. Accel. 5, top speed 90, HC 3; 4,408 lbs., \$14,934.

Car 3: OG, 5 paint rounds, 5 HTC, rotary magazine, RP (10/10), 4 solid

tires, two 10-pt. wheelguards, two 10-pt. armored hubs, 100-pound jump jet (2 short or 1 long jump), portable FE, 2 flaming oil dischargers, 4 links, heavy-duty brakes, 122 pts. armor. Accel. 5, top speed 90, HC 3; 4,410 lbs., \$14,223.

Car 4: HDFT (HT ammo), 4 solid tires, 10-pt. wheelguards, two 10-pt. armored hubs, spoiler, hi-res. SWC, 153 pts. sloped armor, heavy-duty shocks. Accel. 4, top speed 90, HC 3; 4,408 lbs., \$14,963.

Car 5: 4 solid tires, spoiler, two 10-pt. wheelguards, two 10-pt. armored hubs, Spear 1000 minedropper w/napalm mines (all fused radio and proximity), VMG w/10 high density and 10 incendiary rounds in rotary magazine, SWC, portable FE, 168 pts. armor. Accel. 5, top speed 90, HC 3; 4,408 lbs., \$14,484.

Round 2 Through Round 4

Round 2 will be Division 25 in an unannounced arena. The referee promises nothing fancy, just an all-out brawl to select the chosen few for the next round.

Round 3 will be an off-road battle for Division 20 cars. The tip is that moving will be as important as fighting.

Round 4, the finals, will be Division 30 in an unnamed arena. The word is that it will take a well-balanced car to have any chance.

World Championship Characters

There is an erratum in *ADQ 7/4*. Characters for the World Championships are limited to 40 skill points, not to 70, with no more than 30 in any one skill. All characters still get Running skill at base level for free.

AADA Newsletter

All of the information below appeared in the most recent issue of the *AADA Newsletter*. This publication, with the latest in AADA gossip and feedback, goes out to all *official* AADA clubs and to anyone who sends us a SASE requesting one, until the limited number of extra copies are used up.

Sneak Previews

The *new* Movement Chart, Crash Tables and Control Table appear here. These will be in the *Car Wars Compendium*, Second Edition and will be in use at the 2040 World Championships. This material is also included in the *new Car Wars Vehicle Design Sheets*, which should already be in stores near you.

All of the changes made in these rules have been the result of comments made by players from all over the world. See — you can make a difference!

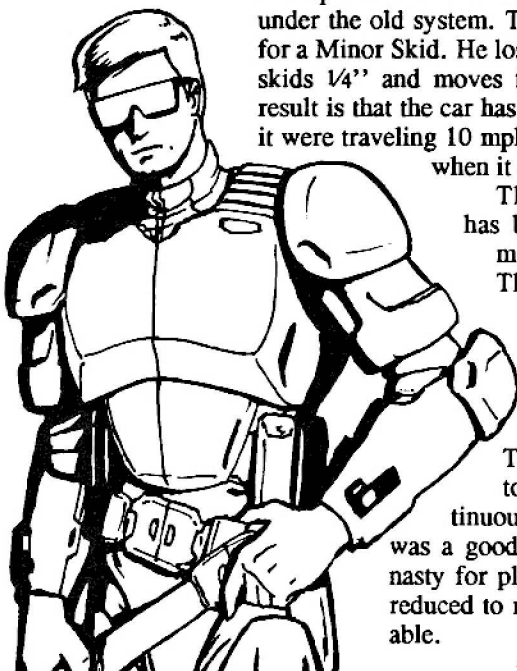
The Movement Chart allows for mid-turn acceleration and braking! The rules for this will be in the *Car Wars Compendium*, Second Edition, as well as the next *AADA Newsletter*. The chart also eliminates the possibility of moving *farther* by braking. Consider, for example, what could happen to a car traveling at 35 mph which lost control in phase 4, under the old system. The driver rolls a 4 for a Minor Skid. He loses 5 mph and then skids 1/4" and moves forward 3/4". The result is that the car has moved 4.5", as if it were traveling 10 mph faster than it was when it *lost* 5 mph.

The Control Table has been changed to a more fluid form.

The differences are not so drastic between 5 mph of speed as they used to be.

The Crash Table was changed to remove the continuous skid problem. It was a good idea, just far too nasty for play. So it has been reduced to make it more playable.

— David N. Searle



Movement Chart

Speed	1	2	3	4	5	Ram
0						0
5	1/2					1d-4
10	1					1d-2
15	1		1/2			1d-1
20	1		1			1d
25	1		1		1/2	1d
30	1		1		1	1d
35	1	1/2	1		1	2d
40	1	1	1		1	3d
45	1	1	1	1/2	1	4d
50	1	1	1	1	1	5d
55	1 1/2	1	1	1	1	6d
60	2	1	1	1	1	7d
65	2	1	1 1/2	1	1	8d
70	2	1	2	1	1	9d
75	2	1	2	1	1 1/2	10d
80	2	1	2	1	2	11d
85	2	1 1/2	2	1	2	12d
90	2	2	2	1	2	13d
95	2	2	2	1 1/2	2	14d
100	2	2	2	2	2	15d
105	2 1/2	2	2	2	2	16d
110	3	2	2	2	2	17d
115	3	2	2 1/2	2	2	18d
120	3	2	3	2	2	19d
125	3	2	3	2	2 1/2	20d
130	3	2	3	2	3	21d
135	3	2 1/2	3	2	2	22d
140	3	3	3	2	3	23d
145	3	3	3	2 1/2	3	24d
150	3	3	3	3	3	25d
155	3 1/2	3	3	3	3	26d
160	4	3	3	3	3	27d
165	4	3	3 1/2	3	3	28d
170	4	3	4	3	3	29d
175	4	3	4	3	3 1/2	30d
180	4	3	4	3	4	31d
185	4	3 1/2	3	4	4	32d
190	4	4	4	3	4	33d
195	4	4	4	3 1/2	4	34d
200	4	4	4	4	4	35d
205	4 1/2	4	4	4	4	36d
210	5	4	4	4	4	37d
215	5	4	4 1/2	4	4	38d
220	5	4	5	4	4	39d
225	5	4	5	4	4 1/2	40d
230	5	4	5	4	5	41d
235	5	4 1/2	5	4	5	42d
240	5	5	5	4	5	43d
245	5	5	5	4 1/2	5	44d
250	5	5	5	5	5	45d
255	5 1/2	5	5	5	5	46d
260	6	5	5	5	5	47d
265	6	5	5 1/2	5	5	48d
270	6	5	6	5	5	49d
275	6	5	6	5	5 1/2	50d
280	6	5	6	5	6	51d
285	6	5 1/2	6	5	6	52d
290	6	6	6	5	6	53d
295	6	6	6	5 1/2	6	54d
300	6	6	6	6	6	55d

Crash Table 1 Skids & Rolls

2 or less — Trivial skid. The vehicle keeps the same orientation, but moves ¼" in the direction it was going before the maneuver in which it lost control. Therefore, it may skid in a direction other than the one it is pointing — see Figure 5, p. 8. *

3, 4 — Minor skid. As above, but the vehicle skids ½". Speed is reduced by -5 mph. **

5, 6 — Moderate skid. As above, but the vehicle skids ¾", and each tire takes 1 point of damage. Speed is reduced by 10 mph. It then performs a trivial skid on its next move. ***

7, 8 — Severe skid. As above, but car skids 1" and each tire takes 2 points damage. Speed is reduced by 20 mph. On its next move, it performs a minor skid. ***

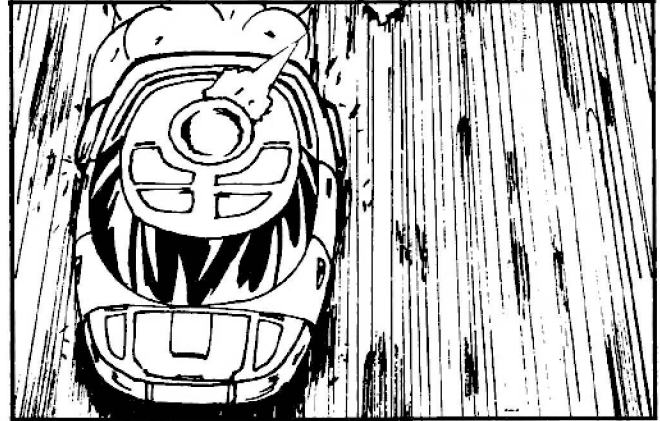
9, 10 — Spinout. Vehicle spins, rotating 90° and moving 1" in the direction it was previously traveling (before the maneuver or hazard which caused the spinout) per phase of movement required. All rotations must be in the same direction. If the vehicle fishtailed into the spinout, the rotations are in the same direction the fishtail took; otherwise, roll randomly. Each tire takes 1d of damage at the start of the spinout. The vehicle decelerates 20 mph/turn, and the spin stops when the vehicle comes to a halt. A driver may try to recover from a spinout. To do so, roll for control at HC-6. If the roll is successful the spinout stops. If the roll is missed the spinout continues normally. If control is regained, and the vehicle is facing the direction it is moving, movement continues on as usual. If the car is facing sideways it must perform an immediate T-stop. It may discontinue a T-stop by turning "into" the direction of the skid and then continue the turn. If the vehicle is facing backwards and is traveling faster than its reverse top speed, it must slow down by at least 5 mph per turn until it is under its normal top speed for reverse.

11, 12 — Car turns sideways (as in a T-stop; see Figure 7, p. 9) and rolls. The driver is no longer in control. The car decelerates at 20 mph per turn. Each phase it moves, it goes 1" in the direction it was traveling and rolls ¼ of a complete roll — i.e., in the first phase it moves 1", turns sideways, and rolls onto its side; the next phase it moves, it goes 1" and rolls onto its top, etc. It takes 1d damage to the side (top, etc.) rolled onto each phase. When the bottom hits, each tire takes 1d damage. After all tires are gone, the bottom takes damage when it hits. Occupants may jump out at any time, or stay inside and hope that no damage reaches the interior. The car may be driven after it stops rolling if it is right side up and has tires on at least three corners. A cycle won't be drivable after a roll. ***

13, 14 — As above, but vehicle is burning on a roll of 4, 5, or 6 on 1 die. (For more information on burning vehicles, see *Fire and Explosion*, pp. 31-32.)

15 or more — The vehicle vaults into the air by the side (or front) tires, the tires doing the vaulting taking 3d of damage. The

vehicle will then fly through the air for 1 to 6 inches (roll 1 die) in the direction the vehicle was traveling before the crash result, revolving two sides for every inch traveled. When it lands, the side that hits takes collision damage at the vehicle's initial speed. If the attempted maneuver was a tight bend or a hard swerve, the vehicle will flip end over end. Upon landing, the vehicle will continue to roll as per result 11 on this table. All occupants take 1 point of damage automatically. Body armor does not protect against this damage.



Crash Table 2 Fishtails

1-4 — Minor fishtail. Roll randomly to see if fishtail will be left or right. If, for instance, it is left, keep vehicle's right front corner in the same square, and move the left rear corner 1 square left. Reverse for a right fishtail. *

5-8 — Major fishtail. As above, but rear corner moves 2 squares. **

9, 10 — Execute a minor fishtail and roll again on Crash Table 1. ***

11-14 — Execute a major fishtail and roll again on Crash Table 1. ***

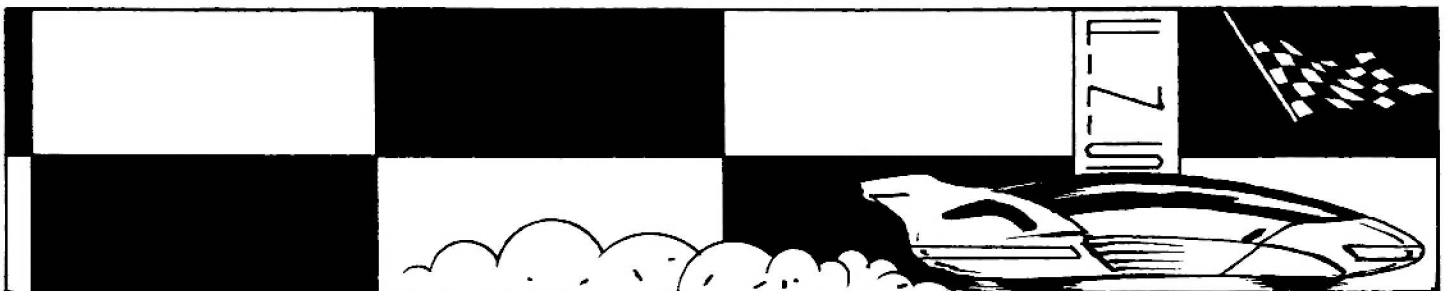
15 or more — Execute a major and a minor fishtail (for a total of 3 squares movement in one direction) and roll again on Crash Table 1. ***

A vehicle that loses control will suffer a penalty on any aimed weapon fire for the rest of the turn, as shown by the asterisks on the Crash Table entries:

* Any further aimed weapon fire from this vehicle on this turn will be at a -3 to hit.

** Any further aimed weapon fire from this vehicle on this turn will be -6 to hit.

*** No further aimed weapon fire permitted from this vehicle this turn.



MEAN STREETS™

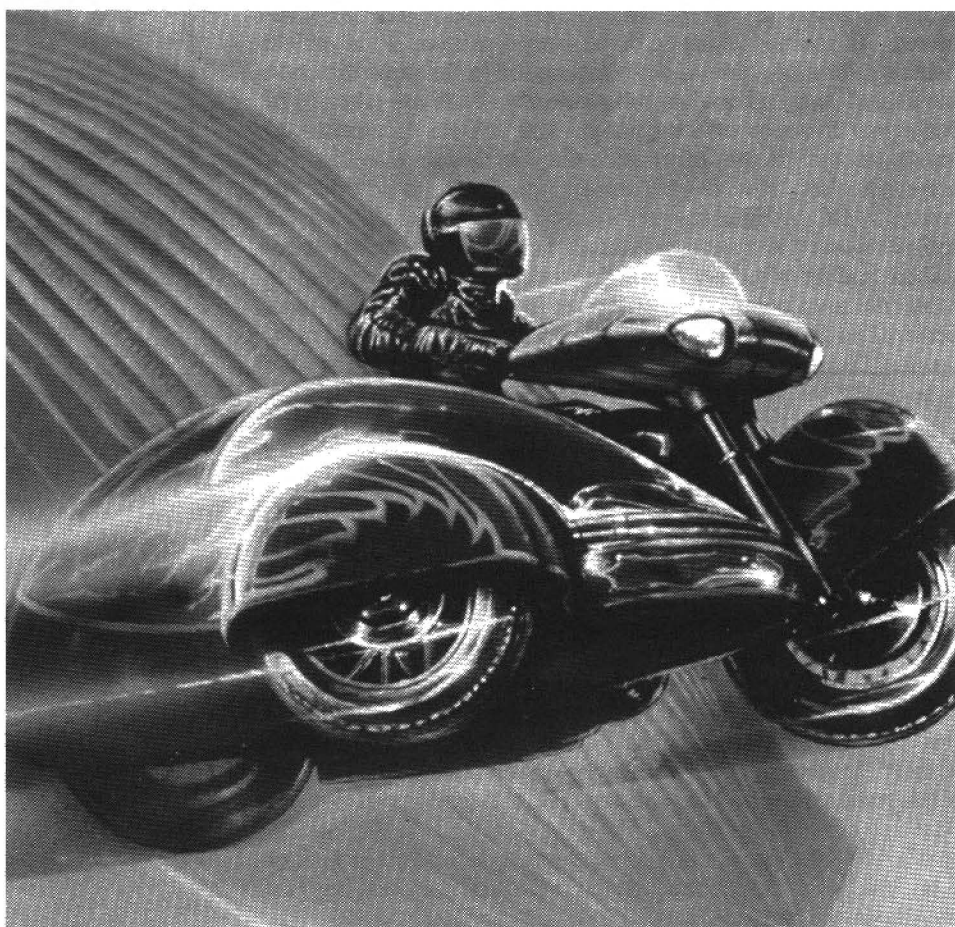
Just Because You Wake Up Dead, Things Don't Have to Get Better!

You're the best agent in the Intelligence Division of the Texas Rangers — but somebody was just a little bit better. Now you have to finish a mission that has already killed you! From the clone tanks of Gold Cross to the gang-ridden wastes of Houston, this is a trip into the underside of 2040 Texas. The Houston gangs have moved up from switchblades and SMGs; they now have atomic warheads. Only you can save the Lone Star Republic from nuclear devastation . . .

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Mean Streets is a *Car Wars* solo adventure. The 64-page book contains character creation, equipment and combat rules, combat maps and 18 combat vehicle designs. It is intended for play with *Car Wars*, *Car Wars Deluxe Edition* or *Car Wars Compendium* and a set of maps and counters.



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

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Amateur Night Rerun

by Leslie Fish



So I won. Big deal — the purse is about 5% of enough for a Gold Cross contract, and that's before I take out a few little things like food and rent. So buy me another boilermaker and I'll tell you all about it — why I'm sitting here getting drunk instead of starring at my own victory party. I think I've got my reasons.

A week ago today I woke up, with a mouthful of sand and a name-sized hole in my memory. That was the strange part. There wasn't any fog or any groping or any "I'll remember in a minute." I knew, as soon as I knew anything, that I didn't know who I was. I knew the prime rate and the point spread and the top ten tunes, and that most people knew their names, and that I didn't know mine.

I sat up and took an inventory. One male human, post-adolescent, but not by much. Healthy, well-nourished, no marks or scars, not even callouses on my hands — I knew what that meant but it didn't help the question of identity.

So much for the standard features, now for the options. Gun belt and holstered sidearm — I drew and checked the gun. It was fully loaded, and an expensive piece, a Super Duelmaster, with custom stocks. There was an extra mag in the holster pocket and four more pouched on the belt, all topped up. Belt, holster and pouches were cheap and anonymous. So was the set of duelling

armor I was wearing, my boots and the gloves on the ground beside me. There was no helmet.

The name tag on the armor read "Starbuck." I knew that was not my name. I also knew that I had answered to it in the past.

I tabled *who* for a later session and concentrated on *where*. Left of me, as far as the horizon, was sand and grease wood. That felt right; that was home ground. On the right was the pavement of a road; that felt right too, roads were part of my life. In the direction of the low-hanging sun was a familiar bulk. I knew that arena, both as spectator and fighter. I decided that it was east of me; I knew the temperature around me for the rising heat of a desert morning, not the bake-oven heat of a desert afternoon.

Suddenly I realized I was thirsty. I knew there was water at the arena; my mind replayed the sound and smell of cold water splashing in a fountain. I came to my feet.

That's when I saw the car. It was less than a hundred yards west of me, parked beside the road. Scrub and a low ridge of sand were just enough to hide it from a sitting man. The car was a big, luxury sedan. It had the unmistakable look of heavy armor, and the glint of laser-reflective. Twin machine guns front and a turret-mounted rocket launcher showed; there might be anything

concealed. It was a class car, a road warrior's dream, and it made my soul crawl.

I stumbled away, toward the arena. Why did that set of high-dollar wheels terrify me? I knew it had something to do with my looted memories, but I could not force myself to go near it. I cobbled up some sane reasons. "I need water, and then money and a base and some fire power. Go off half-cocked against that monster and all I'll get is a kicked butt."

It was too early for crowds at the arena. Office staff and maintenance types worked, with the easy camaraderie of backstage crews everywhere. A lone picket held the fort at soap-box alley. He was a big old man, with the hair and beard of a Woodstock peace monger and the kind of robe that Baptist Sunday schools think is biblical. Instead of a rope, he was girded with a gun belt that looked like genuine cow leather. It was studded with Navajo silver and turquoise, and the matched holsters held a sawed-off shotgun on the right and an enormous single-action revolver, the kind they call a Ped's Revenge, on the left. His sign said "Repent." I thought of asking him if you have to repent of the sins you can't remember, but decided I had enough problems.

The lobby was so familiar that it hurt. I went dead-straight for the water fountains, and soaked my fill. As I straightened, my eyes automatically scanned the big monitor with the lineup for today's games. Amateur Night showed ten empty slots.

For a moment, light flashed across the gap in my memory. Tires screeched, inertia pulled me tight against the safety-web, gunfire rattled in my ears, my hands fought the wheel through a tight turn — and arena light flared through holes in the door beside me!

How stupid can a grownup be? Risking death or maiming for a few bucks cash; pushing every run against the inexorable odds; knowing that not one amateur in a hundred ever made it big? What kind of idiots played this game? Desperate ones, and that described me fully; desperate, dead broke and (I suddenly realized) hungry.

My feet knew the way to the Registration Office.

The woman behind the desk managed to be elegant, tired and amused at the same time. She gave me a look of well-bred surprise. "If you can afford a clone, what are you doing back here?"

I should have been braced for that question, but it was a shock too many. "Gotta start somewhere," I said. It obviously made no more sense to her than to me.

She shrugged, elegantly. She must have been used to strange-

ness from duellists. She handed me the usual waiver forms, and asked if I had any preference for game number or car number.

"Any number is fine, but give me a black car." She could also look inquisitive, elegantly. "It matches my luck." I recognized the waivers as standard (where did whoever I was learn all this)? I scrawled "Starbuck" in all the blocks marked signature. Now my problematic heirs had no claim on the arena, and the arena took no responsibility for anyone I managed to hurt.

She handed the papers back. "A last name too, Mr. Reese. It's an arena rule."

Two names in less than a quarter day! At this rate, I'd have a whole genealogy before tomorrow.

I added the new name, and tried to think of a line of questioning that wouldn't tempt her to call for psychiatric help. "I didn't realize that I'd made such an impression on you. You can't remember every car bum that stumbles in here."

She quickly checked the papers. I wondered if there was anything she didn't do elegantly. "No, but not many blow it quite so completely as you." For a moment she looked a little less elegant. "If I'd known you were Gold Crossed, I'd have saved some sentiment."

So I'd lost spectacularly. Could there have been bets riding? Gamblers have been known to carry quite a grudge. "Anybody looking for me?" I tried to make the question casual; from her quick, sharp glance I don't think I succeeded.

"No, who would be," she said.

I tried to laugh it off. "Husbands, brothers, officers of the court . . ."

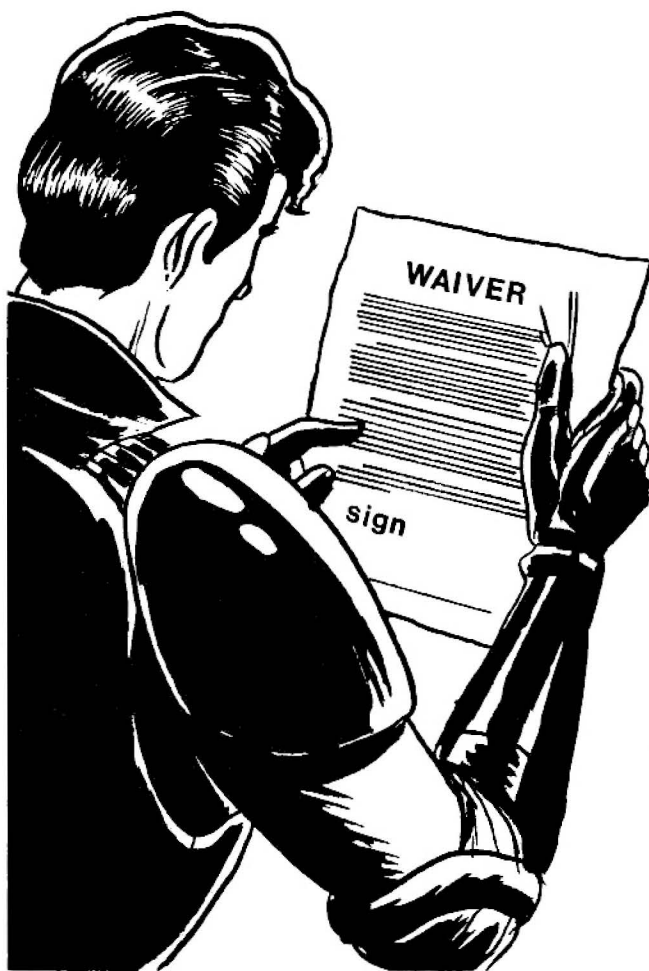
I don't think she bought it, but she had the grace to switch topics. "This makes you the local mys-

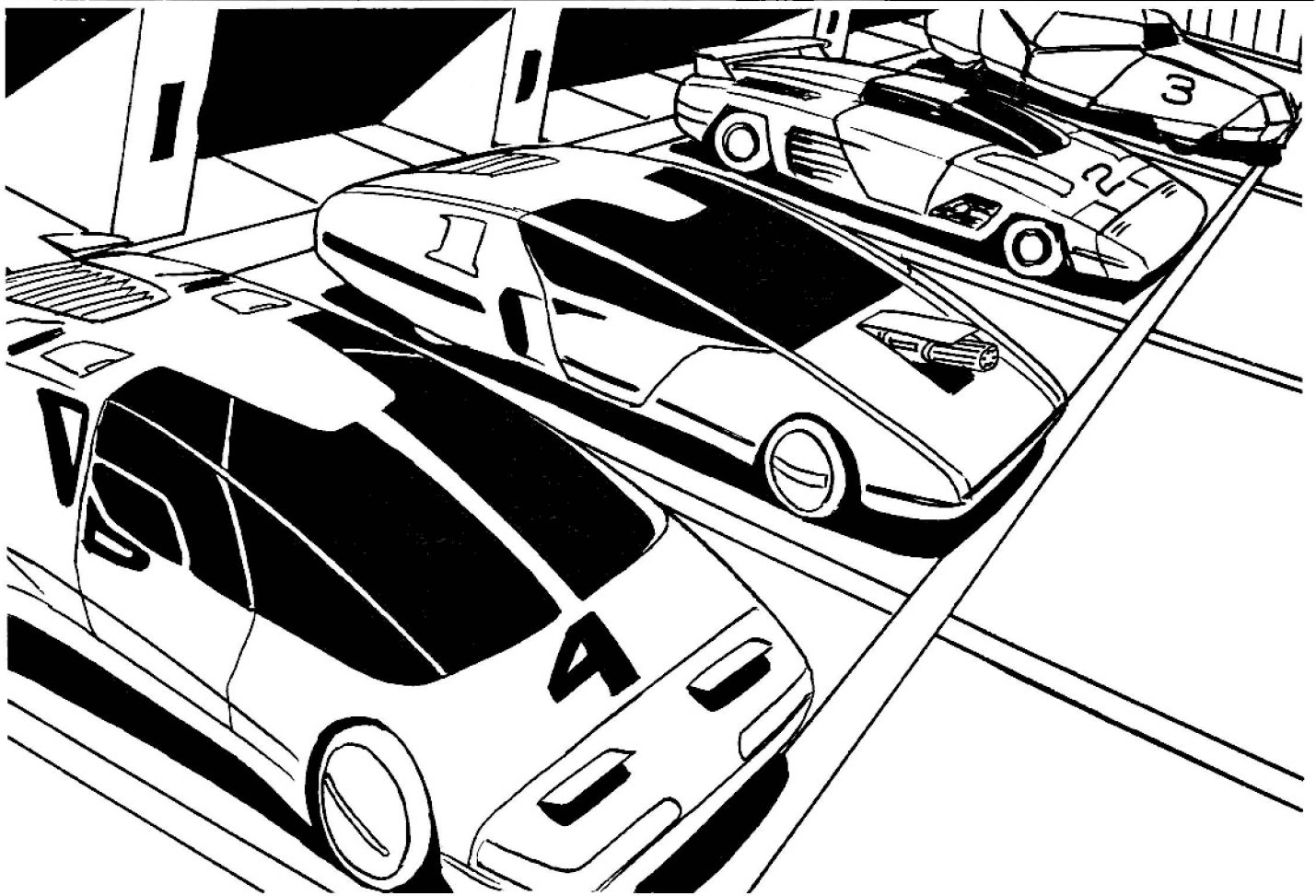
tery man. You've got the price of a clone but you drive arena junk instead of your own car."

I had a memory then, from nowhere. My car was gone, and I felt a sense of loss too great for a machine. The car had meant something.

"Appearances can be deceptive," I said. I wondered if that sounded cryptic or just dumb. "I don't even have the price of breakfast."

I think she liked the excuse to get rid of me. "There's a restaurant right by the ready room, the Last Request. Show the cashier your copy of the waiver. She'll give you credit up to a loser's share of the purse. If you get out alive, don't welsh. Miss Emily has her own ways of collecting."





I wondered if that could be my problem; had I stiffed the wrong party for a platter of chicken-fried algae?

She rattled a little tune on the keyboard. "You're car four in game nine. I suggest you set up your car before you eat."

I followed the yellow-paint line on the floor. I knew it marked the way; I also knew it was common knowledge. Every wannabe duel punk knew to "Follow the Yellow Brick Road."

The garage area was no different than any other big auto shop. Optimists claimed it smelled like money, and anti-duellists said it stank of blood. All I could smell was hot plastic and dirt. The ready room was at one end, behind double, sound-proofed doors. A lot of people seem to like a little peace and quiet between games. The allocator's booth was on the garage side of these doors. Through his armorplast windows he could see all the activity on the floor, and his guns and gas bombs could reach it all. Of course, no one but a nut case would attack him or question his decisions, but sanity is not required on the duel circuit.

All allocators are professionally unshockable, but he raised one eyebrow at least an eighth of an inch when he saw my assignment. "What's your pull with Lady Grace?"

"Who's she, and who am I to have any pull?" That was one dumb question and one subtle probe for clues to my identity. Lady Grace was such an obvious nickname for the woman at registration that I was surprised I hadn't thought of it myself.

The probe was too subtle. "You're nobody, and that's what's strange. Game nine's got big-money sponsors and none of the rest of the drivers is a stumble bum."

This was the large model of allocator; even without the guns and gas he could probably squash me like a cockroach. I decided to ignore the remarks.

"How are they spending that big money," I said? Maybe something was going right for me.

"You get some choices on the car, and a lot more than the usual loser's consolation," he said. "Just for finishing alive, without ducking out the exit, you collect \$500. The car is a basic Sargasso, but you get 56 sheets of armor to play with and \$1,700 for weapons or more armor. How do you want to use it?"

Once more there were memories. Most were technical, but one was another flash of light through a badly-holed door. Death could come from any side. "Spread the armor, ten layers front and back and nine everywhere else," I said. That wasn't hard. Weapons were trickier. My technical part analyzed the problem. I had a cheap car and no money for sophisticated sighting enhancements. The way to go was one main weapon, one direction of fire and something to cover my tail. "Standard machine gun front," I said, "and a flame-cloud discharger rear."

The allocator actually smiled, and nothing cracked in his face. He punched in the orders. "Your bay is D5. The car should be ready for a check by 1700, and your fight starts at 2100 even." He appraised me from boots to haircut. "I suggest a Pit Stop Special at the Last Request. There are phones if you need to do any outside business; say, a call to Gold Cross. Here's your copy of the waiver. It's good for credit most places in the arena."

I tried both pieces of his advice. The food was cheap, and worth it, but it stopped the hunger. Nobody came after me for an old debt. Ducking the check at this restaurant did not seem to be one of my sins. The phones were expensive, and the end result was that no Starbuck Reese, in any variation I could think of, existed. That name had no insurance, no Gold Cross and no

criminal record that a civilian could find. My existence had to be under another name; the name I could not remember.

I thought, but not too long, about the lux and its unknown crew. They were enemies; I was sure of that much. Had I welshed on a bet, or died too soon and taken heavy money with me? On the other hand, was my crime to be too good, and mess up someone's schemes? Why had they attacked only my memory? Did this mean they wanted me here, still able to fight? Was I that good? Somehow I couldn't picture me as good enough in the arena to be worth so much trouble. This line of thought went only in circles. I needed to solve some more immediate questions before worrying about my unknown enemies.

I killed some more time, and a lot more credit, reviewing old arena videos. I went through a selection of Amateur Night contests for the last several weeks. I wanted some kind of a plan, some kind of an edge to get me through this fight. After several hours, I decided I had a tentative answer.

Most nickel-fight cars have one main weapon, mounted front. Only a few put anything heavy to the rear. Most drivers turn right coming out of the gate. Turning left meets the others head on, and decides the nature of the first fight, and maybe of all the others.

My car wouldn't quite be ready for a check yet. I thought about another Last Request, but decided I wasn't that hungry. Besides, this would be a chance to check out my opposition.

There is no rule against looking over your opponents' cars, as long as you stay at least 20 feet clear.

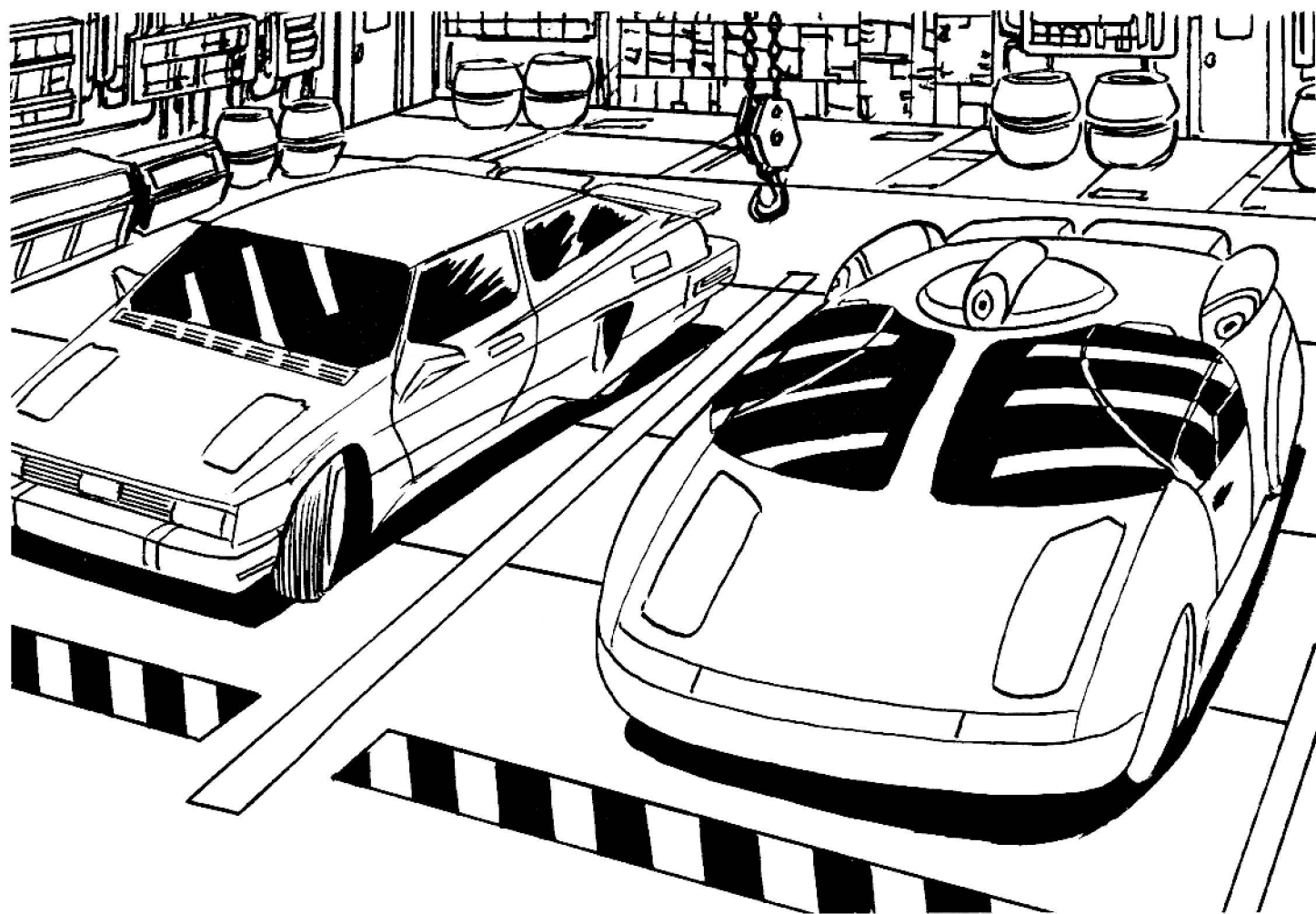
I walked over to Bay D5. My own black-painted #4 was getting a last touch-up; the prep crews here worked fast. One slip over was #1, snow-white and mounting a single Vulcan forward. It was shockingly light on armor. Beyond it was #2, fire-engine red and with no guns. An oil-jet port in the back and a massive ram plate forward summed up the weapons; most of the armor was also piled on the front. The #3 car looked like a blue turtle. It had thick armor on all sides and mounted discharger packs on the back and sides and an ultra-cheap, micro-missile launcher in the front.

Studying the cars, I tried to guess how their drivers would fight. White #1, with the Vulcan, would shoot from a distance. He would fire and run, trusting to range, speed and maneuvering. One solid hit would breach his thin armor.

The red job, #2 was strictly a ram car. He would go for speed too, but with an opposite intent. He would always be trying to force it to a close. But remember that oil-jet; if his budget runs to flaming oil, he'll also be dangerous to tailgate.

The Blue Turtle, #3, was an enigma. The mini-missiles were strictly short range, and dangerous only from in front. I suspected that the dischargers were too cheap to be anything but smoke. Still, with that much armor, he could come close and pick his shots at leisure.

My guess was that #1 and #2 would barrel out the gate and try



to force the pace. The Blue Turtle would hang back and commit in his own time.

I headed up to the ready-room to collect my gear and tag and see what I could learn from studying the drivers. It was getting close to game time anyway.

The first game had already started. The ready room was crowded with jittery contestants, but it was easy to pick out my personal competition from their color-coded game-number tags. I looked them over as I collected my helmet and number tag.

White Vulcan, #1, was a girl: brunette, thin, very young and painted thick on the face. Her voice was too loud and too shrill, and her eyes were hungry and fierce. She didn't look patient. I wondered if her tactical sense would hold up under pressure.

Red Rammer, #2, was a big, loud, blond boy. He had the heft and moves for a football lineman, and seemed to be up on something besides adrenalin. He had the look of a reckless one, fast and hard but not shifty.

The Blue Turtle, #3, was studying me! She was a medium-sized woman, maybe in the late 20s. Her face was calm and shrewd and unreadable. Her suit's name plate read "Challenger." I wondered what she was doing in an amateur run. I bet her for the one to beat, and doubled the bet as she strolled up to me.

She wasn't much for preliminaries. "The boy is a cuckoo," she said. "He has a good local rep; he's a crowd pleaser, but he only knows one way, straight up the middle as hard as he can go. The girl's never worked here before, but my spics say she gets wild if things don't start to break her way in the first few passes. I think they'll waste each other soon. That leaves you and me. Want to deal?"

All my alarms went off. Was this a touch from the unknown? Was this the move that had got me in trouble last time? "What kind of a deal," I said.

"Simple survival." Challenger grinned. "Let's agree that if either of us gets the other set up for a killing shot, we'll offer a chance to surrender. Neither of us will make any wild-hair plays; if he's obviously outmaneuvered, he'll surrender."

"Sounds good," I said, because it did. "You have any idea what the betting looks like on our game."

She looked surprised. "Nothing heavy, nobody has much of a line on any of us. It's all on the board over there."

I had already checked the posted odds. "What about side-bets; anything stirring?"

She shrugged. "I haven't heard of anything. None of the biggies bets heavy on amateur night; it's too hard to figure and too sloppy to fix. Do you want the deal or not?" She was getting impatient with the irrelevant.

"Deal," I said. "Offer surrender and no berserker stunts."

We shook hands on it, and she moved over

to a chair near the door. She continued to study me and the other drivers. I wondered if she had a deal with either or both of them.

She was right about the betting; whoever I was had memories to agree with her. Nobody bets big on the mid-week follies; there certainly couldn't be enough down to explain whatever had been done to me.

I went to a betting machine, just to see if there were any last minute anomalies. The odds on my survival were still 6 to 5 against; I risked \$20 of my remaining credit, betting me to live.

I found a chair and went over tactical options again. All our main weapons were front mounted; we all had something to the rear. Obviously, the best attack was on the side. The problem was to manage it.

I was still driving in my head when we were called to our cars. No one of us looked at another for that whole, long walk to the bay. Even the Red Rammer had quieted down. We strapped in, made the last-minute checks and rolled out along the painted lines to our start positions.

I know nothing else like that long wait at the far end of the entrance ramp, watching for the lights to change and the gates to open. The ramp is 50 feet long. That's enough to build up lots of speed by the time you hit the fighting floor.

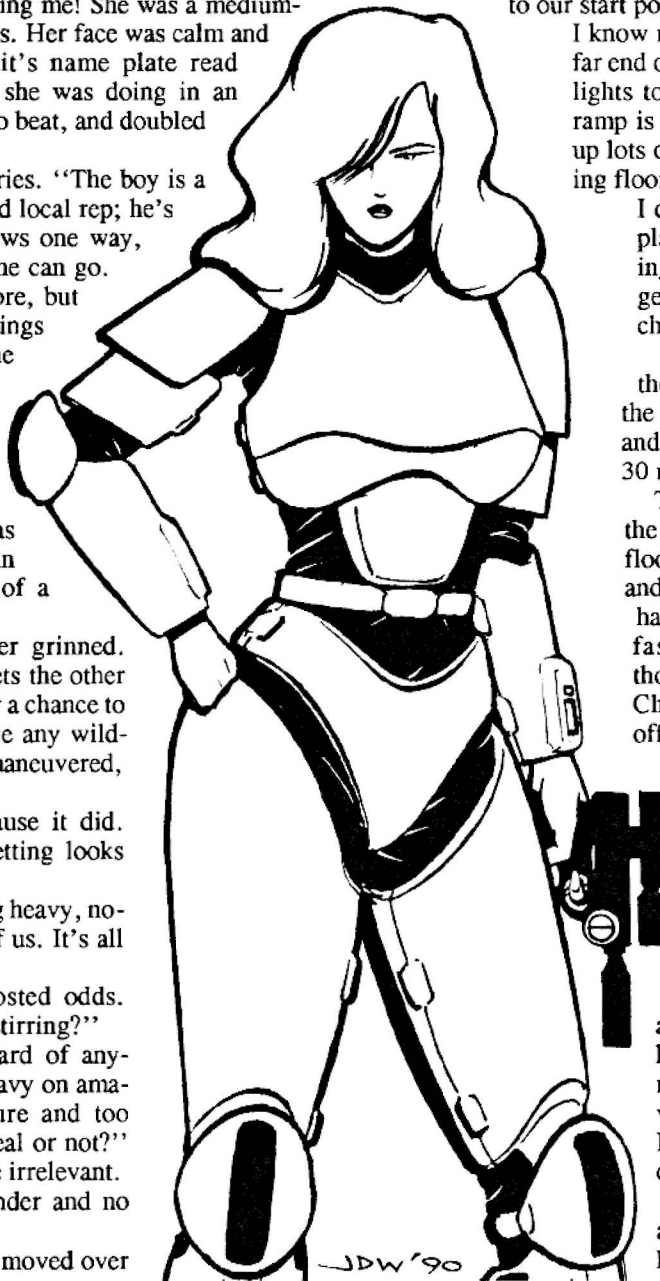
I didn't intend to build that speed. My plan, such as it was, depended on seeing which way the others turned. I fidgeted at the controls and listened to the chatter on the radio for about a decade.

The racket of the bell and the flash of the light caught me staring. I slammed the throttle, braked even more abruptly, and finally rolled out the gate at a sedate 30 mph.

The first thing I saw was the bulk of the TV bunker, straight ahead. The arena floor was vacant between us. I looked left and saw the white car zooming away. She had turned to meet the ram car, going fast for a head-on attack. I hadn't thought she looked patient. To the right, Challenger's Blue Turtle was moving off slowly. For a few beautiful seconds I was alone on my side of the bunker, free to choose. I made a leisurely turn to the left and followed the white car.

Before I saw anything, I heard the rattle of gunfire and the announcer whooping through the radio. White Vulcan and Red Rammer were going at it, the girl firing and the wild-eyed boy rushing to ram her. I could hear them both on the radio, screaming curses. The girl's voice kept getting higher and shriller. I guessed she wasn't slowing the ram car down.

I saw the finish just as I swung around the second corner. Wild boy hit #1 dead center on her left side,



doing better than 60 mph. The white car bounced, shed a spray of pieces, skidded out of control and went rolling hard and fast, straight into the TV bunker. The crowd roared like a tornado. I could barely hear the crash as she hit the wall.

One down, two to go. Why didn't that make me feel any better?

Rocket thunder yanked my eyes back to the Red Rammer. He was skidding through a ragged, dangerous, high-speed turn, trying to face Challenger's oncoming Blue Turtle. I couldn't see if her missile had hit or not, but his ram plate was mostly gone and his front armor was badly chewed. Still, he had enough left to knock over one more car. Challenger curved toward him, holding fire, holding his attention. He was caught between us and hadn't seen me yet.

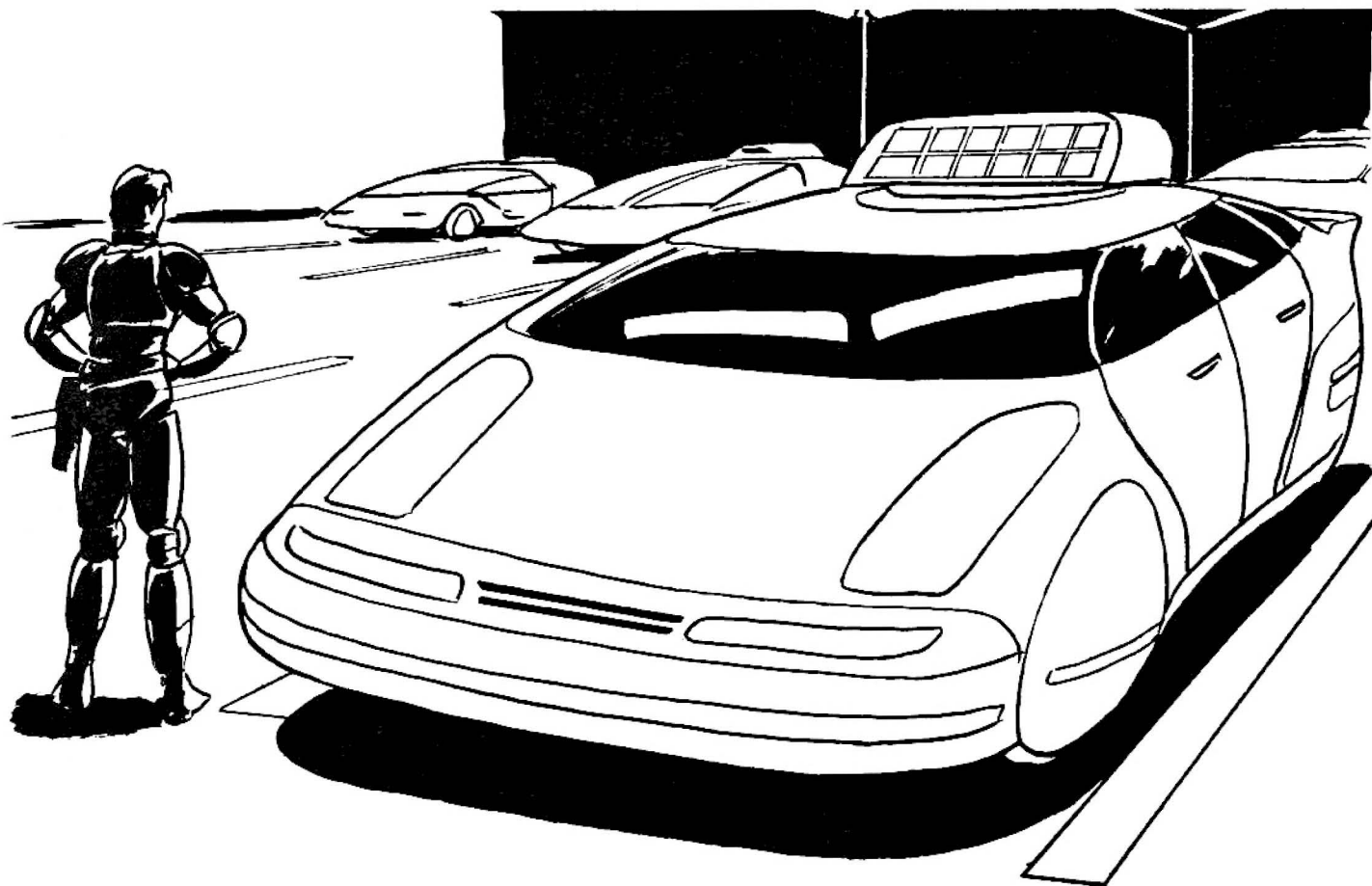
I swung wide toward him and gave him my best shot with the machine gun.

echoed off the arena's far ceiling. The red car bucked, skidded and barely stayed on its wheels. Most of its front armor was gone.

There was not time to see what Challenger did next. I was coming up fast on the Red Rammer's back. I fired again at his tail, too close to miss, and saw the armor breached. One more shot from either of us had to get his power plant.

At the last second I remembered that he still had his oil jet. I pulled left fast to get out of range. I was a half second late. He fired.

The right side of my Sargasso blazed up like a Viking's pyre. For one panicked instant I thought the whole car was on fire. All I could think of was to get rid of my flame-cloud discharger before that went up too, so I fired it. Light blazed behind me and I heard another screeching of tires, then a crash. I didn't look. I was too busy accelerating and remembering that I had no fire



It was a solid hit. I could see bits of his rear armor shattering off, but not enough. His steering wobbled and changed direction a little. He knew where I was now, but he still headed at Challenger's #3. I closed on him, firing again. Again I hit, but didn't breach his armor.

Challenger came up, still not shooting. I saw her swing wide to my right, avoiding the head on. The ram car swung toward her, tires screeching, hoping to ram her side — and giving me a clear shot at his right. I used it, and hit. More armor pieces flew. Why didn't Challenger fire?

Then she did fire. She swung back left enough to face the Red Rammer and let go one rocket, straight to his front. The roar

extinguisher. One way to shed the fire was to blow it out with the wind of my own speed.

I raced down the empty track, praying that the flames would be doused before they could burn through. After the first turn, the flames began to dwindle. After the second they went out. I eased off the speed, wondering how much damage I'd taken.

The radio announced it to everyone. My right side looked "like a half-melted candle," and had lost most of its armor. I knew what that meant. One good shot would breach me. There would be holes in the door, for the light to come through.

The red ram car was good and gone, the announcer almost gloated. My flame cloud had hit him, and when he spun to face



Challenger he went out of control. He was still rolling, the radio said. And still burning.

That left Challenger and me. Where was she?

I slowed some more, trying to calculate her position. With her last-seen speed and direction, she ought to be just rounding the far turn . . .

Then I saw her coming fast around the *next* turn, hugging the bunker. She'd speeded up too, and stayed fast. That Blue Turtle could move!

And she was on my right side!

I turned as tight as I dared, trying to curl around my damage. For an instant her car swung in front of me, and I fired.

I missed.

Then she was inside the arc of my turn, somehow keeping control at that speed, turning with me. We circled, each trying to get the other under his guns. My right-side armor was paper-thin, and hers was undamaged.

I couldn't shake her, couldn't push the turn sharper at that speed. Second by split second she was pulling up into the clear firing arc.

"— and the finish is a forgone conclusion —" the radio said.

I knew it. Turn out and skid and roll, or take the next rocket — I was history. I had maybe one second left.

Again, I had the memory of light coming through holes in the door.

"Not again!" I think I screamed it. "Not again!"

Then I heard Challenger's voice; her first transmission of the game. "Do you surrender," she said?

"All right! I'm done." Saying it didn't hurt a bit.

I eased off on the speed, pulled out of the turn and braked to a

stop next to a pedestrian exit. I fumbled my way out of the safety harness and got out of the car. The description of my right-side armor had been accurate, it looked just like half-melted wax. One shot would have finished me. I turned away.

Walking took a lot of concentration. My knees seemed to have picked up an extra joint apiece and wills of their own. I didn't see where Challenger finally stopped, didn't hear the announcer's babble, didn't care what anybody thought of the fight. I saw no point in going to the ready room. The arena would hold my pay until I claimed it, and I wanted no questions from sports casters or duel buffs. I would just leave.

I hadn't won, but I was alive.

I had another piece for the hole in my memory. I might have fought before; in fact that was pretty certain from the body I was wearing. But I had never walked away before — this rubber-legged, shivering, hollow-gutted shock was new. My bones would have remembered if I had ever felt it before.

I was so happy to be alive that I forgot to worry about staying alive.

They took me less than a dozen feet from the exit. They were good at snatch work. The redhead stopped me to ask directions. That put her close enough to pin my gun arm while her partner, who could have played Hercules without makeup, put the needle in just below my jaw hinge. Then both of them held me for the few seconds it took for the drug to hit my brain. All I can remember thinking was that this was a lot of trouble for a nickel duellist.

I woke up in a soft chair in a big office. It was furnished in successful-executive antique; too much carpet and too much wood, with the electronics so carefully blended in that the little

bits that showed jarred worse than the whole machines would have.

The big, gray man behind the desk was even more incongruous. I tried to think of setting that would fit him, but it wouldn't come clear. His suit was gray, as plain as a suit can get. He had gray hair, cropped close and then ignored. His face was clean-shaven. I knew somehow that it was because beards were too much trouble. He bulked out of the chair, but somehow I knew that most of it wasn't fat. The big jaw, tight mouth and pale, gray eyes were familiar. I knew, without remembering why, that I hated him almost as much as I feared him.

I tried to form words, but that didn't work. That panicked me and I tried to stand. That didn't work either and the panic increased.

"I believe you are awake now," the gray man said. "There is a change to the eyes. If you're not awake yet, you will be shortly and you'll hear most of this. The drug is a new and very useful one. It has no after effects, is completely untraceable and while it is in effect, it completely paralyzes the voluntary nervous system. You can't move or speak. For once you will listen to your father, with no adolescent sarcasm, no whining excuses and no stomping off to sulk. When you are able to move, you will find yourself very thoroughly shackled, but you'll then be able to speak. Just for now you will listen."

I tried to remember something about this man, but only the hate and the fear would surface.

"I don't know how much memory you have," he said. "Gold Cross says that there has been very little experience with brain injuries as extensive as yours; usually there is no accessible memory at all. You seem to have all your motor skills, and most impersonal memories. What is gone is all of your personal life. They say they don't know how much of it is physical, and how much is psychological."

He had been bland and informative, like a talking head on some good-for-you educational channel. Suddenly, for an instant, he changed. I tried to curl for shelter from the killing blaze of his hate. "I understand; I'd like to forget what you are too, but I can't," he said.

"No!" Screaming inside your own head is frustrating. "I didn't do it!" I wondered what it was I hadn't done?

"Your mother is gone," he said. "I know you don't care about that either; you never cared about anything but your car. I know she bought it for you, when I wouldn't. You could wheedle her out of anything, with your sick-puppy whine and daddy's-mean whimper."

I had two memories then. One was a woman's face, misty on the edges, but obviously unhappy. The other was as sharp as the best Japanese holo. It was a black Peacemaker, with sloped armor and a universal turret. I knew its feel and smell, and I knew that I would never see it again. I felt loss, as though part of my soul had turned to vacuum. But was it my mother I missed, or the car?

The gray man was back in control. I knew somehow that I hated that control most of all; that I would do . . . Was there anything I would not do to break him and make him show weakness. What had I already done? I felt a deep satisfaction at his moment of rage. "I made you hurt," I thought. "I can hurt you again."

"You announced so loudly that you wanted nothing from me," he said. "You were going to make your own way. Then

you went behind my back to your mother for that car. Yes, I took it back. My money bought it, and I was not having you destroy it, and yourself, for your childish idea of glory. But that wouldn't stop you. Not you; not Starbuck the Conqueror! My God, you even pick a name from children's television!"

"This isn't fair!" My thought was frantic. "Don't I get to tell my side? But, what is my side? It can't be the way you say!"

"You stormed off to the arena to prove your skill. Brave Starbuck, independent Starbuck! You could take any car the arena handed out and drive it straight to the top. If something went wrong, you had a clone, paid for with my money. But you were in such a rush, you never made a memory deposit!"

"I have a video here of your triumphant entry into the profession of autoduellling. I don't know if you remember; even if you do, the reminder should be useful."

A big screen appeared, replacing a gold-framed copy of Landseer's *Monarch of the Glen*. The picture on the screen was a very familiar view; it was the arena I had just fought in, from the central bunker.



"That's you," he said. "car #4 in game #6, the Black Death of the nickel circuit. The brilliant beginning of the illustrious career of Starbuck the Great, Monarch of the Arena."

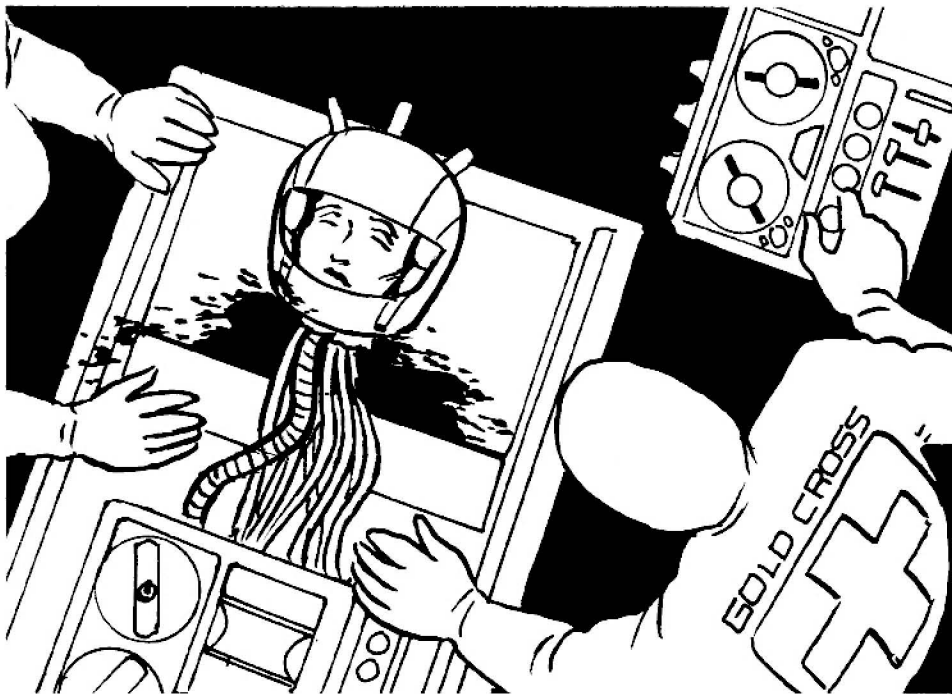
His voice was back in control, but I thought the sarcasm was a little overdone.

On the other hand, it fit the technique of the me on the floor out there. I came zooming out of the gate with great panache and no control. I turned, to the right of course, and barely kept the wheels on the pavement. With no targets in reasonable range, I opened fire, with mini-rockets! Predictably, I hit nothing but the arena floor and walls.

I think I survived as long as I did because no one took me seriously as a threat. I lurched and spun around the track, wasting shots apparently at random. If I had any plan, it was too subtle for analysis, and it didn't work.

I had ignored hits on my armor, making no attempt to keep my hard side toward the fire. A spot-light picked out the jagged blackness of holes in my door as I turned, bringing that breached side into the firing arc of #2. He took the shot, of course, and I watched me die.

The camera angle and view changed abruptly. "Watch



closely," said the gray man. "This is a very instructive segment; one that didn't appear often in those duelling shows that were so much more interesting to you than school or work. This is from the arena maintenance log. They keep a record of all casualty cleanups, in case of legal or insurance problems."

Of course, the black car was the focus. The crews were interested in salvaging a repairable frame; the first things they stripped away were the ruined accessories. One man was busy tossing burned and shattered parts from the driver's seat. He picked up one lump and turned toward the camera. The lump was a battered helmet. He raised the visor and I looked at a scorched caricature of my own face.

"It took me some time to find you," my father said. "I gave you too much credit. I didn't start by looking at the closest arena, for a duelling name combining your first name and the name of your video hero. It has been difficult to give up my illusions as a father. I wanted to believe that my son had intelligence and courage and only needed time to show them. When we finally got what was left of your brain, the memories were in their current state."

I tried very hard to curse him and managed a squawk like a hungry nestling.

"You are beginning to recover," he said. "I'd best hurry with this. You wanted nothing from me. You told me that one arena victory was worth more than all I've built. You said that all I've known: the war I fought in, the business I built up, the

values I tried to teach you, were unimportant compared to Valhalla on pavement. I'm going to give you the life you want."

I think that's when I realized that he was crazy. Only a madman could be that obsessed with someone else's life.

My father glanced at his wrist. "I have other things to do. I'll make this brief. Your contract with Gold Cross is canceled; you won't be able to make another with my money. I have a private cloning facility, devoted entirely to you. You're going back to your beloved arena, and you're going to fight there. If you try to find any other work, I'll find you and send you back. I have good people working for me; you met some today, and not the best. I have money and power and no real interests any more but you.

"Surely the great Starbuck will soon make his way to the top of his trade, and can afford whatever he needs for himself. The wealthy and renowned Starbuck can laugh at my little obsession. Of course,

Starbuck the arena bum may find that a little more difficult. If that Starbuck is killed or maimed . . . Well, your clone is growing now. I don't see any real need to keep the memory of your defeats on record; each time I'll just bring you back to where you awoke this morning. You'll wake up, face down in the same sand. Then, if you live through one fight, we'll have this little talk again. It may get boring, but it's going to be my hobby."

I managed to curse him then, but I didn't manage to sound impressive even to me. He was laughing as he left.

The redhead and her partner unshackled me. I tried to fight, to hurt somebody for my pride's sake. They didn't even let me hurt myself. They put me back in the lux and Hercules held me like a baby while the redhead drove. They talked football the whole way. The redhead had too much faith in Pittsburgh. It was the only sign of weakness either of them showed.

They dropped me at the arena entrance and drove away, still debating lineman armament.

There were a few more believers on soapbox alley. They always swarm a little thicker for the main events. The prophet with the studded gun belt had abandoned his sign and was holding up a bible big enough for a prime-time televangelist.

"Here in the book is the highway to heaven," he said. "Without it there is only the back road to hell. Where will you spend eternity?"

"That's easy," I thought. "I know that one. I'll spend it dying on Amateur Night."



The AADA[®] Vehicle Guide

Volume 3

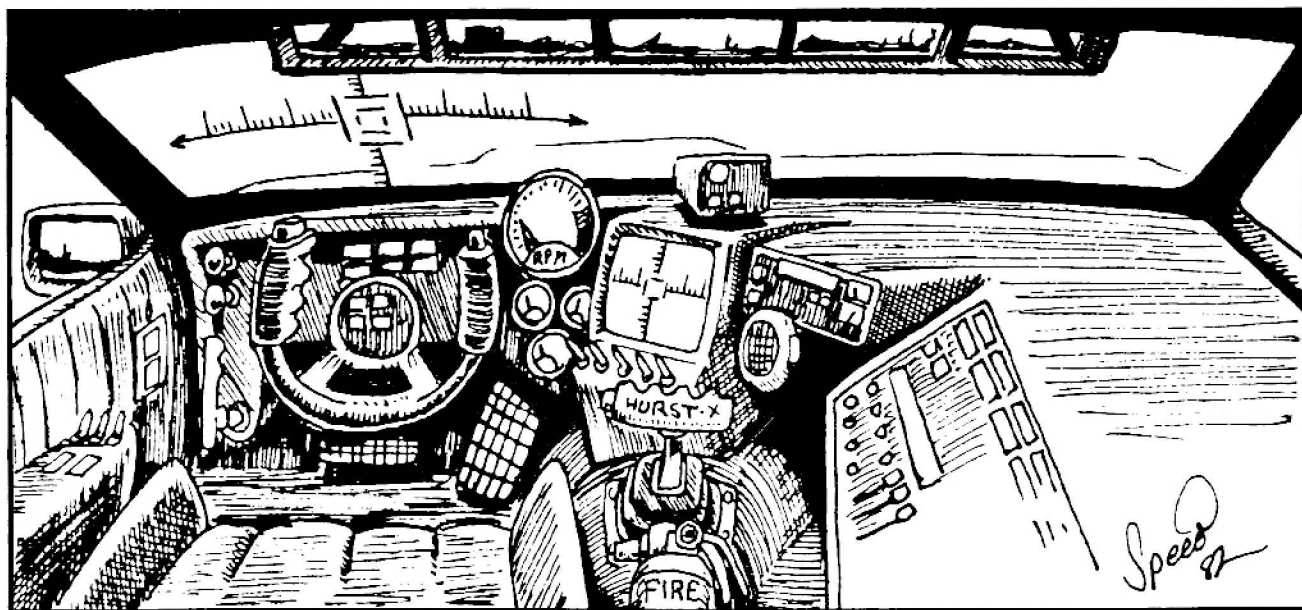
The Toughest Things on Wheels

Here they come — 78 of the hardest-charging vehicles ever to roar into the arena or onto the track! These designs are all fully compatible with *Car Wars Compendium* rules and fully legal for *AADA* World Championship competition. Each comes fully equipped, fully armed and charged (or fuelled, for gasburners) and with provision for a driver in body armor.

The AADA Vehicle Guide, Volume 3, introduces a new format. The larger page size and larger type make it easier to handle and read, and the new organization of vehicle stats makes comparison of designs less of an eye and memory strain.

Each vehicle is represented by *four* cardboard counters! Two full-color versions, one straight from the showroom and one after a brisk engagement, allow instant combat. For the creative car owner, black-and-white versions of the same two counters allow any color scheme the duellist prefers.

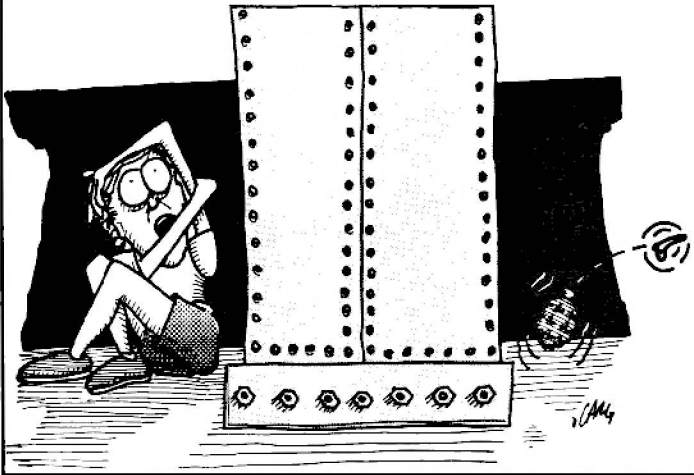
Strap down, crank up and tear out — and always remember — *drive offensively!*



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

All these examples of the spirit of disorder running rampant through the beautiful symmetry of *Car Wars* rules are from the pages of *Car Wars Compendium*, First Edition. They were discovered by the indefatigable (and unsilenceable) David N. Searle.

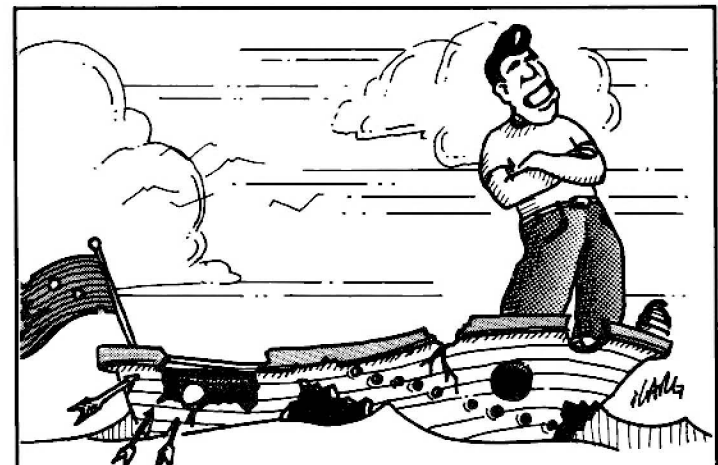
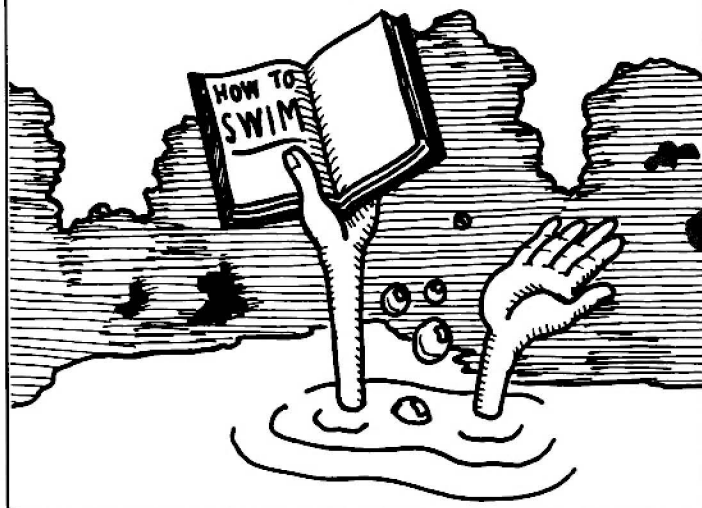
A man behind a solid wall, no matter how thick the wall is, has one chance in six of being stunned by a grenade that explodes on the opposite side of the wall.



A machine gun, fired at the ground, has a 50% chance of missing.

MURPHY'S RULES

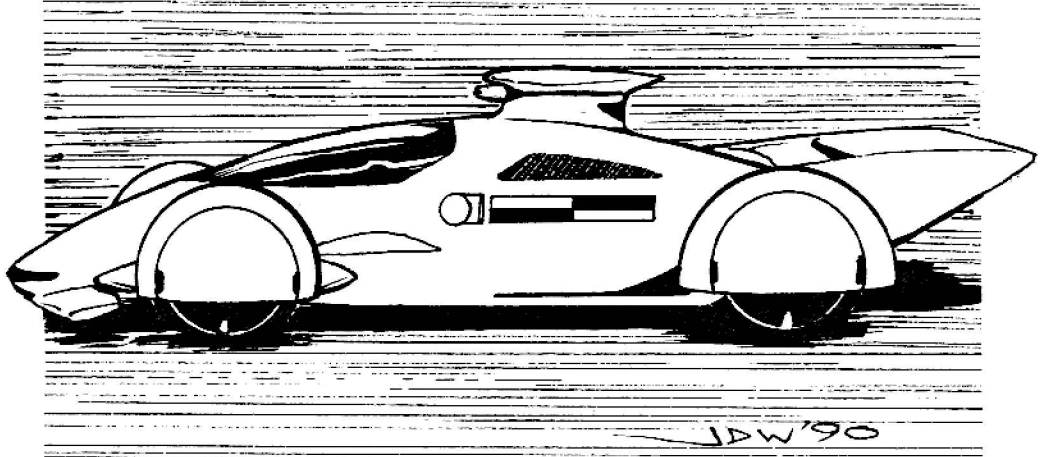
Car Wars Compendium has all the rules for swimming except one: the actual skill necessary to do it.



But that's all right, because a boat cannot be sunk, no matter how much damage it takes.

Checkered Flag

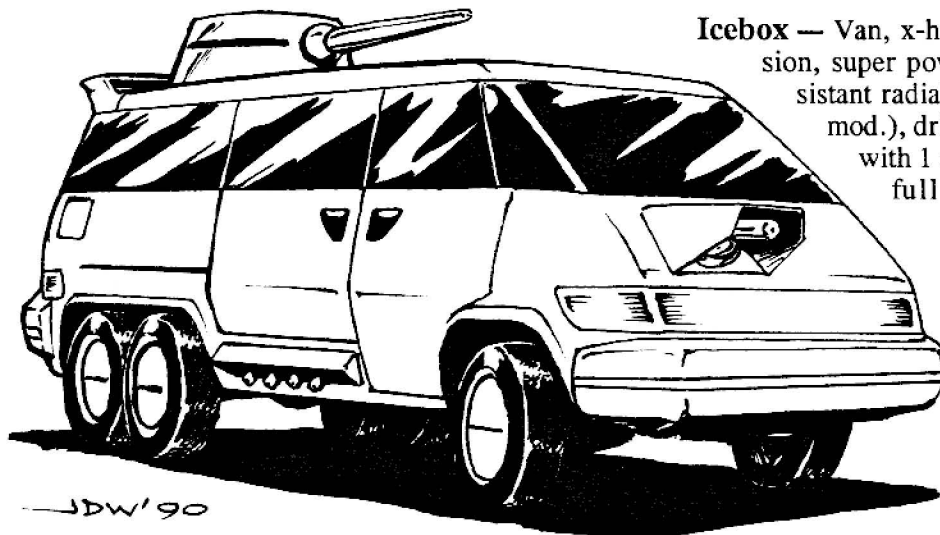
And the winner is – *Checkered Flag!* Winners are a blend of many ingredients, from the newest marvel of technology to the tried verities of generations of experience. Checkered Flag is such a combination of age-old wisdom and the freshest ideas. It is armed with an ultra-reliable machine-gun, product of more than a century and a half of steady development, but the gun is aimed by the latest word in targeting computers. Checkered Flag is sheathed in metal, the armor of the knights of old, but it fires High Density ammo that will shred the plastic of 2040. The brute power of its engine is tamed by its precision handling and control. Get ready for the winner – get ready for Checkered Flag!



Checkered Flag — Indy car, std. chassis, 450 ci. engine with turbocharger, 4 racing slicks, 25-gallon gas tank, turreted MG with 1 full load, 1-space turret, SWTC (for MG), spoiler. Metal armor: F7, R7, L7, B7, T6, U3. Accel. 15 (20 at 40+), top speed 160, HC 7 (on dueltracks); 4,625 lbs., \$29,985.

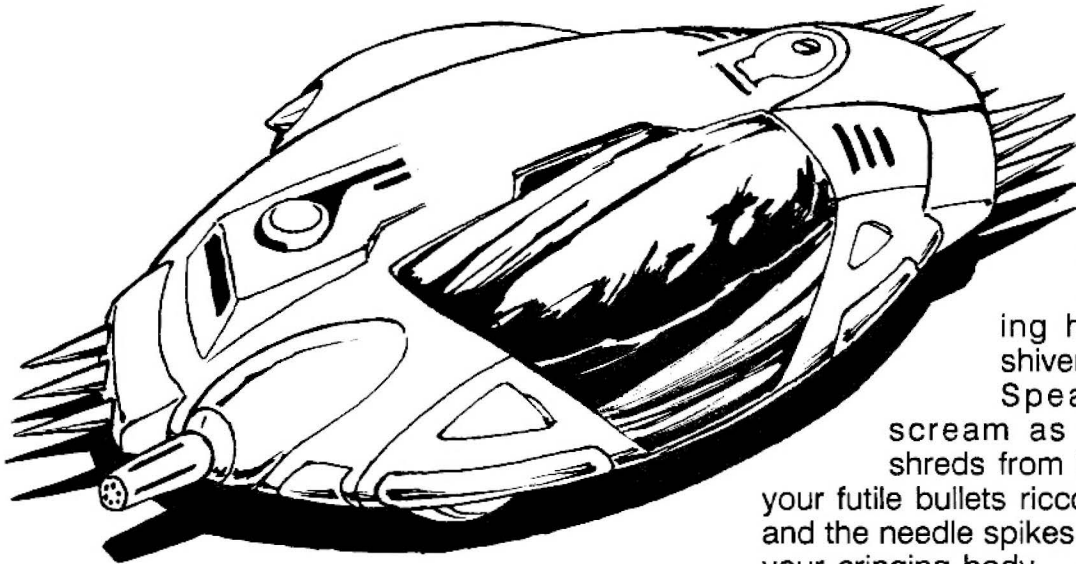
Icebox

Fire is out of style, but *ice* is in! Cool down overheated drivers on those sticky August afternoons. Tell 'em to chill out, because you have the top-of-the-line chiller called Icebox. Mince them with your autocannon, and if that doesn't blow them away, slip 'em the oil. Icebox – the highway has never been so cool!



Icebox — Van, x-hvy. chassis, hvy. suspension, super power plant, 6 puncture-resistant radial tires (with \$100 chassis mod.), driver, gunner, turreted OG with 1 full load, AC-front with 1 full load, 3 linked HDID (R,L,B) each with a full load, 3-space turret, 2 SWTC (driver to AC, gunner to OG), spoiler. Armor: F20, R20, L20, B20, T20, U10. Accel. 5, top speed 95, HC 3;

Nightmare



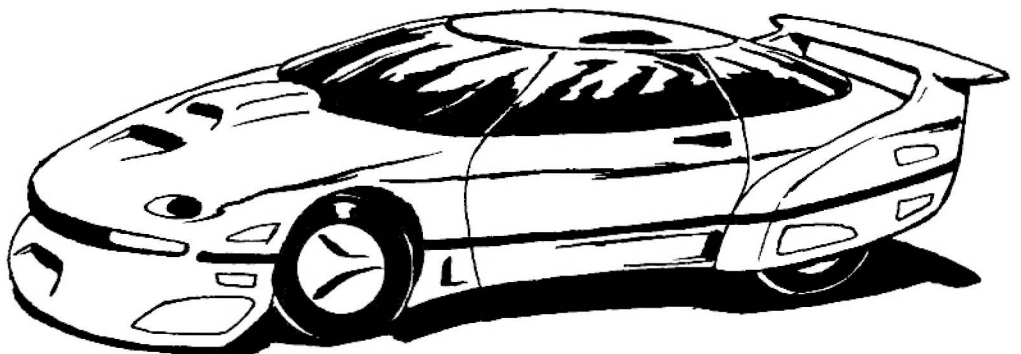
From your worst dreams – *Nightmare!* Shudder at the aura of fear, as terrifying on the road as in the arena. Tremble at the marrow-freezing howl of its Vulcan; shiver at the thought of its Spear 1000 mines; scream as the concealment shreds from its heavy rocket! As your futile bullets ricochet from its armor and the needle spikes come ever closer to your cringing body . . . Think! Would you rather face the Nightmare – or drive it?

Nightmare — Mid-size, x-hvy. chassis, hvy. suspension, lg. power plant, 4 steelbelted solid tires, VMG-front with 1 full load of incendiary ammo, Spear 1000 minedropper-back with 1 full load of proximity-fused mines, 1 extra magazine of proximity-fused napalm mines and a magazine switch, HR (incendiary)-left, blow-through concealment (for HR), bumper spikes-front and back, airdam, HD shocks. Armor: F43, R40, L40, B40, T15, U20. Accel. 5, top speed 92.5, HC 3; 5,759 lbs., \$19,378.

Haste

Ready, Set, Go! With Haste, leave all the other Division 30 racing vehicles in the pits! Haste goes 0 to 60 in two seconds flat! In three more seconds it is at 175! Haste has no need for bulky weapons and clumsy armor; with nitrous oxide and state-of-the-art turbo-supercharging, it zooms past the opposition before they can shoot! Haste makes waste – of its opponents!

Haste — Can-Am car, std. chassis, 450 ci. engine w/turbo-supercharger and nitrous oxide, 4 puncture-resistant radials, 25-gallon gas tank, MML-front with 1 full load, spoiler, airdam, 2 8-pt. armored hubs (front), 2 10-pt. wheelguards (rear). Armor: F20, R15, L15, B20, T10, U10. Accel. 20 (25 at 40+), top speed 180, HC 6; 3,972 lbs., \$30,000.

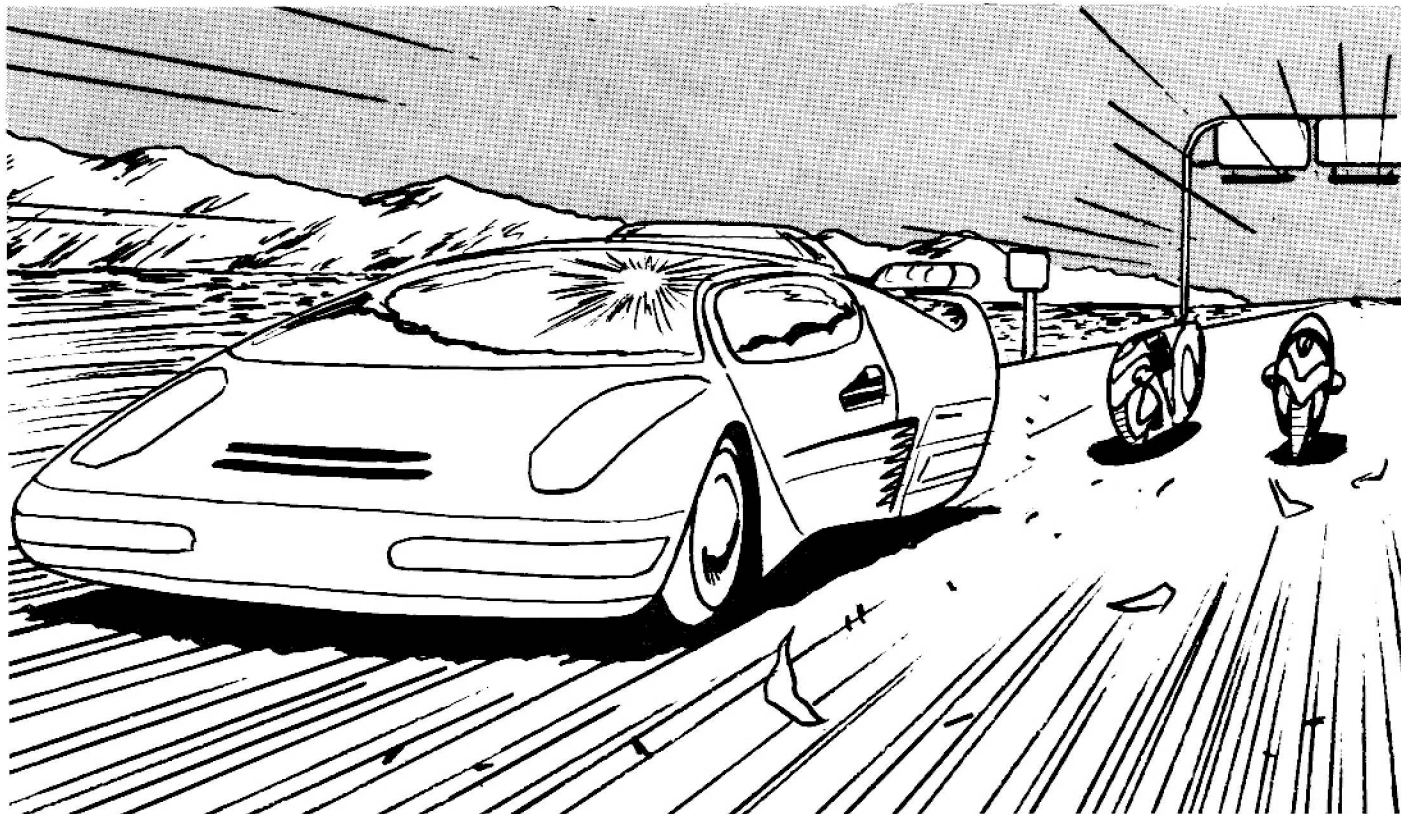


Right of Way

by Dan Lambert

"One's opponent is, in a very real sense, an extension of oneself. While a successful combatant's vehicle and weapons must serve him flawlessly, it is the nature of his opponent that decides the outcome of any engagement. Masters of the ancient art of Kyujitsu, or Japanese archery, say that a successful hit depends on the correct mixture of four elements: the archer, the bow, the arrow and the target. The last element is the most important of the four. This philosophy still holds true today, although, of course, the technology of personal warfare has changed dramatically."

— Herbert W. Qom, Ph.D.
"Psychological Conditioning in Modern Highway Combat"



As an orthodox Humanist, Sammy Hughes disapproved of prayer, but he wished to God that he could wipe his face. He couldn't, of course. At 115 mph, on the busiest lane of the Philly to D.C. Freeway, with two screechers on his tail, the wheel needed both hands. Even an instant of distraction risked a spin and flip or a meeting with the reinforced concrete of the center divider. The screechers had already splattered him with small-caliber fire. The challenge was direct, and Sammy Hughes had never yet backed out of a road fight.

Steering is mostly muscle and eyes; it leaves the mind free for second guessing. Sammy's mind went over the list of reasons not to invest in self-steering. "It's only been on the market for three years; that's not enough time for thorough testing. The BBS has too many reports of possible failures under combat conditions. The hackers say any computer can be cracked, even if it is supposed to be penetration proof. I don't want somebody else steering my car like a remote-controlled model. Besides, that price pays for a lot of recharges and ammo."

Sammy had been leery of advanced gadgetry since a fast-talk-

ing Motortech salesman had cozened him into a discount tryout of a new, multidirectional mine dropper. It was truly multidirectional. One of the directions was directly under Sammy's right-rear wheel. Alert monitoring, shifty driving and more luck than a man should use up got Sammy clear of his own mine. He still had occasional dreams in which his car disappeared in a blaze of flame, a cloud of smoke and roar of derisive horse laughter.

"Let some other sucker be the guinea pig," he said. "I don't have the time, blood or money to be an off-the-payroll test driver."

Sammy felt the sweat dry to a persistent itch on his forehead. "Maybe the irritation will drive me crazy," he thought. "I could use a madman's edge right about now."

One of the screechers pulled up on Sammy's left. They had tried his rear armor without success. Now they were probing for the sides. Sammy wondered again why anyone would drive a screecher. "With your butt half an inch off the road and your feet higher than your ears, it must be a little less comfortable than root canal."



Sammy risked a side glance at his opponent. "What kind of a helmet — that's no helmet, that's a head! It's an android!" Good Humanist disgust almost took Sammy's mind off his fighting.

The other screecher tried to pull up on the right. Sammy dragged his mind back from philosophical fury to immediate combat. He veered right and simultaneously triggered his rear/left napalm mini-rockets. The left rocket missed the android, flaming into the brush by the road side. "Hope no Ecommandos saw that," thought Sammy "I don't need anybody else on my case."

The rear-firing rocket was more effective. The rider of the screecher slammed backwards from the saddle, his head obscured in flame. From the trail on the pavement, he was meat and not metal. He must have twisted the throttle as he flew off. His screecher suddenly accelerated, slammed into the rear end of Sammy's car and somersaulted into the air. As Sammy fought the wheel, he heard the screecher crash back into the earth behind him.

"If that tinman is slaved to the other rider . . ." Sammy thought. "No such luck." The android must be on Self Direction. He would follow his last command, and that command had obviously been to wipe out Sammy's car.

Sammy considered ejecting. "No, no programmed dummy is going to run me off the road." Humanist principles and duellist's pride combined to make any option but winning unthinkable.

Sammy swerved, braked and accelerated, trying to bring the screecher within the arc of his front-firing autocannon. The android was too good a driver for that easy kill. He hung on Sammy's left, spraying light-weapon fire.

"If that was a man and not a tinman, I'd think he had figured the rocket was my only left-firing weapon," Sammy thought. "He's hanging on like a leech. He hasn't fired any-

thing but small-caliber stuff, and that's not getting through. What is he — it, I mean — up to?"

On the principle of "whatever the enemy is for, I'm against," Sammy tried to shake the persistent android from his left-flank position. He tried a series of swerves, but the screecher held position through them all.

Sammy popped the wheel hard, trying to slam his heavier vehicle into the screecher. Again, the android held position as if he was glued to Sammy's door.

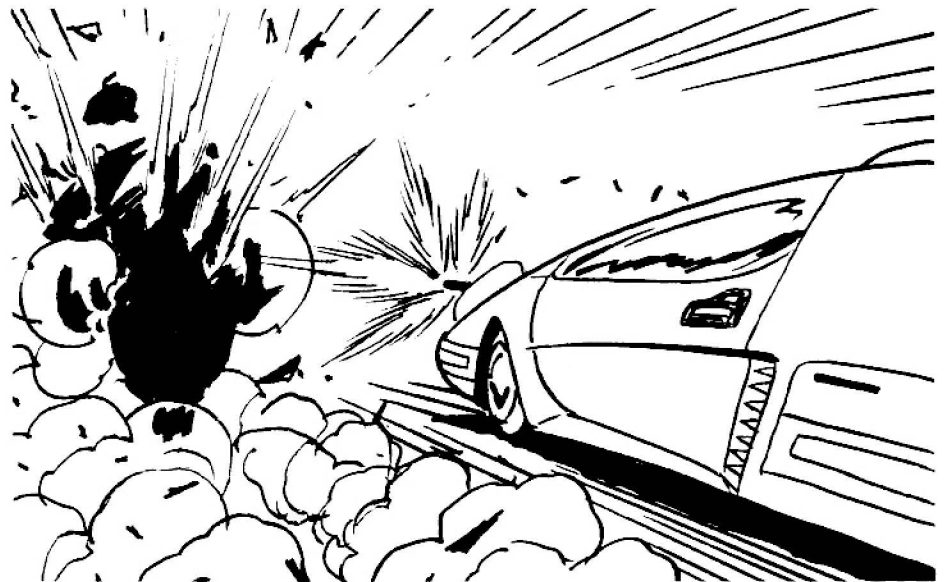
Ahead was a stretch of straightaway. "I've got more power," Sammy thought. "With a straight run to build up speed, maybe I can get ahead of him." Sammy pushed the throttle hard, watching the LED readout of the speedometer climb.

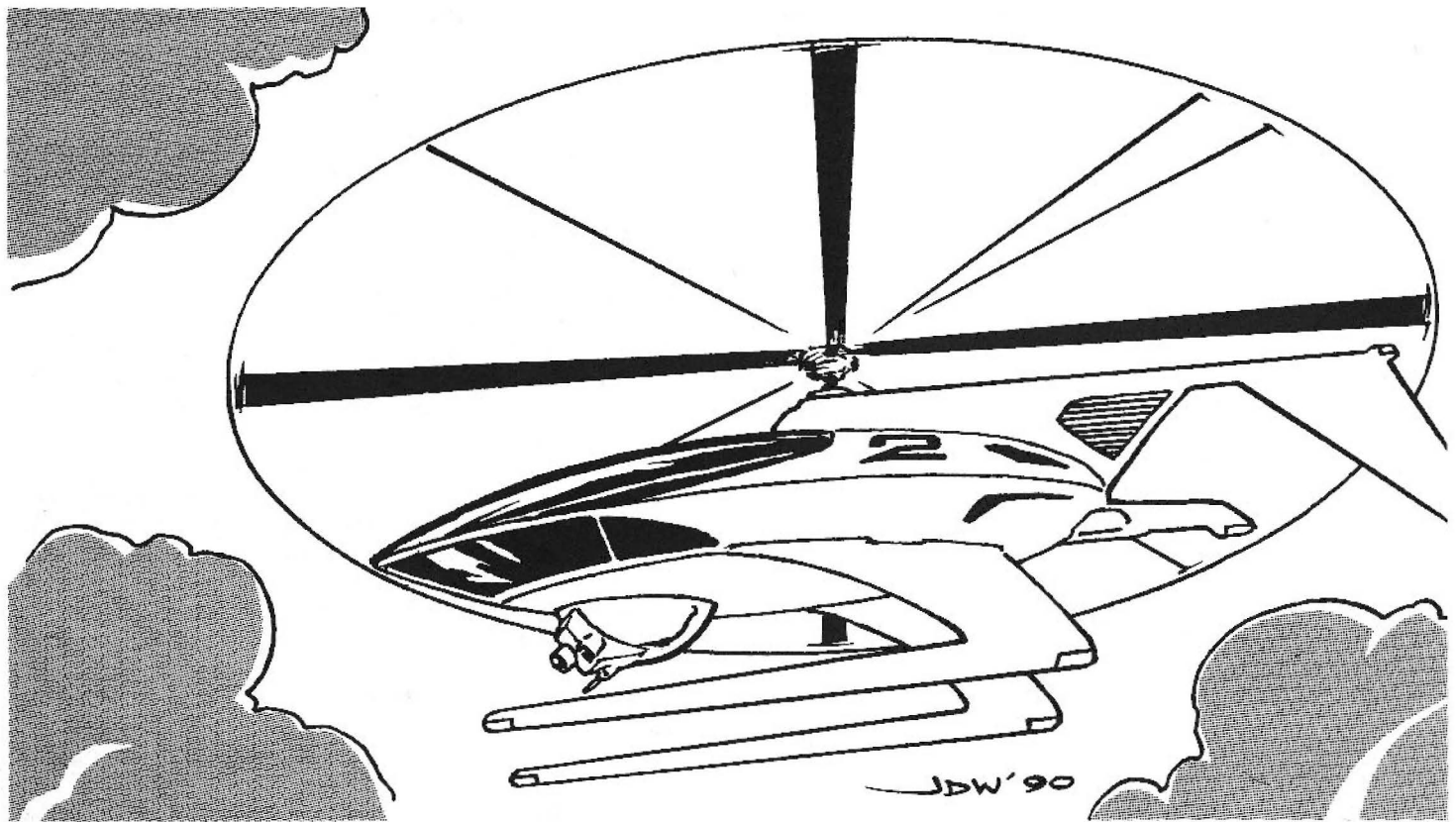
The screecher began to fall back a little. "That's got him," thought Sammy. "I'll get a little ahead, pull a 180, and wipe him off the — What!" The car's interior began to vibrate in a way he had never felt before. The air hummed just on the edge of subsonic. Sammy had heard of the experimental sonic weapons, but this was the first time he had experienced one. "It figures; of course they'd use a tinman to test some new gizmo. You don't have to con a microchip, just program it."

Except for the vibration, the sonic didn't seem to be having much effect. "I wonder what it's supposed to do, shake me up? And where's the audience when I need one; puns never sound as good when you repeat them."

Suddenly, as if a threshold had been reached, the effect of the sonic weapon became obvious. Sammy could not move a voluntary muscle; it was as if the nerves had been detached from his brain. He could not turn the wheel or move his feet on brake or throttle. Worse, the last command to his right foot continued in effect. His car was steadily gaining speed, and ahead the straightaway ended in a climbing right turn. Sammy was headed straight for the unyielding concrete and steel of the center divider.

Out of the storage of Sammy's mind came a dozen tactics; unfortunately, all of them required movement. The good news was that the one with the least demand on movement was also the one with greatest surprise factor. Good Humanist dogma insisted that men were more flexible than machines; Sammy would put faith to the test. He strained, a terrible, nightmare straining at nothing, to get any response from his right hand. With an almost audible snap, his right thumb was suddenly free to move. He





flipped up the red cover and squashed the button to activate Sammy's Secret Weapon (or maybe Sammy's Stupid Weapon, said a troublesome voice at the back of his mind).

The bank of front-mounted rocket boosters fired. The car shuddered and slowed, as if it was attached to a giant bungee cord that had reached the limit of elasticity. The still-driving tires squealed against the pavement as the car's power plant fought the force of the rockets. Sammy slammed against his safety webbing, his vision graying out. The screecher shot past; the android's more sensible braking could not match the deceleration of Sammy's rockets. Sammy cleared the firing arc of the sonic and, as abruptly as it had come on, the paralysis passed.

Sammy yanked the trigger with no pause to aim and swerved toward his best-guess location for the robot-driven screecher. Whatever hands out luck to good Humanists was with him. He watched the android turn to scrap in the cone of fire of his autocannon.

Sammy brought his abused car back into control, and pulled off the road. For a few moments he allowed himself the luxury of an after-action shake, then got out to assess the damage. His back and left armor had been spalled and chipped by small-caliber fire. It would need repair, but would probably last to the shop. The tires were another matter. The violent maneuvering and deceleration had peeled whole strips from the tires' surfaces. They were certainly not fighting fit and were probably not even safe for sedate driving. "I wonder if the budget will stand a call for on-site delivery," he thought. The sonic weapon seemed to have done no harm to car or driver, but Sammy decided he wanted both a complete physical and a calibration of all instruments as soon as possible.

"Well," he thought, "any one you walk away from is a good one, but I think I need some updating on equipment. The machinery is getting a little ahead of me."

The sound of the chopper came from the east, and low. Sammy was not really worried. EDSEL activity was minimal in

Maryland, and anyway the shooting was over. "Better safe than original," he thought, and moved to the cover of the bar ditch. He wondered if he had gotten more cautious in the last half hour.

The chopper was not EDSEL. On its side was the giant and garish logo of Baltimore's Channel 24 News, the self-billed Humanist Voice of the Upper South. Their philosophy was close enough to Sammy's heart that he could even tolerate their raucous and limping jingle: *Baltimore 24, with you all the way, Serving fans and duellists, 24 hours a day*. Sammy moved out of cover and back to his car.

The chopper's call came in clear and distortion free. Sammy noted that the radio was one more thing that seemed to have survived the duel intact.

"Hello, winner," said the professionally hearty voice in the traditional greeting. "We have a good video of your fight and want to congratulate you on a kill. I see you have a Channel 24 News bumper sticker. It's a little battered, but still recognizable. Give me your name and number and you'll go up on Baltimore 24's Big Board and be eligible for our Winningest Street Warrior of the Week Grand Prize; two tickets to Chocolate Kitty's anti-bowdlerized production of *Les Liasons Dangereuses*, over."

"Ah, roger," Sammy said. "I'm a 24 all the way viewer all right, but I think you mean two kills. If you look a little way back down the road, you'll find another screecher, and my rocket got him, over."

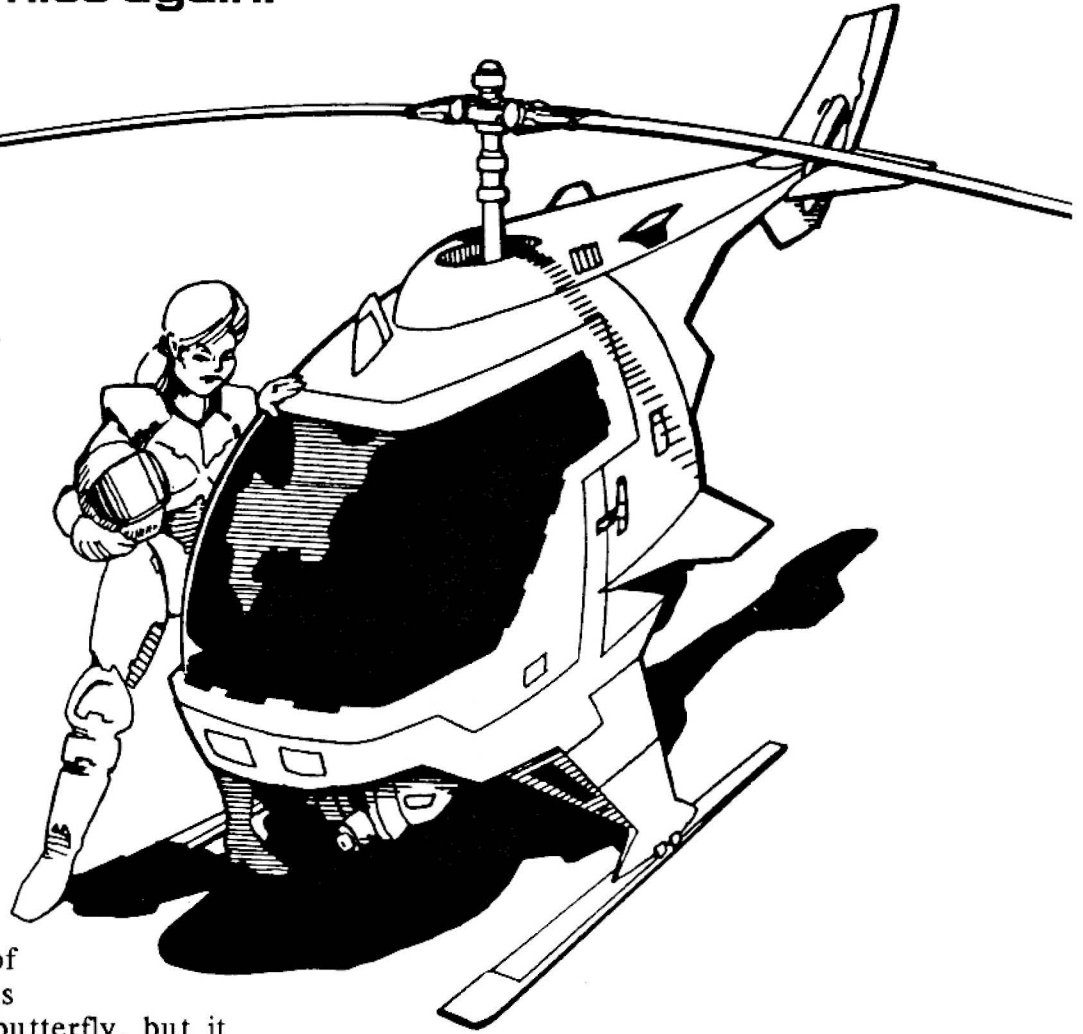
The voice from the sky was not quite as hearty. "Roger, winner, it's the first kill we mean. Our studio policy, as part of our Humanist philosophy, is that android kills don't count. They are just not worthy opponents for a real human, over . . . Are you receiving me, winner, over . . . I do not hear you, if you hear me, please give a visual signal, over."

Since Sammy could think of neither a visual signal nor a voiced reply that was not obscene or hysterical, he simply sat and contemplated a change of faith.

Peregrine II

The Peregrine flies again!

In 2037, Falcon Industries was forced to recall its *Peregrine* one-man helicopter. We admit it; we goofed. We tried to push the envelope of personal flying and fighting too far, and we failed. But now, after three years of design and re-design, of test after grueling test, we are proud to announce the release of *Peregrine II*, the new ruler of the skies! *Peregrine II* is as agile and graceful as a butterfly, but it



carries more sting than any bee! A turret-mounted MG covers most of the angles. When a *Peregrine* turns, don't think it's running; the rear-pointing rocket launcher really discourages tailgating! Armor, aerodynamics and avionics combine with the handiest stowage ever seen to make the *Peregrine II* what the *Peregrine* was supposed to be —the ultimate for the one who flies alone!

Peregrine II — one-man helicopter, mini-copter plant, pilot, MG with 1 full load of explosive ammo in a 1-space universal turret-under, rocket launcher with incendiary rockets-under (facing to the rear), hi-res targeting computer, stowaway option, improved tail assembly. Armor: F5, R2, L2, U5, B5, T5, 10 points of armor on each rotor. Accel. 5, top speed 155, HC 3; 4,672 lbs., \$34,264.



Falcon Industries

—ruling the skies

The AADA Here and Now

The American Autoduel Association, founded in 2025, was established to serve autoduellings and autoduellists. Today, that service includes sanctioning and administering the most popular sport in North America, as well as providing services and benefits to those who drive the streets and highways of the American nations.

While the early officers of the AADA were autoduellists, with little or no organizational experience, the tremendous growth of the AADA has forced it to look for people who are competent administrators first and autoduellists second. AADA president, Bill Wendland, was vice-president at Amex Combat Autoworks before coming over to take on the AADA presidency. Bill still takes time out on the weekends to participate in non-lethal practice duels. Our other officers include vice-president Elmer "Hutch" Huggins, retired triple ace and sometimes television commentator, and treasurer Chris Samuels.

The central AADA offices are located in Austin, Texas. The AADA has national headquarters in the capitals of Canada, Quebec, the United States, Louisiana and Oklahoma, and branch offices in most cities.

The most visible activity of the AADA is the organization and operation of the sanctioned autoduellings circuit. The AADA inspects new arenas for spectator safety and fairness to duellists before approving them for tournament use. Arenas already approved are periodically checked to make sure standards are kept up. The AADA also enforces vehicle design limits and other rules to ensure the fair, competitive autoduellings that fans expect. Broadcast fees from the TV networks help pay for these services.

The "behind-the-scenes" activities of the AADA actually take up more of the organization's time and money than running the autoduellings circuits. For example, the AADA employs full-time lobbyists in every national and state capital to work for the rights of all citizens to bear vehicular arms. In our quarterly magazine, we keep

duellists abreast of the latest in technological developments, warn them of trouble spots across the continent, and keep them in touch with the trials and triumphs of their fellow duellists.

Membership Requirements

Joining the AADA is simple. If you subscribe to *Autoduel Quarterly*, congratulations! You're a member. You can also become a member by joining a sponsored chapter of the AADA. Either way, you enjoy the benefits of reading *Autoduel Quarterly*.

If you wish to subscribe, simply send your membership fee to the home office: Steve Jackson Games, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760. Your subscription to *Autoduel Quarterly* is included and will begin with the next quarterly issue. Membership fees are \$12 a year in the United States, Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma. Duellists in Canada, Mexico and Quebec must add \$2 per year to cover additional postage. For addresses outside of North America, add \$4 per year.

Members receive a *new member packet*

with each new membership or renewal. The packet includes a membership card and a free gift. We occasionally offer *members only* merchandise as well. In the past we've offered caps, T-shirts and jackets. We're looking into other items of interest. Let us know what you'd like to see! These items are *not* available to non-members.

Family memberships are also available. Simply sign up one member of the family in the usual way. Send the names of additional family members and \$1 per person and we'll send them *new member packets* as well.

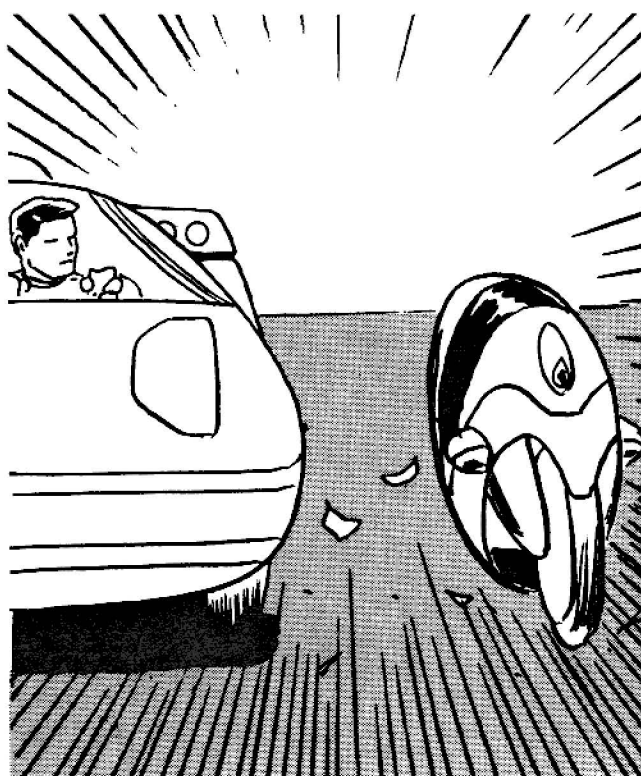
If you wish to join a store-sponsored chapter, contact them directly. They will let you know the requirements for joining their chapter. After you've joined, they will inform us of your membership and we will send them your *new member packet*. Joining the AADA in this manner gives you the additional benefit of great service from a local merchant.

Local Chapters

One of the greatest benefits of AADA membership is the chance to join (or form) your own local chapter of the American Autoduel Association.

Each chartered local chapter of the AADA has a unique name, usually based on the local area (e.g. "Baltimore League of Auto-Duellings Elite — BLADE"). A complete list is published periodically in ADQ. The *first* group to submit any given name will get to use it.

AADA chapters get chances to playtest new *Car Wars* products before they're available to the general public. And, of course, each chapter gets to hold sanctioned "Club Championships" — with prizes provided by Steve Jackson Games! Club champions also get the right to participate at Regional Championships held at the country, culminating in the AADA World Championship held each year at Origins, the national gaming convention. If you can't get enough people together for a club, don't worry — at-large members are also eligible to play,



in a special qualifier at Origins. Watch "AADA News" in *Autoduel Quarterly* for the latest details.

There are two kind of chartered AADA chapters — private chapters and sponsored chapters. Most of the requirements for both kinds of chapters are the same. Exceptions are noted below.

Each group wishing to become a chartered local chapter of the AADA must meet the following criteria. First, they must submit an application, suggesting a name for the chapter and naming a president. The president is responsible for submitting paperwork to the central office. The president must also be willing to have his or her name published in *Autoduel Quarterly* as the contact person for the chapter and must have a stable address in order to receive correspondence from the AADA home office.

Secondly, there must be at least four additional AADA members in the chapter (for a total of five). These may be either subscribers (for a private chapter) or people who buy their issues regularly from a retail store *if* that store is sponsoring the chapter (a sponsored chapter). If a game store is sponsoring a chapter, they must provide proof of a standing order for five or more copies of ADQ per issue. Copies of invoices or standing order forms are acceptable. Fill out the AADA Charter Application enclosed or use the one from the mailer cover of your ADQ.

There is also a \$15 chartering fee. This covers each club's charter certificate and administrative costs. This charter is good for one year and must be renewed annually; the yearly charge is \$15.

We require that each group meet at least once each month, have at least five members, hold an annual club championship and pay its chartering fee. All other questions — additional officers, election procedures, how to raise the chartering fee, additional dues (if any), meeting places, etc. — are left entirely to the discretion of each local chapter.

We encourage local unity. While it is possible for any town, county or area to have as many clubs as can pay chartering fees, it's usually a lot more fun to have one large club. The quality of duelling is higher, people make new friends instead of staying in little cliques, and everybody saves money as well. If you *really* want to have several local clubs, go ahead — but you should schedule joint events some of the time.

A couple of pages in each issue of *Autoduel Quarterly* are devoted to AADA news. We list newly chartered clubs, winners of club championships, details on exciting duels, reports on exceptional club activities and more. We reserve the right, of course to edit any submissions to meet our requirements.

Many local clubs find a sponsor — a business establishment that is willing to pay the chartering fee, do the paperwork, and provide a place to meet. Hobby shops with game rooms are perfect spots. Members of these chapters purchase their copies of *Autoduel Quarterly* directly from the store. *New member packets* are sent to the store and can be picked up there. It is

up to the individual store to determine procedures for reserving issues and picking up member packets. For its trouble, the shop gets a large number of *Car Wars* fans packing the store every meeting, looking for new *Car Wars* material to buy as well as browsing through what the rest of the shop has to offer. Talk to your hobby shop!

Car dealerships and auto repair shops with a sense of humor are also prime candidates. If you have a unique sponsor, let us know. We'd love to hear about it!

Thanks for your interest, and Drive Offensively!

AADA Charter Application

Proposed name of club _____

Second choice _____

(The second choice is provided in case two clubs choose the same name. If that happens, the first request will receive the name and others will be assigned their second choice.)

Type of Chapter

- Private (Subscription numbers must be provided for all members. This number appears on your mailing label.)
- Sponsored (Sponsor must attach a copy of either an invoice or a standing order form showing that five or more copies of each issue of *Autoduel Quarterly* are purchased. Subscription numbers are not needed.)

Name of President _____ Subscription # _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone number (optional) _____

Names of Other Club Members (there must be at least four others)

1. _____ Subscription # _____
2. _____ Subscription # _____
3. _____ Subscription # _____
4. _____ Subscription # _____

(Continue if necessary on another sheet of paper.)

Sponsoring store or other organization (required for sponsored chapters)

Name of Store _____

Contact at Store _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone number _____

The undersigned, on behalf of the applying club, agrees that:

- (a) His or her name may be included in a listing of AADA clubs and presidents to be published from time to time by the AADA;
- (b) That the club will abide by the rules and regulations published in *Autoduel Quarterly* Volume 2 Issue 1 (copies available on request), and those that may be added later in the best interest of all duellists;
- (c) The club will not use the AADA name or logo, or permit others to use it, except on official club announcements, newsletters, or in such other fashion as may be approved by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated;
- (d) That every club is an independent organization, governed by its members within the rules and regulations mentioned above, and not an agent or subsidiary of Steve Jackson Games Incorporated.

Signature of Club President _____ Date _____

Don't forget the \$15.00 charter fee (payable in U.S. dollars on a U.S. bank only) to the AADA, Box 18957, Austin TX 78760.

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Final Ballot for the
Origins Awards 1989

Presented by the Academy of Adventure Gaming Arts and Design

- 1. Best Historical Figure Series, 1989**
 - American Civil War, 15 mm, Stone Mountain Miniatures, Inc.
 - American Civil War, 25 mm, Connoisseur, USA.
 - Aztecs, 25 mm, Falcon Miniatures
 - Republican Romans, 15 mm, Frontier Miniatures
 - Seven Years War, Hungarians & Russians, 25 mm, RSM Ltd.
- 2. Best Fantasy or Science Fiction Figure Series, 1989**
 - Dragonlance AD&D Figures, Ral Partha Enterprises, Inc.
 - Fantasy Adventurers, Ral Partha Enterprises, Inc.
 - Official AD&D Monsters, Ral Partha Enterprises, Inc.
 - Ork Horde, Warhammer 40K, Games Workshop, Inc.
 - Shadowrunners, Shadowrun, Grenadier Models, Inc.
 - Skeleton Army, Games Workshop, Inc.
 - Star Wars Series, Grenadier Models, Inc.
- 3. Best Vehicular Miniatures Series, 1989**
 - Battle Titans, Games Workshop, Inc.
 - BattleTech Mechs and Vehicles, Ral Partha Enterprises, Inc.
 - Dwarf War Machine, Games Workshop, Inc.
 - Harpoon Miniatures, GHQ
 - Renegade Legion: Centurion Line, FASA Corp.
- 4. Best Accessory Figure Series, 1989**
 - Cities of Mystery, TSR, Inc.
 - Colonial Guns and Machine Guns, 25 mm, Lizard's Grin
 - Howels, Medieval and Northern European Buildings, Stone Mountain Miniatures, Inc.
 - Warhammer Mighty Fortress, Games Workshop, Inc.
- 5. Best Miniatures Rules, 1989**
 - BattleSystem Miniatures Rules, TSR, Inc.
 - Napoleon's Battles, The Avalon Hill Game Company, Inc.
 - Soldier's Companion, Space:1889, Game Designers' Workshop, Inc.
 - Tactica, Arty Conliffe
 - Warhammer 40K Compendium, Games Workshop, Inc.
- 6. Best Role-Playing Rules, 1989**
 - AD & D -2nd Edition, TSR, Inc.
 - Champions (hardback), Iron Crown Enterprises, Inc.
 - Ghostbusters II, West End Games, Inc.
 - Shadowrun, FASA Corp.
 - Space:1889, Game Designers' Workshop, Inc.
- 7. Best Role-Playing Adventure, 1989**
 - Alice Through the Mirrorshades, Paranoia, West End Games, Inc.
 - Curse of the Azure Bonds, Forgotten Realms, TSR, Inc.
 - Empire of the Witch-king, Middle-earth Roleplaying, Iron Crown Enterprises, Inc.
 - The Great Old Ones, Chaosium, Inc.
 - The Ice Man Returneth, Paranoia, West End Games, Inc.
 - In Search of Dragons, Dragonlance, TSR, Inc.
 - Waterdeep, Forgotten Realms, TSR, Inc.
- 8. Best Role-Playing Supplement, 1989**
 - Creatures of the Dreamlands, Call of Cthulhu, Chaosium, Inc.
 - Imperial Sourcebook, Star Wars, West End Games, Inc.
 - Monstrous Compendium, AD&D 2nd Ed., TSR, Inc.
 - Shadow World: Master Atlas, Rolemaster & Fantasy Hero, Iron Crown Enterprises, Inc.
 - Spelljammer, AD&D, TSR, Inc.
- 9. Best Graphic Presentation of a Role-Playing Game, Adventure or Supplement, 1989**
 - AD & D -2nd Edition, TSR, Inc.
 - Creatures of the Dreamlands, Call of Cthulhu, Chaosium Inc.
 - Imperial Sourcebook, Star Wars, West End Games, Inc.
 - Lace & Steel, The Australian Games Group
 - Shadowrun, FASA Corp
 - Spelljammer, AD&D, TSR, Inc.
- 10. Best Pre-20th Century Boardgame, 1989**
 - A House Divided, Game Designers' Workshop, Inc.
 - Guns of Cedar Creek, Simulation Design Inc.
 - Napoleon at Leipzig, Clash of Arms Games, Inc.
 - Rise and Fall, Engelman Military Simulations
 - Siege of Jerusalem, The Avalon Hill Game Company Inc.
- 11. Best Modern Day Boardgame, 1989**
 - 5th Fleet, Victory Games, Inc
 - Desert Steel, West End Games, Inc.
 - Europe Aflame, TSR/SPI.
 - Modern Naval Battles, 3W
 - Red Storm Rising, TSR, Inc.
- 12. Best Fantasy or Science Fiction Boardgame, 1989**
 - Battle for Endor, West End Games, Inc
 - Dungeon!, TSR, Inc.
 - The Great Khan Game, TSR, Inc.
 - Space Hulk, Games Workshop, Inc.
 - Web of Gold, TSR, Inc.
- 13. Best Graphic Presentation of a Boardgame, 1989**
 - 5th Fleet, Victory Games, Inc.
 - Battle for Endor, West End Games, Inc
 - Red Storm Rising, TSR, Inc.
 - Space Hulk, Games Workshop, Inc.
 - Web of Gold, TSR, Inc.
- 14. Best Play-By-Mail Game, 1989**
 - Family Wars, Andon Games
 - Illuminati, Flying Buffalo, Inc.
 - It's A Crime, Adventures by Mail
 - Kings & Things, Andon Games
 - Mobius I, Flying Buffalo, Inc.
- 15. Best New Play-By-Mail Game, 1989**
 - Beyond the Stellar Empire-The New System, Adventures by Mail
 - Orion Nebula, Orpheus Publishing Corp
 - Space Combat, Twin Engine Gaming
 - Supremacy, Andon Games
- 16. Best Fantasy or Science Fiction Computer Game, 1989**
 - Curse of the Azure Bonds, Strategic Simulations, Inc.
 - Dragon Wars, Interplay Productions
 - MechWarrior, Activision
 - Sword of the Samurai, Microprose, Inc.
 - War of the Lance, Strategic Simulations, Inc.
- 17. Best Military or Strategy Computer Game, 1989**
 - Battles of Napoleon, Strategic Simulations, Inc.
 - F-15 Strike Eagle II, Microprose, Inc.
 - M-1 Tank Platoon, Microprose Software, Inc.
 - Sim City, Maxis
 - Their Finest Hour, Lucasfilm
- 18. Best Professional Adventure Gaming Magazine, 1989**
 - Challenge, Game Designers' Workshop, Inc.
 - Computer Gaming World, Golden Empire Publications
 - Dungeon Magazine, TSR, Inc.
 - GM, Croftwood, Publishing
 - Strategy & Tactics, 3W
 - White Wolf, White Wolf Publishing
- 19. Best Amateur Adventure Gaming Magazine, 1989**
 - The Canadian Wargamers Journal, The Canadian Wargamers Group
 - ETO, Bill Stone
 - Savage & Soldier, Lynn Bodin
 - Volunteers, The Newsletter of Civil War Gaming
 - The Zouave, ACW Society

Signature: _____

Address: _____

These are the final nominees for the Origins Awards for 1989. Vote for only one nominee per category by checking or marking the line preceding your choice. Fill in your address and sign your ballot. Mail the completed ballot to: Origins Awards Final Ballot, PO Box 3727, Hayward, CA 94544.

The deadline for return of the ballot is June 8, 1990. Ballots post-marked after the deadline will not be counted. The Origins Awards will be presented at Origins '90 in Atlanta, June 28-July 1, 1989. The awards ceremony will be Friday, June 29th. Members of the Academy of Adventure Gaming Arts and Design will receive a final ballot in the mail. If you have any questions concerning the ballot or the Academy, please write: Origins Awards, PO Box 3727, Hayward, CA 94544.

1. Can a pedestrian leap on a grenade? If so, what would be the effect.

2. How much damage does a ped in a FC take? In a HT FO slick?

3. What are the weights and handedness of Chassis & Crossbow hand weapons (using the alternate encumbrance rules)?

— Carlos "Caveman" McReynolds
Miami, FL

1. Yes.

Explosive, concussion, thermite, white phosphorous and flechette grenades do 5 times normal damage to the one on the grenade and none to anything else.

Tear gas, smoke and foam grenades do 1d-3 damage to the one on the grenade. Roll 1 die; on a 5 or 6 the one on the grenade absorbs all the discharged material from the grenade. On any other roll, the discharged material behaves normally. (The cloud from white phosphorous also follows this rule.)

Flash grenades do 1d damage to the one on the grenade; the flash effect is completely stopped.

Flaming oil grenades completely soak the one on the grenade and ignite 1 phase later. The pedestrian is surrounded by flaming oil and cannot get out of it.

2. 1d-1. 1d.

3. *One-handed Items*

Molotov Cocktail 2 lbs.

Sword 2 lbs.

Brick 3 lbs.

Chain 1 lb.

Baseball Bat 2 lbs.

Two-handed Items

Crossbow 5 lbs.

Bow 3 lbs.

Anti-vehicular Crossbow 150 lbs.

The AV crossbow is a special case; it breaks down into two 75-pound loads, but it can only be fired when assembled.

— MH

To whom it may concern: I have a few questions . . .

1. Why can't twin-hulls use hydrofoils? They would just have to get two sets.

2. Can blue-green lasers fire out of the water?

3. Boats with gas engines seem a little

slow. Wouldn't 150x power factors make more sense?

4. How are kamibombs used?

5. Can SAMs be incendiary?

6. Do torpedoes take a penalty for firing through underwater smoke or paint?

7. Could you use a variably-pitched turbo-supercharger?

8. Can fake passengers be radio controlled? How about having more than one movement?

9. Does radar-proof armor increase the cost of the armor total, or just one point?

10. If you get metal armor, must you get metal wheelguards? Can you get FP? LR?

— Sam Young
Vienna, VA

1. They would give no advantage in HC. A twin-hull adds 1 to HC while in the water, and a hydrofoil adds 1 to HC while supported above the water. The two pluses are not cumulative.

2. Yes, with the same restrictions as any other laser.

3. No.

4. Drive the kamibomb up next to something and blow it up.

5. No.

6. No.

7. No.

8. No.

9. It increases the total cost.

10. Wheelguards do not have to match the armor of the car.

— MH

1. Can an ERIS fit like a grenade in a battle vest?

2. When does explosive ammo for an MG or VMG knock off a point of metal armor?

3. If a grenade is thrown (or fired using a HGL) by someone in a car who has component armor does the grenade land inside the component armor or outside it?

4. A question concerning sloped/streamlined armor — A luxury car (for example) has sloped armor and so its internal spaces are reduced to 17. Is this the number that must be divided by 3 to decide how many spaces of weaponry may be placed to any one side?

5. How many spaces of weaponry can

a camper place in any one side (5 or 6; 17 divided by 3 = 5 $\frac{2}{3}$)?

6. Can the URGL be fitted to any long arm?

7. Could 3 or 4 thermite limpet mines be placed around an internal component without taking up space (I assume this is allowed if they do take up space)? If so could these limpet mines then be linked to a deadman switch so as to wreck a car if the driver is killed? Can a deadman switch be linked to hand weapons?

— George Barrett Smith
Crewkerne, England

1. Yes.

2. On a 5 or 6.

3. Inside.

4. Yes.

5. 5, always round down.

6. No, only to rifles.

7. Yes. Yes.

— MH

1. If a cycle is involved in a collision, would the cycle fall over?

2. Can a cyclist fire a two-handed weapon while driving?

3. Please clarify rocket boosters! (For example — how long does a rocket booster last, etc.)

4. Is the VFRP in *Uncle Al's 2039 Catalog Update* the only version of this weapon, or is the 15-shot model still in effect?

5. If a tire has a wheelguard and a flechette grenade is thrown at it, does the tire take damage, or does the wheelguard?

6. Can a ramplate be mounted in the rear of a vehicle, to be effective only while going in reverse? (I know this is a stupid question, but I have to know!)

— Brian Futrell
Zebulon, NC

1. No.

2. Yes.

3. Each booster burns for 1 second and accelerates 1,000 lbs. of vehicle 10 mph.

4. The 15-shot model is no longer available.

5. Roll 1 die. On 1 to 4 the wheelguard takes the damage; on 5 or 6 the tire takes the damage.

6. No.

— MH

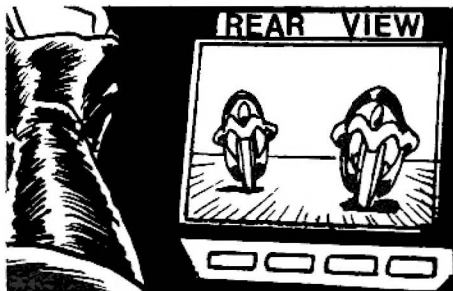
BACKFIRE

In the continuing argument about X-ray lasers, I would like to add a few thoughts. X-ray lasers are horribly lethal and even more so since you added HI optics in ADQ 7/1. However, they are not very much more powerful than a blast cannon and do less damage than a sabot AT. I think that this tells more about the other new weapons which are within the average duellist's price range than about the high-price X-ray lasers.

Very simply, I think that the modern weapons are just too powerful. Duels are becoming faster. It isn't uncommon to be killed in two or three shots (recently I was hit by linked sabot ATs and killed in Div 15). So much of the game is being determined by the first to hit, that the maneuvering of ramplates, the fierce determination in a prolonged combat, and the value of metal armor is rapidly disappearing. And, what is most important is that the game is becoming less fun.

The turning point in the development of the game was when the AP heavy rocket ceased to be the ultimate weapon. How about running a round of next year's tournament (not Div 5) using pre-2038 direct fire weapons only. I think that it would be a lot more enjoyable than the modern exchanges between marauding gunships.

— David Gregg
Dublin, Ireland



Craig Sheeley's article, "State of the Art 2039," has both good and bad ideas for the game of *Car Wars*. First off, I would like to say it provides some good background information to those players who are really picky on how everything works or to those who are curious. I also liked how the targeting computer works and why a human can aim and shoot so fast.

The only bad thing I see out of this article is that it could give too much information and/or rules to the game. The last

thing I want *Car Wars* to become is "Car Fleet Battles," with countless rules and tedious explanations on everything. This can turn a lot of people off and hurt the game. Let's keep things simple and enjoyable.

Remember, *Car Wars* is *fantasy* and should be treated as such. When we start to get too specialized or detailed, we'll only hurt the game.

— Timothy D. Jacques
Bellevue, NE

I would like to make a suggestion about ob-racing and the pedestrian variant rules included within that article from ADQ 7/2.

Why not make those rules "official" and bring out a new Pedestrian supplement to *Car Wars* including more detail on the people factor of the game? You could also include further skills as well as rule refinements within this supplement. I myself would prefer that to a completely different game based on ob-racing.

If you wanted, you could extend this idea even further, and make the supplement a fully-blown character scheme. I know what you are about to respond with: "It's called *GURPS Autoduel*." But look at it from this point of view; how about some more fully sketched-out characters in *Car Wars*, rather than a roleplaying game with the hardware attached? I am a roleplaying gamer, but I am not particularly interested in investing in *GURPS* (that's not a comment on its quality — it is excellent, but on my financial capacity and the time I have to play games).

— Jonathan Sherlock
Brunswick, Australia

No sooner had I finally found out what "FNORD" stands for than I read what loony vehicles they design (according to "Of Course, It was Black," ADQ 7/3). The pickup sounds similar to some of the screwier designs of the Driving Tigers, but that's a different psychosis.

I am glad the disclaimer was added to the story in the gaming notes. I would not want to be overwhelmed with new variant rules for the hazards of mounting weapons that do not fit! Mounting three autocannons was screwy enough, but a tank gun in a van? Granted, it does conform to

the 1/3-space rule, but falls a little short on the 10-wheels-or-more rule. Not to mention that it is a D1 just to fire one from an RV — maybe the van should have rear-mounted it and fired it for extra acceleration! (That was *not* a suggestion for an unofficial variant rule of any kind!)

The main reason that I do not wish to see any new rule has to do with a loophole in the construction rules in *Star Fleet Battles* that allowed a player to build what was basically a fusion gun with wings. It was a fighter with the power of a Romulan Bird of Prey. Almost gives you new respect for subcompacts.

— Christopher Burke
Brooklyn, NY

I don't understand why people don't want SJG to come out with new ideas such as tanks, planes, ships . . . I know they add more of a variety to the *Car Wars* world and allow you to do something other than "Fire rocket launcher . . . 10 points damage to your right armor." Not saying that's not fun too, but there are more possibilities of tactics, adventures, characters, etc. . . . With additional rules the best part is, and those of you who don't like new stuff will like this, you can just not use it if you don't like it! So everybody stop griping about "there's too many rules" and just use the rules you want, then *Backfire* would be a happier place for everyone. The good thing is, now there isn't an excuse to gripe.

— Charlie Bolton
Evergreen, CO

Just to show that we get a range of opinions about almost every aspect of the game. Once more, for public record, the details of Car Wars fiction are not necessarily in line with the rules of the game. In the past, we have had mutant super heroes; in this issue we have screechers with android drivers. None of these are now, or are planned to be, a part of the rules of Car Wars. They are intended to be entertaining stories, with the flavor, and at least some of the shared background, of the Car Wars universe. Think of them as Car Wars fantasies, the sort of escapist reading that autoduellists enjoy between fights.

— MH

CAR WARS®

VEHICLE DESIGN SHEETS

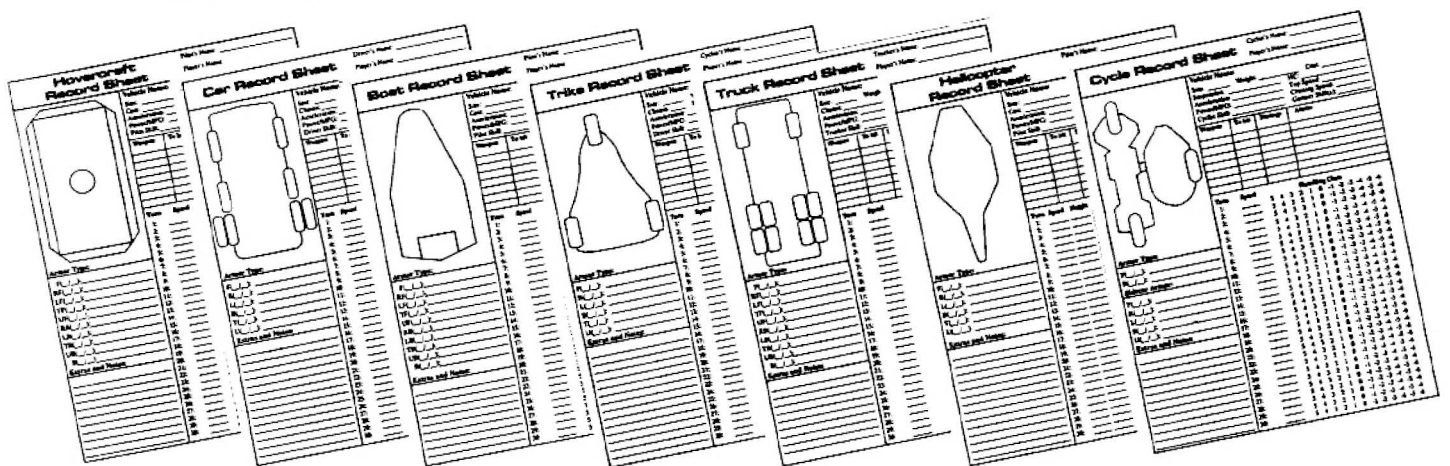
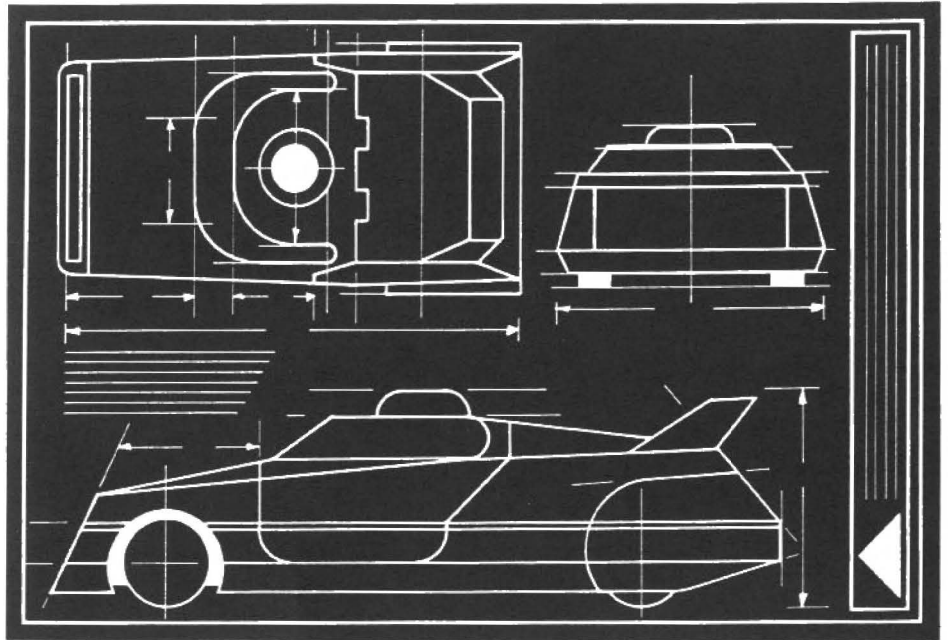
Don't hold the starting flag because the copier is out of order! *Car Wars Vehicle Design Sheets* has 60 prepared blank forms for cars, trikes, cycles, trucks, boats, hovers or choppers! For about the same as the price of copies, all the necessary information is at your fingertips.

Features of the book include:

- Each design sheet has the appropriate Crash Tables and Control Table already printed on the back.

- Each book has eight handy planning forms, that make custom designing any vehicle a snap.

- The back cover has the new, five-phase movement chart for speeds up to 300 mph.
- All the Control Tables are the latest revision, designed to encourage high-speed maneuvers.
- All the pages are perforated for easy removal and use.



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

CLASSIFIED

LEADA: It's like a big, fat, sexy pizza. Write to: Phil Radley, 12 Wordsworth Close, Romford, Essex RM3 7PD, England.

ATTENTION! Fort Hood, Killeen, Copperas Cove, Harker Heights area duellists. Band together, unite under a common banner! I am a transplanted duellist wishing for a chapter in this area. For more information contact RadarRider at 1611 Alamo Ave., Killeen, TX 76542.

ADQ 1-1 UP FOR SALE! Also looking for people to form a chapter. Send bids and inquiries to: Rollin Kearley, 3131 East Park Row Drive, Apt. #230, Arlington, TX 76010.

ALL SAN DIEGO AUTODUELLISTS who want to join SCRAM (Southern California Racing and Autoduelling Membership), San Diego's newest and best chapter please contact: Robert "Alpha Complex" Eikel at (619) 454-2359 or write: 1405 La Jolla Knoll, La Jolla, CA 92037.

LOOKING FOR DUELLISTS in Wyoming to form chapter. Also want to trade ideas with others from outside and inside states. Write to: Gordon Wright, 1306 W. Leisher, Cheyenne, WY 82007.

HEY YOU! Wanna join forces in Boston and rescue Charlie from the MBTA! Send mail to Bruce "Rapier" Kane, 100 Prospects Street, Apt. 3, Canton, MA 02021. If Boston's too far away, or 25 cents is too much, please send E-Mail on InterNet in care of "bkane@lynx.northeastern.edu".

FNORD! NORTH WANTS YOU! If you live in the northern Illinois or southern Wisconsin area, join FNORD! North! Interested duellists contact: Alan "Wildman" Young, 709 Water's Edge Dr. #207, Lake Villa, IL 60046.

WANTED: Any duellists (or aspiring duellists) willing to start a chapter in the Baltimore, MD area. Call Philip Meyer at (301) 243-9013. P.S. — really, anyone over the age of 12. We really need more duellists.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA! Looking for Autoduellists to form a chapter currently have an unofficial chapter with one AADA member, four non-members. Also interested in pen pals and ob-racing. Anyone interested contact "Howlin' Madd" Matt Snelling at 11210 Prince Ct., Fredericksburg, VA 22401 or call 898-6228.

WANTED: OREGON AUTODUELLISTS to form an AADA chapter (also interested in joining an already formed chapter) in the Cave Junction, Grants Pass Area. If interested contact: Dusty "MUD" DiFuria, 126 Hogue Dr., Selma, OR 97538.

FOR SALE: ADQs 1-3 to 2-4: \$5.00 each, 3-1 to 4-1: \$4.00 each; *Uncle Albert's 2035 Catalog, Vehicle Guide, Convoy and Turbofire*: \$2.50 each; Maps for *Autoduel Champions, Truck Stop and Midville* (4 sections): \$1.00 each map section; Armadillo and Double arena (two sections each): \$2.00 a set; *Car Wars Miniatures* still in blister packs (Cars, Pick-ups Station Wagons, Wrecks and Cycles: a couple of each): \$4.00 each. All items will be sold to the first buyer. If anyone wishing to buy the whole lot, it will go to the highest bidder. Contact Norman McMullen, 701 S. 22 St., #73, Omaha, NE 68102.

LOOKING FOR DUELLISTS in Central PA area or pen pals from out of state or abroad. All C64 owners! Rick Hambricht, 2411 Old Gettysburg Rd, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

I'M 6'3" AND WEAR SILVER AND GREEN body armor and drive an Agincourt. I'm looking for any duellist in Tampa Bay. Please contact Phil Bowen at 2111 Lithia-Pinecrest, Valrico, FL, 33594.

P.S. If anybody out there knows the current hideout of one Noah Ramon, please drop me a line.

LONE DUELLIST would like to find fellow duellists in Palos Verdes area. If interested: contact Ed Jones, 28752 Plainfield Dr., Ranch Palos Verdes, CA 90274.

WANTED: Overseas correspondents. I would be more than glad to exchange ideas, vehicles, gadgets or just talk about the duelling world out there. I would also like to get back in touch with LEADA (Hey guys, what ever happened to your great newsletter? How can I get a LEADA T-shirt?) Please send all letters to: Timothy D. Jacques, 118 Hillside Dr., Bellevue, NE 68005 or call (402) 292-0805. P.S. — Aardvark where are you? Your fellow freedom fighter awaits your orders!!

DUELLISTS looking to join a club in the York area. Will join AADA if one is found. Please contact: Leonardo Smith, 415 Hill St., York, PA 17403-5703.

I HAVE WHAT YOU'RE MISSING! For Sale: PB *Car Wars* (rules missing), *Sunday Drivers, Truck Stop, Autoduel Champions, Deluxe Car Wars* (rulebook heavily worn, but signed by S. Jackson), *Dueltrack, PB Boat Wars, Car Wars Compendium, Mini Car Wars, Uncle Al's 2035, 2036, 2038 and 2039 Catalogs, Vehicle Guides 1 & 2, Combat Showcase*, rare copy *Combat Showcase* (with pink, not red, cover and signed by S. Jackson), original *Reference Screen, Deluxe Reference Screen, Convoy*, extra *Midville* map, extra *Truck Stop* map, *East Midville, Armadillo Arena, Double Arena, Expansion Set #7, Ozark Offroad Arena, Muskogee Arena, Arena Book, L'Outrance, City Blocks 1-4, Road Atlases 1-6, Uncle Al's 2038 Calendar, Autoduel America* map, *Best of ADQ* vol. 1, and *ADQ's 1-2* through current issue. Photocopies of most charts, including design sheets. Plenty of road sections (paper and cardstock). Hundreds of counters separated by counter trays. Loads of extra, uncut counters. Will sell in parts, or as complete set. Give me your best offer! Send bids and enquiries to: Jason L. Roberts, 11318 Chimineas Av., Northridge, CA 91326, or call (818) 363-9127 (eves. only, please).

PS. To the members of Big Red Death — best of luck to the rest of you guys . . . don't lose the team buses! LET'S GO, RED!!!

CAR WARS

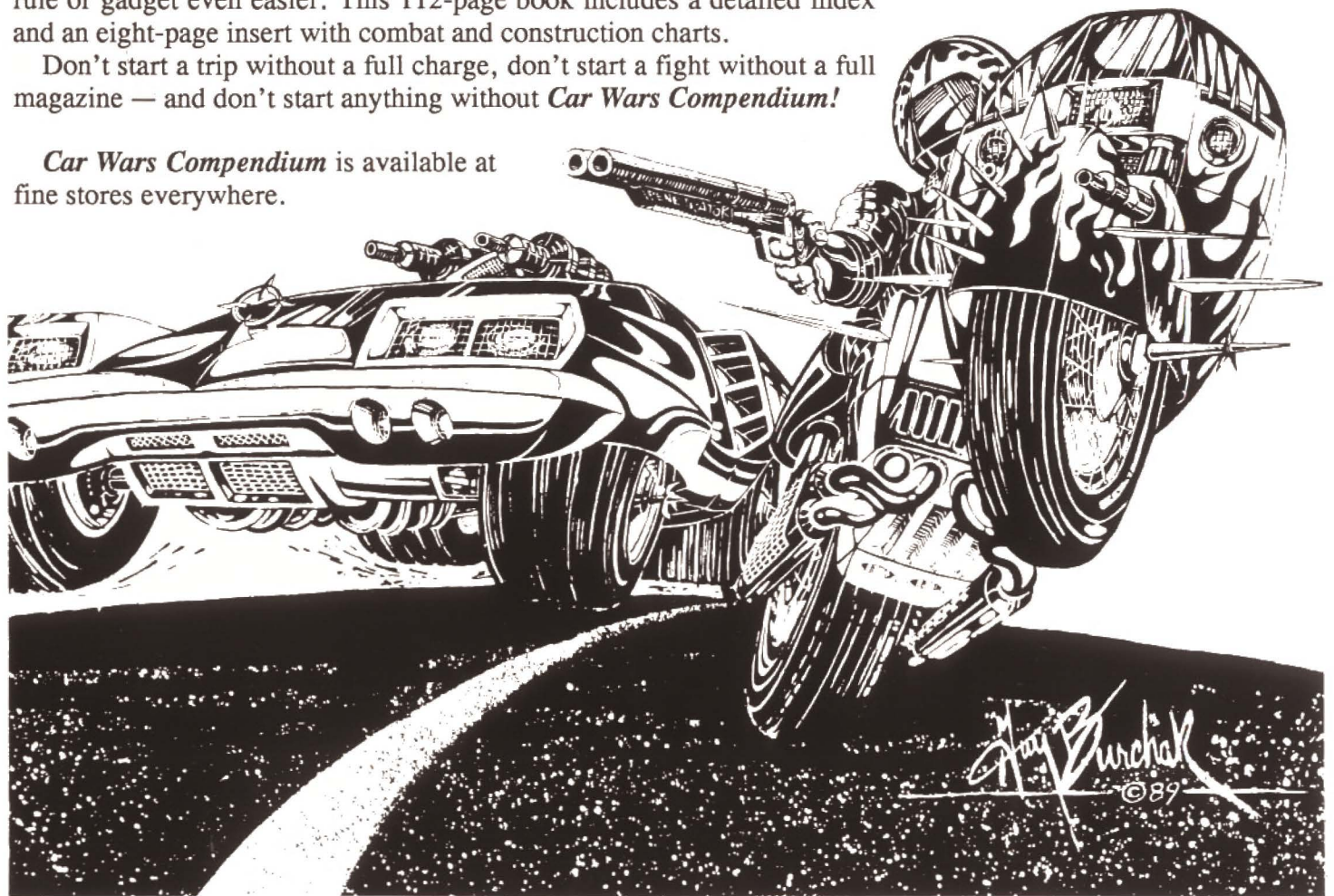
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