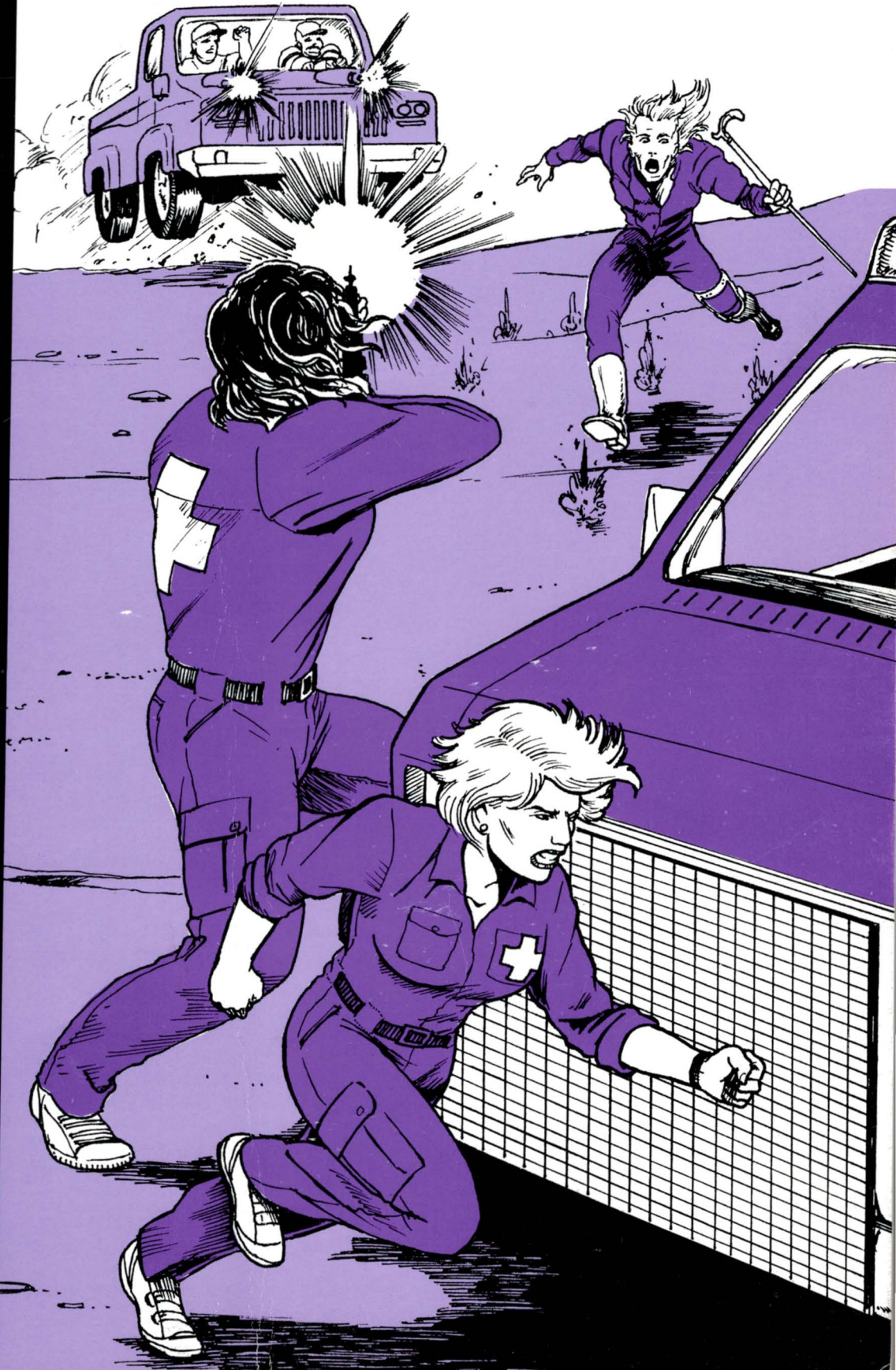


A D Q

The Great ASP Hunt College Autoduelling Nightingale MacLaine Returns



**Autoduel
Quarterly**
The CAR WARS® Magazine

\$3.50
Vol. 9, No. 4

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. 9 No. 4

Winter 2041

Contents

The Great ASP Hunt: The Final Chapter by Craig Sheeley 8
 Collegiate Autoduelling by Timothy Jacques 14
 Road Trip by Laura Tripoli 16

Departments

The Driver's Seat by Chris W. McCubbin 2
 AADA News 3
 Blasts From The Past by Timothy Jacques 7
 50 Years Ago Today contributed by John Hurtt 7
 Dueltoon by Ashley Underwood 12
Excerpts from the AADA Road Atlas and Survival Guide:
 Mercer County, NJ by Alex Rhodes 25
 Arena Watch by M.J. Daniels 28
 Backfire 30
 ADQ&A by Ken Scott 31
 ADQ Classified 32

Advertisers

Atlantic Watercraft/Rothschild 19
 Atlantic Industries 22
 Steve Jackson Games 29, back cover
 Uncle Albert's 6

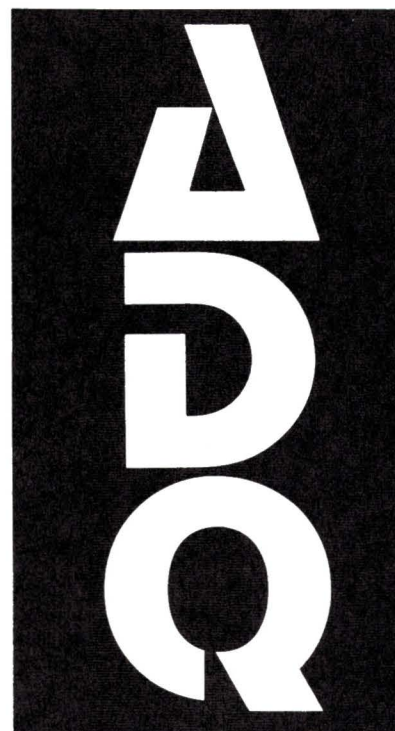
Designs in This Issue

The Mako Belle by Ian Knights 20
 Trapshooter by John M. Hurtt 23
 Uncle Albert's Designs compiled by Craig Sheeley,
 submitted by Ed Brejtfus 6

Car Wars, Dueltrack, Boat Wars, Car Warriors, Crash City, Truck Stop, Convoy, Uncle Albert's, AADA and Autoduel are registered trademarks, and the AADA logo and *Aeroduel* are trademarks of Steve Jackson Games Incorporated or are used under license.

Autoduel Quarterly (ISSN 0740-3356) is published quarterly by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated, P.O. Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760-8957. "Winter 2041" issue published December, 1991. First class postage paid at Austin, TX. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Autoduel Quarterly*, P.O. Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760-8957. All material is copyright © 1991 by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated. All rights reserved.

Subscription rates as of November 1, 1991 — In the United States: 4 issues, \$12. Outside the U.S.: please add \$1 per issue for Canada, \$2 per issue for foreign surface mail. International rates are subject to change as postal rates change. NOTE: All payments must be in U.S. dollars, made by International Money Order or check drawn on a U.S. bank. Printed in the USA.



Editor

Chris W. McCubbin

Art in This Issue

Darrell Midgett
 Ashley Underwood
 John and Jason Waltrip

Rules Consultant

Kenneth Scott

Publisher

Steve Jackson

Managing Editor

Loyd Blankenship

Typographer

Monica Stephens

Production Manager

Carl Anderson

Maps and Production

Manuel Garcia

Circulation Manager

Michael Hurst

Call the Illuminati BBS:
 (512) 447-4449, 24 hours,
 300, 1200 or 2400 baud.

THE DRIVER'S SEAT

When I became *ADQ* editor, almost two years ago, I also became AADA administrator. While there aren't lots of AADA local chapters nationwide — the number has hovered between one and two dozen since I've been onboard — they bear the lion's share of the credit for keeping *Car Wars* more than just another game. Though they make up only a fraction of all AADA members, most world champions and most *ADQ* contributors are members of AADA chapters.

So I thought I'd devote this space to recognizing a few of the most active and enthusiastic local chapters. We sincerely appreciate *all* our local chapters, but the following clubs go above and beyond the call of duty.

Driving Tigers: Some beneficent muse has granted these New Yorkers a whole barrelfull of literary talent, including Robert Garrita (who wrote last issue's fiction piece), Laura Tripoli (who writes this issue's) and club president Christopher Burke, who edits the still sadly under-distributed *Car Wars* fiction fanzine, coincidentally named *Driving Tigers*. For information on *Driving Tigers* magazine, write to Christopher Burke at 127 Bay 23 St., Brooklyn, NY 11214.

GHOST, of course. This rookie chapter came out of nowhere to capture all three of the top spots at the 2041 worlds, setting this year's standard for smart, tough duelling. Can they repeat in '92? That's the question on everybody's lips.

GODS: The Greater Orlando Duellist Society, under the leadership of John M. Hurtt, is probably my personal favorite chapter. Their remarkable enthusiasm combined with a constantly cheerful and helpful attitude make them a model of what an AADA chapter should be. See pp. 4-5 for a visible and impressive example of *GODS*' efforts on behalf of the autoduellling hobby.

NOVA — that's right, *NOVA*. Obnoxious? Maybe, sometimes, but also *active*! For several years now *NOVA* has been aggressively (and I do mean *aggressively*) promoting *Car Wars* through the good times and the bad. While they don't always see eye-to-eye with SJ Games or the rest of the autoduellling community, their fundamental loyalty to the game has never wavered. Say, somebody check me on this, but since the RCADA dissolved

(RIP), doesn't that make *NOVA* the longest-lived extant chapter?

Chapters to watch: *TRAACS*, out of Colorado Springs, is an aggressive club that seems to be aiming to give *NOVA* a run for their title as the most vocal club in the midwest. *GBAH*, from Hannover, Germany, is a small club taking on the daunting task of bringing the AADA to a whole continent with enthusiasm and vigor.

Thanks to all of the above, and to all the other chapters out there.

And if you have four friends, and you all like to play *Car Wars*, why on earth haven't you chartered your own AADA chapter already?

Near Misses

Mike Piacsek writes to tell us that the demented "Family Wars" scenario from *Muskogee Mayhem* was originally the creation of Piacsek, Pete Hallenberg and the other members of the now-defunct Lex Talionis. Consider yourself credited, Mike, and sorry about the wait.

Here's one for *Murphy's Rules* — a completely literal reading of the acceleration rules in *Car Wars Tanks* might lead one to believe that it's possible to build a tank with a top speed somewhere in the same neighborhood as a Lear Jet's. To correct the problem of supersonic armor buzzing around the map, *Tanks* writer Craig Sheeley says, "Due to the intricate construction and natural velocity limitations of caterpillar track systems, no tracked or half-tracked vehicles may move faster than 100 MPH, no matter how much power is supplied to the tracks." We might refine this rule a bit later on, but for now it's the official fix to the high-speed armor problem.

— Chris W. McCubbin

What's New

We've finally got the tentative schedule for 1992 done, and it looks like it's going to be a good year for *Car Wars*.

First of all, by now you've all seen the explosive end to the first *Car Warriors* comics series from Epic Comics. If you

want to see more adventures of Chevy Vasquez, don't tell us — tell Marvel.

In the meantime, though, you shouldn't be hurting for good autoduellling fiction, because SJ Games has reached an agreement with Tor Books to publish three *Car Warriors* novels (not directly based on the comic book of the same title). The first novel, already complete, is written by none other than David Drake, the writer of the extremely popular *Hammer's Slammers* science fiction series! The second novel will be written by Mick Farren, author of the science fiction novel "Protectorate." Tor hasn't given us the final publishing schedule yet, but look for them both in '92.

SJ Games isn't going to be taking the year off, though. Not by a long shot. *Uncle Al's Catalog From Hell* (yes, we're really going to call it that) is in playtest as I write this, and seems to be on track for December release.

Craig Sheeley will follow up the *Catalog From Hell* with the long-awaited, expanded version of *Chassis and Crossbow*, scheduled for release in the first half of '92.

Our other *Car Wars* project for next year (still in the preliminary discussion stage), carries the tentative title *Car Wars: Golden Spike*. This two-part boxed set will carry rules for heavy transport in the 21st century — cargo ships (and their escort subs), transport planes, and even trains! Trains? In 2042? Well, not quite. You see, the second part of *Golden Spike* will be a campaign book, detailing the audacious plans of a corporation whose goal is to re-establish the transcontinental rail system by the year 2069 — the 200th anniversary of the driving of the Golden Spike that completed the first transcontinental railroad. The players can choose to aid or resist this second opening of the American frontier.

On the *GURPS* side of the fence, next year will still be a great year for autoduellists! David Pulver's *GURPS Vehicles* has been getting rave reviews in playtest, and it should be on the shelves early in the year. And the moment *Vehicles* is out, we plan to start work on *GURPS Autoduel* Second Edition (also *GURPS Mecha*, if that particular sort of vehicular action is your bag!)

AADA NEWS

2042 Tournament Season

It's upon us again. The world championships will be held Aug. 20-23, at the combined Origins/Gen Con convention in Milwaukee, WI. This gives us an *extremely* long tournament season — let's make the most of it. I expect every active chapter to hold a championship, and every region *with* an active chapter to have a regional.

Club Championships should be held between January 1 and April 1. You should have the name of your champion in to *ADQ* no later than May 1st, so he can be announced in *ADQ* 10/2 in June. Early birds who want to beat the rush can report their champion by Feb. 1, and the announcement will appear in *ADQ* 10/1, in March.

In addition to seeing their name in *ADQ*, club champions will receive advanced placement in the World Championships and multi-round regionals. In addition, this year's club champions will receive a one-year extension of their *ADQ* subscription (alternate bribes will be provided if the club champion is already a lifetime subscriber).

Regional championships will be held between April 1 and Aug. 1. Championships held between April 1 and July 1 need to be scheduled and reported to *ADQ* by Feb. 14th. Regionals scheduled during the month of July need to be reported to *ADQ* before May 1. *These deadlines are very important!* If you don't schedule your regional in time to make these deadlines, your tournament will not be announced in *ADQ*, and it then becomes *your* responsibility to let *all* the AADA members in your region know where the tournament is being held. Good luck.

It is *very important* that regional announcements include a name, phone number and complete mailing address for the person who will act as a contact point for the tournament. If at all possible, the announcement should also include the *exact* time and place of the tournament. We'll be contacting those who volunteer to organize a regional by phone, to confirm the details.

Results of all regional tournaments need to be reported to *ADQ* *absolutely* no later than Aug. 10. Remember, you're not *really* an AADA champion until your victory has been reported to *ADQ*.

Regional Champions get recognition in *ADQ*, advanced placement at the Worlds, and a handsome trophy recognizing their achievement.

Any club *hosting* a regional championship will also get its charter fees waived for 2042-2043.

Tournament referees (local or regional), when you report your results to *ADQ*, please remember to include the winner's complete address, so we can send him his prize. Also, please include at least a couple of paragraphs describing the highlights of the championship duel.

All championship duels should *strictly* follow the official tournament rules published in *ADQ* 9/1. If you don't have a copy of those rules already, you can obtain one by sending an SASE to *Autoduel Quarterly*. Especially important points from the official rules are:

1. Tournaments should be Division 5-30 (no Division 80 blitzkriegs!).

2. Only equipment and designs from the *Car Wars Compendium* Second Edition should be used (no heavy artillery

from *Car Wars Tanks* or *Aeroduel* allowed!).

3. Complete information about the tournament, including division, arena design, scoring system and any special restrictions, should be available to competitors well in advance of the actual duel.

Next issue we'll have a complete list of AADA chapters for regional organizers (so if you've been planning to start a local chapter, but dawdling, dawdle no longer). We'll also have a few tips on organizing a successful regional. The actual rules for the 2042 World Championships will be published in *ADQ* 10-3.

Note to Foreign Duellists

This year, for the first time, there will be separate Canadian, Australian and European regionals, rather than one, generic "foreign" regional competition. If you're interested in hosting one of our foreign regionals, make sure you make your intentions known well in time for the deadlines above.

The 2041 World Championships: Tactics, Stratagems and How I Got There

By Todd MacDermid,
2041 AADA World Champion

I started duelling just five years ago, and have seen my tactics progress considerably since starting. My first vehicle ever was a Division-5 van with a turreted ATG and no armor! Since then I've improved a little bit, and was lucky enough to travel down to Baltimore, and duel against those guys I'd heard of from *ADQ*.

I'd never duelled against any of these people, except of course the rest of the GHOST guys, so it was nice to find some guys that had duelled, or knew people that had duelled some of the people we'd be going up against. The Kniffins gave us an idea as to what we could expect, which was very helpful.

Well, I was impressed by the number of new and interesting vehicle design ideas that went by in each round, so I'll review those that were popular, or particularly interesting. I may skip by some

worthy vehicle designs, but ultimately I hope to get most of the unique ones out into light of day, and see some really weird designs next year.

In the first round, options were obviously limited by the six choices available to competitors. The most popular choices were a laser-armed compact, and an HDFT armed Lux. One surprise that I had was that no one took the mid sporting a Flaming Oil Gun system that would later dominate the third round.

Because most of these vehicles carried their weapons on their left side, the action tended to flow in a counterclockwise direction around the drums. One effect of this is that those picking the ramcar had a field day, confettiing most vehicles that got near. After the field was thinned out, the patterns tended to settle into these directions, with very few kills scored.

The second round saw quite a few ramcars, high speeds and odd stunts, like

the one pulled by Mr. Messervy with his jump jets (see *ADQ* 9/3). These duels tended to be won by the speedboxes, however, who could avoid most engagements because of the ban on dropped weapons.

In this round, my car was a ramcar with one incendiary HR to give me a little extra offensive punch, and to cover my rear. I made a lap, which proved to be my saving grace, and scored a point. I then saw what I thought could be a profitable situation when Heath Culp T-boned another competitor, leaving his side open to me. It looked like I could give him a T-bone, but he was able to amazingly turn into me, and give me a head-on, killing both of us. In retrospect, my tactic probably should have been a swerve instead of a bend.

Luckily for me, there was a lack of club champions turning up to take places in round 2, so most of the competitors went on to round 3. The 1 point that I netted was enough to advance.

Round 3, held in the St. Paul Duellodrome, saw the greatest diversity of stratagems out of all the rounds. This round saw the first use of the Oil Gun, which was loaded with HT Flaming Oil ammo in this round. Many people had taken light tires, depending on their Guards/Hubs to fend off tire hits, which were bypassed by these weapons.

This was not the first time I had used the tactic, and when I had used it in the GHOST duels at home, it had blown the competition away. All of the GHOST people had the same thinking, so the arena was not a friendly place for tires that day. Only four would advance from this round, and when time was called, five people remained. The odd man out was Darryl Kniffin, who tried at the last second to jump off a ramp and shoot through my roof with a Gyroslugger, but couldn't get my top in his arc.

Don Lavante took a new tack by loading his vehicle with 2 HDSS, and one regular, producing a smoke counter 2 1/2" wide in one shot. He also had an IR system, allowing him to see perfectly. With the new -1 per 1/2" rule, this could become a popular tactic in large arenas. Un-

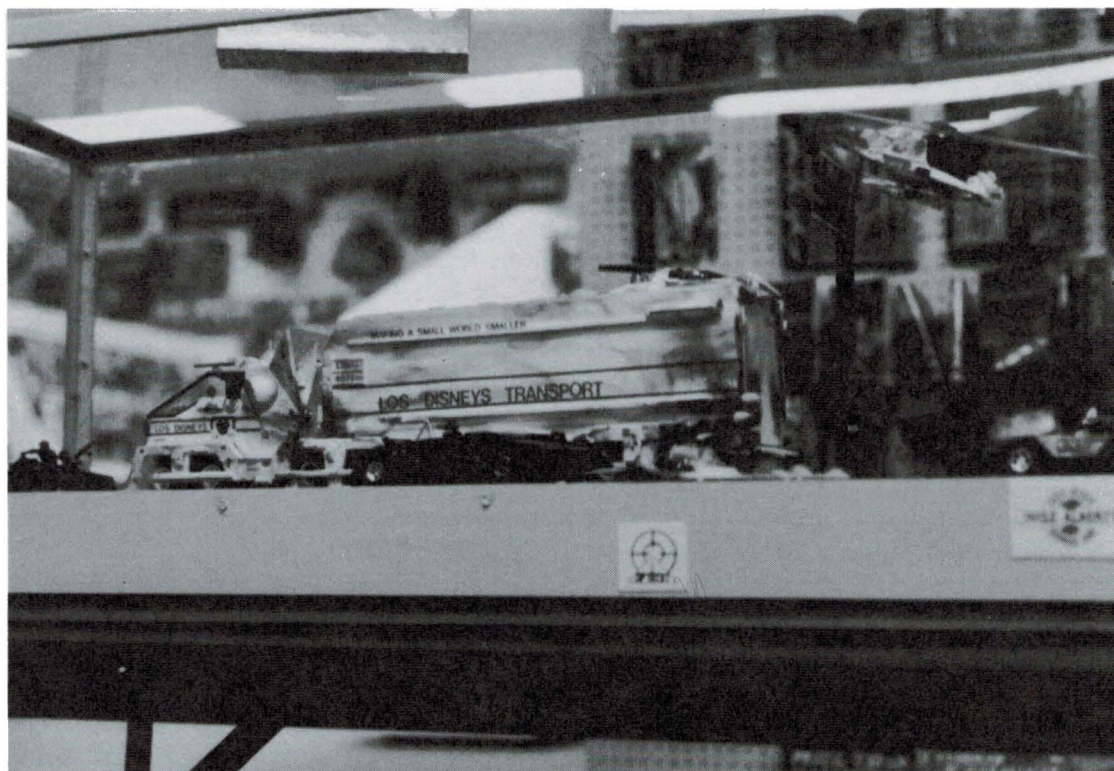
fortunately for him, he ventured out and was pounced on near the edge.

There were many similarities in the cars that showed up at the finals of the Worlds. Out of seven cars, six had no other direct fire weapons than Vehicular Shotguns, and all seven had either fake or real ramplates. This isn't a real surprise when you realize how powerful a weapon the ramplate is, and that the VS is the lightest, cheapest, most accurate weapon that can inflict vehicular damage. With points being awarded for shooting targets over the arena, the VS was the most sensible choice.

Before the duel, I figured that if someone landed (a D3 hazard) on ice (D4 to hit, +D2 for the hazard) and oil (another D2), it would come out to a whopping D11 hazard, assessed upon landing. This gave the player a +8 on his crash table

jump, with myself collecting the kill that time. He later said that he had been paying so much attention to where Brian Morrison was that he completely forgot about my car, and thought he had a clear shot at a jump. Right after I fired the OGs, the infamous three-way collision on the upper jump occurred, which eliminated 60% of the current survivors. The cause was a tremendous case of not looking before one leaped. The RCADA guys were wiped out, eliminating my biggest source of worry for the event. The duellists at the table voted unanimously afterward to immortalize the moment in the holographs at the center of Hammer Downs. At this point, five of the seven cars had perished in just under 6 seconds.

Brian and I finished the duel up, which was completed when I T-boned him, and got his fuel system. The arena was sched-



roll, making this hazard an almost automatic vault. The Oil Gun was the best way to place these goodies on the ramps, and even better, they had a 5 to hit!

The killing began when Dan Harting tried a lower level jump, and Paul Alfonso moved in to collect the kill. Dan vaulted, as was expected, and landed on his turret, knocking his car out of the running. Most people went to the upper level after that event.

Paul stayed, however, and suffered the same fate when he tried the same type of

uled for 175 points, I believe, but the grand total was more like 60. Since everyone died so quickly, only the top three finishers had positive point totals.

For everyone who showed up at the 2041 Worlds, I had a great time, thanks. For everyone who didn't, c'mon on over to Milwaukee in '42. You'll have a great time. We're ready to take on any challenge at most any time. Sorry RCADA had to go, things were just getting interesting. Actually, very few of the big names were there. I was hoping to see

more people from out west, but I'll settle for next year.

Here's the winning vehicle for the 2041 Worlds:

Der Autojager — Luxury, x-hvy. chassis, 200 cid engine w/ tubular headers, 5 gal. duelling tank, hvy suspension, 2 plasticore tires front, 2 solids tires back, driver, gunner, PG right w/ extra mag (one load HTFO, one load ice), magazine switch, OG loaded right linked to PG, VS, SWC from driver to VS, SWC from gunner to linked PG, Armor (metal/plastic) F:9/20 (ramplate), R:6/24, L:0/10, B:4:14, T:0/1, U:0/10, 2 10 pt WH back, 2 10 pt WG back, IFE, Spoiler, Airdam, HD Brakes, Overdrive, 1 Fake Grenade, 10 pt CA around driver, gunner, Acceleration 10, HC 3, Top Speed 80/100, 6,600 lbs., \$29700.

More NOVA Wars

Here's the situation. In *ADQ 9/2* NOVA, the gadfly AADA chapter in Omaha, issues a challenge to meet the RCADA in a head-on, team-to-team duel at next year's combined Origins/GenCon convention. In *ADQ 9/3*, the RCADA unexpectedly disbands, but not without a few final digs in NOVA's direction. You'd think it might end there, but no . . .

First, NOVA president Norman McMullen's response to RCADA President-For-Life Tim Ray.

"Mr. Ray, your comments were unneeded. NOVA still wants a grudge match against as many ex-RCADAers as you can dig up. We will not have a match with GHOST, because we have no beef against them. MADD and Craig Sheeley are not worth the ammo."

In the meantime, several other parties have decided to interest themselves in this affair. First, Robert Deis, President of TRAACS, challenges NOVA with:

"We at The Regional Autoduelling Association of Colorado Springs are a small but skilled chapter, and have waited a long time for a chance to take you on in man-to-man combat. I have read your 'house rules' and can tell you that they show a basic lack of understanding of the rules of the game. We pick up your gauntlet and slap you with it.

"Our finances and mobility are limited, but Genghis Con in Denver, CO this February is a place where we could meet. We'll use rules published in the *Car Wars Compendium II*, and play it by the book.

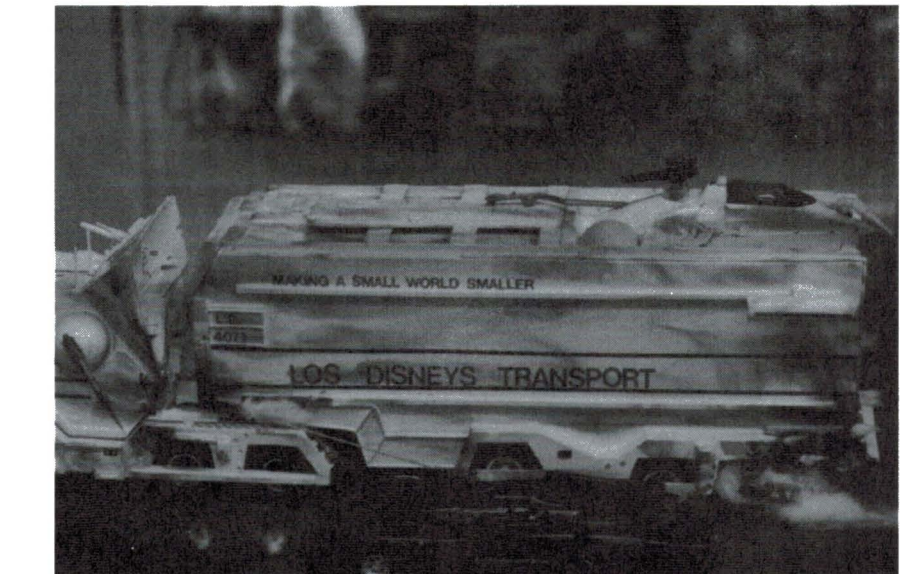
ADQ variants and the events can be discussed just between us, if you can make the trip and accept the challenge.

"Drop me a letter. I'll be waiting.

"Robert Dies, TRAACS President, 2114 E. La Salle St. D217, Colorado Springs, CO 80909."

Ouch. Robert Dies obviously knows how to hit a gamer where it hurts — ques-

tioning their knowledge of the rules! But has he pushed it *too far*?



tioning their knowledge of the rules! But has he pushed it *too far*?

Next there's this, from even closer to NOVA central.

"The SAS ZEBRA Division is 'officially' announcing a challenge to NOVA.

"We believe you are becoming a pest. Let's see what you got.

"For more insults and information, contact SAS ZEBRA, 312 S. Dakota, Ames, IA 50010."

Hmmm. Sounds like a classic case of a newcomer trying to establish a rep by taking on the old guns. Hey, guys, how about chartering your own club, before you go challenging *real* AADA chapters?

And finally, as if this wasn't already absurd enough, we get this.

"Attention, Omaha Losers! This is the one and only Black Asp (no autographs, please). I intend to demonstrate that your so-called 'Ogre Mk III' is a piece of overpriced rubbish. I formally challenge you to a tanko-a'-tanko duel with my new Adder-2 tank, August 9, 2042, on neutral ground — North Kansas! If you decide not to show, I'll understand — losers!"

Looks like NOVA has a busy 2042 in store . . .

And while we're on the subject of NOVA, on a distinctly more civil note, NOVA has announced the winners of the

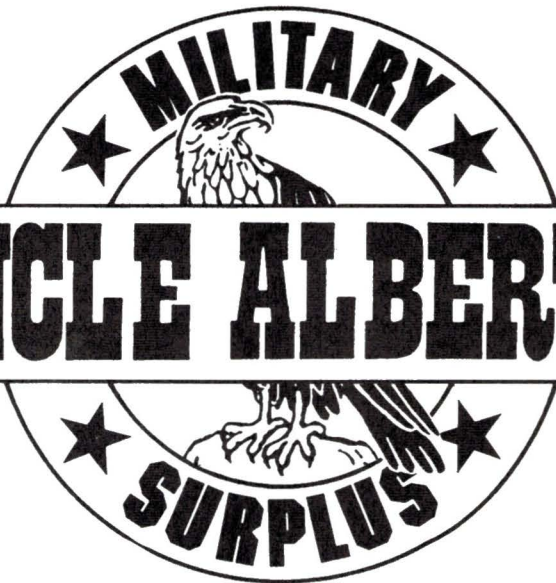
GODS Wins Promotion Contest

Those of you with long-range memories may recall that 'way back in *ADQ 8/3*, we announced a contest for the best in-store promotion by a sponsored club. We're happy to announce that the winner is the Greater Orlando Duellist Society, of Orlando, FL, for their remarkable diorama, "Pack Attack." Here's GODS' own description of the scene.

"While cruising South on Interstate 4, looking for trouble, members of the Greater Orlando Duellist Society engage in their favorite pastime of "Mousestomping." Their target, a lone Los Disneys transport, puts up a spirited fight, while a Los Disneys Security Service intercept chopper attempts to even the odds.

"The poor shmucks on the side of the road (salvaging the ammo and equipment of an earlier kill) are about to be blown to Highway 1 when an out-of-control GODS car slams into the stacked mines and ammunition the 'ghouls' have so far salvaged.

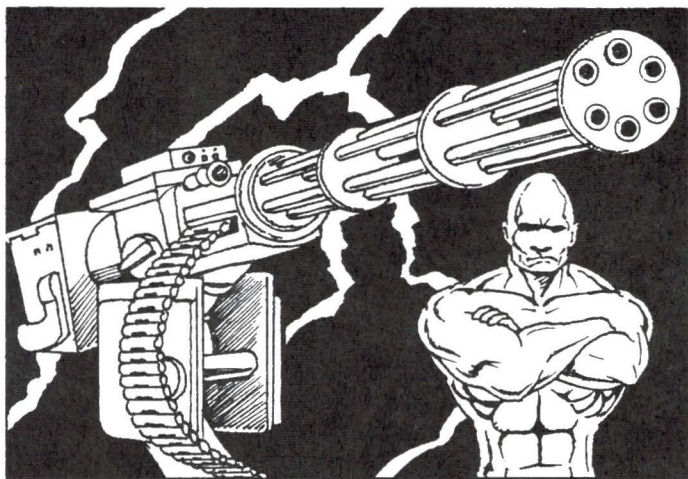
"Just another typical day in the 2041 world of . . . *Car Wars!*"



UNCLE ALBERT'S™

Heavy Vulcan Machinegun

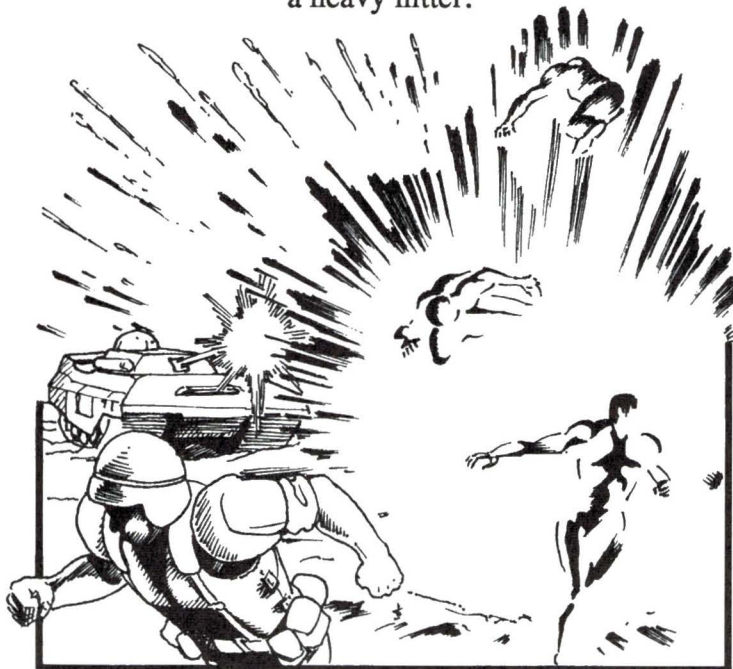
The newest wrinkle in heavy firepower, the Browning-GE .50 M4 Multi-Barrel Machinegun has just undergone trials with various branches of the military, and will soon be made the standard anti-aircraft machinegun of the U.S. Army. Browning-GE had their sights on more than just military uses, though. This offspring of Ma Deuce and Vulcan is available for civilian use, and is manufactured for autoduellling installation! So if you don't have the space for that Blast Cannon, or you just love the ammunition available to machineguns, move over and try this on for size!



Heavy Vulcan Machinegun (HVMG) — \$7,000, 800 lbs., 3 spaces, 5 DP. To Hit 6, 4d damage, 10 shots (\$75 and 15 lbs. each). Loaded cost \$7,750, loaded weight 800 lbs.; loaded magazine costs \$800 and weighs 165 lbs. Area effect. Can use HD, tracer, anti-personnel and explosive ammo. Recoil causes -1 per weapon fired, cumulative. Cannot be mounted to the side.

New Tank Gun Shells

When you hear the words "tank gun," you probably think high explosives and maximum lethality . . . but sometimes a subtler touch is needed, even with a heavy hitter.



What if you *need* one of these sharp new specialty loads? Isn't it worth the magazine space to carry a few of these? Hey, that's what rotary magazines and magazine switches are for!

Smoke — CPS 50, WPS appropriate to the gun. Creates a 2''×2'' smoke cloud upon impact.

Smoke Streamer — CPS 100, WPS appropriate to the gun. Creates a 1''×6'' smoke cloud, starting at a predesignated point.

Hot Smoke — CPS 75, WPS appropriate to the gun. Creates a 2''×2'' hot smoke cloud upon impact.

Hot Smoke Streamer — CPS 150, WPS appropriate to the gun. Creates a 1''×6'' hot smoke cloud, starting at a predesignated point.

Tear Gas — CPS 75, WPS appropriate to the gun. Creates a 2''×2'' tear gas cloud upon impact.

Tear Gas Streamer — CPS 150, WPS appropriate to the gun. Creates a 1''×6'' tear gas cloud, starting at a predesignated point.

White Phosphorus — CPS×1.5, WPS normal. This round hits the facing armor of everything within the gun's burst radius with white phosphorus, doing 1d damage to all targets (including vehicles). Affected targets may catch fire; fire modifier 3, burn duration 2. A 2''×2'' hot smoke cloud is created on detonation.

BLASTS FROM THE PAST

History of Collegiate Autoduelling

1890s — College sports first enter into mainstream America, as Ivy League schools in the Northeast have informal contests in baseball and football. Schools such as Princeton and Yale become the first colleges to have organized sporting events.

1932 — After several publicized scandals, the National Collegiate Athletic Association is formed. Its main purpose is to set safety and academic standards for all college sports. The NCAA also acts as a watchdog to make sure that all rules are obeyed.

1980s — College sports enter a new age of diversity and profitability. Collegiate sports are a big business and a main source of revenue for many college towns. More sports have been added including swimming, volleyball, fast-pitch softball, tennis and track and field. A team making it to a national tournament or bowl game can earn as much as two million dollars for their school! T.V. and gambling revenues approach the professional levels.

Unfortunately, such affluence causes many incidents of drug, recruiting and academic violations. The NCAA cracks down heavily on such infractions. Penalties can include revoking scholarships, barring the teams from T.V. coverage or bowl games and even suspension from playing for up to several years.

2012-2016 — As the Short War and Food Riots come into full swing, colleges become catalysts for insurrection and protests. Several major riots start as “peaceful” student demonstrations that turn ugly. Many large campuses are burned to the ground and looted. Food and energy research are delayed for two years, causing more unnecessary deaths.

2025 — Autoduelling invented. Deathsports begin to rise in popularity.

2026 — With the advent of autoduelling and other death-sports, college athletics start to make a comeback. Combat football, hack hockey and full-contact basketball are the first sports to enter the college circuit. The NCAA is reactivated in September.

2028-29 — Starting in the Midwest, several colleges start to have informal team duels. Such fights are usually rather mild, although duels between rival schools can turn deadly. By 2029, the Big Eight Autoduelling Conference is formed. The conference is made up of eight teams, and has a championship tournament in September. This league will later act as a building block for future conferences. The NCAA classifies autoduelling as an exhibition sport pending more study.

2031 — College autoduelling rises in T.V. ratings. Public pressure and potential megabucks make the NCAA recognize autoduelling as a sanctioned sport. In the middle of the duelling season, a terrible accident involving the University of Nebraska and University of Oklahoma results in the deaths of ten duellists and 21 spectators. This tragedy forces the NCAA to suspend the sport until further notice.

2032 — The NCAA, with the help of the AADA, establishes a universal set of rules and procedures for all teams to follow. To help deal with the new demands of such a sport, the NCAA forms the NACAA (North American Collegiate Autoduelling Association).

2035 — Purdue wins the NACAA championship for the third straight year.

TODAY — There are 64 teams in the NACAA with eight conferences. The season is from April to August with the national tournament held in September. College duelling is almost as popular in some areas as its AADA counterpart.

50 Years Ago Today

Criminal motorcycle gangs are on the rise again in the U.S., according to police intelligence officers. Biker club operations were seriously impaired during the 1980s, by non-stop racketeering prosecution, but the recent shift of police attention to crack cocaine dealers and street gangs has allowed outlaw motorcycle gangs to flourish once again.

Though the majority of motorcycle clubs remain legitimate organizations, federal officers estimate there are between 500 and 600 outlaw gangs in operation, with an estimated 2,100 full-fledged members, and thousands more informal associates, from those who simply ride with the gangs to those who deal drugs for them.

Typical criminal activity for hard-core gangs like the Hell’s Angels and Outlaws include running guns and explosives, and prostitution. The cycle gangs are also believed to control the manufacture and distribution of the drug methamphetamine, or “speed.”

Gangs like the Hell’s Angels and Outlaws continue to maintain, as they have for decades, that police claims against them are exaggerated. In order to counter negative publicity, the gangs perform charitable activities such as toy and blood drives.

Investigators say that major gangs are investing illicit profits into legitimate businesses like bodyguard and limousine services, catering companies and motorcycle shops.

Gangs are also reported to be spreading through Europe, where police are unfamiliar with the way they operate. As in America, European police are more interested in the activities of higher-profile groups like terrorist organizations, the Mafia and invading Colombian drug cartels.

According to Interpol sources, a recent raid on a Hell’s Angels clubhouse in Paris yielded 24 pounds of hashish, nearly two pounds of cocaine and an assortment of automatic weapons.

— Orlando Sentinel

The Great ASP Hunt

The Final Chapter

A Roleplaying Adventure for *CAR WARS* By Craig Sheeley

February, 2041: An unidentified person, referring to himself only as "Mongoose," advertises nationwide that he is offering \$5,000 bounty for any member(s) of the ASP (Assassination, Sabotage, Protectionism) terrorist organization. This offer is viewed dubiously by many government and corporate organizations, as "Mongoose" provides no further evidence of ability to make good on its promise.

May, 2041: Several incidents involving enterprising fortune hunters bring the Great ASP Hunt national publicity. A number of ASP installations are exposed and the ASP agents fight back vigorously. A growing casualty list highlights the sporadic war. No bounties have been paid, and generally well-equipped ASP forces cause an average of more than \$5,000 damage per man anyway. Interest in the Great ASP Hunt begins to wane.

July, 2041: "Fang" Brodowski, notorious bounty hunter, captures three ASP agents in L.A. and insists on being paid for his triumph. After a week of interviews and appearances on local, national and worldwide television, harping about not being paid, Brodowski receives \$15,000 by ELMONEY transfer. The leader of ASP, the Black ASP, makes a speech on pirate satellite broadcast, accusing the Mongoose of being a fake, a screwball interested only in harming ASP with no intention of paying any serious money at all.

October, 2041: Louisiana resident Claude Morris rockets to instant fame after revealing an ASP installation and single-handedly capturing all 20 of the ASP operatives in the base. He demands a meeting with the nebulous Mongoose, to trade the prisoners for the \$100,000 promised in a face-to-face exchange. The Black ASP makes another broadcast, sneering that the Mongoose will never show his face, and promising that Morris is a dead man. To the shock of all, Mongoose *does* agree to the meeting, and Morris loads his captured prisoners onto a rented Busnought for the trip to Omaha.

Enter the Duellists

When the player-characters meet Morris, he is laying over at St. Louis, Missouri, preparing for his last drive into Iowa on the way to Omaha.

The trip up from Louisiana wasn't very easy. On the way, no fewer than nine attacks were made on his bus and convoy. Of the nine, three were made by ASP forces, and the rest were made by gangs and fortune hunters. None of the attacks succeeded — the gangs and fortune hunters were driven off by Morris and his escort group, and the ASP attacks were mysteriously thwarted by interceptor aircraft painted in red, white and blue colors — but the bus was pretty well shot up, and the escort vehicles were largely trashed and their crews deserted. So now Claude is looking for some more volunteers to go north, on a short jaunt to Omaha. "The tough part of the trip is over," he insists. "Coming up through Arkansas was a nightmare — they gotta have the worst roads this side of Illinois!" And he's offering \$10,000 per vehicle (up to 4 vehicles), plus all the salvage they can handle, to entice duellists to escort his replacement Busnought to Omaha. Any takers?

His plan is simple: He'll precede the convoy, going to Omaha

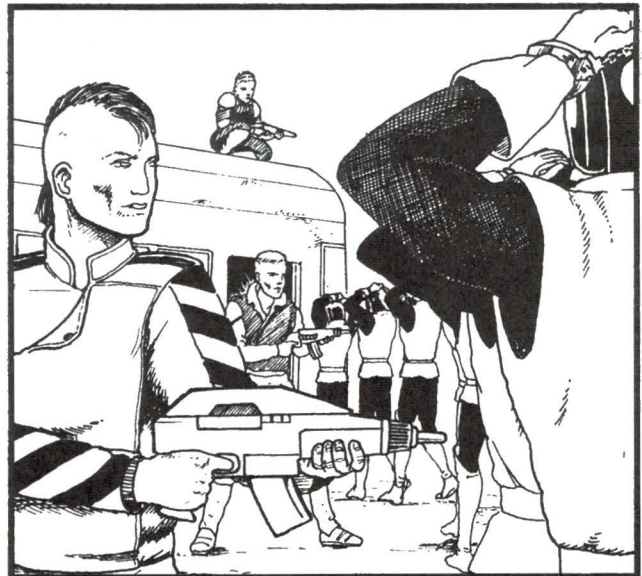
via KC-1, to draw off pursuit. Then the proper convoy heads north from St. Louis through Iowa to Council Bluffs, then Omaha. He's already arranged with the Iowa State Patrol for permission to retain weapons intact, and with him decoying the opposition, it'll be a snap! Right? He'll meet the convoy in Omaha, at the local AADA office.

What the Players Can Bring In

So far, the attackers haven't had more than a few cars or cycles; the only time the worth of the attacking forces has surpassed \$80,000 was during the ASP attacks, and they barely fired a shot each time before the mysterious planes showed up and drove them off.

Limit the player-characters to the vehicles they normally use for road travel. If they want to use their rig, let them . . . If they want to use a subcompact, let them. Do not let them design vehicles specifically for the scenario. No "Tail-End Charlie" vehicles sporting mines and other dropped weapons, and nothing else; no "AAA" vehicles armed only with batteries of SAMs, etc.

As far as personal gear and weapons, let the escorts have what they can afford, *and what they can haul*. Remember, roughly 12-20 GE equals 1 space of cargo, and always use the alternate encumbrance rules to determine how much extra weight they're carrying. The fuel stops on the road to Omaha don't sell ammo; this is common knowledge, so the PCs might be ahead to bring along their own extra ammo, too.



And They're Off!

True to his word, Claude Morris leaves early, before the convoy, heading down I-70 to KC-1 in a heavily-armed hovercraft hired from one of the river cargo companies. The guards make the bus ready to go, loading the manacled ASP agents, still in ASP uniform, onto the bus at gunpoint. The bus is the new Busnought Model G (see p. 13), a tough competitor in the bus

market. The prisoners are chained to their seats and belted in (don't forget to buckle up!), the gunners tune in their sights, and the bus is set.

The route is the same no matter which one the convoy chooses: Terrible. If the players want to argue over the route, pull out a road atlas of northern Missouri and let them pick their route. Please note that most of the roads in a 20th-century atlas are in poor-to-nonexistent shape in 2041, and their travel will be slow until they reach I-35 north into Iowa. The best route, according to AADA maps, is either Highway 61 straight north out of St. Louis, then turn west on Highway 36 at Hannibal after recharging, or take I-70 west to Columbia, turn north on Highway 63 after recharging, then turn west on Highway 63 at Macon. Both routes lead to I-35 at Cameron, which has charging stations. Taking I-70 to KC-1, then striking north on I-35, would defeat the purpose of Morris' diversion.

A Drive in the Country

Driving through northern Missouri is dull, to duellist's sensibilities. Two-lane roads in poor condition wind through country carved by primordial oceans and glaciers, thick trees lining both sides of the road — except for the broad sweeps of prairie-like terrain that vies with the forests for land. All very picturesque on a brisk fall day, particularly since the trees are losing their leaves and the woods are ablaze with color. Few vehicles appear on the roadway, and they are either passed rapidly by the convoy, or swish past without incident. Aside from those few cars (and more numerous pickup trucks), the only other life seen is wildlife and some lone cows grazing placidly in the fields.

Rough Ride: Of course, driving through the countryside isn't without its hazards. The roads are badly maintained, requiring a tire check for each vehicle per hour (the journey to Cameron will take almost 4 hours — these roads are in no shape for high speed!). Roll 1d per vehicle, adding +1 if the vehicle has Standard or Heavy-Duty tires. On a roll of 6 or better, one tire (selected at random) has been damaged to the point of uselessness by road debris and hazards. Repairing the tire temporarily is a Medium job for a mechanic, although if any other tire damage is sustained by the vehicle with the damaged tire, the tire is then completely destroyed. Oh, did the duellists think to bring spares?

Deerkiller: In addition to the passive destruction the road offers, the wildlife threatens more resistance. As the convoy rolls around a blind curve, the lead vehicle rounds the hill and smacks straight into a deer that was crossing the road. The driver of the lead vehicle has one chance to avoid the deer with a D7 maneuver, if he prefers — otherwise, he smacks straight into the deer head-on. If he attempts the maneuver and fails, roll on Crash Table #1 to discover his fate — at this point, the road is 2'' wide with a ½'' shoulder. Beyond the shoulder is a ½'' deep by ½'' wide ditch, then trees. Thick ones. And if the driver not only fails his control roll but rolls a 1 for that failure, he also hits the deer as well as losing control! For purposes of collision, the deer is treated as a 200-lb. obstacle with 3 DP, *but the vehicle takes full collision damage over and above the deer's DP.*

On to Iowa

Once the convoy reaches Cameron and I-35, travel becomes much easier and the convoy speed can creep up to normal — the bus crew and driver are all in favor of accelerating to 70 mph and holding it. They have no stomach for being shot up like the last bus was.

At the Missouri/Iowa border, the convoy has to slow to get through the checkpoints at Lamoni. All the State Patrol has to do is check over the waiver and have the drivers sign the requisite forms (a ten-minute affair; this can be done while charging vehicles), and the convoy is on the move again.

By this time, at least five hours have elapsed, thanks to slow travel along Missouri roads, charging at truck stops, and organizing rest stops for the ASP captives (think about it — there's no rest room on the bus). However, with the well-patrolled, well-maintained roads in Iowa, the rest of the trip should be a breeze.

Wrong.

The roads in Iowa *are* well-maintained — as long as they're interstates. As the *AADA Road Atlas* points out, traveling off the interstates is best done in an off-road vehicle, preferably a tank or half-track. So it looks like the convoy's only course is up I-35 to Des Moines and then west on I-80 to Council Bluffs and Omaha. A 180-mile trip; a mere three hours at 60-70 mph.

The State Patrol does issue a stern warning to the duellists and the bus crew: Any damage done to the road will be blamed on and billed to the convoy, since other vehicles in Iowa aren't supposed to be armed. So watch it with those mines and spikes (fines are \$250 per mine counter, \$150 per explosive/incendiary spike counter, and \$50 per spike counter. And they have your I.D. and know which car mounts what dropped weapons, so they can fine you anywhere in the country!).

Soon the convoy is humming along the highway, headed for Des Moines. Players must set the relative positions of their vehicles — the highway is a standard median-divided four-lane, with ½'' shoulders — and the speed of the convoy. They must maintain these positions until *after* encounters; only then may they switch the convoy order.

Repair Stop

Traffic along I-35 is sparse, almost non-existent in the early afternoon. Only a few trucks headed north for Des Moines populate the highway on this bright, lazy fall day.

About 30 miles north of the Iowa/Missouri border, five miles from Osceola, at a full rest stop (with restrooms and picnic tables, yet!), the convoy crews spot a lone bus pulled in at the rest stop parking area. It fits the description of a Scarab (*AADA Vehicle Guide*, page 38), and it looks like it's had some trouble. Two of the wheels are being repaired, with spares lying nearby.

"Must not have had solid tires," the bus driver snorts derisively. The evidence for his conclusion is clear: The road is in terrible shape, covered for over a hundred yards with junk and debris — no large obstacles, but a covering that looks like a trash truck accidentally emptied its hopper in the vicinity. Vehicles with solid or plasticore tires won't have any trouble here — the highway is wide and straight, without maneuvering problems. Vehicles that have standard, heavy-duty or puncture-resistant tires are going to have to weave between the junk piles slowly to avoid tire damage. The convoy may slow to accomplish this, and may even change the order in which they proceed through the junk area, allowing vehicles with tires junk won't touch to go through first (or last, depending on the players' preferences).

At any rate, the bus crew pays the convoy no attention, continuing work on the task of replacing their lost wheels. Nothing threatens the convoy at all, and no vehicles can be seen approaching in any direction.

When the bus is halfway through the junk zone, the entire hundred yards of it explodes without warning. There were mines

hidden underneath the junk, and the air is thick with flying fragments. Vehicles in the hundred-yard section take damage: Anyone not protected by vehicle armor (exposed cyclists, people standing in sun roofs, etc.) suffers 1d damage. Oversized vehicles (including the bus) suffer 4d damage to each tire and both Underbody sections. Each escort ground vehicle suffers 2d damage to each tire/plenum skirt section and 2d damage to Underbody armor (1d damage to a random component if a cycle is involved). The men working on the bus throw themselves flat to escape the shrapnel.

The concerted mine explosions clear most of the junk from the road. If the bus (or other vehicles) has lost a wheel, the Scarab crew appears to have tools to help repair damaged wheels.

The entire situation is a trap. The Scarab's wheels are actually still attached; they just look like they're being worked on. The Scarab houses four men with assault rifles, body armor, and 1 LAW each. The visible bus crew has body armor and SMGs. In addition, the bushes at the side of the road hide a series of Claymore mines. The plan is to cripple one or more of the convoy's vehicles, wait until the crew dismounts to start fixing the damage, then shred them with the Claymores and rifle fire. The attacks will do little to the heavy armor of the Busnought, leaving the captive ASP troopers intact as booty for the road scavengers. If the scavengers don't kill the vehicle crews with their mines and rifles, the Scarab's guns come into play. If the scavengers are being defeated (taking lots more damage than they're putting out), then they start up the Scarab and attempt to run north, the outdistance the convoy's damaged vehicles.

After the battle, the duellists can go five miles up the road to Osceola and buy new tires. The bus crew has a credit line they can use.

Wheeling and Dealing

While the convoy is stopped at Osceola, a pair of vehicles roll in and stop; a couple of their crewmen approach the duellists. (If the convoy doesn't stop at Osceola, this encounter occurs at Des Moines, where the convoy has to stop for recharging.) This looks suspicious, since one of the vehicles is a Scarab bus with some fairly fancy-looking electronics, and the other vehicle is a well-armed wrecker tractor. Both vehicles have fresh, professional-

looking paint jobs that make them look like company vehicles of some sort; the crewmen approaching the duellists wear uniform armor, reinforcing the impression.

Still, they seem friendly. "Going far?" one of them asks. "Just to Des Moines, or all the way across the state?" If the duellists try to conceal their destination, the two truckers grin. "Yeah, right," the second one says. "The radio's been busy; you've been spotted, and everybody knows about the snakes. You're going to attract attention."

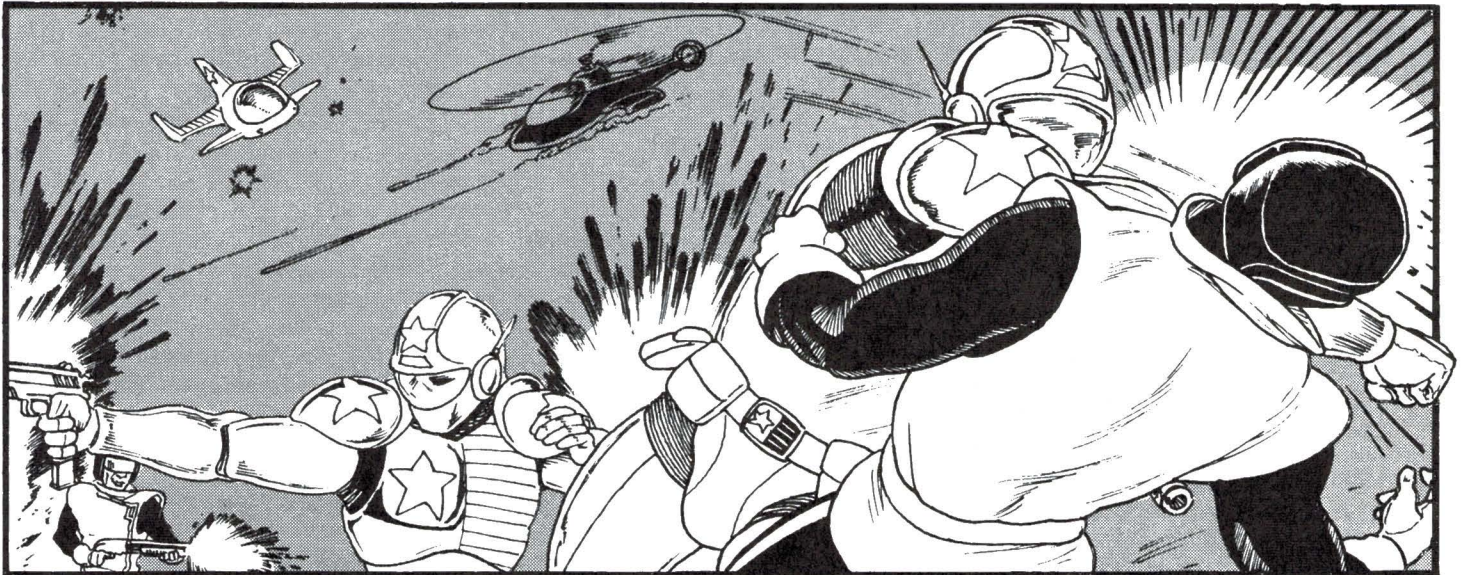
"A lot of attention," the first one chimes in. "We wanted to make a deal with you. We're salvage experts, see? If you'll let us follow you and, uh, clean up the mess, we'll pay you 10% of the take." He flips out an identification wallet and displays an official license. "As you can see, we have state authorization for the job." And if it's a forgery, it's an excellent forgery.

If the duellists accept the proposal, the truckers promise to warn them about road hazards ahead, when they hear from their HQ. Otherwise, the truckers shrug, say, "It's your money, pal," and walk off. In either case, when the convoy sets out, the pair of vehicles will follow the convoy at about three hundred yards (60"), waiting to do salvage work.

Snakes in the Sky

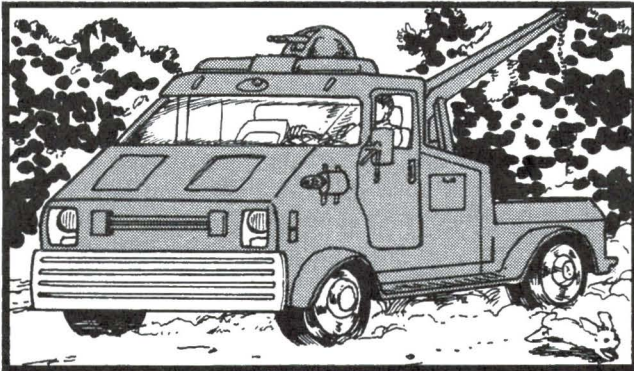
About 10 miles out of Des Moines, the Busnought's radar registers a trio of aerial targets, coming out of the west and closing fast at 300 mph, range 6 miles. This gives the convoy 72 seconds to track and prepare for an attack. When the three targets are 25 seconds out, the radar picks up another trio of aerial targets, coming up from the south, range 4 miles at 500 mph! Which means the second group arrives roughly three turns after the first.

The first group roars over at 250 mph (they slowed) and 500' (20") altitude. The aircraft are three identical black twin-engine pusher airplanes, in the Large Plane category; the ASP prisoners raise a cheer when they see them. They release a shower of bombs that fall largely short of the convoy, blasting holes in the fields to the west and cratering the far lanes. The tail end of the bombs falls around the convoy: Roll 2d for each vehicle. On a roll of 9 or better, that vehicle takes 4d damage to one randomly-determined side and another 1d damage to each tire on that side.



As soon as the bombs are dropped from the black planes (which is before they even begin to strike the ground), the ASP attackers turn a sharp 180° degrees and head west, accelerating at full gate. A couple of seconds later a trio of sleek, streamlined, swept-wing interceptors buzzes by at 450 mph, following the ASP planes. The duellists barely catch a glimpse of the red, white and blue paint schemes, and the two groups of airplanes are gone.

Should the duellists shoot at the interceptors, they ignore the fire and go on. If the duellists shoot at and hit the bombers, their target is only affected if the duellists cause more than 30 points of damage. Remember, these planes are traveling at 250 mph, approaching a horizontal range of 20'' at closest, and maintaining 20'' altitude. A hit will require some good, long-ranged weaponry. If one of the bombers suffers more than 30 points of damage, one of its wings breaks off and the bomber plummets to the ground to the east of the convoy.



Pickup Blitz

After a recharging and rest stop at Des Moines, the convoy continues west on I-80. Once again, the journey steadies down to dull highway driving, lulling the crews into a state of sleepy boredom. There's traffic, yes, but it's pretty light, mostly consisting of lone trucks or small (2- to 3-truck) convoys headed for Council Bluffs and Omaha. Rarely, a passenger car whizzes by (or is passed, since the duellists may well be going faster than the other vehicles on the road).

This changes at the off-ramp from Redfield, 22 miles from Des Moines. The Busnought's radar picks up five vehicles moving off the off-ramp behind the convoy, apparently another small convoy. This group is closing the distance, driving up behind the duellists' convoy at 10 mph faster than the Busnought's speed. At this rate, they'll pass the bus and its escorts in 3 minutes. If the duellists befriended the wreckers, the pair of heavy vehicles (still following the convoy at 300 yards) radios that this new convoy seems to consist of pickup trucks — fairly well-used pickup trucks. The pickup convoy is making good speed, but the drivers drive politely, even using proper turn signals and radio passing protocol.

Indeed, the pickups call ahead to the duellists' convoy and request permission to pass. Unless the duellists start tracking the pickups with their weapons (a distinctly impolite action), the pickups get the first attack, and the duellists can't react until the next turn!

The pickups are a strong band of road pirates, fortune hunters looking for salvage. Their salvage this time is the ASP prisoners, so they don't shoot at the bus (much). If they do shoot at the bus, they aim for the turrets and back tires. Their chosen tactic is to pick one car per pickup and blast it until it is dead. The pickups break formation and start firing at 10'' range, echeloned across the road to allow the maximum number of trucks to fire.

The fight continues until two pickups are crippled, destroyed,

or wrecked. If this happens, the others break off and go off-road, attempting to escape.

Should the duellists' vehicles or the Busnought need emergency repair or new tires, the wreckers following them have a portable shop and lots of spare tires . . . They'll sell their services at regular rates (or deduct the cost from the 10% salvage commission if the duellists agreed to the salvage deal).

Snakes in the Grass

60 miles from the state border, the convoy readies to cross the Nishnabotna River bridge. Up ahead, sited on a ridge commanding a view of the shallow river valley, a lone barn watches the scene in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. Suddenly, it collapses, its walls literally falling out to lie flat on the ground. As it falls, the gun that had been concealed inside it fires at the convoy!

This is another ASP attack. The ASPs have a 360°, carriage-mounted, long-barreled 90mm tank gun, and are laying down fire from a range of 400 yards (80''). Thanks to the long barrel, they only have a range modifier of -1 per 20'', and any vehicles approaching the gun's position along the highway is treated as coming towards the gun (1/2 movement-to-hit modifier). The gun fires at the lead vehicle at all times — whichever vehicle is out front is the target.

The 90mm has a To Hit of 7, and does 9d damage to its target, with a 2'' burst radius (for more on different kinds of tank guns and tank gun ammunition, see p. 6 and *Uncle Al's Catalog From Hell*). It has an attached Hi-Res single-weapon targeting computer and the gunners are +2. Added to the +1 for being a stationary firer, the gun has an adjusted To Hit of 2, plus range, target size and movement modifiers.

The duellists and the bus can return fire at the gun emplacement (it's pretty easy to hit — +1 to hit the gun alone, plus an additional +1 to hit the stationary gun). The gun has 15 DP, and a 20-point gunshield (just like a tripod gun shield) protects the gun and crew from any hits to its front — and since the gun is firing at the convoy, it's doubtful that the gun will ever have any side facing the convoy except its front.

There are five crewmembers working the gun — if the crew is reduced to three men, the gun fires every other turn. If reduced to two men, the gun fires every fourth turn. If reduced to one man, the gun fires every ten turns.

However, the gun doesn't have much time to wreak havoc on the hapless convoy vehicles. After five turns of fire, the Busnought's radar picks up another aerial target, very high up. Three seconds after that (eight seconds after the gun begins firing), a bomb drops right on the gun, impacting underneath it and blowing it over. The crew runs back over the ridge (and hops into an off-road jeep to make its escape). If the duellists are gaining salvage from the wreckers, the gun's salvage is worth \$1,500.

And who blew up the gun (if the duellists didn't)? Odds are the plane was painted red, white and blue.

Brat Pack

Battered, blasted, bruised and bullet-punched though they may be, the duellists aren't out of trouble yet. Not 20 miles out of Council Bluffs, a gang of cyclist road trash try to stop the convoy! These suicidal cyclists barrel up over the crest of a hill, running straight at the convoy vehicles in a mad game of armed chicken, screaming in at 75 mph!

The cycle gang consists of two Mantis cycles, one Popper, a

Shockwave, and a Swift. All the cyclists wear body armor and are Cyclist 1, Gunner 1. The gang intends to slash through the convoy, using their small size to avoid collision and weave between the larger vehicles while carving up already-tattered tires. Once they're done with their initial pass, they keep going right on past — and catch fire from the wreckers following the convoy!

(This last encounter is nothing more than an annoyance, as the duellists are about to reach their goal — this gang doesn't have the firepower or desire to hang around and slug it out with the convoy.)

The Final Option

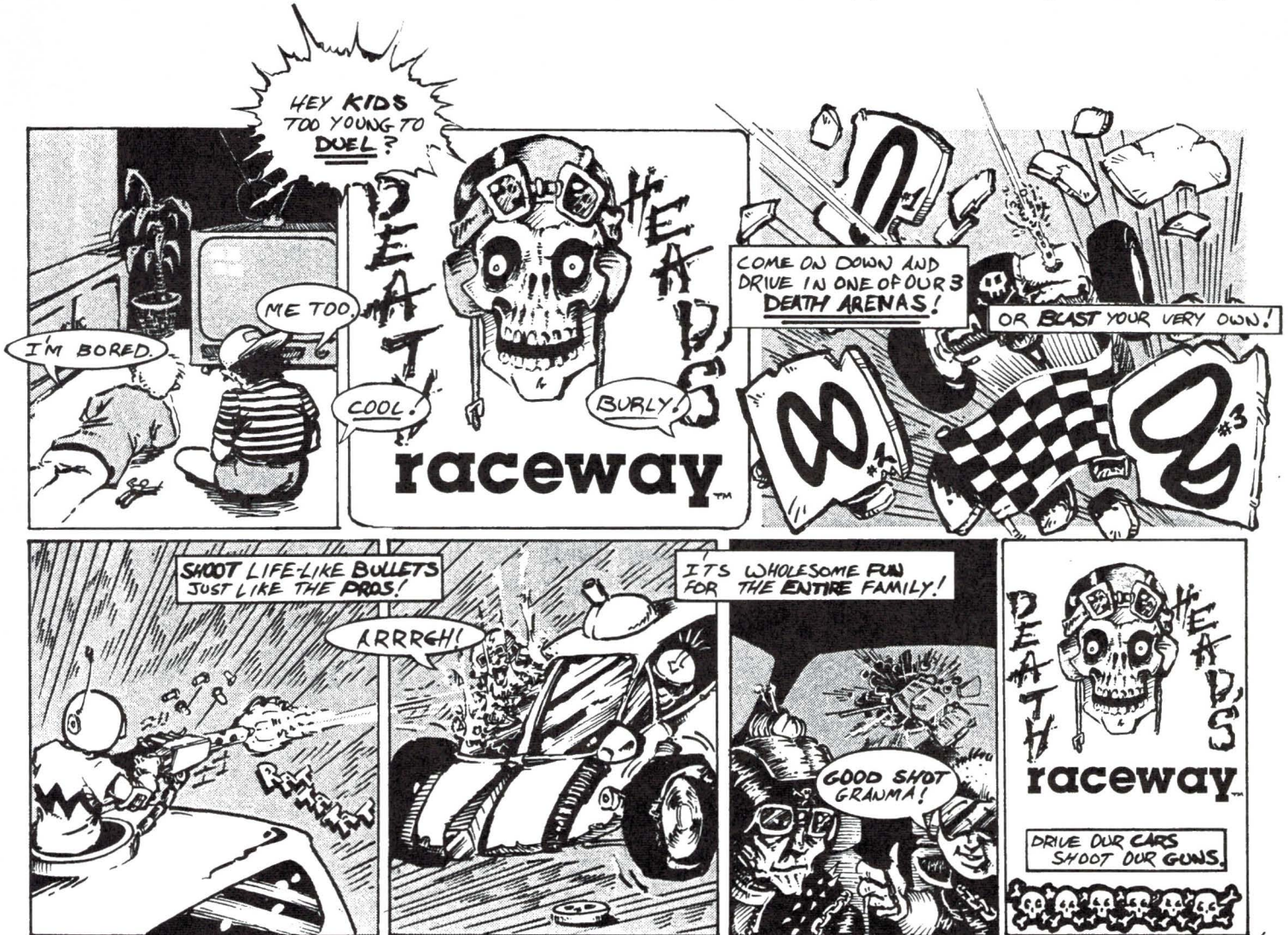
Finally, the convoy reaches the fortress town of Council Bluffs. The drive to Omaha is short, after the convoy gets critical repairs. Morris is waiting patiently at the local AADA office, telling and retelling his exploits in the capture of the ASP troopers. He's already gotten the directions on how to get to Mongoose's location. The duellists have completed their mission; he'll pay them when he picks up the money. Of course, if the duellists want their money quickly, they can tag along and meet the Mongoose, too.

Mongoose has chosen a small truck stop on the outskirts of town — Morris takes a circuitous route to reach it, citing

"security" as the reason for the numerous detours. When seen, the truck stop looks deserted, its massive gates closed "for private party," according to the sign hastily installed on the truck door. The gates are opened for the convoy, while the wall-corner laser turrets search the sky and ground hungrily for targets. Apparently, the Mongoose is not taking any chances of an ambush or attack. Radar is clear, though, and no vehicles or forces can be seen to have followed the convoy, so it looks like the prisoner transfer can be accomplished without incident.

At the center of the courtyard, half a dozen men armed with SMGs wait for the bus. Another man, his identity completely concealed in body armor and mirrored visor, waits quietly with an armored briefcase. Morris climbs out of the bus and approaches the lone man as the bus crew shepherds the ASP prisoners out onto the pavement. "You the Mongoose?" he asks. The lone man nods. "Let's see the money." The lone man picks up the briefcase and opens it to reveal a great amount of cash in large bills. Morris picks up a wad of bills and quickly counts them, then turns back to the bus crew and calls, "It's okay. The money's good." The bus crewmen nod and head back into the Busnought. Morris puts the bills back into the briefcase, pulls out an extremely large, one-barreled pistol, and blows a big hole through the man who admitted to being the "Mongoose."

At this moment, pandemonium reigns. The Busnought's



reloaded guns open up on the laser turrets, the ASP prisoners all shed their manacles, turning them into makeshift nunchakus and attacking the gun-toting men with martial arts leaps, and after a stunned second, the incredulous guards and truck stop defenses respond, shooting at anyone in sight.

The duellists, if they are in the truck stop at the time of this fight, have the following options: They may side with the truck stop and fire at the ASP martial artists and the Busnought; they may side with the Busnought and attack the truck stop defenses; they may burn rubber and get out of the truck stop, they may grab that lovely briefcase full of loot and *then* burn rubber out of the truck stop; or they may try something different of the players' own design. If they insist on fighting it out, use the Truck Stop map. There are five security personnel in the security station (Handgunner-2, Running-1), armed with SMGs and body armor. The half-dozen security men in the courtyard have the same skills and equipment, but they're almost certainly involved in battling the 20 ASP Krait Kommandos (wearing blended body armor, armed with nunchakus, Running-2, Handgunner-1, Martial Arts-3 — they do 1d-1 damage when they use their nunchakus and Martial Arts in tandem). Morris is reloading his sawed-off 1-barrel gyroslugger with AP ammo; he wears body armor.

So What Really Happened?

The Black ASP couldn't resist the chance to trick Mongoose. He arranged for the "capture" of the Krait Kommandos by secret ASP agent Claude Morris, faked the ASP attacks all the way up, and managed by this stratagem to infiltrate Mongoose's location with a number of highly-trained, fanatic ASP soldiers. The whole thing was a trick.

The red, white and blue force is also ASP. It's ASP's equivalent of an aggressor force, used largely for training.

If the duellists let the bus go to the rendezvous alone and never went to the truck stop, they're later paid \$10,000 per vehicle, as promised. If they survive the scenario at all and made a salvage deal with the wreckers, give them 5% of the non-damaged value of the vehicles wrecked on the road during the scenario (the wreckers only got 50% of the full salvaged value, and 5% is 10% of 50%), plus whatever they picked up for themselves.

If the duellists do manage to escape with the briefcase full of loot, they have \$100,000 to carve up between them.

Is "Mongoose" really dead? Nobody knows for sure . . .

Game Statistics

Busnought, Model G — 40' bus, x-hvy chassis, regular truck power plant, 10 solid tires, driver, gunner, 20 passengers, long-barrel AT with magazine in universal front turret, XL in universal back turret, 22 AP flechette grenades, 2 hi-res computers, radar, long-distance radio, fire extinguisher, no-paint windshield, radar detector, light amplification. Armor: UF, UB 0/25, all other locations 46, 6 10-point wheelguards. 20,981 lbs., \$88,170, top speed 120 mph. **The Busnought's Crew:** Driver 2, Handgunner 1, Gunner 2. Equipped with body armor and SMGs.

Scarab — 40' bus, x-hvy chassis, regular truck power plant, 10 solid tires, driver, 2 gunners, 5 MGs (RF, LF, RB, LB, B), turreted VMG TB, RL front, fire extinguisher, assault ramp, 22 AP flechette grenades. Cargo capacity: 8,820 lbs., 33 spaces. Armor: F30, 20 in all other positions. 16,380 lbs., \$67,850. **The Scavengers:** Driver 1, Gunner 2, Handgunner 1. Equipped with body armor, assault rifles.

Ravenger Axe — Camper, x-hvy chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 6 PR radial tires, driver, AC in universal turret with magazine (9 rounds), 2 linked HRs front, bumper trigger to HRs. Armor: F30 (ramplate), R30, L30, B30, T25, U24. Accel 5, HC 3; 7,791 lbs., \$30,645.

Ramrod: Pickup, x-hvy chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 6 PR radial tires, driver, 2 GGs linked front, fire extinguisher, SWHRC, active suspension. FP armor: F60 (ramplate), R45, L45, B45, T18, U18, 4 10-point wheelguards. Accel 5, HC 2; 7,791 lbs., \$52,024.

Chopper: Pickup, x-hvy chassis, medium power plant, HD transmission, hvy. suspension, 6 PR radial tires, driver, VFRP (laser-guided) and IRTL (with LGL) front, FOJ back, spoiler, airdam. Composite armor: F11/10 (ramplate), R9/10, L9/10, B9/12, T0/6, U0/12, 4 10-point plastic wheelguards, 4 10-point plastic wheel hubs. Accel 2.5/5, HC 2; 7,793 lbs., \$25,525.

MicroDuellist: Pickup, x-hvy chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 6 PR radial tires, driver, RR in turret, 2 HRs front, fire extinguisher, hi-res computer. FP armor: F60, R42, L42, B60, T40, U40, 4 10-point wheelguards. Accel 5, HC 2; 7,794 lbs., \$29,696.



Vigilante Urban Cowboy: Pickup, x-hvy chassis, super power plant, hvy. suspension, 6 solid tires, driver, RR in turret, smart-linked to RR front, SD back, targeting computer. Armor: F50, R40, L40, B50, T50, U45. Accel 5, HC 2; 7,800 lbs., \$22,350. **Pickup Drivers:** Driver-2, Gunner-1.

Mantis: Heavy cycle, hvy. suspension, large power plant, cyclist, 2 PR tires, 2 linked MGs front., SS rear. Armor: F10, B6. Accel 10, HC 2; 1,296 lbs., \$6,692.

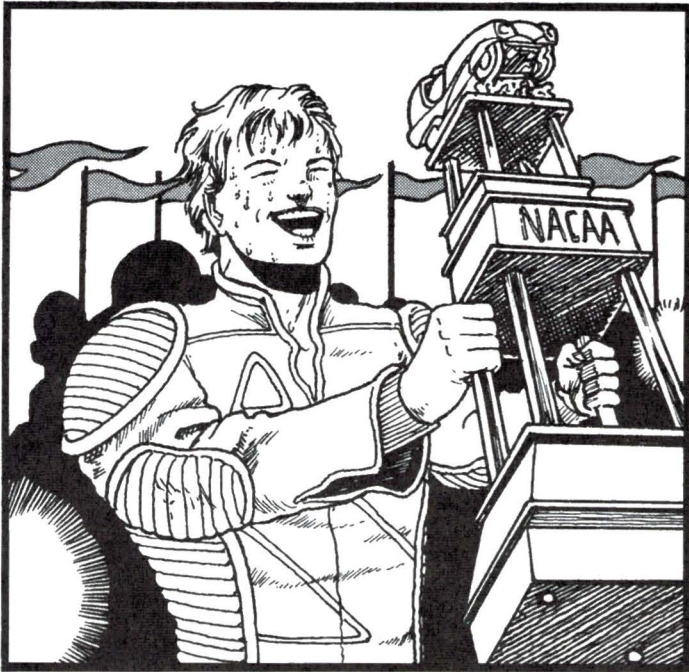
Popper: Medium cycle, hvy. suspension, small power plant, cyclist, 2 std. tires, RL front. Armor: F30, B24. Accel 5, HC 2; 1,100 lbs., \$3,444.

Shockwave: Heavy cycle, hvy. suspension, large power plant, 2 PR radials, cyclist, RL (laser-guided) and TL (with LGL) front, SS (with tear gas) back. Armor: F15, B14, 2 4-point wheelguards. Accel 10, HC 3; 1,300 lbs., \$9,428.

Swift: Heavy cycle, hvy. suspension, large power plant, 2 PR radial tires, cyclist, 2 linked MMLs front, SWC. Armor: F30, B21, 2 4-point wheelguards. Accel 10, HC 3; 1,300 lbs., \$7,342.

Collegiate Autoduelling

By Timothy Jacques



For many aspiring young duellists, who may not like the long odds of amateur night, but don't have the cash to buy their own car, going to college on a duelling scholarship may put them on their way to fame and fortune.

The average college duellist is between age 18 and 23, has proven himself in several amateur duels and tryouts, and meets the NACAA academic requirements. He's a full-time student and must have a C+ average. Finally, he's an amateur — the NACAA does not allow professionals!

Many colleges offer scholarships during the national "letter of intent day" held in February. Duellists selected choose which recruiting college they'll be attending, and make the necessary arrangements.

Even if he's not selected in the draft, most colleges have several positions open for "walk-ons" (duellists who join the team without a scholarship). The best walk-ons can expect to be offered a 2-3 year scholarship later on. Scholarships cover tuition, room and board, and books. The NACAA also allows a \$100 per month stipend for personal expenses.

The regular season runs from early April to late July. Teams compete against other teams within their conference twice while the rest of the schedule is played against non-conference teams and tournaments. This comes out to roughly a 17-20 meet season, depending on how many tournaments a team goes to.

Regular season meets are broken down into seven events. These are one-on-one divisionals (5-20), two-man team, five-man team and special event. The team that wins the best four-out-of-seven wins the match. The team matches vary from division 5 to 20 — divisions are determined randomly by the NACAA before the season starts. The special event can be almost anything, as long as both sides agree and it doesn't violate NACAA safety rules. During tournaments, the NACAA furnishes the special event.

Tournaments are handled like high-school or college wrestling matches. The tournament is broken down into the same seven events and each school competes for points (3 points for a first-place finish, 2 for a second, 1 for a third). The team with the most points wins the tournament. The Regionals are handled the same way, but the top two duellists or teams in each event are eligible to go the NACAA championships. All schools in their respective conference are eligible to play in the Regionals.

The NACAA championships, held in September, are a huge media spectacle. Prestige is doubled if you participate here. As a rule of thumb, the more players a school sends, the better their chances of winning. If a college is only able to qualify one or two, their chances aren't too good of winning the championship, but it's still a good way for roleplaying and developing character backgrounds. *Example:* You're the only duellist from your school to make it to the championships. All the eyes of your town are upon you! Such duellists can easily play the role of the spoiler.

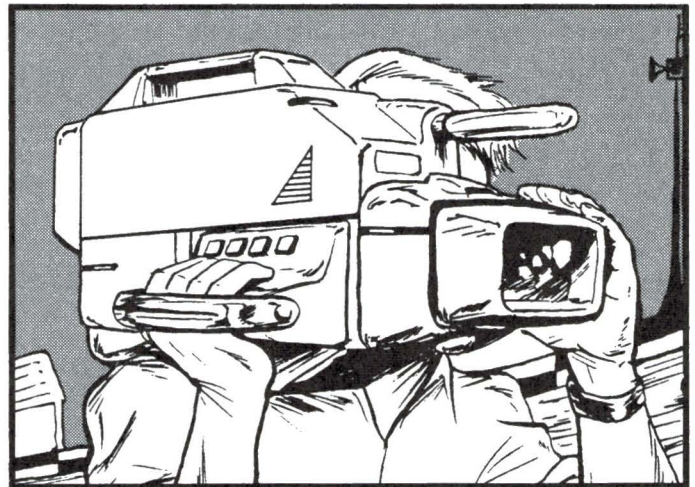
There are several major differences between NACAA and AADA duelling. The NACAA established a strict safety code after the UN/OU incident in 2031. The safety rules fill volumes, but they can be narrowed down to certain broad principles.

1) "The safety of the duellist comes first." This means that certain steps will be taken so that college duelling will not have the same high fatality rate as its professional counterpart.

A) No car may be over Division 20 (anything higher is just too dangerous).

B) Ramplates are forbidden! AADA statistics show that ramplates increase the chance of fatality by 65%. Ramming is not illegal, but is usually discouraged by NACAA coaches.

C) Body armor must be worn at all times. The NACAA furnishes impact armor and fireproof suits to all of its competitors. This does *not* count toward the vehicle's divisional cost.



D) Anti-fire systems of some sort must be installed (at least a PFE).

E) Medics and medical transport must be at the arena at all times during an event.

F) Anyone who leaves his/her vehicle is off-limits and is automatically out of the event. The pedestrian is to proceed to the nearest safety zone or bunker. Hand weapons may not be used once out of a vehicle.

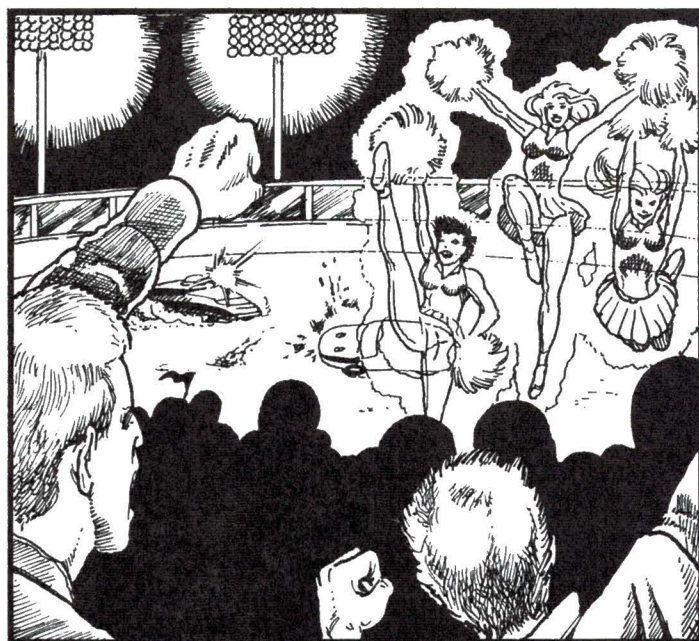
A team which takes or leaves excessive casualties during a season is subject to an NACAA investigation and possible disciplinary action. This is done to encourage additional safety measures, like roll cages and safety seats. It's also the reason that rams and similar high-risk tactics are discouraged.

Surrendering in the NACAA is considered honorable, and the penalty to prestige is halved. Coaches can surrender one of their players, if they feel his safety is seriously jeopardized. Anyone firing on a surrendering vehicle or pedestrian will be disqualified and the school may be subject to a fine, suspension, or both. With these rules in effect, the injury and fatality rate is only 12% of the AADA's.

Getting the money for such a team can be a challenge. Many colleges depend on ticket receipts, donations, endorsements and tournament purses for their main source of funding. Some have corporate sponsors, and some have the backing of a local AADA club or rich alumni. One of the many reasons for keeping the divisions low is to make it economically feasible for colleges to participate.

The benefits for the players are many. They can get a relatively safe, yet high-profile start on their duelling career, allowing them to build a popular reputation in their region and get a professional sponsor. College also allows duellists to pick up many helpful skills, including mechanic, karate, medic and business skills. There is a national draft held every January in New York, in which professional teams sign the nation's best college duellists. The average starting salary for a rookie professional fresh from the draft is \$50,000.

College autoduelling can also be played like corporate *Car Wars*, with several people owning their own teams (this works best when there are four to eight players). Each player goes through his or her regular season in their respective conference, playing against the other teams. The referee can play the oppos-



ing forces, when players aren't playing each other. Other players can also play opposing forces besides their own team. Players then go through the Regionals, trying to qualify as many of their duellists into the championships as possible.

This system will take a long time to finish, and should be treated like an on-going campaign. Each event in the Regional and championships must be played out. The referee can resolve bouts between two non-player cars with a single die-roll, modified by skills.

Good luck!

IVY LEAGUE CONFERENCE

- Boston College
- MIT
- Yale
- Army
- Harvard
- Syracuse
- University of Maryland
- Penn. State

ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

- Richmond
- West Virginia
- Virginia Tech
- University of Delaware
- Virginia Military Institute
- University of North Carolina
- Navy
- Georgetown

SOUTHEAST CONFERENCE

- University of Florida
- University of Georgia
- North Carolina St.
- University of South Carolina
- University of Alabama
- Georgia Tech

- Mississippi University
- University of Kentucky

GREAT LAKES CONFERENCE

- Notre Dame
- University of Michigan
- Michigan St.
- Purdue
- Ohio St.
- University of Wisconsin
- University of Illinois
- University of Indiana

BIG EIGHT CONFERENCE

- University of Nebraska
- University of Missouri
- University of Kansas
- University of Colorado
- Air Force
- University of Arkansas
- University of S.D. at Bismark
- University of Minnesota

FREE OIL STATES

- Oklahoma St.
- University of Oklahoma
- LSU

- University of Texas
- Texas A&M
- Baylor
- NW Louisiana Tech
- Texas Christian University

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

- UCLA
- USC
- Stanford
- Oregon University
- Washington University
- University of Nevada-Las Vegas
- University of San Diego
- University of Cal-Berkeley

MOUNTAIN WEST

- University of Arizona
- Arizona St.
- University of Texas at El Paso
- New Mexico St.
- University of Wyoming
- Colorado St.
- Montana-Nippon University
- University of Pueblo

Road Trip

By Laura Tripoli

“Now Griz, if you’ll just put the acetylene torch down, I’m sure we can discuss this rationally,” I said, crouched atop the Samaritan, easing my hand behind me and groping for the spray gun I’d set down only a few seconds previously. I’d seen him in this kind of mood only once, and that was when he’d overheard a boyfriend of his sister’s bragging about how he was finally going to get to know her a lot better that Friday night. I hear the poor slob might regain full use of his right arm someday.

“Whaddaya mean, we’re going on a road trip?” he roared, coming around our unit from the front, being careful not to flame the bear and songbird I’d just repainted on our newly patched side armor. “What road trip?”

His voice was amplified by the huge area inside the empty bay. Our workshop, a patched and leaky hangar on Floyd Bennett Field (a military airstrip all but abandoned since my great-grandfather’s childhood), was tentative proof of possession being nine-tenths of the law. Sure, my mom lived a bare ten minutes away up Flatbush Avenue, but I’d rather be scrounging on my own two feet than sponging free meals from her.

Lucy MacLaine was neither an admirer of ne’er-do-well family nor of knuckle-heads, and according to her, my brother Andy and I were first-class examples of both. At the slightest provocation (and sometimes none I could distinguish) we’d be regaled with a harangue — invariably ending with a disgusted, “Phauugh, kids!” and a rough hug. The Nightingale MacLaine version usually ended with a friendly shove and suggestion I settle down and marry Grizzly. “After all, the two of you are living together. Things aren’t that different from when I was your age . . .”

“Mom, we’re not really living together, not the way you mean it. The hangar’s huge, plenty of room for one of us to bunk inside the van and one out. You know Griz and I are just friends.” I was still making payments on my Gold Cross plan, and would rather live in a decrepit hangar and have up-to-date coverage than live in a cozy apartment and get splattered permanently doing something stupid like crossing the street. Besides, it wasn’t as if there was anything going on between me and Griz. Our relationship was strictly business, right?

“Uh-huh.” Then invariably came the look signaling the “Someday you’ll have kids and then you’ll understand,” speech. That was when I’d make my excuses and cut and run. I knew she loved us and had it rough raising a pair of toddlers after Dad was gone. I knew not every autoduellist’s 20-year-old widow could have successfully reared such a willful daughter and reckless son. I loved her fiercely, but we could never easily live under the same roof again.

I tore myself away from thoughts of mom. “Come on, Grizzly, you know neither of us had the money to buy a ramplate or upgrade the turret to a universal,” I said soothingly, making sure to place myself just behind the second of those expensive acquisitions in hopes that he’d want to destroy it less than he’d want to kill me. “You must’ve known there was a catch somewhere. How do you think I got this stuff?”

“I was hoping you’d been out nobly plying the world’s oldest profession to get some cash so you could surprise me with some early Christmas gifts.”

“Richard Anthony Santino! How could you even imagine such a thing?”

“You know my imagination stretches pretty far,” he chuckled. “Now quit pretendin’ you’re all insulted and tell me what you’ve gotten us into this time.”

“As if I’ve ever gotten us into a scrape we couldn’t handle,” I sulked.

“HmMMMM, I seem to remember a certain Samaritan driver going 60 miles an hour eastbound on the westbound side of the Belt Parkway. Because, I believe, she claimed the tie-up on the eastbound side was so bad we’d never get there in time to haul any live ones to Victory Memorial?”

“Well, we’re still here, aren’t we?” Okay, so maybe that hadn’t been the smartest idea I’d ever had, but it worked. I hoped he was going to be merciful enough not to mention anything about our latest adventure in Canarsie. I’d been off crutches for two months now, but my pride still hurt almost as much as my left leg does when the weather changes.

“Need I mention the header you took through the skylight into Boom-Boom’s workshop . . . ?”

That tore it. “All right already! You don’t have to go, okay, we can just rip all this stuff out and return it . . .”

“You know they won’t take back installed accessories, ‘Gale . . .”

“Or you can stay here and mope while I go on this trip and make enough money to buy out your share of the Samaritan!”

He chuckled then. “What, and let you drive off with my third share?”

I slid down the front windshield, landing on the balls of my feet. “That’s your *quarter* share, Grizzly, and don’t you forget it!”

“Okay, okay,” he said in a placating tone, putting his arms around me for a quick hug. “I’ll try to work it so I can go on your trip. I really wish you’d said something before this, though. As it happens, I had a sweet little deal all worked out. All we had to do was drive up to Chicago . . .”

Here he was, lecturing me about telling him my plans a few days in advance, and he was springing a surprise drive in the country on me. I probably would have burst a blood vessel right there and then, except something he’d said set off a warning bell. “Chicago?”

Grizzly looked puzzled. “Something wrong, ‘Gale?”

I leaned back against the Samaritan, my eyes closed. I didn’t have a headache yet, but I had a feeling I was going to get one soon. “Tell me please you didn’t say Chicago.”

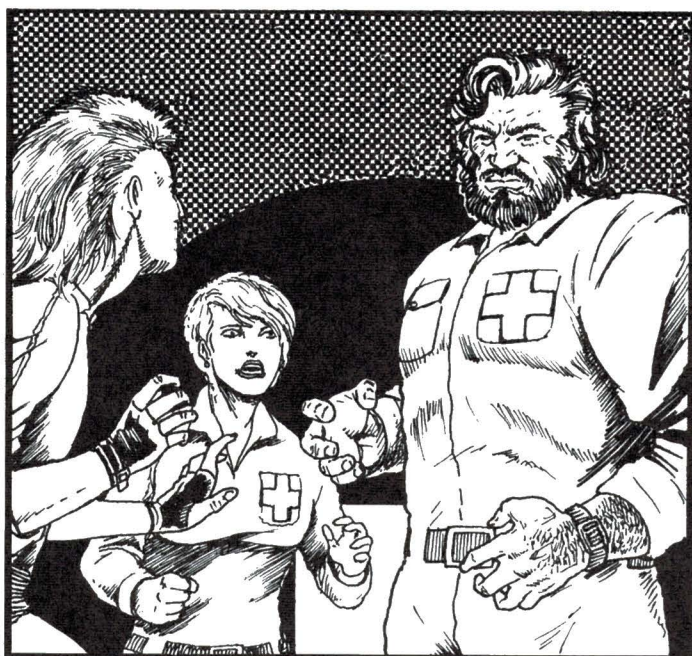
“Yeah, I did. What’s with you? You feelin’ all right?”

There was that headache. I began to bang the back of my skull against the side armor. Thump. Thump. Thump. Surprising how soothing something like that can be. Diamondback, I cursed silently, you sly sonovagun. “So, what’d he offer you?”

“All expenses, plus five grand,” Griz replied casually. I waited. It’d have to sink in sooner or later.

It turned out to be a lot sooner than I thought — only 45 seconds before Grizzly asked softly, “What d’ya mean, what’d he offer me?”

I sighed, jacking my thumb over my shoulder in the general direction of our gleaming new universal turret. “Where do you think that came from?”



“Diamondback.” Grizzly muttered under his breath.

“Diamondback,” I agreed.

“That sly sonuvagun!” Grizzly shook his head in wonder.

“Gale, we’ve been had!”

“Tell me about it.”

“What’d that snake tell you we were doing?” I could tell that Griz would gladly have wrung Diamondback’s neck on the spot. For once I wasn’t sure who he was angrier with — ol’ Diamondback Peters, or himself for being suckered. The only safe thing to do when he was in that kind of mood was to tell the unvarnished truth and get ready to duck.

“We’re playing doctor for one of his convoys to Chicago,” I said. “I figured it was easy money. After all, nobody in his right mind fires on a Samaritan. What’d he tell you?”

Grizzly frowned. “Patient transfer. Said he wanted us to drop one of his boys off for some reconstructive surgery.”

I whistled in amazement. “Must be some injury, sending someone all the way to Chicago. Couldn’t they do it here?”

Griz seemed to be cooling down in the face of this puzzle. “Guess not. Either whoever it is can’t afford Gold Cross, or maybe he’s not that much of a goner.”

“Poor fella. Wonder what happened to bust him up so bad?”

“Or for Diamondback to want him so far out of his hair.”

To tell the truth, I was amazed I hadn’t come to that conclusion myself. Diamondback was aptly named — and I was getting really tired of playing Eve and eating apples. I shook my head. “Say, Griz, you fix that loose cabinet door yet?”

“I was just goin’ to now.”

A knock rattled our corrugated tin door.

I looked up at Grizzly and saw a grim, slightly puzzled look in his eyes that was surely reflected in my own. He draped one of his arms around my shoulder absently and called, “Come in!”

The door scraped open, and a slight figure limped in. He looked a lot scruffier and limped a lot less painfully than when we’d last seen him, but I recognized him instantly. There was no doubt our guest had recognized us, for the moment his eyes

adjusted to the dimness of the hangar he stopped dead, his jaw tensed, and the color drained from his face.

“You!” he squealed, jumping back like a frightened wild colt. His left leg folded under him, and he crashed to the ground with a metallic clank. As a matter of reflex, both Grizzly and I were at his side and helped him back up, after a cursory survey showed that the fall hadn’t harmed him. “I’m sorry, it’s all a big mistake,” he raced on, trying to back away again, “wrong address, you know how it is . . .”

“Yeah, we sure do,” Griz growled sympathetically, taking the poor man’s hand, engulfing it in his huge paw, then shaking it vigorously. “Welcome to the club, pal.”

Kneecap looked from Griz to me uncertainly, and I couldn’t blame him. The last time the three of us met, Griz and I had nearly killed him. We hadn’t, obviously, but his erstwhile partner, Autopistol, hadn’t been so lucky. A petite young woman from the islands named Flashpoint had seen him preparing to blow me away, and that had been his last mistake. No citizen tolerated the murder of a perfectly good (or even perfectly mediocre) Samaritan. You never know when you might need one.

Kneecap was a little slow, but suddenly a glimmer of understanding entered his muddy brown eyes. “Diamondback.”

“You got it.”

“Diamondback!” he shouted, kicking our tool cabinet viciously. “Of all the low-down sneaky stunts that lousy sonovabitch could pull . . . !”

“My sympathies,” I snorted as he hopped around on one foot, cursing. Our cabinet wasn’t packed, it was *packed*, and there just wasn’t any give to it anymore. Serve him right if he broke his foot, I thought, turning and heading for the Samaritan.

Kneecap hobbled after me as fast as he could. “Where ya goin’?”

“To see a man about his last wish, if you must know.”

“Diamondback?” He didn’t wait to hear my answer before he pushed past me to sit inside.

“Hey! Where do you think you’re going?” I snarled, diving in after him, Griz only inches behind me.

“You’re not leaving me stranded in the boonies again!” he shot back. “Do you have any idea of what I had to do to get home after you two so-called ‘angels of mercy’ left me in Canarsie?”

“Not interested,” Griz replied.

That didn’t seem to slow him at all. “I had to beg a ride from jailbait, that’s what! Took her trike into Canarsie on a dare. And you know what? She wanted me to pay for the ride!”

I tried to pretend I wasn’t interested.

“I didn’t have any money left, if you recall, after you sold me back my own gun to go with those clips you traded me for the location of Boom-Boom’s garage!”

Grizzly yawned elaborately. He was a lot better at feigning indifference than I was. His knuckles also popped louder. “So?”

“So, she wanted to take it out in trade, if you, uh, know what I mean.”

I grinned wickedly. “And you couldn’t rise to the occasion?”

He looked miffed. “No! I mean, um, of course I could.”

Griz whooped. “You got caught with your pants down!”

Kneecap blushed furiously. “Her five Italian uncles didn’t have much sense of humor, it seems,” he said dryly. “It’s not very healthy for me around here any more.”

I frowned slightly. “I still don’t get how Diamondback figures into this. How’d you get involved with him?”

Kneecap shrugged. “Hey, I was desperate. Word was, he

could get me out of Brooklyn fast.” He smiled wickedly. “So, what’s your excuse?”

I went for him, and Griz grabbed me by the shoulder. “Cut it out, you two! That won’t solve anything!”

“It’ll solve him,” I grumbled. “What’re we going to do, Griz? I’m not hauling him to Chicago!”

“And I wouldn’t travel with you if my life depended on it!”

“In case you’ve forgotten, Prince Charming, your life *does* depend on it!”

“*Shut up!*” Grizzly snapped. “It’s very simple, troops. We’ll drive over to Diamondback’s garage and shove a grenade up his . . .”

“Grizzly!”

We drove over to Diamondback’s garage. Although I talked Griz out of his grenade plan, he insisted on being the one to tell Diamondback where to shove his lousy job. When he came back almost immediately, his silence and flinty eyes told me all I needed to know.

“He’s bugged out, hasn’t he?”

“He did this to us on purpose. Look what I found taped to the door.” He tossed a crumpled paper ball into my lap, and after smoothing it out, I read it.

There were only 13 words printed on the page, in Diamondback’s distinctive scrawl of barely legible block letters. How techs ever read his designs, I’ll never know. The note read:

LIVE WITH IT GUYS
ONLY 16 HRS. TO CHICAGO
SEE U THERE
-DIAMONDBACK

“Live with it?” Kneecap moaned.

“We’re not going.” Grizzly said decisively. “Screw him and his mind games. I quit.”

Now Kneecap panicked. “You can’t quit! Someone’s got to get me outta Brooklyn, and that someone is you! If I stay here, I’ll die!”

“You’re breaking my heart. We’re not going, right, ‘Gale?’” He looked toward me, expecting confirmation.

I shook my head. “Wrong. We do go.”

“What?”

“Look, we have to, Griz, he’s outmaneuvered us for the moment. He paid for the new additions to the rig, and he’ll leap at the chance to repossess her if we renege. And Kneecap, you’ve probably paid him big time to get you out of Brooklyn, right?”

“Uh, yeah,” he said, scratching the back of his head. He looked distinctly uncomfortable, and I didn’t blame him. Getting caught between Diamondback and Grizzly wasn’t pretty.

“Well, I say we go, if only to have the satisfaction of telling him what he can do with his practical jokes. It’ll satisfy our end of the deal so he doesn’t have an excuse to take the Samaritan. Agreed?”

Grizzly sighed. “I don’t like it. Over eight hundred miles of the worst roads on the continent for that creep.”

“Seems like there isn’t much choice, is there?” Kneecap muttered.

I glared at him, and he subsided into uneasy silence. What he thought didn’t really make a difference to Griz and me, even if he was right. “What else can we do, Griz?”

Griz shook his head, consigning us to fate. “God help us.”

I’d been following the three 18-wheelers we’d been assigned to for almost five hours, and the trip had been uneventful. No equipment failures, no cargo breaking loose, nothing. Not even a pass from the truckers raunchy enough to warrant a good mock feud. All that happened was that this joker in a Wall Street Special who’d been sitting on our tail for ten minutes passed close on our left. Half an hour later, I caught sight of him passing on our right and turning off at the next exit. I guess I should have been suspicious. After all, nothing ever went off without a hitch when Diamondback was involved.

Kneecap had sprawled, to my annoyance, on one of our gurneys, and had been humming tunelessly for some time. “Hey, sweetheart, think we can pull over so I can, uh, take care of business?”

I rolled my eyes at Grizzly. “Better radio and let our pals know we’re making a pit stop.”

“We’re already behind schedule,” Griz reminded me.

“Yeah, I know. But I’m not riding to Chicago in a puddle.”

Griz frowned and picked up the mike. “Breaker, Hawk, this is Mercy-1, come on.”

I’d met Hawk, the driver of the lead truck, at one of Diamondback’s victory parties. He didn’t look particularly hawklike, but I don’t look like a drab brown bird either. He was a handsome young man dressed in a weathered brown bomber

jacket with a sheepskin collar. What intrigued me most was his entirely unassuming demeanor as he watched everyone else at the party, occasionally flashing an engaging smile at acquaintances. Jimbo and I had just had a particularly nasty break-up, and I'd quietly been putting away enough whiskey to support a small family in Scotland. Suddenly, I'd found myself without a glass and on the receiving end of the most deeply relaxing shoulder and neck massage I'd ever experienced. The rest is history. Not very interesting history, since at the time I was too hung up on Jimbo to realize what a "catch" Hawk was. By the time I'd finally wised up, Hawk was happily pursuing a pretty, smart young lab technician. We still flirted, though that was as far as it went.

"I read you, Griz. What does Legs want now?"

I leaned over to the microphone while keeping my eyes on the road. "One of your patented neck rubs for one, lover."

"Granted, when we pull into the truck stop tonight. And anything else you want rubbed, too. Anything else?"

"We're pulling over for a pit stop. We'll catch up with you guys in ten, okay?" Griz answered before I could get a word in.

"Anything wrong?" Hawk asked worriedly.

"Nah, just need to see a man about a horse," Griz told him.

"I copy. 'Gale, you take good care of Griz, now, hear?" He sounded a little uneasy about leaving us, but he knew as well as I that if we pulled over the entire convoy, it would take twice as long than if we hung back and caught up with them.

"I heard that, Hawk. Catch ya later," I said.

"Not if I catch you first."

"Promises, promises," I sighed, scanning the side of the road. A few minutes later I spotted a place where a few haggard trees provided privacy from passing traffic. I parked and opened a cabinet about a foot away from Kneecap's left ear. "Watch your head," I said as I took down a handful of sterile gauze pads. "Here you go, sir. Restroom's on the right."

He looked out the windshield gloomily. "You're kidding."

"No, I'm not kidding. We're late, and we don't have time to look for a truckstop, so get moving."

"What if something happens? Like, I get bitten by a snake?"

"We'll congratulate it," Griz said, "then we'll treat you."

I leaned back in my chair, stretched lazily, and closed my eyes. "We'll wait five minutes. If you're not back by then, we'll call the snake patrol."

Muttering darkly, no doubt about my parents' state of matrimony, he climbed down and walked off.

"Think we should just drive off and leave him, Griz?"

He speculated a moment. "Nah, 'Gale. Too easy."

Blam, blam! Two quick shots in succession, and a scream of utter panic. "Guess he found that snake."

Grizzly fairly shot out of his seat, grabbing his rifle off the rack behind him. "Guess again."

As Griz ran to the back doors, flung them open, and took aim, I started the Samaritan. I saw Kneecap pelting toward us, his jumpsuit only half-zipped. Driving slowly behind him, laughing and firing just close enough to keep him moving, was a Bombardier. Two good 'ol boys having a little fun. They caught sight of the Samaritan and Griz's rifle and sped up.

I gunned the engine. "Move it!"

Kneecap dove for the back doors, and Griz caught him on the fly. He yanked Kneecap in and slammed the doors just in time to stop a volley of gunfire that would've cut them both in half.

Grizzly flung himself towards the front of the Samaritan as I threw her into gear. As Griz strapped in, I heard Kneecap fum-

bling behind me. Rather superfluously, I thought, he screamed, "Hijackers!"

The tires squealed as I skidded onto the roadway, spraying gravel. "Whatever gave you that idea?" A flash of red streaked by my window.

"Pull over!" the radio crackled.

"Like hell!" Griz snarled, and I heard the VMG whine around and sputter furiously.

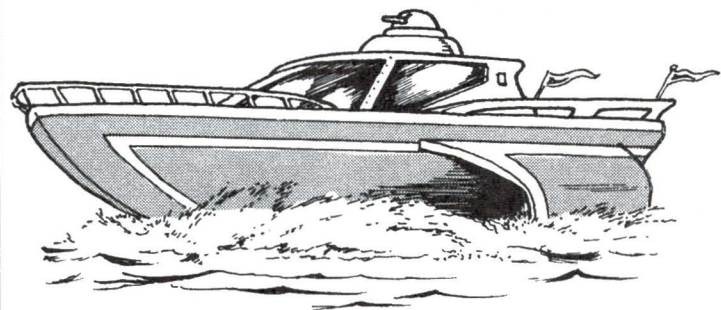
"Why are they shooting at us?" I howled as I heard my beautiful paint job being blasted away.

Atlantic Watercraft and Rothschild's **Mako Belle**

.....

Live life on the open sea, away from the hassles of city life! Get the Mako Belle.

This lady has all the comforts of home. It's perfect for you and a friend to take it easy — with the security of an Autocannon, and the luxury of Rothschild fittings.



Mako Belle — Cruiser, 1/2 top; above deck: AC in universal turret w/2 extra mags (one HD ammo), magazine switch, 8 spaces cargo/deck space, life raft, below deck: large PP, 2 props, pilot, hi-speed homing torpedoes L and R, 2 passenger accommodations w/4 spaces cargo/headroom, galley, mobile TV and audio stack, marine radio, computer navigator, sonar, FE, bilge pump, anti-theft, outside; 11 APFDs, armor: F40, L40, R40, B40, T35, U35, D35, 2 10-pt. prop guards, HC 2, Accel. 5, top speed 40 mph, 14,480 lbs. (pilot only, no cargo), \$62,000.

Mako Belle L — add NoPaint tinted windows, vehicular computer, radar, radar jammer linked to detector, surge protector, \$71,900.

Mako Belle XL — as L, add Autopilot linked to computer gunner for AC, laser battery, 14,640 lbs., \$85,500.

“Because we’re carrying narcotics and look like a fat, easy target?” Griz said in a sweet sing-song.

“We’re Samaritans, damn it!” I looked into my side mirror. They were gaining fast, and I saw what looked like a missile launcher being brought to bear. We had other problems, too, a jet ‘copter coming up fast. Strange that we were well within missile range and it hadn’t opened up yet. I tried not to think about our problems in the air since there wasn’t a damned thing I could do about them. My main concern was spoiling the Bomb’s aim. I took one hand off the steering controls to punch a red button on the roof between Griz and me.



I heard their tires screech as they tried unsuccessfully to avoid running right into a wall of flame. For the few moments that they were blinded, I slammed the accelerator to the floorboards and gained some precious distance. God, I loved my HДФОJ!

“Call the truckers!” Kneecap squeaked.

“For one Bombardier? Are you kidding? We’d be laughed right out of Brooklyn.” Grizzly kept firing.

“Oh, joy.” Kneecap moaned. “After all, it’s much better to be dead.”

“Make that one Bomb and a jet ‘copter, Griz. Check six and thank Diamondback for upgrading our turret to a universal.” Against my better judgment, I took my eyes off the road to look up into my rear view mirror — the one I’d affixed to the front windshield. Not that in an ambulance you could see traffic coming up behind you; that was the job of the two oversized shatter-proof mirrors on either side of the Samaritan’s cab. My ‘rear view’ was strictly for looking into the back of the Samaritan to see how Griz and our patients were doing.

Kneecap didn’t look too happy. He’d strapped himself into the hard little fold-down seat and was hanging on for dear life. “Are you trying to get us all killed, you stupid woman driver?”

Grizzly never took his eyes from his display or stopped firing the VMG. “Shaddup, ya wimp,” he growled, slapping Kneecap across the side of the head.

“Hey! Look who’s talking! Here you are shooting at tires when we got a ramplate!”

“Not in back, we don’t!” he snarled back.

I swung hard to the right to avoid a missile burst, and sure enough, I heard a loud thunk and a curse. I’d been after Grizzly to fix that loose cabinet door for months. Every time I made a tight right, the latch slipped and the door swung wide, braining whoever was lucky enough to be sitting in the fold-down seat.

Even as I swung left to force the door to latch, I heard the muffled sound of sterile dressings raining down on Kneecap. “Watch your head!” I advised.

“Watch the road,” Griz cautioned.

“Why, is it going to do something?”

It did indeed. It opened up just in front of us and pelted the windshield with chunks of asphalt. Instinctively I flinched, and we sloughed to the right and nearly ran off the road.

That did it. I dropped the side window and stuck my head out, looking back wildly for the dark green Bombardier that had been blazing away at our tail armor. Now it was only half a car-length away from being parallel with my window. “Whadd-arya, blind?” I screamed, jacking a thumb back at my side panel. “Can’tcha see I’m a medic?!”

“Medic!?” the Bomb’s gunner yelled back. “Why ain’tcha marked?”

“What?!” I slammed on the brakes.

We skidded to a stop on the gravel shoulder, while the Bombardier overshot us and pulled to a screeching halt . . . right in the front arc of our VMG. Almost before we stopped, Griz was out the door. I’d switched the VMG to my controls, my finger tensing nervously on the trigger. Griz took only a minute to come back with the bad news.

“Paint gun,” he said with disgust. “Someone nailed us but good . . . all our red crosses but the one topside.”

The Bomb’s driver looked uncomfortable. “Oh. Maybe that was what our air unit was trying to tell us, huh, Moe?”

“Paint gun?” That bastard who’d been following us! I folded my arms and put them and my head on the steering yoke. “What color, Griz? Electric blue? Neon pink? Acid green?”

“Hospital white. And it ought to be easy enough to touch up.” He reached in through the window and patted me on the back of my crash helmet. “They didn’t spatter a single drop on the mural, either.”

“No?” I lifted my head, looked at him hopefully.

“No. Tweedledumb and Tweedledumber left some nice scorch marks, though.”

“I’ll kill them.” I started to slide out the window to get a better look, but my holster got caught. As I drew my Puma so I could wriggle free, the Tweedles started jabbering.

“Hey, come on, man, we didn’t know you was medics!”

“Yeah, you wasn’t marked or nothin’. And how do we know you are medics, anyway?”

Grizzly slipped his hand into his license pocket. “Here. If you don’t believe us, I can shoot you and ‘Gale here will treat you.”

From underneath my supplies in the back of the Samaritan, I heard a muffled voice. “That was a joke, right?”

“That was a joke. I think.”

We caught up with Hawk and the other truckers without further incident, and pulled into the heavily fortified truck stop they’d selected for the night. We were all hungry, so the matter of what to take care of first — rooms or food — was easy. Truck stop restaurants aren’t much to look at, but they serve the best coffee and pie anyone could ever want, and the best food, if you don’t order anything too fancy.

There were a bunch of cyclists inside, but that didn’t worry me much. What we hadn’t counted on was that I was the only woman in the place. There wasn’t even a waitress; you gave your order, carried it to your table, and then cleaned up when you finished.

The truckers gave me a warm and boisterous welcome. I grinned a little uneasily, said a general “Hi, guys,” and sat down

to study my menu. Griz, Kneecap and I shared one table while Hawk, the other two drivers and their gunners took a table for six nearby.

"Hey, beautiful, if you're lookin' for some southern comfort, come on up to my room."

I looked up and met the gaze . . . no, the leer of the scruffiest person I'd ever seen. He was dressed in black leather and seemed never to take the toothpick from the corner of his mouth. I felt Grizzly tensing up beside me, and saw Hawk watching from the corner of his eye. With as charming a smile as I could manage, I said, "I don't think so, thanks."

"Baby, you're the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen. Looked over here and said to myself that I just *had* to have you."

I felt the smile freeze in place. "No, really. Thank you for the compliment, but all I want is to get some supper and turn in *by myself*."

He leaned over me, and put his hand on my shoulder. "Come on. We both know what kind of lady you are showing up at a truck stop, so quit playin' so hard to get. You came in with two men. Why not give a little fresh blood a try?" he asked.

Kneecap scrunched down in the booth, trying to hide behind his menu. "Please," he muttered softly to the scruffy-looking cyclist who was standing over our table picking his teeth, "don't start with her. We don't want any trouble."

The cyclist turned to him with a nasty, gap-toothed smile. "Oh, I can see you're not looking for trouble, Gimp," he sneered, slapping Kneecap on the left knee just a tad too hard to be friendly. Kneecap sucked in his breath, his eyes clenching shut, but otherwise said nothing. "Whatsa matter, little man . . . you 'fraid to take it outside if I bother your old lady?"

seemed to vibrate on the still, smoky air. "Please, 'Gale, not now. I've got a headache."

"Hey, it's cool," I said, trying to reassure Griz and get rid of the cyclist at the same time. I didn't feel much like a brawl myself. Truck stops are supposed to be neutral territory. Besides, I didn't want to get kicked out before a quick shower.

"Look, man," Kneecap replied softly to the cyclist's last question, "I'm just telling you for your own good . . ."

The cyclist's face positively beamed with joy. "That was a threat!" he crowed, grabbing Kneecap by the front of his jacket. "You threatened me right here in front of everyone. Right, guys?"

"Yeah, whatever," some weary, put-upon traveler yawned. "Just keep it down over there."

The cyclist pulled back and cocked a fist. I'd never seen anyone so happy to get an excuse to break a face before. I had a big choice: let Kneecap get some teeth knocked out, or get involved. Personally, I was inclined towards the former. Kneecap and I were hardly on the best of terms. I was the reason for his nickname, having damaged both his kneecaps in less than 48 hours. However, he was going to get his face beaten in in defense of my honor, and that was a privilege I reserved for myself, for Grizzly and for my family.

I jumped up, barking both thighs against the table's edge, and grabbed the cyclist's wrist. "I said, 'It's cool'," I repeated icily.

There was a blinding white flash of pain, and I found myself sprawled on the cold, supposedly white linoleum. I put my hand to my face — it hadn't started hurting anywhere specific yet — and came away with a handful of hot, coppery-smelling blood.

"Hey!" That brought Grizzly rearing to his feet, swatting the



Old lady? I felt my cheeks start burning, and caught a glimpse of my reflection in the plate glass window. My upper lip was peeled back slightly over my upper teeth, my eyes narrowed. The unflinchingly optimistic might have termed my expression a smile, but when Griz looked my way, he closed his eyes and rested his head on his folded arms. His voice, much muffled,

formica table out of his way with a wicked backhand. The table skidded about a foot out into the aisle before it crashed into me, and I swore roundly as its pedestal settled on top of my right hand. From my vantage point, I could see Hawk charging towards us.

"Eeep!" Kneecap commented as he ducked and Griz's swing

whistled by overhead. Too bad the cyclist didn't catch the hint half as well as he caught Grizzly's roundhouse . . . in the teeth.

The cyclist was knocked back, still hanging onto Kneecap, and landed on the table of the traveler who'd asked him to keep it down.

That was when the fun began.

"Ow!" I whined, jerking away from the stinging antiseptic swab Grizzly was dabbing my forehead with. I'd bandaged his slashed arm, and now it was my turn to have all sorts of uncomfortable things done to me in the name of warding off infection.

"Keep still," he said soothingly, "I'm almost finished."

"It hurts!"

"Want me to kiss it and make it better?" he asked quietly, smiling and leaning a bit closer.

"Yeah, me too," Kneecap moaned, startling us and making Griz jump back. "Why do I get an ice pack and 'you'll be fine' when I've been beaten within an inch of my life and she gets the royal treatment for a little cut on her head?"

"Because she's prettier than you are." Hawk smiled and stepped into the van, sporting one hell of a shiner. "How you feelin', Legs?"

"I'm fine. Kneecap's right, it's mostly superficial." I put a hand to my nose to make sure the bleeding had stopped.

Hawk chuckled and stepped behind me, massaging my shoulders while Griz glared poisonously at Kneecap. "Legs, Griz, I hate to say it, but you're trouble magnets. Every time I turn around you're patching each other up."

Trapshooter



Simplicity, accuracy, reliability, and enough firepower to blow your opponents' doors off! The Trapshooter is the answer to the prayers of Div. 20 duellists who want that "lean, mean, fighting machine," not a cart full of Mister Professor's dubious gadgets. Twin front-mounted Vulcans give you accuracy, firepower and plenty of ammo to chew your opponents up. A third, turreted Vulcan, loaded with high-density ammo, insures you can hit your opponents at any angle. And when you bring your targets into the front arc, the Electrofabrique Suisse brand smart-link allows you to concentrate the firepower of all three guns for a hail of ammunition that will shred the most heavily armored opponents. Get 'em in front, and shoot 'em up, with Trapshooter!

Trapshooter — Mid-sized, x-hvy. chassis, hvy. suspension, large PP, 4 puncture-resistant tires, driver, 2 linked Vulcan machine guns front, turreted Vulcan machine gun loaded with HD ammo, 3 linked FC dischargers (1 each R, L, B), SWC (turreted VMG), smart-link (turreted VMG to front VMGs), portable fire extinguisher. Armor: F40, R27, L27, B25, T20, U12, Accel. 5, top speed 92.5, HC 3; 5,743 lbs. (cargo capacity 17 lbs.), \$19,316.

"Not true," Griz protested. "Most of the time things are pretty quiet. Seems like the only time people start gunning for us is when Diamondback's involved."

"Yeah. Funny how it works out that way, isn't it?" Hawk said thoughtfully. "Though you two are the only ones it seems to happen to twice in one day . . ."

I know I should have been grateful to have reached Chicago in one piece the next day, but as I carefully guided the Samaritan through the streets I felt anxiety settle like a cinder block inside my chest. I found myself checking the mirrors religiously every few seconds. Brooklyn habits die hard, especially when I'd been running as long and as hard as I had during the past two days. "How's the wing, Griz?" I asked.

"Been better." he grunted. I could see from the corner of my eye that blood was starting to soak through the bandages, but he merely asked nonchalantly, "Why do you ask?"

"I dunno, Griz. I've just got this, well, feeling."

"I often have that effect on women, you know," he rumbled teasingly, patting my right knee with his left hand.

"Griz, that's not what I . . ." I trailed off and frowned slightly, looking at Griz from the corner of my eye. Was it my imagination, or had I been as dense as neutronium? Suddenly I got the feeling that Grizzly wasn't hanging around just because he owned part of the Samaritan. Sure, we did just about everything together, and he'd always been protective of me. I'd always gone out on a limb for him, too. Sure, he'd hated Jimbo on sight. I should've followed his lead. As I was trying to figure out how I felt, I got the distinct feeling I should stop worrying about our partnership and start worrying about our skins again.

He must've sensed how ill at ease I was, for suddenly he turned serious. "Trouble?"

I shook my head. "I dunno."

He checked his mirror. "Cept for an ice cream truck, we're clear aft. There ain't a duellin' machine in sight."

"Yeah, guess so." I sighed, and peered into my mirror. It was one of those boxy trucks, with an ugly lit-up plastic clown and a plinkety melody guaranteed both to attract every kid in the neighborhood and cause any nearby adult to cough up money just to make the damned thing go away. The other thing I (and most other city drivers) hate about ice cream trucks is that they're a bona fide road hazard. If a kid ran out to the curbside and accidentally dropped some change in the street, those trucks'd literally stop on a dime. While I was a young EMT in training on the city ambulance corps, I'd been riding shotgun with my instructor. We were cruising along on the Belt Parkway service road when this ice cream truck right in front of us came to a stop so short that we plowed right into the back of his truck, and I do mean into the back of his truck. Hated them ever since.

I guess having that monstrosity latched onto my rear bumper for six blocks was beginning to get on my nerves, and I checked my mirror again. "Griz . . . will you scope out the rear view?"

He looked into his side mirror, scowling. "Ain't it gone yet? He gonna pass us or what?"

I shot another look in my side mirror. "I don't get it. Kneecap hasn't done anything cute like write 'Help, I'm being kidnapped' on the back windows, has he?"

"With what?" Griz got up, walked back and looked at him anyway. "Sleeping like a baby, but otherwise fine."

Something in the mirror caught my eye, and I looked back to see the impossible. There was a kid chasing the ice cream truck,

waving a ten and cursing the driver at the top of his lungs. I saw the driver flip the kid the bird, and that's when I knew.

I slammed the accelerator to the floor. The laws of physics dictated what happened next: bodies in motion tend to stay in motion, and bodies at rest tend to stay at rest. Grizzly stayed at rest relative to the rest of the Samaritan just a moment too long. His feet were yanked out from under him, and I heard a wheezy grunt of expelled air as he fell on top of Kneecap. "What the hell . . ."

"Ambush!" I howled into the radio, and I flipped on the lights and sirens.

"Ow." Kneecap said softly.

Grizzly staggered forward as I tried to lose the ice cream truck. I heard the staccato stutter of a machine gun.

Grizzly punched the flaming oil jet again. This time, there was no familiar fireball, and Griz swore and punched the dashboard as he dropped into his station. "We're Samaritans, damn it! Why is everyone gunning for us this trip?"

"Don't ask me, I'm just the driver!"

"Well, who else should I ask?" he asked, blazing away at the ice cream truck.

I pulled a sharp left through an intersection, swore, and swerved right again. I almost missed the wire trash can on the corner. It rebounded off the corner of my bumper and crashed through the front window of a bar.

Kneecap was standing at the back doors. "Great driving, Mac-Laine! You know what kind of bar that was?"

"Let me guess. The kind where they serve booze?"

"Give you a clue. There are 30 guys getting on their cycles."

"Oh. That kind of bar."

"Gale!"



I looked into my side mirror. Grizzly seldom panicked, and when I got a look at what he'd already seen, my heart nearly stopped. The plastic clown was tilting back, and I didn't like what I saw mounted underneath it. There was no way we were going to survive a hit from a supermissile. Not with our weakened rear armor.

Grizzly was keeping the ice cream truck from getting a clear shot by hammering away at their front armor and their wind-

shield. Those bikers were getting closer, too. A quick look in my side mirror showed they'd been joined by a pickup full of heavily armed punks.

"So, tell me Kneecap," I said calmly, easing the Puma out of its holster. "Who should I ask about why everyone is gunning for us?"

"I, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, I think you do." I put my gun in my lap. "The drivers of the Bombardier were chasing you. There'd be no reason for anyone to set me and Griz up. How powerful were these Italian uncles you crossed?"

"No, it couldn't've been them," Kneecap protested. "They're strictly local!"

"You're sure?"

"Listen, if they were connected, would they have come after me personally? With baseball bats?"

He was right, that didn't sound likely. I looked into the side view. The cyclists had just drawn even with the ice cream truck.

The super missile was pointed right at us. We couldn't go any faster. There wasn't time to turn off the avenue. And there was nothing we could do to avoid getting hit.

"Hang on," I shouted, and I slammed on the brakes.

"Lady? Lady, are you all right?" Someone was shaking my shoulder firmly, and someone gently slipped my crash helmet off. "Maybe we better send for another ambulance . . ."

I roused myself at that. Maybe I wasn't fit to drive, but I'd be damned if I arrived at the emergency room without my Samaritan. Somebody knew his stuff: my head was being held in line with my spine. I ached all over, but my neck didn't hurt enough to signal any serious injury. I felt a pair of sure hands glide over the back of my neck, feeling for any deformities.

"I don't think it's broken," I ventured shakily. "Where's my partner?"

"Right here, 'Gale.'" Grizzly swam into view, smiling grimly. His helmet was scuffed up and had a terrible crack in it, but I could see he was all right. "Lucky I had this to break the radio with instead of my pretty face, huh?"

"You were right, Griz. That was a stupid place to put a radio."

Griz leaned over and checked me out. "Well, it looks like your thick skull hasn't been hurt in the least. You can turn her loose now, Fever."

My eyes adjusted as a man dressed entirely in black leather came around and grinned at me. "Say, gorgeous, you ever wanna put those driving skills to good use, why don't you dump the extra tonnage and try two wheels?"

"I've grown accustomed to breathing," I answered. Motorcycle wrecks were the worst.

He laughed. "Be serious. The way you handle this monster, you're a natural!" He hopped out from the side door and trotted toward the back of our Samaritan.

I turned to Griz, and hugged him. I needed the support in more ways than one. "What happened?"

He stroked my short blonde hair. "They never got the chance to fire the missile. They would've gotten a clear enough chance to fire despite me, but their driver was a little hyper. He was practically riding our bumper when you hit the brakes."

"Where are they now?"

"Fever's gang got 'em. They were pretty upset when you sent that trash can through the front window of their favorite bar, but when they saw why, well, it was the cavalry to the rescue." He sighed, and held me away from him by the shoulders, his expres-

sion turning serious. "Nightingale, would you do me a favor? If I asked you real nice, I mean?"

"You got it, buddy, whatever you want," I said, brushing the hair out of his eyes tenderly.

"Don't ever do that again!" he growled, punctuating each word with a shake.

"In case anyone's interested," Kneecap said faintly from under a pile of sterile dressings and rubber gloves, "I'm fine."

"Hey. Thank God for rear armor, huh?" I pulled away from Griz, opened the door, and more or less fell onto my feet. I'd limped barely six feet before a woman with purple hair and a safety pin through her ear came over and handed me an ice cream cone. "Have a cone on the house."

"You're kidding. It was a legit ice cream truck?"

"When they weren't busy tryin' to knock folks off, yeah. Probably how they paid for their toys."

I looked at the back of the Samaritan. Diamondback was going to be extremely glad to see us, or rather how much damage we'd sustained, until he remembered that he'd promised Griz "all expenses paid." The ice cream truck was in a lot worse condition, though, and as I looked at its roof I realized that the super missile and its launcher were missing. I cocked an eyebrow at my companion, and she grinned wickedly. I decided I'd be happier not knowing. I looked at the dripping cone in my hand. "Rocky Road?"

"Under the circumstances, it seemed kinda appropriate."

"Huh. You have no idea."

We drove straight to Diamondback's garage, honking the horn about 50 feet from the door. "He'd better damned well open that door, Griz, or I swear I'll drive right through it."

"Take it easy, 'Gale. I know it sounds strange, but it might not be his fault we got into all those scrapes," Griz said.

"Do you really believe that?"

"No. But one of us has to be reasonable."

The door to the garage lifted slowly, and as our headlights swept into it, we could see that there was a party going full swing in there. My blood pressure crept up another few notches as I pulled into the bay and shut the engine off. "Before we all get out, are you sure there's nothing I should know, Kneecap?"

I heard the sliding side door slam shut.

"That's about what I thought." I opened my door and jumped down. Grizzly was about three moves ahead of me. He'd already gotten out of the van, grabbed Diamondback, and was holding him against the wall by his throat.

"Gale! Grizzly! Are you a sight for sore . . ."

"Can it!" I snapped. "You set us up! You always set us up!"

"I do not always set you up. Remember Canarsie? I told you I'd take care of it, but you were dead set on finding Boom-Boom yourself. I merely stepped in when it seemed judicious to do so."

"You took advantage of the situation!" Grizzly snarled.

"I never said I didn't." Diamondback said defensively.

"You also never said you didn't set us up this time. What was it? Contraband in the universal? New designs in a secret compartment in the ramplate?"

"Gale, dear, I never lied about what you were carrying."

"You never told me who I was carrying!"

He smiled nervously. "May I finish, please?" Your good friend, Kneecap there, whom incidentally we all know you'd never have agreed to take, may be a lousy thug and a worse gunner. He is, however, a superb designer."

I whirled and looked at Kneecap. He was standing behind one

of Diamondback's mechanics . . . until the mechanic saw the look in my eyes and stepped out of my line of fire. "And?"

"In addition to his troubles with certain irate persons, his boss, Oddjob, really didn't want him to go . . ."

"So we've been playing bumper tag all this time with Oddjob's goons?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so." Diamondback smiled. "On the other hand, uh, I'll be glad to repair the damage to the Samaritan . . ."

"And move the damned radio," Grizzly rumbled.

"And move the radio." Diamondback continued pleasantly.

"And install an anti-paint system," I added.

Diamondback's face crumpled into a frown. "Come on, 'Gale, be reasonable . . ."

"Let me put it to you this way: Which do you think is worth more, installing it, or your life?"

Diamondback smiled nervously. "One anti-paint field generator coming up. But that's all, 'Gale."

"Hey, fine with me." I turned to Griz. "Turn him loose."

Griz looked at me as if I were insane, but shrugging, he did. I turned and we started to walk away.



Diamondback never realized what was coming. If he did, he had the good grace to walk right into what he had coming to him. I whirled around and punched him as hard as I could right in the solar plexus. I knew, both from my course work and hard experience, that a well-placed punch at this nerve juncture was no picnic. He fell to his knees, wheezing, and looked up at me with surprised puppy-dog eyes. It didn't work this time. I was too mad at him to care. A gasp went up among his techs and guests, and the party came to a grinding halt.

"Don't you ever let me catch you using us again, you son of a bitch!" I snarled, not caring who or how many were staring at us. Then, with as much dignity as we could muster, Griz and I stalked out.

It didn't occur to me until nearly a month later — when Griz, our gleaming new Samaritan and I were safely back in Brooklyn — that all I'd really done was tell Diamondback *not to get caught*.

Mercer County, NJ

By Alex Rhodes

The new governor is Mason Ford, who makes little effort to conceal his status as a puppet of the corporations. Over the last few years, incidents of road duelling have increased. Ford insists that this is not a result of cutting off state funds to EDSEL/NJ, but popular sentiment disagrees.

Points of Interest

1. Municipal Center. This is where the governmental offices for the state of New Jersey are located. It was all but destroyed in the Food Riots, and had to be rebuilt. The headquarters for most of the major corporations that operate in New Jersey are also located in this area.

2. Trenton Death Sport Stadium. The "stadium" is actually an old tenement neighborhood surrounded by concrete walls. There is no live audience — spectators watch only on video, on a pay-per-view basis. Though ostensibly a government-funded public resource, it is generally known that the stadium is actually a corporate front. Many events are run here. The most common are automotive street duels, but private wars between rival street gangs are among the biggest attractions. Although Trenton is vigorously campaigning for the AADA to sanction the stadium, their petitions have so far been denied, both because of unsafe arena conditions and in protest over the Johnson assassination.

Mercer County is home to the capital of New Jersey, Trenton. Trenton was hit badly by the Food Riots, and is now mostly in shambles. While the Government offices remain in town, most government employees and elected officials live in Princetown or another nearby community and commute by subway. Most of the permanent population of Trenton is squatters and dregs, though some tenements survive, controlled by the big corporations that run most of the state.

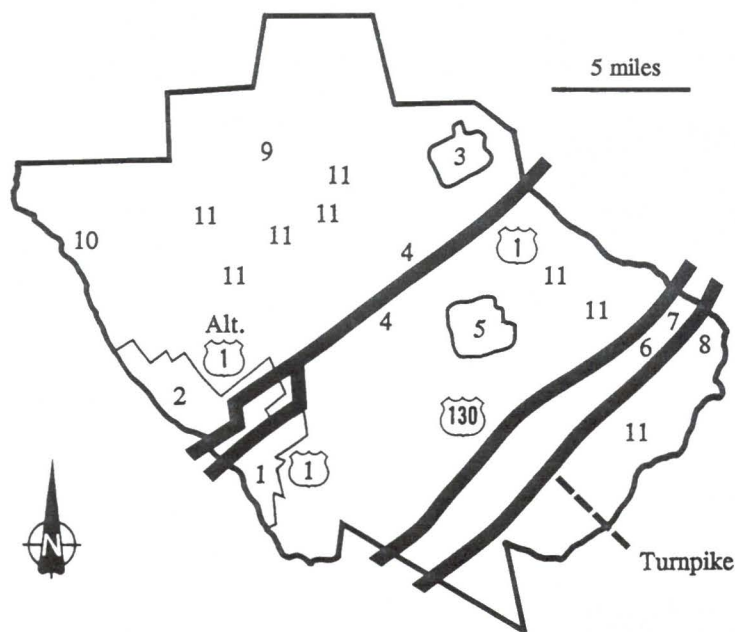
Mercer County has the only significant tourism in the whole state, due mostly to the New Jersey Turnpike, which runs through the county. The greatest driving hazard on the turnpike is craters and debris from EDSEL/NJ attacks on duelling motorists.

History

Early in the 20th century, most of Mercer County was farmland. In time, the land became steadily more developed. By the 1980s Mercer County was beginning to get overcrowded. Farmers, who found it harder and harder to make a profit, sold their land to housing developers at windfall prices. Housing developments grew like wildfire, the houses snatched up by yuppies and businessmen. By the turn of the century almost all of the farmland had disappeared.

The highway system did not keep pace with the changes in population that occurred during the last half of the 20th century. The existing roads were not designed to take the new levels of traffic. Many towns unexpectedly became major thoroughfares. New roads were built to handle the traffic. When autoduelling became popular, it was promptly declared illegal on most roads, but the ban did not last long, due to the difficulty in enforcing the law in such traffic. Not even EDSEL/NJ could keep the incidents down. Traffic jams became more and more common as more and more wreckage and debris piled up. The dangers of driving and the incredible volume of traffic led to a spontaneous increase in car-pooling, which actually decreased the traffic dramatically. Government employees commuting to Trenton formed cooperatives to buy themselves mini-busses to transport them to work. This experiment proved remarkably successful, and soon the corporations were offering their employees incentives to carpool, including the use of new-model corporate vehicles. Overall traffic volume decreased by more than 50%.

In recent history, until 2039 the governor of New Jersey was Mark Johnson, a popular and charismatic leader, who actually managed to win the active support of both EDSEL/NJ and the state's autoduelling community with his radical populist/anti-corporate message. However, Johnson was slain by a still-unknown assassin, shortly after it was revealed that he was secretly channeling state funds to EDSEL/NJ to support EDSEL's anti-corporate policies. A formal investigation of the assassination is still underway, but many independent observers see little chance of the true culprits ever coming to light. Johnson's death marked a major blow to EDSEL/NJ.



3. Princeton. Princeton is perhaps the safest place in all of New Jersey. It is surrounded by protective walls, and patrolled regularly by helicopters and patrol cruisers. The walls were paid for by donations from the residents, Princeton University and the state government.

Princeton has much to see. The Governor's Mansion is located here, and there is a subway leading from it to the Municipal

Buildings in Trenton. Princeton University is alive and well, although enrollment is limited and tuition is very, very expensive (currently at least \$50,000 a year). Points of interest inside the walls include PU's campus and Nassau street, which houses countless businesses, including Thomas' Sweets, the best ice cream parlor in New Jersey.

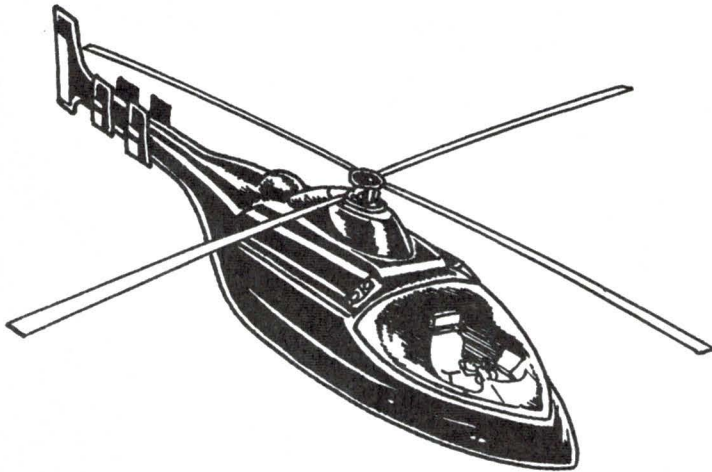
Vehicles are strictly prohibited within the city limits. However, trucks are allowed in to make deliveries to the local merchants. Others must leave their vehicles outside the walls, in well-armed garages protected by the Princeton Police Force. Anyone caught trying to steal, break into or tamper with anyone else's vehicle will, in addition to risking bodily harm and criminal charges, have his own vehicle confiscated and impounded. The PPF is a shining star among New Jersey's local police departments. They can rarely be bribed.

4. The Route 1 Corridor. Also known as the Highway to Hell. This is the heart of the New Jersey business community. This district is one of the corporate espionage capitols of the world.

Duelling can be nasty in the corridor. In addition to frequent EDSEL/NJ chopper patrols, corporate mercenary ambushes, designed to target key personnel traveling to work, are also a frequent hazard. Finally, the affluent commuters that frequent the Corridor can afford the very best in highway armament. The cooperatively-purchased car-pool minibuses are particularly well defended, and should not be provoked.

Corporate mercenaries have been known to imitate EDSEL/NJ patrols. If you have reason to suspect such an impersonation, the AADA recommends that you report it to EDSEL/NJ immediately. Duellists who have accurately reported such incidents have, in the past, been identified to EDSEL/NJ patrols with instructions to "look the other way."

Police in the corridor are completely controlled by the corporations. Police are extremely stern with out-of-towners, as they are under orders to consider every stranger a potential corporate spy.



5. Mercer County Community Park. The park is indifferently maintained. Though echoes of its former beauty remain, it is now choked with trash and overgrown with weeds. A haven for small-time gangs and drug dealers, it is presently completely unsuitable for most recreational purposes. However, several impromptu off-road duels occur here each week. Several corporations are reportedly considering plans to take advantage of this.

6. Hightstown Iron Works. Located just off the Route 33 exit of Route 130 lies the HIW. A registered Uncle Albert's dealer, it specializes in helicopters and metal armor. Metal armor is readily available, and can be seen on many cars in the vicinity. HIW is the exclusive dealer to EDSEL/NJ.

7. Hightstown. This is the center of Windsor-Hights. Local residents vehemently insist that it be called Hightstown, which was the original name before it officially merged with East Windsor in the early 21st century. For reasons that remain inscrutable to outsiders, it is considered an insult to ask a Hightstownian, or any native of New Jersey for that matter, what exit he or she lives on. Such a question will be met with return fire, no questions asked.

Most of the outlying area is wasteland, destroyed in the food riots. In the last few years, a few farms have begun to struggle back to life.

Hightstown High School is also in this area, and is protected by walls and machine gun nests. School buses are escorted by private security forces, as well as the HADDOCK (see below), as the local police are corrupt.

8. Pa's Saltshaker Truckstop. Located just off the New Jersey Turnpike (Exit 8), this establishment should be avoided at all costs. The food is terrible and overpriced, the place is filthy and the management is corrupt. Though there is no hard evidence, local rumor has the truckstop as the front to some sort of illicit operation, simply because that seems the only possible explanation for its continued existence.

9. Hopewell Toxic Waste Dump. One of the worst of the myriad dumps in the state. The entire area should be avoided, as safety regulations are none too strictly enforced. Leaky drums from the dump have been reported floating in the Delaware River.

10. Washington Crossing State Park. This is New Jersey's only real tourist attraction. Many Cultural events are held here, including drama, music and dance. However, scenery is minimal, and the park service personnel are known for their unfriendly attitudes. Nearby are several shops in the "safe" (i.e., furthest from the dump) part of Hopewell, where almost anything under the sun having to do with crafts or hobbies is available.

11. Fortress Developments. These housing enclaves represent the evolution of the housing developments of the late 20th century. The houses and condominiums inside the developments are themselves very expensive, and in addition each resident pays a large monthly fee, for hired guards and maintenance of the surrounding walls. Development houses are highly coveted, and sell for enormous amounts of money. Duelling is illegal within the walls, and this rule is rigorously enforced by development security. Fortress developments can be found all over Mercer County.

Organizations

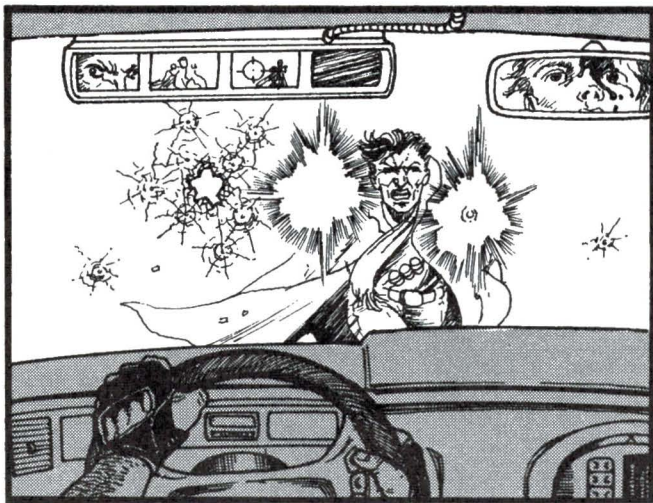
There are several autoduelling groups in the area, the most militant of which is The Hightstown Autoduellists Disgusted with Oppression, Corporations, and Kickbacks (HADDOCK). They can be identified by the fish logo appearing on the hoods of their vehicles. They are not yet officially affiliated with the

AADA. They have been known to work with EDSEL/NJ against corporations flying EDSEL colors for their own purposes.

A new group in the area is the Autoduellists Who Hate Incredibly Long Acronyms Like This One (ADWHILALTO). As their name says, they are a sarcastic bunch, nominally dedicated to the elimination of organizations with overly-long and contrived acronyms. They have an ongoing rivalry with HADDOCK for this reason. They are known to be rabid fans of the classic comedy troupe "Monty Python's Flying Circus," and their CB conversations are smattered with quotations from their shows and movies. In general, they are more humorous than they are dangerous. Nonetheless, the group contains several skilled duellists, and they should not be provoked lightly.

The only other autoduellist association of note is the Princeton University Pro-duelling Squad (PUPS), which is made up of students attending PU who have also won an AADA sanctioned event.

Workers for the corporations usually travel to and from work in packs of commuter minibuses. Rush hour should be avoided, as the workers can be testy after a day at the office.



EDSEL/NJ

The headquarters of EDSEL/NJ is located somewhere in Mercer County, but State Commander Barbara Hampshire constantly moves the base to keep herself safe from corporations, autoduellists and (it is rumored) certain higher echelons of EDSEL. She maintains 73 squadrons of three helicopters each, with six squadrons normally patrolling Mercer County. The squadron leaders are hand-picked by Hampshire. Their favorite haunts are the Route 1 corridor and the NJ Turnpike.

EDSEL/NJ's helicopters are much deadlier than other EDSEL chapters'. However, Johnson's assassination and the end of EDSEL's financial support could not have happened at a worse time. Hampshire had just started revamping her chopper force to compete with the increased deadliness and survivability of road vehicles. She had just started receiving shipment on the new HIW Enforcer Mk III. She only received 50 before the money ran out. As a result, only the best squadron leaders fly the new Enforcers. In addition, Hampshire has been forced to reactivate her mothball fleet of Enforcer Mk Is. She may have to divert funds from counter-espionage operations against the corporations in order to buy desperately-needed new helicopters. As noted above, they are purchased from Hightstown Iron Works.

The standard model deployed by EDSEL/NJ is the Enforcer.

Enforcer Mk I: Standard copter, super copter plant, pilot, gunner; 2 4 space EWP's with VFRP (AP ammo) and MML (Incendiary ammo) in each (forward) with ejection systems (linked) and 10 points plastic armor each; CD (back); HDSS (back); ITL (front) linked to VFRPs and MMLs; OG (bottom); 3 space bomb rack with 3 CBs (bottom); IFE; laser guidance for all 80 rockets to ITL; radar; radar jammer; radar detector (linked to chaff dispenser); infrared T&D; LDR; 2 HRTCs (driver, gunner); 2 ejection seats; computer gunner; 2 pairs of maneuver foils with jettison option (each pair linked); CACR; fiber optic web (covers back armor, EWP's, and both rotors), 5 photocells (links above webs to HDSS); links: both VFRPs, both MMLs, ejection seats and rotor jettison system; Rotor armor: 10 points each rotor. \$156,250, 19,945 lbs., accel. 5, maximum speed of 240 mph. Metal Armor F20, L20, R20, U30, B21, T18. HC 3. Ejection seats work as they do in the Firebrand.

The Mark II improves upon the Mark I by converting the pod armor to fireproof, adding fireproof armor to the maneuver foils, and changing the metal armor to a metal/FP plastic composite.

Enforcer Mk II: Standard copter, super copter plant, pilot, gunner; 2 4-space EWP's with VFRP (AP ammo) and MML (Incendiary ammo) in each (forward) with ejection systems (linked) and 10 points FP plastic armor each; CD (back); HDSS (back); ITL (front) linked to VFRPs and MMLs; OG (bottom); 3 space bomb rack with 3 CBs (bottom); IFE; laser guidance for all 80 rockets to ITL; radar; radar jammer; radar detector (linked to chaff dispenser); infrared T&D; LDR; 2 HRTCs (driver, gunner); 2 ejection seats; computer gunner; 2 pairs of maneuver foils with jettison option (each pair linked) and 8 pts FP plastic armor each; CACR; fiber optic web (covers back armor, EWP's, and both rotors), 5 photocells (links above webs to HDSS); links: both VFRPs, both MMLs, ejection seats and rotor jettison system; Rotor armor: 10 points each rotor. \$164,035, 19,995 lbs., accel. 5, maximum speed of 240 mph. LR Metal/FP Plastic F19/17, L18/16, R18/16, U19/18, B18/16, T18/16. HC 3.

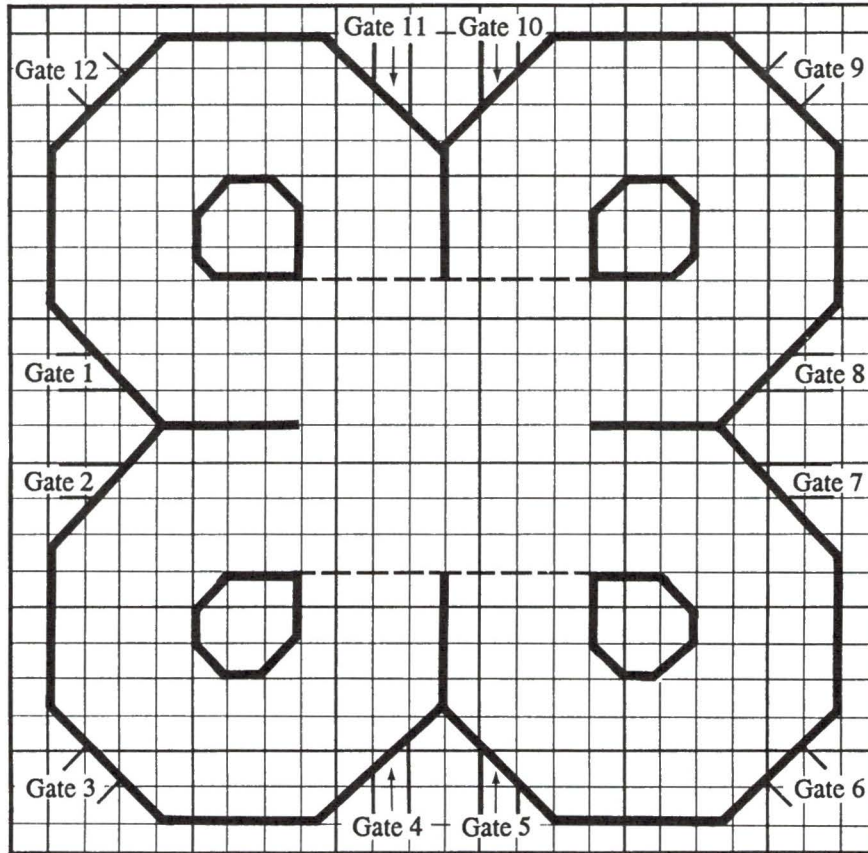
The Mark III is the latest model in the Enforcer Series. It takes advantage of new technology, and marks a change in design philosophy, with some items being replaced by cheaper alternatives, and others being removed altogether. The result is a deadlier, more efficient, and menacing helicopter.

Enforcer Mk III: Standard copter, super copter plant with platinum catalysts, pilot, gunner; 2 4-space EWP's with VFRP (AP ammo) and MML (Incendiary ammo) in each (forward) with ejection systems (linked) and FP 10 points plastic armor each; MML (back, with smoke stream loads); ITL (front) linked to VFRPs and MMLs; OG (bottom, with 3 magazines with regular, flaming, and ice ammo with a magazine switch); IFE; laser guidance for all 80 rockets to ITL; radar; radar jammer; radar detector infrared T&D; LDR; HRTC (gunner); HRSWC (pilot to ITL); 2 safety ejection seats; 2 pairs of maneuver foils with jettison option (each pair linked) and 10 pts FP plastic armor each; improved tail assembly; 2 extra main and 2 extra stabilizing blades; retractable landing gear; fiber optic web (covers back armor, EWP's, and both rotors); links: both VFRPs, both MMLs, ejection seats and rotor jettison system; Rotor armor: 10 points FP each rotor. \$167,870, 20,993 lbs., accel. 5, maximum speed of 210 mph. LR Metal/FP Plastic F20/22, L20/21, R20/21, U22/23, B20/20, T18/20. HC 3.

ARENA WATCH

The Cloverleaf Arena, Dearborn, MI

By M.J. Daniels



Scale: 1 square = 2 × 2 *Car Wars* squares

The Ford Road-Southfield freeway exchange has always been dangerous. The collapse of law and order in Michigan made the cloverleaf a deadly one. The locals often came by to collect any salvageable materials that were left behind, and watched the motorists battle for the right of way.

Entrepreneurs B.P. Hammer and Ted Downs bought the land surrounding the cloverleaf, and claimed the roads. They widened the on and off ramps, and removed the walls separating the traffic lanes, thus enabling head-on collisions with daydreaming drivers. Spectator seats were built around the cloverleaf, and concessions are sold to hungry fans. Every Saturday, from 1:00-6:00 PM Ford and Southfield roads are blocked off (alternate routes are available) and scheduled duels are held on "The Cloverleaf."

Arena Notes

All of the walls are 5 feet high and are 45 DP. The gates are made of the same materials, and require a forklift to open and close. Because of this, gates are opened only as necessary, and are not closed until the event is over. The curves are banked at a D1, and there is no guard rail on the bridge. The bridge clearance is

11'7". It is 3'4" of concrete and steel, and thus indestructible. The dotted lines indicate the edge of the overpass.

Events

Standard duelling events are held here, as well as races. The typical crowd seems to favor duellists who travel at high speeds. Because of this, dropped weapons are not allowed in about 50% of the events. A favorite event here is the "Cloverleaf Charm"; a duel where high speeds are usually attained. Points in the charm are received as follows: 2 points for a mobility kill, 3 for a firepower kill, and 6 for circling all four infields. 2 or 3 points are lost for being killed in mobility or firepower, respectively. The winner is the first to score $(1.25 \times \text{number of contenders}) + 6$ points or more.

Arena Tactics

When allowed, use dropped weapons. Despite the banked turns, HC drops quickly and the extra maneuvers could easily spell death at high speeds. Spoilers, airdams, and heavy-duty shocks are also popular and wise.

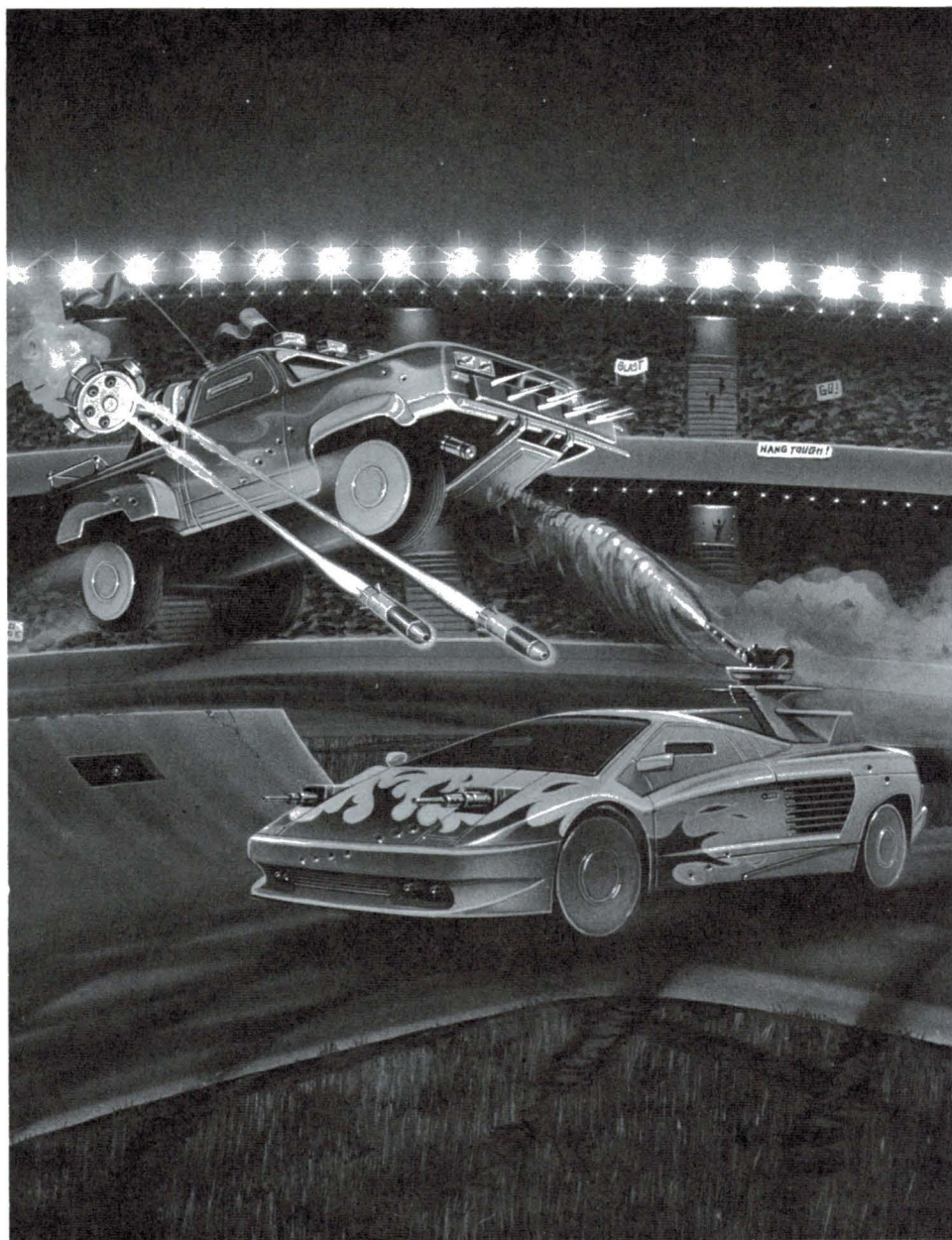
CAR WARS[®]

The Card Game

At last, a *Car Wars* game everyone can enjoy.

Sure, *Car Wars* is the most fun you can have with four wheels and some serious light artillery, but let's face it, not everyone gets into rules-laden adventure games, and even the most die-hard gamer needs a break sometimes from charts, tables and dice.

Car Wars, The Card Game packs all the excitement of autoduelling into a fast, fun game everybody can play. Fire at your opponents with machine guns, missiles, autocannon and flamethrowers. Skid out of the way of your enemy's shots or block them with your armor. Blow your foes away to become an ace and win the game!



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

BACKFIRE

Well, first I would like to say that I just picked up the new format *ADQ* (9/2 — I have been out of it for awhile). I do have mixed feelings about it, but all in all I think that the magazine is good.

I think that this is a reply to Rich Pizor of Cupertino, CA. I would like to say . . . You're right. So, in keeping with the spirit:

To all those Northern Duellists (Canadian): Route 417 is heavily guarded on both ends, as two rival gangs vie for control of the roads. The back route, #7 into the city, works well as long as you can get off before the city and take a minor road in and if you can shake off a hit from a cycle gang. The cycle gangs are weak and dispersed. With road salvage as high as it is, they'd rather go for the easy kill anyway.

To the Brotherhood: Highway 401 Toronto to Montreal jams up in Cornwall. The county mounties are on the rampage again. Definitely a place to avoid if your paperwork isn't all up to date or you have an outstanding speeding ticket.

Travel Advice: I want to take a vacation, and cannot seem to decide where to go. It is a toss-up between England and Australia. Can anyone tell me what the duelling is like there?

The annual arena duel held at our nation's capitol was indeed spectacular. Our own Prime Minister attended the event. I heard that some other foreign dignitaries also attended. It was all made possible with a grant from the city.

— Keith A. Tapp
Weston, Ontario, CANADA

I must respond to Robert Dies' letter in *ADQ* 9/3 about the "unstoppable" ramplate vehicles. On the contrary, they are quite stoppable, if you know what to do.

First, let's assume you have an aimed weapon. This is not the best thing to have against a ram-car (see below), but it will do. Mr. Dies claims that these vehicles, zipping around at 100 MPH, have a -6 to hit due to speed. Well, that's true, but only for certain bad positions of you vs. him. More often, the speed modifier is (1/2 target speed), or 50 mph, which is just -3. In certain good positions, the speed modifier can be even less. Furthermore, don't forget your sustained fire bonus, your gunner bonus and your computer bonus to hit. Those tires begin to get easier to hit.

However, as I said before, that's not the best way. Instead, use the area-affect weapons. There are two classes: oil and ice make it tough for your opponent to maneuver to get you. The other group has flaming oil, junk droppers, flame clouds, mine droppers (napalm and TDX are best), and explosive spikes — all designed to hurt his tires. Of course, the HD versions, where available, are even deadlier. He's got a fireproof car, you say? Did he remember to make his tires fireproof? The car may not catch fire, but the tires will burn (see the "Fire and Explosion" rules!)

Finally, a good anti-ramcar starts before the race. Have a high-HC vehicle yourself. I feel this is good regardless of whether you're facing a ramcar or not. Likewise, a computer for your aimed

weapons is always nice. Turretting them is even better. And, if you are doing a one-shot combat, I find that you should have two gunner skills for every driver skill you have. That is, a 30-point character should be driver/gunner +1.

And finally, here's a devious suggestion: if you feel that you probably will face a ram-car, and you've got the money, don't build a car; build a truck. Anything over 8,000 lbs. delivers twice the damage rolled in a collision, without a ramplate.

— Douglas Kelly
Chatsworth, CA



You're right, Doug, that good tactics and a carefully-designed vehicle can still beat a ramcar. But after talking it over among ourselves, and with some of our best playtesters, we've decided that Robert has a point — the game seems to be polarizing into dedicated ramcars and dedicated anti-ramcars, which is not what we want it to be.

*Consequently, we're going to be making some major alterations in the current ramplate rules. We're still working on the details. Look for them in *ADQ* 10/1.*

— CWM



1. If passengers can fire hand weapons and be totally protected by armor, why would anyone ever want a sunroof?

2. Are fake weapons really fake weapons, or just fake weapon ports?

3. Is using a portable fire extinguisher a firing action?

4. It seems like two portable fire extinguishers have a better chance of putting out the fire than a regular fire extinguisher, for the same price and less weight. Is this so?

5. Can you link multiple foam grenades, to be sprung in the event of a vehicular fire?

6. Can extra magazines for internal weapons be put into external weapon pods?

7. If you put a dropped weapon on "blackout," and then lose control with the result, "No further automatic fire this turn," does this mean the dropped weapons do not fire?

— Matt Glidden
Bellevue, WA

1. A. To use pintle mounts. B. To fire straight up. C. To catch some rays.

2. They're ports. At the start of the duel a fake weapon is called as "a large-bore weapon forward" (for example), not as "an autocannon forward."

3. Yes.

4. No. Multiple portable fire extinguishers cannot be used cumulatively — you still only get one die roll.

5. No. You cannot link ped weapons.

6. Absolutely not.

7. No.

— KS

1. Can hand weapons which do only half damage to vehicles remove 1 point of metal armor if they roll a 6? How about weapons like the light FT, which does 1d-2 damage?

2. How much does it cost to repair one point of metal armor? LR metal?

3. Does it take any time or firing actions to rotate a turret from one firing arc to another?

4. If a volatile weapon is mounted outside the vehicle (e.g., in an EWP or rocket platform), can it still cause the vehicle to explode?

5. Do armored hubs or wheelguards protect the tires of a car that triggers mines?

6. Does the laser battery take damage separately from the PP, or does it add its DP to the PP's?

7. A convertible hardtop is limited to 20 points plastic. Does this mean it can't have metal armor?

8. With composite armor, can a given facing have any number of points of plastic under any number of points of metal, or does there have to be an equal number of points on each facing?

9. Are spoilers and airdams made of plastic? Can they still be mounted on a vehicle with metal armor, paying the regular plastic price? When are they destroyed?

10. Can a gas mask or LIG which has been covered with paint be cleaned later, preventing the wearer's having to buy a new one?

11. If I had a VMG in a 3-space turret, and an extra magazine in the car's body, and I wanted to put CA over it, how much space is taken by the CA, and where is it put?

12. Can you have FP, LR, metal and composite component armor? Does FP CA confer any of the benefits of flame-retardant insulators?

— Andy White

1. Yes and yes.

2. Same as the cost to repair 5 points of plastic or LR plastic.

3. Automotive turrets take no time to rotate. Large Tank turrets do, but there are rules for that in *Car Wars Tanks*.

4. Yes.

5. No.

6. It adds its DP to the PP's.

7. A convertible hardtop can have metal armor, provided the weight of all armor does not exceed the weight of the 20 points of plastic. So it can have up to 4 points of metal armor.

8. Any number of points.

9. Yes. Yes. When that side takes 30 points of cumulative damage.

10. Yes.

11. You have to buy 3-space component armor, and the 1 space for the CA is taken inside the turret. So your design is legal.

12. Yes. The weight cannot exceed the weight of 10 points of normal plastic. No, but if a vehicle catches fire, the component armor (fireproof or not) will take damage before the component protected does — and a volatile weapon will only

cause a vehicle to explode if it takes damage from fire.

— KS

1. Why are there no jeeps, minivans or AFVs?

2. Can you put an ejection seat on a cycle? Why not a safety seat?

3. Do metal tires still exist?

4. Can you slope EWPs or car-top carriers?

5. Why can't you just bolt a weapon onto your hood, a rocket platform or an EWP?

6. Are AP incendiary rockets legal?

7. What effects does sawing off a shotgun have?

8. Can you fire hand weapons from a cupola?

9. Why is the super rocket so incredibly devastating for its size and weight?

10. How do you create two- and three-trailer rigs for tractors?

11. Can you land a helicopter on a flat-bed?

12. Can truck and car trailers use no-paint tinted windshields?

— Robert Brown
N. Whitefield, ME

1. AFVs are in *Car Wars Tanks*. There's no particular reason for no jeeps or minivans — they're just not official right now.

2. Yes. There is no way to adequately restrain a cyclist.

3. No, they've been replaced by plasticore.

4. No.

5. There are no provisions for that in the rules — the state of the art is so far beyond this point that any duellist who showed up with such a kludged weapon system would be laughed off the road. There will be rules for makeshifts like this in *Chassis and Crossbow*.

6. No.

7. It just makes the weapon shorter and easier to conceal.

8. Yes.

9. Sorry, that's a military secret.

10. Use trailer hitches.

11. Yes (assuming the flatbed is stationary; if it's moving, there'll be substantial penalties, to be determined by the referee).

12. Sure.

— KS

ADQ CLASSIFIED

FELLOW GAMERS: I'm Selling all of my *Car Wars* books, including *Car Wars Deluxe Edition* expansion sets. All are in near-mint condition. For more information, send an SASE to: Tim Honke, 6717 Wartburg Circle, Mequon, WI 53092.

TACTICAL OVERLAND PATROL of Gunther's Grenadier Unit Now Striking Strategically (TOP GUNS) is looking for duellists, armored vehicle crews and flotilla personnel in the University of Florida and SFCC area. Contact Gunther "Swashbuckler" Bellows, Route 2, Box 157, Micanopy, FL 32667. (904) 466-0117.

WANTED: DUELLING CLUBS which are now recruiting new members, or duellists looking to form a duelling club in the Toronto area. Scarb., North York, Etobicoke, York, Woodbridge, Thornhill, Vaughn area also OK. Criteria: Understanding of the rules and subscription to ADQ. I hate rules conflicts. Age not a must, maturity a factor. Please send SASE to: KAT, 22 Tampa Terrace, Weston, Ontario, CANADA M9M 1T9.

ATTENTION DUELLISTS in the Pottsville and Kutztown areas; I'm looking to form a chapter. Write to: Roger L. Harris, Jr., R.D. #2 Box 1274, Schuylkill Haven, PA 17972. P.S.: Jaguar . . . where are you?

GEEEEE! ARE YOU ALL DEAD? Oregon duellists in the Grant's Pass/Cave Junction area band together. Dusty "Mud" DiFuria, 128 Hogue Dr., Selma, OR 97538.

WANTED: DUELLISTS IN SCOTLAND to form an autoduelling club or AADA chapter. Anyone is welcome. Contact Steven Johnston at 4 Balmanno Gardens, Bridge of Earn, Perth. Or telephone 812771.

VERY GOOD CONDITION copies of *Autoduel Quarterly* 1/1 and 1/2. Only one copy of each available. Serious offers by post to: Joel Brandon, The Old Farm House, Barton-in-Fabis, Nottingham, ENGLAND NG11 0AL.

SAN JOSE DUELLISTS: Call the San Jose Strategic Gaming Society for *Car*

Wars and more. Write: SJSGS, 1234 Canary LN, San Jose, CA 95117.

DEUTSCHLAND: Ich suche duellisten in ganz Deutschland, die bereit sind, neue chapter zu gründen. Contact GBAH, c/o Thorsten Haude, Hildesheimer Str. 52, 3014 Laatzen, 0511/82 28 19.

LOOKING FOR FELLOW duellists in upper Westchester, NY or Western Fairfield, CT to play and/or form a club. Several ADQs for sale (very few copies): 3/3, 5/3 and up. Old grenadier *Car Wars* miniatures available, as well as *Convoy*, *Truck Stop*, *Crash City*. Send for info or make an offer. Scott Lehman, 399 Cross Pond Road, Pound Ridge, NY 10576.

HARTFORD AREA DUELLISTS UNITE! Looking for a burning wreck (or want to be one)? Join the official chapter of the top three finishers at the '41 Worlds: GHOST. Contact GHOST c/o Brian Morrison, 57 Pheasant Hill Dr., West Hartford, CT 06107; send e-mail on Illuminati to Doctor Z #232; or call the home of GHOST, the Cutting Edge BBS (203) 233-8993 (300/1200/2400 N-8-1) and send Feedback.

WANTED: ANY DUELLISTS in the Anaheim, Fullerton or Buena Park area. Write to Alexander Lau, 214 W. Sirius, Anaheim, CA 92802. Or call (714) 971-9855. Any age welcome.

GREETINGS FROM GEORGIA! I'm pretty new at *Car Wars*, and I'm looking for correspondents to trade advice, cars and other material through the mail. Write to: James Tanis, 3426 Starwood Trail, Lilburn, GA 30247.

TRAACS IS BACK! Any and all autoduellists in the Colorado Springs or Denver areas, The Regional Autoduelling Association of Colorado Springs wants you! Branches to begin in both areas. Contact Robert Deis, 2680 Fairway Dr., Colorado Springs, CO, 80909. Phone (719) 578-9728.

THE GREAT ASP HUNT; now taking place across the USA! Bounty of \$500 for each ASP agent killed, and \$50,000 for the Black ASP himself. Be on the lookout.
— *The Mongoose*

ATTENTION D/FW & Mid-Cities duellists. I am looking to form a Mid-Cities AADA chapter. I have three members already. I just need two more accomplished duellists to flesh out our club. For more info contact Rollin Kearley at 700 Polk St. #204, Arlington, TX 76011, or call Metro (817) 261-3402.

WANTED: ISSUES 2/4 to 6/3, preferably in good condition. Willing to bargain with prices. Would like to deal locally. Write to Glen Hatrup, 9816 W. 101st, O.P., KS 66212.

CONTRA COSTA COUNTY area duellists wanted! We are putting together a local chapter of the AADA and need more members! So if you want to duel with us, then give the president, Hank Stalica, a call at our main office, 827-396. Join the California Highway Organization for Killing Everyone today!

WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID? Looking for a few good duellists (but I'll take the other kind too) to start a chapter in the Troy area. John Hollenbeck, send me your number! High-school age preferred. Write, phone or fax: Timothy Bruce, 230 Canton St., Troy, PA 16947. Phone: (717) 297-2022, Fax: (717) 297-5080.

Conventions

JANCON II. January 17-19, 1992. "Let's Do the Time Warp Again." At the Quality Inn, New Haven, CT. Send an SASE to Jancon II, c/o Timewarpers, PO Box 55552, Bridgeport, CT 06610. Or call (203) 371-4330.

DunDraCon XVI, Feb. 14-17, 1992. Now in a new, larger hotel, the San Ramon Marriott, 2600 Bishop Dr., San Ramon, CA 94583 (mention DunDraCon for special room rates). Over 120 sponsored RPG events. \$25 until Feb. 1, \$30 at the door. \$15 for one day. Write DunDraCon, 386 Alcatraz Avenue, Oakland, CA 94618.

"ADQ Classified" is offered free as a service to ADQ readers. Non-commercial, *Car Wars*-related messages only, please (convention announcements and sales of personal collections are OK). ADQ reserves the right to edit messages for space and content.

AUTODUEL QUARTERLY 9/4 (ISSUE #36)
PO BOX 18957
AUSTIN TX 78760-8957

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
AUSTIN, TX
PERMIT 1033

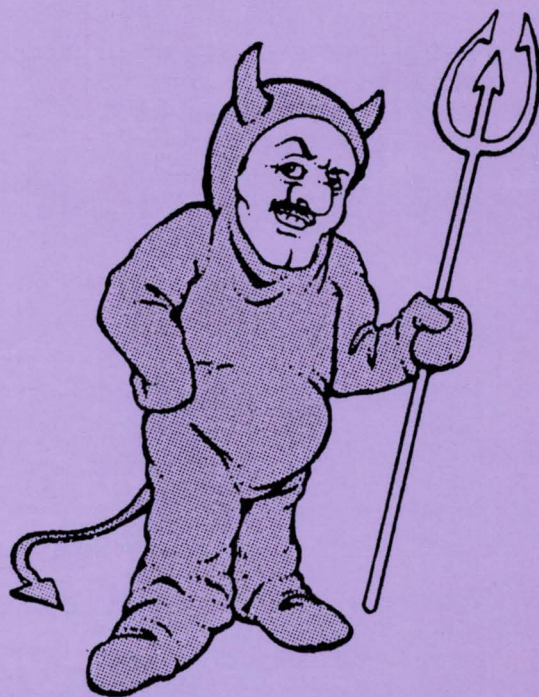
Forwarding and Return Postage Guaranteed
Address Correction Requested

**You will suffer
eternal torment
if you don't get . . .**

**UNCLE
ALBERT'S
CATALOG
FROM HELL**

Everything there is to buy
in the *Car Wars* universe,
at rock bottom prices!

**COMING IN
2042**



AUTODUEL QTRLY 9/4



0 80742 08736 1

ISSN 0740-3356

SJG00350 8736

Made in the U.S.A.