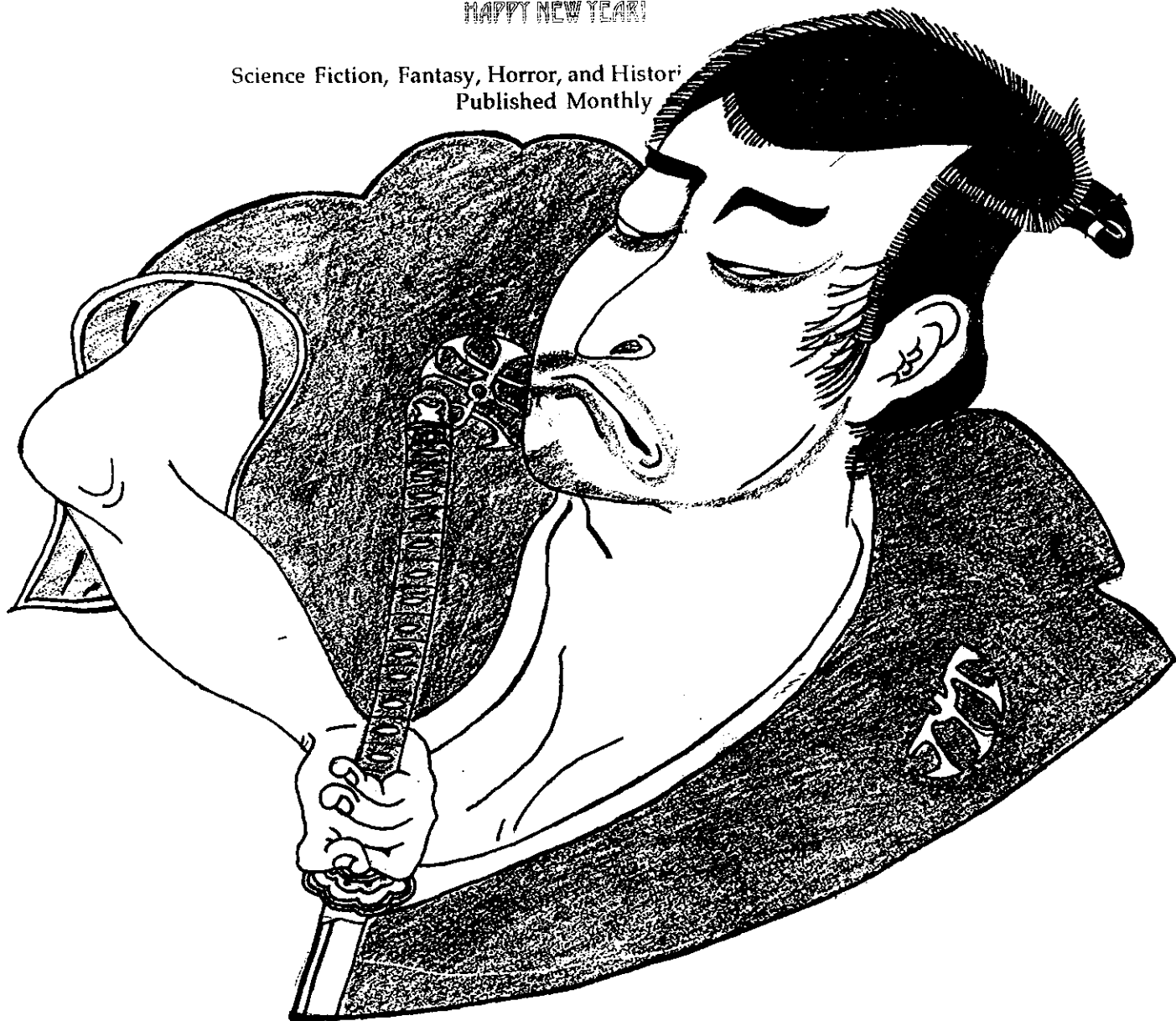


D I G I T A L

0 0 R E

JANUARY 1996
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, and History
Published Monthly



BYLAN

Free Alien Stickers Inside!

Previews

Fight Terrorists!: *Mission ONE* (part III)

The Devastating Prognosis: *Hands*

An End For the X-Files?: *Never Trust an Alien*

Reviews: *Repo Man*, *Once Upon A Time*

More...



DIGITAL OGRE

About The Cover: Penciled replica of a Japanese ink print (Ukiyo-e pronounced ooki-oh-ay) of a Kabuki actor.

Letter From The Editor

I received an interesting package in the mail last month. Its contents included various essays, ads, and stickers, all of which were well written and supported. Although I do not agree with everything these papers profess, in the name of open-mindedness I am including one article and an ad in this issue. This may act as a reminder to you, the reader, that if you have something to say or want to advertise something, feel free to send it our way. Our address is always located on the last page of each issue.

An insufficient amount of people responded to our fantasy and science fiction test published in December's issue to post. If we happen to receive more replies this month, a mean and list of the top scores will be printed.

We are ushering in a new year of fantasy, sci-fi, and horror, optimistically hoping for the best. With a roll of our lucky D20, a wink of our flashing VCR clock, and the silver spinning of a disc, *Digital Ogre* wishes you an enjoyable new year.



Dylan Hartwell
Editor

Contents

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Article: Movie Review: <i>Repo Man</i> | 2 |
| Article: Music Review: <i>Once Upon A Time</i> | 2 |
| RPG: <i>Mission ONE (part 3)</i> | 2 |
| Article: RPG Review: <i>Cyberpunk 2020</i> | 4 |
| Article: <i>Never Trust An Alien</i> | 5 |
| Fiction: <i>Obnubil Evo./Cold Faces: Enforcer</i> | 6 |
| Fiction: <i>Hands</i> | 6 |
| Crossword Puzzle | 8 |
| Fiction: <i>Marionette's Dealings Introducing Enthan Uthense</i> | 9 |
| Resources/Related | 10 |

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Interior Art Pages 4, 8, ■: Dylan Hartwell
All Alien Faces: V2

Vol. II, No. 1 January 1997. All literature and/or art enclosed may not be duplicated for any purpose without written permission of the original producer. All literature and art enclosed has the written consent of the original producer.

-Note From The Editor-

There were several errors in the December *Digital Ogre* that I would like to correct. In addition to the numerous grammatical errors: On page 1, I accidentally wrote "generally" instead of "generalize". On page 2, I misspelled "Wraith" as "Wrath". On page 13, I misspelled "lieutenant" as "lieutenait". I apologize for these mistakes.

Movie Review: *REPO MAN*

by Dylan Hartwell

Genre: Science Fiction

Initial Response: "Highly entertaining with good rewatch value. Bizarre comedy for the science fiction enthusiast."

I randomly picked *Repo Man* off the shelf in my local video store one rainy afternoon several years ago. Little did I know that a new favorite was about to be discovered. The next day, I returned the movie chanting my favorite lines. Within a short time I purchased the *Repo Man* soundtrack which turned out to be well spent money.

Since that lonely Friday I have learned a good deal about *Repo Man*, and, coincidentally, from *Repo Man*. *Repo Man* introduced me to Harry Dean Stanton, who has since become a liked actor. It also introduced a new style of music into my collection. Punk, Spanish rock, and 70's groove. An odd combination, but I grew to love all of them equally.

Repo Man is a traditional cult classic. The storyline is completely zany, but told from such a realistic, down to earth perspective you simply accept that the government is tracking down a deadly extraterrestrial hijacked by a labotomized doctor. Emilio Estevez is the rookie repo man who happens upon the alien, all of which inevitably ends in a blaze of gunfire and time travel.

Repo Man will have you chanting lines in no time. From the very beginning were Emilio gets bagged, to the conversation between a philosophical low-life garbage/maintenance man and Emilio about UFO's. If you haven't seen this one I highly suggest you try it. The original storyline and interesting view into the life of repo men make this a truly entertaining movie.

WARNING: *Repo Man* contains material that some may find offensive: Violence and Explicit Language.

Music Review: *Once Upon A Time*

by Dylan Hartwell

Genre: Fantasy

Composer: Cantiga (Instrumentalists of the New World Renaissance Band)

Running Time: 44:20

Initial Response: "Peaceful and appropriate for background non-combat fantasy role playing, but repetitive."

I was cruising *Borders Books and Music* with the intent of picking up some good role playing music when I bought *Once Upon A Time*. Everything about it appeared to fit well into a fantasy campaign. However, once I got home and listened to it over a couple of days, I came to regret my decision to buy it. It's not that *Once Upon A Time* isn't good, only that it is too repetitive.

The same instruments, mostly harps and flutes, dominate most of the pieces. The music is softly played and with little variation.

If you want a peaceful CD with soft, fantasy music, perhaps *Once Upon A Time* is for you. If you're looking for a good RPG supplement, I would recommend going for the *Conan the Barbarian* or *Legend* soundtrack instead.

. Mission ONE .

The Role Playing Game of Special Operations (part 3)

by Mitchell Shelton

(Editor's Note: This game assumes that the reader is familiar with what rpg's are and how they are generally ran.)

Skill Systems

As with the rest of this system, the skill checks are quick and easy. Having characters that can theoretically fail an important skill roll could increase the role playing of the scenario and result in more exciting and memorable gaming.

1. To check a skill in a non stressful situation, roll 1D10 and try to roll below your R.B. Since the lowest R.B. pc's can have is 10, the only way to fail is rolling a ten, which always results in skill failure.
2. As stress or the difficulty of the skill increases, add onto the 1D10 roll making it more unlikely that the roll will be under the player's R.B.
3. Optional Skill Check - If you think the R.B. does not cover a particular skill properly, feel free to have characters try to roll under the corresponding attribute with 1D10.

Using Stress Factor

When the GM decides characters could be inhibited by their emotions, the characters should roll stress factor. This is the same as a skill check adding pluses onto the roll making it harder to roll under the stress factor.

Skill List & Descriptions

Air Assault - This is the ability to rappel out of a helicopter.

Air Borne - Parachuting out of an aircraft with a static line to open the chute.

Armorer - This skill enables pc's to modify weapons to increase accuracy, suppress sound, add and add other gadgets. It also lets pc's perform maintenance as well as modify ammunition.

Basic Communications - Knowing the etiquette and how to's of basic radio use.

Basic Demolitions - The use of American made mines and basic explosives. (such as satchel charges)

Basic Electronics - Working knowledge of switches, currents, compositors, transistors, and other circuitry.

Basic Physics - Physics as applied to weapons, bullet drop, powder formulation, energy expenditure, and energy transference.

Climbing - The ability to scale surfaces, from mountains to urban environments.

Counter Insurgency Warfare - Text book tactics on patrolling, ambushes, reconaissance, and small unit strategies in a Guerrilla warfare setting.

Detect Ambush - Being able to spot terrain or changes in environment that could facilitate an ambush.

Detect Booby trap - The ability to spot and recognize anti personnel traps. (note: this skill does not allow characters to disarm traps.)

H.A.H.O. (High Altitude High Opening) - This skill enables the character to exit an air craft at high altitudes open and glide for many miles before landing. (this method is used to get troops into no fly zones.)

H.A.L.O. (High Altitude Low Opening) - This method is used to get operators into an area without being detected by radar.

H to H Military - This "martial art" is dedicated to quick real world take downs. No fancy moves, the groin, throat, ears, eyes, and solar plexus are prime striking areas. (Note - in future issues I will specialize combat styles such as Akido, Kempo, and Karate.)

Land Navigation - This skill involves using land marks and basic astronomy as instruments to move across land. (This skill should also be used when inside. If player falls the roll, s/he is lost.)

Language - Language skill enables the character to speak and read one language of his/her choice.

Knife Fighting - This skill is an integral part of H to H, obviously an operator would rather fight an opponent

with a weapon of any kind rather than bare handed.

Map Reading - This skill enables pc's to use compasses and maps for many things, such as calling in air strikes, changing extractions, or calling in medivac.

Patrolling - This is in-depth knowledge of scout, reconaissance, and basic patrolling techniques.

Propaganda/Subterfuge - This skill enables pc's to use to enemies mind against them. Dropping pro democracy pamphlets into an unstable communist compound may sway their opinion and destroy the enemies' moral.

Repelling - This is the ability to descend from stable positions using harness and rope. spec. ops. have invented many variants to repelling that let them descend forward or even upside down in order to cover themselves with a weapon in their free hand.



Sniper - The ability to hit targets from long distances. (Note - +2 on all aimed shots.)

Swimming - This is the basic ability to swim, also learned is equipment swims, as well as jumping from extreme heights into water with full equipment.

Tactics - This is urban training in room clearing, target acquisition in hostage situations, and anti-terrorist tactics.

Teaching - Being able to teach what you know is very important to the government after they spend so much money on one soldier. (Also gives cover as advisor while on spec. ops.)

Unconventional Warfare - This is military dirty pool. Poisoning water supplies, booby trapping enemy ammunition, turning villages into prison camps overnight are all examples of unconventional warfare. Use your imagination and be sneaky.

Wilderness Survival - A character with this skill could be dropped anywhere in the world with minimum equipment and survive. (Note - survival skill only covers swamp, temperate and light winter conditions.)

Role Playing Game Review: *Cyberpunk 2020*

by Dylan Hartwell

Genre: Science Fiction/Cyberpunk

Initial Response: "Straight up William Gibson"

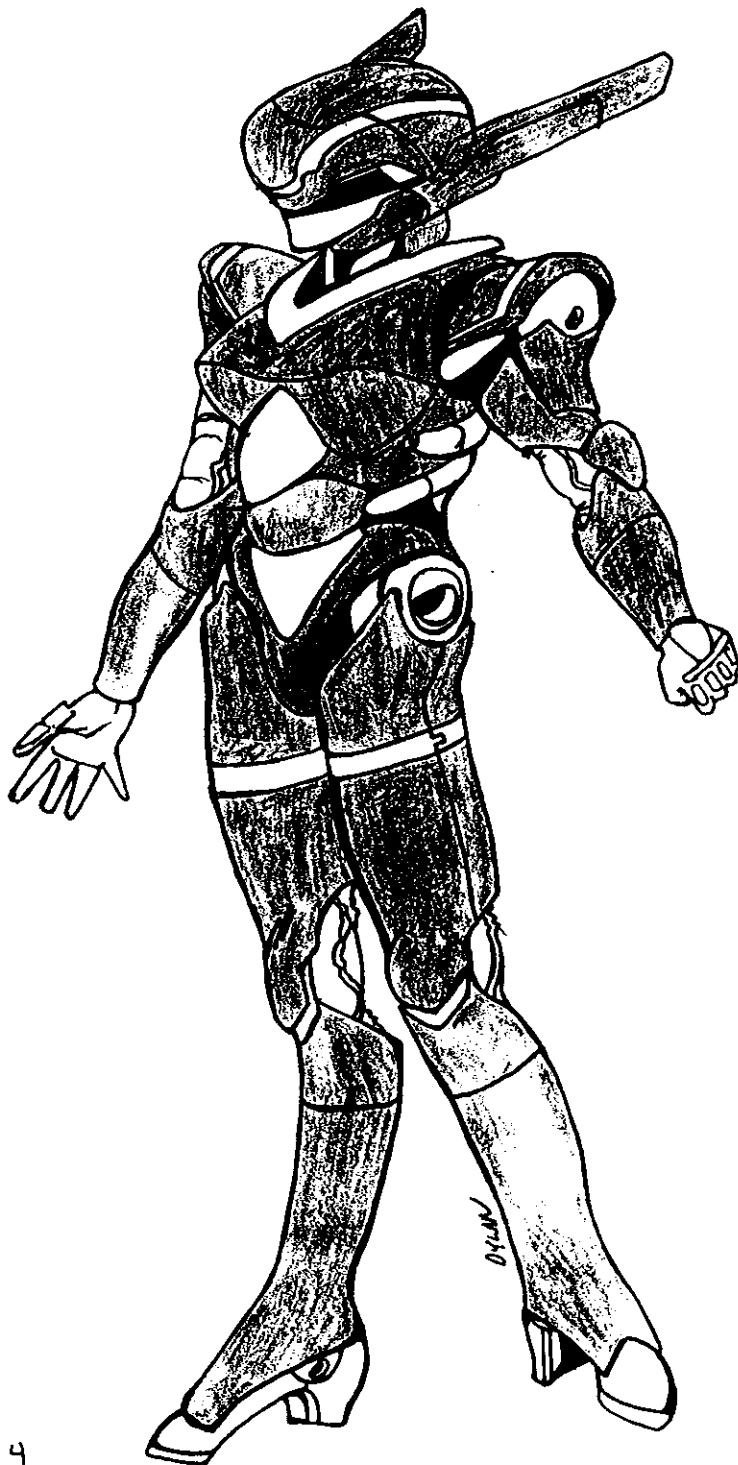
Editor's note: This review was originally printed in the 1996 October issue of *Digital Ogre*.

Cyberpunk 2020, as the genre, is loaded with attitude. This is cleverly delivered through various quotes by fictional characters scattered throughout the description of a dark future. This also develops the book's sense of character and background that is missing in many RPG's. The writers have done a good job of establishing the cyberpunk mood.

All of the interior art is black and white. The styles are crisp, shadowing is done in a complex lattice of thin lines. However, there has been a more recent edition of *Cyberpunk 2020* released in which European art has been added that is substantially worse.

The mechanics are fairly straightforward and very similar to the "attribute" system established by TSR and employed by the majority of other RPG's. (i.e., various character attributes such as strength and dexterity are represented by a dice generated number) Character generation can be enriching, particularly if one uses the "Lifepath" system where the player rolls his/her social background. The combat system can be intimidating with numerous tables and formulas. However, once these basics are grasped the system, although complicated (particularly with information from various sourcebooks such as *Heavy Metal* and *Deep Space*), run smoothly and somewhat logically.

Cyberpunk 2020 stands out from other science fiction RPG's for its developed background information, in-your-face character, and an extensive gadget selection. The combat is fierce and deadly, and the character classes are diverse and well envisioned. It presents an excellent opportunity for a good gamemaster to run characters in a dark and high tech future that even Phillip K. Dick and William Gibson would be proud of.



never trust an **ALIEN V2:**



What would the public reaction be if some covert organization was engaged in a widespread policy of kidnapping civilians and performing vile and unwelcome tests on them? Immediate and violent retribution, a quick and brutal end to their foul deeds. We've seen it before with cults, companies and foreign governments. What we haven't seen yet is any action directed toward certain entities who have been practicing this criminal activity for decades. The reason why may be because the entities in question are not of this earth.

Judging from the number of victims who have come forward, alien abduction and testing of human subjects has been going on for quite some time now. Since no police force or government agency has admitted there is a problem, nothing has ever been done about it. The only solution is to combat it individually.

A movement piloted by V2, a Washington state resident who heads a "Just Say No to Aliens" campaign, began a few months ago. Today the movement has snowballed into an international effort to make people aware of the problem and let them know what they can do to ensure they don't become the next victim.

"At some point I accepted the reality of this phenomenon," says V2. "I believe people who say they've had these experiences. They're abducted against their will. They're manipulated and treated as victims. They're probed, implanted, raped and otherwise abused."

After hearing enough accounts of these experiences, V2 realized something had to be done. The key to the solution, according to V2, is to affirm within yourself that you will not be a victim, that you don't welcome the presence of the aliens and that you just say "no" to them. It is the human strength of spirit and indomitable, V2 says, that offers the best defense.

"I think we can embrace the aliens in terms of their existence and teaching us something," says V2, "but don't embrace them as idols. Our sci-fi fantasy is about E.T. being a benevolent cosmic pal. Your cosmic pals don't abduct you and stick things up your nose, give you a rectal exam and terrify you.

"They're abducting people against their will. They're behaving like fascists. How can you trust that behavior? There's nothing on which to build trust. They don't deserve it."—Sean Donovan

THE UNFORGETTABLE

THEORY

Most of us have been vaccinated at some point in our lives, either as a small child wailing against the doctor's office or grudgingly accepting adult. Although it's a universally uncomfortable experience, it is done anyway, in your best interest.

As a warning beacon for approaching alien contacts, V2 has proposed an inoculation theory to explain the current prevalence of the alien head image in modern society. It goes like this:

Much like an actual inoculation, where small amounts of a virus are injected into the body to compel the production of antibodies which will then be able to fight off subsequent invasions by the same virus, the alien face is acting as our inoculation against their imminent arrival. Preparing us, if you will, so we will be less afraid and more accepting when we see them face to green face.

Whether it is alien propaganda, a government organized effort or a worldwide subconscious realization, no doubt exists that the appearance of this common alien face, a rounded triangle with bug-eyes and a tiny mouth, is more than mere coincidence.

Even tribes in the most remote areas of the world immediately recognize the image and can show similar drawings they have made. As you travel through life, try to find one single person who doesn't recognize the image as that of an alien. Chances are you won't.

The question then becomes, why? Why this inoculation? Why now? Some say the answer is because the aliens, whoever they are, are due for their first worldwide appearance any time now. Tales of UFO sightings and alien abductions abound. Even respected scientists are no longer afraid to publicly voice their belief in alien life.

It's what we've anticipated, feared and perhaps even expected for all these years, and if the inoculation theory proves true, E.T. may soon be more than a movie character. Whether they are friendly Venusians, dark Overlords from the lesser traveled nether regions of the universe, or, God forbid, just like us, remains to be seen. You have been warned.—Sean Donovan

OBNUBIL EVO./COLD FACES:

ENFORCER

by Dylan Hartwell

01:03:18/03:46:56

01:11:10010/11:101110:111000

Jaeko grimaced as cold city wind stung her face. She pulled her shadowed jacket tighter around her thin form as four secmotes roared past steel streets adjacent. Sleek helms blazing white light from roamps strung above. Sharp snaps on the metal echoed into the dark morning. Two throwers rode urgently against her leather clad thigh. Her J-2 a weight against her waist. Dects softly tapped her arrival as she stopped. The snaps vanished into the cold air as Jaeko's steels retracted into their fabric housing and the gray building faced her.

"Jaeko, Maede." Her voice was soft strummed strings on an electric guitar. The silent computer opened her door and began cycling warm air through the quiet house.

"Ni Messages Maedesan. Ichi: De Alfonsosan. Ni: Carlossan."

Jaeko slid her jacket over her shoulders, it settled onto the stretching couch. A deep voice emptied the room of silence.

"Yo tengo tu cosas, senorita Maede. Tu necesitas siempre todos ellos? Hablas ad me, por favor. Tu necesitas para hablar con mis padre, tambien. El es aqui mañana. Adios."

Another voice came over the speakers. "Jaeko, the Father is coming to Los Angeles soon. He does not come alone, you be prepared."

Maede removed her glasses, and opened her port. Establishing a link with her A-R receiver took several minutes to correctly align the laser connection. Her sharp Asian features where illuminated in the green glow.

As the kitchen unit stirred into another cycle of synth-caf, Jaeko tapped into her data stream. Keyword input and reply messages flowed easily down her console. Working the board with her fingers felt odd, but, like riding a secmote, the ability never left you. Information compiling, she refilled her opaque glass, the liquid was silken and grew strings of misty steam into the dark living quarter. Jaeko kept the lights off so no one knew when she was home. Being an Enforcer demanded such, that is, if you wanted to live a little longer.

Almost inaudible, her console indicated that the compilation was completed. She need only select the data to be de-ell'ed. She had broken the link with her glasses, which would have informed her of the completion visually, as well as audibly.

The info-dump sources revealed their relevance to her current case. It would take the remaining few hours that the night held to read through all of them. Jaeko delicately sipped her synth-caf and began reading.

Vocabulary

| | |
|------------|--------------------------------|
| De-ell'd: | down loaded |
| Roamps: | road lamps |
| Secmotes: | super conductor motorcycles |
| Throwers: | guns |
| Steels: | high heels |
| Port: | portable computer |
| a/r: | answer/reply |
| Dects: | detection devices |
| Synth-caf: | fabricated caffinated beverage |

HANDS

by Mitchell Shelton

He stopped turning the ignition key allowing the car to lay dead as it wanted. The rain on the roof beat syncopated rhythms against the straight four backbeat of the blues that Jason was listening to. The outside temperature according to the cars' thermometer was thirty seven degrees. His hands were already throbbing and the heat had only been off for a few minutes. He had no idea what was wrong with the auto, and didn't particularly care.

He reached in his shirt pocket with exaggerated care and retrieved his smokes. Cigarette smoke filled the small confines as he relaxed tapping his foot complacently to a good jump blues classic. Rolling the volume knob to the right he leaned farther into the comfortable seat letting his mind wander.

"The results aren't good Mr Smith." The old doctor was saying his white coat contrasting heavily with his brown skin.

"I'm afraid your music career is going to be cut short."

"Are you sure...I mean..." Jason was trying to say before the doctor gently cut him off.

"Yes I'm sure. Yours is a very advanced stage, how long have you lived with this pain..?" Searching through papers on his desk to answer his question.

A tractor trailer blew by Smiths' disabled vehicle and raised him from his exhausted doze. The interior was filled with an unbreathable smoke that burned his lungs. He unlocked the door rolling out onto the soaked shoulder of the road coughing and spitting. His chest felt thick and full of red hot coals making it hard to breathe. He knelt on the ground on all fours like some kind of rain worshipping missionary prostrating himself before his god. Passing cars noticed the soaked man kneeling beside a car with smoke pouring out of it and drove on into the torrential night.

Jason opened his eyes and sat back on his heels feeling the cold rain soak through the lairs of clothes upon his back.

The motorists' couldn't see the wet mans' grin nor the way he shook his head when he looked at his vehicle.

The frigid night bit deep into Jason's wet form. But

his hands especially felt the cold sting. He remembered his doctor saying to keep them warm and dry when outside. As he climbed back inside the car he could recall the doctor also saying to quit smoking. He lit another cigarette holding it up in silent praise of Dr Williams, glad that the sulfur smell of his spent match partially concealed the foul reek of burnt leather.

The little green LCD clock on the dashboard read 2:36am, he blinked the burning smoke out of his eyes and leaned his head on the window listening to the sound of the late traffic.

His hand throbbed continuously now that he left the warmer climate of L.A. where his agent and "friends" were. He noticed detachedly that he was shivering uncontrollably. With his trademark smile he realized he was probably going into shock as well as exhibiting symptoms of hypothermia, he chuckled silently. He didn't really care. He slid into his leather parka that lay on the passenger seat beside him and savored the warm dryness of the thick coat. He then reached into the back seat pulling his carryall up beside him and from it pulled an ancient Cincinnati Reds baseball hat. The hat was so old and dirt streaked that it was more a dingy brown than red. Jason placed it on his head and smiled childishly, simple pleasures he thought as he reached into his inside pocket to retrieve some aspirin.

His fingers closed upon three or four loose tablets out of the hundred he had dumped in the day before. He chewed them like candy now to alleviate the gnawing pain in his hands.

He dry swallowed three pills simultaneously grimacing at the bitterness and chasing them with a drag from his cigarette. The doctor had given him medication but he had decided to wait until he couldn't stand the pain anymore before reducing himself to a life of addiction.

Two years ago the pain had started while on tour in Japan, he couldn't even remember where. He ignored it hoping that it would go away. Until one month ago Jason could not keep up with the jazz band that he sat in with on Tuesday nights. Smith described the symptoms to Lonnie the guitarist and Lonnie had recommended a specialist his sister had gone to.

The doctor was Robert Williams, a middle aged black man with little to no tact depending on the day. Jason held no love for the man but respected the frank way he explained himself. The doctor layed it all out for Smith who felt like someone had unplugged him.

"What do you mean your sure... I've got a tour coming up next month..." Jason had screamed.

"Please Mr Smith calm yourself, the affects of carpal tunnel can lessened but you also have a hereditary arthritic condition that will shrivel your hands into painful stumps in less than five years."

"Do you understand what your saying..."

"Of course. I am very sorry, but your career should be the last of your worries. You will not have the use of your hands in three to five years if you do not attend therapy."

"Forgive me if I second guess you doctor but this is

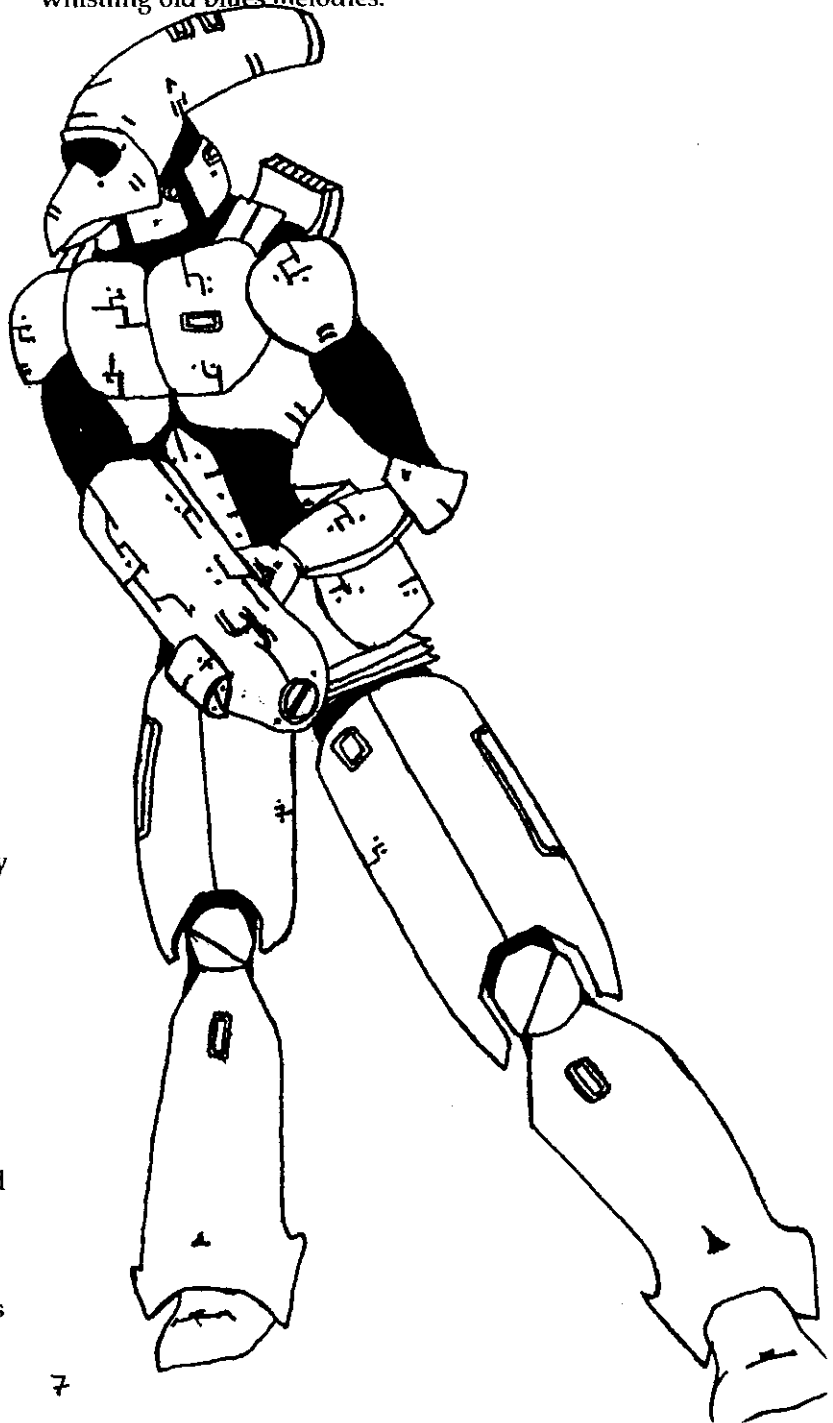
my life we're talking about here. Goodbye ."

"Not your life Mr Smith, your hands... before you leave, you say you're a jazz musician; why have I not heard of you.."

Jason Smith stopped just outside Williams' office turning to look over his shoulder his anger fading as he realized what the doctor had stated by asking that "question".

"I understand.." Jason replied in a respectful voice.

2:45am according to the green clock. Smith slipped his lamb skin gloves over his throbbing hands and peered out the window; still raining he thought while zipping his parka and pulling up his hood. Smith pulled his cap down low over his eyes and smiled. As he opened the door he could see the twinkling lights ahead that was Newport just over the bridge beyond that lay his hometown. He walked into the early morning drizzle whistling old blues melodies.



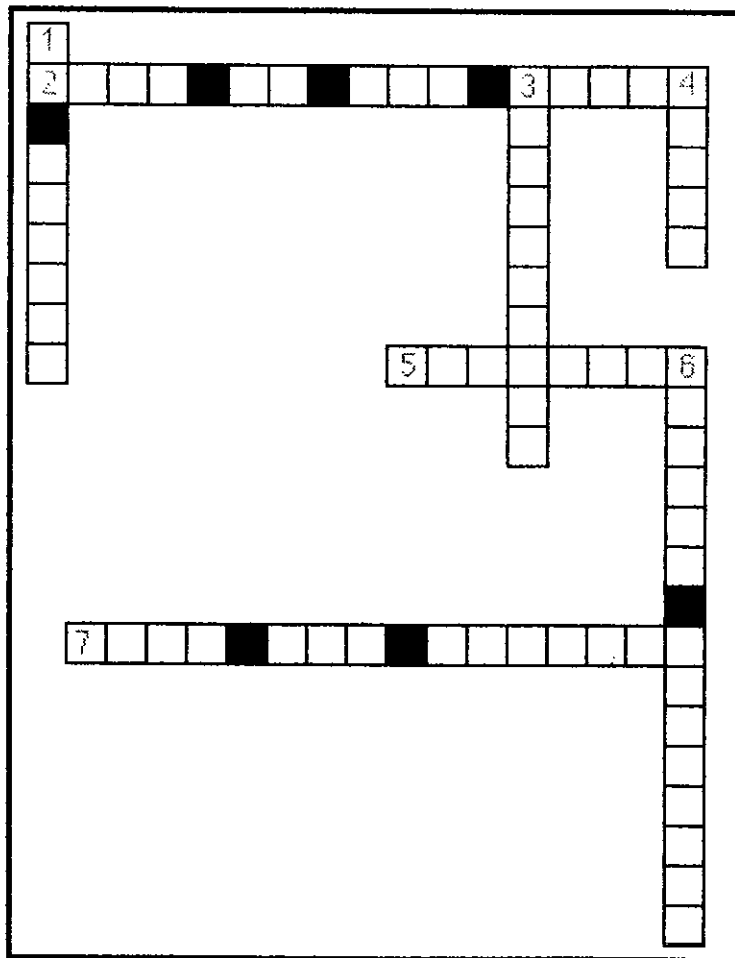
DIGITAL OGRE CROSSWORD PUZZLE III

Across

2. In Led Zeppelin's The Battle of Evermore (and several other songs) what famous literary work is alluded to?
5. Another name for the zombies from the Evil Dead Trilogy.
7. Before *Heavenly Creatures*, Peter Jackson created what movie about a celebrity show gone awry?

Down

1. Michael Mann teams superstars De Niro and who in his recent crime story?
3. Miskatonic University is the setting for what movie? (do not list sequel)
4. Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* without what sense?
6. What video game features a Kabuki actor as a character to play as?



Marionette's Dealings

Introducing Enthan Uthense

by Dylan Hartwell

Enthan awoke that Tuesday morning in the light of a rising blue moon and shed his silver night sheet. With a strange certainty he knew that he would leave his parents today. Leave them for good, not to return. He thought early that morning. Laying awake for nearly a cycle, he forgot his concerns and focused on the stretching crack in his bedroom ceiling. A small cubicle fly crawled from the dark fissure that was probably about one millimeter across the crack's deepest stretch. Tracing the fly's movements, Enthan plotted its course as a Interplanetary Single Stage Transportation Rocket, or Ishtar's as they were called by his successful and long since gone friends. His head swelled with the previous days incidents and regrets. Brothels, bars, halls, how many had he frequented in his violent gang, The Marionettes? Many regrets and trips to the medical lab, and to the lawyers. It's no wonder his parents want him out. No, they wanted his out long ago, still they fight the Socio-Psychologist, or whatever they were called. Enthan figured he had a week left here, and was, until this morning, was quite sure he would spend those precious cycles nestled deep within his crackling sheet case reading interactive detective stories and threedee texture-mapped games through his expensive, and therefore stolen, hyperwave headset.

Enthan had found Marionette one day in a hyperwave game. It meant a jointed or stringed doll. He liked it, found it applicable, he said to his surrounding cube's one particular day after unsettling vision of Dario Shannon, the man who came to be God.

"That ends today." He said aloud, around the cracked pink lips surrounded by four days of beard rasping loudly against his pseudo-silk pillow sheet case. The intricate designs gave the comforting appearance of cranes and swans swimming in a sunlit pool of silver and black. The orange of their bills a weak shadow in the silvery light coming through the five inch plate-plastic in Enthan's small 20X20 cubicle. Some swans were faded, and the silver had lost its sparkling sheen it had exhibited when his parents bought it for him three years ago, before his experience with Fasd Struidle and Lycost Everyman and the other cubes in his gang.

He had always hated his parents. For as long as his neurons had fired, he often spat at the local juve-bar surrounded by glowing glasses of alcohol and drooling friends. At eight, he had been abducted by a young man fleeing the Gablio virus from Earth. Those four weeks stretched far into Enthan's brain, it had changed him. It took twenty eight cycles in the Betejujian Half-Way Home for the Desperate before his parents found him.

Those twenty eight cycles had killed all that he had been, resurrecting a fumbled delinquent in its place. Good old Earth, it had made him and killed him. This was before he even had fallen love, or, had been old enough to do something about the unusual sexual cravings he began experiencing then.

Just when the colonies had forgotten about Earth, it would impact the Milky Way like a Eighty Ton meteor on Luna. The first war of Sol, the solar crisis of '89, and Gablio virus. Of course, there were others too. All of them were filed away into history books, crushing societies, eating freedom. Revolution would always follow those days. It was a holistically clear pendulum: Crisis, Chaos, Order, Corruption, Revolution, Crisis.

The smell of roasted coffee beans found its way from the faded plastic coffee machine, through the dark and silent living room with its silently outdated high resolution wide screen television. Around the hallways, beneath the rotating ceiling fan and oxygen source. Finally, it reached under Enthan's brown door set in pale white walls and with scattered posters crying "keep out" and "Discover. Endeavor. Colonize. Destroy. Repeat until extinct."

Four days from now, Marnella Uthense, Enthan's dying mother, would fall against his door in wailing sobs. The posters ripped from their fragile pins, and distorted in undulated crinkles.



RESOURCES/RELATED

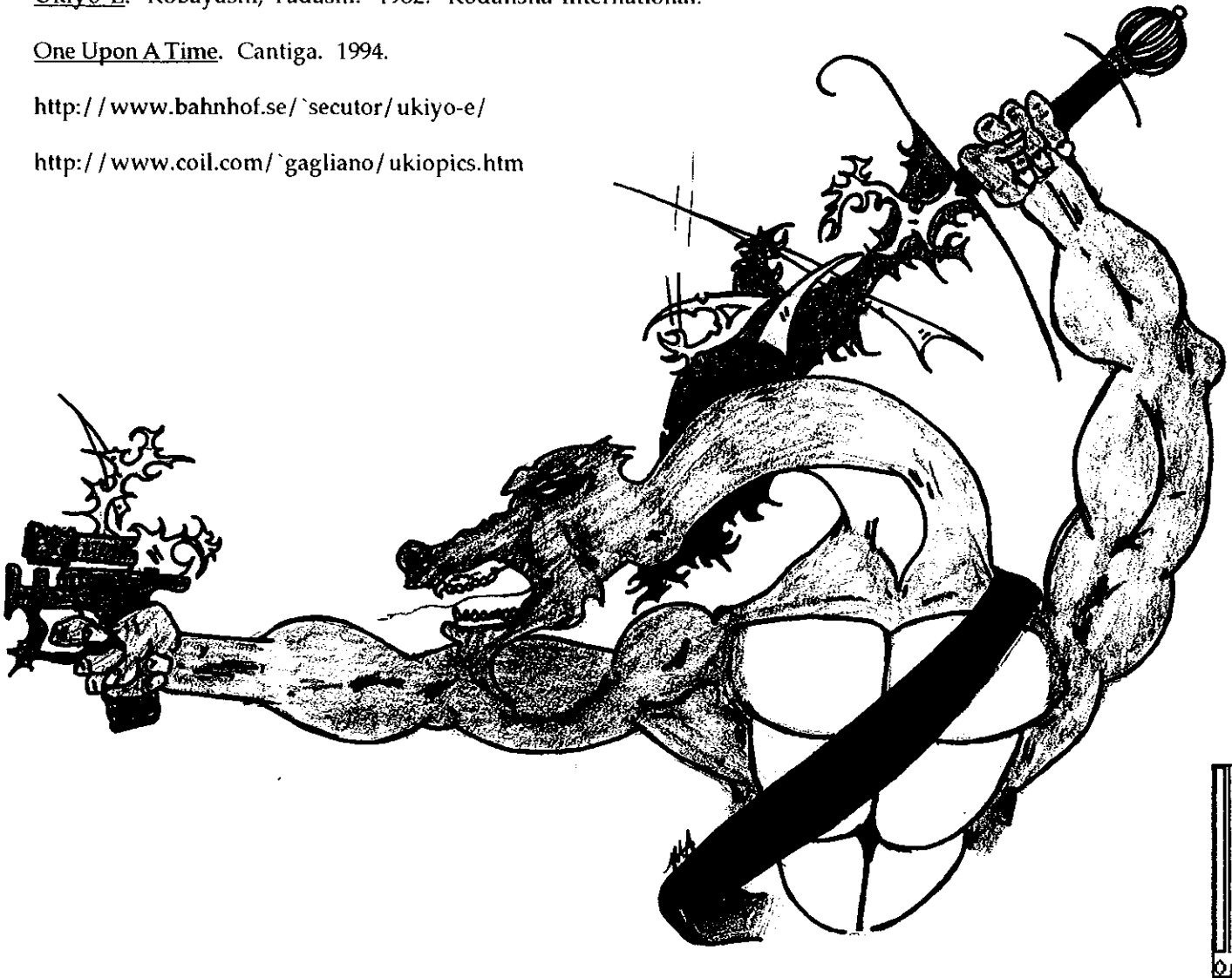
Cyberpunk 2020 Second Edition©. Pondsmith, Fisk, Moss, Ruggels, Friedland, and Blum. 1991. R. Talsorian Games Inc.

Ukiyo-E. Kobayashi, Tadashi. 1982. Kodansha International.

One Upon A Time. Cantiga. 1994.

<http://www.bahnhof.se/~secutor/ukiyo-e/>

<http://www.coil.com/~gagliano/ukiopics.htm>



Crossword Puzzle III Answers

1. Al Pacino 2. *Lord of the Rings* 3. *Reanimator* 4. Sight 5. Deadites 6. *Samurai showdown* 7. *Meet the Feebles*

DECEMBER ISSUE PUZZLE ANSWERS

Crossword Puzzle II Answers: 1. *A Clockwork Orange* 2. Dracula 3. Ravenloft 4. Freddy Kruger 5. Roman Polanski 6. *Night Of The Living Dead* 7. *The Prophecy* 8. H. P. Lovecraft 9. Cat 10. *The Haunting* 11. Anne Rice

Character Matching Answers: 1. *Nightmare On Elm Street* 2. *Silence Of The Lambs* 3. *Friday The 13th* 4. *Halloween* 5. *A Clockwork Orange* 6. *Child's Play* 7. *Hellraiser* 8. *Phantasm* 9. *Evil Dead* 10. *The Fearless Vampire Killers*

SUBMISSIONS/COMMENTS

If you would like to make a literary or artistic contribution to *Digital Ogre* or have any comments/suggestion/letter bombs, please send your name, address, and phone number to Dylan Hartwell (editor) at 325 Foxfire Drive, apartment 110, Oxford Ohio, 45056. Or: HARTWEDJ@MIAVX1.ACS.MUOHIO.EDU for our submission guidelines. Please expect this address to change in the future.

"There are no good or bad subjects, there's only the way in which they are seen" — Benedikt Taschen

SAY NO. IT'S YOUR INALIENABLE RIGHT.

IMMUNIZE



Negate the Virus.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
For **FREE** stickers send self-addressed stamped envelope to:
V2, Box 911, Stanwood, WA 98292.
Fear not.
Spread the Word.

INOCULATE



Seek consciousness through love,
not manipulation.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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Fear not.
Spread the Word.

THE VACCINE



Be strong.
Last long.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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Fear not.
Spread the Word.

ABDUCTION



A felony.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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Spread the Word.

DISEMPOWER



The dis-ease.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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V2, Box 911, Stanwood, WA 98292.
Fear not.
Spread the Word.

WHAT DO YOU NO



An alien.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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Fear not.
Spread the Word.

SPELL A-L-I-E-N



It begins with a lie.
Dispel the deception.
Say **NO**.
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Fear not.
Spread the Word.

ADVOCATE DISCERNMENT



Represent Truth.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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Fear not.
Spread the Word.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



Pledge allegiance to the Resistance.
Say **NO**.
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Fear not.
Spread the Word.

TOUCHDOWN?



Foul.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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V2, Box 911, Stanwood, WA 98292.
Fear not.
Spread the Word.



Pray the Gray Away

STOP THE ALIENATION



The power to resist
comes from within. Use it.
Say **NO** to deceptive alien entities.
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V2, Box 911, Stanwood, WA 98292.
Have Faith.
Spread the Word.