genesis

issue 1

"Treasure Hunt"

EarthDawn

"The Lady is Back"

Oaths & Gods

genesis

Issue 1

features...

regulars...

Rana De-mahn by Ken Stone

Ramblings of a proud Father.

Some of you may be curious as to the subtitle I have given to this Editorial. Well, this being the first issue of Genesis, I rather do feel like a proud Father. This magazine was conceived several months ago and after initial setbacks has grown healthy and strong enough that I am prepared to deliver it onto the waiting world - in which case I should probably be calling myself "Mother", but somehow I don't think that title suits me.

People looking through this magazine will hopefully notice the casual style in which it is written. This was not done by accident. From the beginning I had the intention that while providing gamers with what they want, we had to avoid falling into the pit trap of regurgitating numbers and stats one after the other. The best way to provide someone with information is in a relaxed, enjoyable environment - just what we are seeking to provide.

Readers will also notice some of the different layout of this magazine to others like it. This is another concept I have had right from the word go. I wanted to do some things a little different, give the magazine a slightly different look and feel to the others. Those astute enough out there to think futher along these lines will realise that this is a good marketing ploy, and I don't disagree - like an advertisement, a magazine only works if people notice it.

One other thing that readers may not notice - this magazine is completely independant. We exist because of the hard work of some people who are not related in any way with any manufacturers or companies. This means that we are also not influenced by a single company's policy - opinions and statements are those of the authors, and not of some company managing director.

In turn , Genesis needs the support of its readers to survive. Letters, articles and art submissions, the free classifieds service, the club listings that will begin soon - anything that a person feels they could contribute that would make this magazine grow, please do! Details on how to submit are available - don't hesitate to ask for them! The more people who get behind an Australian, let alone a local Victorian, gaming magazine the more chance that it has of surviving and growing.

The staff here at Genesis Magazine - especially me - look forward to receiving any and all correspondance from the readers. We know that some of it will not be high praise. We don't mind constructive critiscm. In fact, such critiscm will give us ideas on how to improve the magazine - for after all, we are but a tool for our readers.

Write on!

Jeremy Sadler

genesis magazine

Ken Stone has been interested in cybernetics, cars, and girls for as long as he can remember and enjoys combining the three in fiction and art. He is Sysop of CHAOS BBS, dedicated to Japanese Animation, Cyberpunk and Programming.

Jeremy Sadler has over 10 years experience in gaming of all types, playing, GMing and tournament organising. He enjoys listening to music, creative writing, some sports, and of course writing for Genesis.

Derek Clarkson can't remember how many years he has been a gamer. (He's too old. · Ed) He works in the computer industry and enjoys the lap-warming comfort of his cat Sam, computer-art, and several good drinks (often - Ed). He is a prolific Scenario writer when not playing games.

Havik is an On-line User Identity, and has extensive experience in Role Playing. He enjoys writing and the company of his girlfriend Dana. He can be contacted on Moon Shadow BBS.

Fastjax is also an On-line User Identity. He is Forum-Op of the Moon Shadow BBS Role Playing Forum, Sig-Op of The Bunker Role Playing Discussion Area, and can be contacted on virtually any BBS (you should see this guy's phone bill! - Ed)

Spartacus is yet another On-Line User Identity. Once very prolific, Spart has dropped off the BBSes to a fair amount, though he still moves about some of them. He can be contacted, if you manage to catch him, on Moon Shadow BBS or CHAOS BBS.

Music that helped this magazine get out:

Sigue Sigue Sputnik, *Dress for Excess*
The New American Orchestra, *Blade Runner*
City of Bermingham Symphony Orchestra, *Henry V*
Metallica, *Metallica*
Various Artists, *Classics at the Movies*
Billy Joel, *Kohuept, An Innocent Man, 52nd Street, River of Dreams*
Chicago, *17, 21*

Drugs that helped this magazine get out:

Caffeine, Chocolate, Pizza

Tagline of the Month:

Trekkies work out in the He's Dead Gym

Want to write for this magazine?
Genesis is looking for articles, art, letters, fiction, reviews - anything that you the reader may think could be printed.
Send all letters, inquiries and submissions to:

Genesis Magazine
GPO Box ████
MELBOURNE Vic 3001

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Moon Shadow: ████
The Bunker: ████
Chaos: ████

And more to come!

3 GUYS PUBLISHING

treasure hunt

A Shadowrun or Cyberpunk scenario.

Designed by Spartacus

This scenario information is for GMs only. If you are a player then give this to your GM. DO NOT .... I repeat ..... DO NOT read on.

OK, so you've decided to cheat. This scenario is divided into several sections. The first is the background and data that the GM needs to have to run the scenario. The second is the various handouts that the players will get at various stages through the scenario. The third is some minor rules variations that are required to run it and the fourth comprises various maps.

Basic concept.

The basic concept is that of a treasure hunt. Telling the players this will get them into the right frame of mind for it. It did when I play tested it on a bunch of unsuspecting players. The players are given clues, red herrings and data which should point them in the right direction. To the treasure. The treasure in this case is a hoard of gold bullion, hidden away for the past years by some long dead thieves. Of course, things are not as they seem. The players are only pointed at the first location by the initial data, where they will find additional clues which lead to a second location where the gold actually is. Once there they will have to locate it precisely and get past the corps goons which has been following them, also wanting the bullion. They will also have to get past something even worse .... *what ! Worse than a Corp. ?*

This is very much a Samurai/Solo adventure. Riggers and deckers are probably going to get bored and/or dead. Shadowrun magus will come in use, but only for mapping things out and minor combat. But they don't know that. Techies might be useful but you will have to play that one by ear. Of course you can always twist the adventure around to include these other archetypes/roles. Most of the opposition is human, but the serious opposition is mechanical, which in Shadowrun, is invisible to magic.

GM WARNING: If the players don't think and just charge in, they will **DIE**. You must be prepared to kill characters. However, to play this correctly, players should not be given any clue that this may happen. Death doesn't warn you that it is going to run you over with a bus tomorrow, so why should the players be told their characters might die? If it happens, it's their own fault for playing a character with a low IQ and an over-active machoism.

setting.

This scenario is set in a Melbourne of the future. Now Melbourne as we know it is a multi-cultural society with many social and socio-economic stratas. Melbourne of the future is very similar in this respect except that the differences between groups is stronger and the good/bad rich/poor areas have moved around a bit. As a GM you should emphasis this to help your players get a picture of things even though this scenario does not go much outside the sprawl areas. But the players don't know this, do they ? One of the first things that you should realise about this scenario is that the success of it depends on giving the players only half the information they need to complete it. The basic idea is to get them thinking.
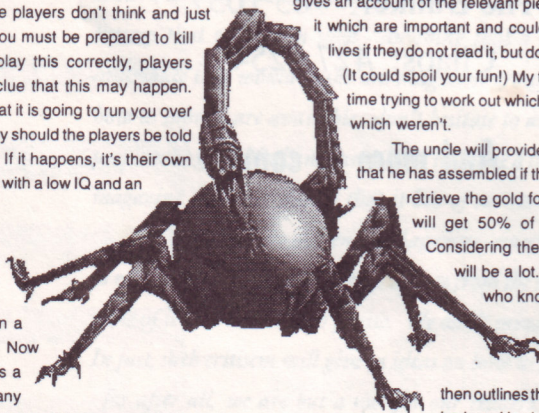
In terms of locations, it can be basically anywhere you like. Making it a reasonable distance between locations will give you plenty of room to throw in some red herrings and side adventures of your own to spice up the story and make it more difficult for the players. This would be recommended if your players are the intelligent type who like to psycho-analyse everything before they blow it away.

Introduction.

The adventure starts when one of the players get a call from his/her uncle. This uncle was a prison guard before he retired and would like to talk to the player about a proposition he has for them. Who doesn't ?

The uncle is now 54 years old and too old to go adventuring. So he thinks it would be a good idea to get someone else to do the dirty work for him. He asks the player to meet him in a bar they both know for a drink and to talk about it. He won't give anything away on the phone, except that there is some money involved.

When the player meets with his/her uncle, the uncle will want to catch up on family business and have a few drinks before getting down to business. He will ask the player if he/she remembers any history and particularly the great bullion robbery of 2016. The player will understandable say no because the GM hasn't told him/her anything yet. This calls for handout #1 which gives a brief account of the robbery. Guaranteed to wet greedy appetites.

The uncle informs the player that one of the prisoners that he was looking after was the last member of this gang. Before he died the prisoner said some things during the retro-virus's fever stage that may have been clues to where the bullion is. It has taken the uncle all the time since then to research the data he has and to come up with a possible location where the treasure may be. But unfortunately he is too old to do this sort of thing any more. Hence the requirement for the player and his/her friends (cannon fodder). If the players ask what the prisoner said during the fever, give then handout #2 which gives an account of the relevant pieces. There are clues in it which are important and could cost the players their lives if they do not read it, but don't give any clues away. (It could spoil your fun!) My test players had a great time trying to work out which bits were relevant and which weren't.

The uncle will provide various pieces of data that he has assembled if the players will track and retrieve the gold for him. In payment they will get 50% of what ever they find. Considering the amounts involved this will be a lot. But after laundering it, who knows ....

Once the players have agreed to the deal the uncle then outlines the rest of the information he has. He doesn't tell them all of it, only the pieces he thinks are relevant. As it happens there is one piece of information that he doesn't give them. The idea is that the players will have to come back and consult further with him about what they find out, but don't bet on it. My test group figured out the missing information by going to public records.

The first thing that the uncle will tell the players is the names and histories of the members of the gang. Feel free to ad-lib extra data in any of this. It all helps to give the impression of great detail and also hides the plot devices.

The first member of the gang was Howard Jennings. Coming from a well of family with fair sized resources, police were not sure for a while why he got into crime. Eventually the reasons came out. When he was 18 and half way through a degree in Physics, Howard was ordered by his family to stop playing around and change to a business major. He soon realised that he was nothing more to his family that the next in line for the Corporate chair. Watching the way that the family manipulated his father who now sat in the position, he was sickened by the idea of being a puppet to his relations. He realised that the family was not going to listen to him and decided that the only way to get out from under their control was to become financially independent from them. This would be difficult to do quickly and without their help, so he decided that taking a few risks would allow him to obtain the money he needed. Besides if there was one thing a well off family was good for it was bail if you got caught. Once having pulled a couple of large to others (but minor to him) raids, he also found that he enjoyed the challenge and thrill of getting away with raid after raid, leaving the police dumb-founded and confused. When he was caught for the bullion robbery, it was rapidly decided that he was the brains of the outfit. He never told where the bullion was and was sent to the gallows for the murders of the security crews. Alas, all his family told him before the execution was that he was unacceptable as a corporate head. No bail or appeal.

Kevin Smith was the high grade Decker/Netrunner who ran matrix cover for the operation. He was responsible for the blanket that stopped the security crews in the bullion trucks calling for help until it was all over. He also hacked into the police dispatch system and kept mis-directing the police response until chased out by police counter insurgence deckers/netrunners (Matrix Insurgence Countermeasure Squad , MICS). Unlike Howard who had rejected his family, Kevin had grown up on the streets not knowing who his family was. With some friends he trusted a bit he survived by being hired for insignificant raids. On a raid one night, he was horrified to see the decker/netrunner get caught by IC and killed before anyone could jack him out. Knowing that his friends would probably get caught and killed without matrix cover he grabbed a spare deck and jacked in through a set of 'trodes. He wasn't able to perform the necessary penetration to retrieve any valuable data, but was able to protect his friends from disaster as they aborted the run. In thanks, they bought him a small deck and data jacks. He had been decking ever since. When the judge handed down the sentences for the bullion raid, he received a life sentence in maximum security. He lasted 2 months.

Trevor Whitters was the prisoner that the uncle looked after. He was born to a strictly religious family with a father that believed depravation, hardship and punishment were the only way to bring up children. Trevor ran away at age 15, and despite rejecting his family, secretly believed a lot of what he was taught. Trevor had been in and out of trouble with the police until he got involved with a higher strata of thieves who taught him how to stay out of trouble while still doing as he pleased. Although being a central member of the raiding party in the robbery, the police believed that he was really only there as muscle rather than brains. His psychological profile also seemed to indicate that he was slightly unstable, viewing the world through eyes slightly bent by his religious upbringing.

These were believed to be the main group involved in the planning of the raid and the police estimated that there were between six and a dozen hired killers also used.

The uncle has worked out from what the fevered prisoner said several items that where relevant to the raid and the possible location of the bullion:

1/ "Nominae Padrae" may be a password to something.

2/ "The Angels" refers to something that happened during the raid. If you are using this for Cyberpunk then the uncle has no idea what. If you are using this for Shadowrun then the following applies: One of the police reports said that at the site of the attack on the convoy there was very little evidence of human participation, as though only one or two people had carried out the attack. Yet the fire power required could not have been wielded by so few. He thinks that the phrase "The Angels" refers to whatever helped the raiders to carry out the raid and may refer to some sort of spirit.

3/ Trevor kept muttering the word "down" which he believes means that the treasure is hidden deep underground.

4/ "Poke his eyes" and "the blind man" probably referring to something in Trevor's past but may be something to do with the bullion.

5/ Although his father features predominantly, the uncle doesn't think he has anything to do with the raid. Of course this will set the players off in this direction. Yes, another red herring.

Going on a bit isn't it? That's because half the fun with this adventure is swamping the players with information at the start so that while they know where they have to go, they won't be sure why.

From this and other research, the uncle has worked out that the bullion may be hidden in an old abandoned church. It used to be the church that Trevor's family worshipped at and therefore had deep significance for Trevor.

The church was trashed in 2005 during a riot, but because of it's landmark status, was never torn down. Unfortunately the religion that owned the church did not have the funds to repair it. It's half burned out but still stands. If using Shadowrun, nobody goes into it and it is believed that several local city spirits may have made their homes there. If this adventure is Cyberpunk based, the rumours are that the church is haunted. The uncle has explored around the outside but has not entered. He believes that the treasure is inside it somewhere. This church is where the uncle thinks the players should start.

starting the run: the church.

When the players get to the church they find a burnt out shell with gaping holes in the roof, rotting insides and over grown doors and walls. The inside of the church is scrawled in graffiti and has dubious flooring. The location of this church can be anywhere you like. However it should definitely be in a gang run section of the sprawl. A gang has taken residence inside the church, and it is this gang that provides the player's first obstacles.

The gang consists of approximately two dozen guys and girls, one or two have enhancements and most are on drugs. They will act hostile, but will back down if enough people and fire-power is produced. My test players decided to split up and have a look around. Consequently two of them got mugged in an alley along side the church by some gang members who where poorly armed and over muscled. Being Shadowrun, the shaman decided to go inside using an Invisible spell. Once there she got noticed by two magically active gangers who were high on drugs and therefore thought she was a goddess as she lay on the altar. Most of the gang sit around a camp fire, with others scattered around on guard duty. One enterprising ganger was in the pulpit so that when a player walked past, he leapt on their back and tried to stab them. Lucky the player was wearing armour. There was a good (and slightly humourous) fight as the players chased, abused, and threw out the gang.

Once the players have the church to themselves, they can explore it. By now they should have figured out that they probably have to go downstairs. The church has a cellar. On the way down, test the players weights against the Strength of the rotting stairs. Of course at least one player should go through them....

One room in this cellar should immediately become interesting to the players. The room has all it's walls covered in relief carvings of a variety of biblical figures and scenes. It looks like it was once a private prayer room of the clergy. The test players immediately asked if there was a blind man in any of the carvings. I rolled and yes there was. Actually I just rolled

in favour of a red herring and the players where told of a carving of Jesus healing the blind just behind a little stone altar. This had no bearing what so ever on the story. After poking at the eyes of the blind man for a while I asked them to roll a intelligence/perception test, where upon one of the players noticed another carving on a side wall.

This carving is the important one and is of a battle scene being watched by a sighted and blind man standing together. If a player pokes his fingers into the eyes of the sighted man, the eyes move in making the man blind and another set appear in the eyes of the blind man. A switch! This opens a secret compartment to the side of the carving. The test players spent quite a while with this, they knew they had the right carving because the mage had detected a space behind the carving. However they did not realise for a while that they had to poke the eyes of the man who could see, thus making him blind and the other one sighted.

In the compartment the players will find an old and rotting diary. Give them handout #3 which is a copy of the relevant sections from the diary.

If the players take the diary back to the old man, he remembers that during the investigations into possible sites for the bullion he came across an old factory that Howard's family owned out on the docklands. It is still there untouched because there is no one investing in the area and it would cost more to pull down than to leave it alone.

second fire fight.

Depending on how things have gone up until this point the GM may want to throw in a group of opposition runners for the players to deal with. This group are Corp. level and will be as good and as fast as the players.

This will happen just a few seconds after the players have arrived at the factory. It seems that a Corp. has had the uncle under surveillance, waiting to see if he locates the gold so they can steal it. This is the Jennings Corporation, the business owned by Howard Jennings's family, which has grown since Howard left it.

Just after the players have disembarked from their vehicles, two black Mercedes followed by a black limousine pull up. Out of the Mercedes jump 6 Corp. samurai. They will scope out the area but stay in a protective circle of the limousine. When all is clear a man gets out of the back of the limousine and walks forward to stand in the middle of the ground between the players and the samurai. It should be obvious to all that he wants a meet.

Basically he has the uncle in the back of the limousine under a gun and will exchange him for the diary. He says that his name is Peter Jennings and he is the grandson of Howard Jennings. This therefore entitles him to the bullion. He also owns the land the factory stands on.

If the players are silly enough to hand over the diary Peter's samurai will then attempt to obliterate the players. Once the fire fight starts (no matter who started it) Jennings will attempt to get away in the limousine or on foot. If he should be confronted, the players will rapidly find out that he is not to be messed with. (See stats). This freaked out the test players who started the fire fight by shooting him in the head with a snipers rifle. He took the shot and kept on going .... The samurai are as fast and as well equipped as the average player in the party, so this should be a well balanced fight. Make sure that the players win but don't make it obvious. See stats section for a basic idea of these samurai, although you might want to vary them a little. The limousine and Mercedes are armoured.

Both Peter and the samurai are wearing Doc Wagon/Trauma Team platinum bands so as soon as the first one goes down start a timer. The players will have about 2 minutes of time before a hot extraction paramedic team turn up. Any players still there will be shot at by the Teams.

the factory.

The factory was original owned by Howard's family back in the 1990's but due to depression it was closed. While the family still owns the land, there is not much chance of it being used for quite some time. Vandals and various forms of street life, animals and other things have all been through it. The Factory was a manufacturing plant and used to make various heavy machinery items for other works. There are a variety of levels to the place. It is rusting with unidentifiable pieces of machinery sitting around, lots of rubbish, pipes that go nowhere etc. Again you can ad-lib a lot of things here to keep the players occupied. However, again the players are quite likely to head straight to the lower levels.

The lower levels under the factory are dark and unlit, as the power has long been shut off. The corridors are long and dingy with a large number of rooms. There are plenty of pipes, ducting and machinery where things can hide (hint). It is quite likely that no one has been here for a long time.

The first sign that everything is definitely not OK is when the players come across several bodies. There is nothing new about this except that these are armoured and each body has a neat little hole in the torso section of the armour that looks like it was drilled rather than blown through. The area shows signs of not being entered for a while but the signs of a fire fight are evident. This should really worry the players. The test team got really upset when I told them in gruesome detail how the holes in the armour had been drilled and not blown through like a normal AP round would do.

On the other side of this room is a door way to another room. It has several large pieces of machinery in it. There are three power generators and standing in the doorway the players can see that there is still a little power going into the one furthermost away from them, evidenced by some indicator lights glowing. Each generator is about the size of a large car and about as high as the tallest player. There are pipes and ducting going everywhere so get inventive. There are more bodies in here with the little holes in them.

Once they enter, they should be given a few seconds and then start to hear skittering noises that appear to move around them. String this out for maximum FEAR EFFECT.

BIG NOTE: If the players are not carrying a old wet cell battery and all of them enter this room then they are in deep doo-doo.

The first they know of this is when a robot drops from the roof to land on the floor in front of them. It is a large scorpion like robot about the same size as a cat. The tip of its "tail" contains a small drilling robot that will attach itself to someone and drill through armour into their body, through the body to the brain. A very agonising death with NO chance of survival. There are about 15 of these 'Scorpions' and they are all armoured to withstand light to medium weapons. They are small, fast, can climb and jump, and are programmed to sneak attack hostile targets. They are also programmed to kill anyone who enters and does not have a coded key (long lost). They will only move openly if the target is not overtly hostile or is getting away. Without the code key, there is only one way for the players to get by the Scorpions: a wet cell battery. It seems there was a bug in the programming of the Scorpions that meant that they were susceptible to 'drinking' from a wet cell. It puts them to 'sleep' for approximately two hours. This has been mentioned in the diary and the players should pick up on it.

From a GMs point of view I had real fun here. The test group split up with three members moving into the room while the rest watched. They got about half way in when they heard a scratching sound like something running across a pipe above their heads. You should have seen their faces. Never mind the characters, the players were freaking out. They started shouting out 'Nominae Padrae', thinking that might work.

The three split up further with one of them going forward to shut down the generator. He thought that this might stop whatever it was they were facing. He shut it down and turned around again just in time to see a Scorpion drop to the floor between him and the door he came in. Words stronger than your average "damn" were said several times. Trapped ! Meanwhile the others had heard more noises and one of the players standing in the doorway watching saw out of the corner of his eye a small silver shape run across a pipe overhead. The other two in the room went down an aisle between two of the generators which was only a few feet wide. The first they knew that this was a mistake was when one of them looked up to see a Scorpion sitting two feet in front of his face on top of a generator. At the same time another two crawled out from beneath the opposite generator and stood a few feet from the other player.

The players tried the passwords again but all the scorpions did was come closer and make threatening movements. More appeared. By the time someone remembered something about a wet cell battery in the diary, all three players were bailed up by seven scorpions and three more were menacing the watchers in the door way. The scorpions were closing in and the players just 'knew' that if the fired a shot they would be dead meat.

One of the other players brought back a wet cell battery from the cars and pushed it into the room. One of the scorpions immediately went over to examine it. Give the players glorious detail of the Scorpion using the driller in it's tail to drill a hole in the battery.

Once (or should I say IF) the players get by the Scorpions they have still yet more challenges. The next room is silent and empty which is guaranteed to get them worried. Again it is full of pipes and ducts, cobwebs and age.

In the second to last room they meet the ANGELS.

The players will get half way across the room before the first one of these glides to the floor using it's wings. The second follows a few seconds latter. This scene could be sort of reminiscent of *Batman* arriving or the *Alien* dropping down behind its first victim. Again strive for maximum scare value. These are two armoured death machines. They have huge metal wings that they can use to glide short distances, hence Trevor's reference. The are approximately 10 feet tall and armoured heavily. They are intelligent to a point and will accept "Nominae Padrae Etspirito Sancte" as a password for Trevor to pass. The players only have half this password - they will have to guess the second half.

If the players do nothing (an intelligent move) the first Angel will take a step forward and say 'Password?'. With the test team they tried the password as written in the dialogue from Trevor's fever. The Angel just took another step forward, one of it's gun barrels winding up ready to start shooting (Vulcan mini-gun look, best effect!). It then said 'Incomplete. Password?'. This gave the players the hint they needed to work the rest of the phrase out. Once the correct password has been spoken, the Angels will welcome Trevor and back off. They will consider the player who spoke the password to them to be Trevor. They WILL NOT let any other player through.

If the players totally stuff this up (three tries) then the Angels will hunt to kill them as far as the nearest stair well back to the surface.

Once a single player has got by the Angels, he/she faces the final barrier: the vault itself. This is comprised of a pillar standing in the middle of the next room. On the top of the pillar is a key pad. It accepts eight characters as a password. There is no other clue as to what it might be. The player must enter '24082016' as a key combination. The date of the raid. The players should be able to figure this out. Inside the vault is an ad for ACME vaults approximately 10,000,000 in gold and a control box for the Angels so they can be turned off , thus allowing the rest of the players to gain access.

The gold will need to be fenced, but I'm sure the GM can work out a reasonable percentage that the players would end up with in cash.

handout #1:

In the year 2011, a mass Corporate War involving several banks and arcologies in Australia broke out, and those corporations needed to shift around vast sums of money to account for a number of huge shifts in the stock markets while keeping that money safe from the raids currently going on against electronic fund transfer systems. To do this they transported gold bullion from one secure site to another.

On the 24-08-2011, a heavily guarded convoy was transporting $50,000,000 in bullion from the Nation Australia Bank to the Daimaru Arcology when it came under heavy fire. All armored cars and APCs were destroyed and personnel killed without mercy. The attackers had time to get away with one of the armored bullion wagons before support arrived.

The van was later found at the docks, gutted and the crew dead. After an exhaustive hunt, the police and Daimaru Security forces were able to capture the ring leaders of the attack, but none of the bullion. The ring leaders never told where they had stashed the bullion and showed no remorse for the merciless killings. The courts showed even less mercy and sentenced the leader to death by hanging. The rest where sentenced to life in a high security prison.

One of them died soon after, at the hands of his fellow inmates who were trying to obtain the location of the bullion. The final one was placed in solitary confinement where he stayed for the next few years before finally dying during a retro-virus plague.

- Gibson's Historical Almanac, 2020 Ed.

handout #2: fevered utterings...

During the initial fevers which signified the virus's on slaught, the prisoner was heard by the guard to say:

"...... Father did I do so wrong ? .... Father ? .... You ! You ! .... The angels are coming ... coming ... coming ... I've seen them .... the angels ... the pit, down ... got to get up, got to go north now .... now ... No, don't drink that .... down .... the angels ..... black .... coming .... the pit .... Life ! Life ! .... they've killed him .... you bastards .... I'll get you .... you .... you .... where's the coke can ? .... 42 .... 42 .... I'll go to church .... the church .... yes father I will .... arrrrgh .... why??? .... no ..... no .... shiny angels of darkness ... scuttering ..... down .... Kate, where are you ? ... coppers .... too smart .... Nominae Pardrae .... no .... must not tell .... I told you George, it won't fit ! ....coming ... coming ..... poke his eyes ..... the blind man .... yes father I will .... father ? .... noooooooooo .... I will ..... I will ..... arrggh ! No ! NO ! NO! ...... "

handout #3: exerts from the diary of trevor whitters:

18th July 2011.

... We're going to do it. The biggest haul in history if we crack it. I'm worried but Howard says it will be OK. He's taking up down to the factory on Saturday to show use what he calls the answer to our problems. I'm sceptical, but he seems to know what he's talking about.

21st July 2011.

Whoa ! If I hadn't seen them I wouldn't believe it. Howard's got a regular bloody army down there. Just plug them in and it's time to rock and roll. I wonder where he got the money to do this from. Anyway, Murray's got the banks under surveillance, watching them and the stock market to predict when it will happen ....

25th July 2011.

Been down to the factory again today. I'd hate to be the ones on the receiving end of this lot. Funny thing is, walk in, plonk down an old wet cell and they're as meek as the next door neighbours rabbit. Gives me the shits though, the way, every time I look around they're watching me.

Murray said that there is a big shift going on between Daimaru and NAB. Could be the one we've been waiting for. He thinks it's going to go down in about a month.

5th August 2011.

Fitted the heavy weapons today .... those poor bastards.

8th August 2011.

The big ones are aggressive. Howard's given us all code words that are meant to get us past them. PLEASE GOD, don't let me forget. ....They remind me of angels, damn you dad !

10th August 2011.

Jess got his icons fried today. Howard said he bowled up to the factory half drunk and couldn't remember the code words. The first thing Howard knew was when the bikes fuel tank went up. Unfortunately Jess was still on the bike. Now we gotta get another Nerdy type to handle electronics and matrix. Murray says he might know someone.

15th August 2011.

Got our new nerd today. You should have seen his face when we introduced him to the angels. Thought the guy was gonna shit floppy disks ha ha ha ha. His name is Kevin Smith, apparently the genuine article too.

20th August 2011.

The vaults finished. Howards says that we will have to sit on the loot for at least 1 year before we can start to shift it. This should keep it safe he recons. We all have agreed that no matter what we must never tell anyone about it. We've decided that we must put some of the loot in a not too secure place so that the police can find it and hopefully send them off in the wrong direction.

23rd August 2011.

Tomorrows it. Good luck to all.

24th August 2011.

WE DID IT !!!!!!!! got the lot. The evening news recons we got away with about 10 million.. HA ! Any idiot can tell you that there was nothing short of 50,000,000 million in there. God! What a sight. The plan went like a dream. No witnesses and out of there before the backup arrived.

The only trouble we had was when one of the angels got cranky back at the factory. Howard said it copped a stray one. We had to destroy it. Most of the gold went into the vault and got sealed up.

5th September 2011.

That bloody moron! Bloody Howard got picked up because the coppers though he might have something to do with a break in at Technol Park and the bloody idiot had one of the bullion bars in his house! He must have taken it as a souvenir when we were loading it into the vault. Shit!
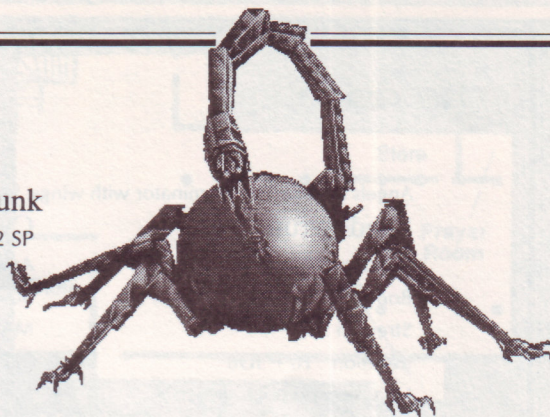
6th September 2011.

Got to loose this diary. The coppers are probably getting ready to pick any known friends of Howard's up and I can't afford for them to find this.

the scorpion:

Shadowrun.

Armour : 6/6

Body : 2

Quickness: 8 (Running mod: x3)

Reaction : 8 + 2D6

Unarmed Combat: 4

Cyberpunk

Armour: 12 SP

Body: 8

MA: 10

REF: 9

Melee: 6

The scorpions are small fast and deadly with armour for fun.

Combat Rules:

Shadowrun

There is a modifier to hit a Scorpion because of their size and speed. They take 4 hits to kill with any staging counting as another hit. Each hit slows a Scorpion down enough to reduce the target number by 2. The fourth hit will kill the Scorpion.

Ok = +8

1 hit = +6

2 hits = + 4

3 hits = +2

4 hits = dead.

In order for a Scorpion to kill a character it must spend a full combat turn attached to them. Attempting to attach to a character is a Melee attack. If the character draws or wins, the Scorpion is deflected away, and will attack again next action. If attached, the Scorpion's next action is a Melee attack to plant the driller. A win on the part of the character here will NOT throw off the Scorpion, merely prevent the driller being planted. On the character's next action, he or she can attempt to throw the Scorpion off. This is another Melee attack. If the character wins or draws, the Scorpion is thrown off. If the character fails, the Scorpion is not removed and may attempt to plant the driller again on its next action. If the driller is planted, the Scorpion itself will drop off and cease to function.

A character can attempt to fool the micro driller by removing his or her armour. The character must make a Quickness test to see if they get the armour off fast enough to escape the driller. GMs should account for what the character is wearing and carrying in setting the target number. The driller will get through the armour in one turn so the character has 3 seconds to remove the armour. A very difficult test at the best of times. If the character fails, a messy horrible death results.

Cyberpunk:

Targeting a Scorpion is affected by the -6 modifier to hit a Tiny target, both because of size and speed. For each hit to a scorpion that penetrates the armour, this modifier is reduced by 2. Eg: -6 is reduced to -4. This modifier is never reduced below zero. The Scorpion has the normal damage scale used for NPCs, but are not affected by Stun rolls. Death rolls are made as normal against the Scorpion's Save of 8. Damage is also still reduced by the Body Type Modifier (BTM) as normal.

In order for a Scorpion to kill it must spend one turn attached to a character. The attempt made by the Scorpion to attach is a Melee attack. If the character wins, the Scorpion is knocked away and will attempt to attach itself again next turn. If the attempt is a success, roll on the hit location table to determine the body part the Scorpion is attached to. On the character's action he or she can attempt to throw the Scorpion off by rolling a Melee task (or Martial Art - Throw). If the character wins or draws, the Scorpion is thrown off. If the roll is failed, the Scorpion will attempt to plant the driller, this also being a Melee attack. If the character wins, the driller is not planted. The Scorpion remains attached to the character. If the driller is planted the Scorpion drops off. As in Shadowrun, a character may attempt to remove armour on the body section that the driller is planted in to foil it. A character must make a Athletics test on their next turn against a target number set by the GM according to armour and encumbrance (Very Difficult is recommended). If the armour is not removed in time, or the character is not wearing amour, death results immediately. Too bad.

Both systems

A Scorpion has inbuilt detectors that will prevent it attempting to drill into a cyber-limb.

Sub-dermal (obviously) cannot be removed, so no roll is necessary - the character automatically fails.

Armour that has a driller planted into it cannot be used again.

the angels:

Angels are like The Terminator with wings, two mini-guns and hand-razors.

Shadowrun

Armour : 10/10

Body : 12

Strength : 16

Reaction : 16 + 3D6

Unarmed Combat : 8

Stoner-Ares M107: 10S

Cyberpunk

Amour: 30

Body: 15

MA: 20

REF: 10 (Combat Sense: 12)

Melee: 10

Heavy Weapon: 10

Shadowrun:

They pack two arm mounted Stoner-Ares M107s with explosive rounds (10S) and built in blades in both hands. If provoked they will shoot first and examine the remains latter. They have IR, low light and Normal vision, flare compensation and enhanced hearing abilities, as well as a built in Smartgun link. If you need to play these in combat I suggest you assign the most vindictive, already dead player you have to play them. They will be cold and ruthless killing machines.

Cyberpunk:

The Angels carry two 20mm 3-barrel Arasaka Assault Rotary Cannons, one in each arm.

Arasaka Assault Rotary Cannon

| HVY | -4 | N | R | 6D10(20mm) | 100 | 50 | ST |

The Angels also have Wolvers, one set in each arm, mounted to extend from the knuckles of their hands. They have thermographic vision, Anti-Dazzle, Low light, and Smartgun link to each gun with targeting scope (linked together - no firing an separate targets). The Angels are ruthless, merciless killing machines and should be played as such. There is no Negotiating here!

the church

Down
Office
Confessionals
Store & Change Rooms
Pulpit
Altar
Pews
Tower
Change Rooms

Store
Store
Prayer Room
Power Room

Underground

the factory

Raw Materials
Pouring & Moulding
Stairs
Machining
Silos
Stairs
Warehouse
Staff
Stairs
Admin
Assembly
Stairs

Power Substation
Bodies
3 Big Power Generators
Scorpions
Power Substation
Power Room
Store
Stairs
Vault
Pump Room
Angels
Stairs

Underground

Stairs

The Lady is Back.

Fiction and Artwork by Ken Stone

Vivienne ran her hand over the smooth paint work of her new car. There was something special about it, something that she had found in no other car. It was a custom that dated back to the late eighties, the car originally being made during the seventies, over fifty years ago. It was a Ford XB coupe, an old V8. The styling had been changed a little, but it still had the class of the original. Styling that showed some imagination, rather than the decade of box shaped cars that followed.

Vivienne had found it lying in the back corner of a large country wrecking yard. The body damage was slight and most parts had been left on it. The differences in styling had saved panels being ripped off to keep other cars of the same era going. Of course the monster power plant had been taken. The interior had faded and cracked through years of sitting in the sun, as had the paint work. The original customizer had put a lot of effort into rust-proofing the car so the red cancer had barely touched it.

Now, several months and many dollars later, it was a glistening testimony to the way they used to make cars. Some concessions had been made to modern technology. Light armour panelling had been worked in behind the sheet metal and new bullet proof windows had been formed. The fully balanced and blueprinted engine was the latest in switched fuel injected/supercharged technology. The weapons and targeting equipment had never been factory fitted on this model car either, considering its age.

Vivienne climbed into the driver's seat and shut the door. A single touch of the start button and the on-board computer primed and started the engine. She fastened her seat-belt before taking hold of what convention identified as the steering wheel. Gear selection and weapon controls were all handled from the steering wheel. There were safety interlocks on the weapons. A touch on one of the switches brought up the weapon status.

Dropping the car into low gear, Vivienne drove slowly away. She waved out the side window to her mother, Madeline, or Peach as everyone called her. Peach was nursing her new daughter, Alicia. Brian, Peach's husband and Moko their adopted daughter were there also. Viv waved again before pushing her right foot to the floor, easing up only to toggle up to the next gear.

Vivienne had decided the time had come to visit her adoptive parents. It was several years since she had seen them last, and she left them without letting them know she was going. It wasn't that they had not been good to her. It seemed they had tried to buy her love, but that had not worked. Vivienne had eventually become one of the local gang of car enthusiasts, using her father's money to ensure she had the fastest car in the area. This led to her undoing: Straight stretch of road. Two hundred plus miles per hour. Truck pulls out. Try to take corner. Hit tree. Wake up in hospital half dead.

Once again her father's wallet had come to the rescue. New cybernetic legs and various internal organs where the damage had been too extensive. A good portion of her spine had been replaced. Critical areas had also been armoured during the rebuild. All of the cybernetics had been covered with real flesh, giving an appearance that was as good as the real thing. A self healing system had been installed as well, resulting in the rapid healing of any flesh injury or cut.

Vivienne was a lot quieter now. Recovery had been slow and it took her a long time to regain confidence. About two years after the crash, she had met Peach. Peach was an unusual girl, looking a lot younger than she was. She also was a cyborg. She and Vivienne had got on well from the start and spent the next four years cruising around outback Australia together. A series of events had led them to an amazing discovery. Vivienne was Peach's daughter!

Vivienne's adoptive parents lived in a suburb of Sydney which meant heading up the Hume from Melbourne. If she didn't worry about the speed limit, she should be able to make her destination by evening. The small Victorian Police marking on the rear bumper would give her some immunity. She was not a member of the police force but an extreme sacrifice on her part had left them in her debt.

After finally getting clear of the city centre, the uncongested country highway stretched out in front of her. The Hume was still a major truck route, so it was largely devoid of the kind of trouble making scum that collected around the less popular routes. Though undoubtedly some hot head would take offence at being overtaken and would seek to prove his manhood by challenging. That was where the Vulcan came in.

Viv checked the current fuel economy on the car's computer. It was good having the switched supercharger. It meant that you could go a lot further on a tank of fuel than with a full-time supercharger like her last car had. Of course economy had not even come into consideration with her original street racer. That thing had run a full race-bred engine that she had managed to disguise from the authorities. She usually referred to that car as "that thing" as she had no particularly fond memories of it now.

Two cars were running side by side just ahead. Viv could not tell if they were trying to race or not because their speed was comparatively slow. Neither car was of a type known for their power. Vivienne flashed her car's headlights at the car in front of her. It slowed a little, then pulled into the left lane to allow her to pass. She acknowledged the driver as she drove past. It was unlikely that either would challenge. Sub-compacts would not stand all that good a chance against her larger vehicle. The sub-compact switched back into right lane as Vivienne pulled away.

A couple more miles of straight road, then a gentle curve. Vivienne glanced at the handling monitor as she went around the curve without slowing. A couple of times it flickered from green to amber. If it hit red, it meant the car was at the absolute limit of its road holding ability and was in danger of coming unstuck. As the road straightened up again, she glanced across at the fuel gauge. It sat around quarter full. Viv was feeling hungry anyway, so she decided to pull in at the next service station.

A truck stop was the next service facility that she came across so she slowed, dropping down through the gears. The crackling of the exhaust amused her. People always looked up when they heard it. She pulled into the truck stop and parked the car so that she would be able to see it from the cafe. She tapped the kill switch as she stepped from the vehicle. The car was programmed to recognize her cybernetics so she needed no keys.

The guy behind the counter served her instantly. Others were still waiting for service so she flashed them a smile as she paid for her meal with cash rather than the phone number the guy had been hoping for. She sat at a window seat and watched the passing traffic as she chewed on her hamburger. The food tasted OK, not like the plastic food available at most fast food chains in the cities.

She could hear a faint grinding sound so she looked around to find its source. She eventually spotted a battered car crawling up the drive way and into the car park. After looking at it thoughtfully for a few moments, she recognized it as the same sub-compact she had passed earlier. Obviously it had become involved in a substantial fight. Vivienne cringed as it scraped into the parking spot next to hers. The driver gathered a few things from it then walked into the cafe. Buying a can of soft drink from a machine, he came and sat at the table, opposite Vivienne.

Vivienne looked him up and down briefly. He was reasonably dressed in casual clothes. Basically, he did not look like a trouble maker or a con man.

"Are you looking for me?" Viv asked.

"Sort of. Actually I'm after your car," he replied. "My name is Cole. Nick Cole," he said as he dropped his licence in front of Vivienne as proof. "I'm a courier."

"And you drive that thing?" Vivienne laughed.

"In an attempt to remain inconspicuous, yes."

"Well, I think someone saw through your trick."

"Yes, but he wont tell anyone."

"What are you carrying, anyway, or won't you tell?"

"Let's just say it's some vital evidence for a case in Sydney. I spotted your bumper sticker and figured who could help better than an off-duty cop."

"Hate to disappoint you but I'm not a cop."

"Oh," he grunted then swung around as he heard a voice by the door.

"Cole. Say good-bye to the lady. You're coming with me," the rough looking character by the door growled.

Cole lifted his hands as he looked at the sawn off shotgun that was being pointed at him. He stood and slowly moved forward, blocking the man's view of Vivienne. He was playing his last card, hoping Vivienne would see what he was doing. She did. As Cole moved from in front of the ruffian she fired her pistol.

"Sorry about the mess, guys. The cops will pay handsomely for him," she said as she jumped up and followed Cole out the door.

"I wondered if you would come through," Cole stated.

"Here's your licence," Viv said as she passed it to him. "I recognized the thug from the wanted posters back at the station.".

"I thought you said you weren't a cop."

"I'm not. My mother and her husband are, though," she explained. "And I have the bad habit of getting involved."

"Are going to drive me to Sydney?"

"I don't want my car's new paint scratched."

"If the car gets wrecked I'll replace it."

"Do you have a time machine?"

"Huh?"

"Oh never mind. Get in. You can start by paying for this tank of fuel."

"Would you consider letting me drive?"

"Would you prefer to walk?"

"OK, OK. You fill the tank and I'll go pay for it."

Five minutes later they were on the road again. Cole looked the car's dash over pretty thoroughly, trying to find out what secrets the car held.

"Floor it."

"Pardon?"

"I want to see what the car is capable of."

Vivienne toggled back a gear and pushed the accelerator to the floor. While being impressive this sort of power was quite common. Cole shook his head.

"I was hoping for more. Do you have nitrous?"

"No." Viv had a thing about nitrous. It had cost her legs - twice.

Cole clapped his hand to his forehead. What was the world coming to. He considered nitrous to be a vital part of any car.

"However..." Viv continued. "I do have this." She hit the supercharger select switch and floored the accelerator again. The rear tyres broke traction and the car swerved slightly sideways leaving thick clouds of white smoke before rapidly accelerating up to top speed. Vivienne glanced sideways at Cole as she wove between a couple of semi trailers. She was satisfied with his white face and blank stare.

"Happy now?" she asked as she switched back to fuel injection. Cole just ran his fingers through his hair and slowly shook his head.

"Anyway, what's your name, Lady?" he finally asked.

"Exactly."

"Huh?"

"Lady Vivienne Cornell, actually. Just call me Vivienne."

"I think I'm beginning to regret this," Cole muttered to himself. He had some vague memory of a much publicised car accident. "You're not a clone are you?"

"Hell no. Why do you ask?"

"Forget it."

Cole sat in silence for the next quarter of an hour, occasionally glancing behind. He turned toward Vivienne, slightly worried.

"The black car coming up behind us rather fast. He's trouble. Some sod at the cafe must have told him that I hitched a lift with you."

"Bright orange cars are hard to hide aren't they?" Vivienne mused. "If he passes, he doesn't know. If pulls in behind us, we'll have to get rid of him."

The black car pulled into the same lane as Vivienne's car without slowing. Vivienne enabled the supercharger and weapon systems.

"No one else around?" Vivienne queried as she looked in the rear view mirror.

"He's going to ram," Cole warned.

"That's what he thinks." Vivienne dropped a gear and pushed the accelerator to the floor. As the tyres broke traction, she swung on the wheel, away from the direction the car was sliding, causing it to go into a spin. She hit the fire button as the black car came into the sights. By this time, the driver in the black car was already panicking, trying to avoid what he thought to be a car that was out of control. The bullets caught him off guard. He dodged, running off the shoulder of the road, knocking a cats-eye post out of the ground. Vivienne straightened her car up and slowed a little so that she was behind the black car as it skidded back onto the road. Once again the orange car's vulcan started chewing at the black car's armour. Cole had his hands over his eyes. He didn't scare easily but this girl was too much.

"What are you trying to do, scare him to death?" he gasped.

"Yes, something like that." Vivienne accelerated again, baring down on the black car. It started twitching, becoming more unstable as the driver tried to escape the stream of shells. Ahead the road curved to the right so Vivienne cut across to the right lane and started to creep along side the black car. The handling indicator on Vivienne's dash went red.

"We're going too fast to take this curve," Cole almost screamed.

"So is he," Vivienne replied, suddenly slamming her foot on the brake. They watched as the black car left the road, ploughed through a sign post then rolled end for end a couple of times before coming to a stop on its roof.

"Aargh," Cole said.

"And all that without a scratch to my paint work."

"Aargh. Female logic. The poor bastard didn't even get a chance to shoot."

"He can't have been much of a driver."

"Only the second best hit man that money can buy. The guys at home will never believe me when I tell them."

Cole sat in silence for the next few minutes, waiting for his adrenaline level to subside. When he finally felt capable of coherent speech he again turned to Vivienne.

"I'd like you to fill me in on a few details."

"Sure."

"There was this girl called Lady or something who used to race around Sydney. She vanished without a trace a few years ago. You wouldn't happen to be this Lady would you?

"And what if I was?"

"Oh brother!" Cole clapped his hand to his forehead. "The Lady is back! Stop the car. I think I'd rather walk."

"That would be great wouldn't it? I draw away all of the hit men while you travel in safety. No thanks. If they are going to shoot at my car, you can pay for the repairs. How many of these guys are chasing you anyway."

"We've disabled three between us so far, so I guess that means there are only a few hundred left."

"If this info is so important, how come you don't have a bit more of a guard?"

"A convoy was set up as decoy. I was meant to slip in to Sydney totally undetected in my inconspicuous sub-compact, but someone's squealed on me it seems."

"Meanwhile everyone wants to shoot at my new car."

"Pull in at the next stop for a reload. We'll need it."

Vivienne looked at her watch. They were making better time than she had hoped. The fuel gauge was approaching the empty mark again and she had used some more of the ammo to silence a teenager with an ego problem. The only problem was that Cole's antagonists had combined to form a gang and they were slowly gaining on Vivienne's car at the moment. She counted a dozen bikers. A heavy black cruiser lurked behind them. A couple of bullets thudded into Vivienne's car.

"Time to cover your eyes, Cole. We have company." Vivienne dropped a couple of mines. The bikers dodged but the black cruiser didn't see them in time. It slowed and pulled off the road, it's front quarter spewing flame. The bikes caught up to Vivienne's car and closed around it, a couple of the bikers firing occasional bursts from hand held SMG's.

"They seem to be eager to take you alive, Cole. Why would that be? If your so called evidence turns out to be nothing of the sort, I'll be after

your hide too. But first, lets lose these bikers," Vivienne said as she planted both feet on the brake pedal. The car shook as the two bikes behind hit the rear armour. She hit the supercharger switch and cut across the dividing strip and into the oncoming traffic. The bikers followed her.

"What are you doing?" Cole gulped.

"More fun this way," Vivienne said as two cars swerved to avoid her, one broad siding a careless biker.

Two semi-trailers were approaching them, one in each lane. They were flashing their lights and sounding their horns. Vivienne aimed her car straight between them. Some of the bikers peeled off the side of the road while three of them stayed behind Vivienne. Just as she was going into the gap between the trucks Vivienne slammed on the brakes. Two bikers tried to dodge, falling under the trucks. The third ran in to the back of the XB.

"Scratch five," Vivienne said as the rider flew over the car onto the road ahead.

"So, apart from the mine dropper does this car have any rear weapons?" Cole ventured.

"Yes, the brakes."

"I was afraid you'd say that."

Vivienne swerved the car back across the divider strip and onto the correct side of the road again, firing a couple of bursts at another biker. The remaining bikers soon closed in around the XB again. Viv looked down at the dash when an alarm sounded. The fuel gauge was showing nearly empty.

"Damn supercharger," Viv muttered.

"Fuel stop ahead if you can lose these bikers."

"No probs. Watch."

Viv tapped the brakes. The bikers behind her, now becoming familiar with the tactic pulled into the left lane. Still braking lightly, Viv swerved into the other lane right where the bikers were, knocking several off their bikes. She braked a little harder and turned into the service station. The remaining bikers didn't stop.

Vivienne walked around the car inspecting the damage. The drivers side armour had taken a beating and a crack had developed in the side window. The rear damage was extensive but about half of the armour was still intact. The weapons were OK.

"All reloaded and refuelled, Lady," the service station hand said. "Nice car. Pity about the damage. How long you had it?"

"Two days."

"Oh."

"Cole, pay the man."

Vivienne ducked as the side window shattered. The black cruiser tried to pass again and she blocked its way.

"How much further to your destination? We aren't going to be able to hold out much longer," she asked.

"Just a couple of miles."

The XB shuddered as it clipped the front of the cruiser.

"Damn. Who is this guy anyway?"

"You know how you got the second best hit man earlier?"

"Yes."

"Well this guy is better than him."

"Oh great. I've lost sight of the biker. Can you see him?"

"He's behind the cruiser."

Vivienne dropped her last two mines in a desperate attempt to lose the black cruiser. It pulled to one side to avoid them, allowing the biker past. An alarm sounded from Vivienne's dash and she glanced across at the warning indicator. The supercharger had overheated. The car's computer had automatically transferred back to fuel injection. A roar outside the shattered window caught Vivienne's attention. She turned just in time to see the biker point his shotgun through the window. The blast caught Vivienne in the chest. The XB went sideways as the black cruiser rammed the rear. Cole tried to reach across to the steering wheel, but his safety harness restrained him. He swore as the XB began to roll.

Cole shook his head in an attempt to clear it. The XB had landed on its wheels. He looked around to see what had become of the assailants. Behind, the black cruiser had hit a tree and caught fire. The biker was up ahead. He was coming back to investigate the wrecked XB. Cole drew his machine pistol and leaned across Vivienne's body, waiting for the biker.

The biker slowly rolled up to the XB, still holding his shotgun. As soon as Cole could get a clear shot, he let loose with the machine pistol.

"So the last one falls," he said as he collected his satchel from where it had been thrown. He climbed out through the XB's windscreen opening and jumped down beside the fallen motorcycle. He pushed the body of the biker aside and righted the bike. It looked intact enough to ride. One last look at Lady. She deserved that at least. He hadn't wanted her to die. Cole leaned in through the window and pushed her hair from in front of her face. He felt her warm breath on his hand as he did so. Alive? After that wound? He felt for a pulse. He found it without much trouble.

Suddenly Cole's priorities had changed. There should be no trouble from hit men for a while and the court case wasn't for a week yet. He released Vivienne's safety harness. Grabbing hold of the door with both hands, he tried to open it. After a couple of attempts, it gave way with a grating creak. He pulled Vivienne from the wreck and carried her to the bike. Seating himself, he pulled Vivienne side saddle across the fuel tank.

Cole started the bike, and slowly drove away from the carnage. The next stop:- one of the major hospitals. If Viv was to have any chance, he thought.

Arriving at one of the hospitals, Cole drove straight up the wheelchair ramp and into the lobby, ignoring the complaints from nearby nurses. He yelled for some attention. A doctor and a couple of orderlies approached. The doctor caught sight of Vivienne's wound.

"We can't perform miracles, you know."

"Just shut up and help her. I don't know how but she's still alive."

The doctor signalled to the orderlies. "Get her into theatre, now!"

The next two hours dragged by slowly. Cole was still sitting on the motorcycle in the lobby. He had refused any help for his minor injuries. So far he had heard no news on Viv and at the moment that was all he was interested in.

Someone called his name and he looked up to see the doctor approaching. He was amazed at how hard it was to read the doctor's face. The guy had a lot of practice at keeping it from showing emotion, Cole surmised.

"Pretty amazing woman you have there, Mr. Cole."

"She's OK then?"

"Yes."

"When can I see her?"

"Come back in the morning. She's sleeping. You look like you could do with a night's sleep yourself."

"I'll keep."

"She'll be fine. Trust me. And get that motorbike out of here."

Cole delivered the satchel to the court-house. All it contained was a solitary disk with enough information on it to put one of the country's crime bosses behind bars for good. The disk was not a copy. It had been seized during a raid on a Melbourne house several months ago. Many attempts had been made by the crime boss to recover it. Now it was over for him.

The job was over for Cole too. The pay was excellent, more than enough to replace his car and the exotic vehicle that Lady had been driving. After arranging a salvage team to collect the wrecked XB, he sacked down in the court-house barracks. He was so tired that he didn't wake until mid morning. He bathed and dressed in some neater clothes before riding around to the hospital.

Parking the bike outside this time, he walked inside and up to the enquiries desk.

"I'm here to see Lady Vivienne Cornell."

"Just a moment," the nurse on duty replied and started searching through her records. Somebody else queued behind Cole, but he didn't bother to look, that was until they grabbed him around the waist.

"Huh?"

"Are you going to buy me a new car?" a female voice asked. Cole turned to face Vivienne. She was smiling up at him. She was wearing a dress with a low neck line. Cole could see the wound to her chest had completely healed. No scaring was evident, either. Cole tapped her on the chest.

"You had a dirty great hole here. Where'd it go?"

"It healed."

"How? You have only been in overnight. Most people would still be on the critical list. They haven't activated a clone of you have they?"

"No. It's the same me. As to how, it's my secret."

"Come on. Tell me."

"Later, perhaps. But meanwhile, since you've managed to destroy my car, how would you like drive me around to my folk's place."

"I think I'd like that."

Oaths and Active Gods

Written by Havik

'It may have only been the small back room of the tavern, but the atmosphere was as tense as many a war council. "The Amulet, Thief!", the armour clad figure paced across the room, adding to Parsan's nerves, "I cannot win my way passed the last guardian without the protection of that Amulet."

"But the Temple has increased it guard..."

"We have a deal, Thief."

"Yes, yes. I swear on the grave of Vile Henry, you shall have your Amulet by dusk tomorrow, let Varnalle be my witness!"

The next evening, in the graveyard, all was quiet. Until the grave of Vile Henry stirred. His rotted corpse rose slowly from the ground, brought back to un-life by Varnalle. Never break an oath sworn by such a vindictive God.....'

Oaths, promises, deals, and other agreements are entered into every day. Nothing new or fantastic there. But there are ways in which things can differ in a fantasy setting. What better way to ensure a character adheres to a contract than the wizard's Geas spell, placing the subject under some compulsion. Or, a God (or Gods) who takes an active interest in what is said and done in its name.

In day to day life, I imagine most of you have been told at some point to "not take God's name in vain". Perhaps you said something like "For Gods sake!", or "Jesus Christ!"? Both of which could be seen as an appeal to the christian divinity for some kind of consideration. Not so long ago in Court, one swore "To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God". Perhaps there is a God who hears and considers these appeals, perhaps not. In reality, it seems impossible to say "That is the act of God." So when you give or break your word, it is generally only your reputation that is affected.

While role playing in a fantasy world, things could be somewhat different. The D&D Cleric, when casting any of his spells, is receiving divine aid. And in many other systems, Gods play a far more active roll. What happens when a God is asked to bear witness to an agreement? Then, to break your word is not just a question of reputation. There could be other consequences...

"M'lord, I swear I shall pay you the rest of the gold next week, or may God strike me down with lightning!" Always

a goodie, very simple, easy to GM, what can I say. But different Gods could view different situations in different ways.

There are several things to consider. When does a God become involved in a deal? What does the God think of the deal? What power does the God have to act on, or enforce the deal? Does the God mind being called on like this? Even, will the God actually be aware of your oath? And probable many other considerations...

For most characters, to simply promise something should be much as normal, and to gain divine witness would require some clear appeal to the God. A priest, however, is likely to fall under divine scrutiny in everything they do or say, depending on their God. A greedy or vain God may require some contribution or offering before taking an interest in a deal.

"I swear on my sword, it shall be done." is an oath that should be binding, if sworn to a warlike God, but such an oath would offend a God of peace. The consequences of breaking such an oath would possibly be to have a sword break during battle, or to fumble. To break your oath is to suffer the consequences.

The reader could be asking, why swear an oath, if something nasty will come of breaking it? But when you need to convince someone of something, and they have no reason to trust you, such an oath is a binding contract, and means that agreements can be enforced where no other law exits.

In a world where Gods are less active, the priests may become their agents. Historically, religious orginisations have often been involved in swearing in a newly appointed ruler. Witnessing the rulers oaths. on behalf of the diety.

Generally though, in game play, and oath will be much simpler. For example: A character wishes to consult a wize old hermit, but he won't open the door for fear that the character may harm him. The oath does not even have to mention consequences, the nature of the God defining the type of punishment you receive. *"I swear, as God is my witness, we shall cause you no harm or loss."*

It's an idea that could bring a new dimention into a role playing game. And may I writhe in agony if I've spoken falsely!

Focus on...EarthDawn

EarthDawn is FASA's entry to the Fantasy RPG arena. But is it too late?

Reviewed by Fastjax

Many years back now, a small gaming company by the name of FASA exploded onto the world stage with the release of a game called BattleTech. The game was a breath of fresh air to the flagging board and miniature game industries, and it was a huge success. FASA performed well. Several years after, FASA released Shadowrun, a Role Playing game in a dark future with some magic thrown in. Once again, the game was an instant success. Even Renegade Legion, FASA's future series of games, performed reasonably well - better in the United States that in Australia. Put simply, the powers that be at FASA have had a knack for choosing the right system to release at the right time - just when it was needed. When a game like BattleTech was needed, there it was. When people were looking for an alternative RPG, out popped Shadowrun. Which brings us to EarthDawn. FASA have been heavily promoting their new Fantasy RPG, with the per norm wonderful presentation and artwork that FASA have come to be known for. Now, with EarthDawn released in Australia early August, we can finally find out what all the noise has been about.

Initial Perceptions

FASA must have a rule in their marketing section somewhere that says "Make it stand out!" It's a good rule for a games company to have. FASA have, thankfully, followed that rule with the exterior presentation of EarthDawn. The cover is a striking picture of what appears to be either human skull or suit of armour underwater, the face and hair a definite female appearance. The colourful logo draws attention to itself. Though this cover is darker than most other games, it still attracts attention. People pick it up. And almost drop it, when they feel that not only is this a hardbound (a concept carried over from Shadowrun, and one other companies should follow) game, but that it's rather thick too. A quick flick through the pages, and evidence is given again that FASA have cornered the market (so far) on internal presentation as well. Plenty of colour plates, more than Shadowrun, and HEAPS of drawings. The pages have a decent feel, the print is a decent size. The layout people have followed their experiences with Shadowrun, and the layout is very similar.

Getting into it

The first thing I notice - and all those who look at it do so too - is that the book is going to be some heavy reading. There is a LOT of text. If a good game to you is a sit down and play without reading, then perhaps EarthDawn is not for you. Also, just because you have played Shadowrun, do not think you can jump straight across to EarthDawn. FASA have developed a new system with some of the ideas of Shadowrun thrown in. They have not just taken the Shadowrun rules and dumped them into a fantasy setting.

As is the FASA way, they open their game with a little background and then several pages of decent fiction to give the player a good feel. A good marketing trick that FASA does very well. Then, more background. Like Shadowrun, FASA have put the background generation machine into overdrive. At the end of it all, a reader feels ready to immerse themselves deep into the game - which of course is the purpose of it all.

Concepts

EarthDawn uses a new system of dice. Players of D&D will appreciate that now all the types of dice are used, not the D6 system of Shadowrun (rolling thirty dice at once is not everyone's idea of fun). Instead, FASA have developed the STEP system. What step you are on (skill, weapon, armour, etc) determines what dice and how many you use. An example: If on Step 2, the dice rolled is a D4 -1. If on Step 40, (very difficult to get to!) the dice rolled are 2D20 + D10 + D8 + 2D6. This is something new and refreshing. Thus, when making a skill test, or rolling for damage, or performing magic, the number and type of dice is determined by what step that particular skill, weapon or spell is on.

EarthDawn does use character classes, though they are called "Disciplines". They are also more flexible and individual than some other games, with Talents (skill-like abilities related to Magic that everyone has in them - see Magic below) that apply only to particular Disciplines. Normal skills are also used that can be obtained by anyone, but these will never be as powerful as a character's Talents.

EarthDawn also uses a levels system, called "Circles". They are used to divide up abilities and talents, so that as characters advance up through the circles they gain more power. It is not a "Kill, take the gold, get experience points" type system, which is good to see.

Magic is HEAVILY used in the EarthDawn world. Everything has Magic in it, to varying degrees. Everything has its own magical pattern, that include its name (Names have some power in EarthDawn), a history, and how that objects affects Magic. Spells, for example, have patterns, and it is up to magicians to learn and then simplify those patterns so that they can cast spells quickly when needed. There is also what is called Blood Magic which, as the name implies, requires the character to sacrifice a small amount of blood (unrecoverable damage points) for use.

Characters

FASA have provided a system with EarthDawn that leaves a fair amount of space open for character development, not only within the rules but also outside (an example: players can make up Knowledge skills with GM's approval). Unfortunately, the layout team of EarthDawn seem to have fallen into the same trap as Shadowrun; the system is hard to follow. Rules that are important to character generation are hidden in the text and away from where they are referred to in the generation process. It is frustrating enough but necessary when players have to flip pages to find skills and equipment - but to keep moving around trying to find how to generate the actual character is a bit much. It is a shame that such a good system suffers from such poor organisation.

Characters have six attributes: Dexterity, Strength, Toughness, Perception, Willpower and Charisma. These (initially) range between 2 and 18. The two methods of generation are points selection (from a pool of 66) or random (4d6, removing the lowest die from the total). Also each character has Physical, Spell and Social Defences, based on Toughness, Perception and Charisma respectively. Things like movement values, in yards per round, are determined by Dexterity. All these values are obtained off an attribute table that reminds me very much of the tables from AD&D all put into one. Once again, this suffers from poor organisation - the table is on one page, where most of the descriptions of attributes to use when consulting this table are on another.

Each character chooses a Discipline as the first step in generation. These are Archer, BeastMaster, Cavalryman, Elementalist, Illusionist, Nethermancer, Sky Raider, SwordMaster, Thief and Troubadour. FASA have thoughtfully provided on the opposite page of the discipline description an example character with all the relevant points, skills etc. already chosen. This gives beginning players a good option to jump right in and start playing without the concern of understanding how to make a character.

A race is then selected. EarthDawn has the standard fantasy races of Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Trolls and Orks, and adds to this the Windlings (small and human like in build, but with wings), Obsidimen (large, stone men) and T'skrang, which look like flying dinosaurs that have been forced to walk. Each race has special abilities that affect the character.

Then, Talents are selected. Each Discipline has a certain list of Talents they can choose from, and the player has a certain number of rank points to assign to these Talents. If the character is a magician, then spells are chosen as well as this time. After Talents, Skills are selected. As mentioned previously,

players can "make up" Knowledge Skills - that is, they think of something they believe their character would know, and run it by the GM. If the GM approves, then the player can assign one or two of the two Knowledge Skill points allowed at generation to this skill. Thankfully, a list of suggestions is provided, because a player may be hard pressed to think up something off the top of his or her head, and a GM inexperienced at the game may find himself stuck with a character that "knows too much". Also, the character has an Artisan skills, which as the name suggests is usually some sort of art form, though some can be obscure.

From here, the player moves on to equipping their character, which is a reasonably standard operation if the player has ever played an RPG before. Find what you want and deduct its cost from your money (120 silver pieces - no, the costs are different than AD&D). Characters probably wont be able to afford much to begin with, though haggling with a local merchant can bring the price down (this can be turned into a whole role playing scenario to start a campaign! Nice touch). Of course after equipping, there is the standard "fleshing out" routines - personality traits and quirks, etc., which any seasoned role player will get their teeth in to.

The main complaint I have about the generation system is, despite how pretty the book looks, it's reasonably disorganised. Thankfully there IS a rather extensive Index - you'll need it.

Magic

Magic is THE important thing in EarthDawn. Everything has at least some magic in it, at varying strengths. Naturally, the magic system in EarthDawn is extensive, with many spells for the four types of magician - Elementalist, Illusionist, Nethermancer and Wizard. Casting spells requires the appropriate Talents as well as a knowledge of the Spell "Thread" - the magical energy used to power the spell. The threads are created from "Astral space" and weaved into the appropriate spell pattern. Of course, this means the whole spell must be weaved - parts cannot be done and left "for later". Spellcasting has a specific sequence of events - Weaving, the Casting Test, the Success check, Spell Effect, Duration. A logical order. There are also three ways of casting a spell - from the "Matrix" (astral construct linked to the intelligence of the magician - in essence, a "memorised" spell), which is the safest way, from the Grimoire (spell book), which is mainly used if you find a spell book and want to use a spell before you have a chance to learn it, and "Raw Magic" - the rarest and most dangerous form, where the magician taps directly into astral space for the spell energy. Naturally, this usually attracts the attention of "The Horrors" on the other side...with some disastrous consequences.

Once again, FASA seem to have fallen into the problem of hiding rules away in text where they should be highlighted for easy learning. This, however, is the only complaint. The magic system is logical, very well thought out, and definitely stirs the imagination. Magic is THE power in the EarthDawn universe - those who Master it control their surroundings. Unless, of course, they are stupid - when "The Horrors" come to collect them... As I said, the imagination can do wonderful things with such a good magic system.

Combat

Combat of course follows a procedure. Players declare their character's "general" actions - roughly what they intend to do this turn. It doesn't matter what order this is in, initiative is determined next. Then, in the order of initiative, specific actions (talents, skills etc. they are using) are declared and resolved according to what the player declared as a general action ("Attack that Ork"). After that, any "Reserved" actions are revolved - where Characters can voluntarily reduce their initiative to perform an action later in the round. Then, everything goes back to the beginning. Simple!

Of course, players will, at some time or another, want to change their declared general action. The game allows for this - but, anything attempted as a Difficulty modifier. This I believe is a good idea. If something happens before a player's turn that makes them want to change their action, they will scream blue murder until they can change it. This way, the system provides that they can - but with a catch.

Actual Melee combat is a series of steps like in all other games. The test to hit is made first, with the appropriate Talent or Skill. If the result of that test is equal to or higher than the target's appropriate Defence Rating (Physical, Spell or Social), the attack hits. If the attack does hit, the damage roll is made, with the Step of the weapon (see Concepts) adding to the Strength Step to determine the dice rolled. The damage rolled is adjusted for whatever armour the target is wearing, and the character then suffers whatever is left over. The two types of armour, Physical and Mystic, protect from Physical attacks and astral-based or psychic attacks respectively. If the character suffers more damage than his Wound Threshold (a level determined during generation) he takes a wound in addition to the Damage Points. If this does occur, the character also tests to see if he is "knocked down" - using his Strength step, he rolls dice. The difficulty is the difference

between the damage taken and the character's wound threshold, plus 3. As the name of the test states, if the character fails, he falls over.

As damage adds up, the player must check against the character's Unconsciousness rating (also determined during generation) to avoid falling unconscious. The character also has a Death Rating, but no one needs to be told what that means.....

EarthDawn continues into the various types of combat: Melee, Ranged, Spell, Unarmed, Mounted, Aerial and Creature combat. EarthDawn also provides characters with a number of options that they can use while in combat - such as Aggressive Attack, Attacking to Stun, Defensive Stance etc. Essentially these are tactics that a player can use to get some sort of advantage. It must be remembered, of course, that an opponent can also use the same tactics.

GameMastering

There is an extensive section towards the rear of EarthDawn that deals with how to GM the game. Much of it is just general information obtainable from any game, with an EarthDawn twist put on it - how to GM, how to think up an adventure, how to interpret rules, etc. FASA have thankfully provided the GM with some details about assigning "Legend Points", the points from which characters build and better themselves to raise them in their Circles. This section is well laid out and should help novice and experienced GMs alike.

Creatures

Once again, there are plenty of nasties for the PCs to beat up in this game. Fortunately, also, there are just as many nasties that will gleefully beat up the PCs. The creatures provided with EarthDawn range from those commonly seen (birds, etc.) to the Dragons (various types), right through to "The Horrors" - those ugly beings from the "other side" that take great pride in tearing a PC limb from limb. Stats for each creature are easily to find and easy to follow, with all the necessary statistics placed at the beginning of the creature description and a commentary following. Some of these creatures are VERY NASTY, and a novice GM would best be warned to carefully weigh up the options before placing them in a game. At best, the PCs would get a serious fright. At worst...well, that's what backup characters are for.

Passions

An interesting piece that FASA have stuck in the back of the book is about the "Passions" (aka Gods) that shape the spiritual beliefs etc. of the EarthDawn world. Each of the Passions is given a short description of ideals, typical appearance, etc. The most interesting part of this section is in regard to the Questors - those who devote themselves to a single Passion, fostering its ideals to all those around them. This adds another perspective to the game - having a good role player or two in the group, and having them Questors for their Passion, will lead to some excellent games. Passions can be invoked by anyone, with various effects according to the situation and how the person feels toward that particular Passion. Of course, direct divine intervention always comes at a price.

Barsaive

The final part of the EarthDawn book describes in general detail the world of Barsaive. Some points are described in greater detail, but most generally. I can see future releases of FASA's covering parts of the Barsaive world, always a good marketing idea. The major drawback I see of this section is that despite all the nice descriptions, no map is provided - the player has no visual of where these places are in relation to each other. I am sure a map will appear some time in the future from FASA, but including even a general one in the actual EarthDawn book would have been much of a bonus.

Conclusion

In conclusion, it is hard to see where EarthDawn will go. The Role Playing sphere of gaming is already overflowing with fantasy games, AD&D still leading the pack. How well EarthDawn will fare will be determined by how much support and advertising FASA puts into it (knowing FASA, this will be a lot) and how players of other games feel about their own system. Do they want to give EarthDawn a try? Most role players will try any system at least once, and if they like it, change across. I feel dissatisfaction with other systems will bring players to EarthDawn, a game that does have a decent system. The only problem for EarthDawn I can foresee is to see if players are willing to stick through the frustrating hunting-for-rules-in-the-text syndrome that seems to plague FASA products. If they are, they will find EarthDawn has a decent system that FASA has put a large amount of thought in to. If not...well, EarthDawn may well go the way of so many other fantasy games and disappear into obscurity. Only time will tell on this one.

Rating: Excellent.

**Price: $54.95 RRP.**
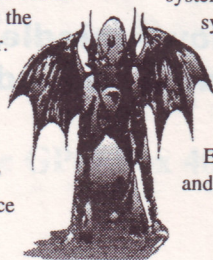
X-Wing

Reviewed by Spartacus

Yes, I know it's been out for a while and we're all salivating over Rebel Assault. So apart from that, what do I think of X-Wing? You should all know the story of Star Wars by now so I won't go into it. X-Wing is a flight sim-game where you play a rebel pilot, piloting your A, X or Y wing fighter up against the evil Empire. The cinematic sequences are good with plenty of action (the introduction is definitely worth watching) and the action can be fast and furious in battle. Ultimately you have to attack the Death Star, although I haven't got that far yet. The campaigns are well paced with one or two relatively easy missions interspaced around more difficult ones. This results in breezing through a mission or two in a night followed by the next week or two cracking a tough one, but the wait is well worth it. It is also very advisable to practice on the training and historical missions and to train up a second pilot. The flight controls are simple and easy to remember with a good responsiveness. The only crit I have is that I would like the option to fly the take off, landing and hyperspace sequences as well, but that's just me being finicky.

From beginning to end, this is a beautiful game. LucasArts have naturally drawn upon the huge scope and fantasy of the Star Wars epics to create a game that is an epic within itself. Digitzed sounds and voices from the movies all add to the atmosphere. The recommendation for sound card use is to plug your computer into your stereo and turn the volume up LOUD. If you've got a Super-Bass type of system, switch that on as well - the sound experience is well worth it.

A mission kit for X-Wing has recently come out which contains 15 new missions and gives the player access to fly any of the current missions with out having to work up to it. I am also waiting with baited breath to have a go at Rebel Assault which might just be the justification I need to buy a CD ROM!

X Wing
LucasArts
RRP $89.95
Rating: 87Mhz
Summary: A great sim that allows mindless shoot em up and carefully planned strategy to mix very well. Very addictive.
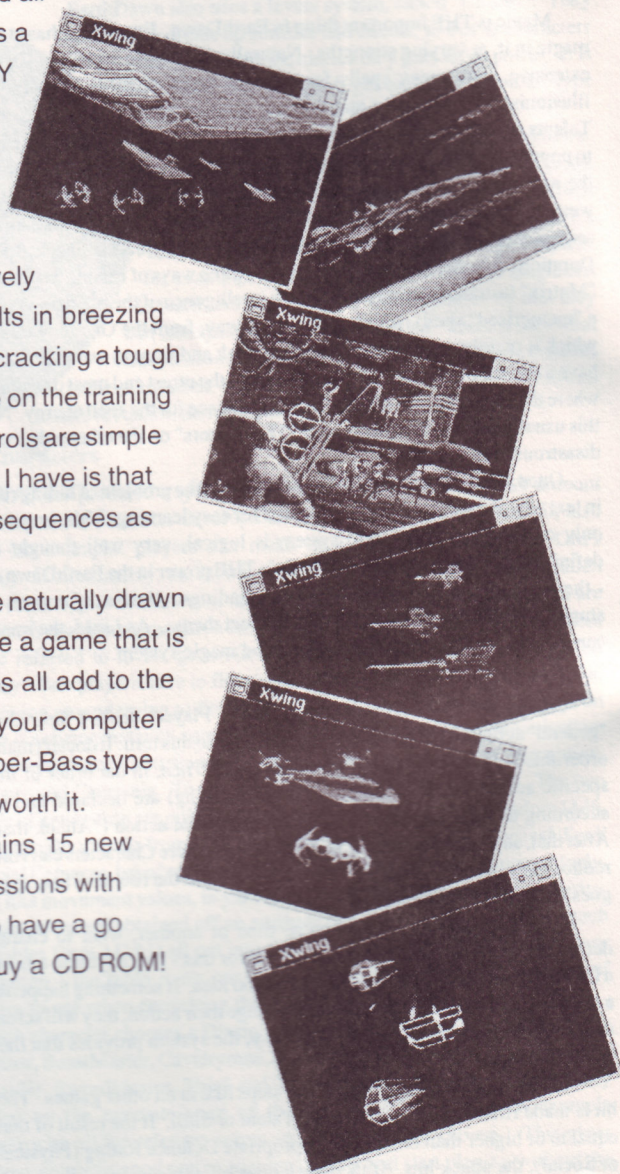
genesis magazine

Reader Questionnaire

Thank you for purchasing this magazine. To assist us in bringing to you what you would like to see, we hope you can spare a few moments to fill in this survey. All responses would be much appreciated! All answers will be confidential.

1. **How old are you?**

   Under 13 ☐   14-16 ☐   17-19 ☐   20-22 ☐   23-25 ☐   26+ ☐

2. **Approximately how many years have you been gaming?** _____

3. **In order of preference, list the role playing games you would like to see covered in Genesis.**

   1._____   4._____

   2._____   5._____

   3._____   6._____

4. **In order of preference, list the board games you would like to see covered in Genesis.**

   1._____   4._____

   2._____   5._____

   3._____   6._____

5. **In order of preference, list the miniatures games you would like to see covered in Genesis.**

   1._____   4._____

   2._____   5._____

   3._____   6._____

6. **What other type of games do you play?**

   _____

   _____

7. **What other magazines do you read/collect regularly?**

   _____

   _____

8. **Would you subscribe to Genesis (once expanded)?**   Yes ☐   No ☐

9. **Any other comments?**

   _____

   _____

   _____

Post to: Genesis Magazine GPO Box ▇▇▇▇▇ **Melbourne VIC 3001**

Late Breakers...

It slipped into the country without much fanfare, but it is the wave of the future in regards to game presentation. **Underground** (Mayfair Games) sticks it right in yer face in regards to pictures, layout and presentation. Underground has full colour pictures all the way through - and the colour doesn't stop there. Headings etc are all coloured. Borders are coloured (even colour coded to show important pieces of the rules). Individual words requiring defintion are coloured, with the definition, written in the same colour, in the border of the page. In fact, the word for Underground is "COLOUR!" The packaging and game itself are beautiful, if graphic, and by its appearences based around a comic that I haven't been able to find yet. Look for a full review next issue!

Also new is **Kult**. This role playing game goes one step beyond. The front cover has a warning that the minimum age for this game should be 16 years. It deals with the darkest of the dark, the inhumanity within the humans, the demons and horrors that surround us in our supposed "nice" world. The game looks good for what it is, and is perhaps a sign of where RPGs are going - darker and darker. Full review next issue.

Final Word

Face it. Everyone likes to have the final word, none more than me. So, here is my final word for the first issue of Genesis.

A lot has gone into the production of this magazine, more than some people may realise. When I was a younger lad, I wanted to do a gaming magazine, and thought it would be easy. Now, with just one issue under the belt, I definitely know better. We all do here. We knew it wasn't going to be easy - and we were right.

Genesis would like to thank everyone who helped with their ideas, no matter how trivial they seemed at the time. Half of this magazine would not be done except for them.

We'd also like to thank all the firms who made this magazine possible by their supportive action and advertising.

And finally, I'd like to thank all the gamers out there in Australia for doing what they like best - gaming. No matter the type or scope of game, all are important. We're going to endevour to cover as much of the industry as possible, but of course we can't be everywhere at once. If you would like to see a particular subject covered, then write and tell us! We will accept all letters gratefullty, supportive or otherwise. We want to hear your comments, your opinions. I love receiving mail and will be printing some letters every issue. So write to us, tell us what you think - because we can't read your minds!

Till next time....roll those good dice..

Classifieds

This area is being dedicated to individuals and small groups (**NOT** clubs and **NOT** businesses) in the gaming community who wish to advertise gaming related items for sale, trade, to wanted to buy. It is being offered as a **FREE SERVICE**.

Ads must be no longer than 30 words in length.

Full contact details (Name, address, telephone number) **MUST** be attached to the intended advertisement, though only partial details may be printed on request.

The Editor reserves the right to refuse advertisements without giving any reason. The Publishers cannot accept any liability for clerical or printing errors or omissions. Receipt of copy for publication implies acceptance of these conditions by the advertiser. Advertisements for goods illegally imported or manufactured will be rejected.

Incoming...

What's coming up in future issues:

* Cyberpunk 2 vs Shadowrun 2
* AD&D
* Vampire
* Underground
* Star Wars
* BattleTech
* Barbarian, Kingdom and Empire
* Diplomacy
* Renegade Legion

And a heap of other wonderful stuff!

Information

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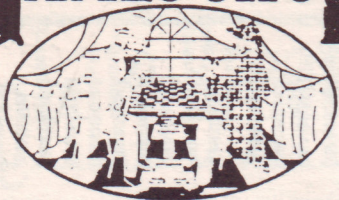
On the horizon..

What is planned for Genesis?

As Genesis gradually grows and improves its circulation, we are also looking at expanding our operations. Besides the obvious expansions - more pages - we are looking at improving the magazine in the following ways:

* Expansion of the size (more pages)

* Coverage of a wider gaming circle (Zone 3, Paintball, VR)

* Coverage of things outside gaming (Movies, music, books)

* An E-Mail address for people to write mail electronically

* Wider distribution (around most of Australia)

Also, as a goal down the track, we are looking at producing Genesis electronically - a gaming magazine readable completely on computer, with colour pictures and text. This is only in the planning stage at the moment, but in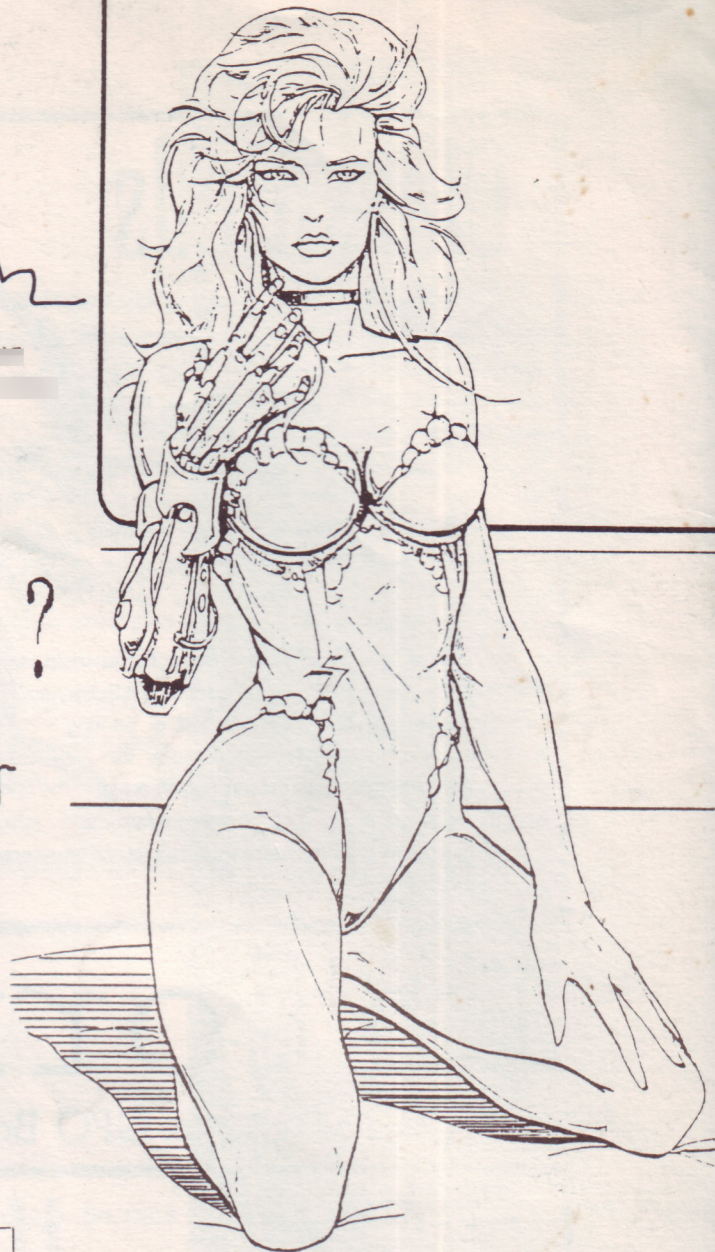 this advanced technology age, nothing is impossible.