

# ARSENIC - '98A

## Spring 1904: R/T in the Mirror; French Conga

England (Mark Fassio): f edi-nts,  
f lon-eng, f hol-kie, f stp/nc h,  
a ruh s french a bur-mun,  
a nvy-swe, f gas-mid,  
f mid-por.

France (Jim Burgess): f lyo-spa/sc,  
a mar-bur, a bur-mun,  
a mun-sil, a bud s italian  
a tri-ser.

Germany (Steve Emmert):  
a den-swe, a kie-mun,  
a lvn-mos, f bal-bot, f swe-ska.

Italy (Don Williams): f nap-ion,  
a rom-apu, a ven-tri, a tri-ser,  
a tyo-vie, f gre-aeg,  
f spa/sc-por.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a war-gal,  
f arm-ank /annihilated/  
(a smy s), a sev-rum.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a con-smy,  
a ser-bud /dislodged/,  
f ank-arm (f bla s), a rum-sev.

Summer retreat: Turkish a ser to alb,  
gre, bul, or otb.

### Addresses

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**Summer/Fall 1904 Deadline:**  
**1 May 2000 1999**

# Dead Poets Society

*Number 6*

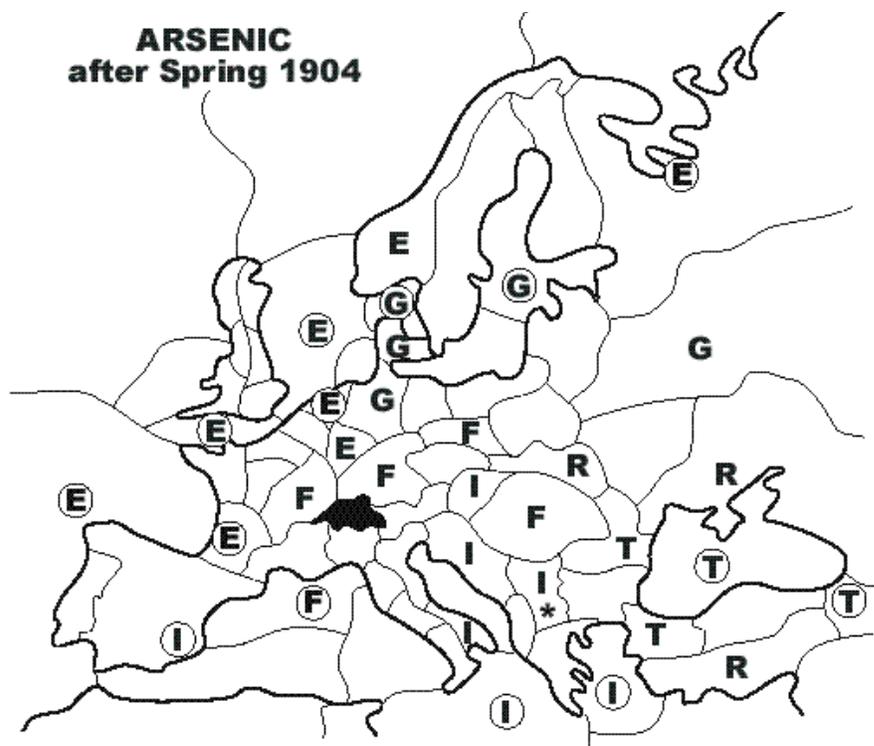
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I'm sorry. Since the last report, we've had a new baby, and I've been suddenly unemployed (I've worked about 25 hours total this month).

If some of you (and you know who you are) want a new GM, I will assist you in every way I can to find one.

If that's not the plan, then let me suggest that we *do* begin moving game reports around by email. To do so, each of you will need to obtain and install Adobe's Acrobat Reader. You can download Reader 3.0 or 4.0 for free from <http://www.adobe.com/prodindex/acrobat/readstep.html>. The download is 7 or 8 megs, depending on the version for your platform; once installed, you can read .pdf files, which can be built out of any major software on any platform.



Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1903

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>								
Austria	4	3	0								
England	5	6	8	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	bre	hol	stp
France	3	4	5	mar	por	vie	mun	bud			
Germany	6	7	5	ber	kie	den	par	swe			
Italy	5	4	7	rom	ven	nap	tun	spa	gre	tri	
Russia	6	6	4	mos	war	sev	smy				
Turkey	5	4	5	con	bul	rum	ank	ser			

**Press**

(London) Press for young Marcus this season is completely nil—at least for this iteration of moves. No, I’m not burned out on the game, and no, it’s not that my creative juices are all dried out (my juices are flowing fine, thank you). But in three days I’m leaving the family for three months, my wife is off on a weekend retreat tomorrow for “our” last weekend together, and time is very, very precious to us right about now. Besides, how could I—a common press plebeian—dare to compare to the expected literary works of Edgar Allen Emmert, Jim-Boob Frost, Don Hemingway, E.E. O’Kelley, and Bob Dos Passos? No, it seems that real life has taken precedence over gaming stuff right now. ((GASP! What have I uttered?! Heresy!)) Anyway, I promise to be back in the pink of things [don’t go there, Daf] when I get in-place at my new “digs” and life has a semi-semblance of normality. Honest. Would I lie to you?

GM to Faz: Only if your mouth was moving.

GMS to London: I resent the fact that you think I would say something provocative just because you said “pink of things”. Who do you think I am, Beavis and Butt-head? I’d need something more than the word *pink* to get my creative juices going. Something like pulsating

pink, like “the pulsating pink flesh glimmered in the light of the neon beer sign”.

Germany to Italy: Are you trying to seduce me, Mrs. Robinson?

GMS to Germany: Germans are known for their beer-making prowess.

GM to GMS: Maybe, but they hate it when it gets too much head.

The press mines in western Port Orchard: (Spit!) “You hear about ol’ Pops Gaughan, Cletus?”  
 “Nope.”  
 “Says he needs press. Bad!”  
 “Bad press? Shee-it, with that group of yar-hoons it should be up past his pasty young butt in the stuff!”  
 “Nope, says he only got one and it wasn’t bad enough it seems.”  
 “Well, I can look out on the slag heap and see what we un’s was gonna toss but I ain’t too sure we got any press *that* bad!”  
 “Wait a second! Look what the parakeet did on that bird cage liner!”  
 “Yup, yer right! Sign it ‘Jim-Bob’ and send it off . . .”

GM to Port Orchard: Thanks for helping. But who’re you calling “pasty”, ya Toad-stool?!

Germany to Russia: Sorry. But in my current position, it was, “Adot! A dot! My kingdom for a dot!” (Now let’s see if I have to pay the same price as Dicky did back in ’85.)

GMS to Germany: To coin an English phrase, “Don’t go there, Daf.”

Germany to Turkey: You would be astonished to hear the naughty things some of the other players are saying about you. Are you *really* Charles Manson’s love child, or is that just an exaggeration?

GMS to Germany: No—he’s Marilyn Manson’s weirder kid brother.

GM to GMS: So, is it true that Marilyn Manson is the offspring of Marilyn Monroe and Charles Manson?

Turkey to GM: No press from Boob? Good.

Germany to France: A Mun-Sil, A Bur-Mun. If I’m right, you owe me a beer.

GM to Arsenic: What is this, International Beer Month?

Virginia Beach to West Po-, er, Fort Meade: Welcome to the south, boy. I’ll have the butler send a julep up directly.

GM to VB: Wrong drink, guy.

GM to France: But that appears to let you off the hook—you can pay him in wine instead of that wretched French beer.

Nurse Ilsa to Flash: Hmmm, from our records, I see that we’ve omitted your inoculations for the past twenty-three years. Well, time to catch up. Bend over and assume the position.

GMS laments: How much does a GMS have to stand with great lines like these and limited space?

GM to GMS: My dear, I keep telling you: you don’t have to stand at all. Bend over and assume the position. ●