

# ARSENIC – '98A

## Fall 1906

England (Mark Fassio): f wes-mid,  
f spa/sc-por, f eng-nts,  
a bur-par, f ber-bal, a sil-war,  
a hol-ruh, f nts-den (a kie s),  
f nwy-swe, f nwg-bar.

France (Jim Burgess): a gal-vie  
/dying gasp/.

Germany (Steve Emmert): a fin s  
russian a mos-stp, f den-nts  
/dislodged/, a swe-nvy.

Italy (Don Williams): a ser-bud,  
a alb-tri (f adr s), a vie-tyo,  
a pie-ven, f aeg-smy, f lyo-wes,  
f ion-eas.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a lvn-pru,  
a rum-gal, a ukr-war, a mos-stp.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a tri-tyo  
/annihilated/, a bud s french  
a gal-vie, f bul/ec ms f con,  
a smy s f con (a syr s).

Autumn retreat: German f den.

Germany proposes a DIAS draw.

### Addresses

Mark Fassio, 9829 Love Road,  
Fort Meade MD 20755-6000  
<fazfam@juno.com>

Jim Burgess, 664 Smith St.,  
Providence RI 02908-4327  
<burgess@world.std.com>

Steve Emmert, 1752 Grey Friars Ch.,  
Virginia Beach VA 23456-5436  
<Lse@SykesCarnes.com>

Don Williams, 27505 Artine Dr.,  
Saugus CA 91350-2193  
<wllmsfmlly@earthlink.net>

Bob Slossar, 14 Buck Hill Rd.,  
Huntington CT 06484  
<bobsloss@snet.net>

Jim O'Kelley, 664 W. Irving Park Rd.  
#I-6, Chicago IL 60613  
<jimok3@concentric.net>

**Autumn/Winter 1906 and  
Spring 1907 Deadline:  
4 December 1999**

# Dead Poets Society

## Number 11

Pete Gaughan

502 Mount Dell Drive, Clayton California 94517-1503  
Nov. 27-: 1522 Rishell Road #1, Concord CA 94521-2041  
(925) 673-3396  
gaughan@ix.netcom.com

## Your Move

Well, Daf moved out. And I finally landed a full-time job. And we've found a cheaper house to rent. And Sally Ann's problems are more severe than we thought.

So, no, nothing's new. How about you?

I really hate moving. I know, nobody's very fond of it, but I'm lazier than most, fairly sedentary, and a packrat.

This time, though, I'm being forced to unload. The three-bedroom (duplex) we're moving into has no garage and less closet space than this house, so everything from bikes to Magic cards is biting the dust.

There's a Dip link to that, too. I'm trying to find a spot to store 35 cartons of Dipzines (the combined Berch Archives and my personal stuff) until such time as I can come up with the \$400 or so it would take to ship them to the University of Dayton Popular Culture Library.

I won't hold my breath on that. Being an underemployed consultant meant I could string things out a long while; finally landing a full-

time job means we don't have enough money coming in to pay the bills. Weird, ain't it?

But the job is wonderful. I'm a Senior Editor (one of two, in an Editorial Dept. of about 20) for Sybex, publisher of computer books. Being "Senior" means I won't get to work on "Office 2000 the Easy Way"; instead my next assignment will be "Mastering 3D Studio MAX", MAX being an \$8000 animation program used by people like ILM. It's challenging work that combines English, project-management, and computer-user skills.

Sally Ann's evaluation report indicates that 1) she has dysarthria (poor motor control of speech muscles), 2) she has language-processing problems in her brain, and 3) she is cognitively delayed (read, an IQ way below average). Finding this out, while dealing with the breakup of part of the family and the finances, has been the toughest emotional blow to us since Cathy's mother died.

There's the nutshell. I have no idea what the year 2000 will bring, but the odds are slim it'll be as bad as 1999. Pete G.

## Press

Emmert to Fassio: I'd be very happy to handle your legal matters for you. My normal rate is \$210 an hour, but I never charge that rate to my loyal friends. Accordingly, your rate will be \$210 an hour.

Uncle Marky's Story Hour: Today's reading is the timeless literary Dip classic, *Of Weasels and Rat Bastards*, published by London House, Inc. Chapter 1. Once upon a time, in the area near Troy, there lived a band of Eastern Powers, led by four brave warriors: Steven-Hector the Pure, whose oratorical prowess stiffened the band in the face of danger; Robert-Ajax the Solid, whose country endured the worst trials and managed to continually persevere; James-Achilles Chummus, Emperor of the East and Byzantine schemer through and through; and James-Paris the Lesser (some scholars identify him as "James-Robert the Loser," but we stand by our translation). These Four Horsemen realized the approaching danger to their countries by Marcus the Blue—Scourge of the Islands—and, thus alarmed, raised the familiar war cry, "Weaselus Ante Portas" throughout their realms. Chapter 2. Into this turbulent climate there rode a stranger. At first glance he was mistaken for an enemy, until this maligned individual—Don-Corleone the Trojan—won over The Four with



his story of also being victimized by Marcus the Blue. Emboldened by the chance of forming a defensive rampart from the Barents to the Bosphorus, from the Skaggerak to Syria, these leaders admitted Don into the fold. Plans were made—giant attacks through Boh, Tyo, Sil, Tun, and all points westward. Plans to shift centers and keep all alive in a Mister Rogers Land of merriment and grand coalitions. Dreams of vanquishing the weasel were verbalized after many game-years of silence. In other words, things were looking up. As a munificent gesture of his involvement, Don

brought The Four a large Trojan horse. But wait: Is that a Trojan Horse of supplication to Mars, the God of War? Or is that a Trojan Condom, to be used when they face forward against England? Don't pick up the soap, guys! Chapter 3. The Canticle ends here, unfinished throughout the ages. The author makes vague mentions of "deception and destruction," and we hear no more of the Trojan area other than its precipitate decline. We can only guess in conjecture at the cloudy meaning of the finis: "That dirty Machiavellian Rat Bastard...."

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1906

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>														
Austria	4	3	0																
England	5	6	8	9	11	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	bre	hol	kie	por	ber	mun	DEN	PAR	13
France	3	4	5	4	1	par	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	0
Germany	6	7	5	4	3	den	swe	stp	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
Italy	5	4	7	9	9	rom	ven	nap	tun	spa	mar	vie	bud	gre	TRI	SER	.	.	10
Russia	6	6	4	3	4	war	rum	mos	sev	STP	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5
Turkey	5	4	5	5	6	con	bul	ank	smy	ser	tri	BUD	.	.	.	.	.	.	5

GM to Arsnickers: Ohmigod, now even Flash is doing Golden Age...

Faz to Four: Life is full of Fifth Columnists and collaborators. Quisling. Judas. Marshal Marmont, the Duke of Ragusa. And now Don Williams. You'll get over it.

Flash to Duck. I am trying to get in good press "digs" without gloating. If you actually joined this band of brothers and lied to me, terrible shall be the mechanics of this game for us all, and "Crow" shall be my meals for the foreseeable future. Don't do me wrong here, paisan.

Board to Bugs Bunny: You certainly ARE a stinker. You smell just like Mark Fassio.

Kaiser in Exile to Fatalistic Pope: No, it ain't over yet. It ain't over until WE say it's over! Was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? (No, wait, I think Belushi already used that one... aw, hell, he's dead, so it doesn't matter.) NO!!!

"False" God to Vatican III: Look, don't go getting uppity on me, boy. I made you the pope, and I can yank you right out of that popemobile any time I want. Ever seen a really good lightnin' an' thunder storm? Where do you think those come from?

<b>Builds and Removals, Winter 1906</b>	
England	may build two
France	gone
Germany	disband two (or retreat one off the board and disband one)
Italy	may build two (had one annihilated)
Russia	may build one
Turkey	even

In truth, I was thinking of sending my minions down to wreck your position, but I see they're already there. (Aside.) Go get 'im, Mark; he's all yours. Go easy on his gastrointestinal system, though. I have special plans for that.

GM to God: You have some reason to believe that Mark would be deep into someone's GI tract?

Germany to England: Your latest offer brings to mind the entire history of your offers to me over the course of this game:

1. Let's cooperate, and we'll kick butt.

2. (Stab)

3. Okay, I stabbed you. I didn't want to do it, but Williams made me. I shouldn't have done that, and I repent. I'll return your holdings, and we can work together again.

4. Look, I know I'm still wronging you, and it doesn't look good for you right now, but I want you as my ally. Yes, I agree to accept you as an equal partner. We'll get your homeland back to you.

5. It will take quite some time to get your homeland back to you, but I promise we'll do it, and you and I will be equal partners.

6. (This is the current one) I really don't see how we can be equal partners. I offer to let you live; otherwise, the other guys will kill you. Do my bidding, and I PROMISE, Isweartogod, that I will preserve your life.

Thanks, Marcus, but I can take care of my own life. (I eat sensibly, get regular exercise, don't smoke, and drink only first-rate bourbon,

no rotgut stuff at all.) Have at thee, villain.

GM to Germany: And now "rotgut"! Would everyone please leave proctology to the proctologists?

Historian to Fellow Buffs:

Gettysburg was where The Four Amigos walked to experience The Watershed of the Confederacy. Trieste is the carboard map province where The Six experience The Watershed of Turkey. It's all gonna flow downhill from here, boys. Take the E/I, hold your heads up for a job well done, a game well-played, and friendships well-made...and let us press on to bigger and better. Rematch, anyone?

Emmert muses: Where's Kathy Caruso when we need her?

GM to All: Quite wisely, nowhere near this game. 