



CO-EDITORS: Chris Burbul and Mike Callahan/Chief Advisor: Kevin Fortune, Stan Darcy
 Assisted by: Santa's little helpers: Printed by: Stan's Book And Joke Shop
 Week of: Dec. 7-Dec. 14. To Santa Claus: Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

"Whew"

By Mike Callahan

And whew is right. This is the hopefully long awaited second edition of SAGA, and it would have been longer without these people: Chris Burbul, Carol Zimarowski, Mike Johns, David White, Kevin Fortune and Pat Cesarini, for your good old co-editor is down with the flu. But onward... This is our X-mas issue of SAGA and in it we'll be having things like Santa Claus letters, the irascible, but badgering G.X. Goblin (who can't spell his bloody name, but that's for later), and all our very important documents of this honored rag. But right now I'd like to see all the rules concerning the World Campaign in one issue? How about variants for different game systems? Well, for anyone that has then give them to me and I'll see that they get printed in SAGA. BUT my page is running out so onward and upward.....

STAMP OUT REALITY

A hearty round of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Fallon for the use of their cozy abode to host our first annual Christmas party, so next time you are asked by a wandering orc or hobgoblin where to have party tell about the Fallon Fortress.

Plug-Plug-Plug (By Kevin Fortune)

In need of fantasy figures and point and printing pointers, well let me see... (unfortunately not yet out yet \$12.50 you get the following (containing))

PLUG-PLUG-PLUG (cont'd)

twelve pretty neat and unusual figures covering just about all character classes and even one split class character.

Eight water base acrylic paints and a brush... the paints are good quality and while the brush is a cheap import, you can put a pretty good point on it so it isn't half bad.

The set also includes a painting guide with some useful info and a foam rubber box to put your figures in. All in all, a very good buy indeed.

SPECIAL THANKS

A

A special than's to John Costia of Strategy and Fantasy World for donating two prizes to our Christmas party drawing. Drop in and see us sometime. S&F World carries an extensive line of game and playing aids, figurines and paints. Again, than's a lot from all of us at the S.S.A.G.C.

(Note- The invitation to come to S&F World was not made to make all of you who are car-less moan. Bob Hanflig and Chris Bonni have graciously offered their driving expertise (?). It will only cost you \$99.99 (\$100 even if you want a ride back from Boston too...) yes that's just \$99.99. How can they charge so little you might ask, well then again you might not ask, but these supporters of the underdogs and the car-less in the world are only, repeat - ONLY, charging you for gas money... with no 'kickback' for the selves. Than's a lot boys... your offer is in the true S.S.A.G.C. tradition of generosity.)

And a special¹ than's to Bryan from Carol. While you were all having a wonderful time at the Christmas party, we were 'snowed in at the chalet'...by the way Bry- if I fall asleep again, please wake me up in time for Tom Ellis at eleven...

EXCUSES, EXCUSES, EXCUSES

Well just about everyone who's anyone has the flu so this half-orcan typist (Kevin Fortune) is responsible for most of the typing errors in this edition. (Note- Kevin WAS responsible, but luckily(?) for those of us who are literate to some degree he left the sheets of paper over the matter so Carol has taken over the responsibility.)

NO EXCUSES, NO EXCUSES, NO EXCUSES

That's right. We need your input to make SAGA a success. So get your rusty chain mail off and get cracking. We know your'e out there... we hear you breathing every Sunday... SO LET'S GO GANG.

A SATURDAY WASTED or

THE CONVENTION THAT WASN'T

by Pat Cesarini

The sharp jangle of the telephone jarred me from a deep, comfortable sleep. My father yelled upstairs, "Get up, you bum! It's that weirdo Joe on the telephone!"

"Hold on! Tell him to wait a minute!" I yelled. I climbed groggily out of my bed and walked over to the phone.

"Hello? Joe?" I said.

"Hey, Pat! How'd ya like to go to a convention in New Hampshire?"

Immediately thoughts went spinning through my head of GenCon-tournaments, and all the other sordid things adventure gamers dream of doing.

"Sure, Joe! That'd be great!" I exclaimed, "What time are we going to leave?!"

"We'll be at your house at around eight o'clock." Joe said.

"Great Joe- what time is it now?"

"Oh... about seven-fifty..."

I hung up the phone as Joe started to blabber about what he had for breakfast. In no time I found myself showered, dressed, fed and ready to go.

As usual, the inevitable promptness of Joe showed through again. They came to pick me up at eight-forty-five, just as I was drifting back to sleep at the kitchen table.

"Every time I look at you, you're either eating or sleeping! Your friends are out there waiting for you!" my mother roared into my unprepared ear.

I ran out the door, and jumped into the car of my friend and part-time chauffeur, Mike. From there I greeted Joe, Mike and Chris. Now we were off!! Almost as quickly as you could say CATOBLEPAS 361,578 times - I did count--- we found ourselves well along our way and I found myself thoroughly car-sick. To top this off, Joe pulled the lid off a WWII surplus cooler and shoved a bag of Dorito's into my face... talk about nausea...

I glanced out of the window and read a highway sign gleefully exclaiming- WELCOME TO NEW HAMPSHIRE!! I thought 'great... we're finally near that place' I turned to Joe, who was licking the letters off of the Dorito bag, and said: "Hey, Joe- what town is the convention in??" On cue, simultaneously, Mike and Chris turned around and said: "It's in DUR-R-R-R-R-HAM!" - and then proceeded to break into hysteric laughter. I guess you had to be there... I wish I hadn't been.

I put my head against the armrest and tried to pass the rest of the trip in quiet comfort. It was to no avail. The sickening sounds of squeaking styrofoam as Joe rummaged through the cooler for edibles, and the giddy laughter of Mike and Chris as they reeled off pitiful joke after joke. Was there no end to my torture??

Mercifully we reached our destination- after driving through a labyrinth of side-streets, town halls and white picket fences. Our car pulled into a jam-packed parking lot - occupied by two rusted out Toyotas and an overturned red wagon. I thought to myself 'maybe we took a wrong turn at Albuquerque or maybe that old mailman gave us the wrong directions after we railed his model - T. This sure isn't another GenCon... it's more like SleezeCon 1980.'

We started to giggle and then cry as we stared in disbelief at

ray of hope. Joe began jumping up and down, pulling on shirt sleeves, and drooling on my leg. He was pointing in the direction of the main road going through town. Looking that way, I noted a glint of golden arches through the trees.

"McDONALD'S..." we all screamed. This place was actually civilized. We ran down to the car and noticed that the beloved place was within walking distance. So we went to the cobwebbed curb, wary of the BEAVER CROSSING sign.. We proceeded to the only thing in this ghost town we could relate to.

As soon as we walked in, there was a great rush in the fast food joint. They probably had never seen so many people at one time in their lives. We lined up, made our orders, practically depleting their stocks, and sat down to munch. It was at this time I noticed a lot of people were staring at us and making funny signs with their fingers. Some were licking their lips.

"Guys, I think it's time we got outa here..." But even as these words passed my lips, I saw Joe bouncing his way over to the counter, meticulously slicking his hair back with his sweaty palms. He sauntered up to the only other thing besides us that I assume was human. I think it was supposed to be female. Joe cornered her and began gyrating his round bulk in all directions, his head flung back at an impossible angle, and his stomach oscillating back and forth like a bowl of jelly.

He stood there at the counter, trying to look extremely like a Don Juan, when the creature sneered, "Well? What do you want, you fat person you??"

We helped Joe to put his dropped lower jaw back on his face and quickly left, snickering under our breath.

We went back out into the bright sun. We walked back over to the car and got in. Joe let out a large belch to indicate his satisfaction with the whole affair.

"Joe," I said, "if you ever get another great idea, and you're looking for someone to go along with you, DON'T CALL ME."

"With that we left the sleepy town of Dur-r-r-r-ham.

COMMENT FROM THE MANAGER OF THE MANUAL LABOR DEPARTMENT:

As Chris Burbul gaffawed over Mike John's impersonation of a half-orc with prickly heat, I typed my fingers to the stubs- and we all know (Kevin in particular) that my hands are my livelihood. In retrospect, Kevin is actually the one responsible for my naming. Demonstrating his lack of recordable intelligence, he personally.... no wait. I must give credit where it's due. He could have never screwed up the newsletter so thoroughly without the help of Stan What'S-his name.... Well anyhow, SAGA was ruined until Kevin was actually blue (purple, rather) in the face, hands, and God only knows what else. Being the true leader we've all grown to despise... Kevin, through his crystal ball, saw little old me spending my vacation in Florida... in a cheap hotel room... in a sheer nightie... doing what with my flexible digits??? TYPING, of course! And so with great pleasure I raise my stub in a salute to the mighty overlord.... and contemplate how long it will take my middle finger to grow back so that my salute might be complete....

the great University of New Hampshire. It looked like a reject from Gamma World. And it was totally deserted!!! We got out of the car and ventured across a rickety, one-man, footbridge leading up to large glass doors.

The four of us entered the building after much deliberation as to who would open the door. We descended a long, cold stairway and I felt like my favorite Drunk, Father Mistletoe Greyoaks, wandering through The Tomb of Horrors! After much wandering we detected a buzzing of ~~our~~ voices and moved in.

We entered a great hall and way down in the corner there was a tiny writing desk under a big sign displaying the names of many games, dates, and times. We politely inquired of the young man at the desk as to how we could register. He replied:

"Work over four claws, slap on a name tag and shut your mouths until I get ya names down."

We immediately changed our attitudes toward the fool.

"Listen hear, you slimy little dirt ball. You've got about as much authority in this place as an orc in a dungeon."

"Yes sir!"

"Now if you don't tell me where SleezeCon '80 is happening, we will take away the entire enrollment of this 'convention' by leaving."

"Yes sir."

"Where is everyone??"

"Turn around, down two flights of stairs, take a right and through the double doors."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"You're welcome what??"

"YOU'RE WELCOME SIR."

After this brief interlude with an obviously inferior person, we proceeded to the 'convention'. We walked in and immediately realized that this was not for us.

Scattered around the vast hall was a handful of card tables behind which sat the oddest collection of disconsolate people I've ever seen. But as soon as the seven of us (we were now joined by another party) approached the display tables we saw the salespeoples' eyes light up with little dollar signs.

We thought to ourselves, 'So, this is the mighty SleezeCon, held in the vastly deserted ghosttown of Dur-r-r-r-r-ham, New Hampshire.' I turned to Joe eventually and gasped: "What in the world have you gotten me into this time??"

But Joe wasn't listening. Although his pockets were as empty as an Usher Hulk's brain cavity, he doggedly (no pun intended) went from table to table, deciding what he might and might not buy. The salespeople were in convulsions over Joe's interest. I felt it was my duty to let the air out of him.

This seemed to take the wind out of his sails. He stopped scurrying about and helped me gather together the rest of the crew. We all went out the door and the sulky mood settled back over the assembly hall.

By far the highest point of the day occurred next.

As we were leaving the condemned building, we noticed a faint

-Reviews-

Time Trigger -Chris Bonni

Time Trigger is the new game from S.P.I., and for only \$6.00 it is a great buy. Each player is a Vietnam soldier who is transported through time to fight dinosaurs and covenen, medieval knights, revolutionaries, World War II soldiers, or, in the future, spacemen and mutants. What makes the game all the more fun is that you get to use modern day weapons, such as M-16 and grenades, against either bows and arrows or laser pistols. The game has only one drawback; the counter for monsters is used for anything from a covenen to a robot to a Kraut, and the counter looks like an Indian. Besides that, however, the game is outstanding and I highly recommend it.

Dungeon -Kevin Fortune

Want to play D&D on a board? Well, Dungeon is, of course, not as detailed ~~and~~ elaborate as D&D, but it is very good for an evening's entertainment when you are not up to a game of D&D. The board consists of six different levels. Players distribute monsters and prizes to the various levels and chambers face down. Players then pick a character from the ones provided: Wizard, Elf, Hero, or Superhero; each has a different amount of treasure to be gained in order to win. Naturally, the treasures and monsters go up accordingly. Combat is resolved when a player moves into a space containing a monster. He or she turns the monster card over, and reads the number next to the character class he has chosen. They then have to roll that number or higher on 2d6 to kill the monster, and, if the roll is made, takes the prize. Things are not so rosy, however, if the player fails to kill the monster, for now it gets its swing, and the result could be anything from no affect to instant death. The end of the game comes when one player reaches the main staircase with the required treasure. Also, this is the most difficult part of the game if the optional rule of ambushing is used. Finally, there are rules for wandering monsters, other character classes, and much more for only \$10.00. It is a good investment for many a fun night.

Bio One -Chris Bonni

Bio One is a small set of rules by T.S.R. to be used with any game involving gun combat, such as Foot Hill or Top Secret. The rules give exact hit locations and results. They are easy to use and will work well with both of the games I have mentioned. It is a good but for only \$2.95.

Dear Goblin
Advice to the Troubled
by Gredel Xaveor Goblin

Dear Goblin

I am an extremely experienced human wizard. I have to keep to myself and not reveal my true powers, because if people found out just how great my power is I would project myself into a most dangerous situation and here is why: as you know, we humans can become extremely jealous, wizards in particular. I would become the object of their petty jealousies and sooner or later, even with my great power, one of them would do me in. What do you think I should do?

Powerful but Chicken

Dear Chick

I suggest you have them all bumped off- hire a assassin or if you can muster enough courage, you yellow scum, march up behind them one by one with a fireball and let them ~~XXX~~, BURN, BURN.

Dear Sludgeface

I really don't know why I'm writing to the likes of you, but that shows the seriousness of my problem and this is it: my problem generates from, as you have most likely heard, that great source of personal pleasure and pride, my wonderful nose. It constantly causes me, the awful jealousies which can be encountered among people like myself who have a great source of beauty, even up to the point of losing close friends. What, oh what can be done to nip this situation in the bud before I have to do something drastic and as unthinkable as maybe having to cover and never reveal again to the world one of its few remaining wonders. Help me.

Swallowing my Pride

Dear Swallowing

Boy, this is getting sickening. Oh well, I'm here to help even losers like you and I attribute your insults to an obviously deranged mind. But here are my helpful hints:

- I. See a barber with a nervous condition and a very sharp razor, and hope for the best... just be sure to wear a red shirt that day.
 - II. I agree, if the above does not work then by all means cover this ~~XXXXXXXX~~ (excuse the mark, CENSORED) "great source of beauty" and controversy up. Do it this way: Go on a quest for that magical item they call a "plastic bag". Once found, pull it over your head and tie it at the throat with a rope of strangulation. Next, get a fully enclosed helm and put it on your head while choking. This way you have solved two problems at once. No one else will be getting jealous over your beautiful nose, and secondly, and more importantly, we'll all be rid of a pompous, vain jackass. Have fun.
- P.S. I think your nose is very beautiful indeed, too bad such a work of art had to be centered on such a swillhole of a face.

THE SOUTH SHORE ADVENTURE GAMING CLUB
PRESENTS=

The S.S.A.G.C. most popular game contest.

I. SELECT ONE TYPE OF GAME FROM EACH OF THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:

Role playing

Military board game

Fantasy board game

Science Fiction board game

II. ON THE BALLOT BELOW FILL IN ONE GAME TO EACH SPACE:

YOUR VOTE FOR-

MOST POPULAR ROLE PLAYING GAME

MOST POPULAR MILITARY BOARD GAME

MOST POPULAR FANTASY BOARD GAME

MOST POPULAR SCIENCE FICTION BOARD GAME

Your favorite game:

A.T.P.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

DEADLINE, DEADLINE, DEADLINE

The deadline for ordering your new S.S.A.G.C. T-shirt is January 18. Colors will be white letters on a dark blue shirt and of course our beloved club emblem. See Kevin to order... and don't forget your henchmen...

PARRY SYSTEM FOR D&D

For characters, add dexterity and level and divide by two. Adjust this number with 'to hit' bonuses (including weapon) and add monster's hit dice to find what you need to parry. Score that number or below on a D20 and you have successfully parried.

For monsters, the number the monster needs to hit AC 2 or below must be scored on a D20 to parry. Monster can only parry if they either have a weapon or are 'M' size or smaller with an above average dex.

If attacker misses and the defender successfully parries, the defender gains initiative next round automatically.

THE PASSING OF RAULT SABOR

Rault Sabor, black arch mage of the tenth rank, stood at the top of his wizardly tower and listened to the sounds of his own approaching doom. From the courtyard spread out before him, screams and moans came; the last of his servitors were making a final stand before the forces of his triumphant enemies.

Even as his men died, Rault heard a steady crashing sound at the base of his tower. Someone had brought forward a small battering ram. Within minutes warriors whose blades he could not withstand would arrive and he would reach his end. Every exit was denied to him. Guards watched all the manifold planes of existence to prevent his escape.

Rault smiled thinly to himself. He began his final preparations for the conjuration which would slide the very core of his evil essence, not his body but his mind and soul, through the iron ring his enemies had forged around him.

Slowly, as stage after stage of the conjuration proceeded, the grip of his soul on his body was loosened. Stage by stage, magical bindings wrapped his soul, that it might withstand the perils of the journey that lay before it.

Not for nothing had Rault drawn upon himself the full fury of The White Council. What no lesser mage could have attempted, what no other archmage could have attempted so quickly, Rault performed in less than three minutes. As the first of the sword wielders leaped into his chamber, Rault severed the last of his bonds which sealed his unclean essence to his flesh and began his journey. The body which he had left behind him was dead before the enchanted blades impaled him.

In the emptiness in which his spirit now found itself, Rault contemplated his position. On the whole, he was not dissatisfied. That his servants were dead didn't trouble him at all. The loss of his equipment and his magical tomes pained him, but their destruction closed only a pathway to power. The essence of his potency lay not in external trappings but in the force of the instructed mind. He had lost nothing whose absence could cripple him.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

My name is Gredel Xaveor Goblin, the author of that magnificent column "Dear Goblin". I would like to complain -- the picture that you put in next to my column is not a true representation of my true beauty, in fact that was the worst thing I ever saw in my life. If you do not print an apology I will sue you for libel and no longer submit my great column (in fact the greatest column in your newsletter). By the way, I read your article, if that's what you call it then, that you put on the front page. I'm lucky mine wasn't with it. I'm also glad you got someone to translate GREEN SLIME so you could have your say in the newsletter.

G.X. Goblin

EDITORIAL REPLY

Gredel, I noted a couple of mistakes in your article, like when you try to spell your name, let me give you a tip; next time you write chew the gum later. Remember what the doctor said- one thing at a time. We all understand, can't chew gum and write, poor thing.

EDITORIAL REPLY (cont'd)

About that picture being the worst thing you ever saw, well look in the mirror someday stupid ... UUUGGGGLLLLYYY BABY UUUGGGGLLLLYYY One last reply concerning the green slime crack... you'd have to look up to see the bottom of a green slime. NUF SAID.
ED.

COMPUTER NEWS

Stan Darcy, Chief Computer Games Co-ordinator, has announced plans for a computer games contest. The contest will begin sometime in January and will consist of about six to nine computer games of various types which will include ARCADE TYPE, DUNGEON QUEST TYPE, and STRATEGY TYPE. Below is a listing of some of the possible games to be used in the contest:

GALAXY INVASION--ARCADE
PINBALL-----ARCADE
LUNAR LANDER-----ARCADE
BARRICADE-----ARCADE
DATESTONES OF RYN-----DUNGEONQUEST
TYCOON-----STRATEGY
SPACE WAR-----ARCADE
AIR RAID-----ARCADE
MASTERMIND-----STRATEGY
NUMERAL 5 BY 5---STRATEGY

This list may be subject to change, additions, or deletions. The games that will be used in the contest will be selected randoly by a computer program set up by that wizard of the computer keyboard and chief cook and bottle washer Stan. (someday we gotta getta name tag for that guy) The selection of games will be decided the same day as the contest starts, thus giving everyone the same chance. The contest will be run for several weeks more details to come, just stay tuned. Practice makes perfect, so read the above list and PRACTICE, PRACTICE, PRACTICE. Prizes will be awarded and will consist of games and books, the amount and value of the prizes will be dependent on the number of people who enter the contest, entrance fee will be \$1.00.

STAN SAYS COME ON UP AND PLAY AT HIS COZY COMPUTER CORNER.

I want to thank Kevin for that long winded title of C.C.G.C. (you noticed that I shortened) What do you do for a living, Kev?? Give out big titles and low pay?? By the way, for my Christmas bonus how about that name tag you mentioned.

Signing off... Stan What's-his-name, C.C.G.C.

How's this for a sure fire heart attack for high level characters- you know, the ones who save on a one?? A room with a glass steel floor and a beholder with a great angle on you in the room below. Happy saving throws, guys.