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Howdy, Peter,

Mein Gott! Is it December so soon? I knew I should have set the alarm a little earlier. This prolonged silence was not intentional. Between Waldenbooks, the Society for Creative Anachronism (or Society for the Consumption of Alcohol or Society for Comical Anarchy or Society for Carnal Ambivalence etc.), gaming, knitting, ... for a man self-confessed of having no life I'm pretty busy.

So how's life at your end of the universe. Family, friends, business, etc. Inquiring minds want to know.

SCA. There's a group for yah. Fun bunch of nutcases. Don't get me wrong, some of my most trusted friends are card carrying members, but there are those who make my skin crawl. First you got the power hungry/anal retentives who try, with some success, to impose rule on an otherwise joyous unruliness. These individuals, ever reveling in their unhappiness, tend to take up positions as Society officers or other agents of the Crown. Fortunately they tend to be a minority, both in number and in power. Next is the partying stick-jock/barbarian trash. Live to fight and party 'til yah puke. Useful as cannonfodder or comic relief, whichever is appropriate at the time. Some may have fighting ability but very few have the discipline to use it when needed. Use them to harry weak flanks but never use them to hold the shieldwall. Again, a minority. And finally the Ninjas. They live out there D&D fantasies by wearing dramatic black outfits dripping with sharp metal pointy-bits. A mask is mandatory. Or are they elves this week? I wish they would publish their itinerary in advance so the rest of us could keep up.

Knitting. My coif is almost done. Not too bad considering I have no formal training in the craft. It's a good winter hobby.

Figures. Another winter hobby. Experimenting with 5mm foam core cardstock for buildings and fortifications. Easy to work with and reasonably cheap.

Gaming. Occasional D&D. Finally get to play in a MEKTON game. It's nice not to referee for a change. Mix Star Wars with Five Star Stories to get the basic concept of the game universe. Are you gaming? Let me know if I can be of any assistance. Please?

The tapes. Give them a look. If you don't like 'em, you got yerself some blanks.

Quote of the Quarter: The Viking Song

"We're gonna rape, loot, pillage and burn.

We're gonna rape-loot-pillage and burn."

Chorus: "Eat babies!!"

Please forgive the non-sentences. It's the best I can do in my current state of almost estatic enthusiasm of working in retail during the holiday season. Yea team. Oh, I but tremble with expectation each working day and endure pangs of longing when I am forbidden to serve the god-like persons who grace us mere loathsome scum with their divine presence. I'd love to grace their presence with a 12 guage deer slug between the eyes. How can people so stupid dare pretend that they can read. Bloody peasants.

I look forward to hearing, seeing, and/or reading you soon.

Love and Kisses,
Death and Carnage,

Allen

*P.S.
A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
to
you and yours!*