

THE ABYSSINIAN PRINCE #329

January 28, 2012

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E-MAIL/WEB ONLY ISSUE! PDF will be available on the website. Come to TempleCon and then go to World DipCon in Chicago in August, we can overwhelm Shark Chum with 330 warm bodies!

Web Page Address: <http://www.diplom.org/DipPouch/Postal/Zines/TAP/index.html>

Some of you are still not on the E-Mail list for this szine, I keep trying to sign you up, please accept the offer! I am being a bit more systematic about that right now. I am going ahead and finishing all the games here, and then we'll see what happens.

This issue codifies the next step of the szine/subszine inversion. As most of you know, this thing began as a "subszine" to Terry Tallman's *North Sealth*, *West George*, then became its own szine with a host of subszines. The subszines remaining will appear as sub-subszines to our new flipfopped home in Doug Kent's *Eternal Sunshine*. Doug will keep us on schedule so we will charge forward and finish the remaining games that I have in here. After that, we'll see how it goes and what I do next. I'd like to keep writing and doing some game GMing. You all should see first what I actually do.

For production, in addition to the HTML's of each separate product on the web page, I will also have a PDF that you can print of the entire subszine (including my famous handdrawn maps!). You can just print the maps if you like, but remember maps are for pikers anyway, you don't need no steenkin' maps, keep them up in your head where they belong. I don't think there are very many people I owe money, but if you think I owe you money, just ask and I will pay. ONE GROUP that is definitely owed money is the players with NMR insurance. NMR insurance still continues, I will still call you for it, and when your game ends, I will refund the money.

I have now tried to sign up all the players, some multiple times, but please check. THIS IS A PROBLEM, sign up now if you're playing so you get proper notification!!! General information about the mailing list is at: <http://www.diplom.org/mailman/listinfo/tap>

You can sign up from there, or send E-Mails to: Tap-request of diplom.org; with the word 'help' in the subject or body (don't include the quotes), and you will get back a message with instructions. You must know your password to change your options (including changing the password, itself) or to unsubscribe.

THE ABYSSINIAN PRINCE LETTERS SECTION

((Let's keep talking about FTF tournament diplomacy! Depending on when you read this, it may not be too late to join me at TempleCon, first weekend in February. The website for the Convention itself is <http://www.templecon.org/12>. I'll have a Tournament report in next issue. Looking beyond that World DipCon is fast approaching in August, I'm about to put a real hard full-court press on getting every single one of you reading this to come. Why not? E-Mail me with your excuse and I'll shred it. The convention is in beautiful downtown Chicago and has five rounds beginning first thing Friday morning, August 10th and ending on August 12th. Find more information at: <http://windycityweasels.org/wdc> or contact Jim O'Kelley (aka Shark Chum) and come meet me and maybe you'll see my "Alice" T-Shirt coming out of the closet... let's especially get some of the old crowd to come join us, there is a rumor that Pete Gaughan might show up.))

((For these and other upcoming cons around the world: <http://devel.diplom.org/Face/cons/index.php>))

Eric Ozog (Thu, Jan 19, 2012 at 12:24 AM)

Thanks Jim- I bought the latest Mekons album *Ancient & Modern 1911-2011* and it's good. Most of the songs have a folk sound to it, except for the killer second track "Space in Your Face", which rocks!. Overall, it's a much better album than their previous effort *Natural*.

Eric, elferic of juno.com

THE ABYSSINIAN PRINCE GAMES SECTION

I am continuing to note cut or failed support orders with a small "s" instead of a capital "S". This will make it easier on the E-Mailed version of the szine to see what happened, since the italics don't show there. The italics DO show on the web page just fine.

Standby lists:

Mike Barno, Dick Martin, Brad Wilson, Jack McHugh, Glenn Petroski, Steve Emmert, Mark Kinney, Vince Lutterbie, Eric Brosius, Paul Rauterberg, Bob Osuch, Doug Kent, Sean O'Donnell, Heath Gardner, Paul Kenny, and Jeff O'Donnell stand by for regular Diplomacy. Let me know if you want on or off these lists, especially OFF given the new policies.

GAME OPENING INFORMATION

I'm going to start the game opening list over. Under the new regime, who wants to play? First off, another regular Diplomacy game is open. Doug Kent and Brad Wilson are in, anyone else?

THE PHIL REYNOLDS MEMORIAL: 2006B, Regular Diplomacy

THE DUE DATE FOR SPRING 1906 IS FEBRUARY 24TH, 2012

Winter 1905

AUSTRIA (Burgess): has f ION, a BUD, a PIE, a VIE, a VEN, f GOL,
a BUL, a TYO, f TYH.

ENGLAND (James): bld f edi; has f EDI, f MID, f NWG, a BEL, f WES, f SWE.

FRANCE (Williams): has f NAF, a GAS, f SPA(SC), a BUR.

GERMANY (Ellinger): has a SIL, a MUN, a BER, f NTH, a FIN.

ITALY (Crow): rem a gal; f TUN, a MAR.

RUSSIA (Barno): bld a war; has a WAR, a BOH, a STP, f BLA, a LVN, f GRE,
a RUM, f GOB.

Addresses of the Participants

AUSTRIA: David Burgess, 101 Laurel Lane, Queensbury, NY 12804

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ENGLAND: Drew James, 3644 Whispering Woods Terrace, Baldwinsville, NY 13027

(315) 652-1956, kjames01 of twcnny.rr.com

FRANCE: Don Williams, 27505 Artine Drive, Saugus, CA 91350, (661) 297-3947,

wllmsfinly of earthlink.net or dwilliams of fontana.org (\$5)

GERMANY: Marc Ellinger, 751 Turnberry Drive, Jefferson City, MO 65109

mellinger of blitzbardgett.com

ITALY: John Crow, 946 S. Medalist Circle Plano, TX 75023-2851,

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RUSSIA: Mike Barno, 1071 Warren Road Apt 8 Ithaca, NY 14850, (607) 481-4526

mpbarno of gmail.com

TURKEY: Fred Wiedemeyer, Box 92010-Meadowbrook RPO, Edmonton, ALBERTA

CANADA T6T 1N1, (780) 465-6432, wiedem of telus.net or wiedem of shaw.ca

Game Notes:

1) Everyone seems re-engaged, thanks! We know we have the Syracuse fans here, so my condolences on the loss of the unbeaten season, literally as I was typing in these adjustments I looked up and there was Notre Dame upsetting the 'Cuse. But that didn't generate any press. I have some old press that was written six months ago, hope it's ok that I dug it out and printed it. And also some newer press.... you can figure out which is which.

Press:

(RUSSIA to FRANCE): Ours not to reason why, ours just to get swallowed up by the breach and get annihilated.

(YELLOWSTONE VETERAN to SMOKEY THE BEAR): Sometimes if you “stop, drop, and roll,” you end up not escaping the flames but just getting covered with bear scat.

(RED KINGS 13 (Dark Press - not for attribution) AIN'T DEAD YET):

I glanced at my watch; 3:29... I TAP'ed it a couple of times, but the second hand kept plugging along like the horse you had just bet the milk money on. Slow, but sure...but slow. The dame leaned in to look over my shoulder, I didn't so much see her, as feel the heat go up a couple of notches on my thermostat. She smacked her gum.

“Watsa' mattah?”

“I thought it had stopped, but it seems to be working again...”

Virgule, the monk, intoned solemnly on my right, “Even a stopped watch is right twice a day.”

I shot him a snarl, which has a requisite curl to the lip, but just on the one side of the mouth, and a raspiness of voice; “Really? So, do you write the fortune cookies, or just read them?” I'd dropped the eyebrow for a chaser of disdain.

Virgule's oriental inscrutability left him bulletproof to sarcasm; disdain and all.

The dame gave the XAT Heuer and it's marching second hand an appraising look; “It ain't dead yet. So's if it don't keep good time, whaddya' hold onto it for? Does it have like a sentimental value to youse?”

“Only if sentimental is the five bucks you can get when you hock it. Leverage that into a bottle of Cheater's and you've got a whole day of potential. Makes me all misty eyed just thinking about it.”

“So's it's not like a family heirloom or somesuch.”

“Naw, it's the some such. Got it out of Burgess' bureau drawer when I was looking for a clean pair of socks.”

The blonde's brow furrowed and she leaned in even closer, my pulse tried to catch up to the second hand, but couldn't see to run through the perfume.

“He didn't mind?”

“About the socks? He hates that.”

“So's you tellin' me you took Burgess' watch and you expected it to keep good time?”

“Well, just for deadlines, retreats, Winter builds...you know. It's not like I'm playing Ticket to Ride.”

The dame sat back, the air pulled into the vacant space between us was substantially cooler and less well formed, though her perfume still wafted, which is one gay ass word when you think about it. Wafted, like you're supposed to be rafting, but on the wind, or walking, but lightly in the air. Which brings to mind whiff. You can catch a whiff of something; not the whole nose smell, but the discount loss leader of aroma. Just the smidgeon of it tickling your olfactory senses... which means you could whiff the waft. Which seems counter-intuitive somehow, because waffles don't strike me as gay, or even that light... maybe more ethnic, the whole waffles and chicken thing...

“**Hullo!**” The dame was staring at me, a look of concern in her eyes. I was almost touched...she could do better. “Youse okay dere?”

“Yeah,” I answered, “just thinking.”

“And dey said dis story didn't have dangerous plot twists,” retorted the dame. “So what wuzzit youse were thinking?”

“That actually, I've never been struck by a waffle, gay or otherwise...”

The blonde sat silent for a moment as she chewed and digested this last morsel of information and pursed her lips in thought.

“Youse not the brightest Private Eye in the Hobby are youse?”

I picked my fedora up off the counter, and placed in on my head with a practiced nonchalance. I know, because I have practiced. I shot her my self assured look of competence and cocksuredness (which some don't think is a word), and answered. “I'm the only Private Eye in the Hobby.”

Outside the *Diplomatic Paunch* the day was well on its way, where to I wasn't sure, but it seemed to be plodding apace. The breeze was blowing in off the Sea of Press, sweeping the streets free of the detritus of broken promises and failed ploys and the other toxic castoffs of the hobby. It gave the air a crisp clean feel, the guileless charm of sincerity, a baby's trusting smile, a brand new shiny knife. It reminded me of summers spent camping up in the Yellowbacks, somewhere west of the Hobby.

“Youse having a flashback?” asked the dame. She popped her gum in punctuation.

I squinted one eye and looked around. Most flashbacks occur in black and white, which can be tricky in press. Hard to tell the difference...which is why I always look for the italics. Which isn't meant to be bigoted, some of my best friends are italics... and the food, you gotta love the food.

"Then we can catch the Red car East and transfer to the White Line..."

A newsboy on the corner was waving a paper in the air;

Read all about it! Hierophant goes Missing! Missing and Silent!

'I don't think you can transfer at Galicia and 52nd,' she said, eyeing the faded map.

'What do you want to do, walk across the Hobby?' "

"The Red Car," I said, "we have to catch the Red Car." The dame fell into step with me as we headed down the sidewalk. I didn't look back, but I was sure the chink was right behind us, and I couldn't help but have the nagging feeling that someone was behind him. It wasn't like we blended in. The dame was in a shimmery red sarong, the monk wore his long flowing robe...heck, I was the only one clad in normal clothes. Fedora, trench coat, tightly clenched cigarette in my jaw; who doesn't wear that?

Call it the itch between the blades, cross-hair fever, or the feeling you get when your markers been sold to the Weasel gang and Shark Chum's been sent to collect...call it what you want, but it wouldn't go away. I even tried the old trick of trying to catch reflections in the zine windows as we walked by, but we were in the older part of the Hobby when the zines had been mimeographed. The print smudges were so bad it had come off everywhere, the windows so grimed that they cast shadows, not reflections.

Shadows...thought I heard a laugh at that, must have been my internal dialog.

It turns out you could transfer at Galicia and 52nd. Though I don't remember that many Trattorias being there last time I was here. Could of sworn there'd been a Bierhaus on the corner. Now it was ristorante with checkered tablecloths outdoors and an organ grinder and his monkey. And I didn't like the way the monkey was looking at me.

I looked down at Burgess' XAT Heuer on my wrist, it still read 3:29, we were making good time. I TAP'd a couple of Red Kings out of the pack, one for me, one for the dame. Which left it empty, the chink was on his own. Though he probably preferred opium...just sayin'.

I fished the matches out of my pocket, couldn't recall where I'd picked them up. They had the name "Eternal Sunshine" emblazoned over a cartoon sun, but I didn't frequent tanning salons, so didn't figure I'd gotten them first hand. It didn't seem like Eternal Sunshine was a good name for a bar...which eliminated a lot of my list of suspects. Not that it mattered, a match by any other name... I flared one up and lit the two fags and passed one off to the dame. She inhaled like a trooper and I watched the rise and fall of the empire, so to speak. Something about big breasts, cigarette smoke and blonde hair...and big breasts. A charge of the light brigade all to itself.

The tram for the White line pulled up with a screech of metal on metal brakes that sounded like the fishwife who finds her husband sleeping on the stoop in the morning. The doors hissed open and as we got on I absently tossed the empty pack of Red Kings at the trash bin by the lamp post. A gust of wind kicked up and I missed. The pack hit the rim and bounced over, onto the sidewalk, but the tram door was closing. Screw it, write me a ticket.

As the tram pulled off in a huff and lurch mambo dance of public transportation I saw the organ grinder's monkey scuttle up to the empty pack like it was catnip for simians. Poor furry bastard probably thought there was still a butt in it.

The White line goes back into the old neighborhoods of the Hobby. The tram trundled past Pontevedria, and I looked out at zines I had never seen before, never even heard of. There were fewer and fewer riders as we went along, and the zines were older, less well kept up, many just vacant and abandoned.

The tram hitched and jerked to a stop. The driver got up and stretched expansively.

"End of the line folks, Bahnhof Zoo."

SPIRALS OF PARANOIA: 2005A, Regular Diplomacy

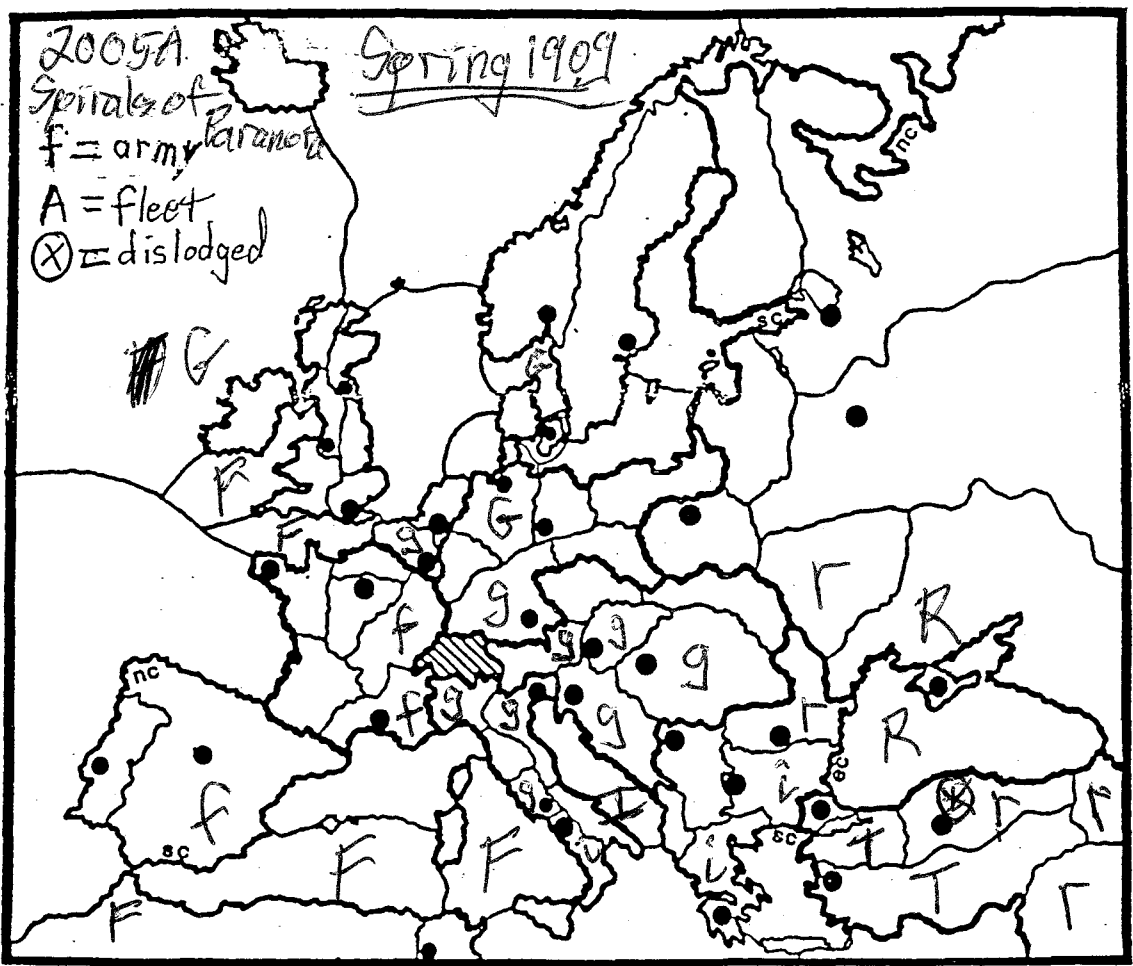
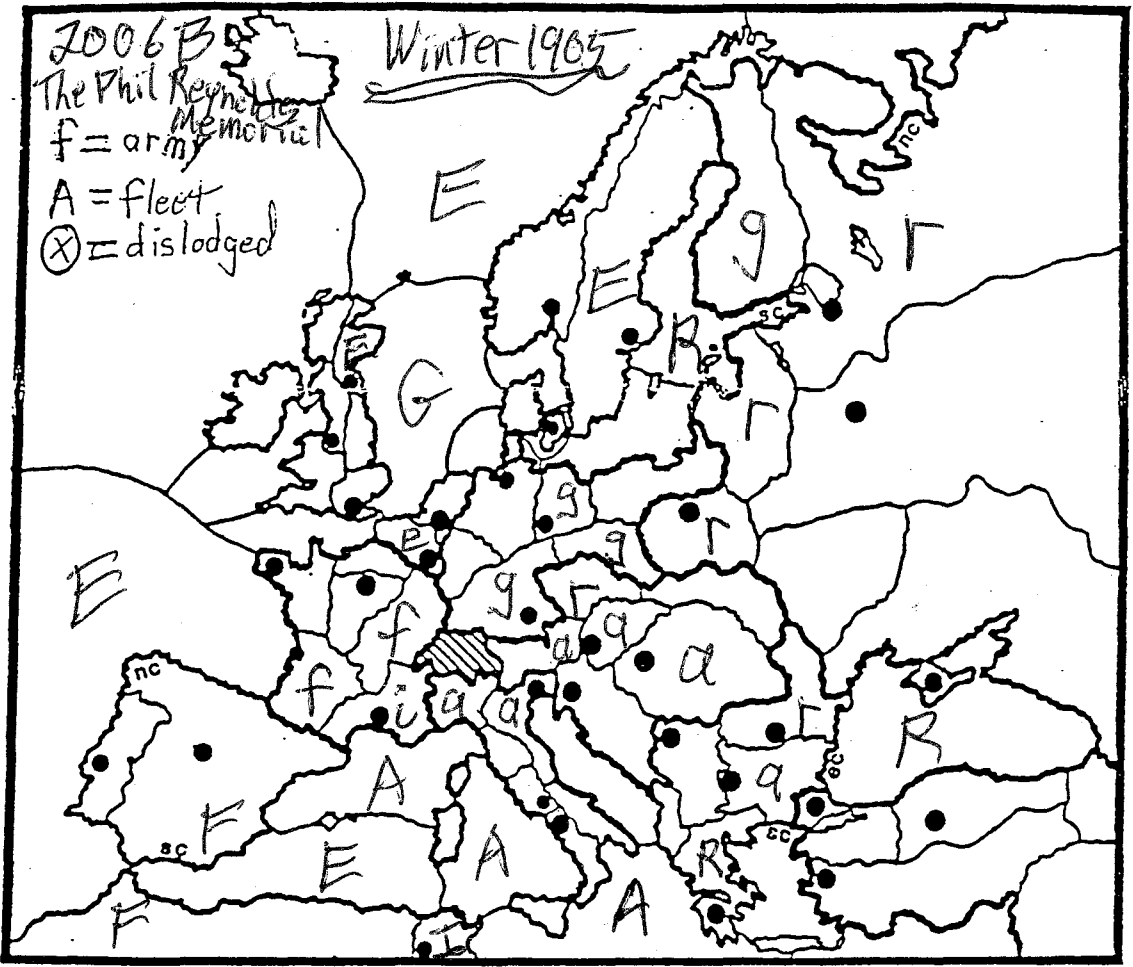
THE DUE DATE FOR SUMMER 1909 IS FEBRUARY 24TH, 2012

Spring 1909

FRANCE (Jim Tretick for Buddy Tretick): f bre-ENG, a por-SPA, f spa(sc)-WES, a gas-BUR,

f gol-TYH, f mid-NAF, a MAR h, f *IRI-nao*.

GERMANY (Ozog for Tallman): a ber-MUN, f KIE h, a mun-TYO, a PIE S a rom-ven,



a BUD h, a VIE S a tyo-tri, a tyo-TRI, a nap-ROM, f SKA h, a rom-VEN,
a BEL h, f NAO h.

ITALY (Kent): f ven-ADR, a apu-NAP, a ser-BUL, a GRE S a ser-bul.

RUSSIA (Sundstrom): f SEV S f rum-bla, a mos-UKR, f rum-BLA, a ukr-RUM,
a con-ANK, a *SYR-smy*, a ARM S a con-ank.

TURKEY (Lutterbie): a *ank s f smy* (d ann), f *SMY s f bla-con*, f bla-CON.

Addresses of the Participants

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(780) 465-6432, wiedz of telus.net or wiedz of shaw.ca

FRANCE: Buddy Tretick, 5023 Sewell's Pointe Way, Fredericksburg, VA 22407

FRANCE: Temporary Standby is Jim Tretick, jtretick of gmail.com

GERMANY: Terry Tallman, PO Box 782, Clinton, WA 98236, (360) 331-5698 (\$2)
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GERMANY: Temporary Standby is Eric Ozog, PO Box 1138, Granite Falls, WA 98252-1138,
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RUSSIA: Matt Sundstrom, 1760 Robincrest Lane South, Glenview, IL 60025, (847) 729-1882,
Matt.Sundstrom of bbdoch.com or mattandzoe of earthlink.net

TURKEY: Vince Lutterbie, 1021 Stonehaven Ave Marshall, MO 65340-2837,
(660) 886-7354, melvin4852 of sbcglobal.net

Game Notes:

- 1) The FGR draw proposal was rejected and is repropoed, vote with your summer orders.
- 2) We now have two medical replacements, as Buddy's son Jim (who some of us played with many years ago as James Alan) will be playing for Buddy as Eric is playing for Terry.
- 3) Vince Lutterbie takes over as Turkey. See his contact information above. Please welcome him to the game and let's continue!
- 4) There are not any retreats, you also can keep the game moving by submitting Fall orders by the February 24 deadline.

Press:

FLIP FLOP: 2003G, Regular Diplomacy

THE NEW DUE DATE FOR SUMMER 1913 IS FEBRUARY 24TH, 2012

Spring 1913

AUSTRIA (Wilson): a *war-lvn* (d r:pru,otb).

ENGLAND (Kent): a edi-YOR, f *NAO-mid*, f *MID-wes*, f *NWY-stp*, a *DEN-lvn*,
a ber-SIL, f eng-NTH, f swe-GOB, f BAL C a den-lvn.

FRANCE (McHugh): a *PAR-bur*, f NAF S f mid-wes, f *MAR-gol*, a *MUN-tyo*,
a *BUR-mun*, f SPA(SC) S f mar-spa(sc), a *GAS-mar*.

GERMANY (Sundstrom): a *STP-nwy*.

TURKEY (Levinson): a con-BUL, a ank-ARM, a smy-CON, f ion-TUN, a MOS S a ukr-war,
a ven-TUS, f TYH S f wes, a ukr-WAR, f *WES s f ion-tun*, a *TYO s a vie-boh*, f apu-ION,
f *GOL s wes*, a vie-BOH, f PIE S f gol, a GAL S a ukr-war, a bud-VIE.

Addresses of the Participants

AUSTRIA: Brad Wilson, 713 Tasker St. #1, Philadelphia, PA 19148-1237
bwdolphin146 of yahoo.com

ENGLAND: Doug Kent, 911 Irene Drive, Mesquite, TX 75149

dougray30 of yahoo.com
FRANCE: Jack McHugh, 810 School Lane, Folcroft, PA 19032, (856) 456-5984,
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sean_o_donnell of hotmail.com
TURKEY: Alexandre Levinson, Beeklaan 504, 2562BP Den Haag THE NETHERLANDS, don't need phone,
al of tolkin.nl (\$5)

Game Notes:

1) The host of draw proposals: FET, FATE, and FAE; all were rejected.

Press:

**SECRETS: 1999D, Regular Diplomacy
TURKEY WON WITHOUT HOLDING ANY HOME CENTERS**

Addresses of the Participants

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ROsuch4082 of aol.com
TURKEY: Bruce Linsey, PO Box 234, Kinderhook, NY 12106
GonzoHQ of aol.com

Game Notes:

1) Now, we would like to see some more endgame statements if we could, I've printed the full game SC chart and would like to print more endgame statements in the next issue. I think Bruce also is going to say that he is retiring from Diplomacy with this game (I hope he doesn't).

GERMANY (Barno)

What a strange standby position this was. I got called to take over for a spot that looked like I would have no choice at all and would just take some stalemate line position and sit still until a big draw passed. Instead I got to go on a grand tour of about nine new supply centers, own every home center of the eventual winner, and get a piece of the strangest win you'll ever see.

I came in thinking I would be part of an all-western-powers-gotta-get-together-to-stop-an-eastern-leader alliance, dull but necessary. As it happened, my late brother Phil and I had a disagreement about how to handle hobby disagreements, nothing to do with this game. I made some move just to aggravate him, he overreacted, and he decided the western alliance didn't need me. So I was determined to prove him wrong. Sure enough, his alliance lost without me, and I survived. Along the way, I took far more supply centers from the Turkish leader than Phil ever could hope to. Eventually I took most of the Austro-Hungarian centers, most of the Balkan centers, and every Turkish center. If I never got to hold more than the one I was in, well, that was more than the alliance-without-me ever owned.

In the end, my only real agreement was mutually honored, and I got to be an active part of an historic ending. If I had to take a loss, it was the loss that those who wanted to dump me suffered themselves. Congratulations to Bruce for (as Jim noted) a negotiated solo win, the best kind. Thanks to Jim for running this game for about a thousand years.

TURKEY (Linsey)

Hey guys – thanks for allowing me to pull off this unique victory...this was quite satisfying, and I appreciate being able to go out of the postal Diplomacy hobby in style. I also liked being able to do it while keeping all my promises (survival for France and Germany; second place for Russia). I really enjoyed working with all of you, and Jim-Bob, thanks for running it. I'll try to get an endgame statement to you soon.

Bruce (signing off as TURKEY)

((I'm presuming we're going to have more as an endgame statement, especially if you are "going out in style"??))

CAST NO SHADOWS: Breaking Away, Designer's Rules

Rules at: <http://devel.diplom.org/DipPouch/Postal/Zines/TAP/Tinamou/rules/BreakingAway.htm>

DUE DATE FOR TURN 17 IS FEBRUARY 24TH, 2012

Turn 16

FINISHED Carrot (20), Granny (16), Water (12),
Kyrie (10), Gloria (8)

~~-F-I-N-A-L- -F-I-N-I-S-H- -L-I-N-E-~~

120 (no replenishment)	Empty
119 (no replenishment)	Empty
118 (replenish with a 3)	Krstajic
117 (no replenishment)	Empty
116 (replenish with a 3)	Agnus, Mideast
115 (replenish with a 5)	Drugs
114 (replenish with a 6)	Rincewind
113 (no replenishment)	Empty
112 (no replenishment)	Empty
111 (replenish with a 3)	Crockett
110 (no replenishment)	Empty
109 (replenish with a 3)	Zorro, Xavier, Kyoto
108 (no replenishment)	Empty
107 (no replenishment)	Empty
106 (replenish with a 3)	Vidic
105 (replenish with a 4)	Dragutinovic
104 (replenish with a 5)	Sanctus
103 (replenish with a 6)	Bowie, Bonham
102 (replenish with a 8)	Travis
101 (replenish with a 9)	Wally
100 (no replenishment)	Empty
99 (no replenishment)	Empty
98 (no replenishment)	Empty
97 (no replenishment)	Empty
96 (no replenishment)	Empty
95 (no replenishment)	Empty
94 (no replenishment)	Empty
93 (no replenishment)	Empty
92 (no replenishment)	Empty
91 (no replenishment)	Empty
90 (no replenishment)	Empty
89 (no replenishment)	Empty
88 (no replenishment)	Empty
87 (no replenishment)	Empty
86 (no replenishment)	Empty
85 (no replenishment)	Empty

84 (no replenishment)	Empty
83 (no replenishment)	Empty
82 (no replenishment)	Empty
81 (replenish with a 3)	Gavrancic
S-P-R-I-N-T-F-I-N-I-S-H-L-I-N-E	
80 (no replenishment)	Empty
79 (no replenishment)	Empty
78 (no replenishment)	Empty
77 (no replenishment)	Empty
76 (replenish with a 3)	Yorick, Death

Addresses of the Participants - Their Team and Their Cards

TEAM 1 (Rick Desper): rick_desper of yahoo.com (51 points)

Team Name: The Turtle Moves; Captained by Cut-My-Own-Throat Dibbler

A: Rincewind the Wizzard	6 3 6 6 (8)
B: Granny Weatherwax	Finished
C: Captain Carrot	Finished
D: Death	3 3 3 (3)

(Rincewind with the Luggage, Granny on Her Broom, Carrot of the City Watch, and Death is just DEATH!)

Total Replenishments: $12 + 58 + 18 + 15 + 33 + 33 + 18 + 28 + 19 + 31 + 16 + 42 + 35 + 16 + 15 + 9 = 398$

TEAM 2 (Tom Howell): off-the-shelf of olympus.net (25 points)

Team Name: Never Ending Worry Source; Manager: Rumour; Team Captain: Ye Olde Manager

A: Water	Finished
B: Kyoto	3 3 3 (7)
C: Mideast	10 7 3 (11)
D: Drugs	10 9 5 (11)

Total Replenishments: $12 + 35 + 37 + 44 + 30 + 22 + 16 + 30 + 24 + 23 + 18 + 27 + 43 + 50 + 22 + 11 = 444$

TEAM 3 ((David Partridge): rebhuhn of rocketmail.com (0 points)

Team Name: Famous Four

A: Krstajic	4 5 4 3 (17)
B: Vidic	3 8 3 (6)
C: Gavrancic	3 3 3 (3)
D: Dragutinovic	4 3 4 (4)

Total Replenishments: $12 + 35 + 40 + 28 + 13 + 18 + 16 + 28 + 20 + 29 + 14 + 56 + 14 + 14 + 19 + 13 = 369$

TEAM 4 (Brendan Whyte): obiwonfive of hotmail.com (9 points)

Team Name: The Reverse Alphabeticists

A: Zorro	4 3 3 3 (11)
B: Yorick	3 3 3 (3)
C: Xavier	5 3 3 (11)
D: Wally	3 3 9 (3)

Total Replenishments: $12 + 26 + 24 + 28 + 28 + 38 + 17 + 18 + 16 + 19 + 15 + 31 + 20 + 30 + 12 + 18 = 352$

TEAM 5 (Alexander Woo): aswoo of yahoo.com (42 points)

Team Name: Just Ordinary; Manager: Credo

A: Agnus	7 6 7 3 (11)
B: Sanctus	4 4 5 (3)
C: Kyrie	Finished
D: Gloria	Finished

Total Replenishments: $12 + 44 + 22 + 17 + 22 + 42 + 28 + 25 + 27 + 26 + 17 + 24 + 45 + 17 + 8 = 376$

TEAM 6 (Andy York): wandrew88 of gmail.com (17 points)

Team Name: Alamo

A: Crockett	4 3 4 3 (10)
B: Travis	3 3 8 (4)

C: Bowie

3 3 6 (5)

D: Bonham

3 3 6 (5)

Total Replenishments: $12 + 12 + 12 + 60 + 20 + 22 + 21 + 19 + 16 + 38 + 17 + 55 + 18 + 13 + 23 = 358$

Game Notes:

1) The rules are on the TAP website in the Tinamou section. Ask if you have any questions. Up above in parentheses is the card you played to get to where you are in the field. The replenishment card is the last card in your list. Be careful to note that the card you played (the one in parentheses) is not available for you, for next turn. Just for fun, I'm going to keep track of total replenishment, by turn, which is a rough measure of how the teams are doing. Of course, it is lining up to get across the sprint and final lines in the right places that really counts.

2) I think it remains WAY cool that Death and Yorick are paired at the back of the pack. Ah, we knew them well. The finish is approaching, can Death and Yorick get over the second sprint line before the race is over? I think the answer is no... it appears that the last three scoring riders can score next time. Feel free to send in endgame statements or press if you want to make any. Also signal to me if you'd like to play again, I'd like to keep running Breaking Away if there is interest. Tom Howell easily wins the replenishment battle, but looks like he will finish third in points, so Rick and Alex were more efficient.

LAST WORD:

Well, so much for that political statement, now it seems like Newt vs. Mitt is going to go on for a very long time. Each day it does go on increases the two key factors promoting Obama's re-election... fewer chances and time for a number of serious third party candidates to emerge (they all have to wait until the Republicans decide who they nominate) and less time for the Republican to try to redefine himself more moderately for the general election (though perhaps only Mitt really has his plan to do that - can anyone see another "flip flop" on health care?).

