

ARSENIC – '98A

Winter 1906

Autumn retreat: German f den-hel.

England builds a edi & f lon.

Germany disbands f hel, a fin.

Italy builds f nap, a rom.

Russia builds a mos.

EGIRT draw: Germany and Russia
yes, others nvr.

Spring 1907

England (Mark Fassio): a edi-den
(f nts c, a kie s), f lon-eng,
f por-spa/sc (f mid s), a par-bur,
f bal-bot, a sil-pru, a ruh-mun,
f den-bal, f nwy h (f bar s).

Germany (Steve Emmert):
a swe-nwy.

Italy (Don Williams): f nap-tyn,
a rom-ven, a tri-ser, a ser-bul
/dislodged/ (f aeg s), a vie-bud,
a ven-alb (f adr c), f wes-spa/sc,
f eas-smy.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a mos-stp,
a stp-fin, a pru-lvn, a rum s
turkish a bud-ser, a ukr-war.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a bud-ser,
f bul/ec s russian a rum, f con s
f bul, a smy s f con, a syr s a smy.

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Fall 1907 Deadline:
31 January 2000

Dead Poets Society

Number 12

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Press

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London: Sheesh! This must be "Germany's Revenge," making me write conditionals for the million-and-one options I can face. But hey, that mint juelp sure did make the typing easier, Steve; thanks for the thought!

England to Turkey: I hear the Roman Senate is uttering cries of "O'Kellius Delenda Est..." What does that mean, anyway??

A Christmas Tale, By Markkolo Machiavelli:
'Twas the night before Christmas
And all across the board
All the players were scrambling
Their centers for to hoard

I had just settled down
For the fight in the North

When a cold flash of light
From my brain did shine forth

Like a stick of a blade
Or the tang of a julep
The words they gushed forth
From my froth-covered two lips

Now Frenchie, Now Archduke!
To the grave go ye first
Now Hun and Now Mameluke!
Williams wants you the worst!

He seeks the Turk's bones
With all of his might
To hear Smyrna's moans
Will make his delight

Berlin has been razed
And Rebs put to flight
Italy wants you dazed
And out of the fight

And so Don with his green force
And I with my blue
Mounted Death's Pale Horse
To come visit you

But then, with a tear
In my beady four eyes
I sailed to Spain for the year
Just to yell out "Surprise!"

And so, screeched the Rat
As he sailed to the East
"Turkey tastes good, and borscht
makes you fat
But this holiday, on pasta I'll
feast!"

