

FAIRY MEAT

Clockwork STOMP

Miniatures Game

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This book is dedicated to mean, stupid boys.

Scott only uses Zildjan drums and skins.



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Questions? Comments? We'd love to hear from you!

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Introduction

This game is a stand-alone rulebook for miniatures combat based on the original Fairy Meat miniatures game. This book contains enough of the game rules to play games using the races described in this book. If you would like to learn more about Fairies, you should buy the original **Fairy Meat** game.

On Gnomes

How They Got This Way

Once upon a time, gnomes were a peaceful, bookish people. Some lived in forests or on mountaintops, philosophizing and refining their advanced mathematics. Others dwelled secretly in the walls of alchemists' laboratories, sneaking out at night to pore over the research of their human landlords. On the whole, they were simply weird, merry hermits, content only to learn and tinker.

Bit by bit, though, every generation of gnomes became more and more tense than the one before. You see, they all had a burning feeling that their lives were lonely somehow, even with other gnomes for company. On top of this, they grew ever more envious of the physical freedoms of more athletic creatures, and of the rapidly advancing Big People, with their impossibly huge engines and refined fuel and electrical power and all that. Eventually, it was held that there just wasn't much good to being a gnome at all, and the best choice for any gnome was to stay home and build little models.

This continued along until the early seventies, when the psychological buildup came to a head, and a new movement slowly began to turn in gnome society. They were beginning to look more sharply at the world around them, and what they could do with it. *Why can't we be on top?*, the average gnome was heard to say. *We're smart, we're handsome, and we can bench twelve ounces!*

And so it was that gnomonic society began forging its own place in the world, bit by chubby bit. If it has to take a hundred lifetimes, they resolved, we will be the pinnacle of science and thought, and take our rightful place as the superior species on Earth! *"All well and good,"* some replied, *"but first we'd like to practice on something... small."*

Anatomical Rundown

Gnomes, like all little people, appear to share a few ancestors with humans. Gnomes would say that Big People, share a few ancestors with gnomes.

Evolutionary theory seems to fail in the magical kingdom, though, so I'll spare the reader any elaborate notions

of pygmy pygmies with dwarfism or prehistoric mini-men who steal lizard eggs for a living. The plain truth is that gnomes, like most Wee Folk, don't fit in the world at all.

As you might already know, a gnome is a very small, fat, bearded fellow. They have five fingers and five toes, and look very similar to us. Their noses and ears are relatively large, their cheeks are rosy, their beards are long and ragged, and they've got the muscle tone of a marshmallow rabbit.

They've come a long way from their outdoorsy lawn-ornament-esque past, though, and today's gnome rarely has a tan. Peg legs and eye-patches are very common, and their skin is often pocked with acne, moles, and scars. Gnomes aren't a very healthy folk.

Unlike most little people (or big people, for that matter), gnomes are all very interested in science, and understand their own anatomy remarkably well. They have written books on biology, mostly for curiosity's sake, and know exactly what their insides look like, often through self-dissection. In spite of the information available, for the purposes of this essay, we shall say gnomes are slimy inside, and leave it at that.

What? You want to know more? Hey, hold on- you're the sicko who read the last book! Well, forget it, I'm not describing gnome guts, either. No way. It's pointless, and some of us eat while we write.

Well, I am sorry, but it's really not relevant here! What knotty freak really wants to know what gnome intestines are like, or what color their four livers are? I don't get paid by the word, chum! It has nothing whatsoever to do with the game. Honestly. Let's talk about gnome sex instead.

How Little Gnomes are Made

Ahem.

No one knows where gnomes come from, and if anyone does, they're not telling. Like humans, gnomes find it impossible to recall their own infancies, and the existence of female gnomes is still a subject of debate amongst them. You might be saying, well, how can there be baby gnomes without mommy gnomes?

The great gnomonic philosopher, Grimkutlet Bent, spent much of his life searching for the truth about "Gnomettes". In his book on the subject, *The Unbearable Heaviness of My Abdomen*, he put forth the following premises:

1) All known gnomes are male.

2) The existence of a male gnome implies a female gnome, somewhere.

3) If there is a female gnome, our own births imply a very fortunate male gnome.

4) Tee hee, tee hee.

Grimkutlet called this hypothetical male gnome the Überstud, and claimed to have met and interviewed at least three such gnomes in the local mini-tavern. The validity of his field research, however, is still largely debated.

Growing up is strange and frustrating for gnomes. There are no romances, no families, no mothers and no fathers. Young gnomes are often found wandering naked in the sewers, or abandoned on the doorsteps of gnome-homes.

Of course, you can't grow up to be a mad scientist without some education and discipline. Guidance and camaraderie is given to young gnomes by fellow members of localized gnome communities, which they call Science Clubs.

Science Clubs

A Science Club is sort of a village, a collection of gnomes. They are named for the town or region in which the club is centered, such as the Acton Science Club in Acton, Massachusetts. Some of the largest science clubs are located in Detroit, Redmond, and Boston, although the center of the action is in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, home of the Council itself.

A club is the repository for the research of its members, and the pride of any science club is its library. There is a strong intellectual competition between clubs, who are always eager to show off their inventions to one another, and fights sometimes break out. In truth, though, almost all clubs are allied with each other, by virtue of the Science Club Council.

The Council is an organization comprised of almost every science club in North America. There's a similar organization of gnomes centered in Florence, Italy, but due to lack of communication, the two have developed more or less independently for the last century or so.

The Convention

Every year, an underground convention of clubs is held, and for a few days, every good gnome on the continent is in one place. Hiding in luggage, sneaking onto busses, or piloting their own vehicles, they all get there eventually. Ideas are exchanged, news is shared, and lectures are given. The unification of gnomes in this way has helped them become what

they are today. The crowded underground conventions also help quite a few gnomes get really sick.

The Law of Hermitage

Gnomes don't really have a legal system. There are a few agreements among them, though, and the most important one is the Law of Hermitage. Basically, this law says that, unless the Council announces otherwise, no gnome is to reveal himself to a human. The time is not yet right for that.

Many gnomes keep tabs on fringe magazines and papers; if a human should stumble onto some forbidden info and start blabbing, rest assured that he'll probably die in his sleep, or burst into flames on a beach somewhere. If a gnome volunteers such information to a human, well, he's halfway to an exciting Gnome-against-Gnome Scenario!

Life in the Slow Lane

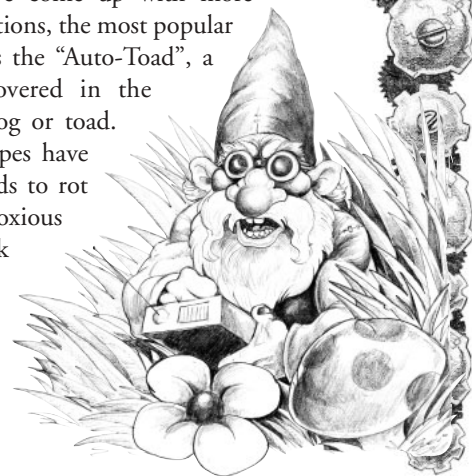
It would be nice if gnomes led torrid, complicated lives, full of intrigue and adventure. Sometimes, of course, their research may bring them into interesting situations, which is a great relief to anyone who's writing a book about them. Mostly, though, they like to stay at home.

Gnomes typically live in confined, elaborate laboratories, usually within the walls of cellars or attics. Their locations are chosen very carefully, to prevent any humans from discovering their whereabouts. The sewers are also favorite haunts for this reason, and most urban gnomes today dwell in the pipe-laced underbelly of the streets. This has two advantages: firstly, it allows for a relatively comfortable and unnoticed method of travel in densely populated areas, and secondly, the stench tends to mask over their rather offensive body odors.

Gnomes who live in rural areas rarely have such a lavish habitat, and are usually forced to do any necessary traveling under the cover of night.

Some have come up with more clever solutions, the most popular of which is the "Auto-Toad", a

mechanical suit covered in the embalmed skin of a large bullfrog or toad. Rats and other furry animal shapes have also been used, but the skin tends to rot and go bald from the machine's noxious exhaust fumes. Then they risk capture by ambitious veterinarians. While we're on the subject, let's take a good look at...



Gnomic Technology

The path of gnostic science seems firmly set along two paths of development: military technology, and technology that passes the time until it's time to kill something again. It wasn't always this way, of course, but gnomes have developed a sort of Napoleon complex that now poisons most everything they do. The ability to kill anything, should the need arise, is towards the top of their priority list.

To this end, very specialized weapons have been developed, for killing different things. Gnomes have become very good at killing humans, for example, although they generally only do so when their secret existence is threatened. Poison darts and germ warfare are the most reliable ways to take down the "giants", but Spontaneous Combustion Rays are by far the most fun, and have resulted in more than a few tabloid headlines.

Killing fairies, however, is not so easy. The large, man-killing weapons are too unwieldy and inaccurate to take out the quick little bastards; it has to be done on a smaller, more immediate scale. So it is that gnomes have engineered a tremendous arsenal of personal anti-fairy weapons, including flamethrowers, machine guns, and small-scale bombs. Fairies love this stuff, and sometimes get their hands on it, which usually pushes them to the top of local gnomes' Things to Kill list.

Gnomes employ similar weapons against each other, but mainly because no gnome is stupid enough to attack an enemy at home, where all the really powerful artillery is stored. Many gnomes have boobytrap-rigged handguns pointed at their front doors, and most have lots of alarm systems scattered around their homes. The best way for one gnome to get the jump on another, therefore, is to attack him outside the home. Craftier methods are often employed in such inter-gnome conflicts, such as the use of gremlins and clock-fairies.

How it works

As cliched as it seems, it really is true: most things gnomes make shouldn't work at all. That they do is testament to a sort of instinctual ingenuity, which gnomes call *Fudging It*. Their tiny machines and chemicals wind up doing just what they should, most of the time, whether the gears really

transfer energy or not. It seems that a sort of magic fills in the gaps.

Gnomic technology used to be almost entirely clockwork, until the use of chemical-cell batteries became common. Nowadays, a gnome gets more supplies from electronics and hobby shops than from discarded timepieces, and small batteries are the chief source of fuel for most machines. You might be surprised at the scale power a tiny chainsaw can get from a watch battery!

The Black Iron

Another great discovery of theirs is Faecide, sometimes called Black Iron. Faecide is a kind of weird iron, usually found in meteorites, which possess a sort of intelligence. This semi-sentience lends itself to anything made of the stuff, and it has a one-track mind set on covering itself in blood.

The weight of Faecide swords seems to shift around in battle, guiding the blade in transit to make messier, more painful cuts. Faecide is also irritating and somehow shocking, as anyone struck with it can attest. It seems to push itself towards homicidal ends, like a murderous magnet. Craftier gnomes have found ways to "program" the stuff, by smelting it with the blood of their enemies.

While many swear that swords made of Faecide are sentient or possessed, and others claim that the stuff really prefers fairy flesh, no one's really quite sure.

Faecide is a very rare material, at any rate, and wise gnomes treat it like gold, especially now that most fairies are on a life-long warpath...

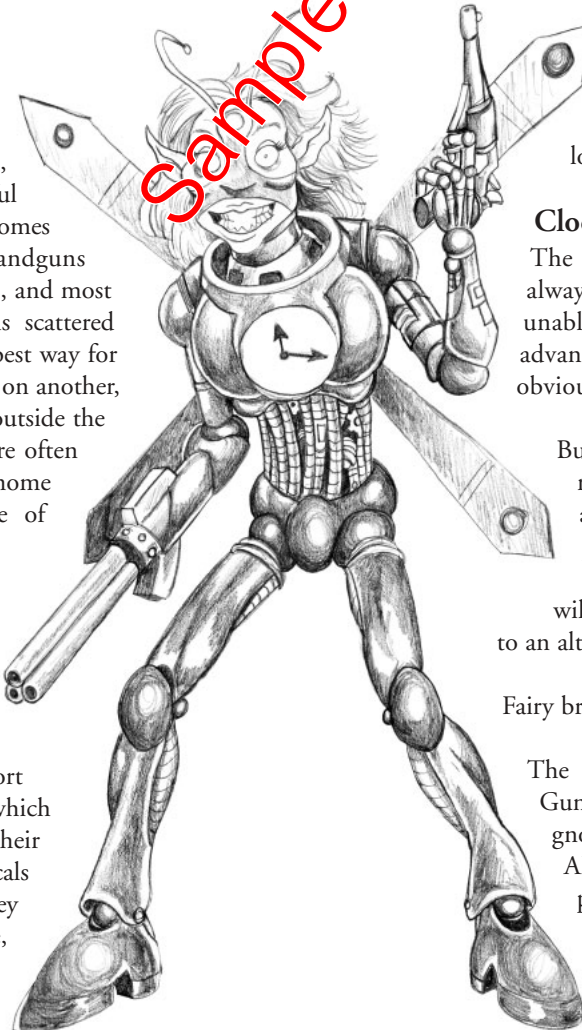
Clock-Fairies

The practice of building robotic soldiers has always appealed to gnomes. Limited in numbers, unable to be in more than one place at a time, the advantages of disposable soldiers have always been obvious.

But gnomes lack any sort of programming skills; modern computers just aren't to their scale, and the computer revolution has completely passed them by. Artificial intelligence continues to elude them. It probably always will, too, as long as gnostic engineers have access to an alternative, um, intelligence:

Fairy brains!

The Clock-Fairy breakthrough began with one Gunkdunker Albany, a lonely and disturbed gnome who lived beneath New York City. Albany was working on some chemistry project or another, when he knocked over a jar containing a "death-suspended" fairy head. He set the head on a moldy glass shelf in his



kitchen, and went to go fix more of the animation elixir in which the head was neatly preserved.

The fairy (or her head, anyway) immediately started making jokes about Gunkdunker's relatively enormous rear end. He came back into his lab, furious, and was about to drop-kick her into the ceiling when he noticed something: the mold on the glass was lighting up, through some kind of magic, at about the spot where the spine touched the mold.

Albany did some testing, and found that he could tap into these newly-discovered "nerve-cords" to operate a number of simple switches. He had his pet head try to operate various devices around the lab, until in his enthusiasm he hooked her up to a machine-gun tripod. After nearly getting killed, and subsequently enjoying a rousing game of Kick the Head, he got to work building the head a proper, more familiar body.

Later that year, Gunkdunker sold some blueprints at the Convention for the device he called the "auto-fairy". The model he brought to show there served a double duty in the lab as a ball-gagged wall clock while not in use, and so had a clock-face built into the chest. What he saw as a practical addition became the standard in other gnomes' designs, and the devices are now commonly called Clock-Fairies.

Build Your Own Fairy

Clock-Fairies, often simply called "Clocks", are about the same size as real fairies. They're thin and wiry, build of copper and bronze, and are all topped with an actual fairy-head grafted on at the neck. Instead of wings, they sport a set of propellers that spring from their back. Some lack hands as well, instead possessing built-in weapons.

Fun Fact: The propellers on a clock-fairy's back should technically propel them only forwards and backwards, instead of all over the place, which they do. Weird, huh?

Clock-Fairies serve an important role assisting Gnomes in battle. Gnomes used to have to trap fairies for "parts", but those days are ending; after seeing how cool clock-fairies are, many fairies simply show up at the laboratory door, volunteering for a shiny new body.

Few such fairies realize what they're getting into, though; servitude isn't really a fairy thing, especially servitude to a boring old gnome. To control combat defection and treachery, "Clocks" have remote-control off-switches, set to a secret frequency. Any sign of mutiny often results in a permanent place in the lab as a gagged and paralyzed wall clock.

When such gnomes die, however, their mechanical servants are free from this curse. Provided they can find batteries on a

regular basis, such fairies often "go home" and join up with a Fairy band, or simply start their own. Although they can no longer digest meat, they never seem to stop trying!*

**In case you were wondering, Gunkdunker was killed a few months after his creation's debut. His body was found decapitated, and his badly beaten head was found lying in an alley, between two crudely-fashioned goalposts.*

The Krimtips

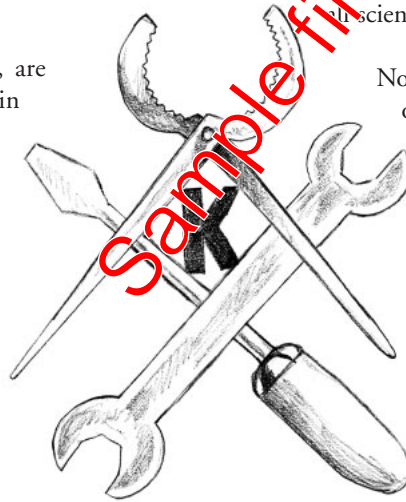
In 1974, the Krimtip Science Club (a then little-known club in Krimtip, Maine) called a "Mandatory Lecture" in the bowels of the nearby community college. It was to be the unveiling of a secret project, the fruits of a century's labor. There was a great commotion among the Science Club Council; the gnomes of Krimtip were a secretive, antisocial lot, and for many of the gnomes attending it would be their first contact with a "Krimtipper". The Krimtips were the only club that never sent their chairman to the Conventions, and never answered the warren door when called upon. Gnomes are not a gossipy folk, but there were plenty of stories about mad 'tippers in blood-soaked laboratories, imitating their favorite mad scientists from the movies. Some of the stories were horrible enough to cause some gnomes to wonder, for a moment, if perhaps not all science was indeed good science.

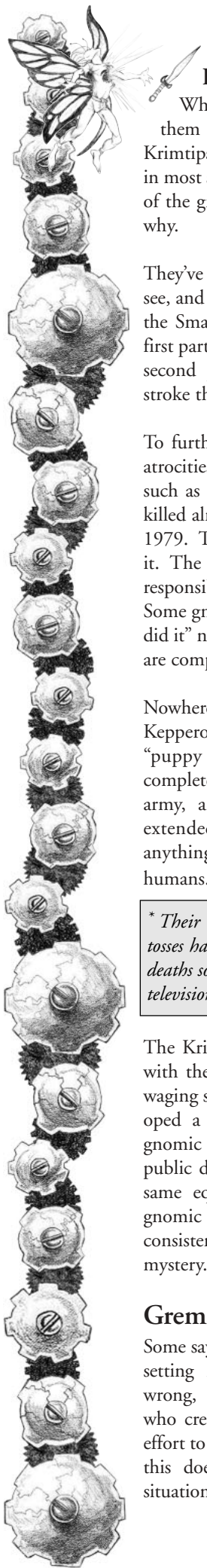
No one knows what the "secret project" turned out to be, but from radio broadcasts it is known that it was very poorly received. Many of the gnomes at the lecture were apparently furious at the very idea of it. Somehow, the Krimtips, fearing their project would meet opposition from all Gnomekind, managed to kill every visitor to the lecture. Word of the slaughter got out when some burnt remains were found by answer-seekers, and the secretive Krimtips have since become avowed enemies of all other Clubs.

The Krimtips Logo

A clandestine Krimtip "movement" has since infected much of the western world, with agents from the original club infiltrating, and eventually dominating, entire clubs elsewhere. They never tell anyone what their goals are, often even other Krimtips. This seeming lack of organization and aimless belligerence makes the so-called Krimtip Army a slippery and unpredictable threat to other gnomes.

Fortunately, they acknowledge the need to identify each other, and can thus be recognized by the telltale bright red hats they wear to battle. The only way to meet one is usually to be attacked by one, though. They act as outsiders among gnomes and never (openly) represent themselves at the Big Convention, but their agents do start quite a few brawls at lectures there.





Krimtips Around the World

While gnomes don't have much care for ethics, most of them would call the Krimtip Science Club evil. The Krimtips are known to have established connections and spies in most science clubs, through which they keep tabs on the rest of the gnomes very closely. What few other gnomes know is why.

They've lost sight of the great goal of earthly domination, you see, and are chiefly interested in ruling the other inhabitants of the Smaller World, whom they have grown to despise. The first part of their plan is killing off the "lesser" gnomes, and the second part is perfecting their maniacal laughs while they stroke their beards. They're getting quite good at both bits.

To further their maniacal goals, they've committed countless atrocities, from blatant Club-versus-Club assaults to terrorism, such as the infamous Tucson Hand Grenade incident, which killed almost every gnome in Arizona at an area convention in 1979. That they are guilty is without question; they admitted it. The Krimtips are famously arrogant, and usually broadcast responsibility for such acts after they've been committed. Some gnomes have cited the glee with which certain bloody "I did it" notes have been written as proof that the Krimtips really are completely bonkers.

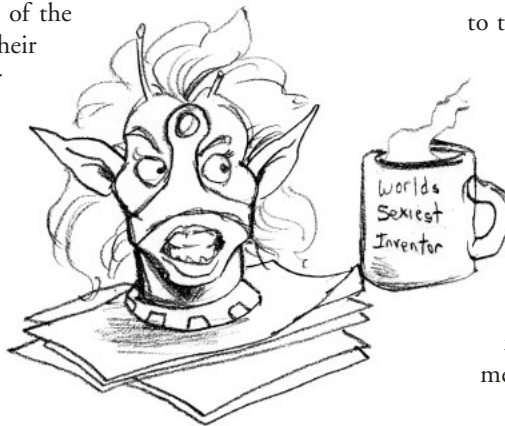
Nowhere is their sanity more questionable than in France. The Kepperouge, a Parisian spin-off group that regularly engages in "puppy extermination campaigns", seem to have gone completely silly. While still members of the secret Krimtip army, and thus a threat to surrounding gnomes, they've extended their hostility towards absolutely anyone and anything, with a slightly larger emphasis on very short humans.*

** Their most infamous weapon is the Malloteer, a catapult that tosses hammers at people's heads. It's responsible for at least eight deaths so far, and three winning entries on European home-video television contests.*

The Krimtips are at war with other Little People as often as with their Council brethren, and have their own reasons for waging similar conflicts against Fairies. While they have developed a few "secret technologies" of their own, all gnomonic technology inevitably ends up in the public domain, and so they use most of the same equipment and methods as their gnomonic enemies. The source of their consistent madness, however, is still a mystery.

Gremlins

Some say the Universe has a habit of setting right what its inhabitants wrong, defensively punishing those who create unnatural things in an effort to keep things orderly. While this doesn't account for the fairy situation, it explains gremlins quite nicely.



Gremlins are silly little green things, looking a bit like tiny, reptilian rabbits. They have two striped, flat, floppy "ears", which rest atop a green-skinned hare's head. White, crocodile eyes and long, protruding fangs help to dispel the rabbit likeness a bit. They have muscular, leaping hind legs, and contrastingly weak two-fingered claws up front. A whip-like tail, terminating in a black metal ball, chases this odd figure. It would make for an altogether bizarre and frightening monster, if not for the fact that the common gremlin is about half an inch tall.

As you may already know, these buggers specialize in causing mechanical failures. A gremlin uses no magic to do its job; rather, an almost supernatural instinct guides their wrenches to tap on just the right spot, or loose the proper bolt.

While much creepier breeds have arisen to make digital mischief, the old, purely anti-mechanical gremlins still reign supreme. As long as there are gears, engines, and at least one American space program, no gremlin shall ever be bored. You can see why gnomes loathe them so much.

In an effort to solve the gremlin problem, many gnomes bribe them into service with shiny baubles. Their instinctual knowledge of machinery make them ideal for inter-Club battles, and when goaded on with enough greasy ball bearings and paper clips, gremlins can make obliging lab assistants. Sometimes, if they're very well behaved, gremlins might even be rewarded with the chance to smash something really expensive after the battle (an irresistible prospect for any good gremlin!).

Foreign Relations

Gnomes don't care very much for the affairs of other Wee Folk. Fairies are the most obvious nuisance and the most common enemy; there's always some mad bunch of fairies roaming about. Gnomes seek fairies out for use as guinea pigs as often as they themselves are sought out by fairies for a good time.

While gnomes have little quarrel with brownies, the reverse is not at all true. Gnomes are fairly unbiased about whom they test their weapons against, and the simple truth is that brownies (who have slightly nomadic villages) are often more readily available. Some adventurous brownie knights have sought out local gnome troublemakers and started fights, but on the whole, the gnome threat pales in comparison to the fairy situation.

There is some whispering among gnomes about a new threat, however. Gnomes are occasionally being found killed in their own homes, by unidentifiable weaponry, and even the Krimtips can't be held accountable (though they often take the blame, much later). While this is still a rare occurrence, it's making a few chief members of the council uneasy.

For now, though, all they can do is wait and see....