

"Marines and Vespids! Marines and Vespids! Marines and Vespids! Can't we have a SIK game that's not about that?"

"Like what, a game with spinning pizza disks and stuff?"

"Yeah! No more stupid bughunts!"

Albanian Heavy Industries
presents...

Q-bert

The SIK Game

Your single, inborn objective: to score as many points as possible by changing the color of cubes on a pyramid. Oh yeah, and no more of this pacifist two-legged hopping-around behavior.

Too bad Coily the Snake is also packing heat.

Coming far too soon to the MIT Assassins' Guild.

"All black! Look at this room -- everyone's wearing all black!
How cliched is that?"

"What, you want people wearing all white instead?"

"And why is everyone so paramilitary? Can't we just have a big party?"

"Let me get this straight: you want a party... full of civilians... wearing white? You mean like... well, I dunno, something like:"

*Mrs Andrew Hook, Chairwoman of the Ladies Club of Paxtuent,
is pleased to invite you to the 84th Annual*

Debutante Ball

The SIK Game

Except there's one problem.

You're not exactly a normal debutante. You're an {alien, undercover spy, paranormal} infiltrating human society. You are packing {18" razor claws, heat, psionics}. And although everyone in the room looks normal, you know that some of them are {demons, mafia lobsters, zombies}.

Interestingly enough, you all have the same intel: there is exactly one normal person here. And that person is a she, and is one of the debutantes.

I suppose it isn't surprising that all of you have the same mission objective:

Waste her.

Produced by Albanian Heavy Industries.
Coming far too soon to the MIT Assassins' Guild.

"What's with this sci-fi stuff? Why can't we have a game based on something else? Y'know, there's lots of other cool stories out there."

"You mean like King Arthur epics, or Dostoevsky, or L Ron Hubbard?"

"Exactly!"

Albanian Heavy Industries
presents...

Council of Elrond

The SIK Game

So there's this One Ring. And you're in the beautiful, peaceful, idyllic, softly-lit, waterfall-sounds-in-the-background glen of Elrond, trying to figure out what to do with it.

Except this time, you've just received word that the Orcs will overrun this beautiful, peaceful, idyllic, softly-lit, waterfall-sounds-in-the-background glen in three hours.

It occurs to you that since you're screwed, you might as well use the One Ring to blow away all those Orcs.

There's one problem. The other {Elves, Dwarves, Men} have also just thought of that same plan. And there's only One Ring.

Oh well. Never did like those {Elves, Dwarves, Men} anyways...

Coming far too soon to the MIT Assassins' Guild.