

X CRAWL

SELL OUT!



**AS SEEN ON
EMPIRE-1
TV**



“Babe! It’s me, Marty! Have I got a deal for you!

No, no, nothing like that...it’s a book deal. Yeah, a real book. It’s loaded with stuff that you can’t live without!

Like what? Let me tell ya babe, this is the real deal. It’s got tons of rules. The stuff that you need to make your game the best it can be. Like new rules for Fame that lets you become a legend of The Games, and even spend Fame points to get you some special perks. It’s also loaded with guides for sponsorship and endorsements, as well as dealing with the life of the celebrity—which can be a real bear. But I don’t have to tell you about that, huh? It even has those hanger-on types like paparazzi, fans, and even groupies written up. Oh, and don’t forget all the info on managers and agents.

Yeah, yeah, it has all those things that you come to expect from a book like this, like new feats, new items and equipment—including some really clever magic items—and even those prestige classes. But let’s get right to the heart of the matter, okay?

Xcrawl is a sport, right? And what’s a sport without statistics? That’s right! So, this is the book that tells you how to keep stats in a crawl, so that you know how good you are against left-handed wizards on a Tuesday.

Oh, and by the executive decree of Emperor Ronald himself, this book has the complete rules for Xcrawl, all the way from the little kids in Action League to the dead-man-walking running through Unlimited Class.

And one more thing: you know what they say, right? If you die, you die. And this is the book that explains it in detail!

So, you in? Yeah...I thought you would be...”

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**3RD
AGE**

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X CRAWL

SELL OUT!



A PLAYER'S HANDBOOK

April 03

Credits

Xcrawl: Sell Out!

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Did we mention Scott Knuchel? He's more awesome than Power-App!

Pandahead would like to thank all the little people who helped us get where we are, especially: Billy Barty, Herve Villachez, Frodo Baggins, and Napoleon Bonaparte.

Some parts of this book require the use of a calculator, unless you are much, much better at math than us, which is admittedly no big triumph.

A Bionic Frying Pan Thingie

Closed Course. Trained Driver. Good Boy!

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NOTICE

Xcrawl is a game. It isn't real. Real swords, real arrows, and real wounds are real dangerous. So, have fun, but DON'T keep it *real*; keep it fantasy.

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Visit www.pandahead.com. Please. We have a comic strip now. Mordo The Black Commands You!

Xcrawl is a work of fiction. Any similarities between persons living or dead is coincidental

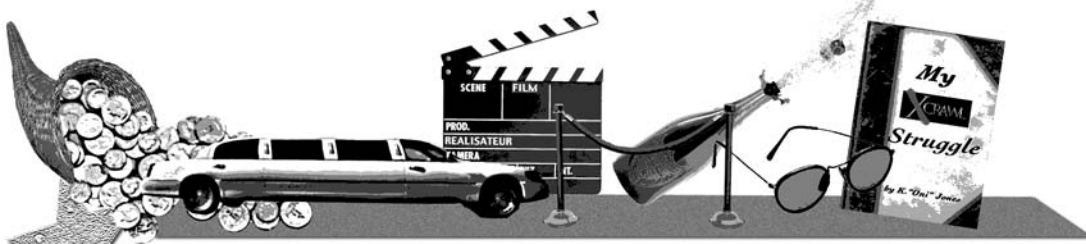
Hey, did anybody out there hear about Josh becoming an eight-foot dwarf? Well, see, someone cast Enlarge on him...

And this just in: Scott Knuchel is TOTALLY awesome! Just ask Brian. Again and again...

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OUT ON HER ONI

Empire One Sports is playing on the 33" permanent AVS. Cliff Nelson and Monica Silverstring, appropriately polished, perhaps somewhat somber, present the Xcrawl news. Oni, unmasked and fresh out of the shower, sips a steaming mug of green tea. She watches in her thick robe, hair tied up in a towel.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you heard it first here on Empire 2 Sports: Oni, famous sneaksword and self-proclaimed backbone of the Dungguun Gangstaas lock-and-trap game announced that she is quitting her longtime teammates to pursue other opportunities. This announcement, coming only nine days before the highly anticipated Las VegasCrawl, seems to put them at a serious, perhaps fatal, disadvantage against DJ Outrageous Fortune. Monica?"

"Indeed, it looks grim for the Gangstaas, who may have to cancel their appearance in this upcoming event."

"Any chance we'll see Oni joining one of the other teams in Vegas?"

"It's doubtful. Sources close to the star claim she has no plans to do any Xcrawl in the near future."

Oni clicked the TV off, and lay back on her plush couch in the sun room. She glanced over at her cat, coiled on his special, custom-made chair. "Hear that, Sifu? There's no going back now."

The phone rang. Oni ignored it.

The answering machine bleeped obscenely. "Oni, baby did you hear that sound? That's the sound of the training wheels falling off your career. Ditching those second-stringers was the best thing you ever did—and if you keep following my advice, well... let's just say the sky's the limit. Call me for lunch Thursday—no, I'm meeting Will, make it Friday. Ciao, baby!"

The phone rang again. It was Nick, the Dungguun Gangstaa's other rogue. "You know, I have come to expect some low-down crap from you but this takes the cake. You tell Empire Sports before you bother letting your

teammates know that you're QUITTING THE DAMN TEAM THE WEEK BEFORE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO VEGAS! That's a doozie, even for you. On behalf of myself and honest thieves everywhere, I hope you break a thumb. Oh and Pete called me from the hotel. He tried to talk me into giving him a ride over to your place so he could kill you. I have never seen him so mad, so I would watch my ass. Get bent, you inconsiderate, mercenary bitch."

That went better than I expected. Now, Oni took the phone—it was time to play damage control. Her first call was to Coach Jackson, who had worked with the Gangstaas since her first crawl. If she could just nab him, her happiness would be complete. It was a long shot—he was terribly old fashioned—but she would take him if she could.

"So what now?" His voice was husky and distant. Oni could imagine him sitting in his living room, perhaps scanning the sports section as they spoke.

"So, now I'm freelance. I was going to do it eventually—I love the Gangstaas, you know I do. But the flexibility will really help my career."

The coach grunted.

"So, I guess there's no point asking if you want to strike out with me, right? Seriously, I'll make enough this year to at least double what you pull in from the DG's. You could be my personal trainer. Leave you plenty of time for fishing."

"You got one thing right—there isn't any point asking. Listen, I have to go. My Action League squad gets together in half an hour. Just do me a favor."

"Yeah coach?"

"Don't quit your running." Coach Jackson hung up the phone.

And just like that, the enormity of what she had done hit her. Oni hated running, but the coach was a fanatic—two siberians a day plus hurdles and windsprints. Now, there would be no more siberians after practice for dropped lockpicks or misread defenses. No more windsprints on the

