



SANTA AND LU. SAND RUNNERS' FIELD MEDICS

RED DOG, SCOUT, ABOUT LU

I love Lu. Can't say a bad word about her. If it wasn't for her, I would puke out my guts on my first meeting with Neojungle. We encountered some huge pig, ya know. We were all so absorbed with stuffing it with bullets that we didn't notice the cloud of spores that was trying to make mutants out of us in the meantime. Then Lu came and took us under her wing. After three weeks of treatment I left the field hospital. Relatively healthy, and completely in love.

SERGEANT FRY, ABOUT SANTA

Before the war Santa had been giving out the presents, but times have changed, just like Santa's job. In our squad, for example, Santa takes the limbs. I've got no leg, you see? From groin down it's just the metal, cables, and actuators, this geezer messed me up like this. There's more like me in Sand Runners: no arm, no leg, and I don't even count severed fingers. As if the sawbones approached every surgery thinking - "What else can I chop off?". One hand it's nasty, but on the other... if it wasn't for grandpa, we would be dead. It's better to limp on a cyber-prosthesis than be turned into fertilizer, right?

LIL EMILY FROM THE QUARTERMASERS, ABOUT LU

Lu? What can I tell ya about her? She doesn't want to marry me, and I've asked her so many times.

FRANCO, COOK, ABOUT SANTA

The old man makes a hell of a hooch. Three-purpose: you can rinse a wound with it, get wasted for cheap, and remove the rust, if you have to. Tell him I've sent you, you'll get half-price.

TULLY FROM SECATEUR UNIT, ABOUT BOTH

Every time we go somewhere farther, we get the medic in our team. Either Lu, or the grandpa, I mean Santa. Never both... The thing is, Lu would pick out grandpa's eyes, and Santa - if he could - he would chop off that head and hair of hers. They hate each other's guts, they're allergic to each other. Why? And why would I know that?

CORPORAL "KAFAR" MITCHELL, ABOUT BOTH

You haven't heard of that? The Boss made that mistake once and sent them both on the same mission. Atmosphere was quite heavy, but mission is mission. We performed the tasks one by one. During one of the encounters I took a few bullets and passed out. I wake up, listen, and these two are at each other's throats: above me, at the surgical table, scalpels in their hands. The blood splashes like a hydrant (my blood!) and they go like: "You should have watched after the artery!", "Watch it yourself, it could be avoided", "Avoiding patients is what such nurse girls like you should be doing... augh! My fingers!", "I'll give you a little perforation, grandpa, whatcha say?"... As you can see, I was a little bit... uncomfortable.

And then the machines attacked, perhaps some calculator didn't like our little hospital. And suddenly there was no time for a fuss... There was a miracle for one short moment Santa and Lu made it up and cooperated. I've seen our Amoc fighting, I've seen the boys from the old guard, but these two really brought hell upon this pile of metal. Pure hatred - it was scary to look at.

But the balance wasn't that good. Because of their fights half of the wounded died before our convoy arrived. If we didn't have any sawbones on this mission, the death rate would be just slightly lower. We keep them away from each other since then.



OPTIONAL NON-TOURNAMENT RULE: CONFLICT

When you place one of the Field Medics (Santa or Lu) on the board and in effect there are both Santa and Lu on the board, both players remove one of the opponent's units: first the Sand Runners player, and then his opponent.