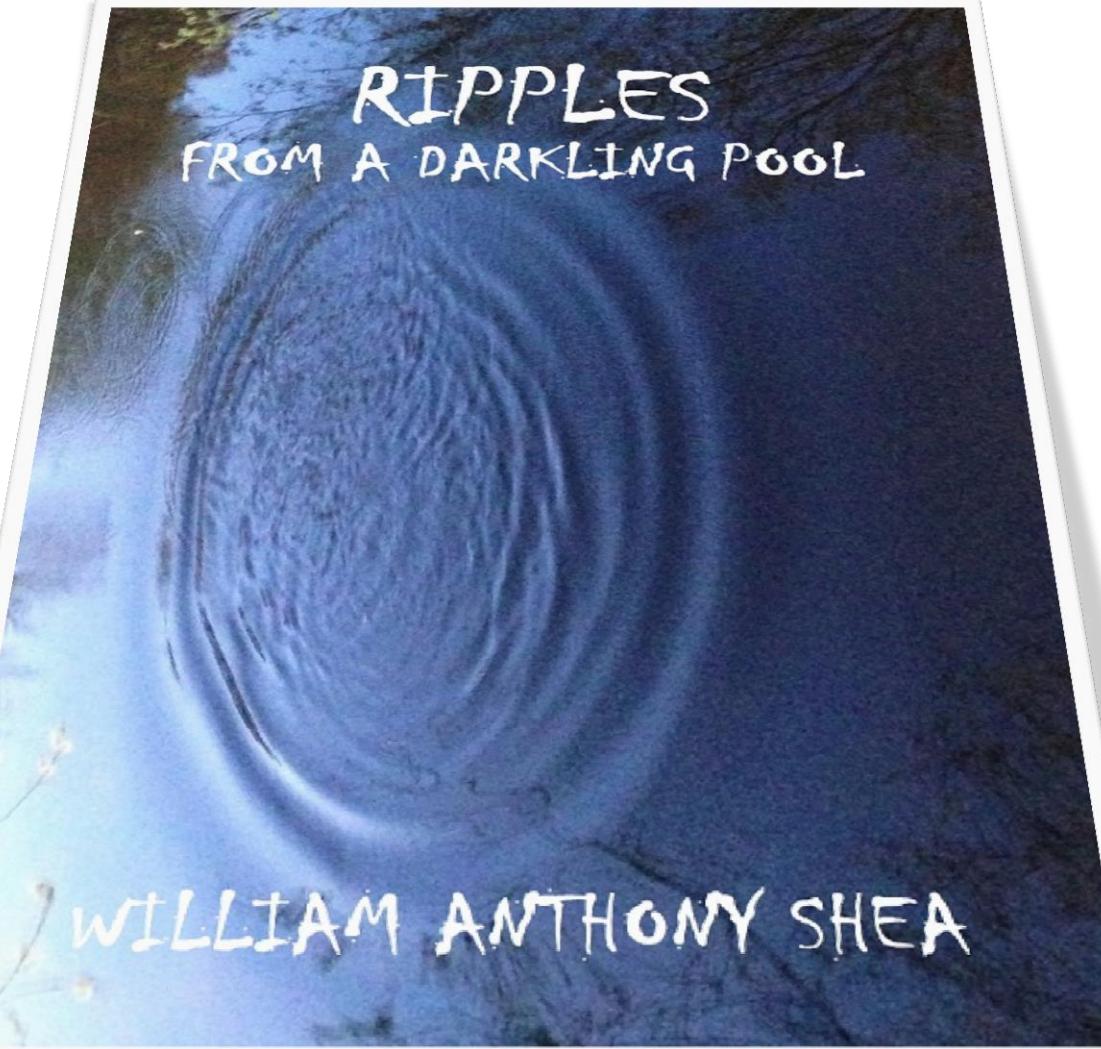


BAD DOG PUBLISHING PRESENTS

# FUMBLE 25

NEWSZINE

MAY 2018



RIPPLES  
FROM A DARKLING POOL

WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

# EDITORIAL

NEXTCON!!! Are we there yet? Word has been sent out. The anticipation is electric. I want to go now! Can we go now? Why aren't we going NOW? Maybe I can meet new friends... oh wait; we covered that one last issue. Moving on, an annual KOMY event has become a staple part of our calendar, and while we seem to be momentarily stuck in this particular week each year, changes are coming – something to be discussed at this year's gathering and beyond. We really need an event, and preferably one that is game orientated. There are options – perhaps none that are ideal, but we do need a focus. The RPC in Cologne could be one of those under consideration again, but there would have to be some serious changes to make it viable – the first and foremost being – flights to and from Cork for the main contingent of attendees.

Production in Bad Dog Publishing (BDP) has been slower than desired, but each day brings us a step closer to those all-important release dates. Check out the latest pending release from BDP – Ripples from a Darkling Pool, the fifth instalment in the Darkling Pool Series. Also coming soon is the third book in the Knightshade RPG series – KST03: The Loremaster's Tome.

So, what's new with the Knights of Misspent Youth (KOMY)? I mean other than the aforementioned (repeatedly)

getting 'New Friends' thing. Funds are low, expectations are high and KennelCon 2018 is happening almost a month earlier this year due in no small part to two of our members setting off into a great adventure at sea. Sirs Dane and Luke of Shea will be heading off to pursue their chosen careers.

There are moments when you have to reflect before you can look forward. I find myself doing more of the former of late and wondering what I could have done to make life a little better. Not to dwell, but KOMY have had some really good times in the past. I am sure that we will have just as much to look forward to in the future. It can all seem a little more challenging for both KOMY and BDP, what with friends venturing to far off places, work getting in the way, or the intricacies of life becoming just a tad more daunting with each passing day. Such is life, but that just means that we need to stand together and strive to stay in touch – assuming it all still matters as much as it did way back in the past that I like to dwell upon from time to time.

Master Sage

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Welcome to the Letters page, where we review comments, answer the questions posed, and provide advice to all of our readers' queries.

Dear Fumble Readership,

Bad Dog Publishing and the Knights of Misspent Youth would like to thank you for the years of support for our publications. We don't often pause to reflect, but as this is our 25<sup>th</sup> year of production, the time seemed right.

Thank you.

**BDP Staff.**

Dear Fumble,

Any chance of a competition with a real prize? I mean, not another '*Gnome*' one, but perhaps a short story competition with one of BDP's books as a prize. Just a thought.

Yours

*FreebieMe*

Dear FreebieMe,

Well, if you don't ask you won't receive. The answer is 'yes'. We will hold a competition for a short story. In fact, we will do it now. See guidelines for entry below and the prize on offer.

## BDP SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Dig deep and find your inner muse. BDP in association with the Knights of Misspent Youth are hosting a Short Story Competition. The prize will be a copy of KST01: The Initiate's Tome, and publication in Issue 26.

- Maximum 2000 words.
- All genres accepted.
- Right to publish is only retained for a single issue of Fumble, but issue will be retained in back catalogue. Author retains rights to publish thereafter.
- Judges decision is final.
- BDP retains the right to offer publication of other submissions in future issues with permission of Author(s).

Please send any final letters and submissions to:

Bad Dog Publishing (C/O The Kennel),  
16 Killreendowney Avenue,  
Ballyphehane, Cork,  
T12 H9X5, Ireland.

<http://www.baddogpublishing.ie/index.php/contact-us/submissions/>

Alternatively you can e-mail:

[submissions@baddogpublishing.ie](mailto:submissions@baddogpublishing.ie)

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## FUMBLE NEWSZINE STAFF

**Editor:** William Anthony Shea.

**Associate Editor:** Michael O'Mahony.



The time has come to shake things up! We are coming to the end of yet another game year and anticipating a full events calendar for 2018-19, even if we have been challenged with regards to DMs/GMs in the previous year. The Game Calendar is going to take some work, so it will be a while before the schedule is available. Now is the time to call out if you want to see something new or if you want to be included in the schedule for the coming game year.

**KNIGHTSHADE RPG**  
**KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE**  
**GM: William Anthony Shea**

After a harsh winter, the search for the seventh artefact beckons, but you know this already, if you have been keeping up to date with the synopsis of each game provided in previous issues of Fumble Newszine.

**Wednesday, November 15, 2017**  
**Knightshade RPG**  
**KS05 Wrath of the Dove Part IV**

In the aftermath of looting the secret laboratory, the Characters set forth again. Milford had acquired a suit of intimidating Bone Armour, Verbose had acquired a pair of translucent gloves that permitted him to transcribe any script flawlessly, and Hayzeus had his arms splinted to help him heal some

very serious wounds to his arms.

As the party ventured further south, they encountered more of the dead – Plague Zombies bearing the trappings of Taer. Verbose acquired another special glove from one of the walking corpses which permitted the Mage to send forth fire by tapping his essence.

Encountering a weathered Rune Stone permitted the Characters to augment their healing and to take refuge from the storm in a nearby cave. Soon after, they found the owner of the glove that Verbose had acquired and were forced to battle a Flesh Golem. It was attired in the remainder of an experimental Fire Element Suit, albeit one missing the aforementioned accoutrement. Milford and Terribus took the brunt of the damage in this conflict with near fatal consequences. In the aftermath of the conflict, the Characters were forced to extend their stay under the healing properties of the Rune Stone.

**Wednesday, December 06, 2017**  
**Knightshade RPG**  
**KS05 Wrath of the Dove Part V**

The Characters reached the border of Grail, and faced an irregular wall holding back the dead as a large herd of Plague Zombies were prevented from passing into the kingdom by a portion of the mountain that had been collapsed onto a narrowing in the pass. This obstacle was guarded by a contingent of Grailese Soldiers. The Characters had no choice but to send some of their companions back to Cravenfall with the supplies and mounts they had acquired along the way. There was no other way

through. Alatoff and Wicketley elected to return to their home town. Rebecca and Loren had previously decided to return when they realised that the dead were venturing north to Cravenfall. Ricardo, Milford, Hudron, Terribus, Hayzeus, Verbose, Fhonwright and Hardigan (and Hardigan's hound, Buster) would go on. The party was reduced in numbers but they also formulated a reasonable plan. Fhonwright masqueraded as a Diplomat journeying back to Mir. Hardigan, as a Knight of the Black Rose, took the role of his immediate protector. Hayzeus and Verbose were his advisors. Ricardo, Milford and Terribus adopted the guise of his men-at-arms. They passed into Grail and set out to the Tower of Knoll, a bastion stronghold of the Order of the Knights of the Dove.

### **Wednesday, December 13, 2017 Knightshade RPG KS05 Wrath of the Dove Part VI**

All was not right in the Tower of Knoll. The first notable inconsistency revolved around there being an absence of Knights to protect this stronghold. Soon, the Characters unravelled the reason, the Castellan of Knoll was gravely ill, having contracted the plague after a bite from one of the dead who traversed the pass before it was sealed by the soldiers of Grail. The Characters knew of a cure, but to get the required plant, they were forced to undertake a short journey into the mountains to recover the Alyerisia, a crucial component of the antidote.

This side-expedition was not without its challenges. The path into the

mountains was narrow and wearing. The valley in which the plant resided was home to Lesser Moonbeasts, creatures that had the ability to drain the life from anyone foolish enough to dare their ire. Extricating the Alyerisia required the power of the Glove of Fire. Of course, this also set fire to the plants. Sorely wounded and deeply harrowed, the Characters managed to save one Alyerisia plant and returned to Knoll in time to save the Castellan. The Adjutant of Knoll provided the Characters with a letter of introduction to the High Castellan in the Tower of Wrath to aid them on their journey, something that might prove of value in their attempt to acquire the seventh artefact.

### **Wednesday, January 17, 2018 Knightshade RPG KS05 Wrath of the Dove Part VII**

The journey into the long winding pass that traversed the Mountains of Wrath set the Characters on a path that seemed inevitable. Fate looked to be pushing them ever onward. On the expedition into a greater peril, the Characters encountered a patrol of Knights of the Dove and were permitted a brief respite from the tension of travelling an unknown path. However, their previous incursion into the laboratory of an unknown Elementalist proved to have further consequences as they were attacked by a Stone Elemental, tasked with avenging this slight. (Continued in FN26).

#### **NEXT FUMBLE DUE**

Wednesday, August 22, 2018. (ALL SUBMISSIONS to be in by **COB on Friday, August 03, 2018.**



# THE GMs GUIDE

## KNIGHTSHADE RPG

### FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS (FAQs).

Following on one of the concerns raised about Knightshade the Roleplaying Game, the first query is again about magic.

*Can a Character really use any spell in Knightshade?*

Yes, but only if such is permitted by the Grandmaster (GM). I understand that some of the spells can seem quite powerful and destructive, but genuine Players will not be motivated to destroy a story just for the sake of testing their power. After all, playing the game and solving the point of a story is all about having fun. Still, as a rule of thumb, a GM can limit the power of all spells to only work on those within 5 Ranks of the Caster. There are other limits that can be imposed, such as restricting Elemental spells from working in opposing planes or environments, i.e. casting spells from the Elemental, Fire Sphere while within a large body of water.

*There are few Details on Factions in KST01 The Initiate's Tome, but more in KST02 The Grandmaster's Tome – should this information not be available to the Players?*

No, the details are provided in the Grandmaster's Tome for a reason. Principally, it is up to the GM to decide what information will be used in his Campaign with regard to Factions. Initially, the Player should only be

aware of the special conditions or properties available to his chosen Faction. The GM may choose to limit the existing options, and thus, information on any exclusions.

*Can I use an Untrained Talent?*

Yes, you can always attempt an untrained Talent. However, you can only do so at half the base for that Talent and you cannot advance in the skill until you take it as part of your allocation. You have a high chance of Fumbling the attempt and you cannot score a Critical no matter how low the roll. Some GMs may not permit you to attempt Talents in other Professions – only General Talents and those in your selected Profession.

*Can I add new Talents?*

Yes, but you must first determine if the skill fits into an existing Talent or if it warrants the creation of a new Talent. Look at those in KST01 The Initiate's Tome to determine the corresponding base Attribute. New Talents will be added in story modules from time to time, such as the Drowsing Talent for Carts and Wagons and the Stunting Talent, a Player suggestion for Stone Hunting while constructing a rockery or for building a village wall. All additions to a Campaign are subject to the approval of the GM.

*Is there any circumstance where a weapon is not subject to a Fumble?*

Yes, as an option, the GM may permit the exclusion of a Fumble under special circumstances. If a Character has taken

the Weapon Mastery Talent and has reached a skill of 99%, then a Fumble no longer applies. A roll of 100% will only result in a failure.

If you have other questions about Knightshade the Role Playing Game, please use a subject line ‘Knightshade Questions’ and submit same to [info@baddogpublishing.ie](mailto:info@baddogpublishing.ie)

## SHORT STORY

# The Grey Whisper

L SHEA

Waking on yet another dull and dreary morning elicited a groan from Cathy, or at least it did when she had the wherewithal to glean an understanding of where she was to fight passed the fog that often dogged her mind with the onset of another overcast day. It was not becoming harder to wake, it was just that being conscious made her realise the difficulties she had in coping with a world that was increasingly leaving her behind. She saw it in subtle ways at first. The words to songs she once sang along to as a young girl were beginning to fade. The music still played to strike a chord in her memory but the sharpness of who she had once been, back when the song was new, no longer permitted Cathy to instil anything akin to the former clarity that had been foremost in her mind when age was not a consideration. She had ignored the signs for too long. She had denied that anything was wrong. Cathy struggled to follow a routine that she had practised

diligently for the last three years and abandoned only recently as rumination set in to thoughts of desperation. She had kept a daily journal in which she wrote almost everything she did for the day, and often referred back to the previous years to see if anything in her life had improved in the interim. More often than not, all she had was her routine, and nothing much changed in the three years since she began this self-defeating analysis. Cathy had friends once, as real as those she now imagined were too busy living their lives to spare a thought for her. They had so much to do in a world that never stopped and she had to... understand. Cathy was not needed. She had not grown alongside her friends and had to learn to cope with exclusion. She had no children and could not share a common ground. She had no job in the aftermath of a failure to endure and this only added to her seclusion.

Apathy had crept into her being unnoticed, as subtle as the greying of her hair. It took time and the revelation of her transformation was stark for the half a minute she remained in control to realise that the years had been less kind than she imagined.

Cathy didn’t watch television much now – favouring reading over endless runs of news programs and soap operas that only served to depress her more. The incessant interruptions with advertisements in the middle of the programmes only added to her melancholy. They included everything from ‘*The necessity of having Life Insurance*’ to ‘*Preparing for Death*’ and offered nothing more upbeat than a

myriad of senseless discounts to lure the viewer into making a purchase. Cathy did not need a reminder of her age or any impending finality. She felt the loneliness with all the weight of a woman who was waiting to die.

Cathy was starting to remember the books she had read less and less. She read the words but failed to engage with the content of the stories. Many were strewn about the room where she spent most of her waking hours. Some were old. The less than subtle odour of mildew clung to the air when Cathy no longer felt inclined to do anything to inhibit the scent of decay. She desperately wanted to change something in her life to make it matter, to stimulate her mind to some revelation that could save her from a frugal existence that soaked up despair, plaguing her mind and concentrating it in her heart. Like the discarded books she had become redundant, an aspect of decaying melancholy that was self-denigrating. She was alone. The days grew longer as life dwindled away with a callous disregard for the woman she had been. Her thoughts became an enemy she could not hope to overcome and joy drained away, consigned to a forgotten emotion.

When Cathy was younger, she wanted to sing, to be famous, to dance and be wild, but that had been such a long time ago. Cathy figured she wasn't the only one who had dreams of being more. Reality stepped in to put her on another path. Time had a way of crushing such desires. She was a woman who wanted to be needed... to be loved – to love in return. Somewhere

along the way she was broken by a whisper of denigration that seeped into her heart and taught her to fear living. She had called it '*the grey whisper*', a moment in life that offered a bitter discouragement that made her retreat from everything that mattered until she realised the mistake too late – it did mean something and she should not have given in. His name was Frank. She could not recall his surname at this moment. He had called her an idiot. He had treated her with such contempt for no other reason than he could, because he was her manager... her boss. She still disliked the latter word, even in her growing despair. Frank liked to introduce himself as her boss. It was a declaration of power for him without any empathy or respect. Cathy had been worn down over time until one day she found herself unable to go on. She could not face going to work, or those who were supposed to be her friends. They did nothing to defend her. She could almost stand the degrading way Frank treated her, but it was his toxic whispers behind Cathy's back that made it unbearable – the final awful lie that she referred to as '*the grey whisper*', the one that put an end to any hope of redemption. Frank had often stolen credit for her work. She could live with that. He had often bullied Cathy and given her an unfavourable work rating, never rising above 'adequate'. She worked harder and achieved nothing more than scorn. She was willing to endure even that pressure. No, the moment that broke her was far more deliberate. Frank chose the instrument of her demise as easily

as if it were nothing more than a casual thought, but he had done so with calculated intent. Frank told everyone that he had slept with Cathy. He had not been kind in his assessment of her libido or the boyish bravado he employed to make himself the focus of attention in a way that humiliated Cathy, more so because everyone believed him. The whispers, the laughter, the gossip and everything that fuelled the lie consumed Cathy. She had been in love with Mark, poised to ask him out, to take a bold step to change her life. Frank must have known. He deliberately manufactured that lie. Any chance that she had of a relationship faded to oblivion in the aftermath of Frank's lie. Mark had turned away from her. The pain of his rejection cut deep, but it was his silence that pushed her over the edge. He exhibited all the disdain of a man who had been hurt by the revelation, but he still turned away. Frank had lied, everyone believed him, and he had won. Cathy called it '*the grey whisper*'. She did so because she had not been a young woman even then. Now she was destined to turn grey and die alone. The moment had passed her by and the ache in her heart never diminished in the aftermath of that lie.

A year had passed in Cathy's self-imposed seclusion. No one from the office had come to see her in all that time. It only hurt more when she dwelled too long on that fact. Cathy had too much time to think about all of the mistakes she had made. She blamed Frank but in truth the moment of her decline had begun a long time ago with each acceptance of defeat that eroded

her spirit along with any sliver of confidence. The fight had gone out of her with the passing of her parents. She had no other family. She had been consumed in her earlier career by work, giving everything to something that would not endure. It had all been for nothing. Cathy's doctor had warned her that the Company would not care if she went and made herself ill because of her job. She had been out sick for a while before eventually giving in and leaving for good. In the interim she reacted by wanting only to be left alone. In time, that was exactly what she got. Now that loneliness consumed every waking hour and they were diminishing in the absence of motivation to rouse.

Cathy was forty-three years old. Frank was probably thirty by now. Perhaps he had initially felt threatened by her, but he had taken chances and she had not. Cathy had been left behind when Frank was elevated to a position of authority, one he was ill suited to hold. He was not a people person. He knew nothing of the empathy required to lead. Cathy wondered if Mark had ever even given her a second thought... or a first one for that matter. Perhaps she had only imagined the connection. She wondered if he just believed the lie without any recourse to doubt. Cathy was slipping away. Her sense of self would soon be lost if she could not find a way to silence '*the grey whisper*', the voice that spoke to her mind and replayed every failing until her head ached with a heaviness of dark thoughts consuming her. When the tears began to fall again, it signalled an end to another day, mirroring so many that had come

before. Sleep offered no solace other than denial, a chance for her mind to play through the awful truth of her existence and fuel a deeper bitterness that left Cathy even more worn when she woke. She often imagined Mark coming to find her. She often imagined Frank being found out for the liar he was and the others in the office coming to her to seek forgiveness. When Cathy woke, the reality was always waiting. She was losing track of the days, forgetting to eat and coming downstairs only to sit in the chair beside a fireplace she didn't light the fire in, to pass away moments that no longer mattered.

Cathy had never been one for religion, but she wrung her hands now and prayed that tomorrow would bring some sliver of hope to save her. The day had given way to night. When the knock on the door came, it startled Cathy out of her gloom and made her realise that she sat there in darkness. She did not even have the wherewithal to notice the transition soon enough to turn on a single light in the house. When the knock came again, louder and more deliberate, Cathy's surprise gave way to fear. She was alone in the house and had to fumble for a nearby lamp so that she could register the time. When the light flickered on with a reluctance that emulated its owner, she focused hard to see the clock on the wall – 21:36. It was late, but not as late as Cathy had initially thought. The knock rung out for a third time, bolstered in its efforts to rouse a response by the light.

Cathy climbed to her feet and moved with sluggishness towards the door. She had not stirred from the armchair in

hours and her legs rebelled against any attempt to move them forward with any degree of urgency. Cathy felt her heart heave as her apprehension grew when a fourth knock forced her to peek cautiously through the peephole on the door, a futile action as the darkness outside prohibited any hope of identifying the visitor. She could not turn on the outside light. The bulb had blown some weeks back. Cathy had not cared enough at the time to get it replaced. She quickly slipped the chain on to the door and opened it a crack, her heart racing in anticipation of something that she could not even force herself to imagine. The light from the lamp would be sufficient to perceive who it was if she could open the door enough to see the face of the visitor.

The waft of cold caused Cathy to shiver as she peered out and looked into a face she recognised, the face of... Mark. Her fear was immediately replaced with disbelief. Did anguish feed her delusion? A moment later, she became wholly self-conscious of her appearance. She must have looked a state, though in truth it had been some weeks since she had seen her own reflection in a mirror.

'Cathy,' said Mark, a low but worried statement of her name. 'I am sorry to call so late...' he began but faltered when she just stood there and stared at him through the narrow opening of the door.

'I only just finished work,' he offered by way of explanation. 'I... I had to see you.'

Cathy was confused. *Why was he here?*

'Can... can I come in for a moment? It's cold out here,' he added.

Cathy realised it really was cold, as if saying the words made it tangible. It was cold inside as well, perhaps not as chill as outside but close. Cathy had not felt it in her despondency. She reluctantly unfastened the chain and took a step back. She reached for the light switch and drew her hand away just as quickly. The lower lighting offered by the lamp behind her was enough. She did not want him to see her like this – a dishevelled vision of loneliness, a woman under the influence of '*the grey whisper*'.

Mark stepped inside and pushed the door shut. Cathy pulled her robe tighter around her and folded her arms as if by doing so she might conceal something of her worried appearance. Mark did not seem to be looking too intently in that regard. In fact his eyes were cast firmly towards the floor.

'Why... why are you here?' asked Cathy, the words clear enough even though her voice sounded strained and withdrawn from lack of use.

'I had to come to see you, Cathy. I... I meant to for so long.'

Cathy wanted to ask '*why*' again, but Mark didn't pause for more than it took to draw breath. He was anxious and seemed just as self-conscious as Cathy. His blond hair, blue eyes and wicked little curve of his lips drew her attention. The pain stirred in her gut and she wanted to scream for him to leave because she really did not want him to see her like this – a pale reflection of the Cathy he knew.

'I found out about what Frank had

said. I... punched him so hard, Cathy.'

*Punched Frank?* Mark had punched Frank. *Why?* These thoughts were not given voice. She had imagined him doing just this so often only to wake to disappointment and the disturbing sound of '*the grey whisper*' calling out a cruel reminder of her fate.

'He admitted it, Cathy. He told the truth... that it had all been a lie.'

Tears filled Cathy's eyes, the drops soon too full to remain contained as they spilled out and traced lines of lament down her cheeks.

'Everyone feels so bad, Cathy. We know that was why you left. I'm so sorry that I didn't come to see you sooner... that I believed him.'

Cathy swallowed hard. The tears touched her lips and the salty taste only added to her distress. She wanted Mark to leave now and she wanted him to stay. She could not resolve the conflict. Mark became uncertain. His right hand reached out towards her, as if he wanted to touch her arm to reassure her, to console her, but he drew back when all he was offered to encourage him was her silence.

'We want you to come back, Cathy,' offered Mark.

Cathy did not react. Her heart almost sighed when she could not find the strength to do so. She could never go back. Frank would always be there. His lie had cut too deep.

'I want you to come back,' added Mark.

Cathy took some solace in the fact that he had noticed her, even if it had been a tad too late. She had felt a connection back then. She wasn't sure

what she thought or felt now.

'I... I think you should leave,' she finally said, even though her heart screamed at her not to do this – not to throw away the one chance of silencing '*the grey whisper*'.

Mark seemed a little taken aback. His eyes looked at her for the first time and he offered a thin smile, something forced because he was vainly trying to mask what he really felt.

'I'm... sorry, Cathy. I just wanted you to... I just thought you should know. I'll go now and leave you in peace. I hope you can forgive us.'

The way he said '*us*' clearly hinted that he meant '*him*'. Mark had punched Frank – because of her – because of the lie he had told about her.

Mark opened the door and stepped outside. He paused to look back as Cathy stood in the doorway, still caught in a myriad of thoughts that swirled in her head and kept her from articulating any sliver of hope to call him back. She closed the door and retreated inside, shutting out the world as if she never really had a choice.

If she had imagined Mark coming to her, if this was only a dream – it would be the final fatal delusion she played in her mind while sitting in the armchair by a vacant fireplace as her heart slowed and the cold crept deeper to silence '*the grey whisper*' with her last breath. She would fall asleep and never wake up. The thought shook her. If she let it end like this the fault would be hers and people like Frank would win. Mark had come to save her. She wanted to believe it was true. Cathy had prayed for rescue. She had turned Mark away.

This was her moment. This was the choice that would save or damn her.

Cathy ran to the door. She flung it open and ran down the path, oblivious to the cold and the call of '*the grey whisper*'. When she found that Mark had lingered a short distance down the street, her heart skipped a beat and uncertainty called her back to the reclusive safety of the house. The whisper told her she was worthless. She would never belong. Mark had only come to see her out of pity. He was standing by his car but had not yet made a move to open the door as if the weight of her rejection slowed his exodus and left him downtrodden. He had his back to her, but cast a glance over his shoulder as if in hope. Cathy made a choice.

'Mark,' she called feebly at first, but then found her voice. 'Mark!' she cried with a deliberate effort to get him to come back. When he turned and smiled, Cathy felt the warmth of his relief wash over her, more so because her reprieve must have fuelled the emotion. She stood on the street in her dressing gown and immediately became self-conscious. She really must look a state. She reached up to brush a few dishevelled strands of hair away from her eyes. She had always loved the wicked little curve of Mark's mouth when he smiled, even if it was faint and faded to hesitation.

'Do... do you want to try again?' offered Cathy, the words making no sense and perfect sense in her mind.

'I really am sorry, Cathy,' said Mark. 'I should have come around to see you sooner. I should never have let you

leave without telling you how I felt.'

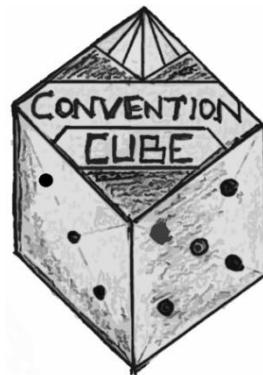
Cathy became conscious of the biting cold. She had let the door wide open. Her thoughts struggled to remain here. '*The grey whisper*' lingered, waiting for her to fail again. Cathy focused on Mark.

'Do you want to come in for a while?' asked Cathy, hoping beyond hope that he would not refuse her. If he did, she was lost.

'Yes,' he replied a little too eagerly. 'I think I would like that,' he added slower.

Cathy strolled back towards the house side by side with Mark. Her world did not seem so dark now. When she shivered, he removed his overcoat and draped it over her shoulders. The warmth of his body exuded from that coat, the smell of his cologne tantalised her senses. Cathy felt giddy, almost like a schoolgirl walking along the street with a boy for the first time. When Mark reached out and took her by the hand, she welcomed the warmth of his touch and let a natural smile curve her lips to an expression of hope that had been absent for so long.

In the days that followed, Mark came to see her every chance he could get. '*The grey whisper*' was almost silent now. Soon, like Frank, it would be consigned to the past with the callous lies he had told. The songs that had followed Cathy from her youth were coming back to her. The words in the books she only read to stifle loneliness and tedium hardly mattered at all. She had found her way back to living in a world that now did not seem so bleak... or so grey.



Here at last! Here at last! Here at last! It really does need to be stated three times just to be sure.

## NEXTCON 2018

Location: Liverpool, UK  
May 23 – 28, 2018

We need a new Group Picture for KOMY and for NEXTCON. There may be several opportunities for same at the event, but let's try and get it right this time. Multiple pictures need to be taken to ensure we get more than one choice, to update the Facebook Group pages, and of course, for posterity.

### Wednesday, May 23rd

Depart Cork to Manchester @ 07:00 (arriving @ 08:35). Private Shuttle from Manchester to Liverpool (arriving @ 09:30ish). Drop Bags at Premier Inn Moorfields.

Breakfast @ 10:00-10:30 in Wetherspoon's The North Western.

Planned Events: Cards & Board Games – All Day. Check into Premier Inn along the way @ approximately 14:00.

Dinner: @ 19:00 in the Club House followed by drinks in the Club House

and Wetherspoon's thereafter.

### Thursday, May 24th

Breakfast @ 09:30 in Wetherspoon's The North Western.

Planned Events: **Visit to the World Museum** @ 11:00 (2-3 Hours). Those not attending the event can stopover in Wetherspoon's The North Western or other.

Cinema in the afternoon – Movie: **Deadpool 2** – Odeon IMAX Liverpool One.

Dinner: @ 19:00 in Wetherspoon's – Curry Night! – followed by drinks.

### Friday, May 25th

Breakfast @ 09:30 in Wetherspoon's.

Planned Events: **Maritime Museum & Beatles Museum – Visit to Albert Dock** (2-3 Hours) @ 11:00 followed by afternoon drinks in the Pump House. Those not attending the event can stopover here.

Dinner: @ 19:00 in O'Neill's, followed by drinks.

### Saturday, May 26th

Breakfast @ 09:30 in Weatherspoon's.

Planned Events: Visit to the **Comic Book & Games Stores** (2-3 Hours) @ 11:00.

**Worlds Apart**

Graphic novel and comic store.  
Lime Court, 58-60 Lime Street.

**The Liverpool Comic Shop**  
Grand Central Hall (Quiggins)  
35 Renshaw Street.

**Forbidden Planet**  
Cult sci-fi books, comics & collectibles.  
92 Bold Street.

Dinner: @ 19:00 in Tai Pan, Chinese City Buffet or equivalent followed by drinks in The Club House, O'Neill's and Wetherspoon's.

### Sunday, May 27th

Breakfast @ 09:30 in Wetherspoon's The North Western.

Cinema in the morning – Movie: **Solo: A Star Wars Story** – Odeon IMAX Liverpool One.

Dinner: Group Choice – See list of potential venues.

### Monday, May 28th

Breakfast @ 09:30 in Wetherspoon's.

Brunch in O'Neill's if required – last drinks in Liverpool City Centre.

Depart Liverpool @ 12:15 for airport.

Flight to Cork @ 15:15 (arriving @ 16:25).

NOTE: All events and locations in the schedule are suggestions only. There is no obligation to attend all or any of the proposed venues. Nothing is written in stone. The detail presented here is a guide for those who may lose their way. Remember the one cardinal rule noted at the end of this column.

### A FEW BARS, SOME LATE

O'Neill's (Late)

Location: 68 Hanover St, L1 4AG, UK.  
Opening Hours: Mon-Fri 09:00-02:00;  
Sat 09:00-02:30; Sun 09:00-01:30.

The North Western (Wetherspoon's)

Location: North Western Hall,  
Liverpool Lime Street Station, 7 Lime  
Street, Liverpool L1 1RJ, UK  
Opening Hours: Sun-Sat 06:00-00:00

### The Richard John Blackler (W-spoon's)

Location: 1 - 2, 53 Great Charlotte St, Liverpool L1 1HU, UK

Opening Hours: Mon-Thurs 07:00-00:00; Fri 07:00-01:00; Sat 08:00-01:00; Sun 08:00-00:00.

### The Welkin (Wetherspoon's)

Location: 7 Whitechapel, L1 6DS, UK

Opening Hours: Sun-Thurs 08:00-23:30; Fri-Sat 08:00-01:00.

### The Club House

Location: Chavasse Park, Liverpool One, Liverpool L2 9SQ, UK

Opening Hours: Mon-Thurs 11:00-12:00; Fri-Sat 11:00-01:00; Sun 11:00-23:00.

### All Bar One

Location: Derby Square, James St, Liverpool L2 7NU, UK

Opening Hours: Mon-Fri 09:00-11:00; Sat 09:00-23:30; Sun 09:00-22:30.

### Santa Chupitos (Late)

Location: 41 Slater Street, L1 4BX, UK

Opening Hours: Mon-Wed 17:00-02:00; Thurs & Sun 17:00-03:00; Fri-Sat 17:00-04:00.

### Revolution Liverpool Wood St (Late)

Location: 18-22 Wood St, L1 4AQ, UK

Opening Hours: Sun-Thurs 17:00-02:00; Fri 17:00-04:00; Sat 12:00-04:00.

### Molly Malone's

Location: 25-27 Victoria St, L2 6QE

Opening Hours: Sun-Thurs 12:00-23:00; Fri-Sat 12:00-02:00.

### Lanigan's Irish Bar

Location: 33-35 Ranelagh St, L1 1JP.

Opening Hours: Mon-Sat 10:00-02:00; Sun 10:00-00:00.

## RESTAURANTS TO TRY

The Club House (see Bars for details).

[www.theclubhouse.uk.com](http://www.theclubhouse.uk.com)

O'Neill's (see Bars for details).

[www.oneills.co.uk](http://www.oneills.co.uk)

### Tai Pan Oriental Buffet

(All you can eat – Casual)

Location: 50-52 Hanover St, L1 4AF

Opening Hours: 17:00-22:30

### Chinese City Buffet

(Cavernous, bright, contemporary room with tiled floors, for all-you-can eat Chinese and Thai buffet).

Location: 87-89 Hanover Street, Liverpool L1 3DZ, UK.

Opening Hours: Sun-Thurs 12:00-22:00; Fri-Sat 12:00-22:30.

Other food options include Indian Restaurants: Spice City (18 Stanley St);

Mayur Indian Restaurant (130 Duke St); Sultan's Palace (75-77 Victoria St).

**PLEASE TAKE NOTE:** The events and activities for NEXTCON are only suggestions but, if selected, they require ‘participation’, and it means just that! If you want to go it alone or stay behind during any of the planned activities (including meals) please do so. Social protocol states that for convenience

**ALL BILLS WILL BE SHARED EQUALLY, WITHOUT EXCEPTION.**

Meals include drinks. Some activities may also include drinks. If you are participating, then all bills will be settled equally. If you decide that you are not willing to abide by this rule – do not attend the activities or events! There will be many opportunities to step in and out of group events.



## **DE CORK BOIs (a.k.a. The Cork Boys) By Michael O'Mahony**

The Cork Bois (a.k.a. The Cork Boys), is a novel by L Shea and it is about... well really it is about a couple of boys, or 'bois' (Cork slang), from the City of Cork, in Ireland.

'Boi' (Cork slang), is a relative term, age being unimportant, so an octogenarian can be referred to as a boy, as in 'how's it goin', boi' (how are you)?

The novel, narrated in part by a friend of the bois is about a group of friends and the shenanigans (fun etc.) they get up to. There is an explanation at the end of each chapter of 'Cork' words used. Worry not, you will easily get into the flow.

The bois themselves, they are mostly in their twenties, have their quirks, which at times can drive their friends mad, and like some people, when they are distracted, or just being plain stupid, they can have 'mishaps'. And, as in a lot of friendships, tales, usually of misfortunes, are retold not in malice but as a way keeping the past alive. They work together (for the most part), socialise together and sometimes get into a spot of bother together. The bois often try the patience of each other, but then, that is what friends do sometimes.

The bois work to live, after all, accordion lessons and GHDs aren't cheap, and they sometimes use their free time at work to plan for their next outing or holiday; or talk about the last one. That is, if they are not busy getting locked in the toilet at work, oh the shame, or putting on

the wrong clothes because they got dressed in the dark, oh the mortification; but if you want more details on the last sorry tale, you will have to buy the book.

So, what is it about Cork? Well as you will find out when you read the book, Cork people are different from other people living in Ireland, and the rest of the world really. Well, some Cork people may think they are anyway. 'Corkonians' see the world in their own terms. They may even view other parts of the city differently.

While the City of Cork is not described in great detail within the book, there are actual places and streets used, so if you know Cork or are visiting you may come across some familiar names. There is hopefully enough in the book to get a flavour for the city and the bois who live there.

The book is easy to read and flows well. While some chapters may seem to be standalone there is a thread that moves through the pages as the bois live their lives, engage in their friendships and venture out into the city from time to time to partake of a beverage or two.

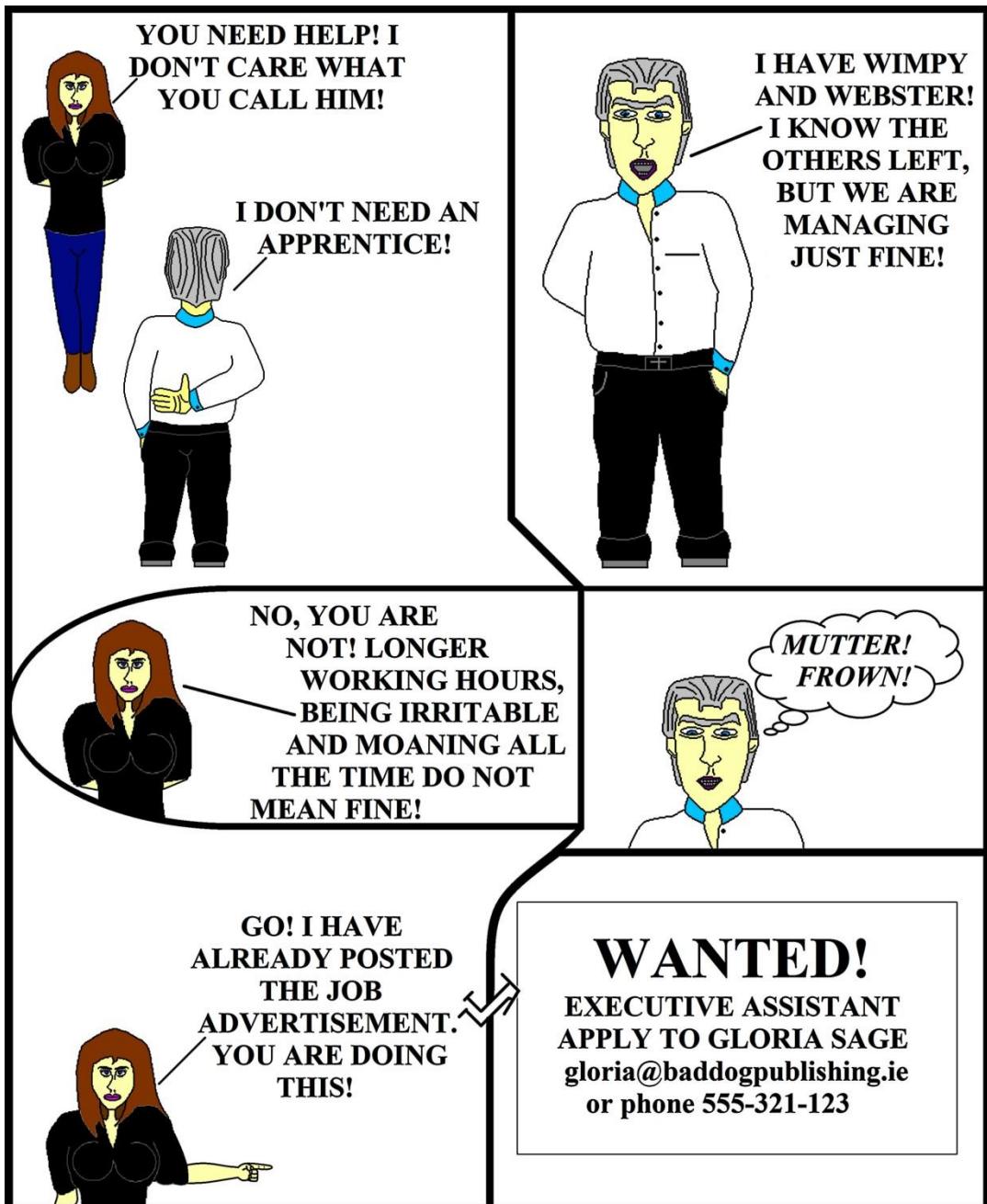
Check out other titles on [www.baddogpublishing.ie](http://www.baddogpublishing.ie)

## **BLAST FROM THE PAST**



# ILLUSTRATED

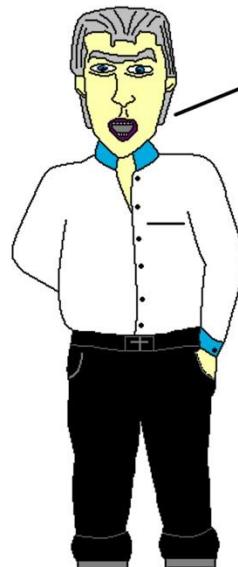
THE MASTER SAGE – I DON'T NEED AN APPRENTICE!



I DON'T NEED AN APPRENTICE. MAYBE I CAN PAWN HIM OR HER OFF ON WIMPY... OR ON WEBSTER. STILL, IT HAS BEEN KIND OF BUSY AROUND HERE OF LATE. WITH FIDGET GONE, I KEEP FORGETTING TO GET COFFEE OR TO TAKE A BREAK. WIMPY HAS NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE I PROMOTED HIM...



WEBSTER HAS BEEN AWAY A LOT WITH THAT NEW GIRLFRIEND OF HIS...



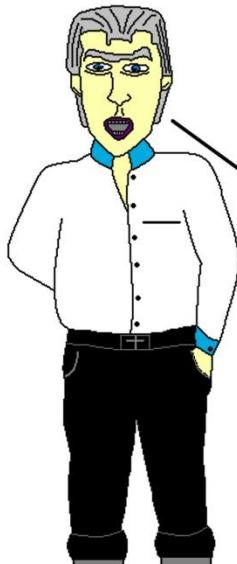
...AND GULLY... NO, HE WOULD JUST MAKE THE APPRENTICE DO ALL THE WORK.



MIGHT BE NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE AROUND WHO RESPECTS ME... SIGH!



IT MIGHT GIVE ME A CHANCE TO FINISH THAT OTHER BOOK I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON FOR A WHILE... AND GIVE ME ANOTHER EDITING AND PROOF-READING PAIR OF EYES. WIMPY HASN'T BEEN AS SHARP OF LATE, WHAT WITH THE BABY AND THE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. HMM, MAYBE IT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. I COULD TAKE POWER NAPS DURING THE DAY AGAIN.



# DE CORK BOIs

## A.K.A THE CORK BOYS



L SHEA



## THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH



# Seneschal's Declaration

**H**ello my fellow Knights and Ladies,

As you are reading this, we are fast approaching '*the long and winding road*' to Liverpool. I am delighted that we have as many as fourteen travelling this year. With all that life puts in our way, this is a huge number of Knights making themselves available for this very popular outing and it is promising to be a great trip indeed. My sincere thanks to Sir William for all of his research skills. I can see that he has put a lot of effort into it, and of course for organizing the manage once again.

As for the UFC Fight Night 130; for those interested, this is still a possibility as we have wheels in motion and we may be able to obtain sensibly priced tickets. I will update you as soon as I have some options available. As the Beatles said in the year of my birth '*We can work it out.*' However if it does not work out, then we could always visit a good bookmaker in Liverpool and perhaps win a few pounds instead of spending it.

The games seem to have been running smoothly but my only concern is trying to get people to arrive on time. Some nights we are waiting for the attending Knights who seem to be arriving later and later. This should be the exception, not the rule. It is a matter of courtesy that the Knights arrive at the time allotted and if they are going to arrive late, then, they should please contact the GM/DM on the night. Otherwise they can post it on the Facebook group account.

Well, all I can say for now is that I am looking forward to meeting up with friends that are both far and near, those that are living near to us and those that live far from where we are living but are always close to our hearts.

Here's to a memorable trip with some great friends.

**YOUR SENESCHAL**  
**SIR BRYAN OF HEGARTY**

NOTE: Please review the Schedule on page 22 to be mindful of Game dates, and forthcoming special events. The calendar will also be updated periodically here:

<http://www.baddogpublishing.ie/index.php/the-knights-of-misspent-youth/games-events-calendar/>

WEEK	DATE	GAME	GM/DM	SLOT	MANAGE
WK33	22-Aug	FN22: FUMBLE ISSUE TWENTY-TWO	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK36	06-Sep	MANAGE ONLY	LOS	2	1
WK37	13-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE - KS04A CRAVENFALL HOME PART I	LOS	3	2
WK38	20-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE - KS04A CRAVENFALL HOME PART II	LOS	4	3
WK39	27-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE - KS04A CRAVENFALL HOME PART III	LOS	5	4
WK40	04-Oct	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART I	LOS	6	5
WK41	11-Oct	WIMPY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK41	11-Oct	GROO	MOM	7	6
WK41	14-Oct	WEBSTER TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK42	18-Oct	JUST CARDS	KOMY	8	7
WK43	25-Oct	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART II	LOS	9	8
WK43	26-Oct	NEXTCON HOTEL & FLIGHTS BOOKED	LOS	N/A	N/A
WK44	01-Nov	MANAGE ONLY	N/A	N/A	9
WK45	08-Nov	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART III	LOS	10	10
WK45	12-Nov	HIPPY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK46	15-Nov	FN23: FUMBLE ISSUE TWENTY-THREE	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK46	15-Nov	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART IV	LOS	11	11
WK46	18-Nov	JULIUS TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK46	19-Nov	SULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK47	22-Nov	NEXTCON Pre-Planning Night & Some Cards	KOMY	12	12
WK48	29-Nov	CARDS	LOS	13	13
WK48	02-Dec	NEXTCON SHUTTLE TRANSFER BOOKED	LOS	N/A	N/A
WK49	06-Dec	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART V	LOS	14	14
WK50	13-Dec	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART VI	LOS	15	15
WK50	13-Dec	RANDO TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK50	14-Dec	TIED-ON TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK51	19-Dec	KOMY JOES CHRISTMAS NIGHT OUT	EVENT	16	16
WK52	27-Dec	MANAGE ONLY	N/A	N/A	17
WK01	31-Dec	DUPLEX TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK01	03-Jan	MANAGE ONLY	N/A	N/A	18
WK02	10-Jan	CARDS	MOM	17	19
WK03	17-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART VII	LOS	18	20
WK04	24-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG - TYRIA	MM	19	21
WK04	26-Jan	WARPCon XXVIII	EVENT	20	N/A
WK04	27-Jan	WARPCon XXVIII	EVENT	21	N/A
WK05	28-Jan	WARPCon XXVIII	EVENT	22	N/A
WK05	31-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE PART VIII	LOS	23	22
WK06	07-Feb	CARDS	MOM	24	23
WK07	14-Feb	MANAGE ONLY	N/A	N/A	24
WK07	15-Feb	FN24: FUMBLE ISSUE TWENTY-FOUR	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK08	21-Feb	CASUAL CARDS AND NEXTCON DISCUSSION	KOMY	25	26
WK09	28-Feb	Game Cancelled due to snow - MANAGE ONLY	N/A	N/A	27
WK10	07-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05 WRATH OF THE DOVE - FINALE (IX)	LOS	26	28
WK11	14-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05A CRAVENFALL BOUND PART I	LOS	27	29
WK12	21-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05A CRAVENFALL BOUND PART II	LOS	28	30
WK13	28-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05A CRAVENFALL BOUND PART III	LOS	29	31
WK14	04-Apr	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05A CRAVENFALL BOUND PART IV	LOS	30	32
WK15	11-Apr	KNIGHTSHADE - KS05A CRAVENFALL BOUND PART V	LOS	31	33
WK15	11-Apr	BAGGAGE & SEATS BOOKED	LOS	N/A	N/A
WK16	18-Apr	CARDS	MOM	32	34
WK17	25-Apr	CALL OF CTHULHU - THE RESCUE	LOS	33	35
WK18	02-May	CALL OF CTHULHU - POINT OF THE SWORD	LOS	34	36
WK18	04-May	GULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK19	09-May	OZZIE TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK19	09-May	CALL OF CTHULHU - COUNTERMOVE	LOS	35	N/A
WK20	13-May	FN25: FUMBLE ISSUE TWENTY-FIVE	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK20	16-May	NEXTCON PREP & CARDS	KOMY & MOM	36	N/A
WK21	23-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	37	N/A
WK21	24-May	KLUTZ & KRAVE TROLLS	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK21	24-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	38	N/A
WK21	25-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	39	N/A
WK21	26-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	40	N/A
WK22	27-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	41	N/A
WK22	28-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	42	N/A
WK23	06-Jun	CARDS	MOM	43	N/A
WK23	07-Jun	TIPSY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK24	13-Jun	KNIGHTSHADE - KS06 DARKEST RAVEN PART I	LOS	44	N/A
WK25	20-Jun	FUMBLE AWARDS NIGHT	KOMY	45	N/A
WK25	23-Jun	KENNELCON - The Kennel Party	EVENT	1	N/A

# **COMING NEXT ISSUE**

## **DEAR FUMBLE**

### **CONTACT US**

More letters from our readers.

## **IN GAMES**

### **CALL OF CTHULHU**

A Player's Perspective

## **THE GMs GUIDE**

### **KNIGHTSHADE RPG**

Frequently Asked Questions (FAQs).

## **CONVENTION CUBE**

### **KENNELCON & THE NEXT STEP**

Convention and Events!

## **INNER CIRCLE**

### **CALL OF CTHULHU & KNIGHTSHADE RPG**

Game updates from the Knights of Misspent Youth.

## **SHORT STORY**

### **COMPETITION WINNER**

Fumble Newszine Short Story Competition

## **ILLUSTRATED**

### **FUMBLING VOLUME THREE PREVIEW**

Angels 'Oh Mercy'

## **THE SENESCHAL'S DECLARATION**

### **SIR BRYAN OF HEGARTY**

Words of wisdom from the Seneschal of the Knights of Misspent Youth



**FN25**

**FN25FUMBLEBDP02**