

FUMBLE 40

NEWSZINE

NOVEMBER 2021

GOING TO HAVE
TO SPEND SOME
TIME IN MY REAL
IDENTITY...



IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH



Knightshade RPG
Campaign II: The Augur Stone
KS09 Finale – Dunes of Wretchedness
Wednesday, 25th August, 2021

In the aftermath of recovering the Augur Stone, passing through the *Drú* Outpost, and reaching the shoreline of the great lake within the Mountains of Wrath, there could be no hesitation. The companions needed to be at their best to face the potential threat embodied in the might of the Callibanese War Machine. *What would happen if it all went horribly wrong?* There would be a need to escape quickly. Knowing that the Callibanese have real power behind their physical threat to the lands of Ayre invited a greater caution, but hesitancy had its drawbacks. The party was not in good standing. Wounded, paralysed, and sorely outmatched, the companions endured an ordeal that seemed evoked, but they soon became aware that all was not as it seemed. Each of the party received some insight into greater peril, with choices to be made that were not always obvious. Retrieving the Augur Stone was not the end, only the begin-

ning of another journey. The commonality in evoked visions rested in a visitation from ‘the bad man’, with enticing offers in return for surrendering the Augur Stone. The companions stood steadfast against this temptation, but the cost of doing so was still to be measured. Terribus Gherkin had already paid a price to recover the life of Yarle the Water Boy. He had surrendered his immortality.

In the end, the party began to wake from unsettling dreams. Yarle was alive, and this alone stood as a testament to the validity of the visions. The camp was set in a recess in the mountains, surrounded by a sinister grey mist. Dark shadows filled this nightmarish fog, weaving manically as they tested the boundaries of something that now seemed wholly unnatural. The dark chaotic spots became more prevalent, overwhelming any chance of light, leaving the companions with one certainty – when the night came, so too would the beginning of the end.

Dufal arrived from the town of Cravenfall to bring a warning, and to guide the companions to the right path. The young Swordarm had travelled long and hard to get there at the bidding of Jade and Jorrio. He brought a caution against venturing forth into the mist, that the whole camp was surrounded by Shadows, and that there were Callibanese out there amongst this dreaded enemy. Magic would not work, and the companions were trapped. There was only one way to escape. The Augur Stone would guide the way, but only if they could reach the base of the cliff and use it to traverse the waterway to find Jorrio, who was now Guardian of the

Drú Rune Circle surrounded by a pocket from the Plane of Shadow in the Underway. Dufal attested that the Patriarch had been responsible for this turn of fortune in the Underway; to conceal something, perhaps to prevent the Augur Stone from being brought back to the very place where it could see him undone.

Knighthade RPG

Campaign I: Calliban Rising

KSCAL02 Call On Faith – Part One:

The Path to Faith

Wednesday, 01st September, 2021

Wounds heal. The night passes away to day. Inevitably, the darkness will return. All is not right within the Cabal. Each carries some injury, except for Seraph Apprentice Kreeg Hayden who had remarkably been unhurt in the previous conflicts. However, even he could not venture too far from his Missive, having been tasked with the protection of two Prayer Coins by Raven Neophyte Theodore Umbra who was recovering from several lacerations. Some of the Cabal were sorely wounded, and effective healing proved hard to come by as Priest Acolyte Horus Black remained unconscious. Ranger Warden Farris Braeker clung tenuously to life. Soldier Man-at-Arms Jace Oxwen and Inquisitor Interrogator Reinheit Folgen both nursed severe wounds. Inquisitor Interrogator Malys Fortimyr and Ranger Warden Silas Green had only minor discomforts to heal, but even these proved troublesome with the absence of the care required to stave off such painful hurts.

Two days came and went. Matron Agnes did her best to tend the wounds

of the Cabal, assisted by Bella Kole who had been learning the healing arts under the instruction of the Church of Thyrr, supplemented by Mona Rennin before her death. Time was pressing, and Neophyte Umbra could not afford to wait. He could not rely on Apprentice Hayden's ability to '*Null*' the Prayer Coins he had inadvertently activated during an examination of the powerful artefacts. Those who were able had to take to the road. The former site of the lost town of Lare beckoned. Troubling rumours in the town of Tiera would have to wait, even if these had grave implications for Matron Agnes who had suffered for her unwavering support of the Cabal. One rumour, in particular, had reached the ears of the Patriarch's sect – Widow Sadie Kart had been talking to Father Tom Dollandar about Agnes, saying that she was just too pretty for her own good, and implying that the girl would benefit from cutting her hair tight, the wearing of a chastity belt until any natural urges of womanhood were purged, and adopting blander attire to make her less comely.

Much to the distress of the whole community, Widow Kart was appointed Owner and Proprietor of the River Tavern & Brewery, which also supplied the Waterfront Tavern. The Widow's first act was to strictly enforce the limits on imbibing in Tiera. Her second was to double the prices to make any such alcohol harder to exploit. Needless to say, Old Sadie Kart was not the most popular person in town before this, having been responsible for most of the incarcerations with the coming of Grand Marshall Bale Thurrow; the White Judge. These and other matters would

have to wait, even if they did cause Matron Agnes distress.

Neophyte Umbra turned his full attention to the lost town of Lare, and the dilemma with the Prayer Coins, all for the glory of the Patriarch. Acting Master-at-Arms Oxwen was tasked with providing cover for those who would venture forth on this necessary expedition to the forbidden town. This was Cabal business, and as such, it did not require an explanation. Still, Neophyte Umbra knew full well that there were eyes in Tiera watching, and thus a ruse was formed should anyone be inclined to question the whereabouts of those who were undertaking this quest. Those leaving Tiera were setting off on a patrol of the outer rim of the Maidens to ensure there were no more *Wolves* to trouble travellers on the roads in the aftermath of the Rennin incident. Even though Brad and Mona Rennin were dead, they had been trifling with unnatural forces.

The fallen town of Lare was two days to the south. The expedition departed early on the morning of Restday, 10th Day of Decar, 725 AR. When only half a day from the town of Tiera, they were attacked by an unknown hooded assailant. He shot a curious arrow into the leg of Interrogator Folgen, piecing his lower extremity with a dire wound. The arrow, serrated and designed to inflict lasting harm, had cut through flesh and bone with precision. Later, on analysis, this implement proved even more dangerous. Neophyte Umbra determined that it was enchanted and the arrow was prevented from inflicting its full harm by the presence of Apprentice Hayden's *'Null'*. Alas, Interrogator

Folgen received a debilitating wound. Interrogator Fortimyr elected to return to Tiera with his companion. Only three continued on the road, dogged at every step by an enemy who knew the terrain and remained obscure. However, it was clear that the attacker's focus was on those who travelled to Lare, and not on the Interrogators. Perhaps, his attention was taken with one of the remaining group in particular. Interrogator Fortimyr promised to get his companion to safety, to meet up with Seraph Apprentice Thanis Sanguard, and to return post-haste to assist Neophyte Umbra in this necessary mission.

The trio reached the stone bridge near the site of the lost town on the eve of the second day, only to be attacked again in the night. Only Apprentice Hayden's uncanny skill saved the trio from further hurt. Pursuing the enemy was not possible and would only lead to loss of life.

In the morning, after prayers to Thyrr and breakfast, the trio were joined by a tired Interrogator Fortimyr in the company of an equally jaded Apprentice Sanguard. Still, they elected to push on to the site of the fallen town, which was only a short distance away.

A search ensued. Signs of a town were carefully unearthed. This may have been the location from which the Prayer Coins originated, but it was also home to a sinister plague that had already cost lives in Tiera. After a few hours searching, Warden Green located what appeared to be the outline of a structure, possibly what had once been a square stone tower. Therein he came upon a large metal ring sticking out of the ground amidst clumps of thick grass.

The ring was attached to a large 8-foot by 6-foot wooden door or hatch that Neophyte Umbra detected had been etched with sinister markings – runes that may have been necromantic. The Raven also speculated that this entryway had been protected with wards to prevent something getting out, or someone getting in. Signs of the bony fingers of a hand pressed against the edge of this entryway did not deter the group. There was no turning back. Apprentice Hayden and Warden Green used Neophyte Umbra's quarterstaff to lift the ring and gain purchase to open the trapdoor after touching the ring yielded nothing. The presence of the Seraph and his 'Null' may have negated any magical reprisal when Warden Green touched the ring.

A gasp of foul air emanated from within, but the hatch was drawn upward, hinging away from an opening that revealed a ghastly sight. Hundreds of skeletal remains filled a dark shaft as far as the eyes could see, each of the victims engaged in efforts to escape this place, the bones perfectly formed into the last throes of their horrible fate. Ten feet into the shaft, Neophyte Umbra spotted a Prayer Coin clutched in the hands of one of the skeletons, too far out of reach, but tantalisingly close. The presence of the coin proved that the expedition was on the right track. Neophyte Umbra decided to test this macabre skeletal death exodus by touching one of the skulls with his quarterstaff. The resulting emanations were eerily disturbing as sounds of cracking bones reverberated throughout the shaft. All at once, the whole ghoulish spectacle collapsed downward,

cascading into the disturbing chute with a clattering fracas that was likely to alert anything harboured within. The Prayer Coin fell away with the bones of the dead. These fallen were either clambering to escape when they were sealed within this repository, or the victims were engaged in some unknown purpose. The former seemed the most likely conclusion. Either way, the opening beckoned. There was little to be gained by threading softly now.

The trapdoor may have looked like wood, but it was too heavy to have been constructed from that material, and the underside felt like stone. Relentless scratches on the underside told a horrid tale. Those sealed within had been alive when the hatch was closed. Signs of some fire-like event marred the bones, but it must have been sudden and intense to have set them in place like some grisly sculpture transfixed in time until the coming of the expedition disturbed their resting place with lasting implications.

Knightshade RPG
Campaign I: Calliban Rising
KSCAL02 Call On Faith – Part Two:
Into the Lare
Wednesday, 08th September, 2021

Worrying times in Tiera forced the hand of the Cabal to accept curative brownies to stave off some serious wounds, fatigue, and other misfortunes. Alas, there was another effect from taking this powerful baked ginger treat. Those imbibing the brownie succumbed to long moments of paranoia, self-righteous condemnation, and conversations with both inanimate and equine targets. Interrogator Reinheit was eager to rejoin his companions in the fallen town of

Lare, but not because of any misplaced daring. He took a horse from the town, rode off into the night, and called out recriminations that lambasted his companions for some minor infractions that were blown all out of proportions in his addled mind. Meanwhile Acolyte Horus Black, Man-at-Arms Jace Oxwen, and Warden Farris Braeker followed in a well-laden wagon, though with the Priest at the reins, the journey proved dangerously challenging. After a number of mishaps, the Cabal were forced back together to face the perils beneath the fallen town of Lare. Reinheit's indignation also dissipated during his furiously vain journey south when he caught up with Interrogator Malys Fortimyr and Apprentice Thanis Sanguard. The macabre shaft into an underground structure beckoned.

Venturing into a dark and foreboding shaft was never going to be easy but as the Cabal gathered in earnest, the way ahead called out with the promise of answers to questions that had not yet been voiced. With ropes and other implements, the Cabal descended into the darkness, shuddering against the resounding cracks of bones and the awful odour emanating from within. The descent was not without difficulties, but in the chamber below, the first of the Prayer Coins awaited.

The bones spilt into the adjacent four corridors through identical archways and yielded to any force, with some splintering against the faintest of touches. The explorers took the left (west) passage, bolstered by the prayers and faith of Acolyte Black. They soon traversed to a narrowing corridor that became uncomfortable until Interrogator Malys set sight on a skeletal form en-

closed in shining armour that bore the markings of the Inquisitor Order. The skull rested nearby, encased in an equally exquisite helm, which Malys quickly donned. Interrogator Folgen took the fallen man's sword as his companion gathered up the lavishly rich armour.

Passage through the narrow corridor only permitted one abreast. As Acolyte Horus stepped over the threshold, he was stabbed in the ankles. His companions quickly found the source – two animated skeletal torsos still in the motion of protecting this murder corridor from neighbouring passageways to the left and right of the macabre entryway. Interrogator Folgen quickly dispatched this bony menace as the Priest bandaged his superficial wounds. They reached an inner wider passage and paused to take stock of their situation before continuing...

Knightsshade RPG
Campaign I: Calliban Rising
KSCAL02 Call On Faith – Part
Three: The Repository
Wednesday, 15th September, 2021

Sounds from the dark proved unsettling, but not as much as the repellent odour emanating from within this sinister place. The smell was stomach-churning. However, there was no time to ponder on this problem. Shuffling sounds were drawing closer from both directions, but proved more prominent from the north passage. Soon, the source of these disconcerting noises was revealed as four animated Skeletons advancing to the fore of a creature of madness, a seven-foot tall Bone Golem, with protruding splintered bone shards that added to its grim countenance. The *Skeletons* proved little challenge as they each yielded to a

single hit. However, the *Bone Golem* was another matter. This fierce creature targeted Acolyte Horus, and despite the efforts of the Cabal, the creature struck with unbridled fury and crushed the Priest's head, rendering him unconscious and in dire need of healing. The remaining members of the Cabal managed to dispatch this fierce fiend, but not before realising that the *Bone Golem* was specific in its chosen targets. In the aftermath of the conflict, a Prayer Coin was discovered by Neophyte Umbra, stuck to the foot of the creature behind a mash of leather that may have once been a boot.

Alas, there was no time to take stock of the situation as another *Bone Golem* attacked from the rear. Retreat might have been a more prudent action but the Cabal chose to stand against this second fiend after noticing that the creature was absorbing the bones of the *Skeletons* it came in contact with. After a furious battle, confirming the theory that this *Harvester Bone Golem* targeted specific individuals in the Cabal, the expedition finally withdrew to the outer entry chamber below the shaft. Acolyte Horus was in dire need of care, and the Cabal required strength to endure the ordeals within the Repository.

Knightshade RPG
Campaign I: Calliban Rising
KSCAL02 Call On Faith – Part Four:
The Repository continued...
Wednesday, 22nd September, 2021

Reeling from the attacks of the *Harvester Bone Golems*, the Cabal paused in the relative safety of the chamber below the shaft at the entrance to the Repository. Acolyte Horus was in sore

condition, lingering on the verge of death. Apprentice Sanguard took the ailing Priest to the outer periphery and stood guard over the ingress. Man-at-Arms Oxwen joined his companions below to push on into the Repository proper to uncover the secrets of this dark place.

Avoiding the remaining *Harvester Bone Golems*, the Cabal ventured down into the lower level of what Neophyte Umbra referred to as a pyramid, but the structure seemed to reverse in on itself as the steps turned inward to a precarious landing on the fractured edge of a troubling void of darkness.

Skirting the edge of this dangerous path, the Cabal were led inward by Interrogators Malys and Reinheit, and the former offered some uncanny insight into the shifting darkness. Shadowy hands reached out of the void but none touched the companions in this dangerous venture. The path proved a challenge in avoiding cracks and rifts of darkness that broke the flagstones. Apprentice Kreeg fell into one of these deadly voids and the companions were forced to provide him with the last curative brownie to save his legs from harrowing.

In time, the path opened out onto a shelf of stone, frayed at the edges by the void of darkness. Stepping onto this strange stone caused Reinheit to disappear. The party could not see him, but the Interrogator could hear them. He saw shimmering images of bookshelves in disarray, a shattered dark globe with a curious inscription that he could only read the first two words of – *Here lies* – and a shining sword hanging in mid-air. Reinheit took the sword and withdrew.

The others stepped through in turn. Interrogator Malys found that he could read the inscription fully, and he could see more – the Repository was failing fast, the frayed edges giving way with each passing moment. Worse, rivulets of discontent could be seen beneath what deceptively appeared to be solid ground.

Both Man-at-Arms Oxwen and Apprentice Sanguard told of disquieting dreams they had, while unable to resolve the timeline of those who had ventured into the Repository with being outside the shaft on guard. They told of images of Matron Agnes being forced into the stocks, her hair cut, and the pain that followed as she was subjected to flogging. Each saw himself in the role of the one inflicting harm on Agnes. Each professed that he would never hurt the Matron of Keryn Hall in this way, nor had they ever harboured such thoughts before.

These declarations forced the Cabal to turn away from the Maidens and to return hastily to the town of Tiera.

On reaching the town, those still standing found Agnes incarcerated in the East Tower on the orders of an Inquisitor named Anjou Thurrow, reportedly the son of the infamous White Judge, Bale Thurrow. Agnes's hair had been cut to shoulder length by the Old Widow Sadie Kart. Worse, Agnes had been placed in the stocks and whipped five times before proceedings were halted by Widow Kart, who became fatigued by her efforts to injure the Matron of Keryn Hall. Man-at-Arms Garran Black was ordered to place the sorely beaten and demoralised Agnes in a cell to await the morning when she

would be subjected to further abuse.

Incensed, Interrogator Malys sought out this Inquisitor and quickly realised that the man was an imposter. His disguise was well made, but there were flaws in aspects of his armour. The Inquisitor ring he wore was made for the Cabal, and the mask bore markings that were specific to Interrogator Folgen. Alas, before the others could stay his hand, Malys slew the imposter, who exhibited none of the martial prowess one would expect of a ranking member of the Inquisitors. This cast doubt over the clergy of Tiera. The ring had been in the possession of Adjutant Father Karis Dale. However, as he was not within the church at present, and the Old Widow Kart had seemingly fled Tiera, there was no time to pursue an investigation. Agnes was released from the East Tower on the orders of Acting Master-at-Arms Jace Oxwen. Garran Black had only been following orders, and who was he to deny an Inquisitor.

There was no time to dally. The Cabal were sorely weakened, and they would soon be overcome by the effects of the necromantic influences of the Repository. The Maidens was their only hope. Uncovering the truth of what had happened in Tiera would have to wait...

Knightsshade RPG

Campaign I: Calliban Rising

KSCAL02 Call On Faith – Part Five: The Maidens

Wednesday, 29th September, 2021

Departing the town of Tiera was necessary for the Cabal's survival. Leaving Agnes behind was not prudent, and thus, the Matron of Keryn Hall accompanied the sect into the Maidens.

Taking a wagon for the wounded, the

Cabal journeyed for half a day south to the cusp of the hills surrounding the Rune Stones. The light of day faded fast and a drizzle persisted. The Cabal used stretchers to transport the wounded, moving slowly upward, wary of an attack in the precarious surroundings. Such caution proved well-founded as the Phantom engaged in hit and run tactics in an attempt to end Neophyte Umbra's life.

The Cabal reached the heights, uncovering ancient worn steps climbing to the last leg of the journey. These steps were a curiosity, each as narrow as a single brick in depth and height, but twelve feet in width. The ascent proved hazardous but necessary. Darkness had descended over the Maidens. Light from lanterns provided little relief, and all the while the Phantom dogged the Cabal. The encroaching foliage only added to an impression of the walls closing in.

On reaching the plateau on which the Maidens stood, the Cabal were greeted with an even greater mystery – an ancient Rune Circle that was incredibly well preserved. However, no vegetation invaded this mesa. Soon, the Cabal discovered that nothing living transgressed onto the plateau.

Each Rune Stone stood sixty feet in height, with a cross-stone of thirty-eight feet forming a perceptible doorway. There were eight such doorways present, forming a circle. In the centre of this ancient construction stood a single circular plinth that rose forty feet from a slightly recessed ground. The width of the centre plinth was twenty-four feet. The width of each monolith was 8 feet by 8 feet, and this seemed consistent throughout the Rune Stones.

However, there were no markings on the Maidens to offer any insight into what each doorway represented.

Avoiding the doorways, Neophyte Umbra tested the boundary of the Maidens, but to no avail. When Apprentice Sanguard attempted to pass through the doorway to the west, adjacent to the top of the steps, his Seraph's Missive exploded into a cloud of dust and Thanis was blinded. Each of the companions attempted to pass within, but only the Seraphs were initially repelled in some way. Apprentice Kreeg Hayden tried the doorway to the left of the one Thanis had passed through, and even though he had left his Missive outside the Rune Stone Circle, it too was destroyed in a burst of fire, as Kreeg erupted into flame. The flames surrounding the Seraph were soon put out, but he was wounded from the blast. Neophyte Umbra attempted to reach the top of the circular plinth, only to be repelled by an attack from the Phantom.

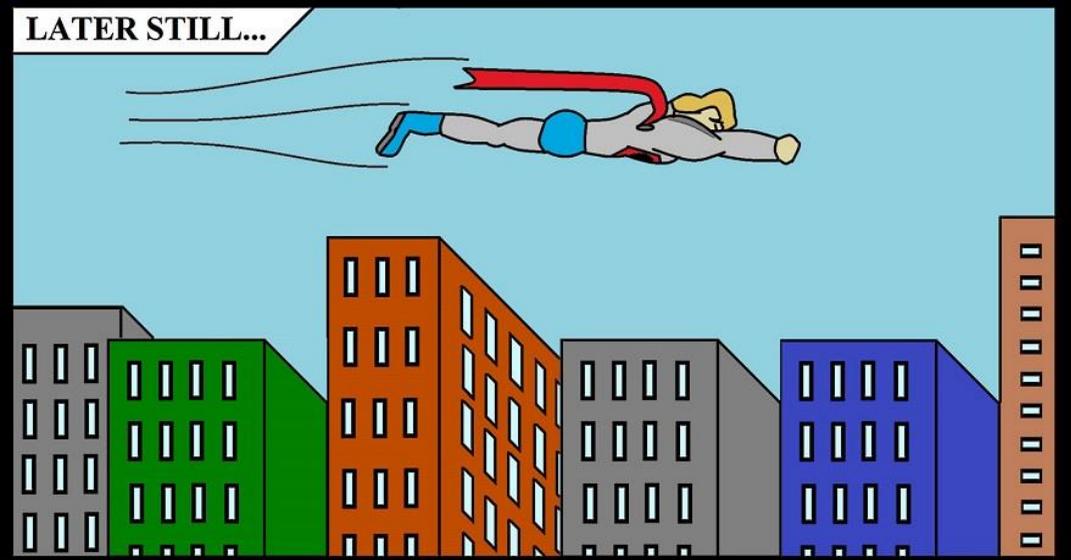
The Cabal found markings on the top of the plinth. Neophyte Umbra deciphered the runes in turn, each a marking that hinted at the nature of the corresponding doorways: Shadow, Fire, Life, Air, Illusion, Water, Death, and Earth. Learning something on the nature of the Maidens helped the Cabal to negate the effects of the residual necromantic magic from the Repository.

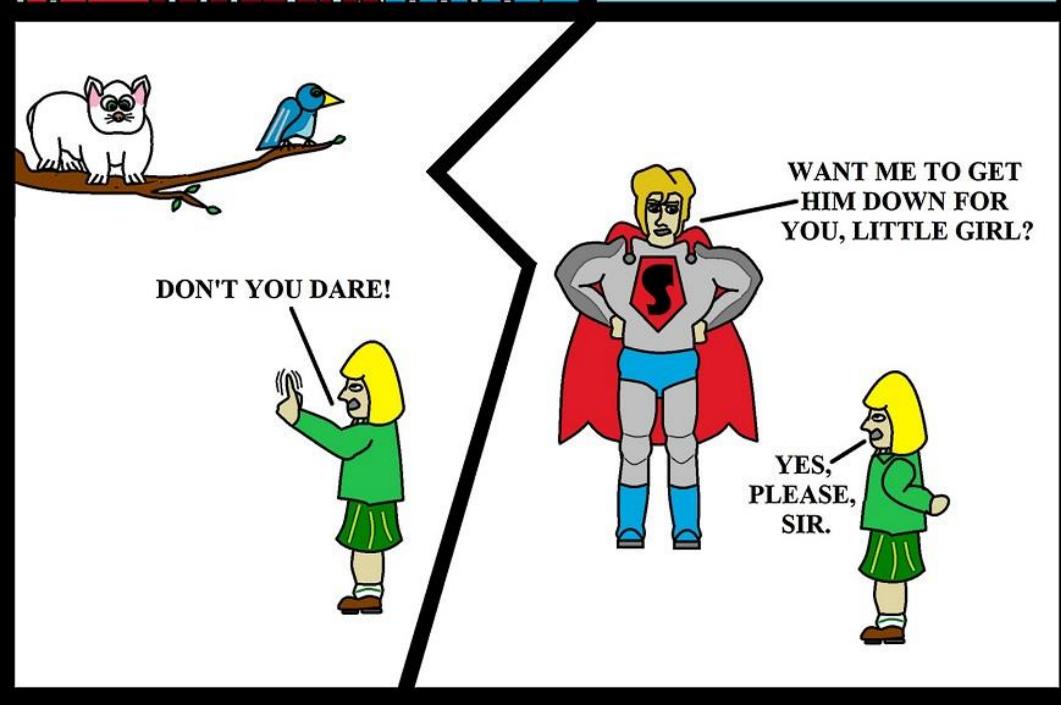
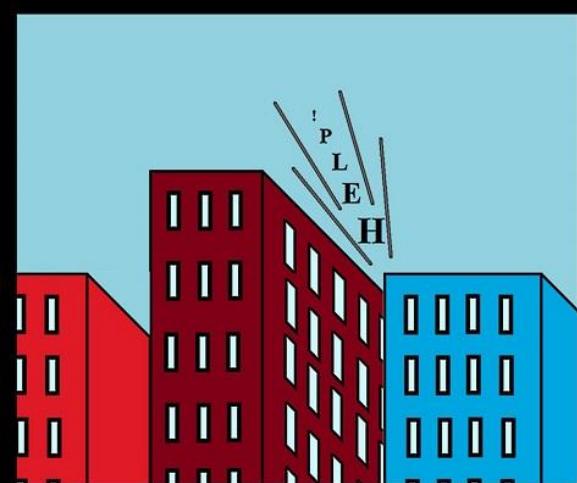
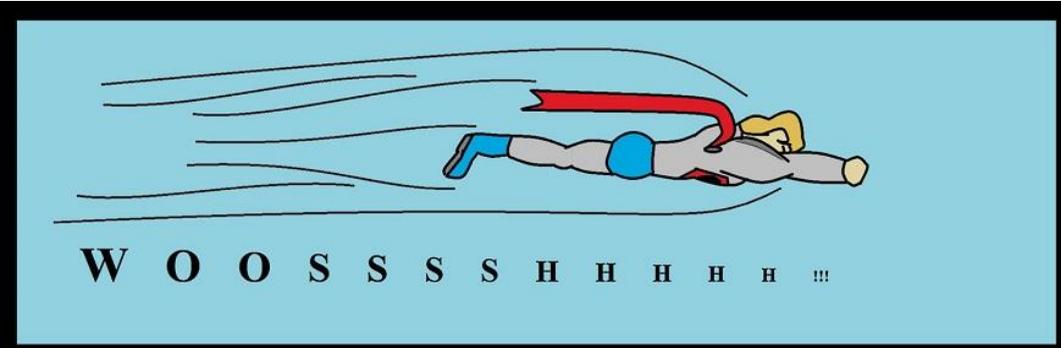
Note: Knightshade RPG Campaign II: The Augur Stone will continue in KS10: Road to Nowhere.

Game updates for Knightshade RPG Calliban Rising – KSCAL02: Call on Faith concludes in Fumble Issue Forty-One.



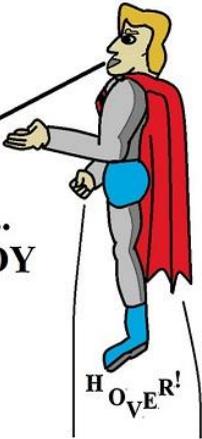
LATER STILL...







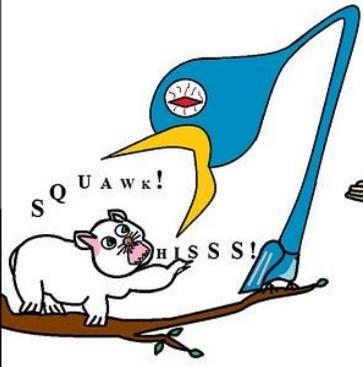
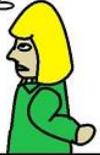
HELLO, KITTY,
COME ON NOW...
LEAVE THE BIRDY
ALONE.



H O V E R !



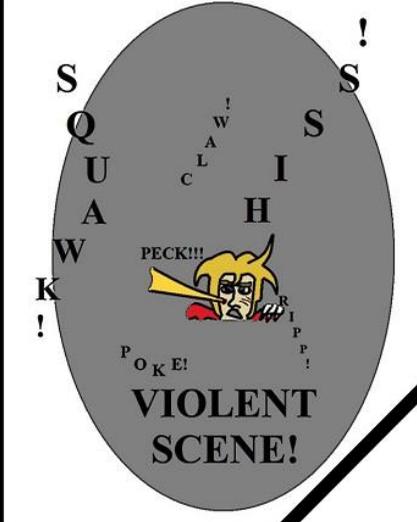
WHAT DOES HE
MEAN, KITTY?



WHAT THE...



H O V E R !



VIOLENT
SCENE!

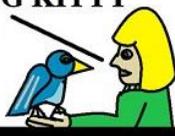
DID THE STUPID SUPER
HERO BOY SCARE YOU,
BIRDY?



DON'T THINK
I'M CUT OUT TO BE A
SUPER SPANDEX
HERO...SIGH!



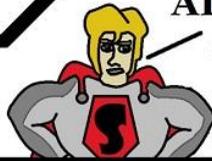
YOU HAVE TO STOP
EATING KITTY
CATS!



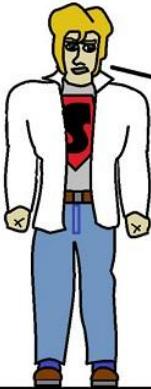


FULLY RECOVERED
BUT IT TOOK DAYS.
THAT BIRD
CREATURE HAD
SOME REALLY
HARD PECKS.

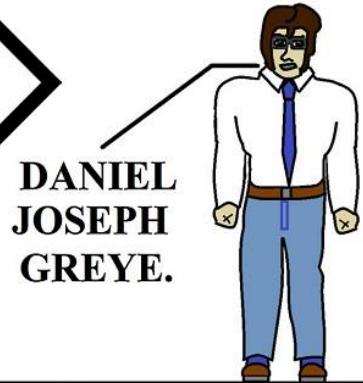
JUST AS WELL
THAT MINE ARE
HARDER.



STILL, BETWEEN
ALL THE BAD
GUYS LATELY, THAT BIRD
INCIDENT AND THE PUSSY...
CAT, I'M A LITTLE JADED.



GOING TO HAVE
TO SPEND SOME
TIME IN MY REAL
IDENTITY FOR A
WHILE...



DANIEL
JOSEPH
GREYE.



SHORT TALES

WEEPY HULLOWS SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – Part III WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

The antics of *Hobbo bois* in this region are considered the stuff of legend. The species are known for their propensity towards mayhem, but those in the wayward town of Weepy Hullows are given a special note in any bestiary, with a harsh warning to avoid at all costs. The *Hobbos* of Weepy Hullows, and indeed throughout this region, are accorded a status of being *'more dangerous than a bull after having been pronged anally with a hot branding iron'* by the infamous *Elven* naturalist known as Chuck Robber Darwinleaf. CRD has even put a highlighted sub-warning in his tome, *The Unnatural Law*, which makes special mention of Fosco Stong-foot as *'a deranged evolutionary throwback to troglodyte violence and degeneration that defies any hope of accepting reason'*. This is something of which the aforementioned *Hobbo* is immensely proud, even if it was written by a fairy with no understanding of what it takes to keep the volcano of insanity within Fosco in check lest he unleashes Armageddon on the entire world.

Weepy Hullows is a diverse town with more oddball *Hobbos* and curiously manic behaviours than can be

found anywhere else in and out of the valley where these incessant creatures live. However, the habitat still follows some natural laws, though a few are practised in a decidedly unnatural way.

Like all females of the species, Jadzia is only capable of maintaining a *brood* of six *Hobbo bois*. Females are at the top of the food chain, and there is little doubt that she is special in a way that can only be defined as *'precious'*. There is something in the makeup of the dominant sex that halts the desire for taking another mate once the *'need'* is satisfied. Some believe that this is the number of male concubines a *Hobbo* woman requires as her appetites grow in tune with her maturity. There have been stories of females who took fewer mates in the past. The males in question were so worn out by the time they reached thirty winters as to be regarded as being closer to twice that age. Their will to live, let alone copulate, was greatly diminished. While the *Hobbo bois* in Jadzia's *brood* might complain that her appetites are insatiable, in recent years she has calmed her urges and shared her snuggles carefully to ensure that each *boi* gets his fair share, even the curiously disinterested Lomdath Odd-foot. Jadzia is also seen as prudent beyond her years by taking all of her mates into her *brood* on the same night when they were young, and Jadzia was in the throes of a *'need'* that seemed beyond the appetites of mortal ken. The young ones seldom realised what they were getting into until it was too late. This great culling happened on a warm spring evening under a full moon, and those in Weepy Hullows could be forgiven for mistaking the howls of the

Hobbo bois for those of a shaggy canine pack in distress as they were being hunted by a dreaded *Bumwolf*, a creature that will not bear describing until another time. One will need a brighter day to reveal such an unsettling fiend when the shadows are not so precariously full and agitated.

As noted, like all females of the species, Jadzia is only capable of maintaining a brood of six Hobbo bois, and while she may berate them incessantly, snuggle them beyond hope, and force them to cater to her every whim, this *gurl* is instinctively (and jealously) protective of her *bois*. You have already met Fosco, Snudge, Lomdath, and Bobbin. The last two in her six-sided polygon are worthy of an equal measure of introduction. After all, Jadzia is attracted to a very special kind of mania driven *Hobbo boi*.

Byron Gullyfoot is a *Hobbo* known throughout the valley for his uncanny ability to calm sheep, though in truth, his skill is not confined to these animals alone. He refers to them as *Woolly Baas*, and that name has caught on throughout Weepy Hullows. Byron is a shade shorter and a bit stouter than the other *Hobbos* in the *brood*, but this is not altogether obvious for the reasons noted below. He is also the single-most hairy of any *boi* in the region. His mane of thick curly brown hair rises almost five inches on his head, and the density of those effervescent curls is nothing short of astounding. However, these luscious curls are not confined to his head alone. They cover most of his body but are most prominent on his well-muscled chest. Jadzia has a fondness for this *boi* in particular on those

colder nights when even she feels the chills in her delicate toes. She loves to rest her feet on Byron's padded torso while he engages in suckling each of her toes until the warmth fills her whole body, eliciting moans of pleasure akin to the most prolonged snuggling. He never protests when his *brood* mate feels the 'need', and the others believe he likes nestling up to her due to the endurance the *boi* exhibits when engaged full-on with Jadzia. Byron is inclined to sleep contently for several hours after any such occasion, and the satisfied smile that adorns his round face is a little disconcerting to the other *Hobbos*. Still, his true fondness is for frolicking among the sheep, and he shepherds several flocks in the region. Byron exhibits an uncanny ability to recognise and recall the names of every sheep under his care, and locals are apt to leave him be with his peculiar inclination as he has proven the best shepherd that every graced Weepy Hullows. The sheep under his care are always happier, woollier, and better behaved when Byron is about. The *boi* can often be found out on the range, running with the *Woolly Baas*, whistling cheerfully, or snoring his head off in the meadows amidst a sea of white wooliness. The sheep, in turn, seem to be just as protective of their shepherd and will go to great lengths to conceal his presence if so desired, or to dissuade anyone from coming closer by encircling him in a dizzying dance of *sheepiness* that can render a snooping *Hobbo* disorientated in less time than it takes for three baas to sound in warning.

Byron Gullyfoot favours loose-fitting tunics and pantaloons that permit him

the freedom to let his body breathe. He likes 'v' collared tunics that expose his neck, and breeches with ample room to facilitate a call of nature with little drama. He never wears undergarments or any implement that might restrict his free movement. Given the density of his hair, that is not surprising. He also likes clothing that blends in with nature, favouring greens, browns, and dashes of colours, in particular yellow, that can be mistaken for a smattering of flowers. He often wears his hair braided, though sometimes favours a sweeping ponytail when in a particularly buoyant mood. His face is always clean-shaven, though there was that one season when he took to sporting a moustache that Sheriff Magnum Piefoot would have been envious of had not Jadzia intervened with a promise of shaving the thing off with a coarse metal rasp if he felt inclined to keep the unsettling mouser.

Byron loves walking barefoot in the tall grasses of the meadows, though after rambling into a patch of poison ivy, he prudently changed this habit and took to wearing sandals in the summer and soft sheepskin boots in the winter. Rumours abound that the *boi* has often been spotted trotting through the fields in a state of undress that could never be substantiated due to his aforementioned hairier than normal disposition. Still, his penchant to sleep naked did much to make the other *Hobbos* wonder if their *brood* mate had some particular sway in controlling the *Woolly Baas* by sharing something of their natural proclivity towards a shaggier coat and a resistance to the cold that was unusual. Fosco frequently threatened to put this to the test by engaging in a forceful shearing of

Byron, but despite his rants, the sheer thought of doing so much work was enough to dissuade him from pursuing the task.

Lastly, we come to Kenner Gingerfoot, a *Hobbo* of a decidedly paler disposition than any other to grace the valley. To date, the colouring of his hair and his wan complexion has set all of Weepy Hullows to gossiping speculation. While Bobbin Septicfoot was seen as some throwback to a fairy, Kenner's furiously red *gingerness* has made good folk a little queasy, without being able to define the reason for this reaction. His hair is formed into a wayward, left-leaning quiff that will not yield to any efforts to make it behave otherwise. To top it off, he has what most believe to be the hint of a perpetual rash beneath his nose and around his chin that Kenner swears blindly is nothing more than the onset of a goatee. The fact that this curious fluff has remained rather sparse for nearly four years now makes the assertion a little hard to swallow. Repeated efforts to get him to shave have failed to rid the ailing *Hobbo* of the ever-faint fuzz. To make matters worse, the *boi* does not fare well out in the sun and stays to the shadows whenever possible with diligence that borders on mania.

Kenner sports a wide-brimmed straw hat adorned with a striking mauve bow that only adds to his propensity to make other *Hobbos* nauseous. He wears a matching scarf that rounds his neck three times before coming together with a pendant that looks very much like a sunflower, but which Kenner states is a depiction of the North Star. It's a sunflower. His tunic is made from soft red

leather, studded in subtle silver spikes, and it is set over a white flannel hard-wearing shirt. His footwear is largely seasonal; open-toed tan leather sandals in the summer, and thick, brown leather boots set with extra gripping notches in the winter. Even when wearing sandals, Kenner puts on matching mauve socks that defy any possibility of the sun touching any part of his delicate anatomy. In the off-seasons, he favours a variety of shoes that show no aptitude in their selection.

Kenner's occupation in the town of Weepy Hullows has always been something of a mystery. He is perpetually busy, but doing what, no one quite knows. When asked to assist in any endeavour, he just never has the time and is adept at being conveniently absent when there is any work to be done, especially a task that is likely to require a degree of manual labour. His nails are impeccably manicured. His grooming is beyond reproach, except for the aforementioned unsettling fuzz, and his attire is always bewilderingly clean, even when he disappears on a thoughtful ramble to the outskirts of the valley. Next to Lomdath, he is considered the least manly of the *bois* in Jadzia's *brood*. However, for some mysterious reason, Fosco loves Kenner and will go to great lengths to protect him from any leaning by the others towards causing him harm. This has been a point of some consternation over the years and occasionally resulted in some brutally vicious reprisals on the part of the demented *Hobbo*. The *brood* has learned to accept Kenner's eccentricities rather than face the wrath of Fosco. Jadzia too has a special place in

her heart for Kenner, but she has never felt inclined to offer an elucidation on that affection.

Now that you have met all of Jadzia's diverse *brood*, perhaps it is time to spend a moment on the indomitable *Brood Mare* of this particular family. Jadzia, as has already been noted, is beautiful both in appearance and in her delectable proportions. Her blond hair is both bouncy and long, with an uncanny gift for remaining perfectly groomed even under the most trying duress. While it remains mostly platinum in appearance, there are defining strands of gold that do nothing to diminish her feminine tresses, but rather, augment the whole ensemble. No matter what manner she chooses to wear her hair in, be it unrestricted, up in a bun, or favouring a ponytail or two, it will always be perfectly compliant to her wishes.

Jadzia is slim, almost demure in form, but with ample curves to both delight and lure her *brood* mates even when they try to deny the depth of her glamour. While she welcomes snuggling warmth, Jadzia seems almost immune to the cold in other regards, favouring dresses that are always worn above the knees even in the most inclement weather. The myriad of colours at her disposal seem endless, and the accessories she has to complement each appear equally interminable. Despite her apparent resistance to the elements, Jadzia has many other garments to complement each season and loves to dress for every occasion. Surprisingly, she seldom wears jewellery, though her *brood* mates know that their spouse certainly has an assortment of necklaces, bracelets, rings, anklets, gems,

and other adornments in her ample wardrobes. She is a woman who sports more handbags and shoes than all of the other females in Weepy Hullows combined.

Even without all of her clothing and accessories, Jadzia is something to behold. Her pale, flawless skin could have been cast in porcelain. Her piercing wicked blue eyes are like sapphires infused with unspoiled onyx pupils that burn with the faintest hint of fire when moved to anger, or shine brilliantly if overcome with joy. She is a force of nature, poised, posed, and fashioned in a mould that will never be repeated. Every womanly curve delights. The sway of her hips is hypnotic. The gait of each delicate heel rises and falls in the steps of feminine exactness that defy explanation. Only her *brood* mate, Lomdath Oddfoot has ever reached such unbridled parity in motion. There is nothing in all of Jadzia's makeup that can be perceived to be out of place. She was made to be desired, loved, worshipped, and obeyed. Why then, one has to wonder, do the *Hobbo bois* seek to evade Jadzia from time to time? Well, sometimes one can have too much of a good thing, but the truth rests firmly in this particular *brood* mare's sometimes scathing and demanding personality. Jadzia can be warm and inviting one moment, and crazy as a bat agitated by the relentless screech of some nightmarish ghoul impaled by a silver rod the next, especially if she doesn't get her way, or if contradicted on any subject in which she considers herself an expert. Most of her *brood mates* have learned to avoid conversation if at all possible.

There they are one and all – Jadzia and her eccentrically animated *brood*.

One will soon have cause to wonder how Weepy Hullows has survived all these years under the frenzied influence of a family that came together due to a shared propensity for mayhem.

The time has come to tell you a story of some woe, one that is likely to leave you with many a sleepless night to follow. There are countless reasons to be afraid of the dark, and this is just one more.

The faintest hint of snowfall is likely to send all of Weepy Hullows into a tizzy fit that defies explanation for any onlooker who is unaware of the significance of this most dangerous time of year for the whole region surrounding the town...

NEXT ISSUE:

WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – PART IV

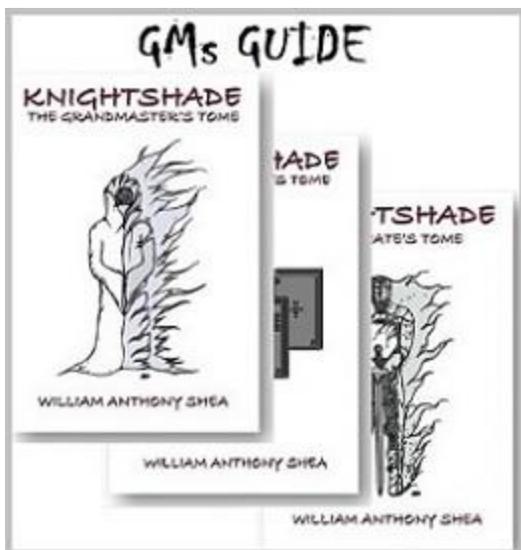
WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

**HAPPY 'SPECIAL' BIRTHDAY,
WIMPY TROLL**



**FROM A VERY SPECIAL LADY & FROM BDP!
& A REGULAR HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THAT GREEN
WONDER KNOWN FONDLY AS WEBSTER TROLL.**





HISTORY & TACTICS

I cannot begin to stress the importance of learning from history, taking a breath during a difficult encounter and employing any hint of a tactic to overcome a particularly challenging moment in game terms. If you have the time, take the time. Stop and think it through. Does one of the Characters have a Talent that can help? Can the situation be reasoned out without recourse to using the mechanics of the game?

The History Lore Talent is often overlooked as a source for information until a group is hard pressed, and of course, then it's too late. You just found a mask inscribed with a name. I wonder if it is significant. Guess I should have taken that History Lore Talent. An enemy has already hurt our Priest. He only managed to survive by calling on Faith. There are more of these creatures. Maybe hitting them head-on is not the best strategy. What did the GM say... repeatedly? You can always retreat. At the very least, putting an already injured

and vulnerable Character out of 'harm's' way might just be a prudent course of action, even if said persona does not want to withdraw. There is always death to counter such aspirations, or a serious debilitation on the way to remind said Character of the error of his ways for years to come.

Take that moment. Consider your options. Going full-tilt into a fray may not be the best strategy. If an enemy is causing you particular bother, and he won't fit down that narrow passage, maybe a '*withdrawal*' is in order to discuss how best to overcome the antagonist. There might be a better way. Perhaps your GM is just a sadist and likes killing or maiming Characters. If the latter does not seem to fit with the impression you have of your current GM, then there might be another way of achieving the tasks you are in this deep dark repository to complete. Stop and think. Use every Talent at the disposal of your Characters. If in the end there is no other way, so be it. However, there are always choices to be made if, and when, reason prevails. Taking a step back does not mean giving up.

Please send any letters and submissions to:

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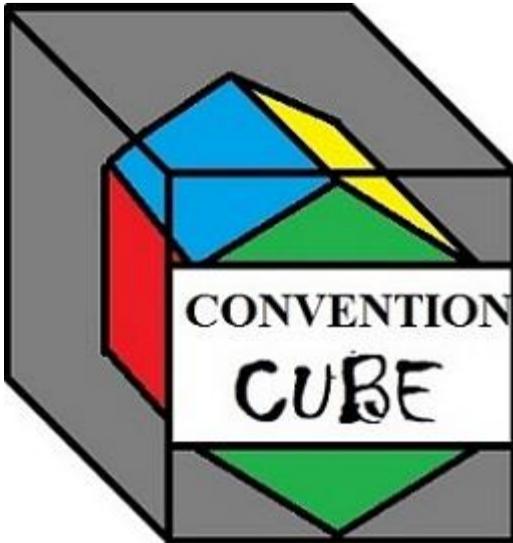
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All events in game year 2021-2022 will be subject to change without notice. The details provided are correct at the time of publication.

WARPCON 2022

TBC: 28th – 30th January, 2022

U.C.C, Cork.

NEXTCON

June 13th-20th, 2022

Frankfurt, Germany.

NEXTCON 2022 requires all attendees to be vaccinated and in possession of a valid EU Digital Vaccination Cert. If required, single rooms will be booked. Any additional cost in this regard will be borne by the attendee. However, the standard preference of two attendees per room will be assumed unless otherwise noted. KOMY will only be booking for those in the MANAGE who are up to date with contributions. Costs for the full trip will be posted as and when they become available. NextCon is being planned for a minimum of 8 days (7 nights), though it may be possible to attend for a shorter (or longer) period.

Bookings for flights will be limited to those travelling from Cork. For those not located in the *best city in the world*, you will need to make your own travel arrangement.

Accommodation

Premier Inn

Frankfurt City Centre

Elbestrasse 7, 60329 Frankfurt, Germany

Note: Bookings will be made from Monday to Monday, and Monday to Friday, though a Friday to Monday option is possible. Please be aware of flight times, especially with regards to departure times from Cork as these may impact any decision you make regarding a shorter trip.

Flights

Monday, 13th June: Cork to Frankfurt
17:25-20:30

Friday, 17th June: Cork to Frankfurt
17:25-20:30

Sunday, 19th June: Cork to Frankfurt
No Non-Stop Outgoing

Friday, 17th June: Frankfurt to Cork
15:40-16:45

Sunday, 19th June: Frankfurt to Cork
No Non-Stop Return

Monday, 20th June: Frankfurt to Cork
15:40-16:45

Note: While flying to and from Cork/Frankfurt is possible on Sunday, the cost is significantly higher and requires a long stopover that makes the flights unworkable. There are other options if flying from Dublin, including alternative days of departure and arrival with Aer Lingus, with additional time slots in both directions.

KENNELCON (Invitation Only)

TBA: Late June or July 2022

The Kennel & Knights Bar,

Cork, Ireland.



Local gaming and comic shops need your support in this very trying time. Below is a reminder of some of the stores in Cork that need your business. Please practice all necessary COVID-19 safety measures when visiting these locations. Cork spent a long time with little or no gaming outlets. Support our own – shop local where possible.

COMIC VAULT

15A Oliver Plunkett Street Lower, Cork, T12 DP86

OTHER REALMS

Unit 1, Paul St. Shopping Centre, Cork

SANDBOX

Unity House, Lower Glanmire Rd, Victorian Quarter, Cork

WARHAMMER

Unit 1, 2 St Patrick's Quay, Victorian Quarter, Cork, T23 CY5X

FUMBLE NEWSZINE STAFF

Editor: Master Sage.

Associate Editor: Wimpy Troll.

Technical Editor: Webster Troll.

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KNIGHTSHADE

THE ROLE PLAYING GAME (RPG)

KST01: The Initiate's Tome – Released!

KST02: The Grandmaster's Tome – Released!

KST03: The Loremaster's Tome – Editing!

KST04: The Questmaster's Tome – NYR#

KSTCALO1: The Initiate's Tome: Calliban Edition – NYR#

KSCAL01: Calliban Rising: Eye of the Patriarch – NYR#

The Loremaster's Tome is a Handbook or Guide to the Land of Ayre, the Campaign World in Knightshade the Role Playing Game. This book includes all necessary details to play in that world, outlining every country and region of note. Included are new Talents, additional rules, major political influences, and detailed maps to enrich the Role Playing experience.

BDP ID: KST03LOREMASTERBDP02





THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

Seneschal's Declaration



The Knights of Misspent Youth are in full swing with an online and physical gaming presence at our weekly game sessions, and I for one am more than pleased to see everyone pulling together to keep this initiative in motion.

Diversity in the games is important. While we do not always achieve the right balance, and having multiple GMs in play can often lead to shorter story runs that are less than ideal, in time I am sure we will get it right.

Recently, someone asked me who the Seneschal of KOMY was this term. To which I replied that I was still Seneschal because no one came forward for the role. The member in question indicated that he thought he had mentioned that he wanted the position. Alas, that is not how it works. Expressing an interest is only an indication. The position of Seneschal was noted in every issue of Fumble on the run-up to a changing of the guard. Expressing an interest is not applying for the position. On that note, please do not come forward for the position of Seneschal if you are unwilling to do the work, make some impact on KOMY, and put all of the other members to the fore in your concerns. The Seneschal has duties, and those include presiding at any official (and some unofficial) KOMY events. If you cannot do the work, and you are unable, for whatever reason, to put the membership of KOMY first, then please do not go for the position. The next opening

will be in July 2023 as a Seneschal's term is two years. Of course, there is the other option in the KOMY Charter for initiating a change – you can petition the membership and get all active members to agree that a change is needed now, and ask the current Seneschal to step down. One additional word of caution – just because the current Seneschal makes the position look easy doesn't mean that leading KOMY is all plain sailing. There are many facets to being Seneschal, and experience matters. I won't pack my suitcase yet, as there may be some time left in my current tenure. Then again, maybe I am in for a surprise... for the second time.

Christmas is coming, and with that time of year, celebrations are inevitable, and seriously needed, after the protracted requirements of social isolation, and measured response to a pandemic that has now been with us for close to two years. By all means, celebrate, but be careful out there. Plans are already in motion for KOMY's 'JOES BIGGER NIGHT OUT', but again any ambitions to mark this event will be tailored to the requirements of an ever-changing situation. If all else fails, it will be drinks and food in the Kennel & Knights Bar.

On a final note, Happy Birthday to all of those who reached a respective milestone recently, but in particular to Sir Michael, our very own Wimpy Troll, who turned 60 or 54 again.

SENESCHAL: WILLIAM OF SHEA

WK2 7	07-Jul	PRE-SEASON	KOMY	1	N/A
WK2 8	15-Jul	BIRTHDAY: MS	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK3 4	25-Aug	PRE-SEASON: KSRPG: KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS FINALE	MS	2	1
WK3 4	29-Aug	FN39: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-NINE	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK3 5	01-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 1	MS	3	2
WK3 6	08-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 2	MS	4	3
WK3 7	15-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 3	MS	5	4
WK3 8	22-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 4	MS	6	5
WK3 9	29-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 5	MS	7	6
WK4 0	06-Oct	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 6	MS	8	7
WK4 1	11-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WIMPY	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK4 1	13-Oct	HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WIMPY - SPECIALEVENT	KOMY	9	8
WK4 1	14-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WEBSTER	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK4 2	20-Oct	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 21	JULIUS	10	9
WK4 3	27-Oct	MEET & GREET	JULIUS	11	10
WK4 4	03-Nov	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 22	JULIUS	12	11
WK4 5	10-Nov	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 23	JULIUS	13	12
WK4 5	12-Nov	BIRTHDAY: HIPPY	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK4 6	17-Nov	SPECIALEVENT	KOMY	14	13
WK4 6	18-Nov	BIRTHDAY: JULIUS	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK4 7	22-Nov	FN40: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK4 7	24-Nov	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 24	JULIUS	15	14
WK4 8	01-Dec	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 25	JULIUS	16	15
WK4 9	08-Dec	BLADES	SULLY	17	16
WK5 0	15-Dec	BLADES	SULLY	18	17
WK5 1	18-Dec	JOES BIGGER NIGHT OUT	KOMY	19	N/A
WK5 2	31-Dec	BIRTHDAY: DUPLEX	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK0 2	12-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION PREQUEL	MS	20	18
WK0 3	19-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 1	MS	21	19
WK0 4	26-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 2	MS	22	20
WK0 4	28-Jan	WARPCON 2022	KOMY	23	N/A
WK0 4	29-Jan	WARPCON 2022	KOMY	24	N/A
WK0 5	30-Jan	WARPCON 2022	KOMY	25	N/A
WK0 5	02-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 3	MS	26	21
WK0 6	09-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 4	MS	27	22
WK0 7	16-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 5	MS	28	23
WK0 8	23-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 6	MS	29	24
WK0 8	25-Feb	FN41: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-ONE	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK0 9	02-Mar	CARDS WITH CARDEW: CHEZ GEEK	WIMPY	30	25
WK10	09-Mar	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 26	JULIUS	31	26
WK11	16-Mar	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 27	JULIUS	32	27
WK12	23-Mar	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 28	JULIUS	33	28
WK13	30-Mar	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 29	JULIUS	34	29
WK14	06-Apr	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 30	JULIUS	35	30
WK15	13-Apr	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 31	JULIUS	36	31
WK16	20-Apr	CARDS WITH CARDEW: GROO	WIMPY	37	32
WK17	27-Apr	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART I	MS	38	33
WK18	04-May	BIRTHDAY: GULLY	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK18	04-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART II	MS	39	34
WK19	09-May	BIRTHDAY: OZZIE	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK19	11-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART III	MS	40	35
WK2 0	18-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART IV	MS	41	36
WK2 0	20-May	FN42: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-TWO	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK2 1	25-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART V	MS	42	37
WK2 2	01-Jun	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART VI	MS	43	38
WK2 3	07-Jun	BIRTHDAY: TIPSYP	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK2 3	08-Jun	CARDS WITH CARDEW: MUNCHKNS	WIMPY	44	N/A
WK2 4	13-Jun	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	45	N/A
WK2 4	14-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: WIMPY'S 60TH	KOMY	46	N/A
WK2 4	15-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: DX ORIGINS PART I	KOMY	47	N/A
WK2 4	16-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: DX ORIGINS PART 2	KOMY	48	N/A
WK2 4	17-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: RANDO'S 50TH	KOMY	49	N/A
WK2 4	18-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: TIED-ON'S 50TH	KOMY	50	N/A
WK2 4	19-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: D&D ALL- THE LAST RED LETTER DAY	KOMY	51	N/A
WK2 5	20-Jun	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	52	N/A
WK2 5	22-Jun	CARDS WITH CARDEW - NEXTCON POST MORTEM	KOMY	53	N/A
WK2 6	29-Jun	FUMBLE AWARDS & CARDS	KOMY	54	N/A
TBA	TBA	KENNELCON - THE KENNEL PARTY	KOMY		N/A

PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS SCHEDULE IS A GUIDELINE AND IT IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

COMING

NEXT ISSUE

FEBRUARY 2022

ILLUSTRATED

SPIRED IN FAITH

WAS

*

SHORT TALES

WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – Part IV

William Anthony Shea

*

INNER CIRCLE

Game updates from the Knights of Misspent Youth

*

CONVENTION CUBE

KOMY'S CONVENTIONS

Conventions and Events

*

THE GMs GUIDE

BDP's RPGs

Frequently Asked Questions (FAQs)

*

DEAR FUMBLE

CONTACT US

Letters from our readers & Notices

*

THE SENESCHAL'S DECLARATION

SIR WILLIAM

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

