

FUMBLE 43

NEWSZINE

SEPTEMBER 2022



IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH



Knighthade RPG
Campaign I: Calliban Rising
KSCAL03 Forgotten Violation
Part Three: Cabal Law
Wednesday, 6th April, 2022

Sorely wounded and fatigued, those from the Cabal who had ventured forth to the Maidens in search of Raven Neophyte Theodore Umbra returned to Tiera. Interrogator Malys Fortimyr had refused to relent in giving his compatriot over to the deviant known as the Phantom, even if it cost him and the others of his sect their lives. However, on returning to the town there was little there to greet them that could be considered joyful. Dara Umbra the Tailor, and Theodore's father, was dead. His mother, Tekla was in mortal danger. Old Widow Sadie Kart was also on death's door, and the murderer was still at large. Sheriff Interrogator Reinheit Folgen had mobilised every young male in Tiera to defend the perimeter of the town, conscripting all into the Watch under the command of Master-at-Arms Jace Oxwen.

Firstly, the matter of dealing with the

wounds of the Cabal took precedence. Acolyte Father Horus Black skilfully removed an enchanted spinning arrow from Malys's arm before tending to the others from his expedition to the Maidens. Wardens Farris Braeker and Silas Green were put to bed. Malys soon followed, but not before he ascertained the condition of Matron Agnes Keryn. To his relief, she was recovering well from her illness and would soon be free of the disease. Jace Oxwen returned to the Watch despite his fatigue while Theodore attended to his mother. He quickly chose to take a further gamble on learning that both Tekla Umbra and Widow Kart would succumb to their mortal wounds without intervention. Sister Bella Kole knew only of one place where they could find help – the Aleria Tree. However, Theodore knew another path – back to the Maidens where his prayers were greatly enhanced. There he could call forth a Shadow Carpet that would be sufficient to carry the injured women and Father Horus back to the one place where the latter could call on Thyrr to save their lives.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Reinheit questioned the prisoners who had perpetrated heinous crimes on Widow Kart during her return journey to Tiera from the mines of Westguard after completing her punishment. They pleaded their innocence, cried out to Thyrr for clemency and protested against their unfounded incarceration. Reinheit remained unmoved as chief prosecutor. They were guilty and had done nothing to change his mind. They were also accused of crimes against the Cabal that took precedence over those committed alongside the harm inflicted on the old woman.

Neophyte Umbra had been left with no choice. He had to return to the Maidens alone if he was to save his mother and Widow Kart. He called upon Thyrr and enacted the Prayer, Shadow Carpet, leaving with haste in a dangerous gamble that could yet go horribly wrong. Malys was not pleased after having nearly lost the other members of the Cabal in his efforts to save Theodore from the Phantom.

On his approach to the Maidens, Neophyte Umbra realised that the carpet was unravelling beneath his feet and he set down at the base of the steps leading up to the Rune Stone Circle. He encountered a confused Phantom who could not understand why the false Theodore would return after only having just escaped. Truth proved the only choice. Neophyte Umbra explained that Tekla was dying and that if he did not use the power of the Maidens there was no way to save her. The Phantom agreed to let him pass. Tekla was his mother, not the false Theodore's. If he could save her, then the Phantom would not stand in his way.

Neophyte Umbra entered the Maidens. He called upon the power of Thyrr imbued in him by the Patriarch. A Shadow Carpet formed thrice the size of the previous one, and it would last up to three times longer. Neophyte Umbra cast his eyes towards Tiera and rushed to save Tekla and Widow Kart. He speedily traversed the distance and took both victims along with Acolyte Horus with him back to the Maidens. There, the Priest was able to call on the power of Thyrr to greater effect and he staved off the worst of the injuries on both sufferers. Neophyte Umbra acknowledged the presence of the Phantom but did

not offer a backward glance when he departed the Rune Stone Circle and took the still unconscious women back to Tiera.

In the interim, another murder was attempted in Tiera. Someone had tried to kill Prefect Father Pallin Eckard. He had been found by the Cabal in time before succumbing to his injuries. Eckard's throat had been partially crushed and he was having trouble breathing. It was only the thoughtful use of a bellows by Malys that saved the Prefect's life when he unceremoniously stuck the coal-dusted implement down the beleaguered victim's throat. With the assistance of Sister Kole and timely intervention, Prefect Eckard would recover, but he could not now preside at the trial of the Prisoner Transfer Guards.

Meanwhile, having consulted Neophyte Umbra and gleaned some facts from the living victims, Theodore determined that there had to be another Raven in Tiera, and one of Rank to be carrying the curved dagger with the emblem of the Patriarch's Cabal on the hilt. Alas, he had to wait to learn more about his past as both Widow Kart and his mother, Tekla were still too weak to be questioned at length.

The trial commenced on the following day after morning service. Only fifty locals were requested to attend. No children were permitted inside the church or to attend in the square outside for the impending execution.

The court was presided over by Acolyte Father Horus Black, with Adjutant Father Karis Dale and Father Tom Dollandar on the judicial bench. As Prefect Father Pallin Eckard had been injured in the attempt on his life, he was not able to take his place beside Judge Black.

Father Dollandar had to take the Prefect's place and consign the defence of the two Prison Transfer Guards to Interrogator Malys Fortimyr. He questioned the prisoners at length and asked for anything they remembered that might cast doubt on their obvious guilt. The drovers admitted to having left Widow Kart out of the prison wagon to address her toilet and that they may have left her unattended during these moments. She was an old woman with nowhere to escape to and she had already served her time in Westguard. Malys added dereliction of duty to their crimes and notified Prosecutor Folgen accordingly.

The trial commenced at noon. Prosecutor Folgen noted the facts of the case, the certain guilt of the offenders, and recommended the swift justice of Thyrr be enacted post-haste so that they could all retire to prayers, solemn reflection and lunch. Malys, in turn, gave the required defence diatribe for the guilty and managed to extract a courtroom confession from his clients that put their fault beyond doubt. The fact that he would also be their executioner was a point worth repeating on several occasions to those he was tasked to defend.

Judge Black took longer to deliberate and engaged in procrastination that made the congregation want to weep with the unnecessary length it took to come to the point, which was of course, guilty as charged. The means of their impending fate had also to be decided. The men were taken from the court weeping and giving into their fear in other ways. Malys, as the appointed executioner, first removed their offending extremities for the crimes enacted

against the Widow Kart. Acolyte Horus healed the wounds to keep them alive. Malys then cut their hands off for daring to lay a finger on a member of the Cabal and Acolyte Horus healed them to keep them alive. Malys then decapitated each of them in turn and Acolyte Horus let Thyrr decide their faith on balance scales of heads or tails. Heads won. Satisfied that proceedings were over, Acolyte Horus offered prayers followed by a light lunch and celebratory ales, all under the watchful eyes of Sheriff Interrogator Reinheit Folgen who thanked Thyrr for his guidance in his first stint as Chief Prosecutor. He commended Malys for his exemplary defence in ascertaining the certain guilt of the Prison Transfer Guards but cautioned that he might want to hone his execution skills further as the second prisoner took some time to die and the indulgent blood splatter was unnecessary. No one had noticed Tolas Folgen in attendance until the boy declared that he now wanted to be an Inquisitor just like his brother, Reinheit.

Neophyte Umbra, eager to get answers to his past, had Sister Kole wake his mother and Widow Kart in turn. This seemed to be an opportunity to learn more while Sheriff Folgen was elsewhere. After all, the Raven required some discretion and the Interrogator was known to be disapproving of anything that might call Thyrr or the Patriarch into disrepute.

Neophyte Umbra started with his mother but she only professed her love, how sorry she was, and that he was still her son, even if the other Theo was her real son. She had been a mother to both. She had been forced to accept the necessity of one over the other – it was

the will of the Patriarch. She had given up the other Theo and taken him to the big tree with Old Widow Kart. There she had left him to his fate, but returned shortly after to save her child. She took him to the Maidens, knowing that no one would dare trespass into that forbidden place. She met an old man, who may have been an *Elf*. He took the child under his care. Dara Umbra only learned of his real son some years after his birth when he followed Tekla to the periphery of the Maidens. He had always believed the son he had reared was Theodore and never questioned how unlike either of them the boy was in appearance or manner. Still, he chose to keep her secret. Both were guilty of passing into the Maidens and they would face a terrible fate in return for their crime if discovered. Telka grew fatigued in the exchange and was forced to rest. She did impart the reason why the Phantom would not kill Neophyte Umbra. He had given his oath to Telka to never harm the Theo who had grown up as her child. Neophyte Umbra now believed the *Elf* who saved the other Theo may have been the original Phantom. As chance would have it, Widow Kart woke sometime during the conversation. Neophyte Umbra took the opportunity to pose questions about her involvement in the affair. Sadly, her responses proved confusing. When he asked who he was – she responded with ‘don’t you know?’ When he persisted in wanting to know who had brought him to Tiera as a child to replace the real Theo – she responded with ‘you did.’ In the perplexing exchange, Neophyte Umbra learned that he brought himself to Tiera, that he commanded the removal of the real Theo, and that he gave

himself over to Widow Kart so that he could be raised by Tekla. He further learned that he was not one of the nine children born on that ill-fated night – Agnes was the ninth child, but she was not male. If she had been, Theo would not have been sacrificed and replaced with him. Agnes would have been consigned to that fate. The members of the Cabal only know their Theodore as the real Theodore. The one living in the Maidens was never meant to survive. However, for some unknown reason, he is prevented from entering Tiera, perhaps by some powerful ritual warding. Neophyte Umbra had much to dwell on, but he had not been alone in discovering the truth. Those convalescing in Keryn Hall had overheard some, if not all, of the conversations, as the chapel acted as an amphitheatre to the upper level of the house. Neophyte Umbra was Thyrr according to Widow Kart, or he was the Patriarch or something else that would take some time to discover. The old woman had been sorely used and in pain. She had not been wholly cognizant of her surroundings. Regardless, Theodore Umbra was not Theodore Umbra. He was also not one of the nine. Agnes was the ninth child, but he had been bonded to the Patriarch in her place.

There was much to unravel still in Tiera. Old Widow Sadie Kart had secrets heaped on secrets. Tekla Umbra was complicit in the act of her adopted son’s deception. Prefect Pallin Eckard knew something of the whole affair. There was a ranking Raven in Tiera who was trying to cover up the past by murdering those who might offer insight into the matter, but who was really behind the subterfuge?

Knighthshade RPG
Campaign I: Calliban Rising
KSCAL03 Forgotten Violation
Part Four: Raven's Fall
Wednesday, 27th April, 2022

Twelve days later. The rains came again in earnest to Tiera, almost in reprisal for all of the upsets of late. The inclement weather proved relentless in keeping many of the habitat's occupants indoors. In some ways the reprieve was welcome as it allowed for healing from wounds and recovering from fatigue. The whole town still rested under a dark cloud that could not be attributed wholly to the weather. No further attempts were made on Tekla Umbra, Widow Kart or Prefect Eckard, but that was not to say that the threat had passed. The Phantom was still out there, unable to enter Tiera but otherwise free to roam. The Cabal were left to their own devices in the aftermath of a harrowing trial, startling revelations and impending threats. Matron Agnes Keryn fully recovered from her illness. Tekla, Widow Kart and Prefect Eckard were well on the way to recovery under the care of Acolyte Horus and Sister Kole. Despite the rain, Tiera settled back into a routine that could be upset without a moment's notice.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Folgen continued to investigate matters as his suspicions grew with each passing day. He was being kept in the dark and other members of the Cabal seemed furtive around him. All was not right in Tiera but Thyrr and the Patriarch guided his hand and they would lead him to the truth. One matter in particular concerned him of late – the Phantom. He was a known deviant, guilty of heresy and conspiring with *Elves*. Under the law, Sheriff

Folgen was required to seek this deviant out and bring him to stand before the full wrath of Thyrr's justice, but to do so, he would have to violate the Patriarch's law and enter the Maidens again. Neophyte Umbra provided a solution. Sheriff Folgen was tasked with maintaining the law in Tiera. His Deputy, Warden Silas Green was charged with bringing Thyrr's justice to the outer regions in which the Maidens stood. The Cabal settled on a plan to capture the Phantom. They would send a smaller party into the wilds surrounding the Maidens consisting of Warden Silas, Neophyte Umbra, Acolyte Horus, Apprentice Kreeg, Interrogator Malys, and Warden Farris on the following day.

However, Neophyte Umbra needed time to prepare and retired to his cabin in the woods. They could all use another night's rest, healing and a chance to offer prayers to Thyrr. Neophyte Umbra had another agenda. He set off early next morning to the Maidens to find the Phantom in the hopes of getting the required information from him. The rain dogged his journey as he enacted the Prayers, Shadow Carpet and Shadow Form before setting off. He reached the Maidens only to discover that the Phantom was nowhere in sight and did not rally to his call. On tracing the path to the cave in which he was held captive, Neophyte Umbra discovered signs of conflict. On reaching the cave he was momentarily blinded in his efforts to see within. When he recovered he found the body of a man adorned in the clothing of a Raven. He had been tortured and killed. Three spinning arrows protruded from his head, one in each eye, and one in the mouth. The Raven had died in abject pain. The Patriarch's rune mark-

ing his wrist had been cut away, but what this signified, Neophyte Umbra could not discern. The real shock remained. The face of the Raven was that of Neophyte Umbra, a few years older, but unmistakably identical.

Neophyte Umbra pulled the arrows from the Raven's face and disfigured it enough to conceal this revelation. He withdrew from the cave after failing to find the real Theodore Umbra, retreating to his cabin in the woods to conceal the body in the bolthole beneath his dwelling. Returning to the town, he pretended nothing as he accompanied the other members of the Cabal, employing a wagon, to the Maidens. They ventured forth to capture the Phantom at the behest of Sheriff Interrogator Reinheit Folgen while he remained to protect the town with Master-at-Arms Jace Oxwen and Apprentice Thanis Sanguard. Alas, on reaching the Maidens, the others discovered signs of a skirmish, the possibility of a body having been removed and the Phantom long gone. They returned to the town none the wiser.

Neophyte Umbra questioned Widow Kart again but she only confirmed and denied her testimony in a confusing exchange but she did reach out and pull the young Raven closer to whisper – *the Patriarch sees all*. She tapped his wrist to denote the marking on Theodore and whispered with tears welling up in her eyes – *there is only one Patriarch. There has always been only one Patriarch*. Neophyte Umbra questioned Prefect Eckard and his mother. The latter continued to profess her love but added nothing of note. The Prefect remembered a blond child with blue eyes around the time of Theodore's

birth and recorded same in the *Births and Deaths Tome* of the town but he amended the records at the time when Widow Kart convinced him that he had been mistaken and that he could 'clearly' see that the Umbra child had black hair and green eyes.

Neophyte Umbra consulted with Father Tom Dollandar and checked the records. The entry had been changed as Prefect Eckard had said. Only he and Widow Kart had known the truth of the matter. The intrigue was building but answers remained frustratingly out of reach. Neophyte Umbra had cause to be paranoid about just how much the Patriarch could see. The Cabal had already been exposed more than once. He decided to offer trust and tell his companions the truth, but to do so he needed a place where they could talk in safety. The only place he knew where such a possibility existed in Calliban was the Tree of Aleria.

Neophyte Umbra was not one of the original nine. He had been placed in Tiera instead of the real Theodore Umbra. Agnes was the ninth child. Had she been male, it is she who would have been sacrificed. The other Raven had come to Tiera to cover up the past so that their Theodore would not learn the truth. Widow Kart, Tekla Umbra, Dara Umbra, Prefect Eckard and the Phantom all held some piece of the puzzle, but it was the Widow who was there throughout. Neophyte Umbra confessed that he had concealed the body of the other Raven but when he took the Cabal to his cabin to offer some validation regarding his suspicions, the corpse had been removed along with anything that might support his assertions. Neophyte Umbra further learned that he had never met

another Raven before now and that he had been schooled by the Patriarch but he could not remember his face. When he asked the others to confirm what the Patriarch looked like, none could verify his appearance. Warden Silas recalled that he had nice toes.

On returning to the town, Neophyte Umbra consulted with Prefect Eckard again. He learned that the Priest had met the Patriarch on several occasions and, now that he thought about it, this Theodore did look similar but far younger than Jarresh Keryn. Perhaps there was a familial resemblance. Further exchanges with the Widow Kart showed her obvious fear of the Patriarch, and with any possibility of a return to the mines. However, she cryptically imparted that she had once been like Agnes – she had been *Theron* like Agnes was *Keryn*. The previous Patriarch of Calliban was Melos Theron. A mention of the tattoo to Agnes confirmed that the Widow Kart had been marked on the wrist similarly in the past but the motif had been removed. When the Widow was asked who had removed the tattoo, she stated that it had been done by the Patriarch to free her from his service. There were no further answers here, not unless the Cabal were disposed to apply harsher means of persuasion on Widow Kart, Tekla Umbra and Prefect Eckard. The Phantom was still at large. The other Raven was dead if Theodore was to be believed. There was only one place left to go for answers – the dark chambers beneath the Maidens where Acolyte Horus and Interrogator Malys went to find a cure for Agnes, but could they remember the ritual to gain entry again without the help of the spirit of Jalen Harm? What would they have to

sacrifice this time to gain entry?

The Cabal retired to contemplate on all that had unfolded. Their faith in the Patriarch had been cast into doubt. Only Sheriff Reinheit remained resolute in his devotion amidst such claims. There had to be another explanation. The Patriarch had a plan. Perhaps they were being tested. Whatever the reason for the coming of the other Raven to Tiera, the covering up of Theodore Umbra's past and the events that followed, Reinheit refused to believe that the Patriarch had been involved. He had sent the Cabal to Tiera with cause. Why then was this not a part of his design? These were troubling times and all would be revealed if Thyrr willed it. Blessed be Thyrr! Blessed be the Patriarch! Perhaps the dawn of a new day would bring a clearer perspective.

Knightshade RPG
Campaign I: Calliban Rising
KSCAL03 Forgotten Violation
Part Five: The Phantom Strikes Again
Wednesday, 04th May, 2022

The rains swept down from the north, cutting across the town of Tiera, bolstered by tempestuous winds and an unseasonal chill that left frost on the ground and turned the precipitation into hailstones big enough to worry the most avid outdoorsman. The threat of the Raven may have passed but other dangers were harrying the Cabal that required attention before the Patriarch deigned to intervene. Neophyte Umbra had a plan to draw the Phantom out, and it involved his adopted mother...

Game updates for Knightshade RPG Campaign I: Calliban Rising KSCAL03 Forgotten Violation will conclude in FN44 Fumble Issue Forty-Four.

NOW, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? WHO'S THIS GOBSHITE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S UP TO NO GOOD. PUSH ON AND IGNORE THE CUR.



IN THE NAME OF THYRR AND BY ORDER OF THE PATRIARCH, I COMMAND THEE TO STOP!



HE'S ONE OF THEM TOUCHED IN THE HEAD FELLOWS WE HEARD ABOUT IN THE LAST TOWN. IGNORE HIM AND LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET THESE NAGS TO BEHAVE LIKE HORSES.



I DON'T KNOW. I THINK WE SHOULD RUN HIM DOWN. WE'RE WARDENS OF THE CHURCH. HE MIGHT BE A DANGER TO THE LOCALS RAVING AND RANTING LIKE THAT. LOOK AT HIS EYES... PURE MADNESS. HE LOOKS EVEN WORSE THAN THAT OLD WIDOW WE JUST DROPPED OFF AND SHE WAS BAT CRAZY!



STOP NOW, I SAY, OR I WILL BE FORCED TO CALL UPON THE POWER OF THYRR TO HOLD YOU TO ACCOUNT FOR CRIMES MOST HEINOUS THAT HAVE BEEN LEVIED AGAINST YOU BY YOUR ACTIONS AND INACTIONS!



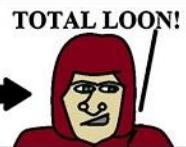
HE'S DEFINITELY OFF HIS HEAD. HE THINKS HE IS SPEAKING FOR THE PATRIARCH. BLASPHEMY THAT IS. GET YOUR SWORD OUT AND GIVE HIM A GOOD THRASHING. THESE HORSES COULDN'T RUN OVER A FECKIN' RODENT WITH THREE GAMMY LEGS.

ONE LAST CHANCE, BRIGAND! WE ARE WARDENS OF THE CHURCH ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS! STAND ASIDE NOW OR I WILL BE FORCED TO MAKE YOU REGRET SUCH UNABASHED BLASPHEMY!

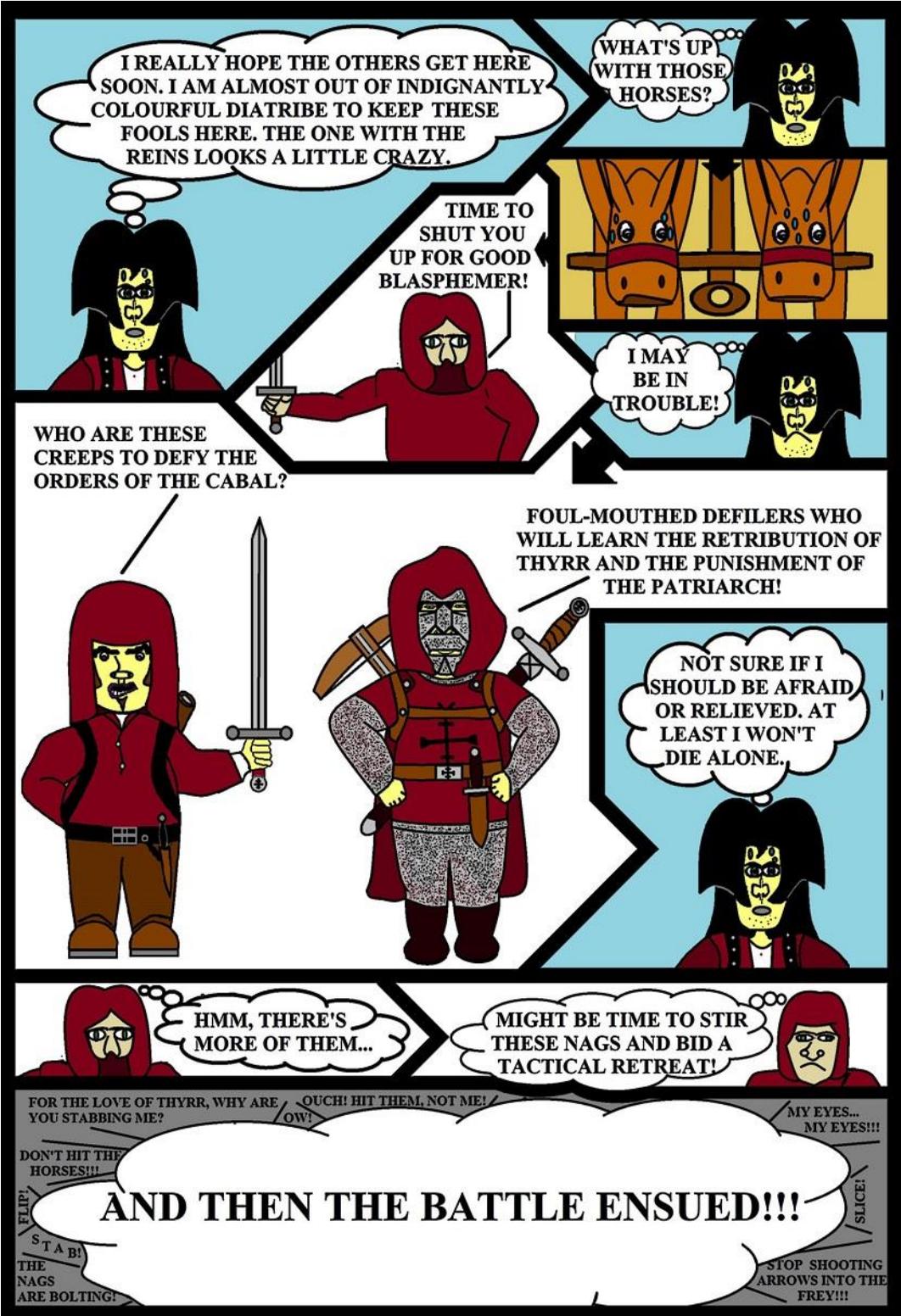


HOW DARE YOU CALL ME A

BRIGAND! YOU ARE THE ONES WHO ARE CRIMINALS HERE! I AM NEOPHYTE THEODORE UMBRA OF KERYN HALL, CHOSEN BY THYRR FOR A DIVINE DUTY TO THE PATRIARCH'S CABAL IN THE TOWN OF TIERA. I COMMAND YOU TO HALT AND SURRENDER TO ME SO THAT YOU MAY BE JUDGED FOR THE MOST HEINOUS CRIMES OF A DUBIOUSLY GREGARIOUS NATURE. HALT I SAY!!!



TOTAL LOON!



SHORT TALES

WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – Part V

WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

Here comes *Santy Claws*, here comes *Santy Claws*, riding in a one ox sleigh. When he swings he starts to scythe and sing the night away. If you've got children, lock them up and hide them all away. Do it quickly and do it now before *Santy Claws* comes to slay...

An eerie quiet had settled over *Weepy Hullows*. Even the wind seemed to have died down in expectation of a foreboding tension that swept across the region heralding the coming of *Santy Claws*. The *Hobbo* bois have been hard at work under the watchful eye of *Jadzia*, except of course for *Byron Gullyfoot* who was the subject of a good mollycoddling as a result of having been floored by his *broodmare's* ire. He pretended to resist. He feigned being piqued at the treatment received from a family who never tried to be anything more than disinterested or manically overenthusiastic with no middle ground to note.

One thing to remember about *Hobbo* is that they dislike the cold. The previous foray out into the chill permeating *Weepy Hullows* notwithstanding, most of the species gravitate towards the warmth, be it that of a comfy fire or basking in the sun during the more affable seasons. They like the snuggling balminess of anything that adds to their need to feel comfortable at

all times. Saying that, they can often be roused to great hardships in times of need. Volunteering for such adversities is still alien to the species when another likely candidate presents himself even when said nominee is unaware that he is being led up the proverbial garden path towards a reckless endeavour that is likely to end in grievous harm if not death. *Hobbos* are also incessantly inquisitive and one attribute does not always sit well with the other. *Hobbos* will stick their fingers in a beehive in the belief that there is honey to be had even when they know that inevitably they will get stung. They will jump off a hill edge into the water on a dare fully aware that they can't swim. They will even venture across *Farmer Nobby Bullifoot's* meadows knowing that *Grungesnort*, his prize bovine stud is out to pasture and likely to be on the prowl for unsuspecting bottoms to pierce with his devilishly sharpened horns just for sport. All of these curiously reckless inclinations would pale in comparison to the latest venture of the *Hobbo* bois of *Weepy Hullows*. To take on the *Santy Claws* was an epic overture in witless mayhem that would be talked about for years if not decades to come, assuming anyone survived long enough to tell the tale. The last town that tried to defy this notorious villain was stricken from the lands in a blight that lasted long enough for the last inhabitant to cry out a guttural wail of pure agony that reverberated beyond the mountains and tainted the grass for seven leagues around the habitat. Nothing would grow there for three decades. No one lives there now. Nothing was found of the town but blackened patches that marked the existence of the former dwellings

and its doomed inhabitants. If there was any cause for caution in the *Hobbo* bois proposed escapades, the tale did not linger long enough to give them pause. These were just stories told by the elders to frighten children to behave. Santy Claws was going down. His reign of terror was over. Fosco Stongfoot would long be remembered as the one who put his black heart in a jar and pickled it for show and tells to all who came to Weepy Hullows to bask in his demented infamy. At least, that was how Fosco saw this whole insane venture in his head. He did not want to use the word '*hero*' but time would tell the truth of the matter.

Jadzia slapped Fosco in the back of the head to break him from his indulgent reverie and when she got no reaction, the delectable female of the *brood* reached for a weighty iron pan and repeated the gesture. The clang rang out. Fosco barely moved but then turned to protest. One look from Jadzia silenced him.

'Get on with it!' she screeched. 'The night is here and we need to be ready!'

Fosco scowled at his *brood* mate and then thought better of it. A confrontation at this time would not serve either of them. He registered pain in the back of his head and reached instinctively with his right hand to touch the area. He found a sizeable lump that caused him a momentary pang of hurt.

'Oww,' he offered and then just as quickly settled into his usual phase of denial. If he didn't believe it, then the pain was just a figment of his imagination and not worthy of attention.

Fosco became aware at that moment of the scrutiny of his *brood* mates. He had been talking about something but

the topic eluded him. Jadzia shook her head like she often did when his attention strayed and her ire was up. She looked positively glowing right now and unless Fosco's thoughts had drifted for a very long time, he was certain that the expression was not a benevolent one or tied to the season of snuggling. He shuddered and groaned inwardly at the thought.

'Foscooooo!' screamed Jadzia, and this was enough to bring him fully back to the here and now.

'Right,' he said. 'The tarpaulin,' he declared.

'You said that already,' interjected Kenner.

'We have to get it from the top of the chimney and down into the parlour below,' explained Fosco.

'You said that too,' said Byron sheepishly.

Fosco offered him a glower that was weighted with the promise of later violence.

'When the Santy Claws arrives, he will come down the chimney. Kenner will unleash the tarp from the top of the funnel and leap in to follow him down forcing the way closed with the tarp. When we get him inside, we let loose and beat him until he's good and bloodied. When he stops moving, we stab him good and proper and cut him up into little pieces to feed to the pigs.'

Lomdath reached for a stool as Fosco's graphic descriptions of violence started to overwhelm him to the point where he felt a swoon coming on. Snudge looked a little green at the thought. Only Kenner and Bobbin seemed eerily eager, though Byron Gullyfoot did offer an obvious and enthusiastic dual thumbs up.

There was a momentary pause while the others took the whole plan in. Too many moments passed before Kenner came to the realisation that he was going to be the patsy out in the cold when the Santy Claws came to town.

‘Em, Fosco, why does it have to be me on the roof?’ he asked with a quiver in his voice.

Fosco was ready for the question.

‘You’re the best climber, Kenner, and besides, no one hides as you do,’ coaxed the demented *Hobbo*.

The others were quick to jump on the bandwagon for fear that they would be selected to replace Kenner Gingerfoot in this perilous enterprise if said *Hobbo* proved more than just reticent to be the tool to cut off Santy’s escape.

‘Yes,’ chimed in Byron. ‘Remember two summers back when we were playing hide and seek? Took us a long while to find you that time. No one hides better.’

The fact that everyone forgot that they were playing and left Kenner out there for three days was a moot point because he was so chuffed at having evaded their pursuit for so long.

‘Or the time you climbed to the top of the Granddad Oak to get the biggest acorn when the rest of us couldn’t reach it,’ interjected Snudge in encouragement.

Again, the truth was not always as it appeared. The acorn in question had been placed all the way up there by Fosco who had been engaged with the others in a wagering contest to gauge if Kenner could be duped into making the climb, if he would fall, and whether or not he would reach the acorn in the allotted time. Kenner broke his right arm and left leg when he boisterously

celebrated reaching the top and hoisted the acorn proudly above his head only to lose his grip and fall unceremoniously downward in a spiral that resulted in him hitting every branch and severely bruising more than his ego. He had been rendered exempt from snuggling for some time afterwards, a chore that Lomdath Oddfoot was forced to supplement due to Kenner’s weakened state. The others had been strangely absent when Jadzia got the urge. Kenner had been relegated to the place of a voyeur. He made the moments of Lomdath’s substituting even more painful by offering pointers and commending him on his stamina while passing copious flasks of Giniper to Jadzia to supplement her appetites in the belief that his *brood* mate was thoroughly enjoying the experience on his behalf. When he started raucously cheerleading Lomdath, even Jadzia became a little queasy and put him out of the room.

Each of the *Hobbo* bois in turn offered Kenner a reason for his obvious selection and even Jadzia chimed in with the promise of a special present for Crimbo if he managed to trap Santy Claws. Kenner was in. In fact, he couldn’t wait for it all to begin so that he could get out there and do his part.

‘Once we get Santy trapped, no one can back away. We will need us all to pull this off,’ instructed Fosco.

‘Who’s going to stab him?’ asked Lomdath weakly.

‘Jadzia, of course,’ declared Fosco without pause, raising his *broodmare*’s puzzled eyebrow in consternation.

‘And Lomdath,’ he added quickly on seeing what he took for disdain.

Lomdath looked horrified but was quickly silenced.

‘You can always take Kenner’s place if you don’t feel up to it,’ interjected Fosco in stern reproach.

‘And me?’ quizzed Jadzia.

‘You have the best eye to hit places that no one thought possible and you know how to hurt things,’ said Fosco.

Jadzia blushed. She actually blushed and the infusion of red made Snudge a little faint.

‘In any case, I need Byron, Bobbin and Snudge to wade into the fecker. Byron is strong from lifting all those sheep and Snudge is... well, I don’t have a place for him so he will have to help with the pummelling. Maybe he can use your iron pan, Jadzia... if he can lift it.’

Snudge wanted to be indignant but he knew the truth of his shortcomings. He was just not a fighter.

‘If nothing else, his incessant crying when all this starts will distract Santy long enough for the rest of us to get some good digs in.’

Now Snudge was put out. He did not cry at every violent overture, only the ones perpetrated on his person.

‘Why don’t we just cut into him right away once he’s inside?’ quizzed Byron.

Snudge answered instead of Fosco.

‘Because he could get out if we tear the tarp too soon.’

Fosco cast Snudge a withering look for stealing his thunder. This was the demented *Hobbo*’s plan and Fluffyfoot had overstepped. There was a promise of retribution in that demented glare. Fosco was chalking up the reprisals for later. He had to let the moments pass or he would become distracted. The thoughts of unbridled violence that were about to ensue kept him in the here and now. He would vent the rest of his

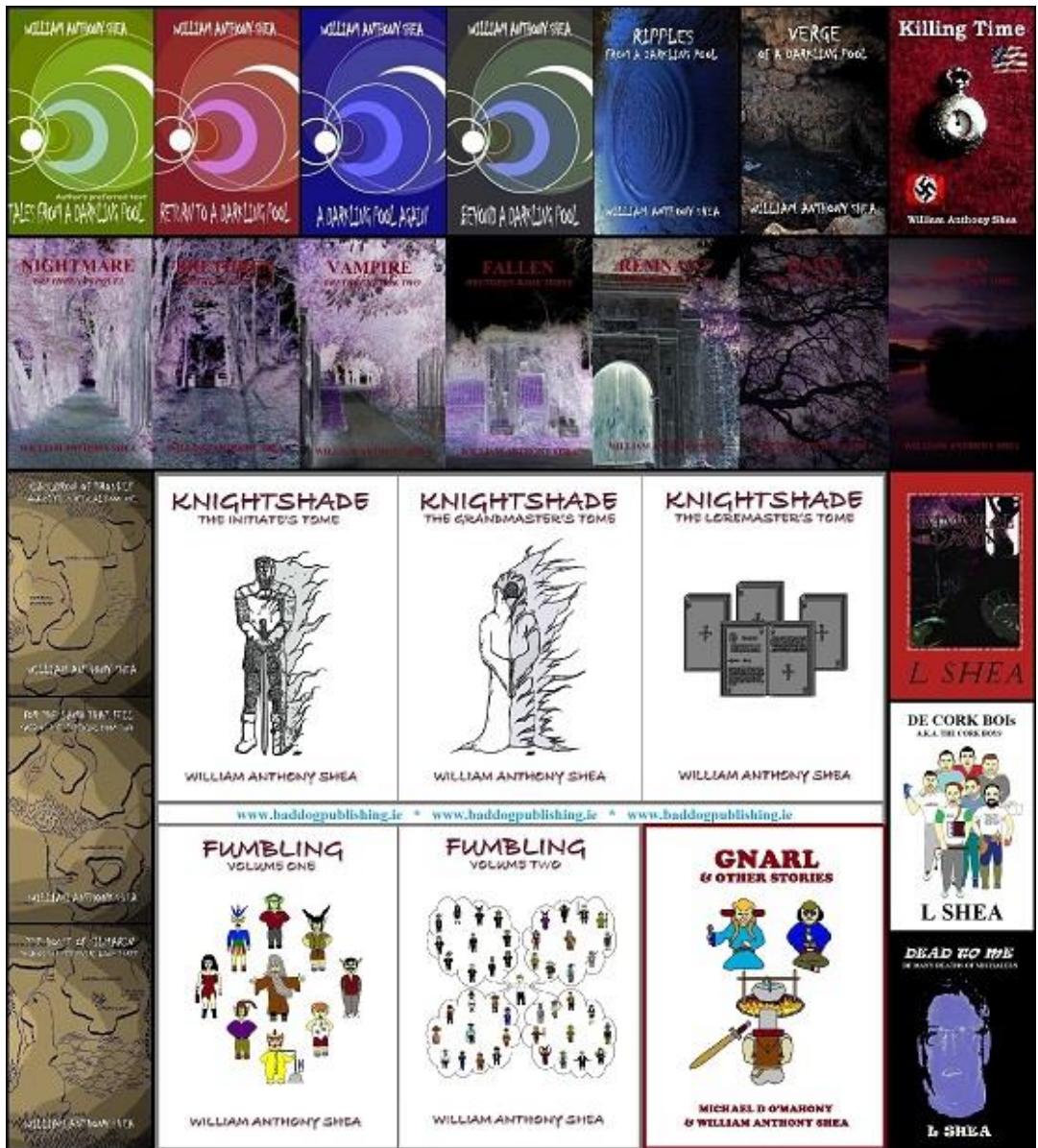
annoyances later when his *brood* mates were lulled into a delirious sense of false security.

The first part of the plan was now in place with the tarpaulin secured to the top of the chimney. Kenner Gingerfoot did an impromptu dry run by abseiling down the chimney in the centre of the thick oily canvas until it erupted from the fireplace and was secured loosely after a fashion. Lomdath had started to tie it off with delectable string bows until Fosco threw a sharpened iron piton at him and made him change them for a more practical knot. The piton barely missed Lomdath’s skull as it whipped passed his left ear. A little pee escaped his *brood* mate to sully those luscious undergarments he wore but he was otherwise none the worse for wear.

Kenner ran around inside the tarp bubble for a while before Fosco promised to pummel him to death if he didn’t get back up the chimney. Alas, this proved to be a problem that also provided some hint of solace. Kenner could not gain purchase on the inside of the tarp. The oily surface caused him to slip and fall back down into the bubble several times until Fosco began to lose patience. In the end, the demented *Hobbo* was forced to climb up onto the roof to toss a rope down the funnel and get Kenner out of a tight spot. Little time remained. While Kenner protested that he was oily and in need of a wash, the jig was up. The sound of Santy’s slaying bells filled the night and all of the town was locked up tight...

**NEXT ISSUE: WEEPY HULLOWS
SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES!
– PART VI**

WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA



Please send any letters and submissions to:

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

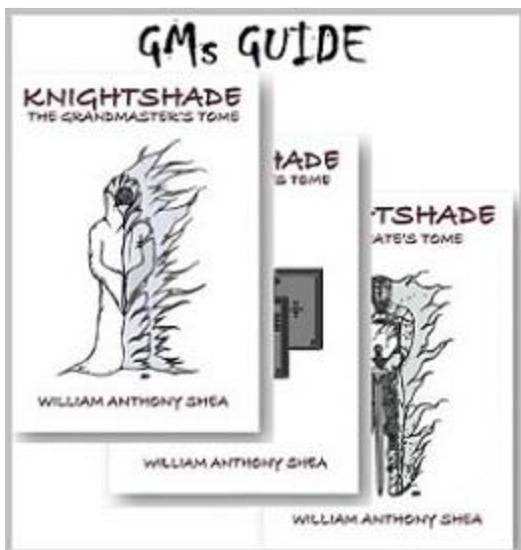
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UTILISING MAGIC

Magic in Knightshade the Role Playing Game (RPG) can be benign, dangerous or rewarding depending on how the mystical art is employed. Using such power with little or no regard for the consequences is likely to prove finite if not fatal when practised without restraint or in the manner for which it was intended. In a pseudo-medieval setting, magic can be feared. Some countries in the world of Ayre actively discourage the use of magic and others have declared such practice to be heresy and the instigators of Arcane Lore to be heretics. Whatever the viewpoint, utilising magic for the sake of convenience should be tailored with a view to the consequences, both for the practitioner and those on whom it is unleashed.

Magic is incredibly diverse and can change the outcome of a situation when necessary. It can turn the tide when the odds are stacked against a party and be a boon when aiding those in need. The Characters in any game are meant to be

portrayed as special. They are often seen as heroes. This can quickly change when the use of magic goes awry or results in unintended causal side-effects. Players are apt to get creative with the use of magic and not every situation warrants such actions. When all else fails, look to the letter of the law and the detail of any particular spell. In the end, interpretation is often left up to the GM who must guide but also marshal the game. Some magic is capable of ending a story before it begins, or bringing a long-running Campaign to an abrupt halt because of some catastrophic use of magic that, whether intended or not, renders the point of the scenario in play moot. Players must be free to engage with their Characters and the world at large as they see fit. However, play that is inconsistent with the spirit of the story and the game world should be contained. Magic by its very nature is irregular, but such power is governed by rules and laws that can be tailored to restrain any inclination to unleash chaos on the world for the sake of showmanship or a foolish moment of brevity. If a Player chooses to behave in such a brash manner, the world around him can be equally impetuous and unforgiving in dealing with any momentary upset. Let the Players play to their strengths. The game is meant to be fun and coming up with new and engaging ways to use the magic at hand will only add to the story. There is always a breaking point to consider. Guide the Characters when necessary. Curtail the frivolous use of magic when needed. There is always one fallback rule that stands above all else. The GM has all the power here. He just gifts it to the Players through their Characters from time to time.



All events in the game year 2022-2023 will be subject to change without notice. The details provided are correct at the time of publication.

NEXTCON

There is nothing set in stone for Next-Con but UK Games Expo 2023 and a return to Birmingham is currently the forerunner. However, the final decision is up to those who are most likely to attend. With that in mind, please note your preferences to the Seneschal so that your voice may be heard. Please copy the details below and tick the required boxes or fill in the blanks where necessary.

Where to go?

- Amsterdam
- Birmingham
- Cologne
- Edinburgh
- Frankfurt
- Glasgow
- Liverpool
- Manchester
- Newcastle

- Munich
- Don't care
- Other (please specify)

Should NextCon be tied to an event?

- Yes
- No
- Don't care

Should there be specific activities on particular days?

- Yes
- No
- Don't care

Where possible, should the trip include a cinema day?

- Yes
- No
- Don't care

Is gaming (Card, Board, RPG, etc.) important?

- Yes
- No
- Don't care

Do you have a preference for room type (Single, Twin, Triple, etc.)?

- Yes
- No
- Don't care

Do you have a preference for accommodation type (Hotel, Apartment, Guest House, etc.)?

- Yes
- No
- Don't care

Do you prefer accommodations with a bar service?

- Yes
- No
- Don't care

More questions next issue...



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

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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 – Released!

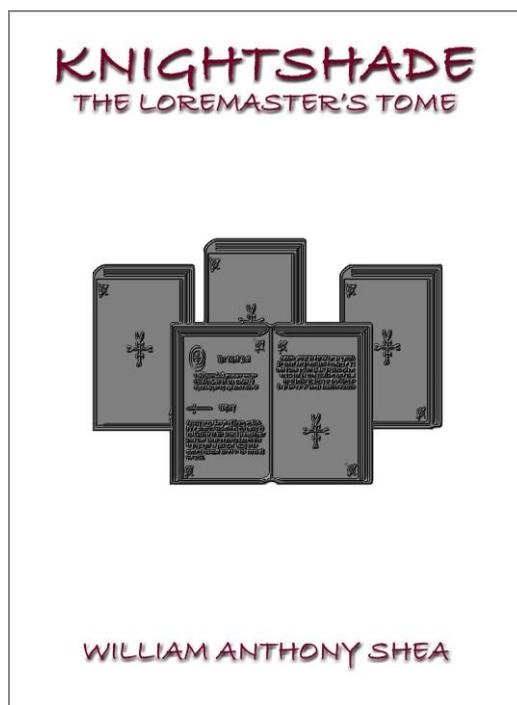
KST04: The Questmaster's Tome – NYR#

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



Time catches up with us all. Next year will bring my current tenure as Seneschal to an end. This provides an opportunity for one of our members to step forward and prove he is capable of running the club. One word of caution: please do not put your name up for consideration if you are unwilling or unable to take on the full scope of the commitment.

Yet another milestone will soon be reached as a number of our members turn forty in 2023. This will no doubt be a cause for much merriment in the aftermath of our return from two 50th celebrations in Frankfurt, Germany in June. Hopefully, the Knights of Misspent Youth (KOMY) will have a chance to centre the forthcoming birthday occasions in line with a gaming convention or similar noteworthy event. However it all plays out, I am sure that no effort will be spare in marking the celebrations in every way possible.

Now let's get to the business at hand! KOMY Game Year 2022-23 has begun. The games go on and there is so much yet to do before it's done. We are on the cusp of where the past meets the present and a suitable path to follow is one that lives in both. How would you like to take a step into the past that culminates in the present with all of the magic that came before life became so busy that you forget the moments that live now only in memory? The challenge is out there and a marathon dungeon crawl of

epic proportions will soon be revealed in the guise of an Original D&D foray into nostalgic modules. The adventure is coming! Are you brave enough to step forward and be counted?

KOMY needs funding for 2023 and, as chance would have it, we are taking appropriate measures to ensure the safe future of the club. If we are to ever see the restoration of a KennelCon and the addition of better technologies to support the group, this is the only way forward.

Congratulations to Sir Martin of Mason on winning the Knight of the Year Award 2022 and to all of those in receipt of the Fumble Awards. Get busy with the votes and submissions for the coming year to ensure your chance at these much-coveted prizes.

For those of you who are missing playing the games or interacting with other KOMY members, please be aware that we still hold a weekly game with online access. You do not have to play to say hello or to catch up on current events. All members are welcome to join us on our Zoom Chats and on the Roll20 platform but do let the GM or host know in advance where possible, especially if there is a game in play.

Lastly, strong rumours persist that WarpCon at U.C.C. will be back in January 2023. If so, KOMY plan to be in attendance.

SENESCHAL: WILLIAM OF SHEA

WEEK	DATE	GAME	GM/DM	SLOT	MANAGE
WK38	21-Sep	Dungeons & Dragons: B1 In Search of the Unknown 0	MS	1	1
WK39	28-Sep	Dungeons & Dragons: B1 In Search of the Unknown 1	MS	2	2
WK38	18-Sep	FN43: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-THREE	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK40	05-Oct	Dungeons & Dragons: B1 In Search of the Unknown 2	MS	3	3
WK41	11-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WIMPY	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK41	14-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WEBSTER	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK42	19-Oct	Dungeons & Dragons: B1 In Search of the Unknown 3	MS	5	5
WK43	26-Oct	Dungeons & Dragons: B1 In Search of the Unknown 4	MS	6	6
WK45	09-Nov	Dungeons & Dragons: B1 In Search of the Unknown 5	MS	7	7
WK45	12-Nov	BIRTHDAY: HIPPY	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK46	16-Nov	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	8	8
WK46	18-Nov	BIRTHDAY: JULIUS	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK46	18-Nov	FN43: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-FOUR	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK46	19-Nov	BIRTHDAY: SULLY	KOMY	N/A	N/A
WK47	23-Nov	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	9	9
WK48	30-Nov	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	10	10
WK49	07-Dec	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	11	11
WK50	13-Dec	BIRTHDAY: TIED-ON	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK50	14-Dec	BIRTHDAY: RANDO	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK50	14-Dec	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	12	12
WK51	21-Dec	CARD GAME: The Poor Relation	KOMY	13	13
WK52	31-Dec	BIRTHDAY: DUPLEX	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK02	11-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: Calliban Rising: Raven's Curse Part One: TBA	MS	14	14
WK03	18-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: Calliban Rising: Raven's Curse Part Two TBA	MS	15	15
WK04	25-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: Calliban Rising: Raven's Curse Part Three: TBA	MS	16	16
WK04	27-Jan	WARPCON	KOMY	17	N/A
WK04	28-Jan	WARPCON	KOMY	18	N/A
WK04	29-Jan	WARPCON	KOMY	19	N/A
WK05	01-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: Calliban Rising: Raven's Curse Part Four: TBA	MS	20	17
WK06	08-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: Calliban Rising: Raven's Curse Part Five: TBA	MS	21	18
WK07	13-Feb	FN43: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-FIVE	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK07	15-Feb	CARD GAME: The Poor Relation	KOMY/BDP	22	19
WK08	22-Feb	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	23	20
WK09	01-Mar	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	24	21
WK10	08-Mar	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	25	22
WK11	15-Mar	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	26	23
WK12	22-Mar	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	27	24
WK13	29-Mar	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	28	25
WK15	12-Apr	Dungeons & Dragons: B2 The Keep on the Borderlands 0	MS	30	27
WK16	19-Apr	Dungeons & Dragons: B2 The Keep on the Borderlands 1	MS	31	28
WK17	26-Apr	Dungeons & Dragons: B2 The Keep on the Borderlands 2	MS	32	29
WK18	03-May	Dungeons & Dragons: B2 The Keep on the Borderlands 3	MS	33	30
WK18	04-May	BIRTHDAY: GULLY	KOMY	N/A	N/A
WK19	09-May	BIRTHDAY: OZZIE	KOMY	N/A	N/A
WK19	10-May	Dungeons & Dragons: B2 The Keep on the Borderlands 4	MS	34	31
WK20	17-May	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	35	32
WK20	19-May	FN43: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-SIX	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK21	24-May	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	36	N/A
WK22	31-May	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	37	N/A
WK22	02-Jun	NEXTCON 2023: UK GAMES EXPO BIRMINGHAM	KOMY/BDP	38	N/A
WK22	03-Jun	NEXTCON 2023: UK GAMES EXPO BIRMINGHAM - DX RPG	KOMY/BDP	39	N/A
WK22	04-Jun	NEXTCON 2023: UK GAMES EXPO BIRMINGHAM	KOMY/BDP	40	N/A
WK23	05-Jun	NEXTCON 2023: 40s Birthday Bash	KOMY/BDP	41	N/A
WK23	06-Jun	NEXTCON 2023: DX RPG	KOMY/BDP	42	N/A
WK23	07-Jun	NEXTCON 2023: Free Day	KOMY/BDP	43	N/A
WK23	07-Jun	BIRTHDAY: TIPSY	KOMY	N/A	N/A
WK24	14-Jun	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	44	N/A
WK25	21-Jun	Knightshade RPG: Legacy of Knighthawk	Julius	45	N/A
WK26	28-Jun	KOMY/FUMBLE AWARDS	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
TBA	TBA	KENNELCON: THE KENNEL PARTY 2023	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A

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

COMING

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

