

FUMBLE 35

NEWSZINE

SEPTEMBER 2020



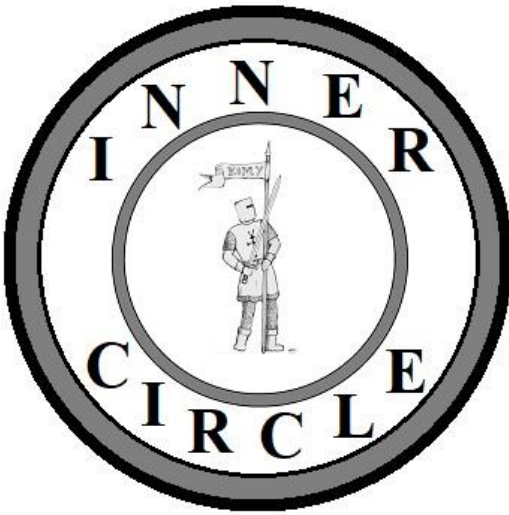
IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH



There are no words to express the utter disappointment I felt with the feedback to the last issue of Fumble Newszine. This coupled with an apparent lack of interest in the future of the Knights of Misspent Youth and a seriously diminished propensity towards any real commitment made me pause to wonder if there was any point in continuing. I wondered if perhaps the time had truly come to call it a day. As the months in between progressed and the gatherings became virtual in an effort to keep it all going, the disappointment waned and a revelation dawned on me that perhaps dwelling on what had already transpired was not the best use of my time. With that in mind this now becomes the beginning of the first day where many '*first days*' have come before. The world is not the same place. It may never be the same place again. The games will go on, and with a few pre-season online Pathfinder games already behind us and good attendance numbers, the coming game year 2020/2021 is off to a better start. To add to

this new momentum, you will find the results of KOMY's Knight of the Year Award and Fumble Awards for the game year 2019/20 exclusively within these pages as there was no KennelCon this year in which to unveil the winners of the respective awards. Perhaps this will go some way to providing a change of content that raises the interests of our readership.

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Issue 25.3 www.baddogpublishing.ie



Wednesday, 10th June, 2020
Knightshade RPG
Campaign II: The Augur Stone
KS08 Shades of Lament Part III

The drizzle persisted as the companions took Smugglers Pass into the Grail Mountains, resting and recuperating on the first evening in a widened recess partially protected from the onset of the inclement weather by a rocky overhang. They set off next morning after a good breakfast provided by Hudron the Hermit. The pass narrowed to permit only two abreast and Hardigan's mount to be led in the rear. For three miles the trail gradually inclined upwards before skirting a vast and widening chasm. However, the pass broadened after another two miles and offered a welcome relief from the mounting tension. Fate proved kind as the trail widened further again but an incessant drizzle persisted throughout this leg of the journey. The Augur Stone continued to point south and the party pressed on, eager to make up as much ground as possible through this vast and often eerie mountain range.

Later in the day, an anomaly was espied at the bottom of the cliff face. Scouting this position, it proved to be the entrance to a cave or a deep fissure into the mountain smothered with webs. The glint of something shiny within drew the attention of the party. Verbose cast Shadow Eyes to explore the cave in an attempt to find the source of the gleam. He discovered a glowing breastplate still attached to its unfortunate owner, now nothing more than bones and desiccated flesh. He also discovered a secondary bluish glow from a large crystal vial hanging about a foot lower behind the armour. Verbose cast Shadow Hands to retrieve the vial and tried to use the same method to get the breastplate. The armour resisted. In fact, Verbose was suddenly overcome with a feeling of being drawn into the armour as the Shadow Hands became akin to the strands of webbing filling the cave. Verbose withdrew, feeling like he had just escaped something disastrous.

Milford set about the task of cutting through the webbing and came upon the desiccated corpse of a huge spider that must have been six feet in diameter. Pushing against the spidery remains did not cause any concern. Milford cut the head from the creature to be sure and suddenly hundreds of white spiders erupted from the corpse. Hudron identified these as White Widows, and went on to note that they could prove deadly if enough bites were inflicted on a victim. Verbose launched a Cold Flame spell to keep the spiders at bay as the party retreated. Knowing that the armour would in all likelihood survive being attacked by fire, Milford set alight several oil filled flasks and threw them into the cave to clear the spiders along

with the webs. The armour was retrieved. The Swordarm saw another large spider behind the unfortunate victim and threw another lit flask before making a hasty retreat. He noticed that the spider appeared to be a statue or an altar of sorts carved into the rock.

The breastplate was examined. It was clearly *Elvish* in origin and would not fit anyone except Yarle the Water Boy. It was marked with numerous writings and runes, the most prominent alluding to protection and preserving the heart. Other noted runes depicted images of Faith – in particular aspects of Aleria and Novus overshadowed by another Goddess – that of Lathenia-Larul, the primary deity of the *Elves*. Hudron's Spiritual Lore was sketchy on the subject but he believed that the reason Verbose was so badly affected by the armour was that he worshipped Myress. Lathenia-Larul despised the coveting of wealth above even aspects of Barric-Lyre who represented chaos. Arcane Lore and Rune Lore revealed that the breastplate would have drawn Verbose into the armour and expended him thereafter while augmenting the wearer. The Elven Goddess was also adverse to aspects of Shadow, viewing such magics as deceitful. It is worth noting that Shadows and creatures from the Plane of Shadow were an ancestral enemy of the *Elves*. Yarle donned the armour and in a surprising twist, Alatoff Barrowdark benefitted from the enhanced protection, albeit only when he remembered to dominate Yarle by using the previously shared rings each wore. Hudron determined that the vial containing the blue liquid was a powerful *Elven* healing concoction.

The party pressed on for as long as

the light remained. When they finally came to a halt, a watch was set. During the second watch Sir Jerold fell victim to a White Widow Spider. Hudron managed to save the ailing Knight but greater vigilance was taken when on guard or when moving on each morning to ensure that the poisonous creatures did not coerce the party further.

Breaking camp under a continuous drizzle the party took on the narrowing trail in single file, now at 700 feet about the chasm. Strangely a murder of crows gathered above, circling the companions and increasing in numbers throughout the day. A brief respite was taken when the trail widened but the party pushed on throughout the day and into the evening. More crows gathered above and on the rocky crags across the chasm, now at more than a depth of 800 feet below. The pass narrowed again for some time before coming to another broad ledge. The party also espied another ledge across the chasm, perhaps a hundred feet above their vantage point. On this ledge, the party discovered a large rune etched into the rocky face noting a '*warning*' or '*danger*'. Another symbol etched into the base of the larger rune signified '*pain*' or to '*walk in sorrow*'.

Alatoff and Verbose ascended on a Shadow Carpet to the ledge across the chasm where they noticed a green glow. There they found a large irregular emerald crystal amidst the body of a fallen Hermit whom Hudron identified as Fingasler. The gem was imbued with the power of the chameleon which had kept the dying Hermit hidden even after death. When taking to the air the Mages noticed that the crows did not coerce them. For some unknown reason they

primarily seemed interested only in Milford.

The party rested here throughout the night as the trail ahead narrowed again and the light dwindled. The trail ahead skirted the chasm now at 1100 feet up. The pass split in the distance but there would be time enough to take to that trail in the morning.

Wednesday, 17th June, 2020
Knightshade RPG
Campaign II: The Augur Stone
KS08 Shades of Lament Part IV

Sounds of rockfall from the right spur along with advice from Sir Jerrold encouraged the party to take the left spur upward and south on a pass into the mountains that now stood at 1200 feet above the chasm. This way offered a safer alternative as it led away from any potential life-ending fall. Further on the trail widened as sparse growth gave way to a lush green amidst numerous wild flowers, bushes and stunted trees. Signs of white widow spiders offered a warning to be vigilant, especially at night when these creatures ventured forth. A larger one had to be dealt with on watch and Sir Hardigan was forced to suck the poison from his horse when the animal succumbed to a venomous bite. Hudron assisted in healing and calming the animal. The following day the party came upon a graver sign of woe as they found an encampment of indigent *Elves*, all slaughtered by what looked to have been *Trollyn* and *Ogres*. A deeper investigation revealed that this callous attack may have been staged. The party set a funeral pyre and offered prayers for the dead.

Another encampment of dead *Elves* was found further up the trail but this

time their attackers had not quite finished, leaving two stragglers behind to clean up the camp and make it look like the attack had been done by *Trollyn* and *Ogres*. Verbose sent his Shadow Eyes into the clearing so he could scout ahead. There was also an old *Elven* woman still alive, sorely beaten, abused and tied in place lest she attempt to escape. The men were murderers and worse, their intent obvious.

Milford heard one of them call out 'Red... save me!' before he died.

Milford stepped forward and used his shield to transfer him into the camp, attacking the enemy in a brave attempt to save the *Elven* woman. However, these men were not the only ones who had remained behind and soon six of their compatriots joined the attack. The party made short work of this callous and murderous band. Unfortunately it was too late to save the old woman, but she did impart a few snippets of information before she died. The *Elves* were attacked by Slavers from Grail and Mir. Many of her people had been taken – mostly females of child bearing age and stronger males. She recognised the armour that Yarle now wore – calling it Questing Armour and she tasked the Water Mage to avenge her people, calling out an incantation to bind her oath to the breastplate. She looked on Yarle's companions and made some reference to the word 'Red' before she died. Questioning the wounded prisoner proved fruitless as Sir Jerrold, overcome with rage at seeing the *Elves* so sorely used, attacked the wounded bandit and killed him before he could utter another word. The Questing Armour provided an unusual dilemma because Yarle was bonded to Alattoff. If

Yarle was overcome by the old woman's oath and wanted to set off immediately to avenge the *Elves*, only Alattoff's control kept the Water Mage in check. However, if he let his concentration lapse and did not bind Yarle each and every day hereafter, both would be drawn into the oath. They would set off to satisfy the dying wish of an old *Elven* woman, leaving the quest for the Augur Stone. The loss of Alattoff and Yarle in such a situation might prove problematic for the party in the face of graver dangers ahead.

For the second time the companions were forced to use a funeral pyre to lay the *Elves* to rest and offer prayers for the dead.

Wednesday, 24th June, 2020

Knightshade RPG

Campaign II: The Augur Stone

KS08 Shades of Lament Part V

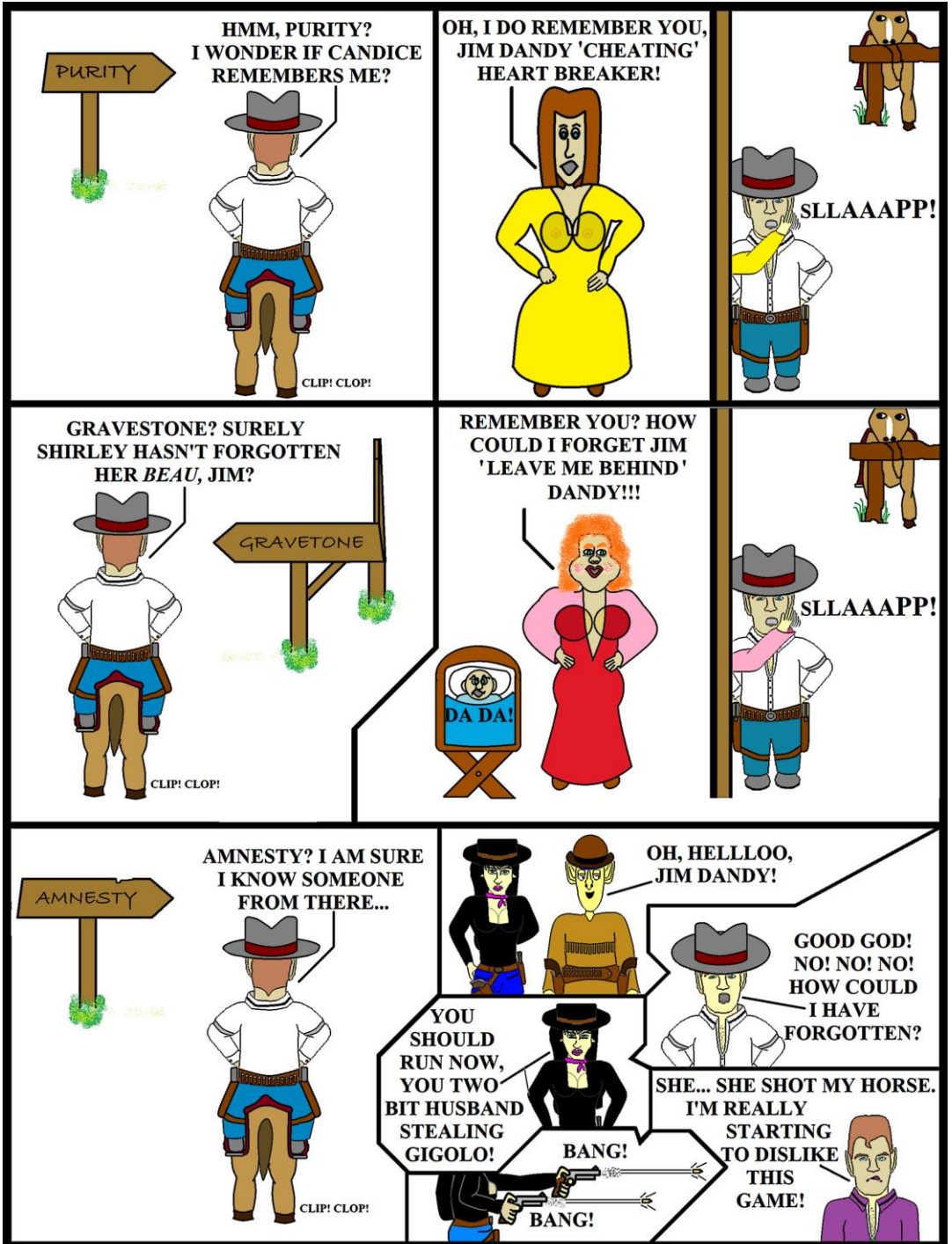
The companions traversed the winding downward trail through the Grail Mountains seeking their goal, spurred on by the Augur Stone's brightening light. The crows continued to gather in alarming numbers. On the pass, the companions encountered a party of *Elves* dogging their every move. A conflict seemed inevitable. However, the *Elves* only wanted to parley and to recover an artefact now worn by Yarle; the Breastplate. In return for its surrender they offered to assist the companions in lifting the curse of the crows, something that Milford had caused by offending the crow goddess Badb (pronounced *Baiv*). Verbose and Alattoff had compounded the curse by upsetting the body of the Hermit, Fingasler, lost in the mountains after rousing the ire of the crows in the past.

For the two Mages, allaying the curse merely involved a sacrifice of a droplet of blood. For Milford it required the tip of one of his fingers or a toe. He elected to lose a toe. The pact was made and the crows satisfied for the offense.

The trail led down into a valley where a vast body of water awaited. The weather remained overcast. A persistent drizzle dogged the day. The companions attempted to cross the body of water in a boat, fearing the use of magic might draw unwanted attention. Alas, the crossing to a nearby isle was not without incident as a great serpent erupted from the lake to task the party. Milford attempted to reach the serpent by using the Shield of Amadin to appear on the creature's head. This proved a foolish ploy as the serpent plummeted into the lake with the Swordarm in tow. Milford nearly drowned in the attempt but was saved by Yarle and Terribus. The serpent was defeated and the companions reached the isle, home to an outpost of Drú origin. There they used the Augur Stone to gain entry as one body linked together but plunged deep into a pool at the base of the tower when they passed within. In time, the party found its way to the inner sanctum where the next piece of the Augur Stone awaited on a dais under the water. Retrieving the piece caused its own problems as it released the ghost of Stiegel – the last guardian of this outpost. The ghost was dispatched but not before it caused some of the companions to age. Alattoff's bold use of magic repelled the ghost, but Stiegel was not destroyed. As the spectre began to reform, the party made haste and passed through a doorway under the water, one that cost the life of Yarle.



Illustrated





Illustrated II

THOUSAND PARDONS,
CONDUCTOR SIR, BUT
LOCO HAVE TICKETS
FOR CHOO CHOO!



NO!
ALL THE
WAY BACK!



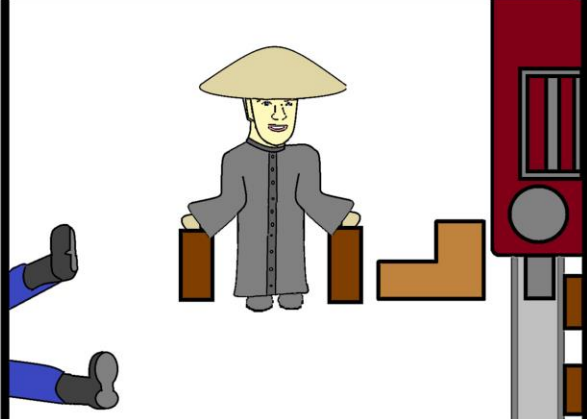
LOCO MUST INSIST. HAVE
TICKETS. PLEASE MOVE,
CONDUCTOR SIR!



NO!
NO!
NO!



HI YA! CHOP!
TOO
VIOLENT
TO SHOW!
STAB! CHOP!
CRACK! SCREAMS!!!



LOCO,
LIKE
CHOO
CHOO!



GOOD
FOR
YOU!

SO WOMAN
NO FALL FOR
YOUR
DANDY
WORDS,
MASTER
JIM?



EM, NOT EXACTLY.



MAN SEEM
TO LIKE
YOU.



SHUT
UP,
LOCO!



I'M REALLY LOVING
THIS GAME. IT'S
GREAT TO BE BACK!

SHORT TALES

THE MORALITY CODE *ONE SMALL STEP* WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

‘Lander disengaging in 5-4-3-2-1,’ stated Commander Frank Weichel as he held his hand over the console and marked the deployment of the heavy all-terrain lunar vehicle before manually pressing the large green button to initiate the release mechanism.

The lander dropped from the bottom of SELENE 1 with an inaudible thud that stirred up the lunar surface but offered no other indication of a disturbance to the two astronauts already awaiting its release outside. She was a beast of a machine but they still called her a Lunar Rover in keeping with all of the deployed vehicles, scientific or otherwise they had sent out there to explore the solar system.

‘Lieutenant Drake, you are free to deploy. Good hunting,’ stated Weichel over the comms.

‘Thanks, Frank,’ replied John Drake informally, knowing any hint of overfamiliarity did not sit well with Commander Weichel, but daring to push the inclinations towards friendship to break his stuffy no nonsense approach to this mission, and to literally everything else he had applied himself to since they first met. The folks back home did not want to hear military

sounding ranks and technobabble traced with indifference. They wanted to hear the voices of real people up here doing something extraordinary for the whole of the human race. This mission was little more than an exercise in PR. The fact that Weichel was American and John was English made any inclination towards a hierarchy between them moot, but it was the international flavour of the crew that pushed all the right buttons back home to show the world that different nations could work together. Sure, there was a scientific aspect to the mission and it would be a small step to establishing a presence here on the moon in future missions. SELENE 1 was tasked with evaluating a number of locations for a permanent base, offloading equipment and supplies to support the next initiative and promoting a warm feeling of solidarity back home so that funding would not get withdrawn from the relevant space agencies supporting this endeavour.

However, within an hour of deploying the rover, the mission took a turn that was... unexpected. Mission Specialist Pierre Farrow, a French scientist with a major in astrogeology and a great understanding of astro-architecture was the first to spot the anomaly – lights in the distance that remained stationary and at ground level, which meant they emanated from the surface. He could not explain their presence. Rather, he did try to offer several explanations but none of them seemed to fit the sighting. Mission control had given them a rather jaded go ahead to scout the area, dismissing the anomaly as nothing more than a natural occurrence, something that would be easily explained when the location was

reached. The guarded intrigue only lasted long enough for them to confirm permission to deviate from mission parameters. Traversing the intervening terrain had taken little over two hours, primarily as they were also tasked with keeping an eye out for possible locations of a future base.

Lieutenant Drake stepped from the rover and moved towards the source of the light. It was a marker of some sort, artificial and placed with purpose. A gasp escaped Drake's lips sending an exhalation into his helmet to momentarily fog up the visor. The ground fell about a metre from the marker into a crater with a sheer edge that looked deep enough to swallow the whole of SELENE 1 never mind the rover with him and Farrow. There were several markers apparent now, all following the periphery of the crater, an anomaly that was remarkably uniform in its construction, almost as if it had been excavated rather than forming naturally, but this was the... moon. Who or what could have worked this striking formation on the moon?

What alarmed Drake more was the sheer expanse of the crater and further emanations of light were apparent from below.

'John, what is it?' asked Farrow from the rover. 'Are we okay to proceed?' he quizzed.

'No!' snapped Drake. 'Don't move. There's a drop here. If we hadn't stopped the rover we would have been in right trouble,' he added quickly.

Drake lingered but he looked back towards Farrow and raised his hand to affirm that he and the rover should stay put.

'What is it, John? What do you see?'

Drake did not reply immediately. He scrutinised the crater as the light spilled over its edge. There was definitely something down there. However, he was even more taken aback when he noticed an inclination into the crater several hundred metres to the right of the edge, a gradual gradient, angled to descend into the anomaly... it had all the hallmarks of a well maintained road.

Mission Control had woken up. They had confirmed permission to proceed into the crater to locate the source of the light emanations. Drake figured they were in chaos down there, informing all those behind the scenes of this very public initiative before word got out. The President would have to be told along with every major political arm attached to this mission. Right now, Drake was not sure who had the tougher task.

The rover descended into the crater easily and each advance only added to the wonder. Communication with Mission Control became patchy and then ceased altogether as the vehicle neared a structure with a bewilderingly large door – it was at least 20 metres high and almost as wide.

If Drake had cause to wonder about the anomalies he had encountered thus far, this immense door in a mound that could not be natural was something he struggled to understand. There had been other missions to the moon, probes and close scrutiny from Earth observatories. How in the name of all that is holy had they missed this? He knew the answer. It was far enough outside the peripheral range of any previous observation or mission to remain clandestine.

When a smaller opening in the immense door began to lift, Drake took

a step back as light spilled out from within. A figure approached and the Lieutenant held his breath detecting a gasp from Farrow through the comms as he too witnessed this situation with a measure of disbelief. The figure wore a spacesuit but it was not the bulky awkward construction that protected the astronauts. It was streamlined and bordering on fashionable in a way that would have made any sci-fi show proud. The man within, and it was a man, smiled and played with a digital bracelet on his wrist.

‘Can you guys hear me now?’ he asked.

The accent was American, the language English, the voice disarming and alarming all at once for its presence here on the moon.

Drake nodded dumbly. Farrow confirmed for both of the astronauts with a solitary subdued ‘yes’.

‘Welcome to the moon, gentlemen. If you follow me into the airlock, we can get you out of those bulky suits, have some refreshments and talk easier face to face,’ said the man.

‘How...’ began Drake but the words failed him.

‘Step inside and don’t worry about your vehicle. It will be quite safe out here. We haven’t had a theft in like... well, we’ve never had one,’ he chuckled.

Drake had little choice as Farrow had already stepped from the rover and was proceeding to follow the man who had not waited to see if they had accepted his invitation. They were already at the airlock door before Drake began to move to follow. They had come to the moon to commence a new age of exploration with a view to surveying a

site for establishing a long term base. It seemed like someone had already beaten them to it.

President Roland tried to keep her mouth closed so that she would not gape in disbelief at her Aide and the Air Force General who had come here to tell her the most fantastic story. They had both grown silent after offering her a revelation that bordered on the absurd. They were waiting awkwardly for her reply. President Roland realised that she needed to say something.

‘On the moon?’ she questioned.

‘Yes,’ replied General Moore.

‘People?’ she added.

‘Yes, ma’am,’ confirmed the General.

‘Okay, let’s get this straight. We sent a four-person mission to the moon to survey sites for a potential long-term base so we could stay ahead of the Chinese and there are already people there, one of who is American. You got all this from the mission specialists you sent up there?’

The General stiffened at the repetition of his words but nodded.

‘Who?’ she began, but thought better. ‘Do we know who they are?’

The General looked to Roland’s Aide to intervene. He really did not want to be the one to say it.

‘Shaw,’ stated Mark Granger.

Roland stepped back from her desk in the oval office and slumped back into the chair she knew was there.

‘Shaw,’ she repeated almost like a whisper. ‘How do we know?’ she added quickly.

‘Several of his company names were on the cargo containers in the hold up there according to Lieutenant Drake,’

said Moore. ‘We initially lost communication with the rover but Drake was permitted access to...’ began the General but Roland waved her hand to dismiss his comments.

‘How in the name of hell did he manage all that?’ quizzed Roland with more than a hint of annoyance.

‘We... we don’t know,’ answered her Aide, a deflating sigh escaping the man’s mouth as his whole countenance dropped in defeat.

‘Shaw,’ whispered Roland. ‘Now just what are you up to?’

NEXT ISSUE:

PERPLEXITY’S INAUGURATION

RAZOR

WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

KNIGHT OF THE YEAR 2020

Sir William of Shea

FUMBLE AWARDS 2020

Best Death

Sir Eoin in Knightshade RPG; as Yarle the Water Boy who was eviscerated while going through the Drú door in KS08 Shade of Lament Part V.

Best Antagonist

Sir William in Knightshade RPG Shades of Lament for the Troll who nearly decapitated Terribus the Sword-arm and Ricardo the Swordarm.

Most ~~Comic~~ Unbelievable Moment

Sir Fergal in Knightshade RPG KS08 Part V; as Milford using the shield of Amadin to jump on the head of the Serpent of the Lake and plummeting 90 feet underwater before being dislodged, losing three points from his Health

Attribute before reaching the surface and being saved by Yarle and Terribus.

Best Trap of Ambush

Sir William in Knightshade RPG KS08 Part V for the Drú door that killed Yarle and separated the party from almost all of their items (including their clothes).

Best Slip of the Tongue or Expression

No nominations.

Most Heroic Moment

Sir Fergal in Knightshade RPG as Milford for using the Shield of Amadin to save the remainder of the party left behind (along with Otis the Dog & Sir Hardigan’s Horse) from the Guardians of the Underway after saving Ricardo from a Guardian that crushed the Swordarm’s legs, breaking one of them. Through great difficulty and strain he reached the party, along with Alatoff and pulled off a feat of daring that very nearly saw them all undone – KS07 Beyond the Night Part III.

Best Fumble

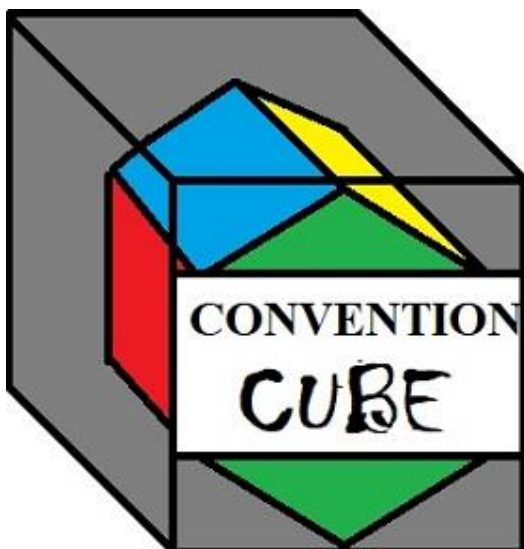
Sir Fergal in Knightshade RPG KS08 Part III for mistaking the symbol of the War Crow Goddess, Babd (Baiv) as a giant spider and defiling her altar, inviting hundreds of crows to chase him down to await his ultimate death.

Best Use of an Item or Spell

Sir Martin as Alatoff Barrowdark in Knightshade RPG KS08 Part V for stacking Bane Arrows to use against Stiegel’s Ghost, diminishing the threat.

Most Vile Act

Sir Martin for using the eye of the Ogre in Knightshade RPG, ramming it into the skull of Ricardo Montebane to restore his missing eye - skull f#% him into submission.



COVID-19 dictates if and when we will be able to travel again. As such, providing any details with regards to possible events can only be done in full awareness that such outings may never happen. With that in mind, below you will find the proposed events and dates for the coming game year 2020/2021.

Fri 06th – Sun 08th November, 2020

Cork Con II

The Imperial Hotel, South Mall, Cork.

Sat 19th December, 2020

Joes Big Christmas Night Out

Chinese Food in the Kennel followed by drinks in Town – Venue(s) to be confirmed.

Fri 22nd – Sun 24th January, 2021

WarpCon XXXI

U.C.C., Cork, Ireland.

Tues 25th May – Tues 01st Jun, 2021

NEXTCON (with UK Games Expo)

Birmingham, UK.

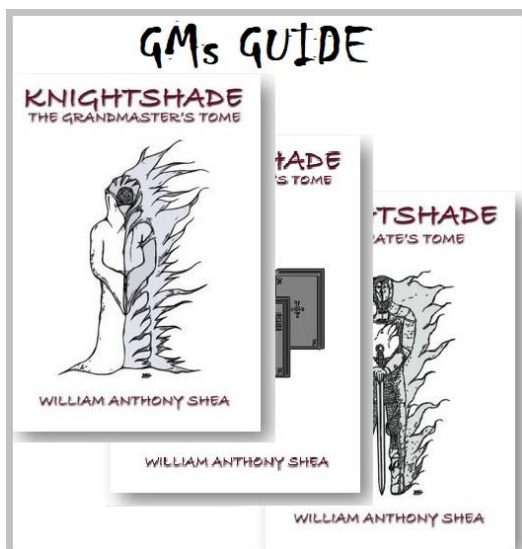
Sat 19th Jun, 2021

KENNELCON

The Kennel & Knights Bar, Cork.

BLASTs FROM THE PAST





HEROES ARE BRAVE

Heroes are brave. Even villains can be daring and reckless. What one cannot abide in a game story is abject cowardice or caution that goes beyond sensibility. **COWARDICE!** Of course it may be prudent for Characters to run away, and that is perfectly okay when such is a group decision. However, it is the spinelessness of Players who run or hesitate without provocation to which I am referring. Those so afraid of losing their much beloved Character that they often adopt facets of a persona that is far from the supposed personality or the theme of the story being played out; those moments when the Players pause for no reason and delay the action out of F-E-A-R – an emotion that is purely in the remit of the Player.

The Player pauses in fear, not the Character. The Character should be brave, daring or reckless but the Player does not want to lose those precious levels or Ranks he has gained or the items in his Character's possession, or

the prized experience/knowledge points (XP/KP) gleaned thus far. Fear sets in and the persona of the Character suffers under the craven whims of the Player. It makes me want to puke and my Character want to stab them all in the back as they run away. I have often thought of switching sides. As a Player I scream out 'For the love of Pantheon, this is D&D (Pathfinder, or Knightshade). Who runs from Orcs (or Trollynn)?' Okay, it is reasonable to run from a horde of Orcs, but not when their numbers are so few that they should be the ones quaking in their foul, sweat-filled boots. **C-O-W-A-R-D-I-C-E!** Suffice to say, I prefer to play Characters with a backbone. There is a time to be cautious and a time to act. If the DM/GM looks like he is about to yawn the Players out of existence or bears a frown of frustration that leads to the formation of a real cloud of annoyance above his head – take the message! No, it isn't safe. Yes, there is the chance your beloved Character will die – yes, even the one who has been around for six years and has all those choice items you have been hoarding. Yes, it will be sad, and no, the other Players might not care. They may even laugh and give your Character's death no more attention than the time it takes to loot his body and leave his carcase for the wolves. Such is the life of an adventurer.

We play the games to adopt a persona that is not us – a Character who acts and fights Orcs and stumbles into the unknown, one who often engages in folly within reason. We form attachments to those who truly shine through. And yes, we even remember the cowards, but for very different reasons.



Welcome to Fumble's letter and information page where we give our readers an opportunity to ask questions, provide feedback and receive occasional updates on important communications.

We have not received any letters or queries for this issue.

Please send any letters and submissions to:

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

Alternatively you can e-mail:

submissions@baddogpublishing.ie

<http://www.baddogpublishing.ie/index.php/publications-2/newszine/>

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Get writing those letters of appreciation, criticism or otherwise – or just send us your opinions.

FUMBLE NEWSZINE STAFF

Editor: Master Sage.

Associate Editor: Wimpy Troll.

Technical Editor: Webster Troll.

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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

TABLETOP CAFÉ (may not reopen)

9 Castle St, Centre, Cork, T12 CF2R

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

2021 marks a changing of the guard as the position of Seneschal passes to another Knight to lead KOMY into the next term 2021-2023. Please note your interest with the current Seneschal.



THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

Seneschal's Declaration



Where do I begin? This is not the world we woke up to last year. NEXTCON, like many other events has been a casualty of this pandemic, but its loss pales in significance to the tragedy that is unfolding on the world stage. The games matter but they fade in importance to the calamity left in the wake of COVID-19. We must go on. There is no choice. We have to learn from this experience, to apply the things that will keep us safe, and to endure in the face of a pandemic that will be with us for a long time to come. Stay safe! Do everything you can to keep yourself and those you care about safe! Adopt all of the measures to resist this deadly virus! Writing these words seems surreal. They could be for a game – a story to entertain in some apocalyptic Role Playing Game (RPG). Alas, they are not. The words are real and hold the weight of a truth that cannot be denied. We will get through this pandemic. We will get through the strict measures of social isolation, social distancing, masks, vigorous hand-washing and everything that is required to keep us all safe. What choice do we have?

The games go on, with a higher degree of virtual inclusion than ever before. The bonus is getting to see some of our members who have been unable to attend the physical games. While this is not ideal, there will come a time when we can gather again in the Kennel and perhaps keep the virtual momentum

brought about by this pandemic. On that, we need to be mindful of the things that keep the Knights of Misspent Youth (KOMY) in motion – the basic housekeeping. Votes for the Knight of the Year Award have been sporadic; support for the Fumble Awards has similarly been lax. Attendance on the virtual platform has had its own difficulties but I am going to call out one in particular – please do not say you are attending the games if you are not sure. The DM/GM may need time to cater for absentee Players. If you can't attend, that is perfectly okay, but err on the side of caution and mark as 'maybe' if you are not sure, and 'unable to attend' if you can't go. Where possible, the DM/GM will assign your Character to another Player. Be prepared that your Character may be excluded from a story for a time, and if you do attend thereafter, you may have to wait until an appropriate moment to add the wayward Character back into the current plot.

Please note that a revised KOMY Charter will be sent out to all members to ratify before the end of this current calendar year. Do not pay it lip service. There are some very real changes coming to KOMY and if you want to have a say, read the KOMY Charter. If there are any changes you may wish to include, please let me know.

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

SENESCHAL: William Anthony of Shea

WEEK	DATE	GAME	GMDM	SLOT	MANAGE
WK29	14-Jul	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 5	JULIUS	1	N/A
WK31	29-Jul	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 6	JULIUS	2	N/A
WK34	19-Aug	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 7	JULIUS	3	N/A
WK38	16-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE - KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS PART I	MS	4	1
WK39	21-Sep	FN35: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-FIVE	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK39	23-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE - KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS PART II	MS	5	2
WK40	30-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE - KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS PART III	MS	6	3
WK41	07-Oct	KNIGHTSHADE - KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS PART IV	MS	7	4
WK41	11-Oct	WIMPY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK42	14-Oct	WEBSTER TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK42	14-Oct	CARD GAME	WIMPY	8	5
WK43	21-Oct	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	9	6
WK44	28-Oct	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	10	7
WK45	04-Nov	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	11	8
WK45	06-Nov	CORK RPG CON 2	KOMY	12	N/A
WK45	07-Nov	CORK RPG CON 2: ORIGINS PART I	KOMY/MS	13	N/A
WK46	08-Nov	CORK RPG CON 2	KOMY	14	N/A
WK46	11-Nov	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	15	9
WK46	12-Nov	HIPPY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK47	18-Nov	JULIUS TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK47	18-Nov	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK	JULIUS	16	10
WK47	19-Nov	SULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK48	25-Nov	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK	JULIUS	17	11
WK49	02-Dec	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK	JULIUS	18	12
WK50	09-Dec	DEPARTMENT X: CAMPAIGN I - ORIGINS PART II	MS	19	13
WK51	13-Dec	RANDO TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK51	14-Dec	TIED-ON TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK51	15-Dec	FN36: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-SIX	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK51	16-Dec	DEPARTMENT X: CAMPAIGN I - ORIGINS PART III	MS	20	14
WK51	19-Dec	JOES BIG CHRISTMAS NIGHT OUT	KOMY	21	N/A
WK01	31-Dec	DUPLEX TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK03	13-Jan	CARD GAME	WIMPY	22	15
WK04	17-Jan	AFC & NFC AMERICAN FOOTBALL	KOMY	23	N/A
WK04	20-Jan	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	24	16
WK04	22-Jan	WARPCON XXXI	EVENT	25	N/A
WK04	23-Jan	WARPCON XXXI: DEPARTMENT X RPG: RUNES	EVENT	26	N/A
WK05	24-Jan	WARPCON XXXI	EVENT	27	N/A
WK05	27-Jan	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	28	17
WK06	03-Feb	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	29	18
WK08	15-Feb	FN37: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-SEVEN	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK09	24-Feb	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	30	19
WK10	03-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART I	MS	31	20
WK11	10-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART II	MS	32	21
WK13	24-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART III	MS	33	22
WK14	31-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE - KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART IV	MS	34	23
WK15	07-Apr	KNIGHTSHADE - KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART V	MS	35	24
WK16	14-Apr	CARD GAME	TIPSY	36	25
WK17	21-Apr	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK	JULIUS	37	26
WK17	22-Apr	FN38: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-EIGHT	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK19	04-May	GULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK19	05-May	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK	JULIUS	38	27
WK20	09-May	OZZIE TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK20	12-May	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK	JULIUS	39	28
WK21	19-May	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK	JULIUS	40	29
WK22	24-May	KLUTZ & KRAVE TROLLS	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK22	25-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	41	N/A
WK22	26-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	42	N/A
WK22	27-May	NEXTCON: DEPARTMENT X - MOBIUS PART I	EVENT/MS	43	N/A
WK22	28-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	44	N/A
WK22	29-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	45	N/A
WK23	30-May	NEXTCON: DEPARTMENT X - MOBIUS PART II	EVENT/MS	46	N/A
WK23	31-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	47	N/A
WK23	01-Jun	NEXTCON	EVENT	48	N/A
WK23	02-Jun	CARD GAME	WIMPY	49	N/A
WK24	07-Jun	TIPSY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK24	09-Jun	DEPARTMENT X - MOBIUS PART III	MS	50	N/A
WK25	16-Jun	THE FUMBLE AWARDS & CARDS	KOMY	51	N/A
WK25	19-Jun	KENNELCON - THE KENNEL PARTY	EVENT	0	N/A

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

COMING

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ILLUSTRATED

THE IRISH TWINS BIRTHDAY!

WAS

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RAZOR

William Anthony Shea

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THE SENESCHAL'S DECLARATION

SIR WILLIAM

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

