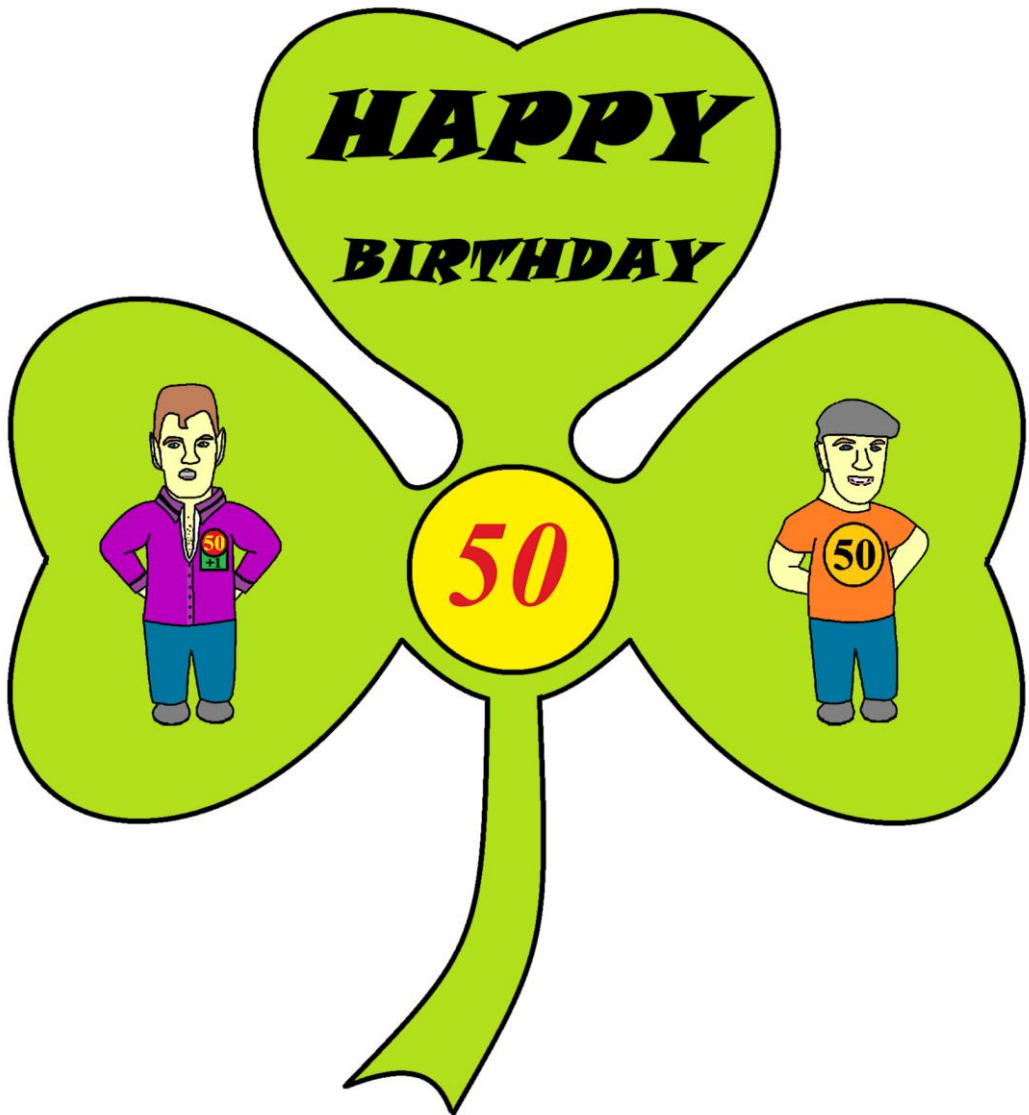


# FUMBLE

# 36

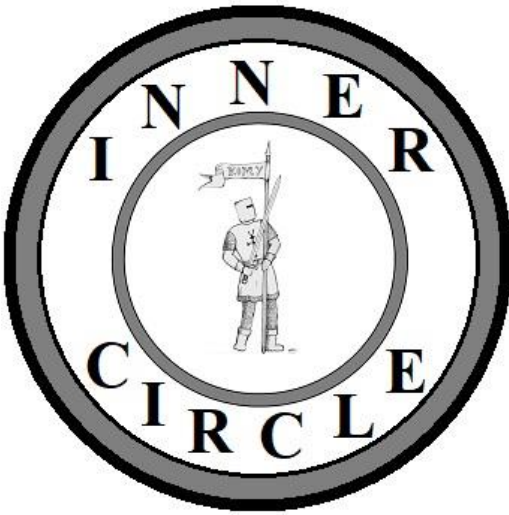
NEWSZINE

DECEMBER 2020



IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH





**Wednesday, 16<sup>th</sup> September, 2020**  
**Knightshade RPG**  
**Campaign II: The Augur Stone**  
**KS09 Dunes of Wretchedness Part I**

Dazed, fatigued and shaken from the loss of Yarle the Water Boy, the party were deposited out into the sands of a vast desert, the unforgiving sun shining down from above. The transition was both painful and horrifying as each of the companions witnessed the agonising evisceration of poor Yarle. However, soon more immediate problems took precedence. The companions were naked. They had lost all of their items with the exception of Terribus's axe and Hudron's Augur Stone. They were Drú items and had survived the transition. Worse, Ricardo's enchanted eye was ripped from his skull rendering his recovered eye lost and his left hand was missing. Alatoff soon became aware that they were standing under the frame of a huge ancient doorway, the tendrils of magic that had transported them here fading. It did not provide a way back. He soon realised that having lost his clothing and equipment, he had also

forfeited his spellbook. So too had Verbose. Fatigue deepened but they could not stay here. Without water and shelter from the sun, they would die.

Terribus stood to the fore and led the party west, in the direction indicated by Hudron's Augur Stone. The others supported each other in the precarious trek across the sands, dunes rising and falling in the distance in all directions.

Travel was arduous and Alattoff had noted the hint of a warning from the ancient doorway about using magic in its proximity. One league out he made the attempt without success, feeling the pull of the doorway trying to draw him back. Two leagues out, he tried again. Three leagues out as the sun began to retreat to the west he succeeded in casting Shadow Carpet. So too did Verbose. Together they used their magic to advance with a greatly wearied party, one carpet above the other to provide shade. When night came, they had to rest as the temperature began to drop dramatically. Knowing this desert could only be the Dunes of Mir did not help them to endure the extremes of the terrain and temperature shifts. However, in the night there were other difficulties. The sands were shifting as if something moved under the surface. This was soon revealed to be Desert Voles, similar to creatures that the party had previously encountered with the exception of chitinous armour adorning their bodies and an absence of a neck.

Alatoff and Verbose were exhausted and sat on the Augur Stone to protect themselves from underground attacks. They slept as the party were seated in a circle to protect them and remained awake to watch for Voles. Terribus cut one of the creatures in two and used its

shell in a similar manner as the Magi had used the Augur Stone. More Voles were drawn to the party and each met its end as Milford and Hardigan grappled with the vicious creatures and Terribus dispatched them with ease. The shells proved useful in keeping the companions from harm. Still, it was the relief offered from the Shadow Carpets that provided the most protection. Alas, each of the Magi suffered from fatigue as they struggled to maintain this magic and tried to remember their spells after being separated from their books.

Soon after breaking camp and heading west, the party came upon a marker sticking up out of the sand. On investigation, disturbances around this stone protrusion proved to be Scorpions, deadly creatures who could kill a man with their venomous stings. The marker was worn and obviously constructed in the distant past. Two distinct runes were still apparent, one depicting the Augur Stone with a west symbol. The other indicated the word 'Oasis' or 'Vitality of Water' in the same direction.

The companions continued west and shortly thereafter espied a camp half a league to the south. Approaching the camp they were greeted by a mature man adorned in olive and sand coloured robes. He was standing by a small tent tending to a fire while cooking his daily repast. A strange, two humped horse with long gangly legs stood nearby. The man introduced himself as Al-Tamar-Il-Oran-Bashar in Miran but told Alattoff to call him Al. He indicated the strange horse to be a Camel, whom he named Iskar. Another younger man joined them. Al-Tamar referred to him as Akash, indicating the boy had no name until he earned his right to become a

Scout of the Rilha, loosely translated as Journey.

Al went on at length about the inadequacies of Akash and how he only travelled from Spier to Tiris and from Tiris to Spier and back and forth leading caravan trains on trade runs. He noted that the Rilha did not condone and would not take charge of anyone who practiced slavery. The Rilha were an honourable Guild. Providing the companions with water, fig brandy and strips of Akash's blanket, to cover 'their offensive inadequate manhood', and the one pair of boots he could spare, Al welcomed them to stay until the sun went down. They needed rest and this meagre repast. Given their pale complexions he suggested that it would be best if they travelled at night and rested during the day.

The companions accepted his hospitality. Al only asked to hear stories in return for same. He also asked that they take Akash (who murmured that his name was Duras) with them so that he could learn more of the world and take his place as a Scout of the Rilha in honour.

The companions departed that night and continued on their journey west, reaching a notable protrusion from the cup of a sandy dune, the tip of a pyramid rising thirty feet out of the sand. Unfortunately they also detected great shifts in the sand that proved to be Scorpions as large as a wagon.

Verbose scouted the ruin a little after dawn, sending his Shadow Eyes out into the area to find a large entryway marked with a depiction of the Augur Stone. Milford climbed the pyramid and found a similar marking along with a warning that Alattoff deciphered – not to disturb

this place lest one wished to sacrifice their souls.

The party did not dally given the presence of the giant Scorpions. They made haste in moving the heavy cover stone that led into the outer antechambers of the pyramid and descended using Akash's rope. As the Scorpions gathered to attack, Milford stood his ground to protect Ricardo and Verbose as they began the descent. He dodged a claw as he leapt for the rope and quickly followed them underground.

The party found themselves in a huge unadorned antechamber, worn pillars rising on the left and right, decayed and broken bones strewn all about the place. They found a number of rusting and broken weapons, gleaning three workable Broadswords, two shortswords and four daggers. Everything else was beyond use. Those weapons found were so worn they would not last for more than a few attacks before buckling or breaking. Entrances to the west were blocked by sand and rockfall. Only one way to the east remained open, possibly shielded by the breadth of the pyramid above. A single depiction could be discerned above a large oblong entryway – the Augur Stone. As with so many times before, there was little choice but to move on...

**Wednesday, 23<sup>rd</sup> September, 2020**

**Knightshade RPG**

**Campaign II: The Augur Stone**

**KS09 Dunes of Wretchedness Part II**

Before turning his attention to the sinister circular door adorned with hundreds of Scarab Beetles, Milford found an ancient helm. He put it on even though he suspected it would exert control over him because he had seen

something similar in the Underway. Surprise, it exerted control over him and he attacked Hudron, who had no choice but to retaliate. Milford was pummelled and tackled by the party until he submitted and Terribus tore the helm from his head, leaving the Swordarm in a sorry state.

The Scarab door beckoned. The party managed to figure out how to open it easily and Sir Hardigan was elected to make the attempt. This led into another chamber where a receptacle awaited, full of the water of life. The party replenished and filled their water pouches before proceeding inward.

Passages branched off to the left and right, each beginning near a statue. A female stood in the south (right) alcove and a male in the north (left) alcove. They were similarly adorned in robes with depictions of wreaths on each of the subject's heads like a crown. The long robes fell to open toed sandals. The figures were tall, slim and very attractive. The male statue's inscription noted the subject as Marius, Patriarch of Bastion. The female's inscription was deliberately removed, showing signs of physical harm. There was a depiction of a Scarab Beetle pressed into her chest where the heart would be located in her living form.

The party followed the left passage first and found a secret way leading into a long four foot high corridor with a lever at the end. Scarab Beetles lined the ceiling at regular intervals. The right passage was checked and a similar hidden way was found with identical characteristics. The levers proved to activate doors into the Pyramid proper but the entryways did not yield to any

persuasion as they were blocked. The main door to the Pyramid was also locked or barred and would not yield to persuasion. Unfortunately the Scarab Beetle activated when Ricardo the Swordarm came into proximity with the female statue, burrowing into his empty eye socket as if it detected that he was flawed.

A deeper secret way was uncovered before the main door to the Pyramid but the restrictive tunnel had its own shortfalls as it was narrow, permitting only one of the companions to pass within at a time. In the tunnel, Alatoff found the ancient remains of a male body and a silvery Scarab Beetle necklace which he passed to Ricardo to extract the insect from his empty eye socket to save him from further harm.

The companions moved farther into the Pyramid and found a huge water filled receptacle where the Augur Stone was to be activated. Beyond this watery pool there was a female form trapped in a stasis bubble. Four helmed guardians waited in the huge chamber ready to attack any transgressor who might seek to harm the Pyramid. Half buried in the sand they remained inert but poised to unleash fury in an instant.

The party searched the room, tense with the expectation of an attack. The central pool in which rested a dais was marked with the symbol of the Augur Stone. Hudron and Milford entered the pool and raised the Augur Stone together; emulating a scene they saw depicted on the outer Pyramid door. On doing so the chamber was filled with light and the stasis bubble around the female form began to dissipate, revealing a lifeless husk giving way to a plague of thousands of Scarab Beetles.

The helmed guardians were also activated at this time but they moved to stand against the infestation as the companions fled.

Escaping the Pyramid known as Bastion, the party hurried across the Dunes of Mir to reach the Frame, the doorway to the Drú Outpost where they had lost Yarle. The race against the Scarab infestation proved fruitful. The party passed through the Frame, but Alatoff was left behind.

The companions had no time to pause. Stiegel's Ghost, now joined by Yarle, attacked the party. Terribus and Milford fought to hold them back while Hudron and the others gathered up all of their belongings before swimming through the tunnel and climbing to the entrance to escape the Outpost.

The transition was not without difficulty as pain and discomfort wracked each of the companions pushing through the doorway in the wake created by Hudron. They had escaped, but not without consequence...

**Wednesday, 30<sup>th</sup> September, 2020**

**Knightshade RPG**

**Campaign II: The Augur Stone**

**KS09 Dunes of Wretchedness Part III**

There was no time to lose. In the distance the party spotted Sir Jerrold under some duress as he was being attacked by bandits. Sir Hardigan's horse and his dog, Otis, were also in the thick of the battle. Spurred on by this new threat, Verbose brought forth his Shadow Carpet to set the party to enter the fray.

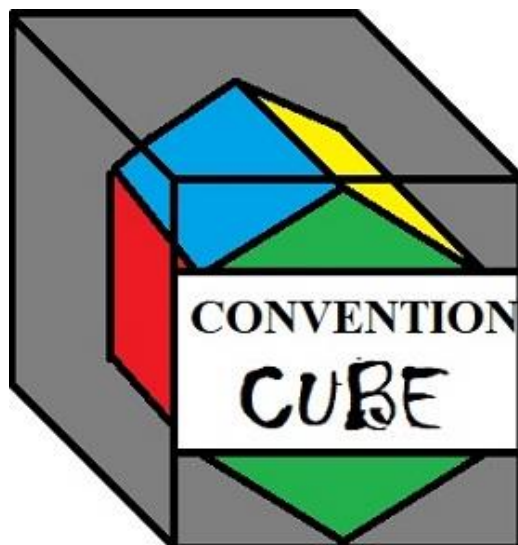
Sweeping down on the enemy, the party attacked relentlessly. Sir Jerrold began to succumb to the paralysis inflicted from his wounds. Terribus

rushed to save the failing Knight and Otis the Dog from the bandit leader, Black Reichi (pro-nounced Ricky). The bandits were quickly routed but not before Terribus also fell to paralysis from the blades of this unchivalrous enemy. The party rescued four *Elven* females who had been abducted from a nearby encampment to be sold into slavery. In time they recovered from their wounds and the paralysis. Sir Jerrold professed to now remember everything from his past. In particular he revealed that Alattoff bore a remarkable resemblance to the former leader of the bandits, Red Jerry.

Meanwhile, Alattoff Barrowdark was making his way back to the party using his Shadow Carpet after discarding Al and stealing his belongings. On the edge of the desert the camel turned into a statuette. However, Alattoff had other problems as he was swooped down upon from on high by a giant Desert Eagle that tore two gaping wounds in the Mage before he managed to retaliate by casting a Paralysis spell on the avian creature. Alattoff fled, his wounds a worry as he raced to reach his companions in time to be saved.

Sorely wounded, Alattoff collapsed as his Shadow Carpet dissipated. Hudron and the others rushed to the aid of the Mage. The party spent several nights convalescing. In the meantime the sandy beach, where an element of magic was detected, drew the attention of the party. There they recovered two gemstones which were given to Alattoff to bond with the bracers he had found previously in the cave of the Troll, Tundrek.

Sights were now set on the Callibane and ending the war...



COVID-19 dictates if and when we will be able to travel again. As such, providing any detail 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 06<sup>th</sup> – Sun 08<sup>th</sup> November, 2020  
**Cork RPG Con II (Run Online, but Cancelled for KOMY)**  
 The Imperial Hotel, South Mall, Cork.

Fri 18<sup>th</sup> December, 2020  
**Jo's Big Christmas Night Out In**  
 Chinese Food (optional), Drinks (necessary) and a virtual gathering of KOMY.

Fri 22<sup>nd</sup> – Sun 24<sup>th</sup> January, 2021  
**WarpCon XXXI**  
 U.C.C., Cork, Ireland.

Tues 25<sup>th</sup> May – Tues 01<sup>st</sup> Jun, 2021  
**NEXTCON (with UK Games Expo)**  
 Birmingham, UK.

Sat 19<sup>th</sup> Jun, 2021  
**KENNELCON (Invitation Only)**  
 The Kennel & Knights Bar, Cork.





# Illustrated







# SHORT TALES

PERPLEXITY'S INAUGURATION

## RAZOR

**WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA**

The night had been way too long but Paulo didn't want it to end just yet. When the first light of dawn crept over the horizon, he was apt to give up and let the party die away to a faint memory that dulled into a myriad of nights

before, but right now Stacy was so *horny* she had finally relented to let him stay the night. He had wanted to get into her pants ever since he met her. Stacy was a tease. She had never seemed interested in him, but tonight, after six overloaded, not for the fainthearted gins, three shots of whatever that green stuff was, and seven beers laced with enough of the good shit to make anyone look appealing, Stacy finally took notice. In Paulo's mind it should have been the other way around but when he decided to embrace his wild side and ignore her, suddenly she wanted him. All he had to do now was to get in there and perform without throwing up all of the aforementioned imbibing – at least

not until he was done. Paulo looked like a cross between Jesus and some down on his luck hobo. His hair was thick with the grime of several days neglect, blond but darkened by layers of interwoven grease. His blue eyes were wide from the drink and drugs coursing through his system but dulled by a deep regret that stemmed from a psychological debilitation that he could scarcely remember. His beard and moustache seemed even darker than his hair, but then, they too suffered from varying degrees of neglect. He wore blue jeans, stained from overuse and a long-sleeved, open-necked top that had once been a deeper shade of green but now paled to a jaded pastel that varied depending on the lighting. Paulo wore a braided leather necklet that he woke up with one morning, but for the life of him, he had no idea why, or what the significance of the adornment was in the aftermath of another drug and drink filled night that pushed him to the edge. He had two elastic bands on each wrist. Again, he did not know why. They were most likely to remind him of something he had long forgotten. Right now he didn't care. Stacy had climbed onto the bed and lay on top of the covers, her short skirt betraying the inadequacy of her provocative underwear choice. There was just no way that thing was worn for comfort. It implied enticement in a very *'come get me'* way. Paulo was rationalising his advances towards Stacy without needing an excuse to visit any moral implications for being here. She had already removed her top. Her full breasts offered Paulo a firm and enticing delight to push away any question that he was not going through with this dalliance. She was ready and

purring. He was hooked. Her dark hair hung just below the shoulder and contrasted the whiteness of her skin, but it was the ruby red of her full lips that had caught Paulo's eye when he arrived at this party. He didn't know who the host was, who this bed belonged to, or even where in the great state of New York he was right now, but he didn't care. Stacy was ready and willing and Paulo wanted her. He was so primed he ached for her. When he moved towards the bed she suddenly stopped him in his tracks with a gesture from her hand.

'You have protection, right?' she asked.

Paulo groaned inwardly but kept his facial expression neutral. He didn't have any condoms but that was not going to stop him. The lighting was poor in the room. He could just brazen it out. In truth, he never carried condoms and often struggled to put one on when the other party looked to fulfil that requirement.

'Sure,' he drawled as he eased himself up on the bed and turned away momentarily so that Stacy could not see that he was lying.

*'Fuck, fuck, fuck,'* he thought. Lying was one thing, but faking a condom was something else. He certainly couldn't look for her to give him an oral gratification now to get him started.

It was then that Paulo noticed the elastic bands on his wrist and a smile curved his lips into a wicked grin. He slipped his pants off, pausing momentarily to wonder when he had stopped wearing underpants.

'Come on, baby, I'm hot for you,' purred Stacy.

This served to push aside any trace of reluctance that, in truth, didn't have a

snowball's chance of winning out in the first place.

Paulo twanged the elastic band on his wrist real loud to emulate putting on a condom underscoring the sound so that she could hear. He clambered on top of Stacy. She had just as much stimulants coursing through her as he had and barely noticed. She felt so good but it was all over in less than three minutes. By the time Paulo was finished, Stacy had nodded off, overcome by the night's excesses.

Paulo lay down beside her and just about had the wherewithal to pull the covers over them both before closing his eyes to the satisfaction that followed. He woke twice during the remainder of the night and indulged in Stacy again. She moaned and purred under his touch. In truth, Paulo remembered it that way but could not be sure what had happened after the initial indulgence. The drink and drugs made him receptive to influence but they also churned his mind to self-gratification. He had given Stacy his all.

Paulo woke feeling everything was right in the world as long as he didn't move. He could see the red glare on his eyelids but had no intention of opening his eyes and being blinded. He reached out to Stacy and found the bed wet to the touch.

*'For fuck sake,' he thought. 'Stacy had either wet herself or vomited or both.'*

It was nothing he hadn't done in the past. In fact, as he lingered there and refused to open his eyes to the glaring light, for all he knew it could have been him. Other thoughts surfaced. He assumed it was piss or vomit and sniffed the air to be sure. It didn't seem right.

Paulo turned on his side to avoid the worst of the morning glare, though in truth, he had no idea what time of the day it was and could only assume morning. He risked opening an eye.

'Fuck!' he declared. Either Stacy had a really bad period or she was washed in her own blood. Her vacant, open-eyed stare favoured the latter.

Paulo should have jumped from the bed. He should have reacted with some sense of shock, or at the very least an inclination towards self-preservation just in case he was in danger. Stacy had been cut across the throat. She had bled out with her hands around her neck unable to staunch the blood loss, choking on the viscous fluid as it filled her exceptionally pretty mouth. The incision had been razor sharp, and Paulo surmised that it may indeed have been one of those antique '*old dude*' razors he had seen some elder fucks use from time to time, like the one they still had in some old school barbers. This was a tragedy. Stacy was just too hot to have come to such an end.

Eventually, Paulo did move. He opened his eyes when the glare became manageably diminished and forced his legs over the edge of the bed, fumbling with his feet to find his clothes. He snagged his jeans and reluctantly reached out to pull them up. His head swam but he managed to steady himself by reaching out and placing a hand on the wall. He was still wearing his socks and smiled at the convenience of not having to search for them. His top was snagged in the covers and had escaped getting any of Stacy's blood on it. Paulo's luck was holding out well this morning. He wiped his hand on the covers, cleared his throat and let out a

sigh.

Paulo reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out his lighter and the small battered tin in which he kept his rollies, delighting that he had the foresight to roll a few joints prior to coming to the party. He lit up, took in a long draught and exhaled slowly in satisfaction.

‘What a shame,’ he sighed, casting a glance towards Stacy.

Paulo climbed to his feet and exited the room. He noticed from the digital wall clock that it was a little after noon. He passed through the house, stepping over a throng of sleeping bodies entwined in various entanglements of convenience and left the house. No one so much as raised an eyebrow to acknowledge him.

When he got outside he stopped momentarily to survey his surroundings. Nothing registered. He had no idea where he was or how he had got here in the first place.

‘Fuck, fuck, fuck,’ he declared.

When Paulo slipped his hand into his other pocket, the one that didn’t contain his stash, his fingers touched on something hard and unexpected. When he drew it out from his pocket, he stared at the implement in bewilderment. It was an old style razor, like the one that... Stacy had been killed with. Even more surprising – it was perfectly clean.

‘What the fuck did you drink last night, Paulo?’ he asked himself in recrimination. ‘What the fuck did you do?’

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**NEXT ISSUE:**

PERPLEXITY’S INAUGURATION

**TAKEAWAY**

**WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA**

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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

### **OTHER REALMS**

Unit 1, Paul St. Shopping Centre, Cork

### **SANDBOX**

Unity House, Lower Glanmire Rd, Victorian Quarter, Cork

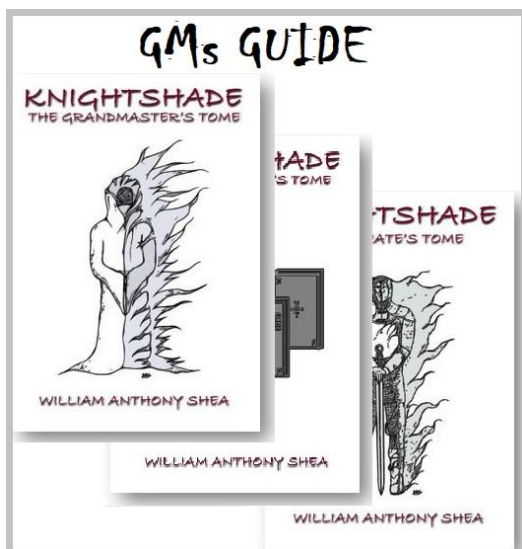
### **WARHAMMER**

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.







## SURVIVING ALONE

There you are – alone in that desert, locked away in a room when the way is blocked behind you, or you are rendered translucent and forgotten by compatriots who should care but... alas, they don't. Surviving alone when your companions have left you behind in the belief that you have died or that you are simply beyond the effort required to get you back, can be daunting. More so if the Players around the table begin to carve up your belongings and behave like they just got lucky. Oh, of course they cast you sympathetic looks and proffer fleeting forlorn sighs of regret, but do they even take more than a moment to make sure you are dead or truly lost. In the former case, do they even spare a thought to bury your body with more fanfare than – 'sure, he was a great Captain'. What about the Player who sacrifices his beloved Character for the greater good of the party? I remember such a moment; Juno the Cleric killed by the Ghost of Staunton

Bluffs after he put himself in harm's way to save his 'friends' from a fate worse than death. Instead of sympathy and words of thanks, the declaration of – 'what did he have?' sent shivers down the spine of the aforementioned Player and Dungeon Master (DM) alike. The shame was only outweighed by the utter disbelief of the Player.

In the more likely case of not having been reasonable enough to die, finding yourself alone is not the worst scenario. Here are some words of warning. Do not go after the treasure alone. Let your selfish companions do the hard work and you can walk over their dead bodies to gather up any choice items with less danger than if you had been with them to face the perils. With any luck they will have triggered all of the traps, killed or wounded most of the antagonists and left the way clear for you to reap the rewards. Sometimes surviving alone is nothing more than waiting out the ensuing carnage. Even if they do survive, you can always appear on the scene at an opportune moment heralding your uncanny escape just in time to reclaim your belongings along with the appropriate share of the loot.

## BLAST FROM THE PAST 1







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.

Dear Fumble,

I enjoyed your recent article on bravery/cowardice (Fumble FN35). It made, I believe, some very valid points on Player (P) vs. Character (C) behaviour. For me, all the main Characters in a game are heroes; or should behave like such. Just look at the way Characters are created, with abilities beyond those of normal townsfolk; almost super-human strength, shrewd intellect etc.

And yet it is true for some Players, almost before their Character gets their first Level/Rank increase, they seem to have developed such feelings for the PC (and their belongings) that they will take unbelievable/embarrassing steps to protect them.

I remember during some games I played, where the Dungeon Master (DM) had to actually cover figures with a container to prevent them (one of them actually) being moved erratically during encounters. You know the story, 'I'll watch the window/back door/horses while you lot break the door down', but when there is treasure to be had the PC magically reappears at the front ('potion of speed anyone?').

But... is this actually cowardice, in

the operative sense of the word? In wanting a Character to stay alive, isn't that what the Player wants as well? However, a Character is in the game to gain notoriety or riches, and there are PCs who are willing to let others risk all first, but not every Character a Player has... in every game! That is the ultimate cowardice, and is a betrayal of their personas, and the time and effort a DM or GM has put into a game. I could relate tales of how 'self-preservation' skewed games I played in, for both other Players and DMs... but not here.

What you stated is true; we do form attachments to those who truly shine through. And yes, we even remember the cowards, but not kindly.

Well, a letter at last, and one worthy of a response. Thank you for taking the time to add your thoughts to the featured article from FN35 and for providing a Player's perspective of the issue being raised. As a GM, it is easy to pick holes in a Player's motivations when a story stagnates, especially if a group proves unwilling to rise to the challenges being presented. A Player forming an attachment to a much loved Character is understandable, but not if it changes the persona of that Character to the point where it makes the reason for keeping him safe moot. In many games, as you pointed out, the Character is the hero, or he is represented as something special, to be feared or loved, but to be more than the persona in a fantasy world where being more is expected. Otherwise, why not play the local Innkeeper? Stay safe, stay home, and be unremarkable. We play the games and become embroiled in the stories presented by the DM/GM because of a Player's ability to truly affect the outcome, and to do so with all the drama and surety that such deeds will live on in the minds of Player and DM/GM alike, be they in infamy or legend.

Again, thank you for your response and for taking the time to acknowledge the

aforementioned article. Our readers' views are just as important as the issue being raised.

Dear Brother Knights,

I just wanted to take some time to let you know how much I have enjoyed being able to attend regular games recently. While Covid-19 has made virtual games a necessity it has presented those KOMY members that cannot attend games regularly due to distance or other commitments a chance to take part in the games and feel like a full member of the Knights of Misspent Youth again.

While connecting virtually will never replace or have the same feeling as being in the Kennel interacting with the other Knights being able to interact over Zoom has been great. I would like to thank Sir Liam and Sir Martin for facilitating online games and hope they can continue and flourish. I hope my fellow Knights appreciate being able to see my smiling face on an almost weekly basis.

Thanks!

Sir Eoin of Moloney

I can't remember the last time we had two letters in one issue. While being in the Kennel (KOMY Headquarters) is the ideal interaction, having Sir Eoin and others attending online is definitely a bonus of the virtual approach. Reconnecting on a weekly basis, even virtually, is definitely a step in the right direction. In the end it is all about playing the games we love, and interacting socially and finding a way to remain friends in this very difficult time. In hindsight, a virtual connection should have been added to KOMY a long time ago, but technologically we weren't ready to go down that route. Hopefully we will be able to improve communications over time and add game

aids to make playing the games smoother.

**Please send any letters and submissions to:**

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Alternatively you can e-mail:

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

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## **BLAST FROM THE PAST 2**





# THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

## Seneschal's Declaration



Virtual communications have improved in the Knights of Misspent Youth (KOMY) headquarters, and we have seen a continued upsurge in participation which is always welcome. While COVID-19 remains very much a part of our lives, and will be with us for some time to come, keeping the games in motion and making these improvements for the rest of the club have made all the difference. Alas, some of the events that we have come to know and love in the last few decades could very well become a casualty of the ongoing pandemic in early 2021, but perhaps that is something we can work to rectify virtually as well, by hosting our own pseudo-events in their place. JOES Night Out became JOES Night In. getting together for a meal and a chat on the night was a good alternative. If WarpCon XXXI proves to be a victim of Covid-19; how about an open gaming weekend in the same time slots complete with a Friday Night Quiz and a Saturday Night Virtual Party with optional dress up (no Barbarian costumes or Cod Piece Warriors please)?

Alas, I am reluctant to say it, but this might be the only future we can have together for a while. Still, I will stop short of suggesting a virtual gathering in the slots for NEXTCON and hold on to some hint of optimism that we might just be able to pull off some miracle event in 2021 to bring us all physically

together again.

In the interim we will not wait for COVID-19 to pass into history. We will not put our lives on hold to lose this time. I for one will work to make the virtual connections even better over time in the Kennel, and host from the safety of the Knight's Bar if required. We will find a way through this pandemic together.

On another happier note – please take the opportunity to wish Sir Kieran of Walshe happy birthday on his '+1' 50<sup>th</sup> year and offer Sir Shane of Walshe similar kudos on his 50<sup>th</sup>. On behalf of the Knights of Misspent Youth, we will celebrate these milestones in time. In the meantime, a small gift is on the way to you both to mark the occasion, though the respective deliveries are largely at the whims of the postal service. We will follow up with a second special gift along with the appropriate birthday celebratory meal (and usual array of beverages) when the situation permits such events to continue.

All that remains is to wish you a safe, merry and trouble free Christmas. I hope that 2021 brings you and your families a more optimistic, happier year, free of COVID-19 with a return to a life that leaves us all kinder and more considerate to each other. Be safe.

**SENESCHAL: WILLIAM 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	CARD GAME	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	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 8	JULIUS	8	5
WK43	21-Oct	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 9	JULIUS	9	6
WK44	28-Oct	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 10	JULIUS	10	7
WK45	04-Nov	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	11	8
WK45	06-Nov	CORK RPG CON 2 - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK45	07-Nov	CORK RPG CON 2: ORIGINS PART I - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK46	08-Nov	CORK RPG CON 2 - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK46	11-Nov	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	12	9
WK46	12-Nov	HIPPY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK47	18-Nov	JULIUS TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK47	18-Nov	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	13	10
WK47	19-Nov	SULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK48	25-Nov	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	14	11
WK49	02-Dec	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	15	12
WK50	09-Dec	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	16	13
WK51	13-Dec	RANDO TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK51	14-Dec	TIED-ON TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK51	16-Dec	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	17	14
WK51	18-Dec	JOES BIG CHRISTMAS NIGHT OUT - NIGHT IN	KOMY	N/A	N/A
WK51	23-Dec	FN36: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-SIX	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK01	31-Dec	DUPLEX TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK03	13-Jan	CARD GAME	WIMPY	18	15
WK04	17-Jan	AFC & NFC AMERICAN FOOTBALL	KOMY	19	N/A
WK04	20-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE - KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS PART IV	MS	20	16
WK04	22-Jan	WARPCON XXXI - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK04	23-Jan	WARPCON XXXI: DEPARTMENT X RPG: RUNES - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK05	24-Jan	WARPCON XXXI - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK05	27-Jan	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 11	JULIUS	21	17
WK06	03-Feb	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 12	JULIUS	22	18
WK08	15-Feb	FN37: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-SEVEN	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK09	24-Feb	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 13	JULIUS	23	19
WK10	03-Mar	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 14	JULIUS	24	20
WK11	10-Mar	CARD GAME	WIMPY	25	21
WK13	24-Mar	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	26	22
WK14	31-Mar	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	27	23
WK15	07-Apr	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	28	24
WK16	14-Apr	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	29	25
WK17	21-Apr	KS10: ROAD TO NOWHERE PART I	MS	30	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	KS10: ROAD TO NOWHERE PART II	MS	31	27
WK20	09-May	OZZIE TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK20	12-May	KS10: ROAD TO NOWHERE PART III	MS	32	28
WK21	19-May	KS10: ROAD TO NOWHERE PART IV	MS	33	29
WK22	24-May	KLUTZ & KRAVE TROLLS	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK22	25-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	34	N/A
WK22	26-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	35	N/A
WK22	27-May	NEXTCON: KNIGHTSHADE - CHASING REBECCA PART I	EVENT/MS	36	N/A
WK22	28-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	37	N/A
WK22	29-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	38	N/A
WK23	30-May	NEXTCON: KNIGHTSHADE - CHASING REBECCA PART II	EVENT/MS	39	N/A
WK23	31-May	NEXTCON	EVENT	40	N/A
WK23	01-Jun	NEXTCON	EVENT	41	N/A
WK23	02-Jun	CARD GAME	WIMPY	42	N/A
WK24	07-Jun	TIPSY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK24	09-Jun	DEPARTMENT X - ORIGINS PART I	MS	43	N/A
WK25	16-Jun	THE FUMBLE AWARDS & CARDS	KOMY	44	N/A
WK25	19-Jun	KENNELCON - THE KENNEL PARTY???	EVENT	1	N/A

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

# COMING

## IN NEXT ISSUE

### FEBRUARY 2021

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**ILLUSTRATED**  
*THE DESERT EAGLE*  
WAS

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**SHORT TALES**  
PERPLEXITY'S INAUGURATION  
*TAKEAWAY*

William Anthony Shea

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**INNER CIRCLE**  
Game updates from the Knights of Misspent Youth

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**CONVENTION CUBE**  
*KOMY'S CONVENTIONS*  
Conventions and Events

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**THE GMs GUIDE**  
*BDP's RPGs*  
Frequently Asked Questions (FAQs)

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**DEAR FUMBLE**  
*CONTACT US*  
Letters from our readers & Notices

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**THE SENESCHAL'S DECLARATION**  
*SIR WILLIAM*  
Words of wisdom from the Seneschal of the Knights of Misspent Youth

