

FUMBLE

38

NEWSZINE

APRIL 2021



**TELL ME THE
TRUTH, HUDRON...
IS... IS IT BAD?**



IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH



I don't have the words. Sometimes it feels like there is nothing more to say after a year or more in and out of lockdown. There is little or no chance of travelling anywhere for several months. Deluding myself into believing that this will change with the wave of a hand and the utterance of a magical expletive is not going to make it happen. Everyone no doubt has become jaded with doing everything necessary to fight against COVID-19. We have to hold on. The vaccines are here. The application of this life-changing serum may be slow in being distributed due to issues with supply, but we will get there... because we have to get there. Life will be very different after being vaccinated, but it is not a magic bullet. The serum is hope. We will still need to be cautious for some time to come, and the assurance of those tasked with ferrying, flying, and carrying us to another place will need to be absolute. I support a means of identification that shows I am protected from the virus. I want public transport, airlines, ferries, and the pubs to take a

level of responsibility to keep me, my family, and my friends, safe. This begins with taking the vaccine. If there is to be any hope of seeing an end, the first step is essential.

Master Sage

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A SPECIAL THANKS TO MJ

Knightshade the Role Playing Game (RPG) has been forced online due to COVID-19, but this situation has pushed the issue of remote connectivity and adapting to a digital environment. Such would not have been possible without the groundwork put in place by Sir MJ of Heffernan, and I would like to offer my profound thanks for his efforts in facilitating and creating an interactive version of the Knightshade RPG Character Sheet on Roll20.net. Kudos and well done! Definitely deserves a few brews for the work.

Wednesday, 07th April, 2021 (Online) Knightshade RPG KSCAL01 Calliban Rising: The Beginning

The timeline is Worshipday, 9th Day of Novar, 725 Ayre Reckoning (AR), and those chosen by the Patriarch of Calliban arrived back in the town of Tiera after four years cloistered away in the capitol city. They were trained in their respective disciplines, but the ties that bound these young men ran deeper –

born on Worshipday, 9th Day of Novar, 709 AR (9th Day in the 9th Month of the 9th Year – 999) on the night when a red star lit up the sky and bathed the rune stone circle known as the Maidens in an eerie afterglow that lasted for several hours. The significance of the return to Tiera was marked with the birthday of these 16-year old men.

The rain proved relentless throughout the journey. Harald Ballan the Drover remained silent, and perhaps a little fearful, during the rolling wagon ride. The journey to Tiera ended outside Keryn Hall, a place traditionally set aside for the Patriarch's Cabal, of which none had existed in this town in over thirty years. Assignment to this place is considered a great honour. There they met Agnes Vargas, a sixteen year-old woman who was appointed to the role of Matron of the house a tenday ago – the youngest ever to be chosen for that role, which is normally given over to a mature married lady in good standing with the town.

With the inclement weather and a long wearing day, an expectation of rest with time to recover from the journey was natural. Food was waiting. In spite of her young age, Agnes seemed capable of catering to the needs of her arrivals at Keryn Hall. She also provided a few special treats – a jug of locally brewed Blueberry Ale, and a plump juicy apple cut into nine segments. After she served and cleaned up, the young Matron left to attend services in the Church of Thyrr. One of the young men also ventured out to attend services, Warden Farris Braeker. There he encountered the old Widow Kart, struggling to climb the steps. She offered Farris assistance

by way of gaining support for herself. Inside, the Warden was greeted sternly by Adjutant Father Karis Dale, ushered to his seat and told that the official was looking forward to greeting all of the young men of Keryn Hall at the next morning service. He also offered a disapproving exchange with Agnes. The service finished and Farris assisted Old Widow Kart out of the church.

Meanwhile, Agnes made her way back to Keryn Hall only to be accosted by an older man. Interrogator Reinheit Folgen intervened, but found out that the exchange had been between the Matron and her father, Master-at-Arms Errol Vargas. There was definitely a hint of alcohol on the man's breath, but he did not seem drunk.

Father Horus Black offered late prayers in the chapel of Keryn Hall and the young men retired for the night. Interrogators, Malys Fortimyr and Reinheit Folgen elected to take watch on the entryway, a duty trained into them in Calliban City.

Wednesday, 14th April, 2021 (Online) **Knightshade RPG KSCAL01** **Calliban Rising: The Cabal**

The next day, all awoke to an early breakfast in advance of morning service, which they were required to attend. Agnes had prepared a meal of porridge, and Malys asked for a drop of honey to sweeten the cereal. The Matron gave the young Interrogator a dash of her personal honey.

At the service in the Church of Thyrr, the men of Keryn Hall were given a place of honour. Prefect Pallin Eckard offered the opening sermon, passing the service to Father Tom

Dollandar, who in turn called on Father Horus Black to say a few words to the congregation near the end of his sermon. He offered a disapproving criticism of Father Horus when the latter strayed to a softer tone with talk of love and other such nonsense.

After the service, Adjutant Father Karis took the young men aside and heard their confessions, following up with a short curt ceremony where he gave them simple rings marked with the symbol of Thyrr to denote indoctrination into a Cabal of the Patriarch. He alluded to this being the duty of Prefect Pallin, but that he had stepped in to be of service to the Patriarch. He also told them of troubling times in Tiera, and the possible presence of a heretic in the town – a deviant Aleria worshipper. He noted that Master-at-Arms Errol Vargas would give them more details, as it was one of his men who had found the offending symbol in the woods.

When the ceremony finished, many of the Cabal went to see their respective parents, and began an investigation of the potential heretic in their midst. An even more disconcerting discovery in Tiera proved to be word of an unknown illness that took the lives of twelve people two years previously, one of whom proved to be Alicia Green, the mother of Silas Green, young Warden of the newly formed Patriarch's Cabal in Keryn Hall. The investigation followed several lines of enquiry, and it seemed that Old Widow Sadie Kart, who had lost her husband, Mort, at the time, held some crucial information. Warden Farris Braeker uncovered much of this evidence as he had a passing acquaintance with the widow. The

investigation led to the tale of a wandering Priest named Father Nathan Farguard, who had been picked up on the road by Mort Kart. He brought the illness to Tiera, and those who came in direct contact with the ailing traveller died, though not all of those who got sick succumbed to the illness. The trail of this disease seemed to lead to an unknown habitat in the south – a place referred to as Lare – a place that had been stricken from all records.

The Interrogators followed up with Master-at-Arms Vargas and found out why the officials of the church believed there was a heretic in Tiera. The symbol of Aleria had been etched into a tree in the woods to the southeast of the town.

When all of the Cabal had conducted their respective investigations, and most had visited their parents, they gathered in Keryn Hall to discuss the presence of the heretic, the unknown illness, and other matters that included a lack of respect that the town was showing to Matron Agnes. The latter issue uncovered that she had been assaulted on at least two occasions, and that she had been using her own money to purchase all of the food and provisions for Keryn Hall. Father Dollandar had failed to explain that the *writ* she had been given provided for all purchases to be given over free to the Matron. The Cabal were left with three distinct avenues of investigation to explore – uncovering the heretic, discovering the source of the unknown illness from two years ago, and looking into why the church had failed Matron Vargas.

Neophyte Theodore Umbra offered to teach the young woman to read and write so that she would be able to

understand the *writ* and other relevant documents as required. The Interrogators would work to recover the money Agnes had paid out already. She in turn suggested talking to the children about anything going on in Tiera as they were unlikely to lie. They might offer some insight into what the adults were up to in the town. Children sometimes saw things they shouldn't or noticed others that were dismissed by their parents.

The Matron welcomed efforts to include her, and told the Cabal that she had been charged to provide information to her uncle, Charon Vargas, on what went on within these walls. The Interrogators confronted this man, only to find that he was an Inquisitor Marshall. He had returned to Tiera to look into rumours that his elder brother was failing in his duty, which was seen as a reflection on his own honour, and to ascertain his niece's loyalty to the Patriarch. As Marshall Charon could find nothing to support his brother's failure in duty, and Agnes had chosen to rightly give her devotion to the Cabal, he saw no need to remain in Tiera, and would be leaving on the following morning.

Late in the evening, Father Horus gave a late service in the Chapel for the newly formed Cabal, after which Agnes asked to confess her sins. The girl was troubled. She wanted a life that included a husband and a family. She could see no other way to remain in service to Keryn Hall and achieving that goal unless she married one of the Cabal.

Agnes is one of the most attractive women in all of Tiera, if not in all of Calliban. Any potential match would exclude the Priest or the Interrogators.



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

Last Chance: 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.

KNIGHTSHADE

THE ROLE PLAYING GAME (RPG)

OUT NOW & PROPOSED RELEASES:

KST01: The Initiate's Tome – Released!

KST02: The Grandmaster's Tome – Released!

KST03: The Loremaster's Tome – NYR#

KST04: The Questmaster's Tome – NYR#

KSF01: The Forgotten – NYR#

KSHOT01: House of Tears – NYR#

KSCAL01: Calliban Rising – NYR#

KSGAL01: Galhaven – NYR#

(#NYR – Not Yet Released)

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, regions of note and includes new Talents, additional rules, major political influences, and detailed maps to enrich the Role Playing experience.

BDP ID: KST03LOREMASTERBDP02





TIME TO GET REAL WITH EXPECTATIONS

Enough with the speculation – the time has come to make a plan that has some hope of coming off. For now – 2021 is a bust. There is no point in putting a pin in an event and rolling the dice to see if it can happen. Instead, roll on 2022 – no dice required.

WARPCON 2022

Expected Dates Only

Friday, 28th – 30th January (3 days)
U.C.C. Cork, Ireland.

Events: Pub Quiz; Pitchers of Beer infused with Tequila; Department X – Origins; Lots and lots of CARDS.

NEXTCON 2022

Sunday, 22nd May – Wednesday, 01st June
In case you can't count – that is 10 nights (11 days).

Accommodation: Premier Inn.
Location: Birmingham, UK (and maybe Loughborough, UK).

Celebrations: *Kieran's & Shane's 50th*;

Michael's 60th; Escape from COVID-19; Return of the Tap Thing (13 Taps in 13 Hours); The Long Island of Endless Cocktails; anything else we feel worthy of celebrating.

Events: D&D 3rd Edition *Darkverse*: The Last Red Letter Day; Knightshade RPG Galhaven; The Ultimate Singalong Karaoke. More events to be added as and when details become available.

Manage: Begins on Wednesday, 04th August, 2021, running for 40 weeks. Minimum payment is €10. If you are not in 'the Manage', you will need to make your own bookings for Flights, Accommodation, and any paying Events.

COVID-19: You must be vaccinated to attend NEXTCON 2022.

KENNELCON 2022

Preliminary Date Only

Date: Saturday 25th June

Time: 18:00 – Late.

Events: Fumble Awards; Knight of the Year Award; Most Heroic Moment Award; Whiskey & Scotch Tasting; Pub Quiz; more to follow.

COVID-19: You must be vaccinated to attend KENNELCON 2022.

JOES 'EVEN BIGGER' CHRISTMAS NIGHT OUT!

Friday, 16th December, 2022.

Pre-meal drinks in the Knights Bar in the Kennel @ 16:00 followed by excursion to town to continue in the Woolshed.

Booked Chinese, Thai, Indian or anywhere that will take us @ 19:00.

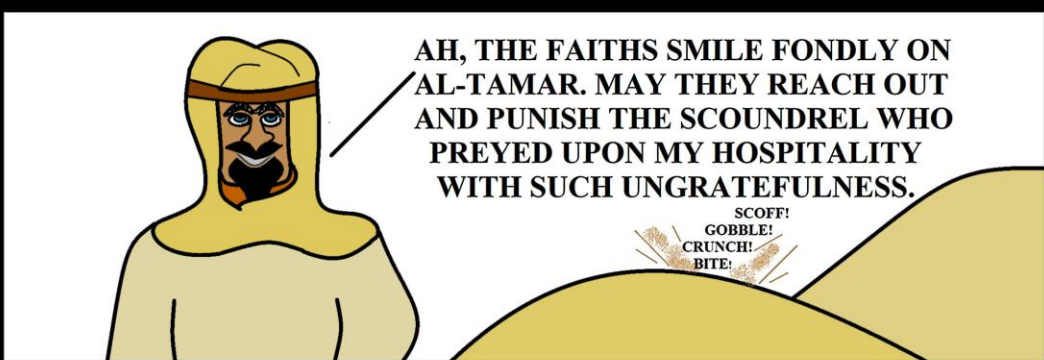
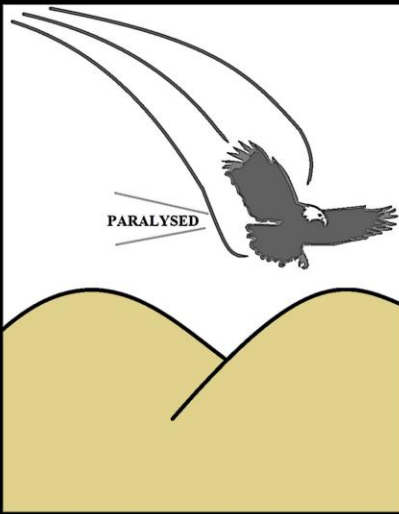
On to any pub that will take us @ 22:00ish.

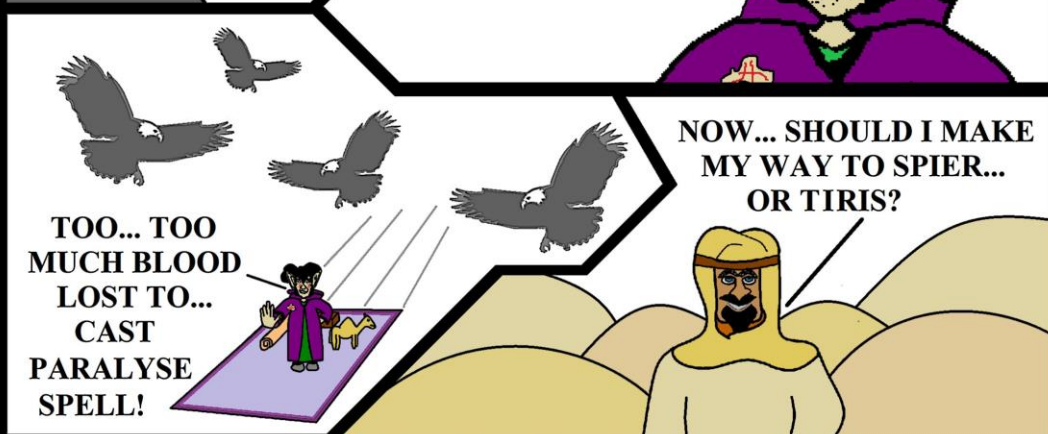
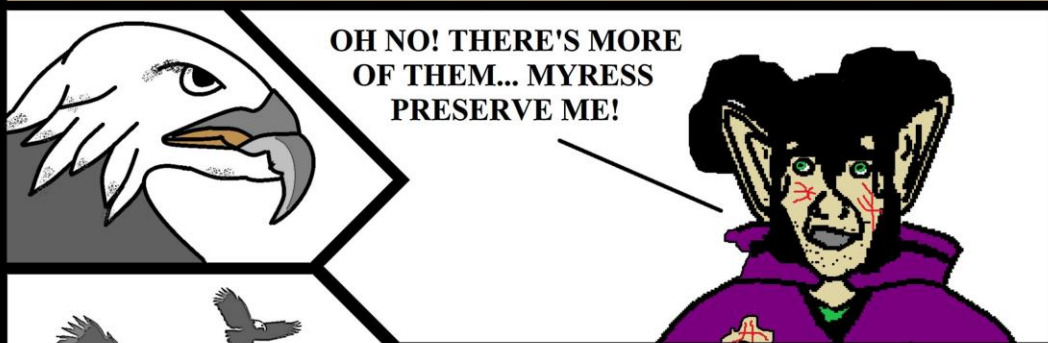
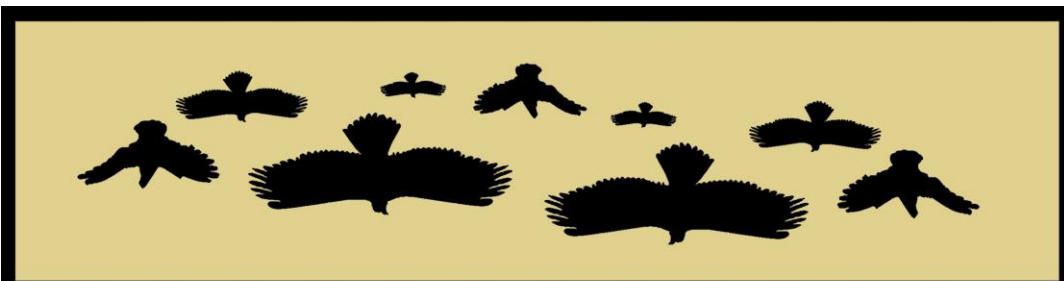


Illustrated

DESERT EAGLE II

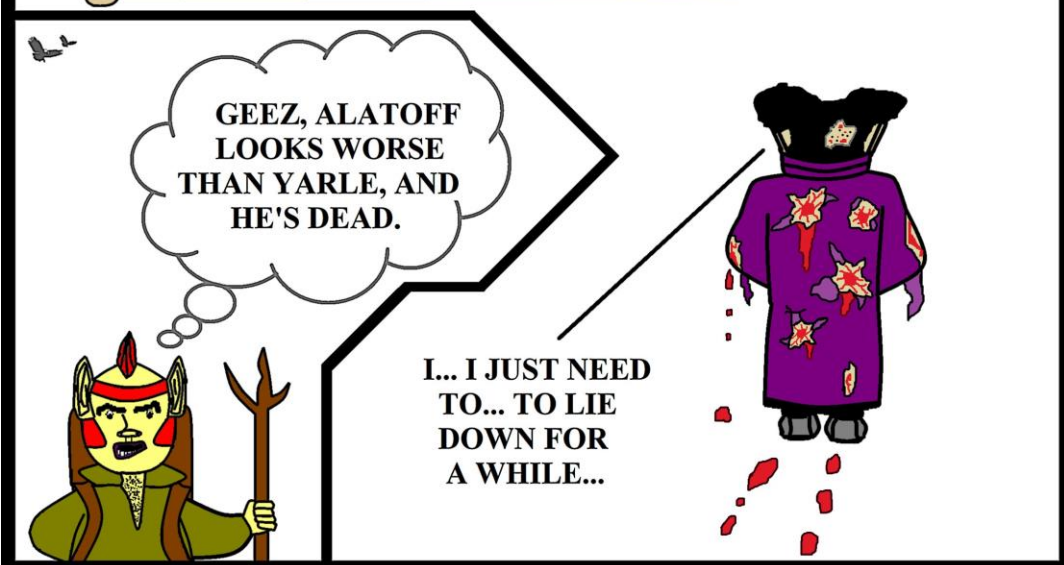
ART & STORY BY WAS





NOW... SHOULD I MAKE MY WAY TO SPIER... OR TIRIS?

MANY SHADOW CARPET MANOEUVRES LATER...



SHORT TALES

WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES!

WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

Blah, blah, blah! That was all that Fosco Strongfoot heard when Snudge Fluffy-foot said anything. The latter could be particularly annoying but that was not a good enough reason to be... well, to be a Fosco to everyone else. They were *Hobbos*. They were supposed to be nicer to each other. Isn't that what defined a *Hobbo*? Hmm, come to think of it, perhaps not. What is a *Hobbo*?

A *Hobbo* is akin to an imp or a really short *Elf*, and is not exactly a picture of goodness. A *Hobbo* is adept at getting into trouble, mischievous beyond compare and *shite* magnets for mayhem. If it can go wrong in a really bad way – such mishaps have got '*Hobbo*' written all over them. A *Hobbo* will also do almost anything to get out of doing real work, is way too fond of food, and prone to '*borrowing for an indefinite period of time*' things that do not belong to them without telling said owner that the aforementioned items were in fact being borrowed. Through some miracle or genetically superfast metabolism, a *Hobbo* does not really gain weight, but then neither is he very light of frame, especially around the tummy; suffering from an inherent trait known as '*wobbly*

tummy' which no amount of fasting or exercise can alleviate. A *Hobbo* is particularly fond of strong ales, wheaty beers, murky stouts and cherry blossom ciders, but he is not adverse to stronger spirits if the mood takes him in a different direction. Intoxication is considered an art.

Snudge was a little different than other *Hobbos*. They viewed him as peculiar, and that was saying something in a place where the mould was not only broken when creating eccentric variants, but smashed beyond all recognition. He had a fondness for light beers which did not exist in the town of Weepy Hullows. He achieved this beverage by taking one part wheaty beer and three parts sparkling spring water and topped it off with a few summer fruits. He also favoured a light elderberry and dandelion wine. Like I stated – he was very peculiar, and not just for a *Hobbo*.

Snudge's closer friends knew that he was... precious. He was often seen prancing in the tall grasses of the local meadows with pussy willows in his hair or frolicking naked in nearby brooks. He was '*special*' and the other *Hobbos* made allowances for his eccentricities because they feared it was really an act and that Snudge would one day lose the plot and go full-fledged maniac on them all. Well, most of the other *Hobbos* treated him that way, but not one. He was a whole different level of crazy and practiced his mania openly like it was some badge of pride.

Snudge was well-groomed. When he took his pony twice a tenday to be pampered, he also indulged his own person in what was referred to by the locals as getting a good mollycoddling.

Snudge had a curiously energetic

blue haired quiff that fell over his eyes but it did not block the line of sight from his equally animated gleaming winter blue eyes. His round tummy was contrasted by firm buttocks, a fact that could not be disputed given the *Hobbo's* propensity to wear pants that were considered shamelessly body hugging, the seam of which rode up into places that other *Hobbos* did not want to think about.

Snudge was clean shaven to the point where his clear pale skin made him look like a youthfully stagnated porcelain doll, but with a bedazzled aspect that many took for being inwardly challenged. Tight pants aside, Snudge sported a tan waistcoat with gold-rimmed pockets, an immaculately white poet blouse complete with fashionable frolicking frills, contrasting rustic, spacious round-toed high-heeled hob-nail boots, lined with snugly daffodil yellow wool socks, and a bowtie that defied his complexion in its deep rosy application of a garish red. He was an anomaly even amidst strikingly odd *Hobbos* – precious. He wore no adornments, did not like tattoos, and would not dream of having any part of his anatomy pierced due to a weak-kneed reaction to the sight of blood, particularly his own. His fingernails and toenails were manicured. His teeth were filed perfectly flat, individually cleared of any impediment after every meal, diligently cleaned, traced with peppermint and treated with a whitener that made them dazzle with the sparkle of a fairy's enchantment.

Fosco looked nothing like his brother, though in truth he was the '*brother from another father*', like they all were, as *Hobbos* lived in a matriarchal

society, one that meant males only had an inclination to do anything through necessity, or if pushed by a female counterpart in the home. His thick, oily black hair stuck out in waves of discontent that could be motivated to bewildering directions by Fosco's inclination to play frantically with the strands between bouts of incessant scratching that would have made the most flea-ridden donkey seem clean by comparison. His habits with regard to anything that required effort was decidedly laid back bordering on unrepentantly lazy. If you wanted something done now, it was best to ask another *Hobbo* or to lay traps of confectionary delights infused with alcohol and washed down with the strongest ales or beers possible, avoiding any inclination to use cider due to that particular liquid's proclivity to bring out Fosco's less endearing and downright destructive side. When exposed to any form of that drink, the *Hobbo* was likely to tear a path of mayhem through the town that could only be halted by exhaustion or a full blown lapse into the sleep of an alcohol poisoned palsy that rendered Fosco inert and drooling from places that were not confined to just his mouth. The best place to be in the aftermath of said mayhem was anywhere upwind of the *Hobbo* as his body angrily rebelled, setting his whole composure right by expelling all excessive irresponsible indulgences outward in a gassy exchange that would in all likelihood kill every crop and render most animals unconscious within a two league radius. Thankfully, Fosco was inclined to run naked into the mountains after such an unsavoury binge to return several days

later with no memory of offending anyone and adopting a repose of plausible deniability that when pressed resulted in everyone being called C U next Thirstday...ing liars.

Unlike Snudge, Fosco was not one to dwell on his appearance or his apparel. He cut his whiskers only when they impeded access to beer or food, or when the odd patch of white hair tainted his otherwise unblemished black hair. He washed when Jadzia told him to because she had a voice like a screeching cat having a cheese grater dragged through its body the wrong way – not that there was a right way to use the implement in that regard – something many other *Hobbos* had noted to Fosco after one of his cider infused rampages rendered Weepy Hullows devoid of any feline population for almost two years. When motivated to make him do anything of note, Jadzia's otherwise charmingly delightful tones made Fosco want to tear his own skin off with a rusty spoon rather than listen to her apocalyptic whining.

Fosco wore a dark tunic that might have once been lighter in tone. There was no getting some stains out let alone identifying whatever it was that led to the alteration of the fabric in the first place. Lomdath (another of the brothers from another father), who was solely responsible for laundering the clothes for their particular clan had used robust dyes to cover up any unsightly blemishes that could not be washed away. As a consequence, all of Fosco's clothes ended up the same dark blue or black colour, though they were frequently mended with patches of brown leather cut from old saddles and boots. Sometimes others, who didn't

know the *Hobbo*, had the impression that Fosco was a vagrant or some misfortunate lunatic who had escaped from one of those special farms they had down by the lakes where they put up walls, used harnesses, rubber tree batons, and locked the cell doors to keep outside communities safe. Those who recognised him knew otherwise. Fosco was far crazier than anyone they had locked up down there.

Fosco's eyes harboured a cruel streak that could not be softened even when he was inclined to joviality or just being less aggressively disposed. His teeth were incredibly clean in spite of a myriad of habits that included eating the stickiest, grimiest, murkiest foodstuffs known to any *Hobbo*. He managed this uncanny feat by the use of a toothpick he wielded ad nauseum after every meal, usually while others were still eating, and always in plain view of those who knew better than to tell him that he as being loutish lest they find him inclined to use the implement to make them regret having spoken out of turn. He was particularly fond of jabbing it in other *Hobbos* eyeballs; though he did not indulge in using the pick on anyone he considered part of his clan. The latter disposition towards an altruistic sense of family was not something to be applauded. It only came about after being victimised by his brothers under the instruction of Jadzia who had fed him one of her potent broccoli and sleeping nightshade pies in the wake of a belligerent outburst that had made him jab her with the offending implement. They tied him to the post outside of the house and performed the rite of '*red belly*' for several days until he broke down in a fit

of sobbing and agreed to target his toothpick elsewhere. Jadzia had a way of dealing with the *Hobbo* that no other would have dared to employ. She was far crazier than he could ever be because she had a devious streak and a pain threshold that defied comprehension. He knew that she could smother him with a pillow in his sleep by making him think it was an overture to foreplay that might lead to snuggles out of season. As *Hobbos* only mated in Spring for reasons of procreation when, driven by the urge, no one could resist Jadzia if she became inclined to indulge in such shenanigans. Knowing it was potentially a ploy that would only end badly did not safeguard a *Hobbo* from succumbing to her whims.

Fosco wore what the other *Hobbos* gave him to wear. He favoured jaded hobnail black leather boots, each tipped with a rusting spike that protruded half an inch from what he referred to as the toe pouch. They had been softened over time but not diminished, almost as if they had been magically rendered to endure against the elements as well as everyday wear and tear. They were in fact frequently repaired by Lomdath, but he liked the fact that Fosco fell for such an obvious falsehood. It was the small wins that mattered. In time, it came down to fear. If Fosco ever learned that Lomdath had deceived him, not even 'red belly' could save the *Hobbo* from the jab of the toothpick or a good toe pouch kicking.

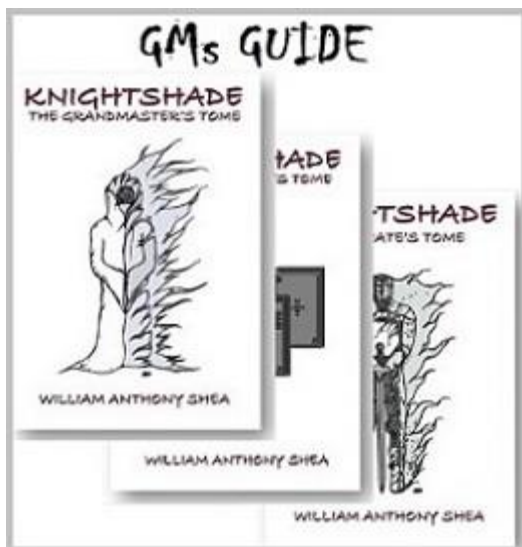
Fosco wore no adornments but he did have a tattoo on his right forearm that was supposed to be of a unicorn. It looked like a jagged scar or an irregular star that amounted to a scribble with a sharp implement, quite possibly his

toothpick. The 'tattoo' was in all likelihood completed using one of Lomdath's special dyes. This was not something to debate with Fosco. Once he told someone that the depiction was of a unicorn, many learned from experience that it was best to let him be with his delusion lest they face a reprisal that could only be settled by filling him with copious amounts of any beverage that would quieten his discontent. Remarkably, that was exactly what Fosco saw – a perfect depiction of a prancing white unicorn.

The other *Hobbos* in Weepy Hullows outside of this clan were jadedly normal, while those within the family had idiosyncrasies that ranged from diverse to perverse. This tale began with Snudge and Fosco. The others will be introduced as the story moves in a direction that motivates such interactions. One only has to wait for each nuance to unfold. Weepy Hullows is a town of extraordinary variety mixed with bewildering bouts of insanity laced with exploits of mayhem, and all before the sun rises above the point of noon.

The snow had come to the town, as it always did at this time of year, in expectation of a very special arrival, one the *Hobbos* of Weepy Hullows awaited with a sense of foreboding that filled their little hearts with such fear, knowing there was nothing they could do to save themselves from a season that always brought a very particular angel of death to the door. His name was Santy Claws. Being good was about as useful as sack of coal in the summer...

NEXT ISSUE:
WEEPY HULLOWS
SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – PART II
WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA



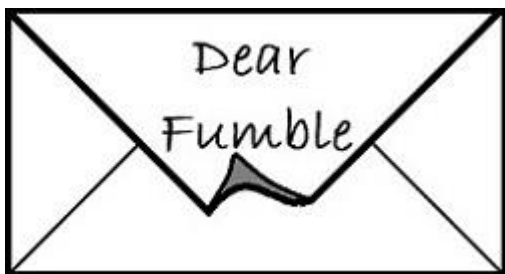
SURVIVAL SKILLS

Surviving in a fantasy world is not just a state of mind. Sometimes you must have the required skills. Getting caught out in the desert with the Talent, Wilderness Survival, might just set you on the road to dehydration and death, but the bases need to be covered, and there are some skills that might see you through a sticky situation if you are in the company of someone who possesses the necessary abilities. Forage, Hunting, Fishing, Skinning, Endurance, Locate Plants & Herbs, Herblore, Nature Lore, Sense Danger, Sense Weather, and Tracking may all prove far more useful in the great outdoors than Dancing or Singing, though the last two Talents might be required to survive under other situations. No skill should be taken for granted. Survival skills are relative to a situation, and as such, being in the company of a group of adventurers can sometimes offset any potential shortcomings by sharing the proverbial load with regards to a diversity of Talents.

Climbing is always useful, especially when required to scale an obstacle such as a mountain with no obvious path, and where going around might cost more than just time if you have no water or food, or the situation is time urgent. Mountaineering will provide an added assurance in traversing such terrain. In the aforementioned desert, the Divine Water Talent will definitely be welcome. Even a skill such as being able to read and write in a particular language could prove the difference between life and death if the situation warrants.

The Grandmaster (GM) should encourage Players to look at their group as a whole when selecting Talents, particularly when starting out in a game. Give the hint of a background for the forthcoming story, or note that such a skill would be more useful than the one a Player is inclined to select. Even the most mundane Talent might be more favourable for surviving an encounter if the situation warranted its inclusion. The Talents, Locate Traps and Locksmith are all well and good if the story is orientated towards delving into places that require those abilities. Dodge and Fight Blind may be necessary when entering a place where the light is not in favour of a Character or physical conflict is about to ensue. If one has to pass a forgery to get through the gate in a keep, having the Cooking Talent is going to be akin to useless. Perhaps the Guard at the gate can't read and any scribble on a piece of paper will do. However, maybe the overriding smell of onions that permeates the air from that stew you made earlier will get him to usher you on with nothing more than a casual glance at the paper.

Every Talent and skill can be viewed as something useful to overcome a particular obstacle or to survive a situation. While many Players are apt to view those Talents geared towards traditional survival in a particular category – remember, every ability is subjective to the moment or challenge that is about to be unveiled. Engaging with the GM from time to time rather than blindly selecting Talents might just provide the edge a Character needs to endure in the face of an adversity that could not otherwise be foreseen.



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.

Unfortunately, we did not receive any publishable letters or comments for this issue. BDP have taken the decision that the Letters column will be dropped from next issue, but may return from time to time if feedback is forthcoming, relevant, and appropriate.

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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BLAST FROM THE PAST

Pre-COVID-19...



During COVID-19...





THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

Seneschal's Declaration



Even on the darkest nights when the rain is falling, the air is chill, and the gales persist for hour after hour, there is always hope that it will end, because inevitably the storm passes away and the sun rises on a new day. COVID-19 has taken so many moments from us, but like the most persistent squall, it will pass. We have to believe this to be true. The vaccines will work, and life will find a new normal. In the meantime, the games go on, and with a little help from a friend (***BIG*** thank you to MJ 'Topsy' H), and the assistance of those who have used the Roll20 platform, Knightshade the Role Playing Game (RPG) has entered a full online run, albeit with an alternate version of the game set in the Theocracy of Calliban. Limitations on the interactions of Players required a restructuring of game visuals and support material, but this proved relatively easy as most of the resources had been set up to be scalable. Still, there are pitfalls that cannot be overcome in the short term. This is merely a substitute for the true social engagement achieved by a traditional gathering. The biggest pitfall to date is in the failure to have side-conversations while the GM is occupied with a particular Player. The ability to discuss strategies on the side-lines is not possible without a great deal more effort on technical interaction. When someone is talking, everyone else needs to listen, and you can't just step outside the door

to have a chat. The game has always been about the social exchanges for me. Saying that, an online presence has been a great way to bring Players back into the game who would otherwise not have been able to play, due to distance and time constrictions. As such, we will always maintain an online presence going forward.

There is still a need to be diligent about doing the required paperwork and housekeeping. There are things that online Players can do to help the GM.

Don't forget to vote after each game! Every vote counts towards the Knight of the Year Award.

Don't forget to update your Knowledge Points notes throughout the game, or before the next session! Every point recorded will add to the advancement of your Character in the game. If you don't list the details, the points will not be counted.

Support of KOMY has also suffered. There have been no contributions to the club in some time, other than a regular stipend put into the fund every week by the current Seneschal. While such payments may seem to matter less due to COVID-19, they will become of paramount importance when we come through this pandemic. If the funds are not there, any chance of hosting special events will be seriously curtailed. Do try to remember the details.

SENESCHAL: WILLIAM OF SHEA

WEEK	DATE	GAME	GM/DM	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
WK50	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
WK52	23-Dec	FN36: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-SIX	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK53	31-Dec	DUPLEX TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK02	13-Jan	KOMY CHAT	KOMY	18	15
WK02	17-Jan	AFC & NFC AMERICAN FOOTBALL	KOMY	19	N/A
WK03	20-Jan	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	20	16
WK03	22-Jan	WARPCON XXXI - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK03	23-Jan	WARPCON XXXI: DEPARTMENT X RPG: RUNES - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK03	24-Jan	WARPCON XXXI - CANCELLED	COVID-19	N/A	N/A
WK04	27-Jan	KOMY CHAT	KOMY	21	17
WK05	03-Feb	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 11	JULIUS	22	18
WK05	04-Feb	FN37: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-SEVEN	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK06	10-Feb	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 12	JULIUS	23	19
WK07	17-Feb	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 13	JULIUS	24	20
WK08	24-Feb	CARDS & CHAT	KOMY	25	21
WK08	27-Feb	WARPCON ONLINE	EVENT	N/A	N/A
WK09	03-Mar	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 14	JULIUS	26	22
WK10	10-Mar	QUIPLASH	SULLY	27	23
WK12	24-Mar	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 15	JULIUS	28	24
WK13	31-Mar	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 16	JULIUS	29	25
WK14	07-Apr	ONLINE KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING SETUP	MS	30	26
WK15	14-Apr	ONLINE KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 1	MS	31	27
WK16	21-Apr	ONLINE KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2	MS	32	28
WK16	28-Apr	FN38: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-EIGHT	BDP	N/A	N/A
WK17	28-Apr	ONLINE KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3	MS	33	
WK18	04-May	GULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK18	05-May	ONLINE KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 4	MS	34	29
WK18	09-May	OZZIE TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK19	12-May	ONLINE KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 5	MS	35	30
WK20	19-May	KNIGHTSHADE - KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS PART IV	MS	36	31
WK21	26-May	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 17	JULIUS	37	N/A
WK22	03-Jun	ONLINE PATHFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 18	JULIUS	38	N/A
WK23	07-Jun	TIPSY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK23	09-Jun	KS10: ROAD TO NOWHERE PART I	MS	39	N/A
WK24	16-Jun	THE FUMBLE AWARDS & CARDS	KOMY	40	N/A
WK24	DEFERRED	KENNELCON - THE KENNEL PARTY	EVENT	DEFERRED	N/A

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

COMING

IN NEXT ISSUE

AUGUST 2021

ILLUSTRATED

SUPER SPANDEX HERO BOYS PART I

WAS

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SHORT TALES

WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – Part II

William Anthony Shea

*

INNER CIRCLE

Game updates from the Knights of Misspent Youth

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CONVENTION CUBE

KOMY'S CONVENTIONS

Conventions and Events

*

THE GMs GUIDE

BDP's RPGs

Frequently Asked Questions (FAQs)

*

DEAR FUMBLE

CONTACT US

Letters from our readers & Notices

*

THE SENESCHAL'S DECLARATION

SIR WILLIAM

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

