

FUMBLE

39

NEWSZINE

AUGUST 2021



IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH



Who would have thought that we would still be caught up in the throes of a pandemic over a year and a half later, but here we are. The positives that have come out of this experience may not seem apparent when looking out the window and wondering if the world will ever see a normal day again, but there had been some good points. An online presence has brought KOMY closer in some regards, forcing our hand to bring those near and far back into the fold of regular gaming. The air seems fresher, though an increase in an avian feathered scourge has caused some issues. The weather, while good throughout most of July, has returned to the expected norm, but the pubs have opened up indoors, so it offers the same precarious balance that was always prevalent. There are more beer gardens and outdoor dining areas. Hopefully, Ireland will retain this aspect of its hospitality. After all, our counterparts in the rest of Europe have enjoyed that experience for decades. People have adopted a level of hygiene that is to be welcomed. This should

have been imposed a long time ago. I mean, how hard is it to wash your hands? The cleanliness of the hospitality sector has also largely reached a more acceptable standard. We may still be caught in the throes of COVID, with the next variant on the horizon and no true end in sight, but we have vaccines, a better culture of hygiene, and a greater choice of outdoor dining. Maybe the quality of the air will retain something from the decreased global activity and give us a chance to make some necessary improvements to help the planet – maybe not. However, there is one thing we can be sure of in the wake of a global pandemic – we are all in this together. COVID doesn't much care about the divisions arising from human nature. Try to be kinder to each other. Offer a little consideration when venturing out. Forgive the idiots. They know not what they do. Stay the course and we will all come through this together. Some may be dragged into the light kicking and screaming, but there is always hope. Winter is coming but we are in a far better position than this time last year. Take care of yourself.

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Knightshade RPG KSCAL01 Calliban Rising: Eye of the Patriarch - Ending

Grand Marshall Bale Thurrow's chilling declaration to Agnes Vargas (now Agnes Keryn), Matron of Keryn Hall still echoes with all the weight of a tangible rebuke for failures that rest heavily on the Cabal.

'You will bear no child. You will be joined to no man. You serve the Patriarch, Keryn Hall, the Cabal, and Thyrr. There is no room in your heart to devote to another. You are a Keryn now. This will be your life.'

Agnes was not alone in facing a reprisal for her part in the Cabal's actions. The people of Tiera have felt the full weight of the Patriarch's justice. The town has been cleansed of dissidents and heretics alike. The uncompromising cruelty perpetrated by Grand Marshall Bale Thurrow cannot be denied, except in fearful whispers that die away in the nights that follow. Old Widow Sadie Kart is a woman to be feared. Her part in this affair is now undeniable.

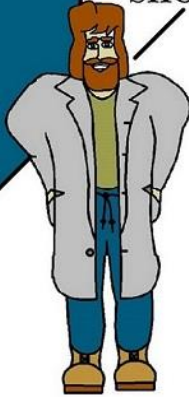
Secrets are insidious. And yet, those

in the Cabal are not without flaws. There is much to concern the Patriarch's chosen that could unravel the whole sect with a careless misstep.

'True devotion requires more than just faith alone. The sun may be shining over Calliban for now, but you know that darkness exists, and not all shadows will become obvious in the light. There have been some harsh lessons learned in Tiera. The Cabal are feared. If this was not evident before, it has certainly come to the fore in the aftermath of Grand Marshal Bale Thurrow's departure along with his grim entourage. Those who strayed have been punished. Those who stood in ignorance of such dissention are equally culpable in the eyes of the Church of Thyrr. No quarter will be given to those who misbehave. The Patriarch is watching, and the consequences of any failure might yet see him taking a heavier role in the destiny of both Tiera and the Cabal. The road rises and falls. Day follows night follows day. Thyrr is ever-present in your lives. You remain favoured by the Patriarch for now. You need to decide if this is a calling that you are comfortable with before time runs out and takes the choice away. The people of Tiera are not your friends. They are not your family. You belong to the Cabal now. You belong to Thyrr and the Patriarch. There is no longer any room for doubt...'

As the story came to an unsettling end, some matters were left unresolved. The Cabal had little choice but to deal with the *Wolves* attacking travellers on the road to Tiera in the aftermath of facing Grand Marshall Bale Thurrow – *The White Judge*. The reproach of this daunting official will resonate with the Cabal for a long time to come. They needed time to recover from their wounds, and from the reverberations of pious denunciation...

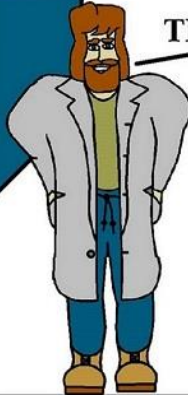
SHOULD WE HELP?



**I THINK
THEY'VE
GOT THIS,
HUDSON.
HERE, JUST
DRINK THIS.
YOU ARE
NOT A RED
SENTINEL.**



**THAT'S BECAUSE
I'M COOL AND
THEY'RE NOT.**



**MAYBE YOU SHOULD
SURRENDER NOW!**



THAT WAS
A GREAT
WORKOUT,
BHD!



I DON'T THINK
YOUR FRIENDS
AGREE, SEX
WOLF!

MY... MY WHOLE
BODY HURTS.



EM, CAN SOMEONE POP
ME BACK TOGETHER,
LIKE?



VIOLATED!
FEEL
I...



BLACK
AND BLUE
SENTINELS,
/ HA, HA,

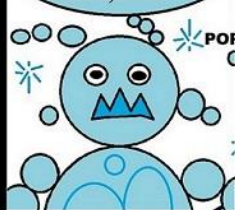


GLUG!
GLUG!



NEVER
SEEN A GUY
TORN IN HALF
BEFORE!

THAT WAS
BUBBLICIOUS,
HA, HA!



NICE TO SEE A MIRACLE
IN THE
WORKS.
AMAZING
NO ONE
WAS
KILLED.



I WOULD HAVE HAD MR
BUBBLES BUT MY ARMOUR
FILTRATION FAILED!



SHORT TAILS

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

The steam from dampening and ironing all of the *Hobbos* clothes belonging to Jadzia's brood could be both liberating and a source of fear for Lomdath Oddfoot. He liked the way it made fabrics pliable, but he retained an underlying anxiety that the other *Hobbos* would appear out of the thickening mist to inflict a physical retort for his maiden-like aspirations. They accepted his needling skill, and lauded his spin on a long weave, but still picked on him for his affinity for the colour purple. His use of special softeners to enhance the fabrics was welcome in reducing chafing but the fragrant odours of pansies and posies sometimes exasperated other *Hobbos* into thinking it was mating season. They were caught between an inclination to flee before Jadzia got hold of them, and the stirring of the urge that made them bewilderingly compliant to her feminine whims. There was more than one moment of shame attributed to Lomdath in Weepy Hullows when a maiden became pregnant in an unnatural way; out of season. These things had to be kept in perspective lest they got out of hand. I mean, Spring was Spring, like.

The other seasons were for other stuff. Summer was for frolicking in the meadows among the pussy-willows, or spending time by the lake, to fish, swim, or just float in the water until someone came and poked you to make sure you were still alive. Autumn was harvest time, and for eating incessantly to prepare for a long Winter hibernation, while avoiding the visits of Old Pumpkinhead, who was apt to knock a noggin or two in an attempt to acquire a new head before the seasonal cold swept across the land. Winter was for long sleeps to avoid the crippling chills and the dark wet nights. Spring was for getting to it, letting Jadzia have her energetic way, and for losing those extra pounds stored up to bolster the inclination... for doing the endless chores that came with cleaning out the burrows, before the cycle started all over again.

While other *Hobbos* expanded their waistlines to fit the seasons, Lomdath was a peculiar variety of that species amidst other irregular versions. He was inherently slim, with firm buttocks that often motivated his male counterparts to forget that he was of the same sex. He had a swagger that was somewhat off-putting, and often raised the ire of the female *Hobbos* of Weepy Hullows when they were less observant to his particular peculiarities. Lomdath was an engaging conversationalist, adept on many subjects that went beyond the fermentation of beer, the excitement of chasing sheep, and the delectable tastes of nine varieties of nuts flavoured with honey infusions.

Lomdath Oddfoot was also the only male winner of the High Heel Spooning

Race, much to the consternation of other *Hobbos*, but mostly to his brood mate, Jadzia who bordered on murderous intent until Bobbin Septicfoot intervened and curbed her homicidal tendencies with copious amounts of alcohol suffused with juniper berries mixed with the juice of sun-bursting elderberries. Two pints of Bobbin's trademark '*Giniper*' usually pacified Jadzia and curbed all inclinations towards inflicting prolonged harm. The following morning the other *Hobbos* just told their brood mate that she had won, as she did every year in the High Heel Spooning Race. The effective and potent *Giniper* served to eradicate any memory to the contrary. Other *Hobbos* in the town knew better than to contradict that lie. Everyone remembered the awful screeching banshee cries from several years back when Jadzia became aware of having lost the much coveted female event. Her toxic wails caused havoc. The local cows would not give milk for six tendays, the sheep shed their wool unnaturally, the pigs would eat nothing but honey-soaked acorns, and everyone within three leagues was either partially or fully deafened, Lomdath had in fact won the contest six years in a row, a cause for a homicidal reprisal that would have culled the whole town better than a visit from the Santy Claws.

What is the '*High Heel and Spooning Race*', I hear you ask? Well, it involves wearing special hobnail boots fitted with an uplifting high heel that narrows to the point of a stiletto. The higher the heel, the more daring the effort needed to be employed in controlling one's gait in said footwear. Lomdath's are a bright

cherry red with an eight inch elevation. Jadzia's are a vibrant cerise pink with a similar height. The boots are open-toed and laced up to the thighs to render the legs rigid. Points are scored for height, technique, and the length of one's prancing gait. However, the true mastery comes with engaging the spoon, usually mounted on the '*Heeler*' from behind, and selected from one's own brood. While this was of no concern to Lomdath or Jadzia, the poor *Hobbo* selected to be the '*Spooner*' can often have some reservations, especially when required to mount the former '*Heeler*' in a manner that could often lead to over-excitement that bordered on an unsettling stimulation best left to those moments in Spring where one had little choice but to be compliant to such urges. Each of the *Hobbos* in the brood took his turn as the '*Spooner*' with all the enthusiasm of a reluctant deviant going to the gallows. The race was held in the middle of Summer, at the height of the sweaty season, and thankfully, only lasted for thirty minutes. Lomdath's personal best (and the current record attributed to Jadzia), is twenty two minutes and twelve seconds when mounted by the aforementioned Bobbin Septicfoot, who has shown a real aptitude as a *Heeler Jockey*.

Lomdath had once been his brood-mate's preferred Jockey, or Spooner, given his lighter frame and lack of inclination to become stirred by an unsettling urge until Jadzia realised that this penchant often served to spur her on to victory.

Not to paint Jadzia in a bad light, because her temper aside, she is absolutely stunning for a *Hobbo* gurl. Her

feminine attributes were not in doubt, and she had no compunction about displaying her womanly curves with all the aplomb of the most available harlot on the game for a bit of company. However, looky no touchy was something that most learned the moment they felt inclined to push the notion of taking it any further. Jadzia might be a woman, but she was also one of the most dangerous vipers in all of Weepy Hullows. Her shrilling voice notwithstanding, she had an uncanny strength. Along with her startling ability to hone in on a *Hobbo* boi's weakness, this was usually enough to dissuade any unwanted advances. On the other side, when her *heat* was up, it was best to vacate the vicinity if a *Hobbo* didn't want to be the victim of relentless snuggling in a myriad of positions that were not always wholly pleasurable for the object of her whims. Jadzia was referred to locally as a '*stunner*', which meant she was immeasurably pleasant to look at in any light. However, as Fosco was heard to say, if she could keep her cake-hole shut, lay off the violence, and cook from time to time, she might not be such a... well, perhaps some things were best left unsaid. Lomdath more than filled the requirements of the *Hobbos* in the brood with his culinary skills, an adept penchant for cleaning, and a gifted twist with a needle and thread. He had quite a few feminine attributes that made the other *Hobbos* shudder, but seldom seemed inclined to employ his swagger in gaining favours in that regard.

Lomdath was always impeccably dressed when out and about in the town. He wore a delectable deep blue velvet suit,

inlaid with white frills, over undergarments that were equally profound in their clean crisp spotlessness. His footwear favoured a higher heel, though nothing as flamboyant at those he wore as a '*Heeler*' in the aforementioned race. Lomdath sported a wide-brimmed curving hat with several interchangeable feather inserts that usually matched his choice of belts, buckles, and other accoutrements of apparel. When in the local tavern, he preferred wines of any variety, though he favoured elderberry with a splash of blackberry cordial, the latter of which he always carried on his person in an ornate silver hip flask just in case the required additive was not locally available. He disliked the coarse taste of ales and beers, but relented to imbibe same when Fosco became frustrated by any deviation in the rounds being metered out to each of the *Hobbos*. The keep it simple principal applied. Lomdath often capitulated with a sad sigh of resignation, and added a dash of his blackberry cordial to his drinks when the other *Hobbos* were otherwise engaged in distractions that were endlessly relentless no matter what the season or cause for celebration.

Lomdath was inclined to prefer the company of Bobbin and Snudge, who were given to a less boisterously violent disposition than the others. He always provided these two greater apparel diligences when setting out their favourite clothing. Snudge has already been described fully in his mode of dress. Bobbin was inclined to revel in greens and browns with hints of sunshine harvest colours, soft leather tunics, roomy flaxen pantaloons, and olive appurtenances traced with deeper twists

of jade delights.

Bobbin liked natural earthy colours when pressed into any kind of work, though his time was often greatly occupied in the production of various concoctions that sometimes made their way onto the shelves of the Acorn Inn & Tavern, owned and operated by Reginald Tasslefoot, except of course for the previously mentioned Giniper, which was for Jadzia's delight alone. If employed in the efforts of farming the land or deeply engaged with his time-consuming brewing, he consciously favoured clothing that was rather bland and hard wearing, and also the kind of attire that would not show up a myriad of stains or lead to the identification of same. He was insanely protective of his formulas, and other than engaging in the standard taste and suckle tests, which were often inflicted on other Hobbos, he did not imbibe alcohol in any form. In truth, Bobbin was incapable of getting drunk. Alcohol had little or no effect on him. However, in a strange twist of fate, cucumbers were capable of rendering the *Hobbo* out of his mind, even if only mixed with a splash of water. Suffice to say, Bobbin does not like that particular botanical fruit, which does not bear up to a classification as a vegetable.

When out about the town, alone or in company, Bobbin is inclined to be just as narcissistic about his appearance. If not wearing a green velvet cap with a flamboyant yellow feather, he sweeps his hair upward until it falls forward in a quiff that would make even the bard known as Elvon Pressfoot envious. For some reason, Bobbin's hair is green, and has been since birth, though why it retains this curious colour is unknown as none of his family are said to have

the same hue. Some say his mumsy frolicked with a fairy, and that he was not any of his brood fathers' progeny, but some weird basta... offshoot. However, his skill with making many varieties of alcohol infused concoctions have made the larger community more accepting of his oddness. They were originally known as Concoctails, but most of the locals now call them *Bobtails*. To date, Bobbin has made one-hundred and seventy-four varieties, not counting Jadzia's Giniper. He even managed to successfully mix three varieties of ale with a potent sour apple cider that can render a *Hobbo* contently unconscious with just three pints of the mighty brew. This is known as Bobite (*pronounced Bob-bite*), and it is not for every *Hobbo*. To date there have only been four instances of blindness, nine of lame tongue, and twelve of what the locals call *Bobbin* fever – a furious case of the sweats that starts in the head and make its way curiously to the buttocks until a palpable dryness follows that can only be satisfied by one more pint of Bobite to curb the illness. All of these symptoms usually pass away within a few days. Reginald Tasslefoot holds a limited stock of this mighty brew, and he is apt to provide only two pints of same per customer for the sake of sanity, and to curtail having to use the mop all too often to wipe up the furious amounts of *Bobbin* fever sweat that erupt from those who might be caught unawares.

NEXT ISSUE:

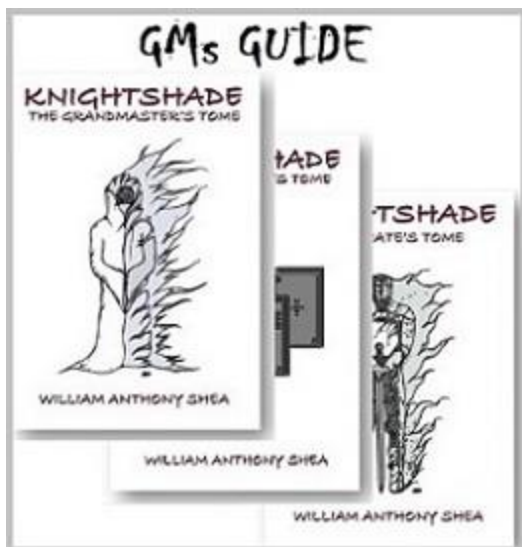
WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES!

– PART III

WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA





CALL ON FAITH

You are falling from a perilous cliff facing certain doom. You triggered a trap that is going to sever both of your legs. You are drowning after failing several swimming checks. You have been poisoned and the healer seems unable to help you. The *Troll* just hit a vital area that will leave you horribly scarred and with a lasting disability.

The above are just some examples of when *Call on Faith* is prudent. If a Player uses this very powerful chance to evade an unfolding tragedy, then it is deemed a good reason to reach out pleadingly to his deity (the GM) to save him from harm. If a Player cries at every turn to save him from even the most mundane paper cut, he will soon find himself left to his own devices and face the full brunt of any reprisal. *Call on Faith* should be used sparingly. A GM is encouraged to offer the most favourable outcome for a Player's Character when the proper reverence is shown to the deity, and in turn, to any

circumstance that may warrant using this twist of an outcome to turn the tide of a darker fate. In game terms, showing an interest or devotion to a deity can go a long way to improving a Player's chance of positive intervention. Paying lip service, or ignoring the requirements of one's faith, will most certainly lead to a deity snubbing any cry for help. A Player can protest all he wants, but the need to cultivate an interest in everyday routines will certainly work to his Character's advantage. Yes, it is true that some deities are more forgiving than others, but none will brook with being ignored. Cry all you want when it's too late. *Call on Faith* has tangible benefits in Knightshade the Role Playing Game (RPG), and a GM can be just as intolerant if he realises that some facet of a Player's Character is being taken for granted. One word of caution; the potential for *Call on Faith* diminishes with increased Rank. As a Character becomes more capable in the world at large, the necessity for an intervention is seen as less important. Still, when in dire need, it is better to have a deity watching your back than not.

Please send any letters and submissions to:

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Alternatively you can e-mail:

submissions@baddogpublishing.ie

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

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

GAELCON 2021

22nd – 25th October, Online

WARPCON 2022

TBC: 28th – 30th January, U.C.C, Cork.

NEXTCON

TBC: June 2022... possibly Frankfurt!

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

nights), though it may be possible to attend for a shorter (or longer) period. Bookings for flights will be limited to those travelling from Cork. For those not located in the *best city in the world*, you will need to make your own travel arrangement.

TBA: Late June or July 2022

KENNELCON (Invitation Only)

Location: The Kennel & Knights Bar, Cork, Ireland.

KOMY

& FUMBLE AWARDS 2021

BEST DEATH: Sir Liam for playing rock, rock, rock with Toriel's body!

MOST HEROIC MOMENT: Sir Andrew for saving Ell.

MOST COMIC MOMENT: Sir Liam for playing rock, rock, rock with Toriel's body.

BEST ANTAGONIST: Sir Martin as Ell for being a BITCH!

BEST FUMBLE: Sir Fergal as Milford for donning the cursed helm.

BEST SLIP OF THE TONGUE OR EXPRESSION: Sir Liam for his Vegan Islam comparison.

MOST VILE ACT: Sir Liam for getting the party NAKED!

BEST TRAP OR AMBUSH: Sir Martin for the rock bashing anomalies.

BEST USE OF AN ITEM OR SPELL: Sir Martin for using two Shadow Carpets to protect the party from the sun in the Dunes of Mir.

And the **KNIGHT OF THE YEAR** for 2021 is... SIR EOIN OF MOLONEY.



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

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KNIGHTSHADE

THE ROLE PLAYING GAME (RPG)

KST01: The Initiate's Tome – Released!

KST02: The Grandmaster's Tome – Released!

KST03: The Loremaster's Tome – Editing!

KST04: The Questmaster's Tome – NYR#

KSTCAL01: The Initiate's Tome: Calliban Edition – NYR#

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

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

BDP ID: KST03LOREMASTERBDP02





THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

Seneschal's Declaration



The next Knights of Misspent Youth (KOMY) calendar year beckons. The vaccines will permit a marriage of online with a physical gaming presence in the Kennel, and I for one am looking forward to some semblance of normalcy that permits a greater social interaction. Saying that – if you are not vaccinated and in possession of an EU Digital Vaccine Certificate, stay online. The rules for physical attendance at the games are as follows:

- EU Digital Vaccine Cert. required.
- Wear a mask until seated!
- In-house attendees use the upstairs bathroom.
- Visitors use the Kennel Bathroom.
- A fresh towel and paper towels will be provided. Paper towels are not to be flushed, but placed in the bin provided.
- Use the sanitising hand gels.
- No hugging, or other shenanigans.
- Throwing miniatures is not permitted.
- Bouts of boisterous music are to be kept to a minimum.
- Advance notice of attendance is preferred.
- Please take your assigned seating.
- Only the host and in-house players are permitted behind the bar.

NOTE: If you don't like the rules, stay online. KOMY aims to keep everyone

safe, and to provide a clean and comfortable environment to play in.

There are many things to look forward to in the coming months. Some events may stay online, but in time, these too will find a way back. We will make it through this pandemic. How normal life will be in the aftermath of COVID is anyone's guess, but KOMY continues to play each and every game slot, and to plan ahead for a time when we can all gather together safely again. 2022 already promises to be better. NextCon will be back, so make sure you are part of the MANAGE, which starts on Week 34. Long before our annual event is due to kick off, there is **JOES BIG NIGHT OUT**, tentatively scheduled for 18th December, 2021. As a consequence of all that has happened in the last eighteen months, we are going to up the ante on this event. Watch out in the next issue of Fumble (FN40) for more information.

On another note, funding for KOMY has been seriously curtailed by the pandemic. Alas, there is little we can do about filling the coffers in the interim. As Seneschal, the responsibility for funding rests with me. I have sustained contributions to keep the fund afloat, and will continue to do so throughout the coming year as long as there are no unexpected expenditures.

SENESCHAL: WILLIAM OF SHEA

WEEK	DATE	GAME	GM/DM	SLOT	MANAGE
WK27	07-Jul	PRE-SEASON	KOMY	1	N/A
WK28	15-Jul	BIRTHDAY: MS	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK34	25-Aug	PRE-SEASON: KSRPG: KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS FINALE	MS	2	1
WK34	28-Aug	FN39: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-NINE	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK35	01-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 1	MS	3	2
WK36	08-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 2	MS	4	3
WK37	15-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 3	MS	5	4
WK38	22-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 4	MS	6	5
WK39	29-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 5	MS	7	6
WK40	06-Oct	CARDS WITH CARDEW 1: GROO	WIMPY	8	7
WK41	11-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WIMPY	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK41	13-Oct	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 21	JULIUS	9	8
WK41	14-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WEBSTER	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK42	20-Oct	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 22	JULIUS	10	9
WK43	27-Oct	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 23	JULIUS	11	10
WK44	03-Nov	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 24	JULIUS	12	11
WK45	10-Nov	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 25	JULIUS	13	12
WK45	12-Nov	BIRTHDAY: HIPPY	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK46	17-Nov	CARDS WITH CARDEW 2: CHEZ GEEK	WIMPY	14	13
WK46	18-Nov	BIRTHDAY: JULIUS	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK47	22-Nov	FN40: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY	KOMY/BDP	N/A	N/A
WK47	24-Nov	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	15	14
WK48	01-Dec	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	16	15
WK49	08-Dec	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	17	16
WK50	15-Dec	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	18	17
WK51	18-Dec	JOES BIG NIGHT OUT	KOMY	19	N/A
WK52	31-Dec	BIRTHDAY: DUPLEX	N/A	N/A	N/A
WK02	12-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART I	MS	20	18
WK03	19-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART II	MS	21	19
WK04	26-Jan	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART III	MS	22	20
WK04	28-Jan	WARPCON 2022	KOMY	23	N/A
WK04	29-Jan	WARPCON 2022	KOMY	24	N/A
WK05	30-Jan	WARPCON 2022	KOMY	25	N/A
WK05	02-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART IV	MS	26	21
WK06	09-Feb	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART V	MS	27	22
WK07	16-Feb	CARDS WITH CARDEW: MUNCHKIN	WIMPY	28	23
WK08	23-Feb	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 26	JULIUS	29	24
WK09	02-Mar	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 27	JULIUS	30	25
WK10	09-Mar	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 28	JULIUS	31	26
WK11	16-Mar	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 29	JULIUS	32	27
WK12	23-Mar	CARDS WITH CARDEW: GROO	WIMPY	33	28
WK13	30-Mar	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	34	29
WK14	06-Apr	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	35	30
WK15	13-Apr	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	36	31
WK16	20-Apr	MUTANTS & MASTERMINDS	TIPSY	37	32
WK17	27-Apr	CARDS WITH CARDEW: CHEZ GEEK	WIMPY	38	33
WK18	04-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION PREQUEL	MS	39	34
WK19	11-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 1	MS	40	35
WK20	18-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 2	MS	41	36
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022: DX ORIGINS PART I	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022: RANDO'S 50TH	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022: TIED-ON'S 50TH	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022: WIMPY'S 60TH	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022: DX ORIGINS PART 2	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022: D&D ALL - THE LAST RED LETTER DAY	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	TBA	N/A
WK21	TBA	CARDS WITH CARDEW - NEXTCON POST MORTEM	KOMY	TBA	N/A
WK22	TBA	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 3	MS	TBA	N/A
WK23	TBA	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 4	MS	TBA	N/A
WK24	TBA	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 5	MS	TBA	N/A
WK25	TBA	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 6	MS	TBA	N/A
WK26	TBA	FUMBLE AWARDS & CARDS	KOMY	TBA	N/A
TBA	TBA	KENNELCON - THE KENNEL PARTY	KOMY		N/A

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

COMING

IN NEXT ISSUE

NOVEMBER 2021

ILLUSTRATED

SUPER SPANDEX HERO BOYS – Part II

WAS

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SHORT TALES

WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – Part III

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

