

FUMBLE 41

NEWSZINE

MARCH 2022

CLATTER! CRACK!
BANG! BOOM!
RUMBLE!

BLESSED BE THYRR.
BLESSED BE THE
PATRIARCH.



IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH



Winter is not a time I have any wish to remember. Personal tragedy, illness, and long dreary nights of confinement did little to endear the latter part of 2021. The beginning of 2022 proved equally challenging. This was starting to feel very much like a return to the last two years when the world was exposed to COVID-19. Little did we think that the pandemic would still dominate our lives so completely. Thankfully there have been brighter moments and a cause for optimism in the months ahead.

take a great deal longer to resolve. Knowing that things can get better gives me a sense of hope. To those friends and family who rallied around me during those low moments, I offer my most heartfelt gratitude. There are brighter days ahead. We will all find a way through this pandemic. We will gather again and laugh, and cry, and live.

Master Sage

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Edited and Produced by Bad Dog Publishing:
Issue 27.1 www.baddogpublishing.ie



Knightshade RPG
Campaign I: Calliban Rising
KSCAL02 Call On Faith – Part Five:
The Maidens
Wednesday, 06th October, 2021

Having deciphered something of the nature of the Rune Circle plinth controlling the Maidens, Raven Neophyte Umbra was able to negate the effects of the death magic from the Repository by utilising the Gate of Life. Priest Acolyte Horus, though in a sore state, also tapped into this aspect. He proved capable of assisting in healing the Cabal using the power of this Gate. The most perilous consequences of violating the forbidden sanctity of the Repository had been rendered inert. The Cabal had gained in this restoration. However, despite the obvious power emanating from the Maidens, the refuge of the Rune Stone Circle offered little respite. The Phantom attacked again, single-minded in his efforts to murder Neophyte Umbra. He also proved a real danger to other members of the Cabal as they rallied to protect the targeted Raven. While this threat persisted, the

time had come to leave the Maidens behind. There was nothing more to be gleaned here for now. The Cabal was conscious that should they be discovered to have transgressed into this region, the consequences could be final for both them and their families. The Maidens and surrounding expanse were forbidden to all by decree from the Patriarch. This was one of the highest rules of law in Calliban. The Cabal had already broken so many laws by transgressing into the Repository, crossing the threshold to the Maidens only compounded aspects of the same sin.

Returning to the town of Tiera and the relative safety of the habitat did little to resolve matters within the Cabal. Both of the Seraphs had lost their Missives. The party was still in a sorely wounded state. The costs of having transgressed into the Repository lingered over them like a hangman's noose. They had seemingly killed an Inquisitor, violated the sanctity of the Maidens, dared to uncover ancient forbidden artefacts, and withheld the truth from the hierarchy. If the Patriarch was truly the all-seeing vessel of Thyrr, those who had sinned would not have long to meet their fate. Other matters took centre stage, but not in the way the Cabal anticipated.

Widow Sadie Kart returned to the town with the White Judge, Grand Marshall Bale Thurrow in tow. The whole town seemed poised to revisit the evils of the past. Widow Sadie Kart was both feared and reviled for her part in Tiera's recent losses. She had been culpable in seeing those who had defied Thyrr and the Church punished. She had spied on the people of Tiera and the Cabal. She had accused Matron Agnes Keryn of

heresy and inflicted harm on her person.

The Cabal was called before Grand Marshall Thurrow. He was a formidable advocate of justice and did not require a retinue to instil fear into the town of Tiera. The contingent of Inquisitors, Seraphs, Troops, and his supporting entourage only added to the depth of his authority. There was an expectation of trouble hanging over the Cabal. A reprisal for their transgressions seemed inevitable. However, despite Grand Marshall Bale's previous visit, all was not as it seemed. The exchange of words was short in the application of the White Judge's justice.

'Take her!' called out Grand Marshall Thurrow, and the authority in his voice could not be denied. And yet, Interrogator Malys stood forth to bar Agnes's way. The defiant stance could not be missed, but his gesture did not invite retaliation. The soldiers did not move against Matron Keryn. Instead, they seized Widow Sadie Kart for crimes against the Patriarch's Cabal. She was despondent at this turn of events. Many of those gathered betrayed shock. A few offered glares of satisfaction.

'I am sure that a few months in the mines will help to renew your faith in Thyrr, Widow Kart' growled Grand Marshall Thurrow. 'Blessed be the Patriarch,' he added with a chilling smile that caused the old woman to cower under his iron scrutiny.

Widow Kart did not have the strength to resist. She had overstepped her authority. She had assisted in the violation of Matron Keryn. She had worked against the Patriarch's Cabal. Her guilt was undeniable. Grand Marshall Thurrow

departed Tiera leaving the town in no doubt. There was only one authority in this region, and that belonged to the Cabal. Blessed be Thyrr. Blessed be the Patriarch.

In the aftermath of the departure of the White Judge and his formidable retinue, the people of Tiera remained pensive. For the Cabal, more than one fact was unresolved, but a singular grave matter took precedence. While Matron Agnes Keryn had not yet succumbed to the plague – she was without doubt afflicted, and still very much a carrier of the sickness. The Cabal knew how to cure the illness but did not have the makings to concoct a remedy. Knowing what was required did not mean they could find the plant needed to formulate an antidote. Until the requisite ingredients were found, Agnes could not be permitted to touch another living being. The Cabal had little choice but to place the Matron of Keryn Hall in isolation from the people of Tiera, and pray to Thyrr to protect her from succumbing to the same terrible illness that had claimed both her mother and her father in turn. Neophyte Umbra and Acolyte Horus had determined that the other members of the Cabal seemed immune to the illness, but the Raven still elected to leave Keryn Hall to seek the solitude he needed to continue his studies.

The Cabal was left in no doubt. The Patriarch might not be all-seeing, but someone was always watching. They had to remain guarded. Thyrr was another matter. Denying the reach of the Patriarch was not the same as refuting the influence of their God. Given the danger that was yet to be faced, repudiating one's faith was not a risk that could

be taken lightly. The Cabal was the law in this region, but only as long as they followed the path set out before them by the Patriarch. Praying to Thyrr might be the only hope they had of surviving the ordeals ahead.

Agnes could not be permitted to turn into a creature of death. She still had a part to play in the destiny of the Cabal. The *Phantom* was still at large, and his hatred of Theodore Umbra was a puzzle that the Raven's parents may have been culpable in. Old Widow Kart could be the only one who knew the truth outside of the hierarchy of the Church of Thyrr, but she was far away from Tiera and might not survive her incarceration in the mines. The convenience of her absence seemed somewhat convenient or contrived. The Cabal uncovered truths that fuelled more questions than answers. Neophyte Umbra had acquired dangerous Prayer Coins but he needed time to unravel their deeper mysteries. He also required solitude. Other members of the Cabal had also found items of power that could be considered heretical. And yet, they had not been called to task for their possession.

Blades in the Dark RPG

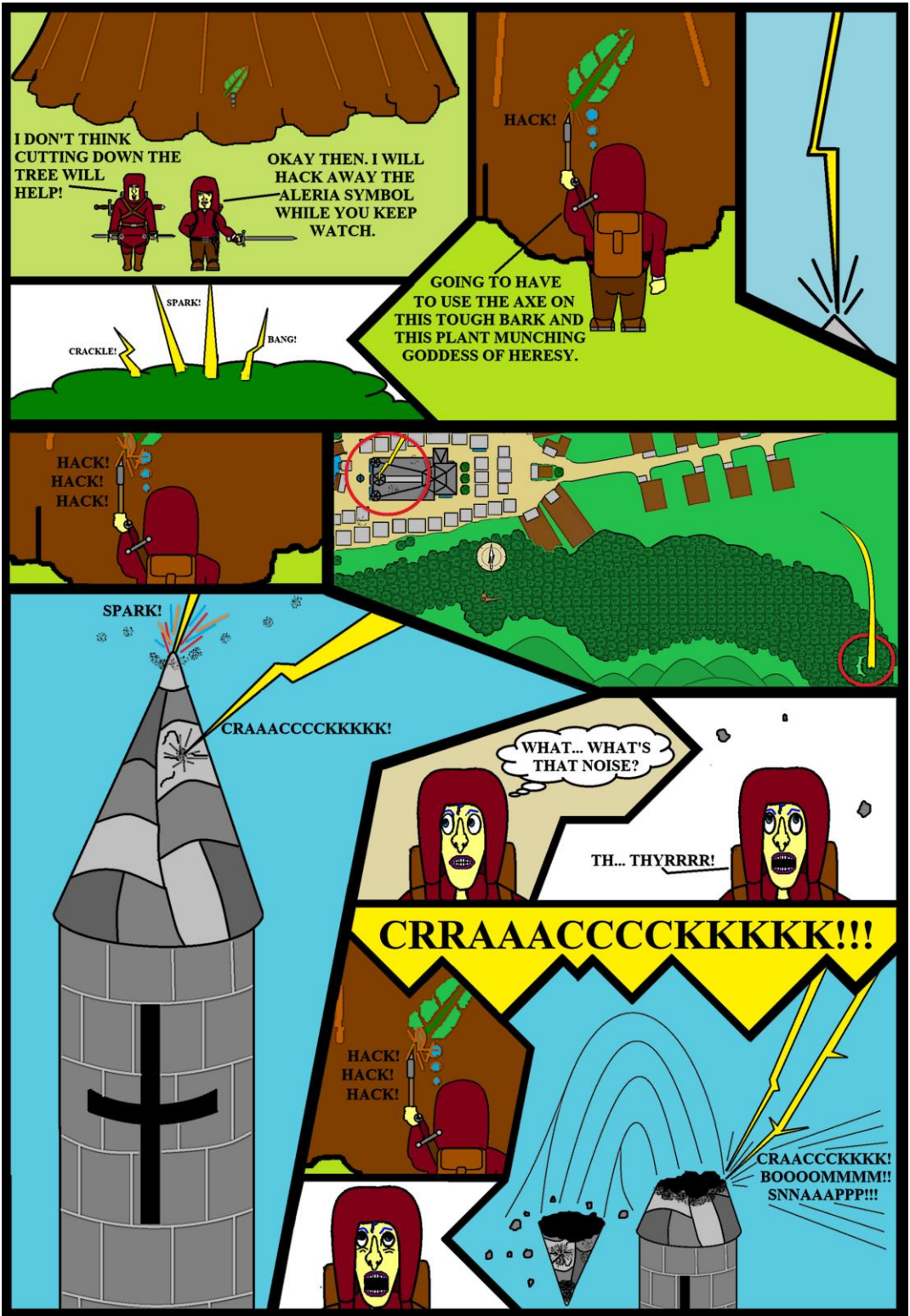
GM: Sully Troll

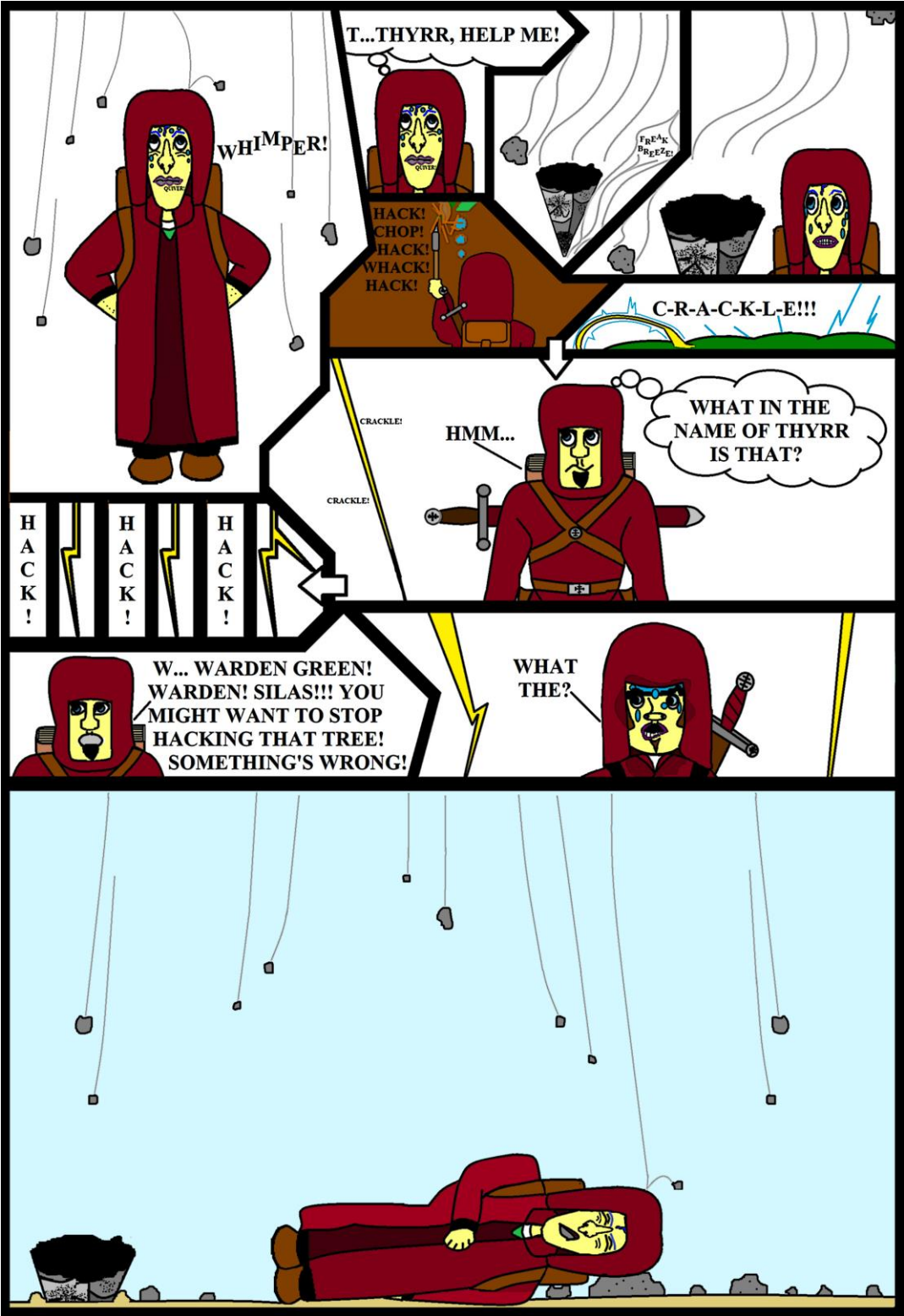
Wednesday, 15th December, 2021

Nick Clause said Ho, Ho, Ho; I'm off to see the kids. Keep the factory tipping over; let none see what I did. There may be toys for girls and boys not on the naughty list, but those who have been bad, have made Old Nick real pissed. I'll teach them not to misbehave, and candy cane the lot. There's nothing sweet about my rod when my temper's hot. The orphanage will have a few picks, to

replace those who died. They'll never know that I'm a cad, and just how much I lied. I'll make them work. I'll make them cry. I'll scream and rant and rave. I'll give them fu#king Ho, Ho, Ho, and play them like a knave. And if they whisper, and if they tell, the end will not be long, their souls will feed me every whim, and every working song.

BREAKING NEWS: Nicholas Clause, Toy Maker, Factory Owner, Inventor, and Entrepreneur died last night in a freakish accident that brought his Ho, Ho, Ho-ing to an untimely end when he slipped from the roof of his home while checking his chimney for blockages. The children in the city orphanage were surprisingly upbeat in the aftermath of learning of jolly Old Nick's demise. Perhaps he never really made a splash with them until the end. This reporter knows that it's '*snow*' joking matter, but it seems that their former patron had a few too many snifters before he went prancing like a reindeer across the rooftop. Some say that he will be missed. Others, that in the aftermath of this '*sleighing*', a great weight has been lifted from the city. In a tragic coincidence, a few of his bodyguards also met their end when they failed to look up, look down and shake it all about. One wonders if their former employer dislodged the stonework that reined down on the poor '*deers*' or if the tragedies were unrelated. It certainly left Rude Dolf and his compatriots more than a little '*red-nosed*'. If only they could have '*hoofed*' it out of the way in time before the Fatman came falling down like a snowflake made of lard. One wonders who will be looking at the naughty list now...





SHORT TALES

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

The night before Crimbo and all through the house, everyone was packing, even Kenner the louse. Presents were needed to keep *Santy* at bay. Jadzia was screaming ‘Get me more hay!’ Candlelight burned brightly, she sounded so shrill. Lomdath just fainted and he had stockings to fill. Fosco was running in a circle of fear, chasing Snudge Fluffyfoot for want of a beer. All of the *Hobbo* Boys were toiling so hard, securing each window and setting a guard. Byron stoked the fire with care and lament, remembering a time when his hair had been spent. A spark ignited his manly delight, to burst into flame and set him affright. The others were busy, praying to *Bill*, the god of the *Hobbos* wasn’t much of a thrill. With rules and confessions metered out at a whim, *Old Bill* wouldn’t save them when the *Claws* came to kill. The night had just started to eat at the day. Evening had fallen and no one felt gay. Someone had wrapped Bobbin as a gift, all in vain hope *Santy’s* mood it would shift, from using sharp claws instead of his wit and the morning would come to find them all fit. *Crimbo* was an awful time of the year, when the *Hobbos*

drank whiskey instead of safe beer. The night drove them onward into a tizzy of fright, praying for morning and day’s soft delight.

There was still so much to do. No amount of cheer, presents, or beer was going to change the fact that seven presents were needed and they only had six. Someone was going to die! Jadzia had point-blank refused to let the *Hobbo* boys use Bobbin as a stopgap gift for the insane *Santy Claws*.

Snow had begun to fall in waves of white lament, covering all of *Weepy Hullows* in an unsettling blanket of purity that made Fosco Strongfoot want to puke just to cast some stain on this chill cleanliness. Instead, he hopped up on a worried-looking wooden stool by the window, pushed open the ailing shutters, dropped his pants, braced against the unrelenting chill and let loose with a stream of golden relief that sprayed upward and outward to catch the wind at just the right moment to send the dark yellow pee in a wide fan over the snow. The smug *Hobbo* was quick to retreat in the face of any change of direction. He was also keen to cover up lest the crippling cold caused any lasting impairment to his boyish manhood. His tiresome gesture was futile. The snow had gathered momentum and even the shower of Fosco’s otherwise toxic release did little to disturb the perfect blanket of white for long. The wintery precipitation was fluffier than Snudge’s amply woolly socks. The tempestuously thick snowflakes bonded to the yellow stain and consumed it in less time than it took for Fosco to offer a sigh of defeat. Byron Gullyfoot let out an involuntary guffaw

before realising that the show of mirth might just spark his demented *brood mate's* ire to a bout of retaliation that would not end well for the sheepish shepherd. When one of Fosco's eyes narrowed and the other widened to its ludicrous limits, an unsettling silence fell over the room. Kenner let out a boisterous burp followed by a prolonged expulsion of anal gas. The ensuing noxious odour resulted in Fosco's eyes settling to a state of norm. The moment of impending violence had settled. Alas, this had the effect of sending all of the *Hobbo* bois running to any egress that could be thrown open to gain a breath untainted by the aroma of Kenner's fetid flatulence. The offending originator of this awful airy expression just smiled in satisfaction. He had averted a ferocious retaliation and gained relief for the gastric distress brought on by the stress of the coming night.

Jadzia shook her head and rolled her eyes, adding a groan to show her girlish disapproval. *Hobbo* bois were idiots, but these were her manly challenged morons. Inwardly, she noted that Kenner was getting no more cheese. If he persisted in his boyish distress, she was going to change his diet or confine him to the stables with the other animals. The dilemma of the missing present remained. *Santy Claws* demanded unique items of personal value. There were only two things left in the *burrow* that could be attributed to that nature – Fosco's toothpick and Kenner's sunflower brooch. Getting either to surrender one of these treasured items was not going to be easy. Unless another solution presented itself, there would be little choice.

Fosco's toothpick was the obvious choice. Kenner's wailing cries would persist for months if he was separated from his pendant. On the other hand, Fosco was likely to inflict mayhem on all of *Weepy Hullows* that made his last drinking binge seem like a frolic in the meadows if his toothpick was acquired as a *Crimbo* gift for the *Claws*. If Jadzia tried to take Kenner's sunflower brooch, the demented *Hobbo* might intervene on his ginger counterpart's behalf. His fondness for the boi was unsettling, and she had never got to the bottom of the reason for his uncanny one-sided affection. Still, given a choice between his toothpick and protecting Kenner, one had to believe that Fosco would pry the pendant from the ginger *Hobbo* and kick him in the teeth to stop his wailing lament. Affection only went so far when it came to the demented boi's attachment to that toothpick.

'We need one more present,' said Jadzia when her *brood mates* had recovered enough to close the doors and windows, shutting out the cold and wintry wail that subdued the odious odours of Kenner Gingerfoot.

Fosco eyed her suspiciously. Kenner suddenly felt conscious of Jadzia's directed scrutiny. She had been less than subtle in eyeing his sunflower pendant. Snudge let a faint smirk curve his lips to reveal the perfect symmetry of his delectably dazzling teeth. He was delighted not to be the object of Jadzia's interests again this *Crimbo* after being forced to give up two presents on the previous year. He had been looking forward to donning a new pair of soft cotton underpants he had acquired from a travelling angel of haberdashery, the

perfectly dainty stitching a marvel of minuteness to keep his soft skin free from any hint of chaffing. After losing his darling extra-puff mittens on the last less than jolly *Claws* outing, he was not giving up another present set aside for his posterior pampering. He had already put forth his lamb wool scarf, a sacrifice that was more than worthy of his contribution. However, Fosco had noticed the smile. Kenner too had not missed the smarmy smug inflexion on behalf of his *brood* brother. Byron felt the impending agitation in his ringlets. Bobbin shuddered as if from the chill. Lomdath pretended to occupy his attention with checking the bows on the presents that had already been wrapped to princely precision.

When Snudge noticed the scrutiny of his *brood mates* and realised that he had let his guard down, his face lit up in a blush. This only served to make him the object of Jadzia's attention.

'What are you hiding, Snudge?' she asked as her eyes drilled into his skull to dare him to lie to her.

'Not... nothing. I... I ha... have already giv... given you my present,' stuttered Snudge, but his efforts were not convincing.

Jadzia's face reddened with rage. Her teeth bared and her fists tightened as she tensed to curb an immediate barrage of retaliation. Kenner's flatulence returned as his boyish condemnation of Snudge turned to fear for his north star. Fosco and Byron closed on their mendacious *brood mate*, halted only by the waft of Kenner's distress. Bobbin retreated to the nearest window and threw it open as he braced himself to accept the bite of a chilling breeze in favour of the odious

olfactory emanation. Lomdath took a timely breath and lifted a wooden peg to his nose to close it against any hint of Kenner's scurrilous discharge. He sprayed a countering blossom scent that only served to sour the air further and raise the ire of those in the room. As Kenner's malodorous distress diminished, the hint of flowers remained to further confuse the *Hobbos*. They were quick to shake off the creeping dull-wittedness that marked the onset of primal urges out of season. This was not the time to give in to thoughts of *snuggles*. Snudge was being a barefaced fibber, and the matter could not be left unanswered.

'Underpants!' screeched Snudge Fluffyfoot in anguish, relenting to give up his personal pampering secret lest he faced the more distasteful reprisal of '*red belly*' that was bound to ensue.

Snudge sobbed all the way up to his bedroom in the loft to retrieve the hidden parcel containing his new '*softer than soft*' underpants. He sniffled all the way down the stairs to rejoin the waiting Jadzia and the other *Hobbo* bois. He let out a sharper wail as he cut the string to the coarser covering containing his prize indulgence – a gift for him alone. Now it would be given to the *Santy Claws*. Snudge failed to notice that Fosco has gone silent in a way that did not sit rightly with the demented *Hobbo* boi. In fact, he had stepped a few paces away from the others and was now perched on the same worried stool he had used earlier to pee out the window. He was poised with some intent that could not be guessed. Perhaps he was just staying away from the nauseous Kenner.

Snudge threw back the coarse covering and gaped in astonishment at the contents. Instead of a whiter than white, softer than soft, angel threaded underpants, he looked upon an awful rag that was stained beyond recognition. The fragment of cloth could only be one of Fosco's inherently blemished undergarments. No amount of washing had completely cleansed this piece of clothing and all the bleaching in the world would never restore it to anything near its natural colour.

Snudge's shock turned to anger, an emotion shared by Jadzia and the other *Hobbo* bois in the brood. While the former had been lamenting about losing his new underpants, Fosco had been advocating to let the beleaguered boi be, rallying to his cause by offering some uncharacteristic sympathy for Snudge. The reason for his compassion was now apparent. Fosco had already acquired Snudge's underpants and left this appalling rag in its place. As he was wearing the proposed present, it could not now be used as a gift to satisfy *Santy*. Snudge no longer wanted the underpants. Using the garment as a present did not satisfy the criteria for *Crimbo*.

Before the others could retaliate with furious bouts of '*red belly*' and other terrible tortures to make Fosco suffer, the demented *Hobbo* pushed open the window and followed the path of his pee out into the oncoming blizzard. Braving the inclement weather was far more preferable than facing the wrath of Jadzia.

Fosco could not return without finding a solution to their *Santy* present problem. There was no way he would hand over his indestructible toothpick without a

fight. He had to hand it to Snudge. The underpants were so soft Fosco had forgotten that he was wearing them. He had been doing so since Snudge first purchased the garment. The switch had been almost immediate, from the moment that they had been sequestered away in a hiding place that everyone in the house had become aware of some time ago. The poor *Hobbo* boi never knew. He should have put the underpants on when he procured them. Fosco would have still stolen the undergarment, but at least Snudge would have got first use. The underpants kept his nether regions remarkably warm despite their apparent flimsy makeup. Snudge could cry all he wanted to because Fosco was not taking them off anytime soon.

The snow continued to fall unabated. The fury of the swirls was becoming a concern. *Weepy Hullows* was not a place to be out in on a night that would bring a dramatic drop in temperature that might even worry Fosco. His nether regions were warm. The rest of him did not have the same protection. Fosco made his way to Reggie's. Light from the Acorn Tavern told him that the older *Hobbo* had not yet closed up for the night. *Crimbo* Eve. Reggie was probably trying to rake in the last coin before shutting up shop for the next two days. As Fosco struggled to make his way through the snow he caught sight of a light emanating from the roof of the Acorn Tavern, a momentary sliver of illumination in retreat. Then he saw it – the sack fastened to the chimney. He needed a present. Could he really just take one from another burrow?

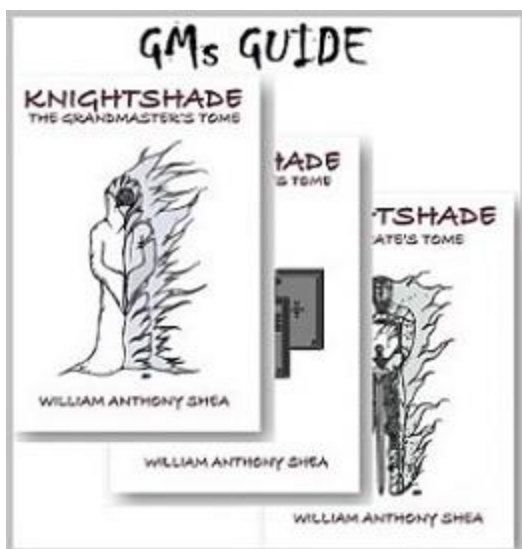
NEXT ISSUE: WEEPY HULLOWS
SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – PART V
WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA



NIGHTMARE

BRETHREN PREQUEL

WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA



ROGUE MECHANICS

A Character of the Rogue Profession can be a hugely versatile individual. He gains more Talent Points than those of any other Profession and can cross-train in skills outside of his remit, honing his martial abilities or enhancing his diversity by acquiring Talents not typical of his vocation. A GM may impose some limitations on certain Talents, or exclude acquiring such skills if deemed inappropriate to his story or Campaign. A Rogue can also use two Talents or he can Attack in an Action Round. This combination of abilities may require some explanation. A Rogue can attack in an Action Round. Alternatively, a Rogue can use two Talents. He cannot do both. There is no scenario where he can offset the use of a Talent to gain an attack. There is only one notable exception. A Rogue can always use the Dodge Talent as a reaction to an attack, in essence using an Attack and a Talent in this instance, or a Talent and an Attack. This cannot be substituted like

with a Character of the Scout Profession, who has a natural ability to use an Attack and Talent in the same Action Round. As the use of Dodge is reactionary for a Rogue, this kicks in against the first attack made in any Action Round. However, if the Rogue had not yet attacked, he can offset combat to use a Talent under the two Talent rules for his Profession, even to use a second Dodge to instinctively counter another attack.

A Character of the Rogue Profession is not a natural combatant. Like with other Professions, he has a part to play in any story, but this should be in a supporting role to those who are most suited to direct conflict. There will be times when combat is unavoidable. A Rogue who gains the advantage of surprise, or one successfully using the Hide and Sneak Talents to reach an opponent can select the location to be hit without a penalty to attack. In either case, a Rogue will gain one attack without reprisal. If the Character, in this case, can defeat a target in one Action Round, he may make a subsequent Hide Talent Check to remain concealed, but only if the situation warrants this contingency.

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submissions@baddogpublishing.ie

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

NEXTCON

June 13th-20th, 2022
Frankfurt, Germany.

NEXTCON 2022 requires all attendees to be vaccinated and in possession of a valid EU Digital Vaccination Certificate. 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. 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. This will be the longest trip planned by KOMY to date. There is an expectation that more games will be played and activities planned to offset the additional time.

Bookings for flights will be limited to those travelling from Cork. For attendees not located in the *best city in the world*, you will need to make your own travel arrangements.

Accommodation

Premier Inn
Frankfurt City Centre
Elbestrasse 7, 60329 Frankfurt, Germany

Note: Bookings have been made from Monday to Monday, and Monday to Friday, though a Friday to Monday option is possible. Please be aware of flight times, especially with regards to departure times from Kerry as these may impact any decision you make regarding a shorter trip.

Flights

Monday, 13th June, 2022
Kerry to Frankfurt
Depart 15:35
Arrive 18:35
Monday, 20th June, 2022
Frankfurt to Kerry
Depart 14:05
Arrive 15:10

The Cork contingent of the Knights of Misspent Youth will be departing for Frankfurt from Kerry Airport in Farranfore, Kerry. Flight times and pricing is more favourable, and limited transport has been arranged to and from the airport. A full itinerary will be produced in the May issue of *Fumble Newszine*.

KENNELCON 2022

CANCELLED

Due to circumstances beyond our control KennelCon 2022 has been cancelled. There may be scope for a limited KOMY only gathering in July.



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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Produced and Distributed by Bad Dog Publishing

KNIGHTSHADE

THE ROLE PLAYING GAME (RPG)

KST01: The Initiate's Tome – Released!

KST02: The Grandmaster's Tome – Released!

KST03: The Loremaster's Tome – Final Edits!

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

BDP ID: KST03LOREMASTERBDP02





THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

Seneschal's Declaration



WarpCon 2022 was forced online again. I understand the need for caution by the organisers, and while we seem to be coming out of the worst of the pandemic, there is still a requisite for care. There is hope that the event will return to normal in 2023.

Our NEXTCON trip to Frankfurt is getting closer each day, and travelling to a new place for a longer sojourn will reap benefits that may last throughout the remainder of the year and beyond. These are the moments that allow us to gather, to play together unrestricted by the trappings of life, and to leave the stress behind. The last two years have been difficult, but at least we have had an online presence to fall back on. Take the time to reach out. Take a moment to talk. Breathe, live, and note that the days are getting longer. For those of you who are not actively involved in the games, come online during our weekly Zoom sessions to say hello and let us know how you are coping with the prolonged isolation. You don't have to play to stay in touch with KOMY.

There is always something new to cause concern to the world. As the struggle with Covid-19 begins to subside, a war in Ukraine has taken its place in our lives. Our thoughts are with the people of Ukraine as they fight against the Russian invasion.

Life goes on. We have to find a way to live together peacefully. However, it

seems conflict is inevitable in the absence of reason.

You may have noted that we have taken the decision not to hold Kennel-Con again this year. However, there may be a possibility of a smaller gathering of KOMY members in the summer. Alas, the pandemic has had an impact on funding, and it may be some time before we recover in full.

I have always had ambitions for what being a member of the Knights of Misspent Youth means, to me, and those in our collective clique. I have come to value KOMY more in recent years. We, as a group, might not always be together in person, but neither distance nor time has broken our resolve to remain friends throughout the decades since the formation of this club. There have been many ups and downs, internally and external influences that threatened KOMY's continuance. We have survived the test of time and will continue to strive to make the club better for all members. KOMY has value. We cannot always gather as one group, but do make the effort to reach out should you need to talk, to play, or to just sit silently and watch the moments we share unfold. There is greater connectivity in the world now than when we began this venture, and no excuse to stay away when getting together is so much easier.

SENESCHAL: WILLIAM OF SHEA

WEEK	DATE	GAME	GM/DM	SLOT
WK2 7	07-Jul	PRE-SEASON	KOMY	1
WK2 8	15-Jul	BIRTHDAY: MS	N/A	N/A
WK3 4	25-Aug	PRE-SEASON: KSRPG: KS09 DUNES OF WRETCHEDNESS FINALE	MS	2
WK3 4	29-Aug	FN39: FUMBLE ISSUE THIRTY-NINE	KOMY/BDP	N/A
WK3 5	01-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 1	MS	3
WK3 6	08-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 2	MS	4
WK3 7	15-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 3	MS	5
WK3 8	22-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 4	MS	6
WK3 9	29-Sep	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 5	MS	7
WK4 0	06-Oct	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 2 - CALL ON FAITH 6	MS	8
WK4 1	11-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WIMPY	N/A	N/A
WK4 1	13-Oct	HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WIMPY - SPECIAL EVENT	KOMY	9
WK4 1	14-Oct	BIRTHDAY: WEBSTER	N/A	N/A
WK4 2	20-Oct	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 I	JULIUS	10
WK4 3	27-Oct	MEET & GREET	JULIUS	11
WK4 4	03-Nov	ONLINE PATFINDER RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 2	JULIUS	12
WK4 5	10-Nov	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 3	JULIUS	13
WK4 5	12-Nov	BIRTHDAY: HIPPY	N/A	N/A
WK4 6	17-Nov	SPECIAL EVENT: LIAM IN MUNICH	KOMY	14
WK4 6	18-Nov	BIRTHDAY: JULIUS	N/A	N/A
WK4 7	20-Nov	FN40: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY	KOMY/BDP	N/A
WK4 7	24-Nov	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 4	JULIUS	15
WK4 8	01-Dec	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 5	JULIUS	16
WK4 9	08-Dec	BLADES IN THE DARK	SULLY	17
WK5 0	13-Dec	BIRTHDAY: RANDO	N/A	N/A
WK5 0	14-Dec	BIRTHDAY: TIED-ON	N/A	N/A
WK5 0	15-Dec	BLADES IN THE DARK	SULLY	18
WK5 1	18-Dec	JOES BIGGER NIGHT IN & OUT - CANCELLED	KOMY	19
WK5 2	31-Dec	BIRTHDAY: DUPLEX	N/A	N/A
WK0 4	26-Jan	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK SOCIAL	JULIUS	20
WK0 5	02-Feb	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK SOCIAL	JULIUS	21
WK0 5	03-Feb	BIRMINGHAM TRIP	KOMY	22
WK0 5	04-Feb	BIRMINGHAM TRIP	KOMY	23
WK0 5	05-Feb	BIRMINGHAM TRIP	KOMY	24
WK0 6	09-Feb	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 6	JULIUS	25
WK0 7	16-Feb	CARDS & STUFF	KOMY	26
WK0 8	23-Feb	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 8	JULIUS	27
WK0 8	25-Feb	WARPCON 2022 ONLINE	KOMY	28
WK0 8	26-Feb	WARPCON 2022 ONLINE	KOMY	29
WK0 8	27-Feb	WARPCON 2022 ONLINE	KOMY	30
WK0 9	02-Mar	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 2 9	JULIUS	31
WK0 8	05-Mar	FN41: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-ONE	KOMY/BDP	N/A
WK1 0	09-Mar	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 3 0	JULIUS	32
WK1 1	16-Mar	ONLINE KS RPG: LEGACY OF KNIGHTHAWK 3 1	JULIUS	33
WK1 2	23-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION PREQUEL	MS	34
WK1 3	30-Mar	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 1	MS	35
WK1 4	06-Apr	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 2	MS	36
WK1 5	13-Apr	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 3	MS	37
WK1 6	20-Apr	CARDS WITH CARDEW: GROO	WIMPY	38
WK1 7	27-Apr	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 4	MS	39
WK1 8	04-May	BIRTHDAY: GULLY	N/A	N/A
WK1 8	04-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: CALLIBAN RISING 3: FORGOTTEN VIOLATION 5	MS	40
WK1 9	09-May	BIRTHDAY: OZZIE	N/A	N/A
WK1 9	11-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART I	MS	41
WK2 0	18-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART II	MS	42
WK2 0	20-May	FN42: FUMBLE ISSUE FORTY-TWO	KOMY/BDP	N/A
WK2 1	25-May	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART III	MS	43
WK2 2	01-Jun	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART IV	MS	44
WK2 3	07-Jun	BIRTHDAY: TIPS Y	N/A	N/A
WK2 3	08-Jun	KNIGHTSHADE RPG: KS10 ROAD TO NOWHERE PART V	MS	45
WK2 4	13-Jun	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	46
WK2 4	14-Jun	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	47
WK2 4	15-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: DX ORIGINS PART I	KOMY	48
WK2 4	16-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: DX ORIGINS PART 2	KOMY	49
WK2 4	17-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: RANDO'S 50TH	KOMY	50
WK2 4	18-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: TIED-ON'S 50TH	KOMY	51
WK2 4	19-Jun	NEXTCON 2022: D&D ALL - THE LAST RED LETTER DAY	KOMY	52
WK2 5	20-Jun	NEXTCON 2022	KOMY	53
WK2 5	22-Jun	CARDS WITH CARDEW - NEXTCON POST MORTEM	KOMY	54
WK2 6	29-Jun	FUMBLE AWARDS & CARDS	KOMY	55
TBA	TBA	KENNELCON - THE KENNEL PARTY - CANCELLED	KOMY	

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

COMING

NEXT ISSUE

MAY 2022

ILLUSTRATED

FRIENDLY FIRE

WAS

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SHORT TALES

WEEPY HULLOWS

SOMETHING NASTY THIS WAY COMES! – Part V

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

*

THE GMs GUIDE

BDP's RPGs

Frequently Asked Questions (FAQs)

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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

