

# FUMBLE

47

NEWSZINE

SEPTEMBER 2023



**IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH**



You can never go back. Games will never be the same as they were in the past. Players will come and go and have less time to play, to pause and to talk. The world has changed and everything is different now. People have less time to live because they live longer in an unremittingly fast world. There is little chance to breathe before you need to be somewhere else now, not later, but with all the urgency that must be reaped to get you there before that thing happens that you absolutely must attend. Slow down before life passes you by. If you don't, the blur of motion will leave you nothing but the churn. Remember the time when we had no phones, or fewer phones and social media was some alien concept? Most of you will never know the silence of a moment where the only sound you hear is your heartbeat. Stop the train, I want to get off. Alas, the train does not stop here. It follows a straight line from birth and death. The spaces in between are filled with the churn of something that approximates living. Welcome to the matrix, a lie

concealed within a perfect truth. We evolved to accept the inevitable convenience because we are creatures of habit that yearn for order. Along the way, we forgot how to live.

Write a story that tells the reader everything within the first three pages or you have already lost those who peruse, scan and discard when the next social media infusion interrupts their flow. If you can't say it fast, you are already too late. The moment is gone. *Forgotten.*

I recently asked a young man what was the last book he read. He told me everything about it in less than five minutes. I sought it out. It was little more than a pamphlet – a sixteen-page story that was as disappointing as reading the sign on the back of the bathroom door in a restroom that had seen better days. The sign stated: Go fibre for a faster world. I sighed. The last time I saw fibre on a sign it encouraged me to eat more fibre to be healthy. How the world changes in the blink of an eye. The alleged book – well, that was as awful as I expected. The text was some deranged shorthand that culminated in a feeling that left me looking at my phone to check how much time I had lost reading such drivel. I'm not sure where to go next but I think I will stick to real books (digital or otherwise) that won't dissolve into groans of apathy.

Master Sage

[illegible]

Editorial .....	2
Inner Circle .....	3
GMs Guide .....	6
Illustrated: Anatomy of a Rust Monster 3 .....	7
Short Tales: The Vampire's Last Kiss 2 .....	11
In Games .....	15
Seneschal's Declaration .....	17
KOMY Schedule .....	18
Coming Next Issue .....	19



**Original D&D**  
**In Search of the Unknown Part 11-15**  
**Wednesday, 24<sup>th</sup> May 2023 to Wednesday, 21<sup>st</sup> June 2023**

Game updates have been suspended until the next issue. If you require any details before playing the next game of D&D Original, please consult the DM in question.

In the meantime, the following pictures from KOMY's trip to the UK Games Expo in Birmingham in June of this year are presented for your enjoyment.

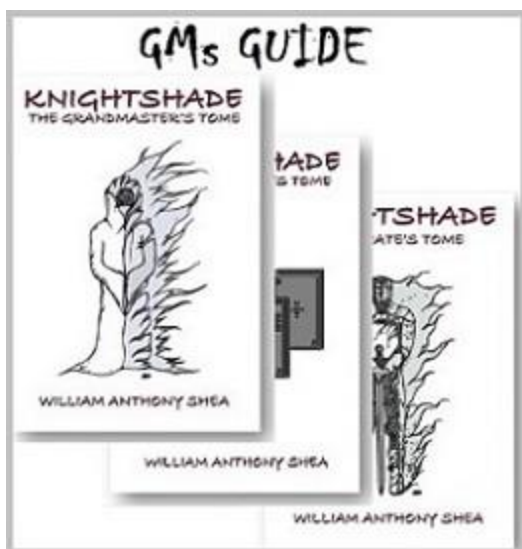












## EXPENDABLES

One would think that the title of this article refers to equipment, rations, feed and other such standard fare handled by adventurers in a game story, but no, it does not. This refers to the Characters and their Hirelings or Retainers.

Players are likely to become attached to their Characters, and in turn, their Retainers, when all is going well and the persona shows promise. However, there have been a growing number of incidents in games where a Player makes every move to discard an unwanted Character or Retainer. Maybe the poor sod had his ear torn off or received a debilitating injury during an unfortunate turn of events. Perhaps the Player believes that he chose unwisely and wants to rectify the mistake quickly before any more game time is lost. Or, for the more cynical Players, maybe he feels like others in the group are achieving so much more with their Characters or Hirelings and he wants to orchestrate a change, fatal or otherwise.

Discarding a Character or a Retainer

may have consequences for the GM's story, and should in turn have some cost to the Player in question, especially if it is not a singular occurrence. Even Characters and Retainers with injuries can add an element to Role-Playing. How many would-be heroes in stories have scars and impairments to add to the colourful history of their persona? Try to play the Character or sympathise with the Hireling who only got that hurt while playing their part in a story that is very much pushed by the Players. There are choices in any game and living with the consequences of one's actions is as much a part of playing as anything else. There may be some Characters and Retainers who cannot go on due to the severity of their injuries or perhaps that is just another opportunity to add traits to a persona or to give him a goal to find the renowned Healer or the magic required to reverse the impairment. Contriving to rid oneself of the seemingly defective persona is short-sighted and wastes a valuable Role-Playing challenge. The GM should reward those who persevere against the odds and impose penalties on the few who just won't play the persona for the sake of the story.

Please send any letters and submissions to:

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

Alternatively, you can e-mail:

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

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

'Follow' us on *Twitter* and *Instagram*  
@BDPubL

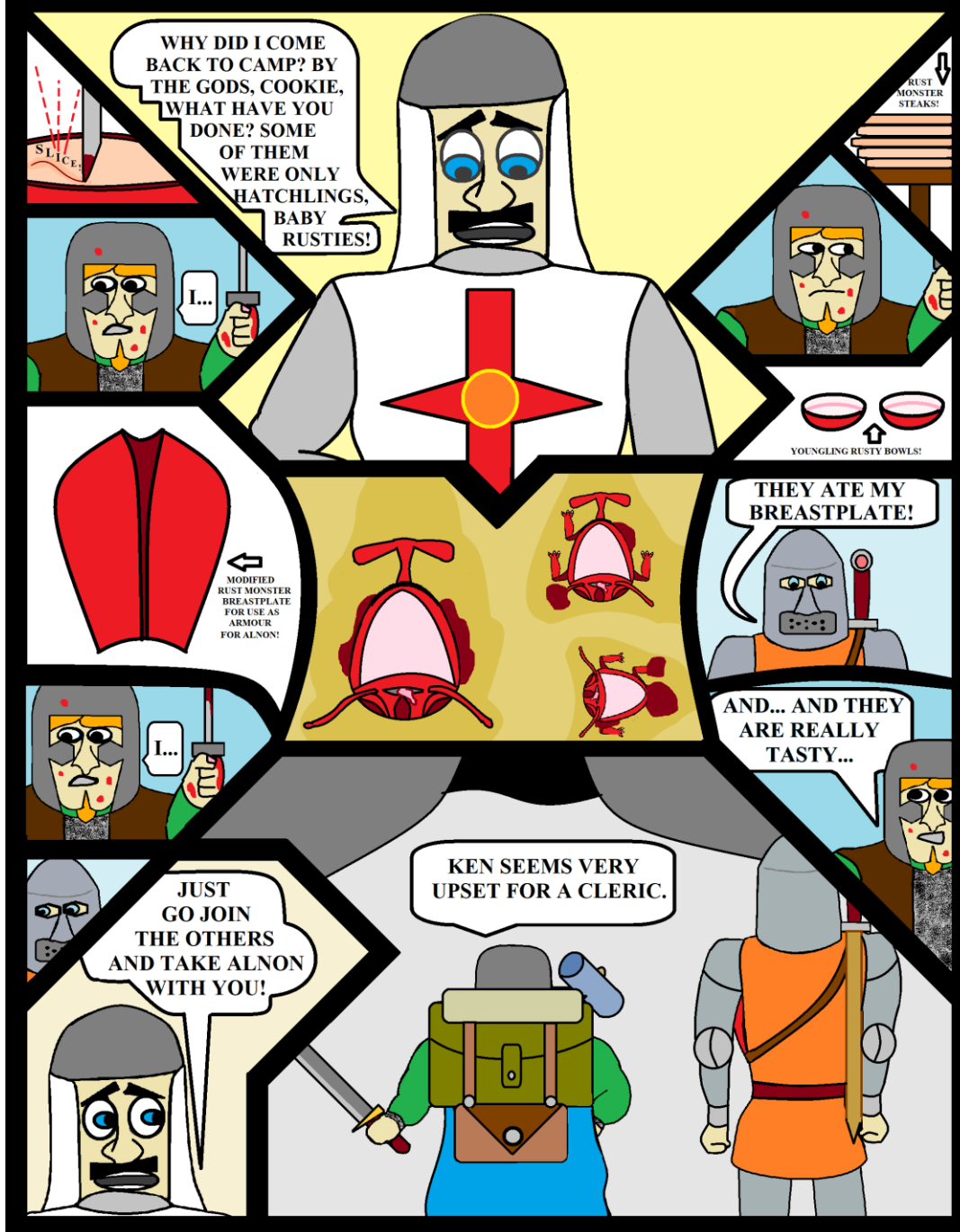
'Like' our Page on *Facebook* @BadDogPublishing

Links to our Social Media can be found on all pages of the **Bad Dog Publishing** website. Get writing those letters of appreciation, criticism or otherwise – or just send us your opinions.

Edited and Produced by Bad Dog Publishing: Issue 28.3 [www.baddogpublishing.ie](http://www.baddogpublishing.ie)

## ANATOMY OF A RUST MONSTER PART THREE

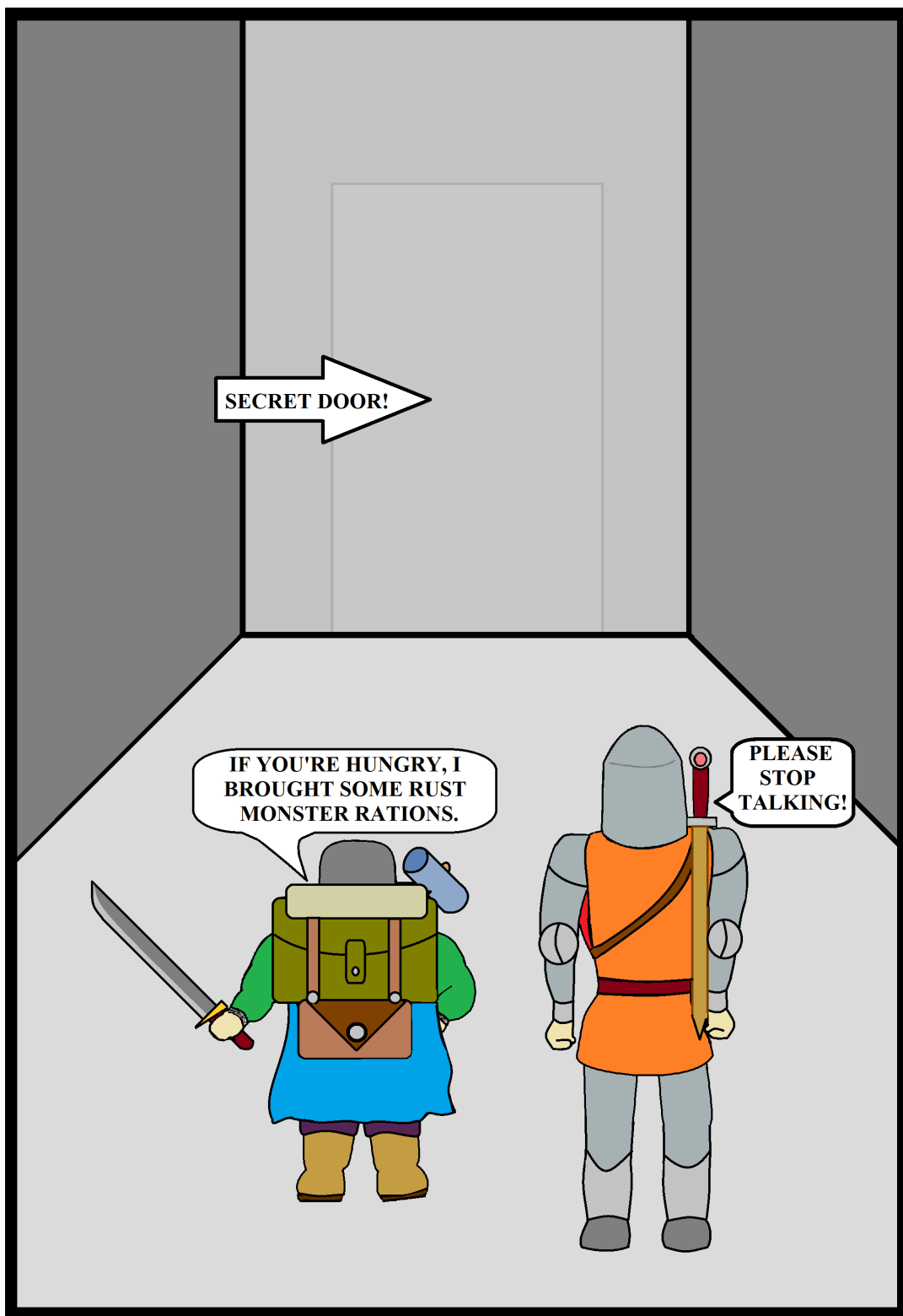
**WAS**











# SHORT TALES

## EXTRACT FROM DP07 DARKLING POOL *THE VAMPIRE'S LAST KISS.* (PART TWO)

### WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA

Kaleb's dead heart stimulated an uncomfortable recognition. The eyes in several of the pictures seemed to follow the vampire but this was perhaps a trick played by his mind when he passed each depiction. Some of the people in the portraits were older but every face screamed out at him. He was a monster!

The passage of time was hard to gauge while Kaleb remained transfixed by reflections of his past that were all at once undeniable. This house... this awful place had been his home in a past clouded by the passage of time. He was beginning to feel the weight of a sorrowful history pressing down on him as if it offered some tangible rebuke for the most hideous crimes. Joy, love, laughter, bitterness, spite and hatred all intermingled here in this house. Plucking any order from the chaos within his mind now seemed impossible.

Kaleb took a step, and then, another. He climbed the aching, creaking, groaning testament to his past to reach a place that offered less recrimination. On the landing above the stairs he faced a myriad of familiar yet vacant rooms, the doors open as if to call him forth to face so many accusations of wrongdoing. Only one remained closed and that door revealed a sliver of light spilling out under the entryway through a line that provided little solace to Kaleb's troubled observance. He had not felt regret in

a long time. He had not felt anything akin to guilt. The light under the door called to him. The other rooms were nothing more than a testament of tragedy. Death had come here time and time again and the harbinger of that aching loss was Kaleb. He had taken them all in turn to sate an appetite that could not be purged and left them to die without hope of redemption, cursed for all eternity to walk in his dark footsteps. Some had merely suffered the vampire's attentions and withered away in the aftermath of being callously discarded.

The closed door called to Kaleb. His hesitation fuelled a deeper frustration but it also fed his mortal fear. Kaleb had not felt that emotion either in so long. The landing struck out at his mind with the same throbbing familiarity that the whole house now exuded.

The side table was covered in dust and cracked ornaments that should have been discarded a long time ago. They were worthless trinkets. They had no value except in provoking unwanted memories. Kaleb felt the urge to sweep them away and let them shatter on the jaded creaking floor. The long rug that had covered the landing was in an even poorer state than the carpet on the stairs. Stains wracked its threadbare depressed pile to deny any attempt to uncover the pattern that once played a magical dance across the weave. Kaleb's thoughts were stirred to an explosion of golden trumpets blaring with musical notes that had once been tangibly imprinted on the beleaguered rug. They were being stirred by each nuance carefully placed in his path to force a recollection. The vampire had lingered too long already and he did not like the feelings. The past held other emotions too. Anger erupting



in unbridled rage, greed and envy intertwined in bitterness, and... craven desire too. He had wanted more than a life of servitude and compliance. The voices in the dark had heard him and granted his wish. He had become more in darkness and death.

Kaleb had revisited the house and the outlying region every night with venomous hatred until this very moment when only one remained to call him to account for the sins of the past.

Kaleb stepped carefully towards the door from which the light emanated. He crept almost like an assassin hoping to catch his victim unawares, knowing that the occupant was already alert to his presence. He could not defy his nature. He was not a creature that announced his coming. Kaleb was the shadow of death. When he came upon his victim, all hope fled before him. Fear agitated the heart of his prey to make the blood all the sweeter – but not now. The slow rhythmic beat from the last occupant of the house defied and denied the terror of his coming as something unnatural. There was a calm expectation that served to irritate Kaleb.

A sweet odour in the air wafted out under the door. The smell was familiar and unforeseen. Kaleb was taken aback by the olfactory presence of freshly spilt blood. The odour only now came to bear on his senses as if it had been introduced into the air with his arrival at the door.

‘Come in, my boy,’ rasped a muffled voice.

The greeting startled Kaleb. He looked at the handle on the door like it embodied a serpent that was about to strike out at him. The light remained unchanged. The aroma of blood tantalised.

Kaleb reached for the knob and unlatched the door. He pushed it inward and to the left, releasing his hold almost immediately as his eyes adjusted to the light to take in the full view of the room. His expectation of immediate retaliation dissipated but he remained wary that he had missed some overture of resistance in his vain melancholy when dawdling over a past that offered only rebukes and painful reminders of misdeeds that had long been forgotten. He could not resolve the impressions of abject poverty and despair that emanated from the house with that which now filled his view. The contrast served to confuse him further.

Unlike the rest of the house, this room appeared well tended, almost like the neglect had been contrived or the man who rested in the bed before him had retreated to the last bastion within a house of ruin while gathering the futile tenets of hope around him. There was warmth here that had not been apparent anywhere else in the house. The careful positioning of everything was precise, but more than that, each nuance offered a startling resurgence of familiarity. There had been things in this house that stirred Kaleb’s memories. However, this room offered more.

The vampire took in the full vista almost in denial of the presence of the man in the bed. The furnishings were old but clean and polished; a mix of French and Georgian designs, though predominantly the latter. The wood in each was vibrant long after time had ceased to care and the awkward looking ball and claw foot synonymous with the era only added to the elegance of the pieces. The fixtures that adorned the chest of drawers, wardrobes, dressing

table and side tables gleamed like gold though they were only brass. The furnishings were made by true craftsmen – rich by design and attentive effort. There were many ornaments and picture frames set on the dressing table beneath an oval mirror that also gleamed in expectation of prolonged vanity. Each of the items in the room, including the bed had been placed precisely where Kaleb anticipated. His familiarity, while somewhat unsettling, might well have been due to his past visitations though he knew that this was not true. He had never returned to this particular room after the night of his change because this had been his bed chamber in a time dulled in memories that no longer had a place in his dead mind. He was a vampire. He had come here to feed, not to indulge in the vagaries of a mortal past that no longer mattered. And yet, he lingered far too long in recollection and recognition of this place.

The warmth in the room became somewhat stifling. Kaleb returned his attention to the man. The window here boasted heavy red velvet drapes but they were open to expose the eye of the house and the light to the night.

Kaleb stepped over the threshold as the man spoke.

‘I have been waiting for you, Kaleb. I was not sure that I would last long enough to greet you.’

The man’s rasping voice betrayed the weight of his years without a visual affirmation but he too was familiar. His face was almost like an aged mirror for Kaleb.

‘I am sorry that you will find little sustenance here tonight other than one tired old man,’ he added.

Kaleb continued to scrutinise the

room as if he still expected some retaliation. Nothing coerced him. He was agitated only by the past. There were no religious adornments here – not on the walls or the furnishings. He had never permitted such pious notions in his room.

‘You are not afraid,’ remarked Kaleb.

Such was not a declaration for the old man but an affirmation of the vampire’s confusion. And yet he answered.

‘No, Kaleb, I am not afraid. The time for fear has long since been conceded to necessity.’

The vampire was disturbed by the remark.

‘You should be,’ he countered with vitriol.

‘No, Kaleb. The time of your kind is coming to an end. You might very well be the last.’

More than anything else that touched Kaleb since he entered the house, this declaration disturbed him, but it also stirred his anger. If the thought had been to evoke some other emotional connection to the past and a family that had served as sustenance, it had failed.

‘I could make you suffer,’ snarled Kaleb.

‘I suppose, but that too would be fleeting. You do not have the time,’ interjected the old man coolly.

Kaleb looked towards the window. He had lingered here longer than anticipated. The old man was right. The vampire could smell the first trace of dawn on the horizon. The stirrings of life that moved to greet the impending light exasperated Kaleb. *Did the old man and his cohorts think to trap him here in this house, to keep him from seeking true sanctuary against the coming day?* If

so, they had failed. Kaleb had more than enough time to rend this old man, drink his fill and flee to the last vestiges of the night to a place that would provide him safe harbour until the darkness fell again.

‘I am alone now,’ affirmed the old man as if he guessed something of the vampire’s mindset. ‘There is no one left for you to harm,’ he added with the same calm that both puzzled and annoyed Kaleb.

‘I know you,’ said the vampire.

‘Yes,’ replied the old man. ‘I am...,’ he began but Kaleb finished the declaration.

‘...Jeremiah.’

The old man offered a wry smile and tapped his nose.

‘Hunter,’ interjected the old man.

‘And you are Kaleb Hunter, my great grand uncle and prodigal son, the black sheep of the family, a wicked boy who grew to embrace the darkness that consumed him, loved by Cassandra, his mother, adored by Lydia, his sister, mourned by his father, Jacob, and by a family who lamented his... your loss.’

Kaleb was taken aback. The names and revelations ignited reason and remorse but the killer in him, the cruel creature of the night, was quick to suppress such mortal urges.

‘I am the night,’ he interjected. ‘I am only death now.’

The old man did not react with fear. He let a sigh of lament escape his lips.

‘I know. There is no redemption for you here even if you were inclined to seek it out.’

Kaleb took a step forward and then another until he stood over the old man and his fangs extended in response to the slow rhythmic pulse of his victim’s

heart. The lack of fear dulled the full experience provoked by a quicker beat but it would not halt the inevitable.

‘My time here is over,’ remarked Jeremiah. ‘You have broken our family. There are none left to deny you the last drop of blood from a line that is now at an end.’

Kaleb was unmoved by this narrative. His need to feed on the old man, his aching hunger, denied any possibility of further delay. The vampire’s fangs pierced the jugular vein of Jeremiah. Kaleb fed almost to the point of ensuring that end. In the last moment, he paused, knowing there would be no remaining chance to converse once he was done here.

‘Why did you stay? Why were you waiting for me?’

Jeremiah let a soft laboured sob escape his lips.

‘This end is not just for me alone. My blood will feed you for now but in taking the life fluid from me, darkness will wane in the light. When you rise again, Kaleb, you will be the last. This will be your last embrace... your last kiss.’

The vampire did not understand.

‘I am eternal,’ he snarled.

‘No, Kaleb, you are not. My family... your family have fed your appetites and those of your progeny for the last time. We have waited for this moment. As each of your kind came to us in the night to sup on the blood of those in this town, you have been tainted with the very life essence that drives your hunger. They are lost to you now. My blood will do the same to the dark heart beating in your chest with that which you take so callously and without leave. When the night comes again, you will



no longer be a creature of darkness but neither will you be welcome in the light. Your heart will pulse with life and your mind will yield to the consequences of the crimes you committed here. I have given you a gift and a true curse to bear the weight of a penance that will hold you to account for the remainder of your existence... as a mortal man.'

Kaleb did not truly believe Jeremiah at that moment. These were nothing but the ramblings of a bitter old man who was trapped in a frail decaying body. He would die here as the others had done. Kaleb would not gift him with continuance in darkness.

The vampire took the last of Jeremiah's blood as his mind repudiated the consequences of the old man's words. Dawn was coming. Kaleb left Jeremiah where he lay; looking out the window of a room that would soon fall to the same despair and disrepair that had taken the rest of the house. He paused only when he looked at Jeremiah's face. His vacant stare remained transfixed on the still distant light. The smile that curved his lips shook Kaleb's resolve but the vampire retreated. He would always be a creature of the night. Jeremiah was a foolish old man to have stayed. When the night came again, Kaleb would find other victims to sate his hunger. In time, this house would be forgotten.

#### **NEXT ISSUE:**

**GENOCIDE – PART ONE**

**WILLIAM ANTHONY SHEA**

#### **FUMBLE NEWSZINE STAFF**

**Editor:** Master Sage.

**Associate Editor:** Wimpy Troll.

**Technical Editor:** Webster Troll.

© Bad Dog Publishing 2023

Produced and Distributed by Bad Dog Publishing



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. Cork spent a long time with little or no gaming outlets. Support our own – shop local where possible. Some have already closed due to dwindling business.

#### **COMIC VAULT**

**CLOSED DOWN:** Originally set up as an online retailer in 2013 and opened a physical store in Cork city in 2017.

#### **SANDBOX**

Unity House, Lower Glanmire Rd, Victorian Quarter, Cork

#### **WARHAMMER**

Unit 1, 2 St Patrick's Quay, Victorian Quarter, Cork, T23 CY5X

## **KNIGHTSHADE**

### **THE ROLE PLAYING GAME (RPG)**

KST01: The Initiate's Tome – Released!

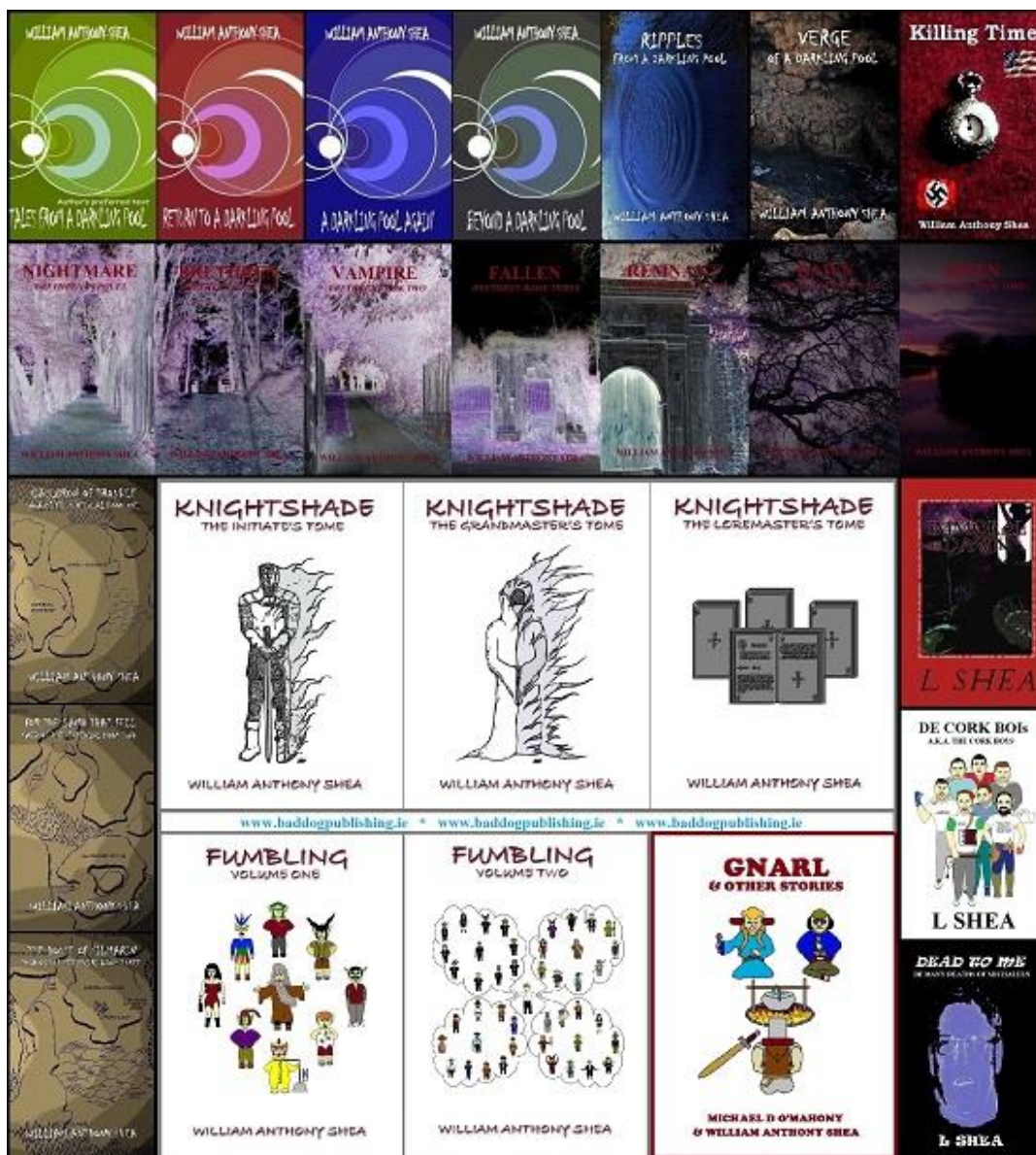
KST02: The Grandmaster's Tome – Released!

KST03: The Loremaster's Tome – Released!

**KST04: The Questmaster's Tome – NYR#**

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

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



Please send any letters and submissions to:

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

Alternatively, you can e-mail: [submissions@baddogpublishing.ie](mailto:submissions@baddogpublishing.ie)

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

‘Follow’ us on Twitter and Instagram @BDPubL

‘Like’ our Page on Facebook @BadDogPublishing

Links to our Social Media can be found on all pages of the Bad Dog Publishing website. Get writing those letters of appreciation, criticism or otherwise – or just send us your opinions.



# THE KNIGHTS OF MISSPENT YOUTH

## Seneschal's Declaration



I once believed that the Knights of Misspent Youth (KOMY) had been founded on the principles of good-hearted people sharing, playing and working together in mutual respect for everything that being in a club embodied. I now know that to not be the case. There are expel-tives I could use but suffice to say, my disappointment is immense. They do not care for each other. Every moment is another one to bicker about who stays with whom and not give an inch when an opportunity presents itself. Somewhere along the way elements of our membership have become bitter self-entitled old men who do not want to see others in the group do better. I had hoped that this was just a passing phase, but alas, it has proven to be enduring and insidious. I no longer feel the same affinity for KOMY that I once did. I am utterly disappointed in the behaviour that has crept into the group and at a loss to see how it can be rectified. Perhaps it will not matter if no one is reading this column. You were meant to stand together through it all but I guess that was just some catchphrase of convenience. We came together through the games and became friends. Somewhere along the way, this fact has been forgotten. *FRIENDS*. My days pandering to the negativity in KOMY and listening to the incessant diatribe that comes with a belief that we are not in this together is coming to an end. I will not have this in my life. If you do not share that view, then perhaps the time has come to truly

call it a day. While I ponder the merits of returning to the games, consider your attitudes towards KOMY. If you don't want to be here, do me the courtesy of *EXPLETIVING* off and let those who do get on with life, friendship and playing the games together. We will continue to travel, play and take solace in being part of something that is truly worthwhile without you. And on that note, all events are on hold pending a review of same. We are all in this together or not at all...

The lateness of the return to gaming for 2023/24 is directly tied to the interest of the group and will be monitored in the coming months. The schedule presented on page 18 will be modified accordingly. Please do feel free to forward your comments on any issue that has been raised here.

There are a number of game stories coming to a close in 2023/24, some of which have been waiting a while to resolve. The ambition for this game year is to close the book on these outstanding threads. KSCAL04 Calliban Rising: Raven's Curse closed on a cliffhanger and will require a number of sessions to resolve. Likewise, KS10 The Augur Stone – Finale has yet to be finished. In line with these scenarios, D&D is set for a prolonged run but perhaps not limited to its current guise.

Some entries in the game calendar note 'TBA'. These games have not been confirmed by the DM/GM.



NEXTCON will not be announced for 2024 until there is a firm commitment from KOMY members to attend. While the intent is to operate the MANAGE as before, should this event not go ahead, all monies will be returned in full. No bookings will be made until February 2024 at the earliest.

No destination has as yet been chosen but given the continued disappointment of insufficient ‘Open Gaming’ tables at UK Games Expo, this will not be a venue under consideration.

In the meantime, do try to take better care of each other.

**SENESCHAL: SIR WILLIAM OF SHEA**

WEEK	DATE	GAME	GM/DM	SLOT	MANAGE
WK38	11-Oct	Knightshade RPG: KSCAL04 - Raven's Curse Finale Part One	MS	2	1
WK41	11-Oct	WIMPY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK42	14-Oct	WEBSTER TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK39	18-Oct	Knightshade RPG: KSCAL04 - Raven's Curse Finale Part Two	MS	3	2
WK40	25-Oct	Knightshade RPG: KSCAL04 - Raven's Curse Finale Part Three	MS	4	3
WK41	08-Nov	D&D Original: B1 In Search of the Unknown 15	MS	5	4
WK46	12-Nov	HIPPY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK42	15-Nov	D&D Original: B1 In Search of the Unknown 16	MS	6	5
WK47	18-Nov	JULIUS TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK47	19-Nov	SULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK43	22-Nov	Star Trek RPG Unto the Breach	Julius	7	6
WK44	29-Nov	Star Trek RPG Unto the Breach	Julius	8	7
WK45	06-Dec	Star Trek RPG Unto the Breach	Julius	9	8
WK46	13-Dec	Star Trek RPG Unto the Breach	Julius	10	9
WK50	13-Dec	TIED-ON TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK51	14-Dec	RANDO TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK50	15-Dec	JOES NIGHT OUT	KOMY	11	N/A
WK52	31-Dec	DUPLEX TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK02	10-Jan	CARDS	KOMY	12	10
WK03	17-Jan	D&D Original: B1 In Search of the Unknown 17	MS	13	11
WK04	24-Jan	D&D Original: B1 In Search of the Unknown 18	MS	14	12
WK05	31-Jan	D&D Original: B1 In Search of the Unknown 19	MS	15	13
WK06	07-Feb	D&D Original: B1 In Search of the Unknown 20	MS	16	14
WK08	21-Feb	D&D Original: B1 In Search of the Unknown 21	MS	17	15
WK09	28-Feb	CARDS	KOMY	18	16
WK10	06-Mar	TBA	Julius	19	17
WK11	13-Mar	TBA	Julius	20	18
WK12	20-Mar	TBA	Julius	21	19
WK13	27-Mar	TBA	Julius	22	20
WK14	03-Apr	TBA	Julius	23	21
WK15	10-Apr	Knightshade RPG: KS10 The Augur Stone Finale	MS	24	22
WK16	17-Apr	Knightshade RPG: KS10 The Augur Stone Finale	MS	25	23
WK17	24-Apr	Knightshade RPG: KS10 The Augur Stone Finale	MS	26	24
WK18	01-May	Knightshade RPG: KS10 The Augur Stone Finale	MS	27	25
WK18	04-May	GULLY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK19	08-May	Knightshade RPG: KS10 The Augur Stone Finale	MS	28	26
WK19	09-May	OZZIE TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK20	15-May	TBA	Julius	29	27
WK21	22-May	TBA	Julius	30	N/A
WK21	24-May	KLUTZ & KRAVE TROLLS	BIRTHDAYS	N/A	N/A
WK22	29-May	TBA	Julius	31	N/A
WK23	05-Jun	TBA	Julius	32	N/A
WK23	07-Jun	TIPSY TROLL	BIRTHDAY	N/A	N/A
WK24	12-Jun	D&D 5th Edition: Prequel - The Last Red Letter Day	MS	33	N/A
WK25	19-Jun	CARDS	KOMY	34	N/A
WK26	26-Jun	KOMY/FUMBLE AWARDS NOMINATIONS	KOMY	35	N/A
WK27/28	TBA	KENNELCON RETURNS - KENNEL PARTY	KOMY	1	N/A

**NOTE: KOMY Schedule is subject to change.**

# COMING

## *NEXT ISSUE* *NOVEMBER 2023*

\*\*\*\*\*

**ILLUSTRATED**  
*UK GAMES EXPO 2023*

WAS

\*

**SHORT TALES**  
**GENOCIDE**  
*PART ONE*  
William Anthony Shea

\*

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

\*

**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

