

# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 01

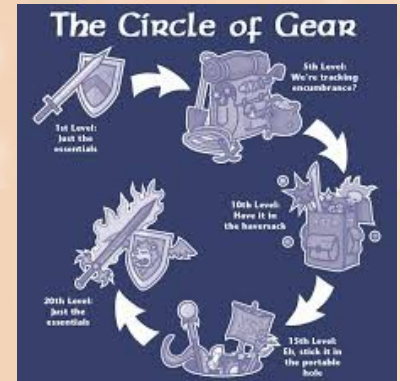
*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

## The Year in Review

By: Noah Brown

One year has almost passed since the rebirth of Quest Club. As a re-surging club we have been quite successful. We have squeezed out an event for each month even if it was just a movie trip. We have erected a brand new website and met many great people along the way. We have gained a few new sponsors this year to help us out. We are now established in the Forest City community. All of this has set up a great foundation for us and the next year looks even better.



## Sticks & Stones

By: Xander Smith

After World War II, America was energetic, and everything was better. The threat of a world war was now invisible to the common people. Many thought that there would never be another world war. This opinion was not shared by everyone. Albert Einstein once said, "I know not with what weapons World War Three will be fought, but World War Four will be fought with sticks and stones." The people who heard this were frantic and campaigned for all nuclear weapons to be destroyed. No results came to fruition.

One man who was on a radio show one night and was asked what his thoughts were on the war going on in the Middle East. He said, "We have outgrown wars. The stage we've gotten to is extinction events."

In July of 1947, an alien spacecraft crashed in Roswell, New Mexico. The government of course covered it up. Three years later, however, sirens were going off in a town in New Jersey. Many of the citizens secluded to their basements. After half an hour, no sirens went off. People returned to the surface to see charred skeletons in the streets. Buildings were crumpled. People who were outside during the event claimed to see flying triangular pyramids in the sky. President Truman told the public that nothing was going on, as any president would do.

Two weeks later, another attack occurred in Trondheim, Norway. There were no sirens this time. Alien ships came down in the thousands and shot beams of green lasers at buildings. Smoke arose in a matter of seconds. People were shot with beams that made them slowly disintegrate into black ash. Actual aliens came down out of the crafts. They were small and had pale white skin and big, round, black eyes. Their ears and noses were very small. It was clear that these things were not human.

People were getting slaughtered by the thousands. Some were being taken into the spacecrafts. The aliens were ripping people's brains out by the stem. True horror unfolded as the people's knives and pitchforks failed to pierce the paper-thin armour the aliens were wearing.

The government's tanks and weapons of war came in an incredibly fast time. Their weapons had no effect on the ships. It takes near-indestructible hulls to make it through space. However, the spacecrafts would destroy tanks in a matter of seconds. Earth was no match for the invaders.

Attacks like this happened everywhere. After only a week of this, the invaders began dropping nuclear bombs in population centers. The world's population dropped from two and a half billion to a few million scattered throughout the globe. All remnants of civilization were lost. Everything was a smoldering pile of debris.

Many humans who were still alive were made slaves to work in the mines and to chop down the world's forests. The aliens needed our resources and they were getting them. The small number of free humans left alive on Earth would have to rebuild Earth and wage their wars with sticks and stones.

**NOW AND THEN**  
EST. 1991  
COMICS, GAMES, TOYS  
(641) 423-3839  
1314 4TH ST SW #130, MASON CITY, IA  
WWW.ORIGINALNOWANDTHEN.COM



# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue05; Page02

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

## Quest Club meets Legos

By: Charles Brown

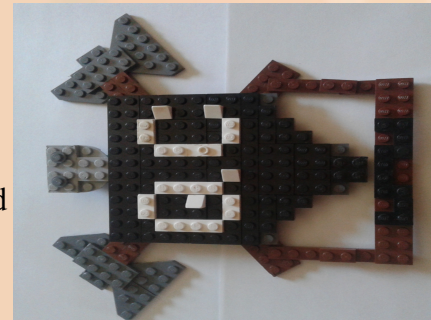
Hello Quest Club members and anybody else who may be reading this article. Charlie has made the quest club logo (without the dragon that surrounds it) out of legos. It has 88 pieces by Charlie's count (He might be wrong). Charlie made this because it has two things he loves Quest Club and Legos.



## Winter Time

By: Arlene Brown & Noah Brown

Legos are not the only thing sporting Quest Logos this season. One of our fellow members, Arlene Brown, has made another work of art featuring club spirit. She spent some of her time working on knitted gloves and a hat with club colors and the bright letters "QC".



## Campaign Updates

### THE LEGEND OF DIARMUID AND GRAINNE

By: 1600 years of bards (some additions by Zack Infanger)

Said the bard to the crowd:

"My friends. Today I offer you a tale of love and betrayal, of beauty and bravery. Allow this storyteller to wax poetic and know that all truths are not obvious but instead, often lie hid within the telling. And thus, with that in mind, I give you... the Legend of Diarmuid & Grainne!"

Long ago in Ireland, in the time of the Fianna, one of the greatest and most famous warriors under Finn McCumhaill's leadership was named Diarmuid O'Duibhne.

Diarmuid was the son of a man named Donn, and he was raised with his half-brother, the son of a man named Roc. One day, the son of Roc was frightened by an animal, and he ran between the legs of Diarmuid's father Donn to hide. Disgusted with the child's cowardice, Donn squeezed the child between his thighs until he died. When the child's father, Roc, found his son's broken body, he wept and raged and battled Donn. Both men bled but in the end, Donn defeated Roc and left him dying in the woods. With the last of his life's blood and breath, Roc performed a magical ceremony, and brought his son back to life in the body of a huge wild boar. He put a geas on it to kill





# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 03

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018



**This Is  
How We  
Roll.**

[www.roll20.net](http://www.roll20.net)

Donn's son Diarmuid, and sent the boar off into the wilds, then placed a curse on Diarmuid so that he could never pierce the skin of a pig, and thus would not be able to defend himself when the time came. With that, Roc died and his curse took hold.

Despite the wild boar's enmity, Diarmuid grew up to be a great warrior and passed the rigorous tests to become one of the Fianna. The Fianna were known far and wide as a clan of great warriors and led by their chief, Finn Mac Cumhaill.

Finn was a great warrior, leader, and inspiration to men throughout Ireland. He fought with passion, lived with passion, and loved with a passion. Finn and his wife Maigneis married young and spent many inseparable years together until she was killed by raiders who sacked their home at Emain Macha. Furious, Finn and his men sought out and found revenge on the raiders, returning with their leader's head on a spike. Still, Finn fell into a melancholy of grieving. Some of his most loyal men feared that the man would never again show the passion he was so well known for. Of them that worried was Diarmuid. He, along with others, stood beside Finn through the years, showing stalwart support for their legendary chief.

The love and loyalty Diarmuid had for Finn Mac Cumhaill was very strong, but Diarmuid was known for more than his fighting skills. He was a great favorite among women, being very beautiful, and he was born with the Bol Sherca in the middle of his forehead. This was a magical spot that made anyone who saw it fall in love with him. Diarmuid knew that this could cause all sorts of trouble, so he grew his hair down over his forehead to cover it and wore a silver headband in his efforts to keep it out of sight.

Finn Mac Cumhaill was getting on in years but was still the greatest warrior in all Ireland. He held onto his place as the head of the Fianna, but he was aware that someday, the years would start to tell, even on him. Every year on his birthday, he undertook to leap across a great chasm, because he would rather die as soon as his strength began to fail him than to live on and slowly decline.

Finn loved all the finest things in life; feasting, storytelling, hunting and good company; and he decided that he had been too long without a wife. So he called his men together and asked for their advice on the matter. They all agreed that the only woman in Ireland fit to be the wife of the great Finn Mac Cumhaill was the daughter of the High King Cormac Mac Airt, called Gráinne. Now, Finn was aware that he was a good deal older than Gráinne, and he was shy of asking for her hand himself, so he sent two ambassadors to speak to Gráinne on his behalf.

Gráinne was the most beautiful woman in Ireland at that time. When she was twelve years old, she had seen a boy playing hurling, and the wind had blown his hair back from his face, and she had fallen in love with him, completely and irrevocably. And as the years passed, she had refused every man who had ever asked for her hand, for love of the boy on the hurling field. But when she heard that the great Finn Mac Cumhaill was asking for her hand, she was flattered. She decided that she had spent long enough waiting for this boy, and she did not know his name or where to find him, so she might as well marry Finn.

When her answer was given, a great feast was held to celebrate the upcoming wedding. Gráinne hid behind a curtain, to spy out and catch a glimpse of her husband-to-be. She saw Finn's son Oisín sitting beside him, and was struck by the contrast between them: how much younger and more beautiful Oisín looked than his father.

**MASON CITY**  
**FORD | CHRYSLER**  
Simple. Straight Forward Deals. Everyday.  
215 15th St. SW Mason City, Iowa



# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 04

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

She wondered why Finn had asked for her for himself, and not for his son, and she began to regret her decision. And then Finn moved out of the way, and she saw the man seated on the other side of him: Diarmuid O'Duibhne. The boy from the hurling field who she had loved since she was twelve.

At that moment, Gráinne resolved that she was not going to marry Finn Mac Cumhaill. She sat down to the feast, saying nothing, and passed around a cup of wine, into which she'd put a sleeping potion. She gave it to Finn, and to all of the Fianna, apart from Diarmuid. Then, she professed her love for him and asked if he would run away with her. Diarmuid's heart was touched and he felt a deep love for Grainne welling up inside of him. Despite his feelings for her, Diarmuid refused, such was his loyalty to Finn. Then Gráinne turned to Diarmuid and calling upon the magic within her, placed Diarmuid under a geas, forcing his love for her to show itself and compelling him to run away with her.

Diarmuid was torn. He had never betrayed Finn and never wanted to, but he was a slave to his love of women, especially this overwhelming love he felt for Grainne. She told him that she was going to ready herself, and went to her chambers, and while she was gone, Diarmuid searched his soul. He had no choice. Even though it meant tearing his heart in two, and leaving one half of it with Finn Mac Cumhaill, he could not break from Grainne. He was hers now, and he knew it.

Very unhappily, Diarmuid went away with Gráinne. Unused to hard travelling, Gráinne grew weary after a while and asked Diarmuid to carry her, but he refused, hoping she would give up and go back to Finn. Instead, she used her compelling powers to again push Diarmuid to go and find horses for them, and he had no choice but to do as she asked.

They met with the man Aengus Óg - another of the Fianna and much like a step-father to Diarmuid. Aengus Og was a great giant of a man but with a jolly and loving manner. Unknown to all, he was secretly of the sidhe (spirit folk) and the embodiment of the god of love. Aengus was saddened by the terms by which Diarmuid and Grainne had left but thoroughly approved of their match and he decided to help them. He told them that they were never going to be able to sleep in a cave with one opening, or a house with one door, or a tree with one branch, and that they would never be able to eat where they cooked, or sleep where they ate. They would have to keep moving if they were to stay ahead of Finn and the Fianna who would soon be out and hunting for the two of them. Aengus Og gave them what means he could and then secreted them away from the castle and into the woods. Leaving them on their own, reminding them to keep on the move, and saying he would help further if he could.

When Finn Mac Cumhaill awoke the next day from the sleeping potion and realized what had happened, his heart broke. It was not Gráinne's desertion that hurt him, but the fact that Diarmuid had betrayed him. He set out with a grimness and a set in his jaw to catch them up and get his revenge.

Diarmuid and Grainne fled through the lands of Finn's enemies, the Mac Morna, hoping that Finn would give up the chase - he didn't. The Fianna and the clansmen of Mac Morna clashed many times while Finn pursued Diarmaid and Grainne. Much blood was spilled.



Putting the "Class" ...  
...Into Armor Class.



# THE QUESTORIAN



Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 05

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

For a long time, he chased them, and they were always one step ahead. Every time he came across their traces, he grew more and more furious, but every time he found one of the nests that Diarmuid had made for Gráinne, he found that Diarmuid had left a piece of raw meat or fish as a message to Finn that he had not touched Gráinne.

Then one day, as Diarmuid and Gráinne were taking refuge in the Emerald Cave, a splash of water wet her upper thigh. She said to Diarmuid that whatever courage he might have in battle, that splash of water had more courage than he. And Diarmuid was shamed into making her his wife, and after that, he left no messages of purity for Finn.

Later that year, Diarmuid got permission from a giant to hunt on his land, provided he did not eat any of the magical rowan berries that grew on the tree where the giant lived. But Gráinne, who was pregnant, longed for the berries, and so Diarmuid fought and defeated the giant for her and won the right for her to eat the berries. The berries high up in the tree were sweeter than those below, so the two climbed up into the tree to the giant's bed, and ate berries and rested a while.

Eventually, Finn and the Fianna tracked Diarmuid and Grainne to Searbhan's Mountain. Finn knew that only Diarmuid could have defeated that giant since it wasn't one of his men, and he and the Fianna spent that night camping under the tree. Finn had a good idea that Diarmuid was still in the area. He challenged Oisín to a game of chess, and as Oisín began to make a move that would lead to Finn beating him, a berry dropped onto the square that he should move to. He made the move, and continued to follow the guidance of the rowan berries. Eventually, Oisín beat his father at chess for the very first time. Finn Mac Cumhaill sprang up, saying "There's only one man in Ireland who could have beaten me at chess, and that's Diarmuid O'Duibhne." And there was Diarmuid, looking down on them from up in the tree. Diarmuid leaped to safety, while Aengus Óg again spirited Gráinne away.

One night, they slept in a house with seven doors, and Finn and the Fianna caught up with them. A member of the Fianna stood at each door to make sure they couldn't escape. Aengus Óg appeared, and told them that he would spirit them away to safety, but Diarmuid refused. He sent Gráinne away with the Og, who hid her under his magic cloak and disappeared. Diarmuid stayed behind. Diarmuid tried each door and found them all guarded. Then he came to the seventh door, guarded by Finn Mac Cumhaill himself. Roaring in anger, Finn told him he would kill him if he came out that door. Diarmuid opened the door to face him, and took to the fight. When the Fianna surrounded him, he leaped up with the leap of a salmon, jumped over their heads, and ran away to join Gráinne.

After years on the run and all the time Diarmuid and Gráinne had spent living together as man and wife, raising their four sons and their daughter, and never able to stop or rest, they decided to try and make peace with Finn Mac Cumhaill. Through an intermediary, gestures were made and dialogues heard. As long last, ever older, wiser, and tired of hunting the lovers, Finn agreed to put his anger aside and welcome them back. Finn invited Diarmuid to hunt with him in the woods of Ben Bulbin, as a way to rekindle their lost friendship.

Diarmuid agreed and went hunting with Finn and the men of the Fianna. It seemed things were going well. Days into the hunt there sat Finn, Diarmuid and the Fianna warriors laughing, singing, and regaling as if no trespass had occurred. The next morning and the last day of the hunt, they came across a terrible beast: The giant Kechcorran Boar - a legendary creature feared by many a hunter. The boar ran straight for Diarmuid, ignoring all others. They all realized that the Kechcorran Boar was the son of Roc, who had been killed so many years before, and it had to fulfill its geas to kill the son of Donn.



# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 06

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

Finn saw the beast charging at Diarmuid and warned him to beware his curse, which declared Diarmuid could never pierce the skin of a pig but he was too late. Diarmuid's attack failed as his sword blade turned foul, failing to cut through the boar's flesh. The boar gored Diarmuid, and Diarmuid hit it on the head with the hilt of his sword, killing it. But it was too late, and Diarmuid lay dying. The intense magic of the wounds delivered by the boar blocked any attempts to heal Diarmuid. There was only one way left to save Diarmuid. Finn's son Oisín asked Finn Mac Cumhaill to give him a drink of water from his hands. For you see, Finn was blessed with miracle magic of his own. Anyone who drank water of the land from the hands of Finn Mac Cumhaill would be restored to health. So Finn went to the river and carried water back to Diarmuid, but at the last moment, he remembered with bitterness, how Diarmuid had run away with Gráinne and let the water trickle out from between his fingers. But he saw Diarmuid didn't have long, and the great friendship between them moved his heart, so he went back for water, only to let it trickle through his fingers a second time. The third time he went back for water, and there was no bitterness left in him. He poured the water in between Diarmuid's lips, but it was too late. Diarmuid O'Duibhne was already dead.

With his bitterness gone and only the remembrance of a great friend lost, Finn and the men of the Fianna gave Diarmuid a great and noble funeral, exalting his name and his deeds. Finn adopted Diarmuid's children who eventually went on to have heroic tales of their own as men and women of the Fianna. Finn made arrangements to provide for Grainne for the remainder of her days, which she spent in a small cabin alone, grieving for her lost soulmate. And when the time came one day that Finn, too, finally didn't make the jump over the chasm, his place in the story reached its end. As the age of the Fianna warriors, their heroes, and their kings came to an end, Bard's of the land spread the story far and wide, exalting the beauty and tragedy of love, loyalty, and loss that is the tale of the Legend of Diarmuid and Grainne.

The End

## **Buccaneer's Blood** **By: Zack Infanger**

"Weigh over mates and stand to. We're nigh onto 3 month at sea and many spent in the doldrums me hardies. In other words, our sails have been caught half full at most and we've not a tale to tell of treasure or plunder or adventure. For now, we wait. Wait for an opportunity, wait for the wind, and wait for our mistress the sea to call us back. To be sure, we will sail again lads! Lucky Theo, the Blackwater brothers, and all the rest o' the Buccaneers will gather aboard, sailing for hell in rough waters. Returning with booty to spend and tales to tell. That'll be the day boys! Til then, keep yer powder dry and your whistle wet! Remember us in your prayers and let it be a merry life and a short one! Avast!"

## **Strength & Honor** **By: Zack Infanger**

Redemption...

Heroes three, Astevor, Anticus and Petronia - by means of will and love and loyalty, have crossed the veil between life and death, entering the land of the dead, crossing Hades, and facing both Gods and Demons in a desperate effort to save the soul of their mentor and friend - Caesar. Aided subtly by the goddess Venus, they crossed the Styx on Charon's barge and walked the way among the dead to the city of Dis, where they faced the Demon himself and withstood his charms and chides.





# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 07

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

They deftly worked their way into the Great Temple and there, at long last, they found Caesar's ghost just as he was called to face judgement. Risking the wrath of Judges Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus and total annihilation at the hands of the gathered Angels of the Temple, they spoke for Caesar and revealed themselves as mortals amid the dead. Blasphamey! Some of the gathered Celestials swore. But it was Persephone, the wife of Hades himself that recognized their love and dedication to their mentor and through her mercy, gave them the chance they needed. Laying themselves on the golden scales, they agreed to undertake a dark and dangerous quest through Tartarus and into the very pits of Gehenna. Should they succeed, Caesar's soul would ascend. Should they fail, they would join Caesar in eternal damnation.

Met in the maze of Tartarus by the Angel Azrael, he led them along their quest from challenge to challenge. They met and aided Sisyphus who had fooled death itself for a time. They found Ulysses & Diomedes, the betrayers of Troy, and helped them find redemption. They came across the greedy Tantalus who had stolen from the gods and he too they helped free. Then finally, they came across the betrayers Brutus & Cassius - the very men who had betrayed their mentor Caesar. And there they found their hardest test. Azrael made it clear that to succeed in their quest they would need to free these men from a great demon who could not be defeated by way of combat and then, more chilling to the heroes than even the thought of the unbeatable demon... they would have to forgive, truly forgive, these two men. And therein lay the paradoxical wall unto which the heroes did not know if they would be able to break through. These men, these betrayers, were the source of their troubles and the focus of their hate. Now, to save Caesar, they would need not only free these men from torture at the hands of a vile demon but then free them again, from their eternal sentences by means of utter forgiveness. Madness!

For a great time, the heroes struggled with their task. They watched as the demon ripped and tore at the souls of these damned men and, deep in their hearts, they knew it was deserved. How can they act? How can they free these men from the demon? And then, how can they forgive? They struggled and bickered more with each other over the quandary. All the while, the demon laughed and taunted them. In her frustration, it was Petronia who stumbled onto the answer. She quipped back at the prideful demon, cutting him to the quick with satire and insult. They saw a crack in the overwhelming facade of power that the demon exuded. His pride and arrogance was his weakness! Petronia pressed the demon. Joined and supported by Anticus and Astevor, the three heroes launched barb after barb, taunt after taunt at the demon - ever enraging it further. But the demon, who was chained in place over this great kettle of fire upon which Brutus and Cassius were being roasted alive, could not himself break free and could not therefore strike at the heroes three. Instead, the demon raged and raged, hurling back insults and profanities at them until, in his utter rage and want to strike them, the demon took hold of the flaming kettle upon which the betrayers were roasting and he threw it with all his might at the heroes, who quickly dodged away and survived his assault. The kettle clamoured across the blackened stone landscape, spilling soot and spark and flame... and the betrayers Cassius and Brutus alike. The heroes lept to their feet, taking hold of and fleeing with the betrayers as the great horned demon howled in rage and tore at his chains in a fruitless attempt to chase them. Now free of the Demon, the betrayers begged mercy. It took everything the heroes had to rally up their courage, their honor, and their empathy in order to let go of their hate and truly forgive these men... but at long last, they did it. Forgiven, the betrayers were free from their torture and their souls faded away, onto whatever was next for them.

Azrael looked at the heroes and smiled. Their quest was a success and, bathed in light, the heroes felt themselves weightless and risen from the depths. As the light subsided, the heroes found themselves back in the world above, back in Rome, back in the Gardens of Bomarzo among the living breathing life again, surrounded by the vivid colors and pleasing aromas of so many living trees and shrubs, flowers and plants. What had at one time been taken for granted was now, the heroes realized, so very treasured. There, at the foot of the garden's central pool, stood with them the ghostly image of Caesar. Within the pool and in full embodiment stood their patron, the beautiful beyond words, goddess Venus. She spoke:







# THE QUESTORIAN



Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 08

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

"Draxus Lepidus Caesarean, by the love of the people and the deeds of these, your most loyal followers, you have been deemed worthy of ascension and shall join the Gods as one of their own! From henceforth, you shall be known as "Divus Julius" (the Divine Julius) and shall wield influence and power related to "Judicium" and "Regii Sanguinis" (The passing of judgments and the Sanctioning of Royal Blood). Let thy holy crown be placed upon thy brow by the hands of your first High Priests!" Venus then motioned to the heroes. They stepped into the well and together placed a golden wreath upon Caesar's head. Who, with the touch of the wreath, became whole again. Venus concluded: "Rise you now a God!"

A bright flash and an instant later the heroes found themselves in a grand marble and gold open-air temple atop what could only be Mount Olympus, home of the Gods. With them stood Caesar, now dressed in a Red and Gold Toga, with the gold wreath upon his head and his faculties fully restored. Surrounding the temple, nearly hidden from view by blinding sunlight and clouds, the heroes could see a circle of titanic figures - the Gods - assembled to witness this moment. All was awesome. All was overwhelming. Again himself, Caesar speaks to the heroes for what all can feel would be the last time in such a manner:

"My dear and loyal ones. I cannot thank you by any means that truly measures up to the deeds you have done for me this day. Already I can feel a change in me. I feel that very soon I shall no longer be the Caesar that you know, but something else - something greater than myself. Before that happens, know that the man I am is humbled by you and forever shall be your friend."

With that, Caesar embraced each hero, arm-in-arm as a warrior embraces a brother, repeating with each, their mantra "Strength & Honor". With a final farewell glance, he walked away from them towards the edge of the temple circle. As he did, his image was bathed in sunlight and he was seen to blossom angelic wings. As he reached the edge, he soared into the clouds and disappeared into the sun. A moment later, another titanic figure glowing brightly could be seen sitting in the circle of gods around the temple, looking down upon the Astevor, Anticus, and Petronia. Now, fully ascended, his new and booming voice spoke, carrying with it divine authority and gravitas.

"You have done so much but the Fates deem that more is left to do. Thus I must ask you to bear my standard one more time. From this day forward, each of you are of noble blood. You and your progeny shall be known as Patricians in the highest standing. Further, you shall hold title in my Church. Astevor - henceforth you are titled "Pontifex Palatinus" and are empowered to anoint those you deem worthy as Knights of the Judicious Order. Build and Lead this order. Send them forth to act as lawgivers, peacemakers, and to pass judgment and sentence upon the misdeeds of men. Anticus - henceforth you are titled "Pontifex Magus" and are empowered to anoint those you deem worthy as Magi of the Sanguine Line. Build and Lead this order. Send them forth to bring order to chaos and knowledge where there is ignorance. And to you Petronia - henceforth you are titled "Pontifex Nobilis" and empowered to anoint those you deem worthy as Priests of the Imperial Cult. Build and Lead this order. Send them forth to seek out Nobility, to minister to the people and to strengthen royal bloodlines. And one thing more: Seek out my heir - Octavian - and anoint him his new royal name as Augustus Caesar. Bid him remember me this way. Convince the Senate to confer upon him the title of Pontifex Maximus. Charge him with the building of my Temple, the leading of my church, and the spreading of our faith. Do this, and when your times come there will be great rewards and adulation waiting for you in Elysium! Go now heroes of Remus. Bask in your triumph you have earned!"

Again the heroes feel the onset of weightless motion as light surrounds and blinds, setting in them a brief feeling of fleeting consciousness. They awaken, back in the material world. The weight of their body and bones coming back upon them like one who quickly vaults from a pool after having spent many hours floating effortlessly. They are surrounded by sounds, and sights, and feeling. The sounds of cheering, roaring crowds. The sights of Rome decked out in the grandeur of what can only be a state parade. The feeling of a chariot around them and its wheels rumbling rhythmically over stone streets. The heroes themselves feel very different. A sense of age comes upon them and they look to see themselves older now, much older. The glow of youth gone, their faces and hands bear the marks of time. The heroes are clothed in finery and decorated with badges of rank and station.



# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 09

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

The realization comes over them like a wave. They are back in Rome, but not their Rome and not their time. They are in the midst of a Triumph, a parade of recognition for heroes and Generals returning victorious from battle. A Triumph that is apparently in their honor. Time has clearly passed - some years indeed! And this place seems like home, but then again - not. As their chariots make way to the courtyard of the palace they see ahead a man at first glance could be Ceasar, as aged as they are. But, as they draw closer they see it is not him. All was not a dream. They are here, in Rome - or at least in a version of it - and greeting them from the steps of the palace is an aged and wizened Octavian! Only a man in his youth when their quest began, he is well into his twilight now. How long has it been? Why are things so different? What will happen next?

## **The Search for Dionysos**

**By: Noah Brown**

The fine city Thebes had taken over Sparta just one year ago, the city still in celebration of such a victory. The king of Thebes made a radical announcement, he banned the praise of Dionysos the god of wine and parties. Dionysos made his revenge by making the king's own mother fall in love with the god. This of course angered the king, who in turn had other divine powers imprison the god. Worshippers had to pray in secrecy, but they couldn't do so for long.

The church sent out a group of adventurers on a daring quest. They first had to decorate a boat in beautiful adornments to attract the attention of the Sea Nymph. Then by presenting her a gift, in return she would show them the way to a mystical island where the those cursed by Hera had to live. There they had to set up a party on the beach to annoy an erinyes and a manticore. Which they would have to force the creatures to bless the boat and its crew.

With the blessing the crew would have to travel pass the pillars of Heracles and then North until they ran into ice. They would then have to follow an ice giant to the fortress of an oracle. The oracle would then show them a ritual to travel to the dungeon where Dionysos was kept.

In the dungeon they faced many challenges and riddles until they reached the last room. Surviving the dungeon using their wits, the adventurers had to face their final enemy, Jack Frost. After long battle Dionysos was then freed and the now heroes were returned to Thebes.

## **Justice League**

**By: Robert Weaver**

With another installment of Quest Club Gaming movie night, we saw the DC Universe's Justice League. Ridley, Josh, Charlie, Zack, Arlene, Jenn, Jana, Robert, Zack's dad Mark, and Gabe attended. We started the evening with a light meal at Panda Express. Having never been there myself, I didn't know what to expect but was pleasantly surprised by the meal that was painstakingly prepared by the workers at this fine restaurant. Jenn and I had the crab rangoons and thought they were amazing.

I wasn't sure what to expect with the new DC movie with them trying to bring so many characters to the screen at once. With so much source material to choose from, they could have went anywhere with the story arc. Years behind Marvel Studios with their own super team of the Avengers, DC needed to bring audiences from 2016 Batman versus Superman and their very successful offering of Wonder Woman to this adaptation of the franchise juggernaut. I've never been one to listen to reviews of a movie, especially ones that can so clearly divide a comic fan base.



# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 10

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

We all thought this was a great film and enjoyed many aspects of the movie. Quest Club recommends this film to all those looking to get a super hero fix or enjoy any of the actors portraying these famous characters. This film introduces Cyborg, Aquaman, and Flash characters to the big screen under director Zach Snyder. Hoping to bring some masculinity and sex appeal to the character, Jason Momoa was cast to play the King of the Seven Seas, Marine Marvel, the often ridiculed Aquaman. He did not disappoint in his skill or portrayal of the character. Gal Gadot reprises her role of Wonder Woman as well. As a very modern age version of the character, Gal is quite the improvement over Lynda Carter from the 1980's version of Wonder Woman. I didn't know what to think of the non-CW version of Barry Allen, but Ezra Miller brought a comic relief to this movie. Every superhero group in the movies seem to need one and The Flash is this the one providing the comic chops this time. Cyborg offers viewers with an interesting origin and ties in nicely with the plot and overall story arc of the franchise. Each hero seems to be able to hold their own in the CGI fight scenes and there are plenty of those eye popping sequences to go around.

Overall I would rate this movie a 7.2 out of 10. Don't take my word for it though, feel free to check it out yourself either in the theater or when it's released on disc. This franchise looks like it's here to stay and will continue to keep moviegoers entertained for years to come.

## Star Wars: The Last Jedi

By: Ridley Brown

On the 26th of December 2017 Quest Club went to Ay Jalisco for dinner. After dinner we went to The Forest Theater in Forest City to see The Last Jedi. Which was an excellent choice being most of us in the club enjoy sci-fi (or in the case of Star Wars, space western) movies. The movie was great as most Star Wars movies are. The theater isn't huge so it's inviting and homey ever increasing the quality of the experience.

### My Thoughts On The Last Jedi (Spoiler Alert)

Number one, I think they should have just killed off Leia when they had the chance and frankly I don't think the force could have "sustained" her that long in space, especially when she opened her eyes. Then what's with Snoke there is so much build up for this super bad emperor dude and then ten minutes of screen-time and he's cut in half. I like how Luke doesn't want to go with Rey to save the galaxy (and the blue milk scene I thought that was great).

## QC News, Events, and Bazaar

### Upcoming Events

January

- Bi-Annual Meeting (13<sup>th</sup>)

February

- Movie Night: The Black Panther

For more information on event visit our [website](#)



# THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 05; Page 11

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2018

## Quest Club Trade Bazaar

### Seeking Swag:

Got any old role-playing gear you're not using? Consider donating it to the club! We'll put it to use with our campaign groups and/or add it to the "grab bag" to use as prizes for events and tournaments! Donate? Contact Zack at: [Zinfanger@gmail.com](mailto:Zinfanger@gmail.com)

## Editor's Close

Another Questorian down and on time this go around. Thanks to everyone who helped Quest Club through out the year and we hope to see you again. It was a great time, lets aim to be greater for the next year. Whatever the next year brings make sure to Electrify Your Imagination!

Until next time,  
Noah Brown

