

THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue04; Page01

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

The Quest Club Picnic

By: Zack Infanger

The annual picnic rolled back into action this past August with bacon wrapped hot dogs, scavenger hunts, and games and prizes galore! We held the event in Forest City at Pammel Park. It was later in the afternoon/evening so the weather was nice and cooling off. A great time was had by all (see pics here and more on our website). I'd like to thank Xander Smith, Robert Weaver, and their families for the poster, for their attendance, and for being great sports and helping out! Looking forward to next year's picnic - and all the events to come between then and now!



Arkham Horror the board game

By: Robert Weaver

First timers Arlene Brown and Zack Infanger, along with veteran Robert Weaver, took on the Ancient Ones of Arkham Horror recently. As investigators in the city of Arkham in 1926, they were tasked with closing and sealing gates opening all around the city to prevent the release of the mystical creature known as Cthulhu. A motley crew was gathered as lead investigators, including the Astronomer Norman Withers, the researcher Mandy Thompson, and the photographer Darrell Simmons. Monsters were released with fevered abandon and soon the streets were over run with monsters and portals ravaging the populace of this small New England town.

Traveling to other worlds allowed the investigators to close and seal several of these portals. A barrage of shotgun blasts and arcane magic cleared the neighborhoods of cultists, zombies, and ghouls. Just when all hope was thought lost and investigator after investigator fell victim of the denizens of the other worlds resulting in their bodies being lost in time and space, they returned with a vengeance. Even the clergymen of the local South church were confounded by Cthulhu's ability to strip the investigators of the blessings given to them on multiple occasions. Through it all though, Zack, Arlene, and Robert showed the iron will, passionate determination, and fortunate luck that won them the day. Cthulhu was pushed back to beyond the gates and all monsters went back to their holes and crevices they crawled out of when the unstable locations started appearing.

A Canteen of Snake Tears

A story by: Xander Smith

Bob Johnson was a hobo. He had lost his job at the Department of Sorcerers. He was fired for accidentally blowing up the office building. Hey, anyone can accidentally add too much liquid dragon's breath. He only added one too many drops of liquid dragon's breath. And when it's mixed with wolf's bane, explosive things happen.

Bob had spent all his savings paying for sorcerer college, so when he lost his job, he had no money and was on a speeding train to homelessness. This train was very speedy indeed; it only took three weeks for him to get evicted. You'd think that it would be easy to get another job as a sorcerer, but this was the year 2017; everything was regulated, and Bob was forbidden from entering into any sorcerers guilds. The illegal sorcerer's guild had even heard the incident, and didn't want a triggerhappy pyromaniac working for them. So, Bob had to sit on a street, taking what handout he could get. Beggars can't be choosers after all.

THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 04; Page 02

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

Bob had been staying on that street counter for two years. Eventually, he got tired of the normal tactics. He decided to have some fun with the passersby. One day, Bob held up a sign that said, 'Addicted to Radishes. Please Help.' He held it up proudly as he purposely twitched to ridiculous extents, which while saying crazy things. "The dinosaurs are coming! Call the ninjas that wear cardigans!"

The local shoppers just stepped really far to the side, then whence they were at a distance, they said, "What is wrong with him!" Those reactions were the only thing that could put a smile on his face.

Every once in awhile, Bob asked passersby for the most unconventional and random things. "Excuse me, sir. Can you spare any silver horse figurines?" Bob asked. "I'm really short of silver horse figurines." The man he had asked looked puzzled.

"What?! What are you talking about? Even if I had those, why would give them to you?"

"Well that was rude." Bob said.

"You know, I'm sorry, sir. Here," he pulled a five dollar bill out of his pocket. "You can have this." He gave it to him and walked away without another word.

"Wow, that actually worked." Bob said, surprised.

Other times he would ask for general items with very specific qualities. "Excuse me, ma'am. Do you have a red bottle from the nineteen thirties I could have?"

"Wait, why?" The woman asked.

Bob replied, "I need it for catching rain water to drink."

"I have an empty glass bottle here I could give you."

"Wait, it's not red. It needs to be specifically red." Bob protested.

"Why, is that like a superstition or something?"

"Red bottles are powerful."

"Okay... I think I can get you one. Hold on a sec." She walked across the street to return a moment later with a red bottle.

"Here you go. She handed it to him. It held some juice.

"Thanks," he said. He was going to insist that it needed to be from the nineteen thirties, but that gesture was far too nice for him to insist.

"You're welcome." She walked away, going about her business.

After about three months of doing this, Bob was getting tired of this. It was a rainy day and he was sitting on his cardboard floor. His mother had taught him to make the best of every situation, which is what he was doing with his weird requests. The poison of his situation had finally gotten to him. In that moment, he had an idea. His mind drifting to why he was in this mess in the first place. His boss was named Ghreik Hyaillas. His old boss was as mean as they come, probably meaner. He was a goblin. Goblins are feisty beasts, obsessed with gold and profit. This gets worse with age. One time, Ghreik fired an intern for not putting pumpkin spice in his latté. If Ghreik fired you, he would see to it that you could never get a job in the magic world again. Sorcerers have no non-magic education, and therefore cannot get a job the normal world. Ghreik was the one who fired Bob. He was the reason for his predicament.

Bob was a sorcerer. Was could literally bend space and time at his will. Not to mention, Greik fired many sorcerers. It would be easy to get support. Bob decided to go out searching when the rain stopped.

And when the rain stopped, Bob did exactly that. He found an old co-worker of his name Jim. Jim was lying on a soggy cardboard platform, holding a mug that said spare change.

"Jim." Bob said, "I've got a plan to take Ghreik down. You in?"

"Yeah."

The two spent a week trying to round up troops, and by the end, they army was numbered at four hundred. They were all gathered at the city park. Bob stepped up on a rock to speak. "The plan is that we gather spells." Bob said, "Explosive ones. We are going to destroy the company. We strike at dawn!"

Everyone jumped up with excitement, cheering. They all knew to get some liquid dragon's breath and wolf's bane. It took only three hours to gather all the supplies.



THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue04; Page03

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

Bob walked over to a group with a vat supplies. He said, "Here's the plan. When I give you the signal, drop the containers onto the ground level. You will use a levitating spell to do this. Use the Volito spell; it's the only one that can hold this much weight. I will only give you the signal when we have banished Ghreik or when the battle is an uphill fight."

Bob then spoke with the people who were maintaining the barrier between their workshop and the outside non-magic world. The local non-magic police who be getting suspicious, so five sorcerers were maintaining a force field with the Disaseptum spell. A large electric dome formed around their operation.

"Keep this strong," he said. "This is a crucial job."

The army was prepared. Dawn had arrived. It was now or never. Bob yelled with a loud voice, "Charge!" The army charged as much as their legs would allow. Most of the army was holding off the security guards, leaving a clear path for Bob to run into the building. Once inside, he found that the break room was locked. Ghreik was probably in there. Bob blew a hole in the wall and ran in.

"Ghreik!" Bob said.

"Why are you doing this?" Ghreik asked, frightened.

"You robbed us of our lives!"

"What are you going to do?"

"We are kinder than you. We will simply banish you and never see you again." Bob did not wait for Ghreik to reply.

He splashed Ghreik with a canteen of snake tears, which was necessary to cast Banishment. He cast the spell. An electric blue portal opened up and swallowed Ghreik up. It was over.

Bob ran out of the building and went across the street. Once he was a safe distance, he fired a flare into the sky. All his men ran away from the office building. Large vats fell from the sky and struck the building at its foundation. The building collapsed. Bob had won.

The End



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How We
Roll.**

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Campaign Updates

Remus

By: Zack Infanger

Judgement...

Astevor, Anticus, and Petronia - heroes of Rome, Champions of the slain Caesar, and loyal friends beyond even death, trudged through the afterlife in search of their beloved mentor. At long last, after harrowing risk, they tracked him down to the great temple and found him in front of the Judges - Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus. Up until now, the three heroes stayed well hidden from the dead by magic and ruse but they knew they could not maintain the charade in the presence of the all-seeing and omnipotent Judges. Knowing that they made a bold move. Surrounding their mentor, leader, brother, and friend - Anticus, Astevor, and Petronia stand up and call out the Judges. Drawing down the Angelics about the hall. "You will not have this man!" Petronia declares. "Come forth and explain yourselves... trespassers!" Echoes the trinity of voices in unison that are the

Judges. "Here you will be heard. Here you will be judged. And here will this charade end. Come forth... and face the fate you have brought upon your living selves!"

The heroes explained that their mentor was taken by betrayal and deceit. That they, in their love and respect, were called upon to stand for Caesar and given the chance by the deities to seek him out, quest for him, and save his soul from damnation. The judges, in their wisdom, capitulate. "As you were invited here by powers within this realm, you have now this chance to turn, leave your mentor to his fate alone, and go back to the world of the living. Else, you may face this challenge as his champions; Caesar's soul weighed against your own as the measure of the prize." Without hesitation, the loyal heroes swore to stand with Caesar and quest for his redemption. Thusly, they were set upon their way.



THE QUESTORIAN



Vol. 2; Issue04; Page04

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

Their task given was to seek out Persephone, Queen of the Underworld, wife of Hades, to ask her aid. This, they were told, would require them to wander through Tartarus and face many dangers and temptations that could destroy their very essence but if they find her, she will set things to right in her mercy. Bravely, they strode forth from the Temple of Judgement, through a dark portal and into the labyrinthian halls and chambers of the hellish prison that is Tartarus. At first, like many, they wandered lost in the maze - facing the challenge of beast and demon. Time passed differently and the heroes could not tell if they had been wandering for hours, days, or years. The heroes knew that their only hope would be to pray unto the powers that brought them here and beseech them for aid. In due course, their faithful devotion paid off. In the distance, they saw a light and made their way to it. There they found Azrael - an Angelic Guide willing to lead them through Tartarus with his magic lantern - but at a cost. He explained to them that they must agree to help free six other souls from their torments, which will require the defeating of the Fiendish Overlord tormenters and the relief of the torment - and he cannot intervene. With few other options, they agreed.

Azrael led them to the first soul to be freed - Sisyphus. In life, Sisyphus managed to trick Death itself and avoid its cold embrace... for a time. But, eventually, Death came to realize the deceit and claimed the trickster. His punishment: The Boulder. A massive round stone at the bottom of a hill. Sisyphus' task? To roll the boulder to the top and settle it thereupon. With all his might and will and labor, Sisyphus inches the heavy stone up the hill ever so slowly and with great effort and pain. Nearing the summit, almost complete in his task, he continually was denied as the land itself came to life in the form of an earthen demon that rose from the top of the hill and pushed the stone back down, crushing Sisyphus and his hopes of redemption. His punishment only continued as Sisyphus would heal, and be forced to trudge back down the hill to begin the effort again. This was his eternal task. Seeing this dilemma, the heroes interceded. Astevor aided Sisyphus with his task as Petronia and Anticus staved off the earthen fiend when it came forth. With the fiend preoccupied with battle, the boulder made it to the top of the hill and settled there. Accomplishing the task defeated the earthen demon which crumbled back into the ground. Cleared of his task, Azrael forgave Sisyphus and the soul was redeemed. One of six.

The heroes continued along with Azrael until they came to lakes of fire and flame. There they witnessed Ulysses & Diomedes, who infamously tricked the city of Troy by means of a horse. The story of the Trojan Horse was well known and infamous. A gift left at the gates of Troy, upon the retreat of the Greek army. Appearing to Represent a peace offering in the name of the Gods, it was instead a wickedly cunning deception that led to the fall of the city of Troy and the death of thousands. Having used the gods in such a deceptive and honor-less way, the gods damned its architects - Ulysses and Diomedes to be roasted in a forked flame, tended by Fire Giants who would tear, rend, and devour their cooked flesh nightly. Cursed thus, Ulysses and Diomedes would regenerate over and over again, to experience their torturous deaths for eternity. Here the heroes found them and, summoning up all their might and power, they engaged the Fire Giants and slew them. Thereafter pulling Ulysses and Diomedes out of the flames. Upon their knees, they begged the Angel Azrael for forgiveness and it was given. Souls two and three were now redeemed. Their task halfway completed, they continued on.

In time they traveled to a surprising scene they had not thought to find in Tartarus - a land of rolling green hills, crystal clear cool pools of water, and trees heavy with fruit. There to find the suffering soul of a man once known as Tantalus. A man who had stolen from and desecrated the gods for want of greed. His punishment: to forever be mired within a pool of water, with heavy ripe delicious fruit dangling just out of his reach. Unable to bend his neck far enough to taste the cool waters and unable to stretch high enough to bite upon the fruit above, Tantalus would forever hunger and thirst. Directed by Azrael to offer mercy to this condemned man, the heroes approached the pool and fruit trees with intent to feed and water Tantalus. There from the boughs of the trees slithered a great snake of many heads - a hydra. Battle ensued. The heroes fought, avoiding the hydra's acidic spit, it's poisoned stinger tail and snapping jaws. With skill and teamwork, the heroes cut and seared the heads of the serpent, eventually killing it. With the guardian gone, the heroes fed Tantalus and pulled him from the pool. Soul four redeemed.

THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 04; Page 05

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

Moving on with Azrael, he warned the heroes that the next part of their task would be the most difficult for them and to prepare themselves. They wandered through dark and abandoned streets. Streets and forums and buildings of marble. Streets strangely familiar. Streets of Rome. There in the distance near a grand arena, they witnessed a huge horned and winged demon roasting two men alive, chained down upon a grill set upon a massive brazier full of red-hot coals. The demon basked in their screams and agony. "Such is the fate of betrayers!" bellowed the demon. "Come you! Come and see my works!" he roared at the heroes. Azrael stopped and said "I can go no closer. This you must do alone and this you must decide yourselves. Whether to give mercy to those men or to leave them to their fates... that is up to you." Perplexed and apprehensive, the heroes drew closer to the scene, until they could see the charring faces and bodies of the two condemned as traitors. In shock and anger they realized these to be Brutus and Cassius - dear friends of their beloved mentor Caesar and most reviled of betrayers! Men who once held his hand in friendship but none the less drove daggers into his heart and murdered Caesar. The men responsible for all this. For their mentor's death. For their own hardships upon this quest. For the unrest and war back home. How could they forgive and redeem these men! As if hearing their inner dialogue, the demon roared in laughter and hurled insults at the heroes. The demon, whom the heroes knew in their hearts would be undefeatable in sheer battle, mocked them and taunted them. They could not forgive these men. The heroes knew that unless they could forgive and free these two most hated betrayers from this fate, their own quest would fail and all would be for not. Still, the struggle to forgive was too much and they could not. The demon roared in laughter at seeing their hopes shattered by means of their own inability to forgive. In a twisted way, the heroes found their own punishment upon them and they felt powerless to change it. Unable to forgive, their quest was doomed and they would be damned. Or maybe, another answer awaited?

Brethren's Blood By: Xander Smith

Lucky Theo and the Blackwater Brothers had been sailing the Caribbean for years now. Things were going smoothly, they had a house, a ship, and a business was building up. Everything was good. Then things changed. One day, they received a letter. The basic meaning was. You are lucky no more and I will find you. The writer had cursed our luck: the very basis of Theo. Without his luck, Theo was nothing.

Their business went to near trash, their escapades were constantly hampered. There was a stroke of luck. Theo had found a glorious ship. A glorious ship. His crew-mates, however, thought that Theo should give his up, because he couldn't be the one driving. *Seems the curse hasn't lifted yet.* Theo was very stubborn on keeping his ship. He wasn't losing it. It was his, not theirs. Everything worked out... until the issue of payment arose. The world of finance and banks caught up with them quickly. They managed to secure their ships though.

Everything was good, their business was secured, their house was never in jeopardy, and the man who had cursed them had a pain death... only after Theo had cursed him and all descendants, but that probably had nothing to do with it.

After a while, Theo had discovered a love interest. He later found out that she was already married. He had overheard the husband saying that he would kill any man he found involved with her. What was he going to do? He answered in one word: "Nope."

The Treasure of Vulture Island By: Zack Infanger

October 21st, Year of our Lord 1725

To my nephew and only living relative...

We found it!

The wreck of El Barrido Fuego (The Sweeping Fire)!



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



THE QUESTORIAN



Vol. 2; Issue ₀₄; Page ₀₆

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

Outward bound from Havana en route to Cadiz, Spain, the Fuego was part of the 1715 annual Spanish Treasure Fleet, carrying gold, silver, and jewels to Spain from their holdings throughout the New World. It is widely known that the Armada was caught in a hurricane in which was lost the Galleon known as the Urca De Lima. Famously, local pirates led by legends such as Flynt, Teach, Rackham and of course our own Charles Vane, managed to steal the gold from the beached remains of the Lima. Unfortunately, their tales end tragically but that isn't the whole of it. In truth, two other ships were lost in that storm with the Lima. The others were the Cordova and the Fuego. The Spanish recovered the Cordova's cargo quickly and quietly within days. The Fuego, on the other hand, was never found. Of it, there was no sign. The Fuego was lost to the deep... or at least, that was the commonly held belief. Not so the case, I say!

Some many months ago, maybe even a year or more, me and my mates spied the beams of a wreck poking out of the sand, northward of St. Augustine. Freshly exposed by a storm, we spotted a bit o' glitter in the remains. Upon inspection, we found gold doubloons, silver ingots, and cuts of emerald and diamond! With a bit of excavating we pulled loose a haul that ol' Stormy appraised as having a worth of 100,000 doons - maybe more!

A true and magnificent treasure to be sure! We loaded the bounty into 8 great sea chests with the intent to head down to Barataria or maybe up to the Carolinas to divide the plunder and seek sanctuary and pardon from the Buccaneers or the Colonials. But then there did the green-eyed monster show its unwelcomed face.

Gold fever cursed our crew. Bitter arguments erupted. Yelling turned to fighting and fighting turned to killing. Before I could stop it, most of the crew lay dead and dying. I myself wounded, cut along my ribs. When the carnage ended, only Jacob, Pine, and I remained. We loaded our ship with the loot and did our best to limp out to sea.

Southward we went but not far. English patrol ships caught us up and gave chase. We knew that with so few we could not fight. We couldn't man the sails enough to outrun them. Our only hope would be to weave through the shallows and sandbar isles until night; then to sneak into a cove somewhere... and hide. We played cat and mouse against three English brigs for a full day. By night and in the dark we lost them. Unfortunately, amid night squall drove us into coastal shoals. Our craft broke up on the rocks. We quickly abandoned it in a jolly boat and rowed for the nearby beach. The next morning we found that we were upon a small unnamed island not more than a couple of miles across at the most. I gauged the island to be roughly 50 miles or so due east of Florida's Skull Point. I came to call the place "Vulture Island". Named thus for the odd rocky mountain sticking prominently out of the jungle along the South West of the isle. It's bald, rounded summit combined with a protruding "beak" of rock, gave it the distinct look of a vulture, at least in my eyes.

Our luck was not all bad. The ship had sunk in a shallow bay and, over the next few days, we were able to retrieve the treasure chests as well as a small measure of supplies. Thereafter we rested, but not for long. Tired, wounded, and with little food and water we three knew our options were limited. We knew that we could end up remaining here on this island for a long time before a ship would come and, even then, who is to say whether the crew would be friendly. If the island couldn't support us, we could die here. Alternatively, we knew we could brave the open ocean in our rowboat, leaving our hard-won treasure behind, and take our chances adrift at sea. After some consideration, we decided.

We buried the loot in a cave, leaving behind a few little surprises for any looky-loos who might come wandering along. We buried the entrance to the cave under a great oak we felled atop it. After that, we mapped its location roughly and made sure to use the code that we all came up with so as to keep it secret, should it fall into unfriendly hands. Our work done, we gathered what little supplies we could and pushed off in our boat, hoping to make it to a safe port - later to return, refitted, to reclaim our wealth. Sadly, it would not be.

We drifted for days. Our meager supply of water was gone. The sun beat down on us. Jacob was the first to break. He gave into his thirst and in the nights, without our knowing, he drank the tainted salt water of the sea. Sure enough, he went quite mad. I woke to find him trying to strangle me in my sleep, screaming all the time "It's your fault!" and "I deserve it all!". Wounded, I couldn't fight back and was sure to die but I still had a pistol secreted in my belt. I struggled with it and then BAM! I fired... and Jacob was no more. Recovering my breath, I look over to see that Pine was gone. I don't know where or

THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 04; Page 07

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

what happened. There was blood on the boat rail so I think that Jacob brained him and threw him over to the sharks but I guess only God will ever know the truth.

Alone and weak, I drifted in and out of sleep. I don't know how many days went by. Death, to be sure, was close. I wasn't wrong... but when it came, it was not as I thought it would be. Hands had me. I was lifted and thrown into a cage aboard a ship. I was kept alive, hearing Spanish voices all the while. They cared for my health but only barely. In time I found myself in a Spanish port, Havana I thought, or maybe St. Augustine - I couldn't tell. I was alone in a dank dark dungeon cell. The little my guards spoke to me was in Spanish... oh how I wish I had learned the language! I was left to rot for what felt like months. I cried for mercy, for freedom, for at least to know what I was being held for. Finally, my cries were answered... more foul fortune for me.

I was dragged in chains before what I assume is a tribunal. I was told, in broken English that I had been recognized as a wanted pirate and condemned to death. I tried to argue, but the pirate's brand upon my arm gave me no hope. The sentence was clear - death by hanging. I was given a last request. This letter serves as its fulfillment. By the time you read this, nephew, I will surely be dead. My body likely rotting in some Spanish gibbet. If this letter reaches you - then it is my hope that you will seek what I left behind so that it was not all in vain. Perhaps you can use the wealth to build our family name, and maybe - if you will - to buy my way out of hell. I wish for you to take 10% of the wealth and offer it to the church in exchange for an Indulgence for my soul. The rest of it I hope you will use to raise your station in life and become the man that your father and I always tried to be, but failed. God bless you, nephew. May the breeze be forever at your back! Farewell!

Your Wayward Uncle,
Lawrence Harold Vane

Postscript:

I managed to keep the map secret all this time. Do not ask me how. It was uncomfortable, to say the least. I entrusted it to a monk named Javier Francisco, who served me as my confessor and carried this letter. If he is truly faithful, then you will find it accompanying this letter. If not, then know that I tried. Best of luck, nephew!

L H V

The Wizards of Candahar

By: Joseph Coombs



We find ourselves in the port city of Cadden, a major trading hub for the kingdom of Candahar. Here we can follow the stories of several young and ambitious mages who have joined the magical guild of Iron Heart. When the guild's second in command, Tanya, arrives one day with a grave message in hand, our heroes know things are about to get serious. They are told their master and two of their comrades have been taken hostage by a dark guild who are demanding an outrageous sum of gold for their return. Unfortunately, Tanya herself has no clues as to the motives or whereabouts of this nameless foe, and as such calls upon several of the strongest remaining wizards of the guild to go out on a long avoided mission in hopes of bringing the ransom money home as a backup.

THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue ₀₄; Page ₀₈

Electrify Your Imagination!

Fourth Quarter 2017

The job is to recover the lost heirloom of the local ruling Duke Veron, who has long been searching for a sword that belonged to his ancestor in the war years ago. The legend claims that the sword had special properties, and was taken by some sort of great beast during the war. None who have gone out in search of it have ever returned, and as such the request sheet has sat on their job board untouched for over a decade. Now however, with the fate of their master and their friends at stake our wizard heroes will proceed to undertake perhaps the most dangerous (and best paying) mission they have ever attempted. Will they succeed, or will they be lost to the mystery of the legend?

The Shadowmen

By: Arlene Brown

The Shadowmen have been successful!
Peace reigns once again!

We all have new titles, responsibilities, lands, and knowledge to use to build a future for what is now known as Kessex.

Antar the Cold was using "Emperor" Marcus as a fuel source imprisoned upon the citadel which was why no one had seen him for a while. Marcus did perish but I think he saw it as a release from his living Hell. Antar was doing everything he possibly could to try and defeat us Shadowmen on his way to world domination.

Thanks be to all of our allies for coming together to help eliminate the scourge of the Summoned and eternal thanks to all of those who made the ultimate sacrifice in the battles that ensued to get us to the Summoned, Marcus, and Antar free peaceful world we have today.

Aracaryn Duskwalker

Head of the Salatian Council

Ordained Matriarch of Correllian of the Elves

QC News, Events, and Bazaar

Happy Birthday to...

Noah Brown (10/07)



THE QUESTORIAN

Vol. 2; Issue 04; Page 09

Electrify Your Imagination! Fourth Quarter 2017

Upcoming Events

November

- Thor: Ragnarok @ the Forest Theater

December

- Star Wars: The Last Jedi

- Holiday Party

For more information on event visit our website (link below)

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

Seeking Star Wars:

We want to play the Star Wars Role-Playing Game – you got a copy? Want to sell it? Trade? Gift it? Contact Zack at: Zinfanger@gmail.com



Editor's Close:

That brings this edition of the Questorian to an end. Hope it was fun reading it. Apologies for this newsletter published a month late, but it is out and ready to read. If you have any questions, comments, want to help out, or join, drop by www.questclubgamers.org or email us at QCGAiowa@gmail.com. Here are for the spreading of joy and fun through games it won't hurt to check us out. Electrify Your Imagination!

Until next time,
Noah Brown

