

THE QUESTORIAN

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Electrify Your Imagination!

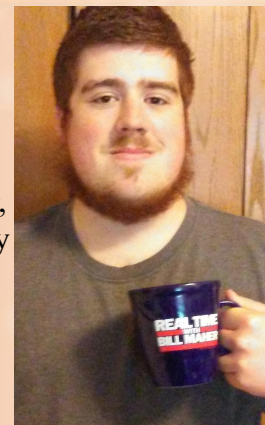
Third Quarter 2017

Look Ma! More TV!

By: Noah Brown



While not really about TV, this article is close enough. Recently, Zack Infanger, sent an email to the Real Time with Bill Maher team. A few of our members actively watch their show. So it was concluded that it was worth a shot to ask for one of the mugs that you always see in the show. Not knowing what to expect, we waited. Lo and behold, they sent the club a mug! That was a cool thing for them to do for our club and I thought it was worth to put in our club newsletter.



Who says Disney and D&D style things don't mesh?

By: Arlene Brown

I was a child when the second generation of Disney Classics came out. Major players in that group were The Little Mermaid, Aladdin, The Lion King, and Beauty and the Beast. I fell in love with them just as millions of 80s and 90s children did. I have since shared them with my children who seem to prefer the CGI animated films such as Toy Story and Shrek.

When our local theater announced that they would be showing the live action version of Beauty and the Beast, how could we not make it a Quest Club movie event? Enchanted and living normally inanimate objects, rescue missions, inventions, swordplay and a castle! All are classic and wonderful ingredients of any role playing campaign. Thanks to our member Joseph Coombs for suggesting and arranging the event which occurred on April 6, 2017 at the Forest Theater in Forest City, Iowa.

I was impressed by how closely the live action movie mirrored the original animated version released in 1991. (Maybe I should get around to seeing the live action Cinderella "collecting dust" on my DVR.) Added bonuses were an explanation as to why Belle's mother was absent from her life and that the inventing gene was indeed passed on from Maurice to Belle. I may be biased because laundry is a chore I actually enjoy but I really loved watching Belle create a washing machine as well as the reactions from the townsfolk about it. Perhaps I am even more biased because Maurice and Belle are the proverbial black sheep of their village and I love black sheep.

Kudos to the casting crew because I really don't think a better job could have been done.

Emma Watson as Belle

Josh Gad as LeFou

Luke Evans as Gaston

Kevin Kline as Maurice . . . just to name to a few.

Disney has plans to bring many more of their animated films back to the silver screen in live action format. Mulan has a tentative theatrical release of Winter 2018. The Lion King and Dumbo have directors signed on to the films; Jon Favreau and Tim Burton, respectively. Pinocchio and The Little Mermaid are in production. Lin-Manuel Miranda has paired up with the great Alan Menken to compose the score and soundtrack for The Little Mermaid. Guy Ritchie has signed on to direct Aladdin with talks of a 2019 or 2020 release. Reese Witherspoon has signed on to play Tinkerbell in the upcoming Peter Pan spin off entitled Tink. Movies that are also in the pipeline include: Cruella, Winnie the Pooh, Red Rose (a Snow White story), Chip and Dale, Jungle Book 2, Maleficent 2, Mary Poppins Returns, and Pocahontas.

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QC Movie Night Review

By: Noah Brown

On May 5th of this year, the club went to the Forest Theater to see Guardians of the Galaxy Volume 2. It was a perfect pick for a Quest Club movie night. It all the action and laughs that we could expect from a Marvel movie and more. It was a great movie for all ages. There were jokes for everyone, plenty of action to enjoy, adults appreciated Peter Quill being stuck in the 80's, and of course everybody loved baby Groot.

Many questions that arose in the first movie were answered in its sequel. In the movie we found out who Peter's father was and they had started bonding. Gamora found her sister Nebula and they managed to forge an alliance. The movie begins with the Guardians defending valuable batteries for the Sovereign an alien race. However, Rocket Raccoon made them an enemy by stealing some of those batteries. Only escaping their forces when they were saved by a mysterious ship. Which was later found out to be Peter's father. They later formed a relationship, only for it to be broken when his evil tendencies were discovered.

When the Sovereign stopped wasting their forces and time they hired Yondu's (remember him?) crew to hunt the Guardians down and turn them in. Yondu failed to do so because he didn't want to turn Peter in and a mutiny organized by none other than TASERFACE! Yondu did succeed in capturing Rocket though, which only lead the both them into a prisoner cell on the spaceship. Fortunately for the Guardians, Yondu and Rocket bond and with the help of Yondu's first-mate Kraglin escape. They then find the Guardians facing overwhelming odds against Peter's celestial father Ego and the Sovereign. Due to Yondu's amazing sacrifice, the Guardians won the day again.

James Gunn did a great job directing and making this movie for all viewers (including the ones that don't stay after the credits). All the actors did great jobs portraying their roles, even the characters not pivotal to the film. This movie even helped Chris Pratt (actor behind Peter Quill a.k.a. Starlord) deal with his own father's death.



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Campaign Updates

A Tall Tale from Justaire (a.k.a. Shadowmen Adjacent)

By: David “Dingo” Bleacher

It’s been a rough and tumble adventure, then again, I’m a rough and tumble sort of guy. My name’s Moishe Goldstein (Dingo), but you can call me Bugs, most people do. I’ve seen some shit, and I’ve done some shit, not all of which I’m particularly proud of. If you’ve got the time, hombre, I’ve got a hell of a tall tale for ya’.

It all started in Avalon, in a human city called Justaire. I’d been living there for a couple of months after the Johnny-Come-Lately Swingin’ Dick Emperor Marcus took it upon himself to kill most of my family and had my sister taken prisoner from our home near North Trollwood. Kind of left a bad taste in my mouth, so I moved to the city to get a bit of help and state the reasons for my anger with a bit more panache. I got teamed up with some other ornery types when I joined up with the Modassa-Hadeen. Oh, you don’t know about them, do ya’? Sorry about that.... Guess I gotta fill you in on the details.

Alright, so... This whole land, Qwa Vaam, used to belong to the Orcs... you know, them big green fellers with the wolves that they ride on and what not. A couple of hundred years ago, thousands of humans hit the shores, the Orcs were none too happy about that, but decided to saw them off a piece of land so that they didn’t have to see their pasty white faces and puppy dog eyes. This worked for a while, but humans hump like rabbits, and after a hunnert years, or so, they started expanding out. The Orcs decided to start “The Culling”.... Basically rabbit population control. Avalon, the human piece of property given by the Orcs, didn’t like that one bit so fought back. They’ve been fighting ever since. There’s a whole bunch of other stuff here, religious stuff, but I don’t really shine to it, so I’ll move on.

Out of all of this fighting, religious stuff, and so on, leaders came and went, rose and fell. And, so it goes. Well, one of those kept rising, his name is Emperor Marcus. He’s the head of these jack boots called “The Parthenian Order”. This dude’s a real piece of work. I won’t go into all of it, but the long and short of it is, Justaire is under military law. Bunch’a no-smilin’ Parthinians click clackin’ around town all hours of the day and night, pullin’ people of the streets to become meat shields on the front lines. So, watch your ever-lovin’ ass out there, y’hear?

A key component of Marcus getting that “Emperor” title was a group of adventurers called, “The Shadowmen”. Marcus sent them on suicide mission after suicide mission. Marcus, the Parthenians, and The Shadowmen beat the Orcs back to within an inch of their lives... that is, until... the Orcs said, “screw it” and started calling up demon critters that everyone’s been calling, “The Summoned”. I know, I know, it’s a lot of names, a lot to take in. Just bear with me, I’ll be bringing this frigate of a back story around to me and my crew shortly.

So, to sum up, we’ve got Swingin’ Dick Marcus, The Soon-To-Be-Betrayed Shadowmen, Demon Critters, and Orcs. Get it? Got it? Good. Marcus told the Shadowmen to go to where the Summoned (Demon Critters) were the thickest, and set off some floating weapon contraption that they stole from the Elves. Long story, and Ashem knows we don’t need another one of those right now. The Shadowmen set off the weapon, which set off their betrayal. They were transported in the thick of the Demon Critters, and Marcus, and some pet Orc he’s got, transported to the floating weapon thing, and bugged out. The Shadowmen were well and truly schtupped. But, slippery little suckers that they were, they got out of it. They went off to lick their wounds, and Marcus went off to spread lies about ‘em. This brings us to now, I believe. If you’ve got any questions, save ‘em for later, this story’s gotta’ move forward now.

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Alright, back to me and mine. The Modassa-Hadeen put me together with a team. The purpose of this crew, to cause a bit of havoc and chaos in the name of The Shadowmen. All I've really got is a need for revenge, and a hankerin' to save my little Sis'. If it takes a bigger and badder crew to make it happen, then so be it.

I've got a big fella', a Half-Orc named Borog (Joe). Real big, but real quiet. Him and I do the wet work, and I think that we both like it that way. There's a woman with a bow, name of Magora Silverkin (Arlene). We've got Caleb Iman (Xander), real serious about Ashem... I mean, real serious about God. Frothing at the mouth kind of serious. Good guy, but seriously, don't broach the subject, if you know what I mean. Finally, we've got a muscle-bound sword swinger and wagon stealer, Mordechai Justice (Noah). Can't be his real name, a little too on the nose, know what I'm sayin'? They're a weird bunch of Parthenian Punchers, but we get along just fine.

A couple of weeks ago, we got the message that Rabbi Solomon wanted us to gear up and regulate. Until this point, we weren't all properly introduced, and, as far as the Modassa-Hadeen were concerned, we were still a bit green behind the ears. Fair enough, so we had to prove ourselves. How does a mismatched team of scoundrels, fundamentalists, morally ambivalent halflings, and overly proud elves prove themselves, you ask? By tagging walls, obviously. Seriously, that's what the most lethal resistance organization on this side of Avalon came up with. Well, when in Justaire.... But, I mean, really? Right?

We were to meet with another Rabbi, by the name of Enoch. Of course, he's way the hell over the river, and across town. Before we got to him, we had to prove ourselves, you know, with the taggin'. And, for that we had to get a boat. After crawlin' through the sewers with Solomon's smart ass little nephew and killin' a couple Demon Critters we got to one of the Mossad's contacts. Can't remember his name, and it's better that I don't, frankly. He had problems of his own, and, of course, we needed to handle it before he could get us a boat. So, we obliged... this is where things get a little ugly.

This part of town is filled with little birdies. These little birdies flutter off to tell the Parthenians everybody's secrets. It seems that Boatman's neighbor was sprouting feathers recently, and he asked if we could kindly ask the birdy to stop tweeting. Growing up in the country, I knew that if you want to get rid of critters, you've got to find the nest, and then kill everything in it. So, long, and short of it. That's exactly what we did. To keep some of our more softhearted group from seeing some of life's uglier little realities, only Borog and I went in the house. 20 minutes later, we left. Not a peep. Not a cry.

The Boatman was paid his due, and gave us a well-camouflaged craft. Which was a very good thing indeed, since what we were planning to do next was bat-shit crazy. There's an island on the North part of Justaire. And, on this island is a squat, ugly prison. A squat, ugly, extremely well-guarded, prison. We figured that if this was the way to prove ourselves, we were goin' as big as possible. If you can't run with the big dogs, stay under the porch, y'know?

It was a dark night, moonless and quiet. We were rowing with muffled oars under a thick layer of leaves and sticks. We even fooled a beaver that sat on top of it all, happily munchin' away. The spotlights passed over us to and fro with nary a pause and we made our way right up to the front gate a few hours afore sunup. About this time, I got a wild hair up my butt and decided to dance with the devil. We spent every hour up 'til sunup painting the most garish, beautiful Shadowmen Logo near fifty foot high on the front of that Prison complex right beneath the Parthenian's noses. The only sounds we made that night were little bits of muffled laughter. We got out of there and disappeared into the market just a little bit South. I'm tellin' ya', it was a thing of beauty. There'd been nothing like it before, and has been nothing like it since. If they wanted provin', then that's exactly what they got.



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After all of the congratulations and merry making, we finally met up with Rabbi Enoch. He was more of the “of the People type” than Solomon. He liked washing feet, and giving a sympathetic ear to the people. I like his type, got a bit more earth under the fingernails, y’know? Not one of those corrupt ones that buy a new boat when the first one gets wet. We stuck with him for most of the day. He gave us marching orders for that night. We needed to get a wagon full of explosives out of the city that night after another Modassa-Hadeen crew cleared the way down by the ship yards. After slipping past a whole bunch of Parthenians, we made our way down successfully.... The crew was really starting to gel together.

We talked with the other crew when we got there. The plan we came up with was to set off as many explosives left behind as possible to cover the theft. They said that it would be hard to do, but they’d give it a shot once we were through the gates. And, damn it to hell if those meschugga dudes didn’t pull it off. We were a few miles out from the city, and we could feel the ground shake. We looked back and watched an orange fireball fill the sky, I shit you not. That was a thing of beauty, I’ll tell you true.

The road was fairly clear for most of the way. Our plan was to go down to the nearest bridge, and cross over to head back to the other side of the city. This was going to take a couple of days. But, Mordechai is a hell of a wagoneer, so we weren’t too worried, even with having to sit on a bomb on a bumpy road, and all that. A few days down, we were approached by some of the biggest, burliest, skull-laden Orc Worg Riders you’ve ever seen. These guys were so ugly, they’d scare a buzzard off a gut pile. I won’t lie, my stomach went a little a-flutter when the biggest baddest one came riding at us. But, that didn’t stop Borog and I ridin’ out, happy as you like, to meet the feller.

It looked like luck kept smilin’ her beautiful, dimpled grin at us again. These ugly behemoths were sent by the Modassa-Assad to help us deliver the payload. Oh, they grumbled and growled about it, but they still followed out lead. Good thing, too, considered what the next day had in store for us.

Mordechai pointed at something over the hill, and soon we all saw it. There were dozens of Parthenians... cavalry, cannons, spear-men, you name it, just sittin’ on the bridge, waitin’ for us to crest that hill. The Orcs shot down the ravine faster than a cat with the runs, filled with blood-lust and dreams of glory. That’s nice and all, but t’aint my style. We gave ‘em a couple heartbeats and galloped hard along the ridge in a flanking maneuver. We left Mordechai to guard the bomb on wheels and keep an eye out for any trickery. Borog, Magora, Caleb, and I galloped as fast and hard as we could as the Orcs bathed in blood at the bridge. Man, the noise and and dirt was unbelievable! Canons blastin’, guns shootin’, people and horses screamin’, and the thunderin’ of hooves. I don’t think I’ve ever felt that alive. Boy, it was somethin’.

At the bridge was a gnome with a detonator, and a crap ton of barrels strapped to it. I know that there was a little war happening all around us, but that was our one target. We needed that bridge, they knew it, and we knew it, and I’ll be damned to hell if I’d let them blow it. The canons locked onto us, but we juke and jived like a humming bird getting chased by a bee. Meanwhile, Mordechai noticed a weird lookin’ cloud bearing down on him from afar. The wind was blowin’ South, but against both nature and desire, this cloud just kept on pushin’ North. Mordechai knew that nothing good was going to come of an ornery cloud, all things considered, so he turned tail and rode as far and fast as he could, barrels bumping and shaking like an orange tree in a hurricane. That boy’s got balls the size of pumpkins. He did do one thing before he ran, though, he left a barrel behind. And, with a deep breath, a steady hand, and a true eye, he shot that thing at a full gallop. KABOOM!

Well, that did it, the Big, Bad-ass, Orc Chieftain turned, saw the cloud and the crazy explosion that Mordechai left for him. He turned tail from the battle, and rode, screaming, to the war. He crested the ridge, raised the unholyest of axes, and sucked the ever-lovin’ warmth and life from the very air. He pulled the ornery cloud from the heavens and popped “Antar the Cold” right out of it. Remember him? Of course not, I never named Marcus’s pet Orc. This hombre would slap you to sleep, then slap you for sleepin’. This was goin’ to be a nasty fight, and I didn’t want any part of it. Good thing, too, because I still had a gnome to kill.

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Borog split off and blew up cannons left and right. Drawing their fire, and helping Magora and I to close on that little shit. Magora drew her bow and put an arrow straight through a cloud over yon in the distance. I have no idea who the hell taught that elf archery, but she needs to get her money back right quick. She couldn't hit a barn door if it fell on her. Seriously, that girl gives me pause for concern sometimes.

Luckily, Caleb was close by to heal her if she decided to shoot herself in the foot. So, it looked like I was alone in protecting this stupid ass bridge. I pulled out my darts and flicked them to and fro, every one of them finding a new home in that little gnome's forehead. I breathed a sigh of relief and scanned the battle field.

The Orcs and Parthenians were racing each other to see who could be the first to claim a Pyrrhic victory... ugly, painful fight, I tell ya'. Antar and the Chieftain were brawlin' like nobody's business. Spells and Axes flying. Antar pulled swords out of his ass, and cut the Chieftain's arm off. And, in return, the Chieftain jammed a sword in Antar's sternum. Then, poof, they just disappeared. Surprise, surprise, Antar fights dirty.... I hope you can hear my sarcasm, because it's drippin' off my tongue. Since I didn't want Borog to get all the credit, I built up my gumption and let loose with everything I'd learned over a lifetime and compressed it into six seconds of aim and skill. One after the other, I let forth a dozen darts, each one whistling through the air and through 12 Parthenians' left eyeball. If you asked me to ever do that again, I'd shake my head with a wistful smile. Ashem guided my hand that day... guess he was hungry for souls, I'm just glad I could oblige. After all was said and done, the Orcs had had just about enough of us and our baggage, and not too gently sent us on our way. Not before I picked up a bit of their treasure, but hey, I don't work for free.

We hit the road, and had a couple of more little hiccups here and there the rest of the way back to the other side of Justaire. A band of gypsies, theivin' lycanthropes, the lot of 'em! Some kids, and a big underground horse-eating bug. I also ran into an old neighbor. He gave me a bag of holding, nice of him, then went off to nap under a tree. Weird encounter, I hope he's doin' alright.

When we got close to the city outskirts, some farmers helped us get to where we were going. Good thing, too, because we were road weary and saddle blistered by that time. We pulled the wagon into a farm and met up with the Modassa-Hadeen. They couldn't believe their eyes, they thought for sure that we'd bitten the dust days ago. But, here we are, happy as pigs in shit to be home.

One thing you ought to know, the Modassa did something for me that I can never repay, though I'll likely never stop trying. They sent out a group of their best and returned my sister to me. The Parthenians had abused her, but they didn't kill her. They'll pay for that, don't you doubt it, but that's a story for another day.

Strength & Honor

By: Zack Infanger

Two coins... That's what it takes to board Charon's barge and cross the river Styx. Petronia, Astevor, and Anticus boarded the fabled boat. Their living essence veiled by powerful blessings they do not fully understand, our heroes willingly crossing into the Land of the Dead to seek out and save the lost soul of their beloved leader - Caesar, who had been betrayed and murdered on the floor of the Senate. Now, under the hollow gaze of the Ferryman of the Dead, they slip silently through the black waters of Styx, intent on finding Caesar and assuring his ascension to the glory of the afterlife. Other forces full of unholy fury seem to stand against them but such does not deter them. With singular focus born of warrior-brother loyalty and love, the trinity of heroes push onward.



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After a time on the river that leaves them with a distinct feeling of detachment and loss, the heroes depart Charon's barge, setting foot in a land that is both familiar and yet totally alien. A wilderness stretches before them. The three slog through a cold, fog-drenched, flat gray-mudded plain, spotted here and there by sparse dead trees and rolling hills. Souls of the dead, seemingly shades of their former selves, shuffle through the gray, all seemingly heading in a central direction as if drawn by an unknown force that the living heroes cannot feel but know they must also seek out.

The occasional shades become many and many become scores eventually culminating in queues leading to the main gate of a massive walled city towering over the horizon. The heroes know this is the legendary City of Dis, city of the Dead, and the yawning portal they approach is the Cerberus Gate. It is a grand structure, topped with a gargantuan onyx statue of a great three-headed mastiff with giant ruby eyes. Creatures stand as guardians all about the area of the gate. Warriors (one would think) with the bodies of powerfully built men but the heads of jackals - the soldiers of Anubis. They seem to shepherd the dead along, under the menacing gaze of Cerberus, through the gate, and into the City of Dis. Showing no fear, the heroes shuffle forward, mimicking the motions and absent of will behavior of the shades around them. Petronia, Astevor, and Anticus understand that should the Anubis soldiers realize that they are living... they will remedy that. For the City of Dis is not intended for the living. The three feel a whisper in their souls saying "you don't belong here". A voice familiar yet foreign. Something or someone knows. Yet still they persist. Girding their will, they fend off the fear and urge to flee. In their time, they pass with into the city amid the souls of the dead, unhindered and unnoticed by the guardians all about.

Beyond the gates, the city itself is a twisted amalgamation of streets reflecting styles seen in Rome, Greece, Egypt and beyond. Following no seeming logic or even laws of reality, the streets and building twist in nightmarish forms and labyrinth-like paths. Strange denizens act as odd merchants, calling out in piercing whispers from the shadowy doorways and alleys - offering all many of temptation: wealth, flesh, knowledge. Their efforts draw the occasional shade from their course where they are swallowed by the darkness. Anticus reminds his allies that to wander would surely result in becoming irrevocably lost. In agreeance, the three remain focused and follow the flow of the dead further inwards towards a great set of spires and buildings at the heart of the City of Dis. Eventually, the throngs of dead souls funnel into a massive temple complex and through the doors of a central, great and ominous building that straddles a white river. Lore tells the heroes this is the fabled Hall of Judges and the Lethe River where souls are called to account and either cleansed to be sent onward... or condemned for their sins.

Again, taking their time and blending in with the dead, the heroes sneak past the watching guardians - white robed Angelic figures; faces hidden in cowls but whose gaze can be felt none-the-less - and enter the Hall of Judges. Unlike outside, this place is a bit warmer and brighter. The interior resembles a large arched, gothic cathedral awash in light and sound - dulcet tones of melodic prayer seem to calm and settle the souls within. A massive central chamber, nearly infinite in it's space, houses tens of thousands of souls waiting to be called to judgment. All of them standing silently or praying in hush tones, they slowly shuffle forward as they await their turn to be called to judgment. "Caesar is in here somewhere", Astevor whispers to his fellows. They quietly discuss the fact that they will need to seek him out among the throngs and do so in a manner that will not draw the attention of the watchful angelics perched on high dias above the crowds. How to find one soul among the many? Truly an epic quandary in this hollowed place. Petronia, Astevor and Anticus decide that the only way to find him will be to either divine it through their spells and powers (hard to do without notice) or to otherwise investigate by means of interaction with the dead themselves. Anticus finds the way. Carefully and with reverence, they speak with the dead directly, getting the shades to speak of their lives and memories. The going is difficult as the heroes must continually regain the focus of the dead who, in their current form, are incredibly absent of mind and easy to lose any focus at all. Consistent urging (gentle urging, as not to draw unwanted attention) eventually results in gains. Through hearing the recollections of many waiting souls, the heroes begin to put a picture together. They realize that the crowds seem to group in order of where and when they died. Navigating through the crowds, they deftly and quietly move through the throngs and up closer to the front of the chamber. Eventually, the heroes find Rome's recent dead and among them, Caesar!

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In his state, Caesar fails to totally recognize them though there is a familiarity, Caesar is lost in thought and dismayment at his condition. Petronia, Astevor and Anticus try to get through to him - sparking some recognition but still Caesar remains lost mentally. Eager, perhaps too much, the heroes press him. Voices raise, excitement and urgency draw attention. A note of discord echoes off the hallowed walls and catches the ears of Minos, Rhadamanthos, and Aeacus themselves - the Judges of the Dead. The natural flow is suddenly interrupted as the Judges call Caesar forward. All eyes turn to him and the three fellows about him. Now is the time of judgment. Unless they take action now, in some way, the heroes will lose Caesar and likely to be damned themselves. 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!"

Standing brave under the Judges gaze, Astevor, Petronia, Anticus and Caesar ascend the steps to embrace whatever is to come next...

Brethren's Blood

By: Zack Infanger



"Ahoy there Matey! Shore leave is upon the crews of Morgan and the Brethren of the Coast! There be no excursions as of late. Morgan and his crews are layin' about in the Taverns and Brothels of Port Royale, spendin' every last doubloon these daring sea-dogs have had manage to plunder from the Spanish over the past season. Sure to be true that soon enough pockets will be empty and these gentleman-adventurers will be achin' for the roll o' the ocean and the call o' sea. Settle urself sure that there be more plunder to be had! More daring to be done! And more to serve God, the King... and to GET RICH! Ahar!"

Shadowmen

By: Arlene Brown

"Emporer" Marcus-

No one is certain of what you are doing while hiding away in that stolen floating citadel, but we hope that you are studying chess because we'll be saying checkmate before you know it. All of our pieces are moving into position smoothly and efficiently. Are yours even on the board yet?

-The Shadowmen



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QC News, Events, and Bazaar

HBD to...

David "Dingo" Bleacher (07/01)

Robert Weaver (07/05)

Chris Gibbs (07/21)

Xander Smith (07/28)

Charlie Brown (08/01)

Arlene Brown (08/03)

Hope you have a great one; and many more!



Bi-Annual Meeting

The next bi-annual meeting is happening on July 29th, all members are expected to join or proxy for the meeting. Others who wish to come are invited to join the discussion. We will swear in new members, plan future events, and discuss other club topics. Also a cool thing to note the day of the meeting is same day The Fellowship of the Ring by J.R.R. Tolkien was published. This was not planned this way, but it is an awesome coincidence.

Quest Club Picnic

DATE: August 12th, 2017

TIME: 5pm to 8pm

LOCATION: Pammel Park in Forest City

All members, applicants, sponsors, friends and especially FAMILY are welcome and encouraged to attend. There will be no cost associated with this event (though donations to cover costs are always appreciated). Please RSVP by email, phone or text Zack Infanger by August 1st, so I know how much food and prizes to buy!

Quest Club will be providing grilled hot dogs (turkey) and all the fixings for them as well as punch. Anything else is pot-luck (again, all are welcome and encouraged to bring a dish!) In addition to the natural joy of the outdoors and camaraderie, we will also have some fun classic picnic games with prizes to boot! YAY! (water-balloon toss, sack race, three-legged race, scavenger hunt, and maybe a Boffa-sword mini-tourney. Participation not required but it'll be fun!). People are invited to bring along other game items like bean-bag throw, softball, volleyball, and the like (if you got the inkling to do so... and the equipment. We'd appreciate it!)

THANKS - and hope to see you there!

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Electrify Your Imagination! Third Quarter 2017

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

This concludes today's broadcast.... I mean this issue of the Questorian the Quest Club newsletter. Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed. If you have any sort of question or comment check our website [here](#) or contact our Facebook [page](#), our Twitter [page](#), or by email at qcgaiowa@gmail.com. Tune in next time around October 1st until then have fun and electrify your imagination!

Always,
Noah Brown

