



REALMS

SIDE
BAR

Issue #26
October 2026

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Made With



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October Lets Go!

Shadows in the Park has now made a home here on our channel. Thank you to all who voted to keep this new TTRPG

We will also have our sign up for

Holiday card exchange

Mandy gifts

We will also have the start of our book club. Big thank you to GetOffMacCloud for taking this on. Feel free to invite anyone to join in to the book club fun!

Our Charity Table

August: We had a guest, Nick from K9s for Warriors! It was so great having him with us, and together we raised \$1020.00!

Charity Night this month is on October 21st at 8 pm CST.

We will also have another set of auctions for the event and another Giveaway!

One shots! If you would like to join in the fun contact Mandy or Cloud! It is from one shots we pick most players for campaigns!



Want to see them? Check out @rpgsidebar on

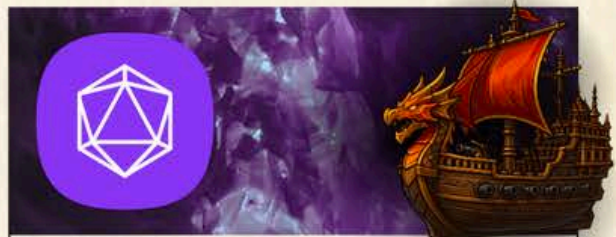
Concentration Check

Ingredients

- 1 1/2 ounces vodka
- Cranberry juice, chilled, to top
- Garnish: lime wedge

Directions

1. Add the vodka into a highball glass over ice.
2. Top with cranberry juice and stir briefly to combine.
3. Squeeze a lime wedge over the glass and drop it into the drink.



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From The Channel

For the first week of October, we are so glad to be part of Virtual Greyhawk Con! We will have sessions on Thu, Fri, and Sun during the con!

The SideBar is also giving the streamers of the event dice to give away for their streams!



Card Packs:

We have a new legendary card releasing on the 1st. The card is our first legendary from Shadows in the Park and is the first sighting of this villain.

Emotes: For October, we are adding 5 zombie emotes. They are cute and extra spooky for the season! Hope you enjoy them.



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Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame

Chapter 15: The Demon Hunt

By EndYourStreamTV

The night air was thick with the scent of decay and fear. Xaretul felt it in his very bones, the stench of ancient evil, a presence he had not sensed in centuries. The demon's growl still echoed in the distance, and his rage burned hot in Xaretul's chest.

Garuth. The demon had taken Garuth. Xaretul's heart raced with a fury he had not felt in eons. The darkness of the forest swallowed him whole as he moved, his form a blur of shadow and flame, but the pull of the demon was unmistakable. It was an old enemy, one whose name Xaretul had not spoken in a long time. The Demon of the Forest, a creature that had stalked the land long before even Xaretul had learned to wield his power.

It was said that the demon thrived on fear, feeding on the terror of children, and it had never been one to let its prey go easily.

Xaretul's body was still recovering, but the fire within him surged with each step. The children he had gathered, his followers, his family, were at risk. He had sworn to protect them, and he would not fail.

Through the trees, Xaretul moved like a wraith. His mask of shadows and flame glowed brighter, the edges crackling with energy. The forest, once alive with the sounds of night, seemed to fall eerily silent as if the trees themselves were holding their breath.

Then, he saw it.

The demon, towering over the trees, its eyes glowing like molten fire. Its body was massive, twisted, a grotesque mockery of nature, with limbs that were too long and claws that scraped against the earth like rusted knives. Its smile, if it could be called that, was a horrific gash across its face, filled with jagged teeth that seemed to gleam in the darkness.

Xaretul's form shifted with the wind, his shadow blade manifesting in his hand as he advanced. He could feel the demon's presence as a weight on the air, like the pressure before a storm.

"You dare take one of mine?" Xaretul's voice echoed through the forest, calm but filled with fury. "You will not escape, demon."

The creature turned its head slowly, its eyes narrowing as it saw Xaretul's silhouette. A deep, guttural laugh rumbled from its chest.

"Ah, Xaretul," the demon hissed, its voice like scraping rocks. "Still the god of shadows, I see. How long has it been since you were last this strong? It must have been so nice... when you were feared."

The demon's claws flexed as it dropped Garuth to the ground, the boy unconscious but alive. Xaretul's heart pounded as he saw his follower, his family, lying helpless before the demon. "Let him go!" Xaretul's voice rang out as his shadow blade surged with dark energy.

But the demon only sneered. "Why should I, old god? Your children are nothing but food. They are weak. Just like you."

With a growl, the demon lunged, its claws slicing through the air toward Xaretul.

The Clash of Powers

Xaretul's reflexes were faster than ever. He swung his blade through the air, the shadows swirling around him like a living cloak. His blade met the demon's claws in a deafening clash, sparks of dark energy crackling as the two forces collided.

The demon's strength was immense, but Xaretul's power was no longer the same. This was not the weakened god from centuries past. The power of the children, their belief, coursed through him like an unstoppable tide. Each strike he made sent shockwaves of energy through the forest, the very trees trembling at his power.

Cont. pg 8



CHICKEN FARM



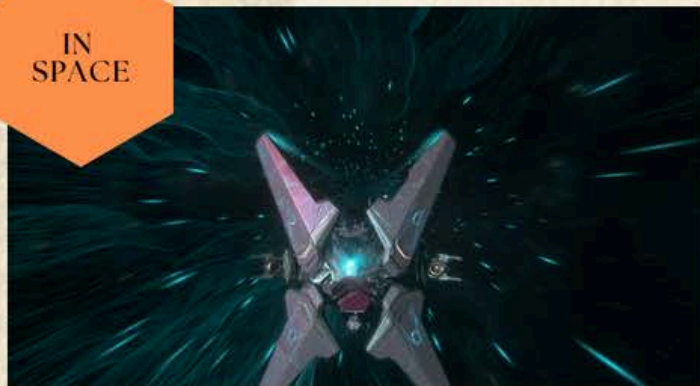
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DISCORD GAME SCREENSHOTS
CHANNEL TO MAKE
THE NEXT ISSUE OF REALMS



Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame (cont)

By EndYouStreamTV

"You are nothing, demon!" Xaretul shouted, his blade cutting through the air with a vicious swing. "You feed on fear, but I have no fear left to give!" The demon roared in anger, stepping back as it raised its clawed hands to strike again. But Xaretul was relentless. He moved in a blur, his shadow blade dancing with each strike, the power of the children's belief infusing him with a strength he had never known. The demon swung wildly, but Xaretul was faster. With a sharp twist of his blade, he cut through the demon's arm, severing it at the joint. The creature screeched in pain, its other arm swinging for Xaretul's neck, but the god was ready.

Xaretul stepped back, his shadows lashing out like tendrils, wrapping around the demon's legs, pulling it to the ground. He moved with the shadows, the darkness obeying his every command as he advanced on the demon. The creature snarled, struggling to free itself. "You think you've won, Xaretul? I've taken your children once before. I will do it again!" Xaretul's mask flared with fire as his voice dropped to a deadly whisper. "You will never touch them again."

With a surge of power, Xaretul thrust his shadow blade into the demon's chest. The creature let out a horrific scream, its body writhing, but Xaretul held firm. The darkness around him thickened, the flames from his mask turning into a blazing inferno.

"You will never hurt another child again," Xaretul said, his voice unwavering. "This is your end."

With one final push, Xaretul drove the blade deep, the demon's body convulsing in agony as its life force was ripped from it. Xaretul could

feel the demon's essence, fear, pain, and hunger, all of it being drawn into the blade, consumed by the shadows. Finally, with a violent flash of light, the demon's body disintegrated into ash, its screams fading into the wind.

The Aftermath

Xaretul stood over the ash, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His form flickered as the power he had used began to drain from him. But he had done it. The demon was gone. His eyes turned to the boy lying on the ground, Garuth. He rushed over to him, kneeling beside him. Garuth was still unconscious, but his chest rose and fell steadily, a sign that he was alive.

"I'm here," Xaretul whispered, placing a hand on Garuth's forehead. "I promised I would protect you."

Arian and Kira arrived, breathless, their faces a mixture of fear and relief as they saw the demon's body reduced to nothing. They rushed to Garuth's side, gently shaking him awake.

Garuth groaned softly, his eyes fluttering open. When he saw Xaretul standing above him, a mixture of awe and confusion crossed his face.

"Mr. Xar..." he whispered, his voice hoarse. "Did... did you save me?"

Xaretul smiled, though it was faint. "Yes, Garuth. I saved you. And I will always save you, and all of you, as long as you need me."

Kira knelt beside Garuth, her eyes full of tears. "You're safe now," she whispered, brushing his hair back.

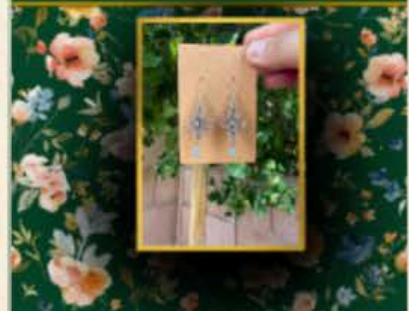
The others gathered around, their faces filled with gratitude. They had seen the strength of their god, and in that moment, they knew it wasn't just the god of shadows they followed, it was the god of protection, of love, of family.



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Charity Stream Recap

By Bruengall

Advantage...



Is having a pair

The evil sorcerous Tiffiany Rose Nickels cast our intrepid heroes to the second table. Dundurdin, Hymn, and T.J. O'Malley found themselves at a tavern in Hommlett, sitting at a table with Bug the barbarian Bugbear. Dun, being happy that it was not more cats, rabbits, or birds, was happy to partake of the free food and drink. Waking up the next morning with a pounding headache, Dun found out they pledged to get rid of some undead unleashed by a subpar adventuring group. After some creative financing, where T.J. may have bought armor earmarked for the subpar adventurers, the group heads out.

The party comes across some diligent undead keeping the graveyard in good condition, and Dun decides their employment is no longer needed, as delivered by his war hammer. The rest of the party jumps in as Dun is surrounded by undead coming up from the shallow graves. The battle is rough as Hymn's turn undead does little to the group. Slowly, the undead are vanquished, Bug doing massive damage while Dun tanks the undead.

Hymn moves to deal with the major undead, a vampire that quickly scoops up our would-be hero and takes a nibble. The undead are all looking at the vampire and a pair of chained Golems. Bug, Dun, and TJ take advantage of the break to kill more zombies, but in a last-minute effort, Hymn casts **Wish** from the deck of many things to destroy the undead and preserve the tree of life. Near-dead, Hymn casts restoration on the tree as Dun and company rush to aid him. At the last minute, Dun lays hands, and Hymn stabilizes. The party loots the mausoleum and heads back to Hommlett with Hymn passed out on Dun's shoulder. Dun marvels at the damage the new party member Bug had done but can't help but think that Jak Silver must have sent them to this odd realm.

*This recap is from one of our off stream Charity Nighttable session!
If you would like to roll into the fun Or hop in watch it live!
Join the SideBar Discord!*





The Gilded Kettle

Journal Entry #4

By Shelbelle



At the beginning of the session, the group planned to bring Oswen's plots to the authorities so he could be dealt with properly before the festival in Mill Haven began. The plan was for Aldric, the miller, to bring the authorities into the village so that the party could present the evidence they had to prove that Oswen planned to take over the mill by kidnapping Aldric and taking the mill from Petra. Once the authorities arrived, the party presented their evidence and made their arguments, and although Oswen was confident he would win, that confidence ultimately led him to be messy with his arguments, and the authorities took Oswen into custody. Before they left, the party tipped off the authorities to check Oswen's storeroom for illegal mushrooms that could open portals to the fae wild, just to make sure that man wouldn't see the light of day for as long as possible.

After the group got their victory against that horrible man, they decided it was time to party! While Mara baked away half the day, Holis and Juniper went into the town to help the villagers set up for the rest of the festival and began to enjoy the festivities. Juniper's day at the festival was filled with music and playing with the children. At the beginning of the festival, she ran into a fellow bard who told her that she was once trapped in the fae wild and longed to return, and Juniper agreed to meet her later in the day to help her with that quest. While Juniper enjoyed her music and conversation, Holis met a very nice man who ran the barbecue at the festival, and he showed her how to grill. Although she ended up eating most of the meat she helped him to cook, the grill master took a liking to her and sold her some of the finest spices (X's Southern Spices - if you know, you know).

A bit later, Mara finally left her kitchen to gather the group and brought them to the pie-eating contest to watch Holis and Hayworth compete against two other groups. Unfortunately for the villagers, they were no match for Holis and her team because she devoured her pie and another one before anyone could get close! After the rush of the contest, the children needed a little time to settle down, and Juniper stepped up to the plate. She read a short story she wrote about Nan the owlbear and one of the village children becoming friends. The children drifted off into a short nap while the parents of the village were able to enjoy the festivities. Juniper then went to meet with the bard from earlier and helped to send them to the fae wild, but before she left, she handed her instrument to Juniper for her to keep as a thank you. With her new instrument in hand, Juniper rejoined Mara and Holis to bid their farewells to the townsfolk and returned to the kettle to prepare for the jump into the next realm.



Tharvol, Keeper of the Cycle

New Gods of Ravnica

By GrimmGrixis

Neutral - Black/Green

Summary

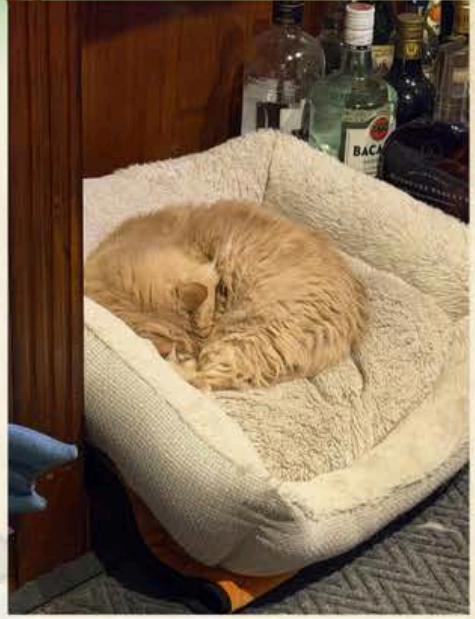
Has tended the same garden since before there were streets, keeping the rhythm of death, rot, and rebirth. Leave a broken tool or spoiled food at one of Tharvol's shrines and something usually grows from it by morning.

Understood best by the Golgari.

Myth: The First Whisper

Before any guild, before any city, there was a god who watched the first leaf fall and thought, Well, that can't be the end of you. He picked the leaf up, dug a small hole with his hand, placed the leaf inside, and waited. He waited so long that the hole became a city. Every garden in Ravnica is, at some scale, that hole. He is still waiting, and he still watches. The cycle grows with each passing day, and for each parapet that crumbles, a new root takes hold.





Send in yours by Oct 19th
in the SideBar pets channel!



Member Showcase!

FunkyWoodJam

We asked a few questions to get to know FunkyWoodJam just a little better!

Favorite color?

Blue. No, green. Ahhhhhhhh

Tell us about your hobbies?

My primary hobbies are reading, playing Dungeons & Dragons, painting miniatures, and accumulating various role-playing games that I aspire to play one day. I occasionally cook (and should do it more often) and am trying to get back into the habit of writing.

Do you have any Pets?

Right now we just have one cat, Nimuë, named after the Lady of the Lake from Arthurian legend. We adopted her from our vet, who also runs a rescue and a cat hotel after our previous cat, Hammer, passed away while recovering from surgery to remove a tumor on his brain stem. Who knew there were cat brain surgeons? Nim has been with us for six years now and is a spoiled princess.

If you would recommend a game to someone in that style, what would you recommend?

My current favorite game is Paul Baldowski's *The Dee*

Sanction wherein the players are agents of John Dee, the court astrologer to Elizabeth I, protecting the realm against magical threats. In this system your character has three resources which are assigned a type of die between D4 to D12. When you face a challenge you roll the applicable die, stepping it up or down based on the situation and any abilities your character may have. One of the things about this system is that the players fail forward when they fail a challenge. This resolves some of the issues I have with other systems where a failure on a roll at the wrong point can bring the game to a screeching halt. Paul has since published the core system as the *Sanction* system with a few different genre set ups.

What is your favorite style of game, and what got you into it?

I think this is usually a discussion of video game styles, however I am not much of a video game player. As a kid I found them more a source of frustration rather than enjoyment as I have the

hand-eye coordination of a gently stewed cabbage and my discovery of MOOs, MUSHs, and MUCKs contributed to the early end of my first attempt at university so I knew I needed to steer clear when *EverQuest* and *WoW* came along. So for me when the question of games comes up, I think of "traditional" table-top RPGs. As much as I enjoy *Dungeons & Dragons* in its various incarnations, currently I find myself more drawn to system-lite games or games with metacurrencies that allow the players some level of narrative control.

What's something interesting that people wouldn't guess about you?

I honestly have no idea what would surprise people. That some of my poetry has been published? That I have at various times in my life been an at least competent player of the piano, violin, trombone, tuba, and bagpipes? That about ten years ago I almost chucked it all up and went to graduate school in Iceland to study Old Norse? That I once hit someone with a payphone after using it to call the cops on him? Absolutely no idea which of these would be a surprise.

Anything Else?

I have felt blessed in being a part of a community that really does more than just promote a product but acts as a movement in which needs like myself have a place to have a family, friends, and a place to call home and be proud to say hey, those are my people.

Malzorek, the Devouring Crown

New Gods of Ravnica

By GrimmGrixis

Lawful Evil - Black/White

Summary:

Learned early that power is sweetest when taken from someone else. Malzorek doesn't burn things down – the god whispers opportunities: the promotion that needs a quiet betrayal, the contract with shadow in the fine print. The worst Orzhov and Dimir power plays carry its scent.

Myth:

Long ago, two siblings ruled jointly over a small estate. They were equals; the arrangement worked for many years. One night, the elder sat the younger down at a table laid with a meal of two perfectly equal portions, and they ate. Halfway through, the younger noticed that the elder's portion was, in fact, very slightly larger, but only by an amount that could not honestly be objected to. The younger said nothing. The elder smiled. The younger, who had always thought herself happy, found that she could think of nothing else for the rest of the meal. Nothing was said. Nothing was done. That was the first stair. Malzorek built the second, and so began the wicked ascension.





Hello, so I recently started reading about the all-famous realms of DnD! And I have grown a love for it, and the one I've been playing is Humblewood! So far, it has been great, and I'm having so much fun playing it. So, if you are interested, I am working on classes, so I hope you enjoy.

Hedges

Hedges are (one of) the most diplomatic and (sometimes) good-natured if you're lost and need help in a village, etc. Find a hedge; they like nice, quiet little villages throughout the wood; they resemble hedgehogs; their spikes are like hedgehogs, but their quills are far tougher than hedgehogs'. They're pretty sturdy, but you can make them really happy and jumpy, or, as they cry really easily, both are great. They are one of the most emotional and sensitive folk who display meekness over bravado, and (sadly) their meekness has earned them a reputation as cowards in the eyes of outsiders, but they seem to think that everything from the smallest ant to the biggest monsters deserves respect and dignity. They are known across the wood as excellent conflict mediators; they feel most at home when everyone gets along.



♥ Thank you

Minnie Cirrus

A note from the editor

For those who are new, Mini-Cloud is the 11-year-old daughter of our DM Cloud and she has been wonderful to work with. Every month I get so excited to see what she will come up with next!



*ad space
Available*

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So some fools want to fight a monster; well, I guess we can talk monsters... and mayhem... and a dash of, well... chaos. This month we are going to cover my absolute favorite type of monster, the kobold. Kobolds are a creative and crafty bunch of creatures; they are starter-tier monsters, in the same vein as your goblins of the world, but where goblins are more sleezy and sneaky, kobolds are creative, crafty, and zealous. Now the question resides in what they are zealously devoted to; well... none other than dragons, of course. Kobolds are true fanatics when it comes to their dragon, serving their God, so to speak, with undying loyalty; they don't care whether they live or die; they will fulfill their dragon's wishes to the best of their chaotic ability.

So, where there are kobolds, be aware: there may be a dragon in the area leading them... But with the history lesson out of the way, what does it mean when you fight kobolds? First and foremost, they have pack tactics, so they fight better in groups; they know this, and they WILL use it to their advantage. Now, what pack tactics is, is that the kobold has advantage on its attack roll against a target IF there is an ally within melee; it doesn't need to be flanking to receive this benefit, and this does apply to kobolds at range. With that being said, most kobolds, and I do mean most, are very, very squishy, so where a low-level party would have a tough fight with a band of kobolds, a leveled party might not find them as challenging. That being said, if you play at a table where the DM has gotten his hands on some GrimmGrixis-inspired kobolds, then you should be prepared for some fun times and some interesting monsters. All in all, I wouldn't put kobolds on the scale of terrifying, but definitely on the scale for some fun fights and even more fun RP depending on your party. I hope you enjoyed this month's "So you want to fight a monster?"

From one DM to the players,
GrimGrixis





Next months
deadline
October
19th

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Mini Cloud	FunkyWoodJam
Lindsay_Lou	Shelbellle
Skyline	
Tiffany Rose Nickel	
OldManGeras	
TheBurlyEarl	



Al-Qadim Revisited

Why One of AD&D's Most Misunderstood Settings Deserves Another Look

By ChaseStreet



Among longtime Dungeons & Dragons fans, few settings inspire the same mixture of affection, nostalgia, curiosity, and controversy as **Al-Qadim**. Released by TSR in 1992 during the golden age of AD&D 2nd Edition, Al-Qadim transported players away from the castles, knights, and feudal kingdoms that dominated much of fantasy gaming and into the lands of **Zakhara**, a world of soaring minarets, bustling marketplaces, desert caravans, sea voyages, genies, heroes, scholars, corsairs, and magnificent cities.

To many players who experienced it firsthand, Al-Qadim remains one of TSR's greatest achievements.

To others, especially those who have never actually read the setting, it has become a frequent target of criticism. Modern conversations often label it "Orientalist," "stereotypical," or "problematic" without much examination of what the setting actually contains.

The reality is considerably more complex.

In fact, a careful reading of Al-Qadim reveals a setting that was often far more thoughtful, nuanced, and progressive than many of its critics realize. While it certainly contains elements that reflect the era in which it was created, it is also a setting built on admiration rather than mockery, curiosity rather than caricature, and heroic fantasy rather than cultural ridicule. Understanding Al-Qadim requires looking beyond assumptions and examining what TSR actually created.

What Al-Qadim Actually Is

One of the most common misconceptions surrounding Al-Qadim is that it was intended to be a simulation of medieval Arabia or an attempt to represent a real-world culture. It was not.

Al-Qadim is first and foremost a fantasy setting inspired by the storytelling traditions of **One Thousand and One Nights**, sometimes known in English as The Arabian Nights.



**ONE
SHOTS**

Fridays

*Joins the
Discord to
sign up!*



Cont. pg 20





GIANT HYENA WITHERLING

Large undead, chaotic evil

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 133 (14d10 + 56)

Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	14 (+2)	18 (+4)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	5 (-3)

Skills Perception +3

Damage Immunities poison, necrotic

Condition Immunities blinded, deafened, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages Understands Gnoll but cannot speak it

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Carion Cage. When the witherling drops to 0 hit points, its ribcage splits open and 2 gnoll witherlings emerge in unoccupied spaces within 5 feet of it. They act immediately after the witherling in initiative order. This trait doesn't trigger if the damage that reduced the witherling to 0 hit points was radiant, or if the witherling was destroyed by Turn Undead.

Rampage. When the witherling reduces a creature to 0 hit points with a melee attack on its turn, it can take a bonus action to move up to half its speed and make a Bite attack.

Undead Nature. The witherling doesn't require air, food, drink, or sleep.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The witherling makes two attacks: one with its Bite and one with its Bone Rake.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) piercing damage plus 7 (2d6) necrotic damage. If the target is a Large or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Bone Rake. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage.

Hollow Cackle (Recharge 5–6) - Bonus Action. The witherling lets out a dry, rattling laugh. Each creature of its choice within 30 feet of it that can hear it must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened of it until the end of the creature's next turn.

REACTIONS

Vengeful Lunge. When a gnoll or undead ally the witherling can see within 30 feet of it drops to 0 hit points, the witherling moves up to half its speed without provoking opportunity attacks and makes a Bite attack.



Al-Qadim Revisited (*cont.*) By ChaseStreet

This distinction matters enormously.

The setting was not designed as a historical recreation. It was designed as a fantasy world inspired by centuries of Middle Eastern, Arabic, Persian, Indian, and Mediterranean folklore filtered through fantasy adventure traditions. Genies grant impossible wishes. Flying carpets cross endless deserts. Lost cities hide ancient secrets. Clever merchants outwit kings. Scholars uncover magical mysteries.

Heroes rise through honor and reputation rather than simply accumulating treasure.

The closest equivalent would be saying that King Arthur, Merlin, dragons, and fairy knights are not intended as a realistic portrayal of medieval Britain. They are fantasy tales inspired by historical cultures.

Al-Qadim operates in the same space.

The setting draws inspiration from real cultures while creating something distinctly fantastical.



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JOIN THE QUEST

The beacon has been lit! On the 1st of the month, we have our clips drawing!

All you need to do is take a clip to be entered in our give away! Clips can be taken in live sessions or from the VODs, whatever works for you!

For every 5 people who take a clip in the month, we will draw a name! Those names get Mandur mail!

Here are some of our past winners!

Best of Luck!



Encountering Cthulu

Sanity Check

By FunkyWoodJam

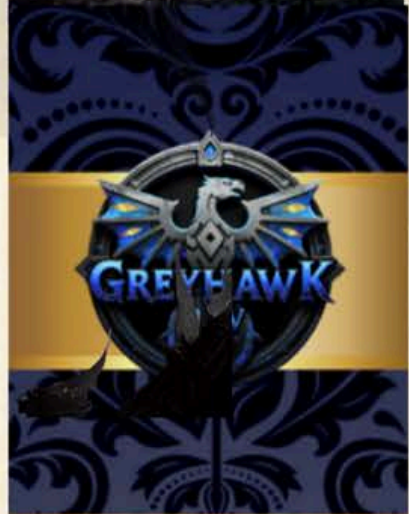
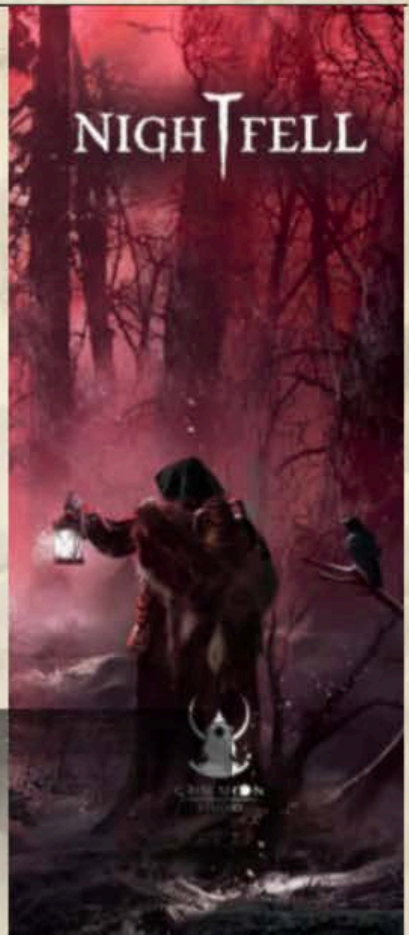


Welcome back! Last month we began our exploration of the *Call of Cthulhu* TTRPG with an all-too-brief look at Sanity checks, learning that our investigators are, like the universe, likely doomed to descend into madness. We also learned the core mechanic of the game: rolling a D100 and comparing the result against a target number, often a skill rating or characteristic. With that in mind, this month we will take a step back and discuss the characteristics and attributes that form the foundation of an investigator.

The first step in creating an investigator is to determine their nine characteristics. In earlier editions, this was done by rolling 3D6 or 2D6+6, perhaps showing the influence of *Dungeons & Dragons* on the design of the first edition. This is still done in the current (7th) edition; however, you then multiply the results of the die rolls by 5 to render values between 15 or 40 and 90, bringing them in line with the skill ratings. The characteristics are:

1. **Strength** (STR) is a measure of the investigator's physical power and is part of determining their Damage Bonus and Build.
2. **Constitution** (CON) represents the investigator's health and vitality and contributes to their Hit Points.
3. **Size** (SIZ) combines the investigator's height and weight into a single number, which is part of the calculation for their Damage Bonus and Build.
4. **Dexterity** (DEX) measures the physical grace of the investigator, determines their order in initiative, and contributes to their Movement Rate.

Cont. pg 25



Live session

Mondays 8pm CST

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A World in Motion

When a Small Quest Changes Everything

by EndYourStreamTV

One of the greatest strengths of a homebrew Dungeons & Dragons Fifth Edition campaign is that the world does not have to remain still. A location may begin as a few notes, a rough map, and a simple quest, but the players' choices can transform it into something much larger. That is exactly



what happened when my family's party began its adventure in Evergreen Village.

The Town of Beginnings

Evergreen Village sits along the western edge of the world. It is a modest settlement of only a few hundred people, surrounded by farms, old roads, and enough nearby danger to test inexperienced adventurers. I designed it as a "town of beginnings," a place where new parties could accept manageable quests, learn how to work together, and discover what kind of group they wanted to become.

Would they be honorable heroes? Would they become the infamous "murder hobos" who solve every problem with violence? Or would they fall somewhere between those extremes?

My family quickly proved that their characters were good-hearted, although not always predictable.

A Simple Goblin Problem

Their task appeared straightforward. A small band of goblins had been interfering with local farmers and damaging their crops. The party was sent to handle the situation and restore peace to the area. I expected a short encounter, a defeated goblin band, and a quick return to Evergreen Village.

The party did defeat the goblin captain, but they did not slaughter the remaining goblins. Instead, they spoke with them, learned more about their circumstances, and convinced the survivors to travel with them. The adventurers promised to take the goblins home.

That promise turned a minor quest into a long and completely unplanned adventure. It was also a blessing in disguise, because it gave the campaign its first real opportunity to move beyond the path I had prepared.



Monsters Don't Poop

By Bruengall



I have concluded that monsters don't poop. When I am speaking of monsters, I am not just talking about a cave troll, but also including evil humanoids that the party fights. Some of you may have heard my rant about not needing every detail in a module; I simply do not need to have the whole family tree of the big bad guy going back to the end of time. Now I am going to talk about the opposite end. What details are left out that can add flavor to a game? Have you ever looked at a dungeon, keep, or town and thought, where do they eat, sleep, or poop?

Dungeons often hold creatures that will likely go where they wish, but what about the humanoids? Could you at least give them a bucket? I have been in many a dungeon where feces is used as gross mechanics as you go into the lair of a true monster, but why not have a room with a close stool (stool with a hole and a chamber pot). Also, what about food? Granted, a fire in an enclosed dungeon may not be ideal, but you could have some barrels of dried and salted goods or, if you are fancy, a stove venting to the outside, as there would have to be air vents in a large dungeon anyway.

A keep or fortress has no reason it should not have an outhouse or a Garderobe (Latrine on the outer wall that drops waste outside or into a moat). If they don't have a kitchen and hall to eat in, that is just a crime. Besides basic amenities, there should be a stable, blacksmith, and fletcher. Basically, anything that would be needed to support a keep and the forces staying there. Look at your map and story; does it make sense?

Towns usually have at least one food source with a tavern. What about the regular homes? Is there a public outhouse? Maybe put a fire pit or two around the town. For a large town, there should be barrels and crates of food around to sustain it. I have seen towns made with magic stores, potion stores, weapon and armor shops that had no general store. Now I am not saying you need to explain these in great detail; just a notation of a general shop or a public outhouse in town would be enough. Imagine this little detail. You ask for the general supplies, and a crotchety old man says, "It's just down that street, past the public outhouse. You can't miss the smell. Once you don't smell anything, start looking to your left, and you will find it."

I am not saying that you need to describe the cut, clarity, and color of what is in the outhouse. After you create your map or story, you look to see if it covers the basic needs of its denizens. Then look to see if it supplies what they need to do their job. Often a one- or two-word notation can cover it. Having a group of mounted Knights without a stable is bad, but not even giving them a chamber pot is criminal.



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TRENDING
IN TOP

New Items...



Encountering Cthulu

Sanity Check pt. 2

By FunkyWoodJam



5. **Appearance** (APP) measures the investigator's physical attractiveness and personality.
6. **Intelligence** (INT) is a measure of how the investigator applies their knowledge and determines how many skill points they have to distribute among their Personal Interest skills, which we will explore next month.
7. **Power** (POW) is the investigator's force of will and impacts the investigator's starting Sanity score as well as their ability to use any spells they might come across in the course of the game.
8. **Education** (EDU) measures the investigator's formal learning and retained knowledge, in contrast to their INT, which is a measure of how well they apply knowledge. This characteristic also determines how many skill points the investigator gets to distribute amongst their occupational skills, which we will explore next month as well.
9. **Luck** is a special characteristic that can both be rolled against and, if the optional Luck rules are in play, be used as a currency to improve the results of a roll.

In addition to these characteristics, there are five attributes that are then derived from them: Damage Bonus, Build, Hit Points, Movement Rate, and Sanity. In the interest of time, we will only look at the Sanity (SAN) attribute, whose starting value is equal to the investigator's POW score. While an investigator's SAN can go up to 99 initially, this maximum will be decreased by their growing awareness of the mythos as expressed in the Cthulhu Mythos skill, which we will examine in next month's installment of "Encountering Cthulhu - A Very Particular Set of Skills."



Chicken Lollipop Drumsticks

By Leigh Harris



I love recipes like this. Drumsticks are cheap, the ingredients are simple, and with a little knife work they come off the smoker looking like you worked a whole lot harder than you actually did.



Come on, look at them – It's a chicken drumstick with a makeover. They just look badass.

- They're cheap – Chicken drumsticks are still one of the least expensive cuts at the grocery store. You can make a pile of these without breaking the bank.
- Use what you like – Grab your favorite BBQ rub and sauce and you're good to go. We used our homemade rub and Bourbon Chipotle BBQ Sauce.
- Plenty of smoke and BBQ flavor – We smoke them first, then sauce them toward the end so the BBQ sauce has time to get nice and tacky.

- Great for a crowd – Game day, cookouts, parties, whatever. Put a platter of these out and watch them disappear.

Ingredients Needed

One of the best things about these chicken lollipops is how simple the ingredient list is. The real magic is in the prep and the smoking.

- BBQ sauce – Again, use what you like. We used our homemade Bourbon Chipotle BBQ Sauce, which gives the chicken a sweet, smoky kick and gets nice and sticky on the smoker.
- Chicken drumsticks – Cheap, easy to find, and perfect for this recipe. Try to grab drumsticks that are fairly similar in size so they cook at about the same rate.
- BBQ dry rub – Use your favorite BBQ rub and don't be shy with it. We use the same homemade rub we use on our Smoked Pork Butt.

How To Make Chicken Lollipops

The hardest part of making chicken lollipops is getting the drumsticks trimmed and cleaned up. Removing the tendons is optional, but I think it's worth the extra effort. It makes for a much better bite when they're done. Once you've prepped a couple and get the hang of it, the rest goes pretty quickly.

Cont. pg 30

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The Rise of luz Old Wicked, Part III The Road of Skulls

By GetOffMacCloud

The third of five parts on the history of luz, compiled from the notes of Pluffet Smedger, the Elder, of Greyhawk University at Ritterstadt. Part II left the young cambion master of the lands north of Whyestil Lake, a kingdom forged in barely a decade. This part treats of what he built there, and the reader of delicate constitution is invited to skip ahead to the recipes. The present year is 576 CY.

who had abandoned everything to cross the lake. They told of Dorakaa, the new capital rising on the northern shore of the Whyestil: a city become a charnel house, where the risen dead walked in daylight and ghastly abominations were worked upon the living. They told of slavery on a scale the north had never organized before — organization itself being the horror's novel ingredient. And they told of the road.



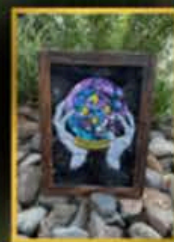
Conquest is common. The Flanaess has watched a hundred warlords stitch together a hundred bandit realms, and watched every one unravel within a generation. What distinguished the new lord of the north — what the refugees understood before any sage did — was that conquest had never been the point. The kingdom was not a prize. It was a workshop.

Dorakaa

The reports began arriving at Furyondy's border posts in the early 490s, carried by folk

From Dorakaa toward the Howling Hills, a causeway was building, paved with skulls. Its watchtowers were entered by chained slaves who never again saw daylight. The sages of Rel Mord, who have counted many atrocities, note what makes this one instructive: a road is infrastructure. Roads are built by realms that intend to move armies, and to keep moving them. The skulls were a message, but the road was a plan.

Cont. pg 29



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Skophos, The Labyrinth

By: JimKBones



In the mythological world of Theros, human civilization flourishes within the light of grand city-states, yet a dark, imposing reflection exists far to the north. Deep within the jagged canyons and unforgiving red sandstone of the Phoberos badlands lies Skophos, the formidable polis of the minotaurs. Unlike the orderly human cities of Meletis or Akros, Skophos is a literal, sprawling labyrinth. Its twisting streets, high stone outcroppings, and narrow sandstone fortresses double as residential quarters and military bastions. To the rest of Theros, Skophos is a shadow shrouded in brutal mystery; to its bull-headed citizens, it is an enduring monument to savage pride, calculated discipline, and divine purpose.

The history of Skophos is rooted in blood and divine divergence. Centuries ago, during the transitional period known as the Birth of the Poleis, humans and minotaurs engaged in a brutal war across the Katachthon Mountains and the Phoberos highlands. This mortal conflict directly mirrored a cosmic clash between the twin war deities of Theros: Iroas, the god of honorable victory, and Mogis, the god of slaughter. As human soldiers rallied behind the ideals of Iroas to form the militaristic city of Akros, the minotaurs found their champion and patron in Mogis. Under the God of Slaughter's bloody influence, the minotaurs carved Skophos out of the canyons to establish a permanent sovereign nation. For generations, humans viewed minotaurs as mere disorganized, feral raiders. However, the founding of Skophos proved that the minotaurs possessed a high capacity for structural civilization, organized warfare, and permanent architecture.

The culture of Skophos is deeply defined by its maze-like architecture and absolute devotion to Mogis. Power is decentralized and highly volatile, split among ruthless warlord champions who act as regional tyrants over specific city districts.

These tyrants continuously quarrel, rarely finding common ground. The only unifying authority belongs to the priests of Mogis, who hold the power to force these rival warlords to put aside their domestic feuds and march toward a single martial goal. Skophos is characterized by an intriguing societal dichotomy: while the city's undercurrent relies on absolute aggression and bloodshed, its military is surprisingly disciplined. Armed squads known as the "Bronzebone bands" patrol the badlands in highly structured, predictable routes, clad in heavy armor and carrying carefully forged bronze weapons. Daily life is centered around grand, cavernous indoor markets and monumental temples, including the grand Lesser Peristyle and Mogis's Chalice, which serves as the seat of the minotaur government.

While individual historical figures within Skophos are often eclipsed by the shadow of their patron deities, the city is steered by notable historical figures and factions that shape its destiny. Chief among them is Mogis, the God of Slaughter, whose terrifying influence rules over the minotaurs' very lineage. The city is also shaped by enigmatic monstrous oracles residing at the ends of confounding labyrinth paths, whose dark prophecies guide the tyrants' hand. Beyond the dominant cult of Mogis, minor factions also honor Purphoros, the god of the forge, whose devotees brought the secret of crafting bronze to the city's warriors.

Ultimately, Skophos represents a profound paradox within Theros. It is a place where raw, chaotic fury is channeled into architectural permanence and severe military structure. It remains a terrifying testament to what happens when civilization is forged not in the pursuit of peace or justice, but in the eternal fires of war and divine slaughter.



Old Wicked, Part III: The Bandit's Son

By GetOffMacCloud



Along the borders, burning beacons proclaimed to all Oerik that luz had a kingdom — and sought further conquest. Even the manner of announcement was calculated. The petty despots he had devoured had wanted land. Old Wicked wanted an audience.

The Widow's Realm

It was in these years that the architecture of terror acquired its priesthood. Altars to the self-styled god rose in every conquered village, and a clergy of the lash grew around the cult of the Old One — for luz demanded not merely obedience but worship, and the distinction would prove to matter a great deal in years to come. The reader is asked to hold that thread; we shall pull it in Part V.

His mother, meanwhile, was gone. As we recounted in Part I, by the early 490s the Witch Queen had fallen — her power broken in Tsojcanth, or her person drawn down into the Abyss, according to the tale one credits. The sages who reconstruct these years agree that her fall left her son without his greatest patron precisely as his ambitions were outgrowing his borders, and that he did not grieve; he recalculated. If the chronicles record any sentiment from Old Wicked on the subject of his mother's imprisonment, it has not survived, and one doubts it was filial.

The Lady of Fungi

Recalculation took a form the Flanaess would not understand for another eighty years. luz opened dealings with Zuggtmoy, Demoness Lady of Fungi — a power of the Abyss in her own right, mistress of mold, rot, and decay. What the cambion and the demoness intended together, no chronicle of the period records; the learned reconstruction is that they had begun to design a citadel of elemental evil, a spiritual engine to be raised far to the south, beyond the reach and the suspicion of the northern watch. King Avras of Furyondy, had he known what was ripening in that correspondence, might have found his nobles more generous with their levies.



Live session

Mondays 8pm CST

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**Chill Vibes
for
Campaign Prep**

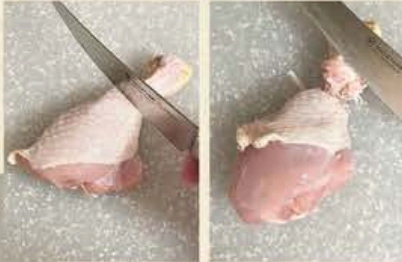
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Chicken Lollipop Drumsticks

By Leigh Harris

1. Start the lollipop cut. Using a sharp knife, cut through the skin and meat all the way around the drumstick, about an inch



2. Clean up the bone. Use a paper towel to get a good grip and pull the skin and meat away from the joint, exposing the bone. Clean up any remaining bits with your knife as needed.



3. Remove the tendons. This part is optional, but I think it's worth doing. Grab each exposed tendon with a paper towel for a better grip and pull it out. Removing them makes the finished chicken much nicer to eat.



4. Season the chicken.

Generously season the drumsticks on all sides with your favorite BBQ rub. Make sure you get plenty of seasoning around the meaty portion of each drumstick. And if you don't have a prep tub yet, get one! They're amazing!



5. Get them ready for the smoker.

Wrap the exposed bone ends with small pieces of aluminum foil to help keep them clean and prevent them from getting too dark. Hang the drumsticks from a chicken leg rack with the meat hanging underneath.



6. Smoke the chicken. Preheat the smoker to 335°F. You want to cook these at 325°F or higher to help render the fat and get that skin nice and crispy. Place the rack on the smoker and cook until the drumsticks have picked up plenty of smoke and color and are approaching their final temperature.



*A New Era
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Cont. pg 32

30



Old Wicked, Part III: The Bandit's Son

By GetOffMacCloud

He never had to make the argument. In 505 CY, at the height of his powers, with his road building and his beacons burning and his alliance with the Lady of Fungi maturing toward some great wickedness — luz vanished from the face of Oerth.

No army claimed the victory. No hero's ballad explains it. The lord of the cruellest realm in the Flanaess was simply gone, and it would be sixty-five years before the world learned where, and longer still before it learned to be sorry he had ever been found. That story — the mad archmage, the chamber of nine, and the long quiet — is the subject of our fourth part.



A note for Dungeon Masters: the Zugtmoy alliance is deliberately left as a design in this period — the Temple of Elemental Evil itself rose decades later, during luz's imprisonment, on the foundations of this early pact. DMs running Temple material should decide privately how much of the Temple's architecture follows the original joint design, and how much is Zugtmoy's alone; the difference is a campaign's worth of tension between the two powers. The road of skulls and the beacons are reported by refugees, not surveyed by cartographers — their details at the table may be worse than this column prints.



Live session

Mondays 8pm CST

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**Chill Vibes
for
Campaign Prep**

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Chicken Lollipop Drumsticks

By Leigh Harris

7. Sauce the lollipops. Brush the chicken generously with your favorite barbecue sauce, coating the meaty portion all the way around. Return them to the smoker to let the sauce set.



8. Set the glaze and serve. Keep smoking until the BBQ sauce is sticky and tacky and the chicken is cooked through. Remove the rack from the smoker, let the chicken rest for a few minutes, then pull off the foil and serve.



Pile these things up and go to town! You get juicy, smoky chicken with plenty of BBQ flavor and that sticky, tacky sauce in every bite. For something that started out as a cheap pack of drumsticks, they sure as hell don't eat like it.



Tips

- Use a sharp knife. There's some cutting and cleanup involved here, and a sharp knife makes the whole process a lot easier.
- Paper towels are your friend. The skin and tendons are slippery. A paper towel gives you the grip you need to pull everything away from the bone.
- Foil the bones. A little foil around the exposed ends keeps them from getting too dark and gives you that clean lollipop look when they're finished.
- Cook to feel, not just temperature. Drumsticks can technically be done at 165°F, but dark meat is much better when you take it higher. Around 175°F to 185°F gives the connective tissue more time to break down and makes the chicken more tender.
- Sauce them near the end. Give the chicken time to pick up smoke and color first. Add the BBQ sauce toward the end so it can set and get nice and tacky without burning.
- No chicken rack? No problem. You can cook these standing upright or laid directly on the smoker grate. The rack makes them easy to manage and looks cool, but you don't need one to make the recipe. You CAN get a [chicken rack](#) here, though. They're cheap.



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Beyond the Rulebook
Building a Family Adventure
(cont)
By EndYourStreamTV



Entering Mistwood Hollow

Taking the goblins home required the party to cross into Mistwood Hollow, a cursed region trapped in perpetual dusk. No matter the hour, the sky remained dim. Eerie fog clung to the trees, curled across the roads, and settled around the scattered towns hidden throughout the forest.

The journey tested whether the party truly intended to keep its word. The adventurers defended the goblins from hateful villagers who judged them only by their appearance. They fought off hostile goblin troops and protected their companions from wolves stalking the mist-covered wilderness. What began as an act of mercy became a demonstration of loyalty.

An Unexpected Ally

Eventually, the party delivered the goblins safely to their home in the Mistwood Hills. Before they parted ways, one special goblin gave the group half of a sending stone and kept the matching half for herself.

At the time, it seemed like a heartfelt reward and a way for new friends to remain in contact. The party did not yet understand how important that connection would become or how powerful their new ally truly was.

That is how a world begins to move. A small quest creates a promise. A promise creates a journey. A journey creates an alliance. The Dungeon Master may build the setting, but the players decide which parts of it come alive.



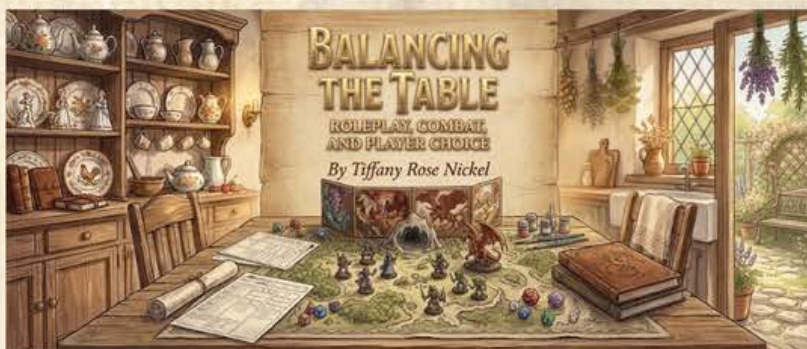
Live session

Every Other
Thursday 8pm CST
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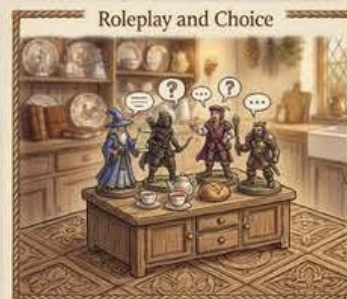


A memorable tabletop session does not need an exact fifty-fifty split between roleplay and combat. It needs rhythm. Some nights may be dominated by tense negotiations, while others erupt into glorious battles. Balance is not measured by minutes; it is measured by whether every scene gives the players meaningful choices and moves the story forward naturally.

The best place to begin is with the players themselves. During a session zero, ask what they enjoy: social encounters, tactical battles, mysteries, exploration, or a combination. Watch the table. If players light up when questioning suspects but lose interest during combats, shorten encounters. If they eagerly test new abilities, give them battles where those abilities matter.

Combat and roleplay should not feel like separate halves of the game. A fight can reveal character, relationships, and story. An enemy might surrender, attempt to bargain, call a hero by an unexpected name, or expose information during the struggle. Likewise, a social scene should carry genuine tension. Failure to persuade a guard could create a chase, cost the party an ally, or force them to seek another path.

Preparation is where Gamemasters are often tempted to railroad. After spending hours designing a villain's speech, a complicated puzzle, or a dramatic battle map, it is natural to want the players to experience it exactly as imagined. However, preparation should create possibilities, not dictate outcomes. Build situations instead of scripts. Know what the NPCs want, what resources they possess, and how they will respond when challenged. Then allow the players' decisions to determine what happens.



Flexible encounters also make balance easier. A confrontation can become a negotiation if the party offers something valuable. A diplomatic meeting can become a fight if tempers flare. An enemy can retreat, surrender, or change sides. The group may avoid an encounter altogether. None of these outcomes wastes preparation; unused ideas can be adapted & placed elsewhere.



Pacing matters more than a predetermined schedule. If a heartfelt character conversation has the entire table engaged, do not interrupt it simply because combat was planned. If discussion begins circling without progress, introduce pressure: footsteps in the corridor, a deadline, an impatient witness, or an approaching threat. These developments should change the situation without deciding how the players must respond.

It also helps to offer clear stakes and multiple routes forward. Players should understand what may be gained or lost, but they should be free to choose whether they negotiate, investigate, sneak, fight, or walk away.

The perfect mix of roleplay and fighting will change from group to group and session to session. A balanced table is not one where every activity receives equal time. It is one where different play styles have room to shine, decisions carry weight, and the Gamemaster remains curious about what the players will do next. The goal is not to guide them through your story. It is to create a world responsive enough that the players feel like their decisions actually impact that world.





Lindsay Lou's Book Review

Dystopian Double Feature

This month I wanted to do something a little different – I picked two of my favorite dystopian novels from female authors, both originally authored in their native languages.

You may have read **1984** or **Brave New World**, but the books I have for you this month are (in my opinion) considerably more poignant and quite unsettling. I think dystopian novels are meant to leave you with a “WTF” feeling, that’s the point. I would say ‘Enjoy’ these books, but ‘Read well’ might be a better sentiment.

Tender is the Flesh | Agustina Bazterrica

Genre: Horror fiction; dystopian fiction; science fiction

Page Count: 209 | **Publication Date:** 2017

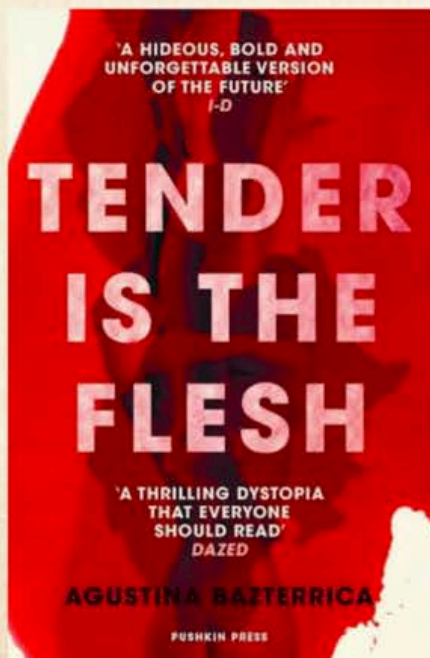
Overview: A global virus has contaminated all consumable, animal meat. Because of this, cannibalism becomes legal. Marcos, a (human) meat supplier, is conflicted by this new society, and tortured by his own personal losses.

Topics or potential triggers to know before reading:

Graphic descriptions of slaughter and butchering, cannibalism, child death, self-harm.

Lindsay Lou's Review

- Un-put-down-able-ness: 7/10
- Character and plot likability: This novel features something unique to me – zero likeable characters. The setting itself is so disturbing and ridiculous, that all the characters therein follow suit. Marco is slightly less offensive to the reader because we know that he is, at the very least, uncomfortable with this new society. The storyline has a tricky way of making you think things will get better by the end -- Spoiler: It doesn't.
- Final Opinions: I love dystopian novels because they come from a seed of truth in our current timeline. What makes this book so consuming to me, is how possible the plot is. It's not fantasy, and that's what makes it terrifying and stomach-turning. This is one of those books that you finish, and need to spend some time staring at a wall or sitting outside to re-regulate your nervous system. It's a too-close-for-comfort lens on societal norms, and what we may currently view as taboo, and how quickly that could change.



Cont. pg 37



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Lindsay Lou's Book Review pt. 2

Dystopian Double Feature

I Who Have Never Known Men | Jacqueline Harpman

Genre: Post-apocalyptic; dystopian; science fiction.

Page Count: 173 | **Publication Date:** 1995

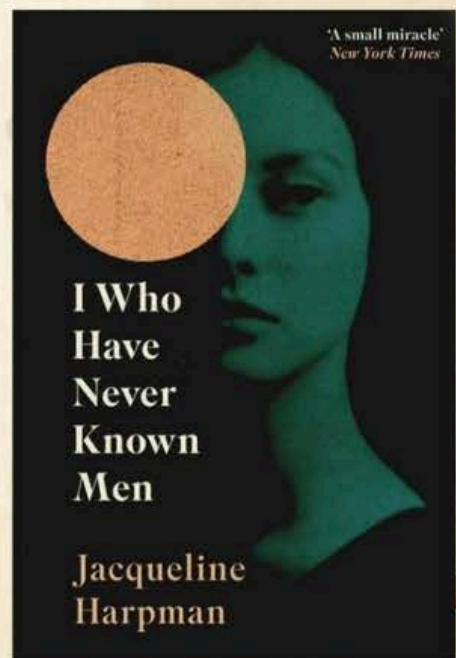
Overview: Thirty-nine women and one young girl are held prisoner in an underground bunker. They are given limited food and bare necessities by armed guards who watch them 24/7. The girl is the only one of the prisoners who has no memory of the outside world; none of them know why they are being held prisoner. This novel follows the young girl, who has no name, and her explanation of life inside the bunker with the other women.

Topics or potential triggers to know before reading:

Mass death, captivity/isolation, suicide, descriptions of dead bodies, bodily functions, threats of violence.

Lindsay Lou's Review

- Un-put-down-able-ness: 6/10
- Character and plot likability: The narrator's view is all we have to understand the where and why of this world, which is so limited due to her age, experience, and lack of memory of life before the bunker. We the readers grow up with her over the years as she navigates puberty, existential revelations, and her relationships with the only world she has ever known. She is neither likable nor unlikable, she just is – but for what it's worth, I found her to be quite pragmatic and unaffected by life, which I can admire.
- Final Opinions: The flow of this novel is quite poetic. There are no chapters – It's just a contiguous narrative. I have joked before that you'd enjoy this story if you liked the premise of 'Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt' but could do without any humor or resolution. My one spoiler is that you will not get any answers, the story begins and ends with questions. I wasn't compelled to read this through in one shot– not because it was boring, more so because I felt I needed time to digest it before following the narrator further. Like I mentioned with the last book, the story is chilling and compelling because of its likelihood. The fact that we don't get any clarification makes it even more mysterious, and therefore more possible.



Random Rants w/Mandur



Lets talk too much?

As a person who puts together and coordinates 11 different campaigns or "types" of sessions monthly. I have seen a thing or two; I do get asked what things could be worked on or what other groups should keep an eye on. For me, one of the big ones is trolling in-game; now this isn't going to make friends, but it is a thing that should be talked about in the gaming space. So buckle up!

Now, some of us show up to session ready for adventure, wanting to play with friends and maybe solve a puzzle and hear some well-crafted lore about things we will never check to see if it is right, because... well, the DM "seems" to know a lot about it. Not every player is this way; sometimes players think it is "fun" to mess things up for the party. Don't get me wrong, I am all about trolling, but I would make sure the party wants that kind of energy on the table. For some players, this is their first time at a table or the first time playing this class and really trying to dial it in.

The trouble really comes in when players express issues with the table's level of trolling; some start throwing blame around and say others are being sensitive. For me personally, I think the key to all of this is communication. If you are not a player able to hear that some people need you to cool your jets on the trolling, maybe this isn't a play-style you should step into. Keep in mind, this issue can be abused in both directions. Players can complain to control other players' ability to play, and in the opposite direction, trolling players can turn mean and rip apart an otherwise really solid party.

My closing thoughts on this are pretty simple: if you have a player who likes this style of play, maybe set up some easy ways for them to still have fun but also be able to get a temperature check of the party. That way you know you have worked to not let anything grow to be too much for any one player. All parties will have struggles in the long term of campaigns; it is the way we work together and resolve them that I think makes the biggest difference.

Happy Rolls Friends,

Mandy



Charity Night

Every 3rd Wednesday
of the month

8pm CST

[twitch.tv/sparkles_mandy](https://www.twitch.tv/sparkles_mandy)

