



REALMS

SIDE
BAR

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REALMS

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Fellowship/Cult News

September is here

We have a really packed month for you. We have Grimm bringing us more fun in Ravnica, Mandy hitting us with her last of her 3 Shadows in the Park sessions, and Cloud giving us new lessons in Field Studies.

We will also have the holiday fun getting put together so be on the look out for

- holiday card sign up
- Gifts from Mandy Sign up

these will be talked about in stream so please check it out!

Warlock's Eldritch Invocation

Ingredients

- 2 ounces Dry Gin
- 1 ounce Chambord Raspberry Liqueur
- ½ ounce lemon juice
- ¾ ounce cranberry juice
- 2 ounces tonic water
- Blackberries
- Lemon peel

Directions

- Add gin, liqueur, lemon juice and cranberry juice to a shaker with ice.
- Shake and strain into a rocks glass over ice.
- Top with tonic water.
- Garnish with two blackberries and a lemon peel.



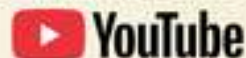
Our Charity Table

August: We had a guest, Nick from K9s for Warriors! It was so great having him with us, and together we raised \$725.00!

Charity Night this month is on September 16th at 8 pm CST. **ONE YEAR CHARITY!**

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



Want to learn D&D?

Join our One Shots!

If you are trying to find a table
that meets your needs and
works for you?

Reach out, We might know a
table that is looking for
someone just like you!

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From The Channel

In the channel, we will be having a great time building an overlay for the new campaign with Jay as the DM.

Also, SUBtember on Twitch is back



Card Packs:

Be on the lookout! Legendary cards will be out in the wilds! I will be trying to release one a month. Remember we one have 1 of each legendary card and one has never been played.

Emotes: For the month we are adding some cute moths. I hope you enjoy them and they brighten up your chat!



Hey! are you looking for players?

Trying to promote your channel?

Just want to send a shout-out to an amazing member of your group?

Getting an ad with us is easy and affordable!

send any questions to rpgsidebar@gmail.com

Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame

Chapter 14: The Strength Within

By EndYourStreamTV

The days that followed Xaretul's return were filled with growth and quiet reflection. The children, filled with the thrill of having their god back, continued to follow Kira and Arian's lead, spreading faith and strength wherever they went. But now, Xaretul knew it was time to teach them more. They had gained belief, but now they needed to find something deeper, something within themselves. And so, over the next few days, Xaretul spent time with each child, guiding them on their own journeys to discover their true strength.

Nicholas - The Strength of Courage

Xaretul found Nicholas by the riverbank one afternoon, alone, sitting on a rock with his head bowed. The boy was watching the flowing water, lost in thought. Xaretul stepped quietly behind him, his shadow stretching out over the ground, but Nicholas didn't seem startled. He was used to his presence by now.

"Nicholas," Xaretul called softly, his voice carrying the weight of both authority and warmth. "Do you know what true strength is?"

Nicholas looked up, his brow furrowed in thought. "Is it being strong enough to fight? To protect others?"

Xaretul smiled faintly, kneeling beside the boy. "That is part of it. But true strength... true strength comes from having the courage to stand up even when you are afraid. It's knowing that fear will always be with you, but deciding not to let it control you."

Nicholas looked out at the river, the current moving steadily, unbothered by obstacles. "I don't always feel strong. I get scared. I don't know if I'm brave enough."

Xaretul placed a hand on his shoulder, grounding him. "Courage is not the absence of fear. It is the decision to act despite it. You have already shown courage, Nicholas. Each time you step forward, even with fear in your heart, you

become stronger. It is in these moments you discover your true strength."

Nicholas nodded, his eyes brightening as understanding settled in. "I will be brave," he whispered, more to himself than to Xaretul.

The god stood, giving the boy a final, proud glance. "You are already brave. Remember that."

Calean - The Strength of the Mind

Later, Xaretul found Calean sitting in the shade of an old oak tree, his legs crossed, his eyes closed in concentration. The boy was always watching, always thinking. Xaretul knew he was struggling with a different kind of strength, one of intellect and focus. Calean was sharp, but he was unsure how to apply his gifts.

"Calean," Xaretul called, his voice soothing, like the wind before a storm. "What do you see?"

The boy opened his eyes slowly and looked up at him, a slight frown on his face. "I see... a lot. I always notice things. But sometimes I think too much. Sometimes I don't know what to do with all the thoughts in my head."

Xaretul sat down beside him, the grass bending under his weight like a dark shadow. "Your mind is your strength, Calean. It is the sharpest tool you have. It won't serve you if you don't learn how to focus it. The world will throw many things your way, but you must learn to see what is important. What needs to be done."

Calean tilted his head, considering his words. "So... it's not just about knowing things?"

"No," Xaretul replied. "It's about knowing when to act. When to use your mind to solve problems and when to trust your heart to guide you. You are capable of more than you realize. Trust yourself."

Calean smiled slightly, the weight in his eyes lifting. "I think I understand now."

(cont. Page 8)



FOCUS GROVE



CHERRY TREE HOUSE



OLD SCHOOL D&D



LINDSAY THE RIVAL



WZ WITH THE COD DADDY



MARVEL RIVALS NIGHT!!!!



POST YOUR PICTURES IN OUR
DISCORD GAME SCREENSHOTS
CHANNEL TO MAKE
THE NEXT ISSUE OF REALMS

Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame (cont)

By EndYouStreamTV

Xaretul patted his shoulder. "Good. Trust in your thoughts, but never forget the strength of your heart."

Garuth - The Strength of the Heart

Xaretul found Garuth in the small grove near the camp, standing quietly beneath the boughs of a tree. His form was small, his shoulders slightly hunched, but there was a fire in his eyes. Xaretul had been watching the boy for days, sensing the hesitation within him, the struggle to accept his own strength.

"Garuth," Xaretul called gently, stepping toward him.

Garuth turned, his eyes wide with a mixture of fear and curiosity. "I don't know if I can do this," he whispered, almost to himself. "I don't know if I'm strong enough to be like them."

Xaretul approached the boy slowly, his presence soothing yet firm. "You are stronger than you think, Garuth. It's not about size or strength. It's about the strength of your heart. Your will to stand when the world tries to push you down. I have seen it in you. The courage to move forward, even when you doubt yourself. That is your true strength."

Garuth shook his head, looking down at his feet. "I'm just small..."

Xaretul knelt before him, lifting his chin so that their eyes met. "The world may be large, but your heart is even bigger. You are more than your size. You are more than the doubts that fill your mind. Never forget that."

Garuth swallowed hard, his eyes bright with the beginnings of understanding. "I... I won't forget."

Xaretul nodded once. "You are already strong, Garuth. You just need to see it for yourself."

Auriel - The Strength of Wisdom

Auriel was always quiet, always thinking. She had been observing, absorbing everything that had happened, but she struggled with her own understanding of her role. She was perceptive, intelligent, and full of potential, but she didn't yet know how to wield it.

Xaretul found her by the campfire later that evening, her gaze distant. He sat beside her, the crackling of the fire the only sound between them.

"You are wise, Auriel," he said softly. "But wisdom is not just knowing what is right. It is understanding when to act, when to speak, and when to listen."

She turned to him, her eyes full of questions. "But how do I know when to act? When do I step forward and lead?"

Xaretul smiled gently. "Wisdom is not the absence of doubt, Auriel. It is the ability to see through it, to understand that even when you don't have all the answers, you can still choose the right path. You've already led, by simply being here and guiding others through your example."

Auriel looked down, thoughtful. "I think... I think I'm starting to understand. It's not about being perfect, is it?"

"No," Xaretul replied softly. "It's about being true to yourself, and letting your wisdom guide you, not control you."

Your heart knows what is right. Let it lead you." Auriel smiled faintly, the burden she had been carrying lightening. "I'll remember that."

Sandra - The Strength of Silence

Sandra sat quietly on the edge of the camp, her eyes focused on the horizon. She had not spoken much, but Xaretul had seen the weight she carried, the

(cont on page 10)



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One Shot Recap



By Dragon Teacup

Session 8: Oracles of War

The subs speak to Durvo Tellis, Kalli Alran, Nelia Halthorn, and Sprocket, who have the Oracle of War with them. Meanwhile, Ryth was using his clairvoyance potion to spy on an Iron Juggernaut who was stalking the nearby hallway. Using the Oracle, Vult manages to get some suggestions on combat maneuvers. Ryth agrees to be a distraction, à la Jurassic Park while the rest of the party heads to the Hounds of Barrakas to activate the Iron Defenders. Ryth and Vult quickly go down, but Klink successfully lures it to a weak floor and traps it! Just in time for more warforged to appear and begin attacking the party. After a hard-fought battle the team wins...but how will they carry the 200 lbs + Oracle of War? Are there other enemies still lurking? How will they get a rest?

This recap is from one of our Friday one shot sessions! If you would like to roll into the fun?

Or hop in watch it live!

*Join the SideBar
Discord!*



If you would like to follow Dragon_Teacup and keep up with the rest of of the Dump Stat check them out on Twitch!



Violet Rivenspell



Character Writing

By SexySlothh

Race: High Elf

Class: Wizard

Violet Rivenspell has lived in Sigil for so long that even she has forgotten exactly when she arrived. An elf of considerable age and greater curiosity, Violet came to the City of Doors chasing a single book, a forgotten volume said to contain knowledge from worlds that no longer existed. She found the book, but by then, she had discovered something far more interesting: Sigil itself. Its endless portals, strange travelers, forgotten gods, and implausible stories fascinated her. Rather than leave, Violet stayed.

Over the years, while learning new magic, she met the people of Sigil and gathered every book she could.

Her collection began with a few shelves in a cramped room above a forgotten shop. Eventually, it became... more, more than I think she could have imagined. Tucked into one of Sigil's quieter streets sat her curious library, Yhe Wandering Page.

From the outside, the building appears modest. Inside, however, the library seems considerably larger than it has any right to be. Corridors twist in impossible directions, staircases occasionally lead somewhere different than they did yesterday, and certain shelves are rumored to contain books written in languages that have not been spoken in centuries.

Violet knows every corner of the library—or at least, she claims she does.

She is a powerful wizard, though she rarely displays her abilities. Violet prefers cleverness to confrontation and knowledge to force. She has spent centuries studying arcane magic, planar lore, forgotten civilizations, magical creatures, and the countless oddities that wander through Sigil's doors. She also has a particular weakness for lost travelers and curious children, often allowing them to browse her collection long after closing.



Violet is warm but eccentric, possessing the patience of someone who has lived for centuries and the curiosity of someone who still feels as though every morning is an adventure. She occasionally speaks of historical figures as though they were old acquaintances, and sometimes, unbeknownst to the ones listening to her stories, they were.

Sigil is Violet's home, and she can never see herself leaving. Not only that, her library has been here for so long, many don't remember a time when it didn't exist.

So here she remains, behind the counter of The Wandering Page, sipping tea, turning pages, and waiting for the next person to walk through her door.

After all, in Sigil, you never know what, or who, might come through a door.



Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame (cont)

By EndYouStreamTV

"We all do," Calean replied, his voice soft but steady. "He's testing his powers. He's doing what he has to do. We just have to trust him."

But the night grew darker, and the children grew restless. Their eyes constantly flickered toward the treeline, searching for the familiar shadow of their god. But there was nothing. Just the sound of the wind, the rustling of the leaves.

Kira's Resolve

As the night deepened, Kira stood up. The others noticed her movement and watched her closely. She hadn't said anything about her own fears, but they all knew her well enough to see the quiet storm in her eyes. She was carrying the weight of more than her own doubts. She was carrying the hopes of everyone who had placed their faith in her, and in Xaretul.

She moved away from the campfire, walking toward the edge of the clearing. She closed her eyes for a moment, allowing the night air to cool her heated skin. She felt the weight of the responsibility on her shoulders, but she also felt the quiet, steady hum of her faith. The band on her arm, the symbol of Xaretul's power, glowed faintly, its warmth a reminder of the bond between them.

"I won't let them down," she whispered to herself. "I won't let him down."

Behind her, Arian had followed her steps. He placed a hand on her shoulder, his voice quiet. "You won't, Kira. We're doing this together. All of us."

Kira nodded but didn't say anything else. She turned back to face the camp. It wasn't just about her. It was about all of them. They were a family now, bound together by their faith. And they would carry that faith, even if it meant facing the unknown without the god who had promised to protect them.

The Return of Xaretul

The children were sitting in silence when the first ripple of power brushed against the air. At first, it was subtle, just a shift in the wind, a momentary flicker of warmth in the night. But then, the shadows around them seemed to deepen. The temperature dropped, the air thickening as if something ancient was stirring.

Kira's heart leapt in her chest, and without a word, she turned, her eyes wide. The others followed, rising to their feet as the darkness in the trees began to take shape. There, at the edge of the clearing, Xaretul emerged.

His form was no longer as solid as before. He seemed to flicker, barely holding himself together. The shadows and flame that had once been so strong now appeared more fragile, like the embers of a fire that had burned too brightly and was now struggling to stay alight. His mask of shadow was still in place, but it was cracked, the flame that burned beneath it flickering weakly.

He stood tall, but his posture was weary, as if the journey had drained him more than he had anticipated.

"I'm here," Xaretul's voice, though powerful, was softer than usual, his words heavy with exhaustion. "I have returned. You've all done well. I'm proud of you." (cont on page 12)



Chill Vibes
for
Campaign Prep

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Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame (cont)

By EndYouStreamTV

quiet strength she possessed. He knew that silence could be a form of power.

"Sandra," Xaretul called, kneeling beside her.

Sandra looked up at him, her eyes deep with thought, but she said nothing. Xaretul smiled gently, sensing the world inside her that she hadn't yet shared.

"Your strength, Sandra," he said softly, "does not lie in words. It lies in your silence, in your ability to listen, to observe. You see things others miss. And that is a power many do not understand."

Sandra's eyes flickered as she considered his words, her gaze turning back toward the horizon. "I don't like to speak... but I feel things. I understand things."

Xaretul nodded. "Your silence is a gift. Use it wisely, and you will become stronger than you know. Your ability to listen, to hear not just words, but emotions, intentions, will guide you."

Sandra's lips curled slightly into the faintest smile, her silence more powerful than any words could be.

The Challenge

After the days of teaching and guiding the children, Xaretul felt the change within them. Their strength had grown, their hearts more certain. But as the fire burned low that night, and the children prepared to rest, a dark shadow stirred on the horizon.

A feeling, cold and ancient, crept into the air. The ground trembled beneath their feet, and a low growl echoed from the forest.

"Something's coming," Kira whispered, her voice tense with the fear she had not felt in days.

A shadow emerged from the trees, a creature of nightmare, tall and twisted, its eyes glowing red like burning embers. Its form was that of a massive, hulking demon, with claws like jagged knives and a mouth that dripped with hunger.

"I am the Demon of the Forest," it snarled, its voice deep and venomous. "I have come to reclaim what is mine. And this time, your god will not save you."

Before Xaretul could move, the demon reached out with monstrous speed and snatched one of the children, Garuth.

"No!" Arian shouted, but the demon was already disappearing into the shadows.

Xaretul's heart surged with anger, the flames of his power flaring.

"I will chase him down," Xaretul growled. "Stay here. Protect each other."

With a flash of shadow and fire, Xaretul disappeared into the night, the hunt for the demon beginning.



LIVE SESSION

Sundays 5pm CST

twitch.tv/sparkles_mandy



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The Gilded Kettle Journal Entry #3



By Shelbelle



The party split briefly after the gibberling fight. Citrine ran back to the tavern to keep things running while Mara, Juniper, and Holis followed the muddy footprints toward the missing mill owner, Aldric. They didn't get far before Hayworth, a local farmer, caught up with them. He pressed a waterskin of apple brandy into their hands, warned them about an elderly owlbear that patrolled the area, and, when asked what lay along the trail, told them about the old copper mines up the road.

At the mines they found a man drinking alone at the bar, well into his cups and clearly miserable. He gave his name as Gris, and a few pulls of Hayworth's brandy loosened his tongue. A masked man had hired him to help collect a debt from Aldric at the mill. It escalated past anything Gris had agreed to and turned violent. Aldric fled toward the mine, was caught, and ended up locked in Oswen's storeroom.

Gris led them there. After picking a few locks, the party searched a room stacked with crates and turned up one packed with the sort of mushrooms used to open a portal to the Feywild. Juniper pocketed a handful. Behind a cleverly placed crate, they found a concealed door, and behind that, Aldric. Gris stepped in first and was promptly knocked out cold by Aldric, who'd been expecting Oswen. Mara brought him around, and the two men traded apologies once it was clear both had been deceived and maneuvered by the same person.

Aldric named the masked man: Oswen, whom he believed staged the whole thing to seize the mill and flip it for profit. The party had reached the same conclusion and told Aldric what Oswen had been doing in his absence, hounding his daughter Petra to sell the mill and pressuring her to marry him. That settled it. Aldric, Gris, and the party set off for the village to bring Oswen to justice.

On the road home, they met the owlbear Hayworth had warned them about. Mara conjured apples and oats and mashed them into a paste soft enough for the old creature's jaws, and once everyone was satisfied she wasn't a threat, the owlbear simply followed them back to town.

Their first stop was the mill, so Aldric could tell Petra he was alive and explain what happened. From there, the group hatched a plan: lure Oswen to the tavern and keep him occupied while Petra and Aldric searched his house for the mask, hard evidence tying him to the kidnapping. Juniper would be dressed as Petra, and a note went out inviting Oswen to dinner at the Kettle.

Outside the mill, Mara was checking on the owlbear when a small child wandered up to ask her name and decided that an elderly owlbear could only be called Nan. Hayworth arrived mid-conversation to offer Nan a barn and the promise that the townsfolk would look after her. Arrangements made, the party headed to the Kettle to open dinner service and get Juniper in place.

Everyone had a job. Mara cooked and mixed drinks to keep the room busy; Holis greeted guests while keeping one eye on Juniper, ready to step in if things went sideways. Oswen arrived exactly as advertised: a man used to getting what he wants, when he wants it. Between dim lighting, a disguise kit, and some liquid courage, Juniper gave the performance of her life. Oswen was too busy sneering at every detail of the tavern and being a raging misogynist to notice he wasn't talking to Petra.

The real Petra and Aldric returned with the evidence in hand. Juniper sent Oswen on his way, and the party finally sat down to rest and decompress because tomorrow, and next session, the festival begins.



Shadryn, the Whisper in the Veil

New Gods of Ravnica

By GrimmGrixis

True Neutral - blue/black

Summary

One of the only gods with no grand origin, Shadryn was simply already listening when the first secret was spoken in an alley. The god drifts through the city's layers like smoke, trading in what's hidden for what must stay that way, buried and forgotten. Dimir agents leave coded offerings at crossroads hoping for a useful whisper back.

Myth: The First Whisper

There is no first myth of Shadryn. That is the first myth of Shadryn. Tower-Scribes have searched for one and come away with the conviction that no such story can be told. The closest thing is a Dimir koan: The first word ever spoken on Ravnica was a lie, and the second word was the truth that the lie was a lie, and the third word was the silence that meant both. She is the third word.





Send in yours by Sept 21st
in the SideBar pets channel!



Member Showcase!

JimkBones

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

Favorite color?

Red (Scarlet)

Tell us about your hobbies?

Include gaming, TTRPGs, and taking things apart...putting them back together not so much.

Do you have any Pets?

Yes, I do. I have the worst German Shephard Guard dog in the world. His name is Sugar and he really matches his name. He is a very loving and energetic beast who won't bark at a person. He is friendly towards other dogs as well, but heaven forbid it's an avian animal or squirrel and well, sugar just goes ballistic.

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

Final fantasy tactics, the best of strategy and rpg. Or Disgaea, great rags with lots of little things that you have to pay attention to to make the best of your game.

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

My favorite style of games has to be the old jrpg like final fantasy and Dragon quest. The turn based fighting style and leveling up characters and grinding to buff them up or create specific builds. Second would have to be arpgs just as fun. Third are strat games like warcraft 2 and 3 and starcraft, command and conquer. Man those were the days.

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

I mean most people know me as a very nerdy and hardware tech guy, some may even know me to be a workaholic, but the most interesting thing about me is that I was in the Army for 6 years and did 4 tours. And maybe I am a proficient knife thrower and fighter and proficient with a bow. And I like writing fantasy and urban fantasy. Oh and I breakdance?

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.



Velmir, the Unyielding Codex

New Gods of Ravnica

By GrimmGrix

Lawful Neutral - white/blue/black

Summary:

Older than the Guildpact; legend says Velmir carved the first laws into the bedrock so the world had something solid to stand on. The god rarely meddles, but honored promises and fair rulings make the spire-chains glow a little brighter. Favored by Azorius functionaries, dutiful Boros soldiers, and Orzhov bookkeepers.

Myth: The Bedrock Verses

Before there were paruns and before there were guilds, there was a god who walked the bare bones of the world and worried that everything would slip, that the history, law, and memory of the world would fade. So he sat down at the lowest point, took a chisel that had no handle, and began carving the first laws into the stone itself. He wrote Do Not Steal What You Cannot Replace. He wrote Speak Only What You Will Defend. He wrote No Promise Survives the Promiser; Therefore Carve It. He carved for so long that the world settled around him, hardened, and became Ravnica. The deep precincts are full of his lines, half-eroded but still binding in their laws. Tower-Scribes who descend far enough swear they can hear the chisel still moving and the hum of a god still carving.





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! and 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.

Cervan

Cervans (or deer folk) are an adaptable race, meaning they can't JUST survive but thrive in the woods; they usually make their homes in small villages throughout Humblewood. They are also more insular than other humble folk; they like to live in the most ancient part of the forest in tree stands far from bird folk perches. Cervans have a robust physique and are rarely sick. They are one of the longest-lived races in the wood. Though their wariness has them accused of being timid, cervans are cautious cause they remain active and alert. they like to train alone to give them a sense of purpose; a happy cervan works



♥ 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*

email_rpgsidebar@gmail.com





So, adventurers, I heard ye brave souls wish to fight a monster. Well, let's cover something new and something grand... something... Ravnica!

This month, coming in hot and heavy, I want to delve into the monsters of the Simic Combine. The Krasis! As you well know, the Simic are a guild focused on pushing evolution past natural barriers and boundaries. These biomancers go above and beyond to try and create the perfect lifeform. Now, most of these lifeforms that play in Ravnica may run into those that hail from Simic, and are, well, you guessed it, Krasis. These "Monstrosities" of a sort are a mish-mash amalgamation of, if I take some of a bear, splice it with a shark, then give it wings, ideology. So with that in mind, the true revelation and fear behind a Krasis is that they can be truly anything, and any there in combination of anything... if that makes sense. So how the blazes do you fight something that is going to be slightly different each time. Well, good thing for you is that the Simic don't really hide their adaptations; they give these Krasis, most krasis, and their features are very obvious. One Krasis has two heavy claws meant to rend flesh, while another boasts a thick chitinous hide that reflects even the sharpest of blades. The key to fighting a Krasis is understanding the purpose for which it was made to do. Once you learn the adaptations a Krasis has been given well, then the fight starts to become a little clearer. If the aforementioned Krasis with huge claws bears down upon your party, keep the squishes away, and keep at least one tank alive.... as long as those claws don't rend armor as well as flesh. Facing the bulky Krasis, well then it becomes a matter of either burning past it's resistances with spells or brute force beat down and praying it dies before you. Maybe the Krasis is adapted to stalk in the night, utilizing shadows for camouflage well make the area bright, take away what it was meant to utilize. But a forewarning to any of those braving the streets, Simic is an ever evolving ever changing guild, and so are their monsters, with Krasis in particular, be ready for change, and be ready to adapt.

From one DM to the players,
GrimGrix





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Death by a Thousand Cuts: Survival, Faith, & Ancestry

By ChaseStreet



Making Athas Less Lethal

Athas shouldn't kill a character on a single bad roll. It should kill them by a thousand cuts — a broken sword here, a level of exhaustion there, a lost alliance in the city-states. By the time they reach the Sorcerer-King, they should be limping, thirsty, and desperate. That's the true Dark Sun experience, and you get there without dropping anyone in an unmarked stretch of sand.

Lean on exhaustion, broken equipment, ruined reputations, political backlash, and alliances that have to be earned. Let attrition do slowly what the climate wants to do all at once.

And keep the desert present in every scene:

- Sun glare that never fades
- Sand in the food and in the lungs
- Metal weapons treated like heirlooms
- Water discussed the way other settings discuss treasure

No Gods

In most 5e settings, a cleric's prayer is a long-distance call to a benevolent deity. On Athas, the call doesn't connect. Divine magic isn't a gift — it's a negotiation with the indifferent. Stop thinking of clerics as priests and start thinking of them as elemental brokers. Their power doesn't come from a temple; it comes from a bargain struck with the burning sun or the shifting silt. They aren't blessed; they're aligned. They channel, they endure, they pay. That one shift makes divine magic feel less comforting and more primal. Without gods, belief turns political. Sorcerer-Kings fill the vacuum from above; elemental cults fill the cracks below. If a player wants to run a holy warrior, ask them the only question that matters: who's providing the light, now that the gods have turned their backs or never existed at all? Whether the



ONE
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Fridays

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sign up!*



A Huddlewood Adventure for a Young Hero

A YouTube Exclusive

(cont on page 29)





BLOODFIEND

Large fiend, chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 190 (20d10 + 80)

Speed 50 ft., climb 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	9 (-1)	16 (+3)	15 (+2)

Saving Throws Dex +10, Con +9, Wis +8

Skills Athletics +10, Perception +8, Stealth +10, Survival +8

Damage Resistances cold, necrotic

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned, prone

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 18

Languages Common, Abyssal, Common; it rarely uses its own voice, preferring the voices of the dead

Challenge 14 (11,500 XP)

Legendary Resistance (3/Day). If the bloodfiend fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Blur of Red. The bloodfiend can take the Dash or Disengage action as a bonus action. It has advantage on initiative rolls and can't be surprised while it can smell blood.

Blood Scent. The bloodfiend has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) and Wisdom (Survival) checks to find or track a creature that is missing any of its hit points. It knows the direction and distance to any Bloodcursed creature within 1 mile of it.

Bloodcurse. A creature that fails a saving throw against a bloodfiend's Bite or Marrow Scream becomes Bloodcursed.

While Bloodcursed:

- The creature regains only half the normal number of hit points from magical healing (rounded down).
- Any bloodfiend knows the creature's direction and distance while within 1 mile of it.
- If the creature dies, it rises in 24 hours becoming another bloodfiend.

The curse has no duration. It does not expire, it does not fade, and destroying the bloodfiend that inflicted it does nothing. It ends only when:

- The creature is the target of greater restoration;
- or The creature is the target of remove curse cast using a spell slot of 5th level or higher;
- or The creature is restored to life by a spell of 5th level or higher (raise dead, resurrection, true resurrection).

Note that revivify is not powerful enough, it returns the victim to life still cursed.

Sunlight suppresses but does not cure. While a Bloodcursed creature is in sunlight or in the radius of a daylight spell, the curse is suppressed: healing works normally, bloodfiends can't sense it, and it doesn't fuel Rising Blood. The moment it leaves the light, the curse resumes. A bloodfiend hunts at dusk for exactly this reason.

Rising Blood. The bloodfiend grows stronger with every wound it opens. The first time on each of its turns that it deals damage to a Bloodcursed creature, it gains a Blood Rite (maximum 3). It loses all Blood Rites if it ends its turn with no Bloodcursed creature within 60 feet of it.

Blood Rites Effect

1: **Quickened.** Its speed increases by 15 feet, and opportunity attacks made against it have disadvantage.

2: **Ravaging.** It scores a critical hit on a roll of 19 or 20 against a Bloodcursed creature.

3: **Apotheosis.** Its Multiattack includes a third Claw attack, and creatures have disadvantage on saving throws against its Bloodcurse.

Radiant Aversion. Whenever the bloodfiend takes radiant damage, it loses 1 Blood Rite and can't gain another until the end of its next turn.

Sanguine Feast. When a Bloodcursed creature drops to 0 hit points within 60 feet of the bloodfiend, the bloodfiend regains 20 hit points and immediately gains 1 Blood Rite (to a maximum of 3). This can occur in addition to the once-per-turn gain from Rising Blood.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The bloodfiend makes one Bite attack and two Claw attacks. If it has 3 Blood Rites, it makes three Claw attacks instead of two.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 23 (4d8 + 5) piercing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 19 Constitution saving throw or become Bloodcursed.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (3d6 + 5) slashing damage.

Marrow Scream (Recharge 5-6). The bloodfiend screams with a hundred stolen throats. Each creature in a 30-foot cone must make a DC 19 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 21 (6d6) necrotic damage and becomes Bloodcursed. On a successful save, it takes half damage and isn't cursed.

REACTIONS

Arterial Answer. When a creature the bloodfiend can see within 30 feet of it takes damage from any source, the bloodfiend can move up to half its speed toward that creature. This movement doesn't provoke opportunity attacks.

LEGENDARY ACTIONS

You can take 3 legendary action(s), choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. You regain spent legendary actions at the start of your turn.

Prowl. The bloodfiend moves up to half its speed without provoking opportunity attacks.

Rend (Costs 2 Actions). The bloodfiend makes one Claw attack.

Boil the Blood (Costs 3 Actions). Every Bloodcursed creature within 60 feet of the bloodfiend must make a DC 19 Constitution saving throw, taking 17 (5d6) necrotic damage on a failed save, or half as much on a successful one.





Death by a Thousand Cuts

(cont.)

By ChaseStreet

answer is the iron fist of a Sorcerer-King or the raw chaos of a sandstorm; faith on Athas is allegiance, not worship.

Races and Philosophies

Athas runs on a short list: humans, dwarves, elves, half-elves, muls, halflings, half-giants, and thri-kreen. Not many options by modern standards, but a few outside ancestries slot in better than you'd expect.

Tabaxi are whimsical wanderers everywhere else. On Athas they're desert predators: lean, fast, territorial. Reskin the curiosity as hunting instinct, and they fit immediately.

Aarakocra are already canon here, if thinly. Run them as sky nomads, sandstorm scouts, and carriers of rare news between city-states useful to every faction and trusted by none.

Tieflings write themselves in a world with defilers. Born in ground scarred by arcane devastation, they're manifestations of corrupted life-force and read as omens of ecological ruin. Hellish Rebuke becomes Defiler's Rebuke, pulling heat from the surroundings to sear the attacker.

And One That Doesn't — Until You Break It

Dragonborn. There's only one Dragon on Athas, so an entire ancestry of dragon-people has nowhere to come from unless they were never born at all.

Make the first dragonborn the failed experiments of a Sorcerer-King reaching for the Dragon's transformation; Dregoth is the obvious candidate, and you have a people manufactured by accident and then discarded. Sympathetic to the masses, held in open contempt by templars and Sorcerer-Kings, hunted by the one who made them.

Dark Sun canon already went here: Dregoth's dray are exactly this story. Hand a player the official version or run your own. Either way, you've added one more atrocity to lay at a Sorcerer-King's feet just gauge the table first, because creation-as-lab-accident lands hard for some players.

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Here are some of our past winners!

Best of Luck!



Encountering Cthulu

Sanity Check pt. 1

By FunkyWoodJam



It was the early '90s and Ray was introducing my friend Reyer and I to the *Call of Cthulhu* RPG via "The Haunted House." In this scenario one of the manifestations the horror can use to torture the investigators, as PCs are called, is a knocking echoing through the house. Ray was an excellent Keeper, as GMs are called, and had me on edge as when Reyer's mother knocked on the door I jumped violently, splashing the bowl of salsa in my lap over myself and the floor. We had a good laugh at my expense, cleaned up, and then continued on with our investigation. I cannot recall if we successfully faced down the antagonist that time or not, however I was hooked and *Call of Cthulhu* has remained a constant in my gaming rotation since.

Rather than beginning with H.P. Lovecraft and his writings which form the foundation of the game, we are going to begin with a dive into the mechanics of playing *Call of Cthulhu*. Dr. Emily Friedman argues one of the joys of watching actual plays lies in understanding the mechanics which form the language of the game (Friedman & Mulligan, 2026). It is my hope that through the next few months I will be able to provide enough Cthulhu-ese so you can partake in a similar joy.

The first thing to know about *Call of Cthulhu* is that it is "...a game of disempowerment (Peterson, 2025)," where the characters represent regular people that you could expect to meet on the street in 1920's New England. The emotional core of the game is the investigator's slow descent into madness as they encounter horrors both mundane and esoteric. This is tracked via the investigator's Sanity score, which is initially based on the investigator's willpower and can never be above a 99.

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Encountering Cthulu

Sanity Check

By FunkyWoodJam



Throughout a session, the Keeper will ask for Sanity checks when the investigators encounter something that would cause mental distress. This can be something as mundane as a murder scene or as esoteric as an alien creature. To make this check, one rolls 1D100 and compares the result to their current SAN score. If the roll is equal to or below their current SAN score, they pass; otherwise, they have failed. Potential Sanity Loss is expressed like 1D6/1D20, where the item to the left of the slash indicates what happens on a success and that to the right what happens on a failure. In this case, success requires you to roll 1D6 and lose that number of sanity points, whereas failure can cost up to twenty points.

Should an investigator lose more than five points in a single check, they make an additional check against their Intelligence to see if their mind comprehends what they are seeing. Success on this check means they go temporarily insane for 1D10 hours. If an investigator loses a fifth or more of their current Sanity during one game "day," they suffer from an indefinite insanity. The game provides mechanics for recovering from indefinite insanity; however, if their Sanity is reduced to zero, they are irretrievably insane and become NPCs.

I hope this abbreviated look at the Sanity mechanic is enough to pique your interest and that you will return next month, where we will dive into the characteristics and skills that make up the investigator.

References

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2. Peterson, G. C. (2025, June 29). *Under the Table: Call of Cthulhu RPG Review*. Grant's Substack. Retrieved July 19, 2026, from <https://grantcpeterson.substack.com/p/under-the-table-call-of-cthulhu-rpg>





Beyond the Rulebook

Building a Family Adventure

by *EndYourStreamTV*

What Lies Ahead

Running a completely homebrew Dungeons & Dragons Fifth Edition campaign for my family has been rewarding, unpredictable, and occasionally chaotic. No published adventure can fully prepare a Dungeon Master for the choices made around a family table, where every victory becomes a shared memory and every mistake becomes part of the story. In the months ahead, this series will explore the ups, downs, and sideways turns of creating a campaign from nothing. We will revisit character deaths, surprising successes, painful failures, magic items, lost companions, and the discovery of a world that takes shape only moments before the players enter it.



In the months ahead, this series will explore the ups, downs, and sideways turns of creating a campaign from nothing. We will revisit character deaths, surprising successes, painful failures, magic items, lost companions, and the discovery of a world that takes shape only moments before the players enter it.

A World in Motion

A homebrew setting rarely begins with every kingdom, ruin, and historical event documented. Mine developed through scattered notes, improvised names, unfinished legends, and ideas inspired by the players themselves. Each faction, dungeon, and monster needed a reason to exist, but not every detail had to be decided in advance. Dungeons & Dragons is at its strongest when the setting feels responsive. When the party follows an unexpected road or becomes fascinated by a minor character, the world must expand without appearing to break. Balancing preparation with improvisation is one of the greatest challenges and pleasures of running an original campaign.

Victory, Failure, and Consequence

The most memorable sessions are not always the ones in which the heroes win. Success creates celebration, but failure often produces stronger stories. A missed saving throw, failed negotiation, reckless decision, or poorly timed spell can redirect an entire adventure. Fifth Edition gives characters many useful abilities, yet the dice remain impartial. The Dungeon Master must let failure matter without draining enjoyment from the table. Consequences should create new choices rather than simply closing doors. In our campaign, defeats started rivalries, exposed hidden threats, and pushed the party toward discoveries no one had originally planned.

(cont on page 35)





The Barkeep Has No Name

By Bruengall



I was looking through some 5e adventures and some old school adventures 1e/2e the other day. I was looking at the thickness of the 5e adventures compared to the old school modules, where you would need to stack 5 or more to equal the size of one new adventure. I thought to myself that I remember a lot of content in the old school module. Why was there such a difference?

I looked at the last page of a few of the modules, and they were between 30 and 40 pages. I looked at the back of a new adventure, and it had 223 pages. Yet I didn't feel that there was any more adventure in the newer module. There was a lot of information, but I would say no more adventure than the much thinner modules. The old school module Treasures of Greyhawk was under 100 pages yet had 15 adventures going from level 4 to 18.

Why are new school modules so much larger, but I claim there is no more adventure? Maybe this will give you an idea of what I am talking about. This may sound familiar. Dolan Proudfoot is the barkeep of the Thirsty Shark and former adventurer, which some may describe as a rogue. He is a halfling, and the bar is raised on his side to keep him at eye level with most patrons. He has many wrinkles and a scar on the right side of his face from his days as an adventurer. Dolan has lost much of his strength from his adventuring days and is certainly not as tough. He will regale anyone willing to listen with tales of his adventures. He still wears a magical protective ring on his finger even though he no longer seeks adventure. His magical rapier is displayed behind the bar but within Dolan's reach.

This probably sounds familiar to many newer players. It would probably be followed by a large stat block and details on his magical items and possibly more in his room.

Here is how that same person may be described in an old school adventure. Barkeep (halfling, HP 8, AC 8, Ring of Protection +1, Rapier +1).

To the new school player or DM, this may seem odd. I will note that the AC is written old school, where AC 9 was the worst AC, which would be moved to AC 8 with the Ring of Protection. How can a nameless Barkeep have as much adventure as Dolan? That's easy; the nameless Barkeep can be anyone. In my adventure, he could be a former rogue with the nickname Tricky, but in Clouds's adventure he could be named Claudius Maximus, a former mage and teacher at Greyhawk University. Even though the new school had more information, there is still as much potential with the nameless barkeep.

If you are playing a 5e adventure, don't be afraid to change the information so your adventure is not the same as others. Maybe your Dolan is a former ranger, maybe he is missing an arm, but make him yours.

Furthermore, if you play 5e, I highly recommend looking at those old school adventures, many of which you can find reprints online. Give the nameless barkeep a chance to shine in your adventure.

Barkeep
Chaffing, hp 8, AC 8,
Ring of Protection
+1, rapier +1)



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Peach Cobbler

By Leigh Harris



This homemade Peach Cobbler keeps things simple. Fresh peaches, a buttery homemade batter, and a little cinnamon come together to make a classic dessert that's just as welcome at a family dinner as it is at a summer cookout.

We've been making this easy peach cobbler recipe in our family for years because it's dependable and easy to throw together. Unlike cobblers with biscuit like toppings or pie crust, this one bakes up with a soft, buttery cake-like topping that lets the peaches shine.



Fresh vs Frozen Peaches

Fresh peaches are our favorite when they're in season. Look for somewhat firm peaches that give just slightly when gently squeezed and smell sweet.

If using frozen peaches, thaw and drain them well to keep the cobbler from becoming watery.

If you only have canned peaches, drain them

thoroughly before adding them to the baking dish. Peaches packed in juice will give the best flavor and texture.

Ingredients Needed

- Fresh peaches – Thick slices of ripe, firm peaches are the star of this cobbler, becoming soft and juicy as they bake.
- Fresh lemon juice – Brightens the peach flavor and helps keep the fruit from browning.
- Unsalted butter – Melted in the baking dish to create the rich, buttery crust.
- Granulated sugar – Sweetens both the batter and the peaches.
- All-purpose flour – Gives the cobbler its tender, cake-like topping.
- Baking powder – Helps the batter rise around the peaches as it bakes.
- Kosher salt – Balances the sweetness and enhances the overall flavor.
- Vanilla extract – Adds warmth and complements the peaches.
- Milk – Combines with the dry ingredients to create the batter.
- Ground cinnamon – Adds just enough warm spice without overpowering the fresh peach flavor.

(cont on pg 34)

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The Rise of Iuz Old Wicked, Part II: The Bandit's Son

By GetOffMacCloud

[The second of five parts on the history of Iuz, compiled from the notes of Pluffet Smedger, the Elder, of Greyhawk University at Ritterstadt. Part I treated of the Old One's parentage: the Witch Queen Iggwilv and the demon lord Graz'zt — and left the young cambion among the barren fiefs north of Whyestil Lake, where in 479 CY a petty despot had just died. The present year is 576 CY.]



The land that now bears the Old One's name was, in 479 CY, no kingdom at all. Between the Howling Hills and the northern shore of Whyestil Lake lay a scatter of feuding warbands: bandit lords, petty despots, and clan chieftains quarreling endlessly over ground that no civilized realm had ever thought worth taking. It produced nothing, threatened no one, and appeared on the maps of Furyondy, when it appeared at all, as an unlabeled inconvenience. The chroniclers of Chendil can be forgiven. Nobody watches the barren places, and the barren places are where such things begin.

When the old despot died, his reputed son took command of the estate, a few hundred vicious marauders, a timber hall, and a claim of kinship that was almost certainly a convenient fiction. The men who followed him neither knew nor cared what he was. They learned quickly what he could do.

The young warlord understood at once what every one of his rivals did not: that a few hundred men can never conquer by force, but with some intelligence, they need never try. His instrument was the alliance. He joined his warriors to neighboring clan leaders against stronger enemies, and campaign after campaign resolved the same way, victory for the coalition, and the heaviest casualties, with grim regularity, falling upon the allies. Their leaders died in battle with remarkable convenience. Their surviving warriors, leaderless and far from home, were absorbed into the victor's growing host. Within a single year, three of the surrounding fiefs had been assimilated. No chronicle records that any ally ever refused him; the ones who might have were, presumably, no longer available for comment.



(Cont. pg 33)



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Setessa - Amazonian-Polis

By: JimKBones



Beneath the emerald canopy of the Nessian Wood, the wind whispers secrets as ancient as Theros itself, telling the tale of Setessa, a sanctuary where civilization and the untamed wilderness strike a sacred truce, featuring an integrated military and the Amatrophon, a sanctuary where specialized handlers work with magical beasts like Setessan Griffins and Bronzhide Lions. Unlike the marble-sculpted towers of Meletis or the brutal stone forts of Akros, Setessa was born from the soil. Long ago, the harvest goddess Karametra blessed this fertile crescent of rocky terraces, sculpting an organic refuge where humanity could live in perfect harmony with nature. Alongside the hunt goddess Nylea, she fostered a society bound by community, martial discipline, and a deep, maternal devotion to the land.

To walk into Setessa is to step inside a living creature. The polis expands outward from its heart in concentric rings, mirroring the growth lines of a great, ancient tree. At the very center lies the crown jewel of the city, Abora Market, and the breathtaking temples of Karametra. This limestone temple complex is the spiritual anchor of the polis. It is not a place of silent, rigid prayer, but a bustling hub of life where the bounty of the earth is celebrated. Here, massive stone columns are wrapped in living ivy, and the air is perpetually rich with the scent of fresh bread, pressed olives, and ripening fruit. Within these walls, marriage and private property are entirely foreign concepts. Instead, the community operates as one grand family. The children of Setessa—including orphans and abandoned infants rescued from across the plane—are raised collectively. They are affectionately called the Arkulli, the "little bears," and they spend their youth playing and learning under the watchful, protective gaze of the entire city.

Yet, this gentle paradise is far from defenseless. Protecting the lush orchards and innocent youth are the formidable military watchtowers that guard the outer rings of the polis. Four grand fortresses—Leina, Hyrie, Bassara, and Oessa—serve as shields against the external world. Each tower acts as a self-sustaining garrison, garrisoned by elite female warriors who train tirelessly in archery, falconry, and horsemanship. Because adult men reside outside the city gates or travel the world as wandering protectors, the defense of the hearth rests entirely upon these matriarchal guardians. The strength of this system was proven during the historic Defense of the Hearth, a legendary event where a massive horde of bloodthirsty minotaurs attempted to breach the Nessian borders. Leading the defense from the front lines was Anthousa of Leina Tower, the commander of the council and Karametra's chosen mortal advisor. With cold tactical brilliance, Anthousa orchestrated a devastating counter-offensive, using the towering heights of the garrisons to rain a volley of arrows upon the invaders while her falconers blinded the beasts from above. Alongside her fought Renata, Called to the Hunt, a legendary champion whose spear-work was so swift it was said to be guided by the gods themselves. Together, they drove the darkness back into the wilds, cementing Setessa's reputation as an unbreakable stronghold. Today, the polis stands as a testament to what humanity can achieve when it stops fighting the natural world and instead chooses to stand as its fiercest protector.



Old Wicked, Part II: The Bandit's Son

By GetOffMacCloud

The Mother's Gift

To cunning was added the power of a kind the northern warlords had no answer for. Iuz wielded magic, true magic, far beyond the hedge-shamans and bone-rattlers of the competing hordes, and behind his own considerable arts stood the support of his dread mother, then at the height of her power in the Yatils. The sages note the timing with some discomfort: through the very years that Iggwilv held Perrenland enslaved, her son was forging a realm at the other end of the map, and no power in the north ever thought to connect the two. It is the particular good fortune of evil that the learned sages never discovered the junction between mother and son.

The humanoid tribes came next. From the margins of the great Vesve Forest, the Celbit and Jebli orcs with wolf-standards and toad-standards, ancient enemies of the Highfolk, flocked to the young conqueror's banner, and he did what no orc chieftain had ever managed: he made them keep rank and file. In little more than a decade from the old despot's death, the whole of the land between the Hills and the lake lay beneath one hand, and the fear babe talk had a new name in it.



Furyondy was not entirely blind. King Avras III grew rightly concerned at the evil consolidating beyond Whyestil Lake, and in the Vesve the elves, rangers, and woodsmen of the Highfolk were already fighting in earnest against the new lord's increasingly well-marshaled armies. But the King's writ ran weaker than his worry. The great nobles of Furyondy, secure behind distance and water, saw a bandit squabble resolving itself as bandit squabbles always had, and declined to spend blood and treasure on the far side of the lake. Each guarded his own border and his own purse. The Kingdom's chance to strangle the thing in its cradle — and there was such a chance, the military historians agree, for perhaps five years — was factionalized out of existence in the council chambers of Chendl.

By the early 490s the question was no longer whether the north had a master, but what manner of master it had. The refugees who began arriving at Furyondy's border posts brought the answer, and it is not fit for this column's opening pages. It is the subject of our third part.



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Old Fashioned Peach Cobbler

By Leigh Harris

How to Make Old Fashioned Peach Cobbler

Step 1: Preheat your oven to 350 degrees F and melt the butter in a 9x9-inch baking dish (2-quart).

Step 2: In a large bowl, gently toss the sliced peaches with the fresh lemon juice and 1/2 cup sugar and set aside.



Step 3: In another bowl, whisk together the sugar, flour, baking powder, kosher salt, and cinnamon. Add the milk and vanilla extract and stir just until the batter comes together. Don't overmix



Step 4: Pour the batter directly over the melted butter. Do not stir. Arrange the peaches evenly over the batter, again without stirring. As the cobbler bakes, the batter rises around the peaches to create a beautifully golden crust.



Step 5: Bake for 45 to 55 minutes, or until the topping is golden brown and the peach filling is bubbling around the edges. Allow the cobbler to cool for about 20 minutes before serving.



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Beyond the Rulebook Building a Family Adventure (cont)

By EndYourStreamTV



Death, Loss, and Memory

Character death carries a different weight in a family game. A fallen hero is more than ability scores and equipment; the character represents months of jokes, decisions, plans, and emotional investment. The same is true when a beloved nonplayer character (NPC) joins the party and does not survive. These moments can be difficult, especially for younger or newer players, but they establish real consequences. When handled with fairness and care, loss can deepen a campaign rather than diminish it. Memorials, unfinished quests, inherited possessions, and promises of revenge allow those characters to remain part of the story.

5. Treasure, Discovery, and Growth

Few moments generate excitement like discovering a new magic item. A strange weapon, protective charm, or mysterious relic can transform how a character approaches the game. In a homebrew campaign, however, every reward must be considered carefully. An item that appears harmless may become unexpectedly powerful when combined with a class feature or clever family teamwork. Some treasures become defining parts of a hero's identity, while others are traded, stolen, lost, or forgotten in a backpack for months. Our world continues to grow because the players keep exploring it. Their questions create histories, their choices reshape factions, and their victories introduce future problems. That is the enduring appeal of a homebrew family campaign: the world is not simply written by the Dungeon Master. It is discovered together.



Live session

Every Other
Thursday 8pm CST
[twitch.tv/sparkles_mandy](https://www.twitch.tv/sparkles_mandy)



Etsy:

DragonLace
Creations





"I had to get it out of my head"

By Haavok_RPG





AMERICAN
ROLE PLAYERS GUILD

**First Online
Meeting is
September 9th**

The American Role Players Guild is the premier social club for adults who love role-playing games — tabletop, live-action, narrative, and beyond. We create a welcoming space to play, create, and connect with fellow storytellers.

Membership Benefits



Bi-Monthly Meetings



Make Friends and
Meet New People



Drawings



Newsletter

Random Rants w/Mandur

Just a bit of me!

So this month we are going to talk about making PCs, I get asked about it a lot actually so lets get into it. I personally like to add a little bit of me in all of my characters I play. I find this makes them more easy to connect with and also more fun to play.

Examples:

Davny -her backstory is a love letter to my parents and how blessed I am to have them. This Paladin was fearless because of the people raised her and it made her have epice moments. Like beating a Green dragon by losing a game of dragon chess.

Ludder - She is most actually like me I think. Kind, a leader, and a true friend. A adorable bunny that sweet talked her way into a fleet of ships. This Pcs made her life her party and I dont think it was till close to the end of the campaign anyone knew about her really and that session left everyone in tears. A rogue backstory so dark, NOBODY asked anymore about it.

Vogel- oh what a dreamer! she is every bit of excitment I can pull together. The dumb bird that stumbled into greatness. A bird who created a faith around one grasshopper, talk about a good time

Puerta- The mouse with Faith forever, unafraid to be and believe. Makes her a powerhouse. I am sure wherever she is with her now (semi-dragon) Joanna she is sharing the teachings of Mee-Kay mouse and trying to help all people become member of the clubhouse.

All of these PCs were allowed to be amazing. Three Different DMs let me enjoy playing the game, let me play with what if, and dreamed of what could be for these PCs. I still get all the time "remember when _____ did ___, I loved whatching you play her". I am humbled that people talk that way about it. So I welcome you make Pcs that people want to believe in, want to be friends with, and want to cheer for. You might find more fun in it then you realize

And let me know how it goes!

Mandy





Charity Night

Every 3rd Wednesday
of the month

8pm CST

twitch.tv/sparkles_mandy

