



**SIDE
BAR**

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Here we are in November!

In the last month, we have gained our first actual partnership with StreamLoots. This is such a great step for us, and I am so thankful for everyone who helped!

Campaigns

We are in mid-season for both Curse of Strahd and The Shattered Obelisk campaigns.

We will also be starting a New Campaign in January 2026. Sessions will be on Mondays at 8 pm. Please look ahead and see if you would like to join, and let Mandy know. I will have more details about the campaign soon.

Maple Sour

Ingredients

- 1.5 oz Bourbon
- .75 oz fresh lemon juice
- 5 oz maple syrup (or to taste)
- lemon slice and cherry for garnish



Instructions

STEP 1: MIX THE INGREDIENTS

STEP 2: Shake with ice.

STEP 3: STRAIN CAREFULLY

Strain into ice-filled glass over fresh ice.

STEP 4: GARNISH

Garnish with lemon slice and cherry.

Our Charity Table

was a huge hit! Getting to do something good and enjoy the game we love! What more could you ask for! This month, we will be holding another charity table event. The date is set for 11-19-2025. If you are interested in playing, please send Mandy a message.

One shots! If you would like to join the Friday fun, you are more than welcome. DM Cloud is doing a great job, and thanks to all who sub in to keep sessions going. One-shots air on YouTube Tuesdays and Thursdays, so big thanks to Cloud for learning OBS!

Also, our Christmas emotes will be out next month!



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Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame

Chapter 5: The Forgotten Flame Awakened

A month had passed since that day beneath the oak trees. The two golden coins sat on the small, worn shelf in the corner of Kira and Arian's home, untouched. They had never once thought to spend them, despite their hunger, despite the cold.

The children, despite everything, had never lost their faith in me. Kira would read from the leather-bound book I had left behind for her, her voice soft and reverent. And Arian, with his boundless imagination, would create his own stories, stories of gods, of warriors, of worlds far beyond their own. His little voice would fill the room, weaving tales of heroes and monsters, of light and darkness, none of which had ever been real, until now.

Their innocence was astounding. Even in the face of hunger and despair, they kept their spirits high. They spoke to me every day, as if I were sitting beside them. Even when they could not see me, they knew I was there, waiting, listening.

And I was. I was there, barely clinging to existence, just enough to hear their laughter, their voices, their love. It was the tether that held me together. They never once thought I had abandoned them.

But I was a shadow of what I had once been. I had no strength left to give them. Not yet.

I would need more than this fragile tether to become whole again.

And then, one night, everything changed.

The door splintered, the wood breaking in an instant. The heavy footfalls of a drunken man echoed through the small home, his laughter harsh and cruel. The air stilled, and for the first time since I had returned to this realm, I felt something foreign, a cold, sharp edge of fear. (cont. on pg. 8)



DIABLO
COMP
DEATH



LEN WITH
THE WIN!!



GRIM
ENJOYING
DIABLO



KILL IT!



GGS!
FINAL
KILL



MOB OF
CATS
GROWS



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Lizette's Discovery

Chapter 4 - False Light

By OldManGeras



I left the ruins of the house with my lungs raw, every breath stinging as if flame still smoldered inside me. The brazier's laughter trailed after me through the square, winding between broken timbers and collapsed roofs. My hands shook as I pulled my cloak tight against the ash-thick wind. Brinna's voice haunted every step, the same cadence, the same softness, yet stretched with something not hers. Something hungry.

By the time I stumbled into what once had been Emberhearth's chapel, my legs had nearly given out. The roof sagged, beams blackened, but the altar still stood, draped in burned fabric. Spirals carved into stone walls caught the dim light, half-buried beneath soot. Sirrion's mark. For the first time in days, I felt the faintest tug of familiarity.

I knelt before the altar, pressing my pendant against the carved spiral. My whisper cracked. "Sirrion, answer me. Please. If I still serve you, give me flame that cleanses. Flame that restores. I can't fight this alone."

At first, nothing but silence. Then, a flicker - gentle, golden, familiar. A flame sprang to life upon the altar, curling upward like the tongues of candles from my childhood vigils. It radiated warmth, not hunger. Tears blurred my vision.

"Lizette," a voice murmured, warm as embers in winter. "You are not abandoned."

Relief crushed me. I bowed until my forehead touched the cracked stone. "Sirrion... I feared you had forsaken me."

"I never left." The flame pulsed brighter. "You doubt because the shadowed fire speaks louder. But it is a parasite, nothing more."

Bind it, and your strength will return. Emberhearth can yet be saved."

I hesitated, lifting my gaze to the flickering light. "Then why now? Why speak only when I stand at the edge of despair?"

The flame flickered, slow and deliberate. "Because the parasite grows with your doubt. I waited for the moment your resolve faltered, for only then could you hear me over its whispers. The fire you confront was once a servant, but it broke its covenant. It feeds not on sacrifice, but on sorrow. It stole children's breath, drew them into its hunger, and it would do the same to you if unchecked."

My chest tightened. "And Brinna? Was she...?"

The flame dimmed, casting long shadows across the ruined pews. "She lingers because it wanted a voice you would not resist. It is cruel in its cunning. Do not believe the shape it wears. The girl you knew is ash - it drapes itself in her memory to tear you apart."

The words landed like a blade driven between my ribs. Brinna's laughter, light and musical, flashed in my mind, twisted into the hollow echo I had heard in the flames. I pressed my hands harder against the altar as if I could ground myself against the pain.

"You say it must be bound," I whispered. "Why binding? Why not cleansing flame?"

The golden fire guttered, then flared sharp as a torch. "Because fire cannot unmake fire. Its essence is eternal. Only stone may hold it. You must draw the inverted spiral, the symbol of denial, of fire turned inward.

(cont. on pg. 11)

Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame (cont)

By EndYouStreamIV

Fear. Real fear.

Arian's small body jerked upright, his eyes wide with terror, but there was something else there, too, something I had never seen in him before: courage.

He jumped in front of his sister, standing tall, trembling, but defiant. His voice cracked as he screamed at the man.

"You will not touch my sissy!"

The words were brave. The words were strong. But the man's response was worse than anything I had feared.

The soldier's face twisted into an evil grin, one that even the devil would have flinched from. Without hesitation, he raised his arm and backhanded Arian with all the force his drunkenness could muster. The boy flew across the room, landing hard against the wall, a whimper escaping his lips.

Kira screamed, her voice filled with raw panic. She scrambled to get up, but the man grabbed her by the throat, lifting her off the ground, his breath rank with alcohol and malice.

I had never felt such rage, such pure, unfiltered rage, in all my existence. My essence burned with it. I could feel the flames licking at the edges of my soul. But I was trapped, stuck in the ethereal realm, unable to reach them. My power, so long gone, was still too weak to break free.

Then I heard Kira cry out. Her small body trembled in the man's grip, and my heart, if I still had one, tore in two.

I could feel the fear inside her. The cold, desperate fear that consumed her, that made her think this was the end.

And that was the moment.

A spark. A shift.

It wasn't just power that surged through me; it was everything. The memories of who I was, what I had once been, flooded back all at once. And in that moment, I was no longer Xar, the forgotten god clinging to the remnants of existence. I was Xaretul once again.

The shadows around me thickened, curling into the shape of a hand, of a mask, of flame. The power surged through me, and I stepped forward from the darkness, my form igniting with the shadows of old.

The man's eyes moved, finally sensing something was wrong. When they locked onto me, fear, real, pure fear, spread across his face.

He dropped Kira and scrambled backward, his hands fumbling for a weapon, a small knife at his side. But I was faster.

I strode toward him, the shadows dancing at my feet, my blade of flame already forming in my hand.

"Don't worry, little one," I whispered to Kira, my voice low, filled with the power I had not felt in centuries. "Your god is here. Close your eyes. You don't want to see this."

I saw Kira, trembling, her small hands covering her eyes as she turned away. Arian lay unconscious on the floor, but I could still feel the spark of life in him.

I didn't need to see him. I had other matters to attend to.
(cont. on pg. 10)

DiM
- CAFE -

Chill Vibes
for
Campaign Prep

@TheCafeDM
on
YouTube



Crimson



Character Writing

By SexySlothh

Race: Autumn Court Fairy

Class: Rogue

Subclass: Scout

In the enchanting realm of the Feywild, where the seasons danced in vivid hues, Crimson emerged from the shadows of the Autumn Court. Born among the swirling leaves and flickering twilight, this petite fairy was gifted with a dazzling mane of deep auburn hair, reflecting the fiery hues of fall. Her bright emerald eyes glimmered with mischief and cunning, hinting at her innate ability to weave through the tangled threads of intrigue.

Crimson was not like the other fairies, who delighted in the sing-song of autumn celebrations or the serene beauty of the harvest. From a young age, she found herself captivated by the secrets hidden amidst the rustling foliage and the whispers of the wind. While her kin flitted about, reveling in the season's bounty, she prowled the winding paths of the Feywild, her tiny wings silent and her heart racing with excitement at the thrill of adventure.

Recognized for her unique talents, Crimson caught the attention of the Autumn Court's rulers. The royals, shrouded in their own webs of schemes and politics, needed someone with the finesse of a shadow and the wits of a fox to gather information from the courts beyond their own. With a sly grin and a heart full of ambition, Crimson accepted the call to serve as their secret gatherer, a title she wore like a cloak in the night.



Utilizing her exceptional agility and natural charm, Crimson roamed the realms, collecting secrets, whispers, and gossip from other courts and wandering beings alike. Often seen in the most unexpected places, she would blend in with nature, transforming herself into vibrant leaves or wandering critters, making her almost impossible to detect. Each night, she would return to share her findings with the Autumn royals, delighting in their surprised expressions when her intelligence created an advantage in their political machinations.

Though her allegiance was to the Autumn Court, Crimson's heart possessed a wandering spirit. She cherished her freedom above all and often engaged in playful tricks, bewildering both friend and foe. This playful disposition earned her a reputation, and many would approach her with wariness mingled with amusement, aware that her cleverness could turn any situation in her favor.

Through her escapades, Crimson discovered not just secrets about the realm, but also about herself. She loved the thrill of the chase and the color of mischief that painted her spirit. However, as she delved deeper into the world of espionage, she also learned to navigate the delicate balance of loyalty and deceit, maturity and mischief.

As autumn envelops the Feywild once more, the whisper of secrets and the rustle of leaf tendrils echo in the air, and Crimson prepares for her next caper. For in her heart, she knows that every rustling leaf carries a story, and every shadow hides a secret waiting to be uncovered. And so, with an impish wink and a heart filled with wonder, she dances through her life as the Autumn Court's elusive rogue, forever chasing the next thrill that the winds of fate may bring.



Xaretul: The Forgotten Flame (cont)

By EndYouStreamIV

The man reached for his knife, his eyes wide with terror. He swung it wildly toward me, but I caught the blade in my hand. It melted like wax beneath my touch, curling into nothing.

"How dare you, mortal, enter this house?" I hissed, my voice thick with the heat of my flames. "I am Xaretul, the forgotten flame, the god of shadows and secrets. You dare to lay your filthy hands on my followers?"

"The flames around my mask roared to life, the heat intense, but controlled. My shadow blade, my weapon, was hungry, thirsting for the essence of this wretched man.

I could see his fear now, could taste it. It was thick in the air, palpable.

"You'll never escape," I whispered as I moved closer, watching the man's futile attempts to retreat. His eyes were wild, his limbs trembling, but I had him. He was mine.

I drove my blade into his chest, not deep enough to pierce his heart, but just enough to make him feel the pain.

"I want you to know... where I'm sending you," I said, the words chilling, carrying the weight of something ancient. "There will never be peace for you. Not where you're going."

"With that, I pushed deeper, my shadow blade tearing through the man's chest, driving into his heart.

The life drained from him, his soul ripped from his body in a flash, dragged down into the earth by the power of my will. I could feel it, the pull of his essence, leaving him, consumed by the darkness.

I turned away, walking back toward Kira, who was still covering her eyes. She didn't dare look.

"Kira," I said softly. "Stand up. Tend to Arian. He needs you. And I need to rest. Not sure how long I will be gone this time, but I will always be here."

The words were not a promise, but a truth.

As my power waned, I shimmered back into the ether, my form dissipating like smoke in the wind. But before I fully faded, I turned to the lifeless body of the man. With a final push, I turned his soulless form to ash and blew it away, letting the wind carry it far from this place.

And then, I was gone again.



Charity Night

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Lizette's Discovery (cont.)

by OldManGaras



Call it to the brazier, close the circle, and chain it where it cannot spread. It is not destruction, but containment. Without this, it will never be stopped."

My throat ached. "And the children?"

"Their spirits cling to its embers. They suffer, unable to cross. Only when it is bound will they be released. This is mercy, Lizette. Act quickly, for every hour gives it new voices to twist, new shapes to wear."

A long silence stretched, heavy as ash settling after a fire. Then I rose, gripping my staff with both hands. "Then I'll end it. For the children. For Brinna."

The flame whispered one last time: "Go with my fire, Lizette. Remember, do not falter when it begs." Then it guttered, leaving only the etched spiral in stone.

Night clawed across Emberhearth when I reached the square again. The brazier still burned, but its fire coiled lazily, as though waiting. I knelt in the ash, fingers trembling as I drew the inverted spiral with soot. Each curve bled into the next, darker than shadow.

The voice stirred immediately. "You return. Have you chosen?"

I lifted my chin. "Yes."

The brazier flared, ember-light casting the ruined square in blood and coal. "At last. Speak it, then. Speak that you remember me."

I raised my staff and shouted the words the altar flame had given me. "By the spiral inverted, I bind you! By ash and ember, return to stone!"

The fire screamed, writhing upward. Black tendrils lashed, scorching the ground, slamming against invisible walls. My spiral glowed, holding it. For one wild moment, triumph surged through me. The altar's voice had been true. Sirrion had not abandoned me.

But then, I heard, no, I felt the laughter.

It started low, shuddering, then rolled higher until it shook every broken wall around me. "Little spark," the fire crooned, mockery dripping from every ember. "Did you think I would not see?"

My spiral cracked, light splintering. The brazier's flame surged, swelling until it dwarfed the ruins. And within it, Brinna stepped forth.

Her hair hung in black tangles, her eyes burning coals. She smiled with that same too-wide mouth, but her voice was hers now - soft, frightened, tremulous. "Lizette, help me. It hurts. It burns all the time. Please."

My heart lurched. "Brinna..."

The fire coiled around her like a lover. "She is mine," it hissed. "You cannot bind me without binding her. Will you cast her into stone with me? Will you call that salvation?"

Brinna sobbed, reaching out a trembling hand. "Don't leave me in the dark."

The inverted spiral shivered, half-broken, ready to collapse. My staff shook in my grip. Sirrion's voice from the chapel still rang in my head. 'Free them, and they will find peace.' But Brinna was here, flesh and voice, pleading.

A choice clawed at me. Bind the fire and damn her with it. Or release her and give the elemental its freedom.

The brazier's laughter rose again, drowning the night.

I made my choice.



Battling Burnout: Part 3 Against the Wall

By W. Adam Clarke



Good Afterwhenever, everyone. Your friendly neighborhood Game Dev, AP Runner, Streamer, and Author, you've never read W. Adam Clarke again. For our third and final installment in the Battling Burnout series, we're going to look at what happens when the meter is full, and you've hit the wall. We did everything we could to prevent it at this point: We did good task management, assigned roles, reused material to cut down on prep work... but in the end, it isn't "The Campaign" that's the problem, so much as Life... uh... finding a way to suck. So now what do we do?

Option 1: Hiatus. Please note I didn't say "quit the campaign." In my experience, leaving things undone on the table will only make you less likely to deal with burnout issues when they come up again. So, you're not quitting—everyone agrees to take a month or three or whatever off, and then come back like nothing happened.



Option 2: Finish the Chapter, Not the Story. You may have a galaxy-spanning story expanding out across 67 novels... but at this point, it's obvious to everyone you're not going to get there. So, shift your focus. Instead of planning out the next 400 sessions to conclusion, work on the 12 sessions to finish the current story arc, with a respectable BBEG battle to send the players home happy. Honestly, you might find just shifting the focus down to something manageable is enough to buy you the spoons you need to finish up without further stress.

Option 3: Pass the Torch. So, I'll admit this one is a bit of a long shot, because if this were an option, another GM would have likely stepped in, but you can hand your notes off to another player who can stand in as GM for a month or two, while you either sit out and watch, play their character, or play an NPC. When available, this gives the option for the game to continue without the added stress on your part. And, that former GM at the table who's reluctant to run a game to give you a break? They may just be willing to do so to keep the game running if they know it's a short-term thing. (cont. on pg. 14)

IamMyrddin
on
Twitch



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time

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WEEKLY SCHEDULE All times Eastern

MON 7PM	TYRANNY OF DRAGONS	5E Campaign	GM: Jerrica
TUE 8PM	SPINESPUR	5E Campaign	GM: Adam
WED 7PM	CHILDREN OF EYVSHUM	Blades in the Dark	GM: Jerrica
THU 8PM	SALVAGE INC	Salvage Union	GM: Martin
FRI 8PM	SMALL PACKAGES	Simulacrum / 5E	GM: Adam
SAT 7PM	Cyberpunk 2077	Cyberpunk 2077	GM: Adam
SUN 7PM	REMANNTS	Daggerhearts	GM: Morgoth

www.comingtoggaming.com
www.youtube.com/comingtoggaming





New Merch

So excited to let you know we have our merch store linked on our website! This will not be the end location for our merch (big planning for 2026)

If there is a piece you would like added, please let Mandy know, and we can make sure to add it!



SERVER
PETS

**Send in yours by November 17th
in the SideBar server!**

Battling Burnout: Part 3 Against the Wall (cont.)

by W. Adam Clarke

Option 4: Play the Game. This one is easiest to do in combination with Option 3, because it doesn't require any additional time that way. However, in rare instances, what you really need is some time on the table yourself to get your juices flowing again. Try to find a one-shot or mini-campaign you can play in. Now, be warned... this is very much the "steer into the wind" solution, and it's not for everyone, because in many ways you're doubling down to try to push through a mental block. However, in the right situations, it can work if nothing else is available.

Finally... if you can't come up with any other options... tell the group that you need time off. Because as much as nobody wants to not finish a good game, I can assure you letting a good game turn into a bad game is even worse (I've been guilty of it myself). Know your limits, protect yourself. You can't tell a good story when you can't feel the love and passion for it anymore yourself.

So, that's it for this series, everyone! Good luck on your tables, and keep making memorable stories.



W. Adam Clarke
Can be found on
SingleStepGaming

Charity NIGHT

KSF

YOUR STORY ISN'T OVER ROLL IN!

CARING CRITS

3rd Wednesday of the month
8pm CST
twitch.tv/sparkles_mandy

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Saturday Squad Night 8pm CST

CrimGrixis on Twitch

Horror Movie Characters as D&D Classes!



By Skyline

Welcome back to the land of hypotheticals and nerd talk, with your writer, Skyline, at the helm! This topic has become my favorite to discuss: not only does it combine some of my favorite interests outside of D&D, but hopefully some of yours as well! Now this version of Characters as D&D classes is a little bit different, a little bit spookier if you will... It's time for the Halloween version of this series! I haven't done a themed version of this subject, so why not start with an iconic holiday? For this month, I not only picked some iconic horror movie villains but also characters who you might not expect... I was also able to pick some subclasses that I haven't been able to see yet! So with that, I hope you don't get too scared reading this edition~

Jason Voorhees

Fighter: Echo Knight

Now come on, you really think I'd do a Halloween edition without including Jason? Starting with him, I feel, is only right, and giving him one of the best subclasses in D&D is even more of a reason to include him. Echo Knight is a great subclass, giving the fighter abilities that you crucially need in combat! For example, we have Unleash Incarnation: Up to 5 extra attacks per day. Not a huge boost in damage, but fantastic in and of itself and fitting for Jason. Additionally, the Echo Avatar: You can walk/float your echo up to 1,000 ft. away from you and see/hear through it. If you've seen the movies, you know that the characters feel like Jason just shows up out of nowhere, and the Echo Avatar encapsulates this to a T!

Freddy Krueger

Ranger: Horizon Walker

Horizon Walker is a wonderful subclass and truly highlights all the good aspects of a ranger! As someone who has a Horizon Walker character, I feel the abilities match up pretty well with Freddy Krueger; let me explain... The whole idea of Horizon Walker is inter-planar travel and abilities to coincide with the ranger. Freddy Krueger is a ranger of itself because his source of power relies on ranged fear, hence people's dreams and eventually them! So, in terms of abilities, first we have Spectral Defense: This works against all forms of attacks, including spell attacks, but since it gives you resistance to the damage, it won't stack with any other resistances. Then we have Distant Strike: The teleportation is on top of your normal movement. If you have two enemies to attack in a small enough area, you could teleport back and forth between the two while attacking to trigger the additional attack from Distant Strike!

Winifred

Wizard: Order of Scribes

Hocus Pocus is one of my all-time favorite Halloween movies (Halloweentown is also a classic), and Winifred and the other two witches would clearly be wizards. As I was looking into what would fit Winifred, I wanted to choose Manifest Mind: Similar in many ways to Arcane Eye, though certainly less subtle since it's not invisible. This allows you to examine distant objects, peek around corners, keep watch in two places at once, and even explore small spaces where you can't physically fit. Awakened Spellbook: The ability to change the damage type of your spells makes it much easier to use damage spells. Basically, the whole plot of Hocus Pocus and how Winifred and the sisters were summoned is eerily similar to the powers of scribes!

(cont. on pg. 17)





Member Showcase!

Ginga_Chris

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

Favorite color?

Purple

Tell us about your hobbies?

Gaming, D&D, and cooking/BBQ

Do you have any Pets?

Yes, I have a Pitt Bull named Revan. And my cat's name is Archie

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

My favorite style is RPG, but I play FPS as well. What got me into RPG games was the OG KOTOR.

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

So, for an RPG game, which is more of an RPG shooter, I would highly recommend the Mass Effect trilogy, which will always be my all-time favorite game.

Anything Else?

I've known Mandy for several years now, and I'm super stoked for all the success that the D&D group is having. She has done so much work for everything involved and has made the experience one of a kind. Love you Mandurs
#darkpowers
#PRAISEBETOME



Horror Movie Characters as D&D Classes! (cont)

By Skyline

Pennywise-

Bard: College of Creation

I knew the second I thought of Pennywise for this article that he would be a bard. The question is, what type? It was actually easier for me than I originally thought it was going to be because the College of Creation is very fitting for a character like Pennywise. His whole source of power, food, and energy relies on the belief of people, primarily children. And it's easier to fool and scare children, hence creating fear and creating his power source. Some abilities from this subclass feed into that! Such as, Animating Performance: Similar in many ways to summoning a creature for an hour. Your Dancing Item will have a decent number of hit points and get one attack that deals a reasonable amount of force damage.

Do I even need to explain? The whole meme of the recent Pennywise dancing showcases this ability and other powers he has!

Ghostface-

Rogue: Mastermind

An iconic movie and horror villain, and I figure one of the iconic classes of D&D was fitting for such a villain. A lot of people think of rogue when they think of Dungeons and Dragons, and that's what I immediately thought of when picking Ghostface. However, he's not a Swashbuckler or an Assassin, but the Mastermind is not only a perfect fit based on names alone, but also abilities-wise. The Mastermind Rogue works best in a game with a lot of intrigue and social interactions.

Master of Tactics: Help gives the target Advantage on an attack or check, which is pretty great for a lot of characters.

Insightful Manipulator: If you're able to observe your target while hiding, you can trigger this against creatures that will be immediately hostile when they see you!

Carrie White-

Warlock: The Great Old One

From a book, to multiple movies, to even a musical (highly recommend btw), Carrie is so iconic in the horror realm, especially the Prom scene. And while warlock technically relies on a patron, I think the patron could be interpreted as God (since she's religious) or the Devil (since her mother thinks she is), or even herself. What do you think?

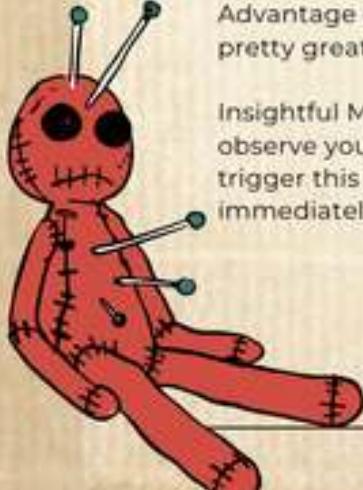
Deep thoughts aside, here's how I feel the subclass fits her powers-wise... Entropic Ward: Not as reliable as other mechanics that respond to being attacked, such as the Shield spell, but imposing Disadvantage makes you mathematically immune to critical hits. There is also the ability of Thought Shield: Both effects are situational. Psychic damage is extremely uncommon, but in a situation like Carrie constantly is, being bullied by high schoolers and her mother, she undergoes A LOT of psychological damage, aka psychic damage.

Esther-

Sorcerer: Aberrant Mind

Finally, a sorcerer character! To all you sorcerer lovers and players out there, I hope this doesn't disappoint. Esther is an interesting character in herself, and I don't know if many people know the movie this character comes from, but I'd highly recommend Orphan (not the second...)! But for those who might not be aware, Esther's whole thing is that she is actually an old lady trapped in the body of a young girl due to medical issues. And while this isn't a traditional horror movie villain, I think the Aberrant Mind fits Esther and what she does in the movie, which is crazy, just so you know! For example, Psychic Defenses: Psychic damage is rare, but charm and fear effects are very common. Revelation in Flesh: For a single Sorcery Point, every one of these effects is excellent. Also, the name Revelation in Flesh??? Come on now, it's perfect for any horror movie villain, especially as one as unsuspecting as a "little girl".

(cont. on pg. 19)





So you want to fight a monster?



By GrimGrixis

So let's dive right into it. Slimes and oozes come in a variety of let's say... "flavors". Arguably, the most famous and notable classic of DND is the Gelatinous Cube. This square blob of death can be quite a terrifying monster to face. When facing an ooze, it is important to keep in mind a few crucial details. Firstly, oozes are notorious for their acidic blood and touch, to the point that non-magical items can very well dissolve over the course of combat. Secondly, the bigger the ooze, the more dangerous. Choosing the weaponry you use matters in fighting these creatures; using a sword on an ooze can quickly result in an overwhelming amount of slime coming your way. Finally, some oozes boast the ability to engulf their prey, meaning it is nigh impossible to escape, and you can be doomed to a slow and painfully acidic death. Now returning to our Gelatinous Cube, personally, as a DM, I love these monsters; they give the classic feeling of nostalgia, but also the fear of those who know what they face. Slimes and oozes in general are not very intelligent creatures; they are single-minded in feeding and will focus on a meal once found. As stated in the MM, the Gelatinous Cube in particular is a potentially interesting tool that can be used by a DM; they can be put inside a pitfall trap, and suddenly the stakes have been raised; players need to be more careful, more cautious, and more attentive to their surroundings.

The other ingenious thing about Gelatinous Cubes is that they are damn near invisible and require a successful Perception check to be seen when they haven't moved or attacked yet in combat. These monsters, in particular, are faithful and true and can cause a problem to any adventurer, throwing caution to the wind. In general, the bigger the ooze, the more danger they pose; all oozes come from Jubilex, the Faceless One. Jubilex is the demon lord of all oozes and shapeless things; all oozes, slimes, and even some shape changers are his spawn. Now, whether you face a simple gray ooze, a gelatinous cube, a black pudding, or even Jubilex himself, know this. Magic items are fantastic, their enchantments protect them from most of the acidity, don't slash a slime they multiply... and most importantly, don't die!! I hope this little snippet of lore, conceptualization, and just ranting helps!



Horror Movie Characters as D&D Classes! (cont)

By Skyline



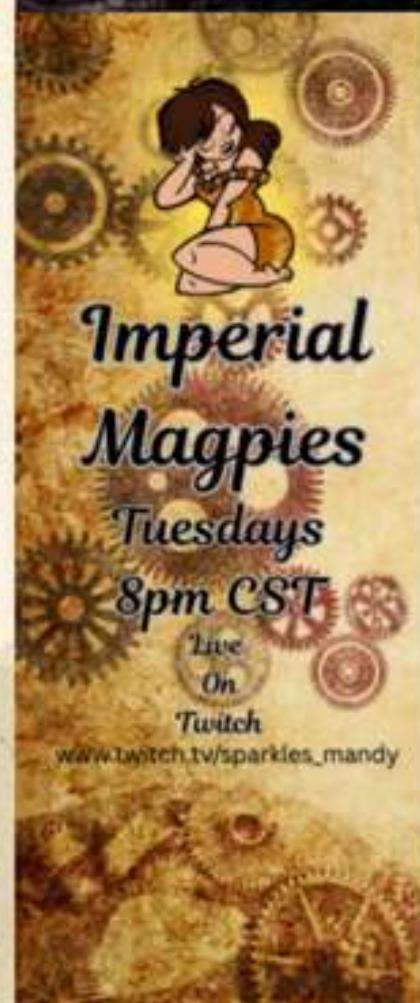
Ellen Ripley-

Fighter: Battle Master

Alien is a great movie, and while some people may not consider the series specifically Halloween-themed, I think it's spooky enough to fit here! Ellen Ripley being in the military makes her perfect for a fighter, especially the Battle Master. The abilities for this subclass include: Improved Combat Superiority (d10): These bumps only amount to an increase of 1 each, but they feel very nice, and since you're using Superiority Dice so frequently, the small bonus adds up. As an interesting quirk, if you have any dice from the Superior Technique style or the Martial Adept feat, those dice also increase to d10s at this level! Also, there is Relentless: This ensures that you always have at least one superiority die, so you don't have to stress about using your last die before the adventuring day is over.

And with that, this edition of fictional characters as D&D classes comes to a close! This one was especially fun because I had a theme to follow and was able to branch out into some lesser-seen subclasses. If there are any themes I should do in the future, let me know!

Until next time...



Different natural disasters



By Mini Cloud

The Tri State tornado of 1925



WARNING

In 1889, the word "tornado" was banned from use by the U.S Weather Bureau (now the National Weather Service) and remained that way for the next 38 years.

The reasoning? Tornadoes are impossible to predict.

Studying them was just a waste of time, and using the word would just cause public panic.

That argument was challenged when the deadliest twister in American history struck in the Midwestern U.S on March 18, 1925.

At 1:00 p.m. on that day, a column of twisting air appeared near the town of Ellington, Missouri, killing a local farmer (poor guy). Eighty-three minutes later, it had spun its way out of Missouri, killing 11 at 13 people.



The twister was just getting started. At 2:36, the storm hit Gorham, Illinois. "The air was full of everything, boards of homes, branches of trees, bricks of fireplaces, garments, pans, stoves, all churning around each other," said one survivor. Another one said, "I saw whole sides of houses rolling along the ground and trees being uprooted!"

After destroying a whole town, the twister moved to the nearby city of Murphysboro. There it laid waste to a railroad, a repair yard, a school, and an entire residential street. The nightmare finally ceased, and from then on, scientists have been working nonstop to make a tornado alert.

Hope you enjoyed my article ❤

A note from the editor

For those who are new, Mini-Cloud is the 10-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!

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SIDE BAR

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The Shattered Ages

From Tearfall to Sundering

By GetOffMacCloud

Welcome, adventurers! The world most of you are currently standing on, at least the one you characters are standing on, has a name, a rich history, and several creation and destruction epochs, much like our own world of Earth. Time is overflowing in Abeir-Toril, one of the main worlds of Dungeons and Dragons, but not the only world in the game and while you can play D&D without knowing anything about the world you're on, there's so much baked into the setting, the locations, and its societies that have been worked into the world's current state.

Below is a list of major events that have occurred and have been recorded in written history by the various scribes, historians, and storytellers over the ages. The current year of Toril is dependent upon your Dungeon Master or the campaign you're playing in, but most of the 5e campaigns occur around 1490-1500 D.R. (Dale Reckoning).

The Days of Thunder (-35,000 DR to -30,000 DR):

The time of the creator races—sarrukh, batrachi, aearee, humans, and giants. Civilizations rose and fell, leaving ruins and lingering magics that still echo through the Realms.

The Tearfall (-31,000 DR):

A cataclysmic meteor strike reshaped Toril, plunging continents beneath the sea and scattering civilizations. This apocalyptic event birthed dragons and irrevocably altered the balance of power.

The Dawn Ages (-30,000 DR to -24,000 DR):

The rise of the first elves (Crown Wars) and dwarves. The elves' internecine wars fractured their great empires, creating Evermeet, while dwarves carved kingdoms beneath the mountains.

The Time of Dragons and Giants (-25,000 DR to -3,000 DR):

Dominance of scaled and titanic empires, constantly at war until

their collapse created room for younger races.

The Age of Humanity (-3,000 DR onward):

Humans surged into prominence, building nations and challenging the older peoples. Netheril rose during this age—an empire of spellcasters so powerful they nearly rewrote the Weave itself.

The Fall of Netheril (-339 DR):

Karsus's Folly: a single mortal spell powerful enough to slay a goddess (Mystra) and bring down flying cities. This moment defined modern limits of mortal magic.

The Time of Troubles (1358 DR):

When the gods were cast down to walk in Faerûn. Divine power faltered, deities were slain, and mortals forever learned how fragile their faiths could be.

The Spellplague (1385 DR):

A calamity of blue fire as the Weave collapsed, reshaping magic, geography, and life itself. (cont. on pg. 24)



COOCOWAY

Tiny beast, chaotic good

Armor Class 10 (Natural Armor)

Hit Points 2 (1d4)

Speed 10 ft., fly 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)	7 (-2)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Dex +4

Skills Performance +4

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8

Languages None

Challenge 0 (10 XP)

Endangered. These small flying creatures are a treasured commodity. Their taste divine, and the rest of their body parts having their own functional use. However, having been hunted to near extinction within the Moonwood of Silverymoon, these creatures have become protected by the gods of the hunt, if you kill one without a blessing of a god, rumor has it you may become cursed.

Sing-Song Demeanor. The coocooway's are a vocal and beautifully articulate animal, they have advantage on performance checks and may even respond in kind to musical song.

ACTIONS

Coocooway Cry. All targets within a 10 ft. area surrounding the coocooway must succeed on a DC 10 Charisma Saving throw or be charmed for 1 round by the coocooway.



Nuzzle. Melee Weapon Attack: +0 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: The target feels a gentle, ticklish sensation but takes no damage. The coocooway makes a soft cooing sound, and the target must succeed on a DC 10 Charisma saving throw or feel a sense of calm and affection for 1 minute.



REACTIONS

Feather Puff. When startled or touched the coocooway puffs out its feathers and widens its pupils in an attempt to dissuade aggression towards the coocooway. This display causes attacks to have disadvantage to hit the coocooway until the start of its next turn.



The Shattered Ages (cont)

By GetOffMacCloud



Nations toppled; cities vanished or reappeared in strange places.

The Second Sundering (1480s DR):

As the Overgod rewrote the Tablets of Fate, separating worlds, rebalancing the pantheon, and closing the book on the chaotic Spellplague years. This act ushered in the present age.

Faerûn's story is one of beautiful ruin. Its mountains are shaped as much by faith as by erosion, its empires buried beneath the weight of their own ambition. Every age that rises carries the echoes of the last. The Tearfall birthed dragons; the Crown Wars birthed hatred; Netheril's fall birthed humility. Each was a wound that never truly healed, merely scarred over until the next blade struck.

And yet, for all its calamities, the realms endure. The same mortal spirit that survived blue fire and falling cities still builds temples, crafts songs, and kindles torches against the dark. There is something profoundly resilient about a world that refuses to stay broken.

Now, as the Weave hums quietly and the gods brood behind their veils, Faerûn teeters once again between miracle and catastrophe. History suggests the pattern will repeat. But history also whispers this truth: for every Sundering, there is a dawn.

So ends this first chronicle of The Shattered Ages. The next shall carry us into the Days of Thunder, where the very earth and plane itself was fashioned by the Creator gods...



ONE
SHOTS

Fridays

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Nathaniel started to wake up, hear the faint sounds of people softly breathing nearby. He slowly opens his brown eyes, and he is in a large room with men, women, and children around him. He recognizes a few people. Some were from the trade route he had been on for the last six months, others were from the latest town he had just left.

Lying there slowly flexing his muscles, they are stiff and sore like he had been running and breathing hard. Yet try as he might, he could not remember how he got here. The last thing he could remember was sitting under a tree in a quick lean-to shelter trying to stay dry during a rainstorm, and then there was a lightning strike nearby, and then he was here.

He slowly starts to sit up and looks around, taking it all in. Others start to wake up and look around, having a scared look on their face. As the children start to wake up, they start to cry and run to their parents, and there are a few who have no one to run to.

"Children, come here; I will help you," Nathaniel said to the children who looked like street urchins.

At first, they were scared and afraid, but slowly they came over to him. Shaking with fright but feeling better, they were not alone any longer.

"My name is Nathaniel, do any of you know how you got here?" they all shook their head no.



"Alright, stay close to me and we will get through this alright?" Nathaniel said, and they all just shook their heads yes.

"Excuse me," a young lady with light brown hair and soft blue eyes

At first, Nathaniel was stunned. This was the same young lady that he saw a few months back, at the time she was being sold as an indentured servant. "How can I help you?" he finally stammered out

"Hello, sir, my name is Alisha," she said, looking around nervously. "Can I join your group?" she asked

Nathaniel looked around the room, and he could see how the other captives were looking at her with suspicion and contempt. He held out my hand to her. "Hello Alisha," He said, "My name is Nathaniel, it is nice to meet you, and yes, you can join the group."

She sighed in relief and said, "Thank you, Nathaniel."

He nodded and said, "Children say hello to Alisha."

They all looked at her, and they looked at me, and smiled, and they all gave her a hug. "Well, it seems like they trust you," Nathaniel said. "Well, to be honest, I know most of them already; they all live in my village." She said (cont. on page 27)



SIDE BAR

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You really are being very silly about this. You think I'm doing this for money? You understand NOTHNG! According to the legend, the same technology that kept Laputa airborne also made it a major power that once dominated the entire planet! If such a horrible thing is still floating up there, you can understand what a threat it is to the peace of the world



By OldManGeras



Title: Aer: Memories of Old
Publisher: Daedalic Entertainment
Released: 2017
Amount of time played thus far: 2 hours
Estimated time to finish: 2-3 hours

tl/dr: -[5.7/10]- Fly from island to island, walk to a marker, then go to the next island and do it again.

From the publisher: Transform into a bird and fly to explore and experience a vibrant world of floating islands in the sky. Venture down into lost ancient ruins where each step leads you closer to the end of the world.

Story: In Aer: Memories of Old, you play as Auk, a being who can transform into a bird and explore the land by flying around between floating islands, the remnant of a fallen civilization. Starting in the cave, a god lets you take a magic lantern out into the world to save it. The earth speaks to all of us, and if we listen, we can understand. There is no combat, no conflict, but a gentleness of flying around, letting wind push you about, and hard landings on these floaters. You'll go between the islands looking for old temples, old ruins and skeletons to learn the story of what happened.

Art Style: Clean and simply beautiful, the art in AMO stands apart from other games. Think a combination of low-poly geometry with bright and vivid colors. Oh, no! There goes my crystal! It's almost a play on the name of the game (Aer) given that nothing is over the top heavy artwork or colors.

Audio: Audio is really good and thematic to the entire game. This is one of those you don't mute the music on if you enjoy this style of game, as it fits with what you're doing. No synth-pop-elevator-music, just light and airy styles.

Gameplay: Well, let's start breaking down where the game breaks down. We covered the plot above, but honestly, think a walking simulator (except you fly) between Point A to Point B. Almost zero interaction, no combat, no pressure, and very little to do other than fly from one island to another, land near the alter/bones/waterfall/etc, take a few steps and interact, then move to the next one and repeat. It's that whole 'take root in the ground, live in harmony with the wind, plant your seeds in the winter, and rejoice with the birds in the coming of spring' type of game. It's the Sacred Light! The ancient documents were true! It's not just a legend! And let's talk controls. This is meant for a controller, though mouse and keyboard can be used. I tried both, and it felt a lot smoother on the controller. Just remember that where you are looking is not always the direction you are flying in.

Steam Deck: Well, it does run on the Steam Deck, though you are going to feel it heat up. Settings do not need to be tweaked, but if you want to go over 60FPS, you can change the settings for a smoother gliding experience. Not that it needs it, but hey, you might have an OLED you want it to shine on!

Achievements: 20 simple achievements in the game, all story-related. Some will have you searching for specific items on certain islands, and a few will surround the exploration of the islands. For completionists, you'll find a walkthrough on the usual sites that cover it from start, and once you get the handle on controls, you'll be able to get them all in around 2-3 hours.

Value: Regular Steam price for this is \$15USD for the game, with alternative markets selling it for under \$1. (Just looked and I saw 4 marketplaces have it between \$0.75 and \$0.95). Historically on Steam, the game hits \$1.50 on almost every sale. Is the value you're going to get for \$15 worth it? Well, yes.. and no.. If you are into the Zen-style game and just want to relax, then sure, you'll think it's worth it. I need someone who's mechanically minded, not some half-baked, swashbuckling Casanova wannabe! But if you're into a story and want to play a game, then you are really waiting for that sale or hitting the marketplace.

[cont on page 30]



"I see, I must have been at the wrong place at the wrong time, I know I have met most of the villagers, but I have never met you before" he said

She smiled softly "I have seen you before riding through the village, but I was mostly working in the kitchens and did not have much time to get out to meet you" she said softly blushing a bit.

He smiled back and nodded, he knew that the man she was sold off to was not a kind man and would keep his servants hidden from the rest.

Next there was a bright blinding light from the ceiling "Ah good you are all awake, this means that the games can now begin" Deep voice said from above

A nobleman who Nathaniel knew as a swindle and cheat stood up and looked up to the opening "I demand you to release us at once!"

The deep voice just laughed "Well now we know who one of the entitled is among you. Now sit down!"

The man slowly sat down on the ground and the voice continued "There is a way to leave us without being harmed."

"Tell us, how will this choice be made?" another man yelled up at the light

"Who knows, it might be someone who has on a blue dress" the voice said. At that moment a woman shrieked out in terror. When I looked over there was a wealthy woman from another village that was in a blue velvet



dress looking around in horror and trying to get comfort from her husband, but he was pushing her away like she was bad luck, and death would spread to him just for being too close to her.

Alisha and Nathaniel put their arms around the children and softly whispered to the children that everything would be alright.

Nathaniel looked up at the light "Are you saying anyone, including the innocent children could be selected to die so the rest of us can live?" "Ah a good question" the deep voice said and continued to say with a sinister tone "Yes even the children could be selected to die so the rest of you could live"

All the children started to cry in the room no longer feeling safe. "You do not know when or where it would happen but one of you will die so the rest may live" said the voice of the light

The bright light went out and in the middle of the room was a table of food, fresh fruit, meats, soup, bread, and jugs of some liquid, wine, ale or water, not sure. The children started to run to it because they were hungry, and Alisha and Nathaniel stopped them

(cont on page 29)



Chill Vibes
for
Campaign Prep

@TheCafeDM
on
YouTube



One Pot Taco Pasta Skillet

By Brad Harris

This one pot taco pasta skillet is quick, cheesy, and loaded with bold Tex-Mex flavor. It comes together fast, feeds a crowd, and doesn't break the bank. If you're after something simple, hearty, and full of flavor, you just found it.

Why You Will Love This Recipe

One pot meals are the best. Less mess, less cleanup, and this one brings serious flavor to the table. It's got seasoned ground beef, pasta, beans, corn, cheese—everything you love about taco night in one skillet.

Don't want to mess with individual spices? Toss in a taco seasoning packet and call it a day.

It makes a big batch, too.

Leftovers? You'll probably have some—and they reheat just fine.

Ingredients Needed

No crazy ingredients here. Just easy to find pantry items and some ground beef. As mentioned earlier, if you don't want to bother with the spices, you can use a taco seasoning packet.



How To Make This Delicious One-Pot Taco Pasta Skillet

- Add the ground beef to a large skillet over medium-high heat. Brown the meat until almost done. Add the spices and onion, and continue to cook. Drain if needed.
- When no pink remains, add the tomato paste and veggies to the skillet. Mix to combine well and cook for a minute or two.



- Add the chicken broth (or chicken stock) and the pasta to the skillet. Mix to combine well, then bring the dish to a boil. Next, reduce the heat to a low simmer. Cook for 10 minutes, or until the pasta is tender and cooked through. Stir occasionally to avoid sticking.



(cont on pg 31)





"I know you want to eat but we are not sure it is safe" Alisha said just loudly enough that it made others stop.

Nathaniel looked around at all the others and then started to walk up to the table after seeing no one else approaching. He looked over the food and drinks. Smelling and tasting one of the jugs of liquid. At the same time, he used a skill from his youth and used his light fingers to pocket some of the food without anyone seeing. He knew that once that everyone realized it was not poisoned there would be a fight.

After looking it over he took a small platter of meat and a jug of liquid and started over to children and Alisha.

"Hey, what are you doing?" someone yelled

"Taking food to the children, you all are too weak to try it out, so I get first pick. If you do not like it, then stand up and get your own" Nathaniel said as he kept walking.

Now Nathaniel is not a small man, in his line of work he is always lifting and moving heavy cargo. Most people here would not challenge him if it came to a fight.

Everyone else stood up and started to run to the table and started to gorge on the food and fight each other over it. There was plenty for everyone there, but they wanted to horde it for themselves.

When Alisha started to stand up to make a run Nathaniel just shook his head no, she sat back down. "I have enough for all of us, you watched the children while I took the risk, we need to make this last as long as possible" he said softly

"Why" Alisha asked

"Well from now on it is going to be war on the food. Most are looking out just for themselves. They will horde the food and water and use it to influence others. I will always walk out first if I can, and I will get everything I can for you all" he said passing out a loaf of bread to go with the meat

"How, when" she asks

He just smiled "Well, let's say I had a hard life when I was little. I had learned a few things to stay alive"

She smiled back at him and nodded and took a small chunk of bread for herself and passing the rest around to the children. They all sat there eating in silence watching the others fighting over scraps.

After a bit of time, when the fighting was done, there was more food destroyed than shared. Next came the whispers, plotting and the looks around the room. Alliances were formed; plans made on who they would choose to be sacrificed. All they could think about was saving themselves, how they would throw away someone else just to survive.



You really are being very silly about this. You think I'm doing this for money? You understand NOTHING! According to the legend, the same technology that kept Laputa airborne also made it a major power that once dominated the entire planet! If such a horrible thing is still floating up there, you can understand what a threat it is to the peace of the world

CONT.



Let's break it down:

-=[5.7/10]=

-=[Graphics]=

- You are in heaven
- Good
- Decent
- A 2-year-old made them 30 years ago

-=[Gameplay]=

- Is it live or Memorex
- Good
- Decent
- Get an etch-a-sketch

-=[Audio]=

- Eargasm
- Good
- Decent
- What? I can't hear you

-=[Audience]=

- Everyone
- Adults
- Teens and above
- Nappy time!

-=[PC Requirements]=

- Potato Potatoe
- Decent
- Expensive
- Frontier or Fugaku are needed

-=[Difficulty]=

- 3X + 1
- Challenging
- Moderate
- Can you color within the lines?

-=[Grind]=

- 400 hours in and almost through the tutorial
- Average grinding needed
- Only if you care about leaderboards
- No grinding needed

-=[Story]=

- There is no life other than this game
- Great
- Decent
- Tetris has more story

-=[Game Time]=

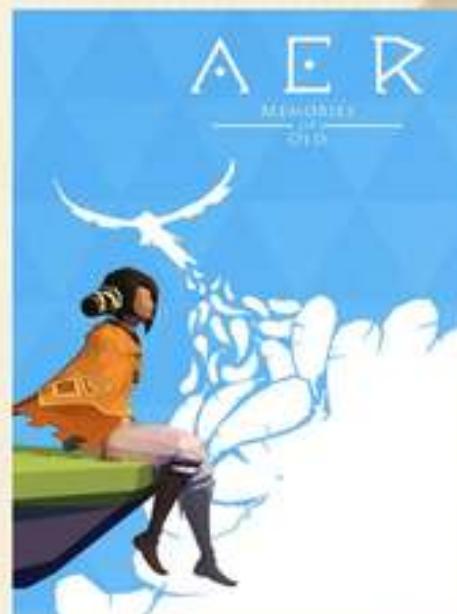
- Time has no meaning, only this game exists
- 40+ hours
- 20-40 hours
- Press start and you're almost finished

-=[Price]=

- Worth the price
- If it's on sale
- If you have extra money
- Just throw your money in the trash

-=[Bugs]=

- Smooth as silk
- Early Access game-level bugs
- It's annoying but playable
- Starship Trooper has less bugs



One Pot Taco Pasta Skillet

By Brad Harris

- Remove from the heat and add the milk, sour cream, and cheddar cheese. Mix until combined well and the dish is creamy and cheesy.



- Serve and enjoy. Optionally, garnish with green onion and extra cheese. Some crushed up tortilla chips on top would be awesome as well!



This one pot wonder's a crowd-pleaser.

It's got the same comfort vibes as homemade Hamburger Helper, but with that Tex-Mex kick. The beans and corn give it a nice texture, and it won't bust your grocery budget. Need something easy and tasty? You just found it.

For the Full Recipe card click the icon

Tips

- Swap the spice mix for a packet of taco seasoning to save time.
- Want it spicier? Use pepper jack or add a dash of hot sauce.
- Brown the beef hot and fast to get good color before adding the onion and spices.



Variations

- Go meatless: skip the beef and double the beans.
- Ground turkey or shredded rotisserie chicken works great here too.
- Add in bell peppers, zucchini, or whatever veg you need to use up.



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What Bourbons in The Dragon's Cupboard

By Papa Sparkles

Near the top of any Dungeon Master's list should be Blanton's Single Barrel Bourbon, a fine whiskey produced at the Buffalo Trace Distillery in Kentucky. It was introduced in 1984 as the world's first commercially available single-barrel bourbon by master distiller Elmer T. Lee, sparking the U.S. premium bourbon boom.



Papa Sparkles enjoys a Blanton's Neat!

This marvelous liquid is named after Colonel Albert B. Blanton, who lovingly oversaw the distillery for many years. Blanton discreetly selected the finest "honey barrels" for private gatherings during Prohibition and beyond. The whiskey is thoughtfully sourced exclusively from the center racks of Warehouse H, a charming metal-clad rickhouse built in 1933. Thanks to its prime location and the building's slender walls, the temperature naturally changes with Kentucky's seasons, creating an ideal setting for the whiskey to harmoniously interact with the high-rye mash bill (Buffalo Trace's #2 recipe) and charred oak barrels for 6-8 years. This gentle aging process results in a whiskey that is smoother and richer in flavor, delivering a truly enjoyable experience.

What sets Blanton's apart on the palate is its approachable balance of sweetness and subtle spice, making it an easy sipper for newcomers and veterans alike. Common tasting notes include a nose of vanilla, caramel, honey, and marzipan, often with an initial whiff of ethanol that fades. The mouthfeel is soft and full, delivering light caramel, brown sugar, muted vanilla, citrus, white pepper, cinnamon, and burnt sugars, finishing with a mellow fruitiness and lingering oak warmth.

This Dragon praises its smoothness and subtlety, no harsh burn or peat, with a "consistently sweet with a nice balance of spice" and ideal for neat sipping or as a gift. Its widespread love stems from a perfect storm of quality, scarcity, and aesthetics that fuels a cult-like obsession. Bottles are strictly allocated by Buffalo Trace, creating endless "hunts" at liquor stores where the suggested retail price is around \$60 to \$100 - \$200 (or more) due to demand, turning acquisition into a badge of honor.



The iconic flask-shaped bottle and eight collectible brass horse-and-jockey stoppers (each depicting a different Derby pose, spelling "B-L-A-N-T-O-N-S") nod to Kentucky's racing heritage, making it a display-worthy trophy or personalized gift (collect all eight for a free barrel stave from the distillery). This visual allure draws in gift buyers and bourbon newbies as a "rite of passage."

Random Rants w/Mandur

Lets Talk About Bad Words!

In our group, there is one word that has been marked as the dirtiest word you can use. To most in our group, it has become a joke: "Mandy hates the word community". Honestly, they aren't wrong, it is a word in the streaming space I hate, so let's talk!

So, for us who have been in streaming for a long time, we remember the golden era of Twitch. Every day, new discords and communities were being made, the term "support for support" was coined, and with it, a pool of control and hate.

People made friends and crushed them. Took money for projects and dipped into the dust. Groups ran like high school cliques, trying to insult and crush anyone in their way. These were dark times for some of us; people were used and often afraid to speak up against issues they noticed.

When Grim and I became friends, we were playing games and discussing issues we had seen in the groups we had been in. We dreamed of something that could be different and truly a place to try and do good. So that is what we did with the Sidebar.

We have always been family first! and will always be we take great pride in making friends and working with them to be as involved as they would like to be!

If people need to take a break from D&D or the gaming space in general, we always support that. We function with the ideal to make new friends and build a safe place for everyone to enjoy. That did have to come with rules in order to have some order with all of us!

Still, it is with all of that that I choose not to use the word community; we are better than that. We are a party, friends, squads, and so much more! The word I feel that defines us best is a club (I know y'all like cult). We are better than the words used to hurt, and I choose not to use them, so people won't ever put us in that pile. I love what we have been able to build, and I look forward to building even more!

