

# THE QUESTORIAN

## Hello, fellow Quest Club members!

We held our first Bi-Annual meeting of 2019 back on January 12th. Here is a brief summary of what transpired. We're just going to touch on the most important parts. Feel free to contact us if you have any questions, feedback, or want to get involved in anything!

We inducted new members Abby, Logan, Daelynn, Hailey, & Steven. Our biggest crop of new members since the club's restart back in 2017! Welcome to all of you! We're glad you've joined us!



After new members were sworn in, we discussed previous business which included consideration of suspending most of the higher club functions and

just focus on gaming. The idea was not adopted as the membership in attendance made it clear that we all want special events and more and, many members declared their willingness and intent to get more involved and make it happen. Hence, the club agreed to keep going full-force and re-evaluate our effort levels and resources at the next Bi-Annual.

Club officer roles were reviewed and voted on. The club board remains the same with all officers seeking an additional term and thus being elected to such. The officers remain Zack as Director (and acting Treasurer); Arlene as Secretary, Joe as Special Events Coordinator, Noah as Communications, Ridley & Josh sharing Membership, and Xander & Charlie remaining our Trustees to aid the other officers.

Gaming groups were reviewed and announced. Zack announced that his 2019 campaign will be an RPG based on Mesoamerican culture and titled "Heralds of the Fifth Sun". Xander announced that he will be running a series of RPG games based on Lovecraft's Cthulhu mythos which he is calling "Eldritch Encounters". Joe

intends to launch a new campaign online but it is a work-in-progress. Along with those main games, Zack will seek to manage/run a series of Friday Night Fights (online RPGs), and "Through the Looking Glass" in-person RPGs. Both being single-session scenarios so that members, applicants, and guests can play together in varied groups from time to time. Charlie and Ridley are looking into additional gaming sessions but are undecided as of yet. More games are always welcome!

Bi-Annual summary	pg 1
Captain Marvel review	pg 2
Friday Night Fights	pg 3
Eldritch Encounters I	pg 6
Heralds of the Fifth Sun	pg 7
Upcoming Events	pg 8
Birthdays	pg 9
Trade Bazaar	pg 9
Editor's Close	pg 9

# THE QUESTORIAN

We discussed, voted for, and tentatively planned our Special Events for the next 6 months. You are encouraged to go to the Quest Club website and look at our calendar to get a detailed view of the upcoming events (<https://www.questclubgamers.org/upcoming-events>). In summary, we still have the following events to come from April onward: APRIL: Board Meeting & gaming at Now & Then in Mason City (04/20); Movie Night "Avengers - End Game" (TBD); MAY: Cleaner "Mother's Day Dead Drops" edition (05/11 & 05/12); JUNE: Quest Club Annual Picnic (06/29); JULY: Bi-Annual Meeting & games (07/13). More events will be finalized and announced after the Bi-Annual.

In closing business, we discussed and voted in the "QC Patrons Program" wherein we will seek to find and attract donors who are willing to make monthly recurring contributions to our club to fund special events, T-shirts, and all the other costs we have to cover. So far, we've managed to secure three! I'd like to thank RIDLEY BROWN for being our first Member to sign up for this program by donating a recurring \$25 a month! Noah Brown has also signed up and is

covering the recurring cost of our website! Zack & Arlene are also contributing \$25 a month (as a couple). Our remaining sponsor chooses to remain anonymous. But we GREATLY THANK them all. What about YOU? Will you help your club? If YOU or someone you know can afford to throw a few bucks a month towards the club (sponsors are currently contributing \$25 a month each - but any amount is appreciated) - please make that happen! It is member-driven support that allows us to do all the fun and good things we want to do! QUEST CLUB NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT!

And finally, it was proposed and voted on to re-launch the newsletter (which, if you are reading this, means it has happened!). Thanks to Noah for driving that initiative but all of us need to contribute. Write at least one small thing a month for us! Short Stories, Poems, artwork, movie reviews, gaming ideas, anything. You Can Do IT!

And that there wraps up the essence of what went down at the Bi-Annual in January! Feel free to contact us with any questions. [QCGAiowa@gmail.com](mailto:QCGAiowa@gmail.com)!

- Zack Infanger

## Captain Marvel review

by Charlie Brown

Recently Quest Club went to see a movie, that movie was Captain Marvel. About half of Quest Club went to the event. Everybody that did go seemed to like the movie. We watched it at Cinema West in Mason City, it was the 7:15 showing on Tuesday, March 12th. I would give the movie 8 out of 10, it was good, but not without minor plot holes. It takes place in the 1990's and shows some of Nick Fury's past, like how he lost his eye. The movie's main villains are the Skrull (or are they?). The Skrull are shapeshifters can change down to the DNA. The protagonists are the Kree, a race of noble warrior heroes that hunt the Skrull. Captain Marvel is one of the Kree. The movie was to introduce Carol Danvers (Captain Marvel) for Endgame.



# THE QUESTORIAN

## Campaign Updates

**Campaign Title:** “Friday Night Fights”

**Game System:** BDZ House Rules / Roll20 online

**GM:** Zack “Big Daddy” Infanger

**Players:** Robert Weaver, Corbin Ebert, Joe Coombs, Daelynn Coombs

**Author:** Zack “Big Daddy” Infanger

This session's episode: “Luck be a Lady Tonight”

We find our fellows lounging about a tropical island tavern, swigging the local swill and gambling away the few remaining coins they've gathered since last we looked in upon them. Today's crew consists of Krognar “Longbeard” Rouse, a hearty North Man equally skilled as a fighter and a sailor. The half-man, half-bird creature known simply as “Neza”, a native of these tropical lands and gifted priest in the ways of the old island gods. Rick “Bluebell” Silver, a quirky midget of a man whose skill with bombs and guns more than makes up for his stunted stature. And finally, Quillus Antillian the Merman. Come

from the deep to scour the surface in search of the witch who did him wrong.

We catch up with this odd lot at the spot for all adventurous action – the local tavern.

The Shoddy Bucket is not unlike any other hole-in-the-wall scattered throughout these islands. Rife with riff raff, the place is host to all manner ranging from pirates and pilferers to magicians and mad-men, to name but a few. A round-the-clock cavalcade of drunken tomfoolery and shadowy skulduggery. It is here that our lads are approached by our old wild-eyed seeker of fortune, Parnum the Peculiar.

As usual, Parnum is but a hair's breadth away from the score of a century. All he needs is a seaworthy ship and a daring crew to handle her. Frantically, he beseeches the many captains for their partnership. Spitting his story between gulps of grog, only to be laughed off and sent away by all but our curious companions. It is they, and they alone who bend an ear to Parnum's story.

He tells them of his love – a lady leprechaun, lost long ago. He unfolds a tale of trials and tribulations along a

long-walked road where years have been spent in search of her beauty and the treasure she carries with her. “I've found it by God! Finally, I know where she is!” Old Parnum tells them. “All I need is for you to carry me there aboard your ship and help me to recover her. Then she will make us all RICH I tell you... RICH as KINGS!”

Though his story is sketchy, there is something about it that smacks of truth. Parnum further seals the deal with promises of coin up-front. And so, with nowhere to go and nothing to lose, our lads agree to Parnum's request. Why not take the old man on a bit of a cruise? So long as he can make good on the coin. “Oh I will! I will! Coin on the way my friends!” Parnum promises. “I'll meet you at your ship at daybreak and I'll have coin enough to ensure our deal.”

The very next morning, our lads readied the ship and waited on Parnum. As the Sun crested the horizon and the morning light illuminated the docks, Parnum was late. Perhaps it was nothing more than an old man's rambling. But then, just as the lads were about to seek other work for the day, a messenger arrived with a message and a parcel

# THE QUESTORIAN

from Parnum.

“Here is the money I've promised you. As well as a map to her location! I myself have been unavoidably delayed. We will meet up once you return successful from the expedition. Take care my friends. My girl will grant us all riches once she has returned to me! Good hunting!”

Our lads thought it odd – but they were paid, the coin was good, and thus a job is a job. Some wondered as to what delayed Parnum but that mystery seemed likely solved when word of a robbery made its way to the docks. An old man, it seemed, had robbed the local exchequer at gun point. Although the money has yet to be recovered, the old man was apprehended and locked away at the fortress. Rumor has it that the money was sent away to accomplices nearby. Hence, the town guard is about, making inquires and searches – including the ships at dock. That being the case, the lads knew it best to shove off and get while the getting is good!

A few short hours later found our lads sailing well upon the clear blue sea, in calm waters and wonderful weather. The journey would only take a couple of

days and an excursion into a cave upon a small island – easy money (all hoped). Hell, the lads even managed to “help out” a transport ship that managed to get itself run aground upon a sand bar. Though reluctant at first, the Captain of the other ship ended up paying our lads well for a tow. Easy money indeed! Then on with the journey.

The island was sighted and landing made early upon the second day. The lads left the majority of the crew aboard the ship as they launched an expedition up and into the jungle mountains of the

small island. Following the map brought them to an area where they eventually found a small, fairly well-hidden cave. Signs about revealed that there were others here. A number of mongreloid footprints led into and out of the cave – likely Orcs. They would proceed with caution.

Within the cave they crept along with low light. The environment was oddly bereft of insects or clutter – a point that the lads noticed, and feared the presence of acid slimes or the like. Unbeknownst to the lads, they had tripped an alarm, alerting the Orcs hidden in another part of the cave to their presence. It had become a game of cat and mouse with the lads seeking out the enemy and the enemy seeking out the lads. And then the meeting came.

The advantage at first, was in the hands of the enemy. For the lads had bypassed a secret passage and the enemy, who could see in the dark, used it to creep up on them. Though the enemy initially ambushed the lads, hitting them from behind and then with a second group from in front, the lads were quick to respond and outmatched the enemy. Both sides bled but the lads



**This Is  
How We  
Roll.**

[www.roll20.net](http://www.roll20.net)

# THE QUESTORIAN

dispatched the enemy. As the battle seemed to be coming to a close, a new combatant entered the fray.

Nearly invisible, a Gelatinous Cube crept up on the wounded lads as they finished off the Orc pirates. Longbeard and Quillus were both stung by the jellyfish-like tendrils that the cube manifested. Its paralytic poison working quickly to bring them down. If not for the quick actions of Rick and Neza it is likely that they may have been engulfed and consumed by the Cube. But, with fire and blade, they had at the odd transparent creature and drove it back long enough to come to the aid of the other two. Administering anti-venom, they got Longbeard and Quillus up again. The four laid into the Cube, burning it and slicing chunks out of its rubbery mass. Before long, they had caused enough damage that the creature's stability gave way. What once was a cube now shuddered and, in a sudden convulsive movement, collapsed into a pool of watery harmless ooze – defeated!

With the threats removed, the lads finished their search of the cave. No living lady leprechaun was to be found.

Instead, a small puzzle box was found. Within it, they knew, some clue or treasure was hid. However, the box was also trapped. The only way to open it safely was to figure out the riddle that was inscribed upon its lid.

“Not Alive” - the words inscribed on the box's lid. Below the words sat four empty squares. Beneath that were six depressable tiles, numbers 1 through 6. Then just below that, a series of etched numbers, seemingly random: 14-15-20-1-12-9-22-5. Putting it all together the lads figured that the four boxes were windows wherein the answer to the riddle would appear, dependent on the series in which the six tiles (or buttons) were activated. The remaining numbers then, along with the clue “Not Alive”, were the key to finding the solution. They had to find the right order for they knew that the wrong order, would likely cause the contents inside to be destroyed. Carefully, the lads considered the riddle and the clues. At long last, Rick had it... “What is Not Alive?... DEAD!” Longbeard and the others further considered the numbers. Together they figured out the the etched numbers corresponded to the words “Not Alive”.

They denoted the exact position within the alphabet of each letter (“N” being the 14th letter, “O” being the 15th, and so on). With that logic, they knew that the buttons numbering 1 through 6 must be the key. They pressed: “4-5-1-4”, the positions for the letters “D-E-A-D” and behold! The box snapped open! Inside they found a four inch high pure gold statuette of a female leprechaun! It wasn't what they were expecting but it was surely everything that crazy old Parnum had told them it would be. With treasure in hand, they headed back to their ship and set sail back to the island.

The original intention was to get Parnum out of jail, reunite him with his statuette, and see what happens. That WAS the original intent. But, with a couple days to think it over and examine the statuette, the lads found out it carried a magical nature. A transformed Leprechaun? They thought. Perhaps wishes? They thought. Greed and self interest won out over loyal service to the old man Parnum. Over the course of the trip home, they tried various experiments – rubbing it as one would the lamp from the Arabian Knights story of Aladdin. Praying to it. Talking to it.

# THE QUESTORIAN

And so on. It wasn't until they got back to the island that they recalled Parnum having heard Parnum slip up, only once, and say the name of his love out loud... "Maggie O'May".

Quillus figured it out and took hold of the statuette. There on the deck of their ship in port, he held it close and said "come back to me Maggie O'May" - and sure enough, she did. The statuette glowed and shimmered. In a flash, the statuette was gone and there upon the deck stood a small female leprechaun! "I thank ye for my release! What would ye have of me then, eh?"

The lads stood in shock and thought aloud about the riches they could wish for, or the power they could wield, or whether they should stick to the deal with Parnum. Quillus stood silent while the others talked. He knew what he must do. Unfair as it might have been, he had to act for his own desires - his want for revenge. He addressed the leprechaun, saying:

"I want revenge upon the Witch that cursed my family! I want her in front of me and my trident - now!"

And with that, the leprechaun smiled a wry, mischievous smile. A

flash later - both the leprechaun and Quillus were gone! Quillus found himself appearing smack-dab in the middle of a witch's cottage, face-to-face with a stunned and surprised witch! His revenge was at hand. The Leprechaun, having fulfilled the wish, was free - and had gone who knows where. The remaining lads were left empty-handed, having nothing more than the experience for their trouble, a few coins they made from their en-route towing "good deed", and a whale of a tale to tell. And thus, they made their way back to the Shoddy Bucket where they drank, they boasted, and they caroused. Back where they started, minus a merman, laughing hardily and awaiting their next opportunity.

And all the while... poor Parnum got the shaft (as often happens). But worry not for Parnum. That old man seems to always find his way out of one trouble and into another. I'm sure we will be hearing from Parnum and pals again, some other time during our Friday Night Fights!

**Campaign Title:** "Eldritch Encounter I"

**Game System:** Pocket D&D

**GM:** Xander Smith

**Author:** Xander Smith

Source Material: "The Doom That Came to Sarnath" (1919)

At the very beginning of the Dreamlands, there was the Lake of Ib. And the city of Ib was as old as the lake. Ib was inhabited by lizard-like humanoids. One thousand years ago to-date, the great city of Sarnath of founded. But the Sarnathians hated the Ibians. So a group of three men called the Warrior for Sarnath organized an attack on Ib, killing all its people, and stealing their idol, Bokrug.

So every year the descendants of the Warriors carry the statue to the temple. This year was the thousandth Feast of the Destruction of Ib. In Sarnath culture, there is a prophecy, saying, "The fate of Sarnath lies in the hands of the Descendants." The local high priest told the descendants to go hunt the ones who committed blasphemy. They found the people

# THE QUESTORIAN

were planning to ruin the feast. The priest gave the heroes a blessing as a reward.

The next day, they received a note saying, "By the lake, by the shore." They went there and found the skeleton of an Ibian. They brought the specimen to their mansion. That night the Ibian came to life in full-bodied form and attacked. Once it was dispatched, it reverted back to skeletal form.

The descendants later received another note, saying, "Come to the hills outside the ruins of Ib. We have information you want." They went the hills and found was a group of powerful hooded wizards, demanding had to

make a potion to stop the destruction of Ib. They were to fetch the ingredients, the bone of a Ibian, water from the lake and essential salts from the high priest. They were carried to get the ingredients by night gaunts (creatures taken from Lovecraft's childhood nightmares). Once all was done, they drank the elixir, they were dropped off back in Sarnath.

And the feast came and all were merry. But during the feast in the royal palace. The streets were swarmed with the extinct race of Ib. The heroes ran on rooftops to escape the city. The blessing from the priest allowed to be the only Sarnathinas able to leave the city. The Ibian destroyed the city, which was subsequently swallowed by the lake of Ib. The heroes then found a new home in the city of Ulthar, making a living as gladiators.

**Author:** Zack "Big Daddy" Infanger

PREFACE...

Hear me now. Are you listening?

At first, you will balk at all of this. Think it a fantasy - just the prelude to a game. Forged and explored in the distant unreal realms of our imaginations. A trivial entertainment. Something you can enjoy for a time and then put away and go about things in your "real" life.

That is what you are supposed to believe...

What if I told you that all you know as fact - isn't? That space is not of the dimensions we've all been taught. That all time and all space exist simultaneously in layers upon each other. And that realities can be traversed, manipulated, changed, and even created.

Try to remember...

You've been through this before. You feel it. We both do. It has run its course time-and-time again. In so many, many ways. Those movies, shows, games, books - you've heard this story. But have

**NOW AND THEN**

**EST. 1991**



**COMICS, GAMES, TOYS**

**(641) 423-3839**

1314 4TH ST SW #130, MASON CITY, IA

[WWW.ORIGINALNOWANDTHEN.COM](http://WWW.ORIGINALNOWANDTHEN.COM)

**Campaign Title:** "Heralds of the Fifth Sun"

**Game System:** BDZ House Rules

**GM:** Zack "Big Daddy" Infanger

**Players:** Arlene Brown, Ridley Brown, Chris Gibbs, Joe Coombs, Daelynn Coombs, and Hailey O'Toole

*Electrify Your Imagination!*

First Quarter 2019

# THE QUESTORIAN

you truly heard it? Have you found the common underlying premise? Have you gotten the message?

Its there - if you care to see...

Our undeniable need to know. To find the answers. To follow the right path. To overcome something terrible, just over the horizon. Just outside the closet door. To escape that thing - that overwhelming oppressive feeling that you do not fully understand but know that it IS coming. That you must face it eventually. That it is inevitable. And though it may be hopeless, you can't help but feel a desire to slip its grasp, to outwit it, to defeat it. We call it Human Nature. Our mortal fear of death. But what if it is more than that? What if therein lies our purpose? Our given mission. The reason we are here.

Know then, the truth of it...

Brace yourself for what you are about to hear. The complexities are too overwhelming to take in all at once. Therefore, let us start simple. This may be a bit startling but must be said directly: reality is not real - it is a construct. Created by those who no longer exist. Those who were wiped out by their own insatiable desire to

consume and multiply. They are we - in a sense. Think of us as mirrored reflections of who they once were. Made of them and by them in a last and desperate attempt to change fate. To reach back through time and space. To plant seeds in the minds of the past in hopes of preventing their own future demise. We are the engines of that change. This is the process.

Try to let that sink in...

Despite your complex and near-infinite faculties, your self-aware mind, your willingness to consider it, you are blocked. It is your Id, your Ego. The part of you that could not, will not, accept it. You did not accept it in life. You did not accept it in death. You do not accept it as you are now. And thus, must go through the cycle again, and again - as we have done. As we have always done. Each time getting a little more of a glimpse of the truth (like you are getting right now), until finally the curtain is pulled back and you see, you move on, you escape.

And so we will play the game again...

We will use this construct. We will run through its scenarios. In this place and in this way, we will seek answers to

questions we've yet to ask. Answers that can change time and space and perhaps, prevent self-destruction. Maybe this time we will get it right. Maybe this time we will change what happened. Maybe this is the cycle that will set us free.

Take a moment - breathe...

Don't worry. Shrug off the uncomfortable feeling that there is some truth to this. Remember that this is just a game. It isn't real. Just a trivial entertainment reflecting imaginative skewed versions of reality. Something you can enjoy for a time and then put away... right?

Let's get started...

## More Quest Club Stuff!

### Events

#### April:

Board Meeting (04/20)

Movie Night "Avengers - End Game"  
(TBD)

#### May:

Cleaner "Mother's Day Dead Drops"  
edition (05/11 ) & (05/12)

# THE QUESTORIAN

## June:

Quest Club Annual Picnic (06/29)

## July:

Bi-Annual Meeting & games (07/13)

## Next quarter

April

Josh "Slips" Coombs (04/03)

Steven Krumm (04/04)

May

Hailey O'Toole (05/05)

Joseph Coombs (05/06)

Ridley Brown (05/09)

## Editor's Close:

Hello everyone! It has been awhile since we have last met. We as in our newsletter and your computer. As our first article stated, the Bi-annual meeting summary, we are bringing back the club's quarterly newsletter. If we get really proactive about it, we might release them more often.

On that note we do like seeing a variety of submissions from a variety of people. Submit your poetry or art, we would love to feature it. If you write something for us don't fear being short a paragraph or two will do perfect for many of our articles.

On another note, if you have seen our previous newsletters you know this is a new format. We will always accept recommendations and constructive criticisms, so feel free to drop suggestions or tell us which format you liked better at our email [QCGAiowa@gmail.com](mailto:QCGAiowa@gmail.com) or even my own [officialnoahbrown@gmail.com](mailto:officialnoahbrown@gmail.com)

**I guess one person can make a difference**

**~ Stan Lee**

## **The Trade Bazaar**

### As Always, Seeking Swag:

Got any old role-playing gear you're not using? Consider donating it to the club! We'll put it to use with our campaign groups and/or add it to the "grab bag" to use as prizes for events and tournaments! Donate? Contact the club at [QCGAiowa@gmail.com](mailto:QCGAiowa@gmail.com)



***Electrify Your Imagination!***

**First Quarter 2019**



## **Birthdays**

### Last quarter:

January

Zack "Big Daddy" Infanger (01/06)

Gabe Brown (01/17)

March

Logan Beach (03/06)